



SMITH & WESSON  
MODEL 38  
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# POST

WRITTEN BY M. LATHROM

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Written by

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**OVER BLACK**

NEWS ANCHOR

One person is dead and two injured in an attempted mass shooting at a local post office. The shooting was foiled when a lone hero intervened, saving dozens of lives.

WOMAN

It was really just chaos. I heard the shots, and everybody was running around. I've never been so scared in my life.

MAN

I don't know how he did it. I was frozen. I don't think I could have reacted that quickly. Guy's a real hero.

**EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

JEFFREY (42) marches down the street. He walks with the purpose that parts crowds. He's pale with a baggy mail man uniform. His angry eyes conceal and inner sadness.

He clutches his mail bag close to his side.

Somebody bumps into him, knocking the bag out of his clutch. It swings behind him. He reaches back, pulls it in front.

Eyes the man behind him, keeps walking. Focused.

He reaches into the bag, looks in. A black pistol rests at the bottom. He flips the safety off. Closes the bag.

**INT. POST OFFICE - DAY**

Jeffrey bursts through the doors. Heads toward the "Employees Only" door in the back.

The young worker behind the service window lowers his arm, shoots Jeffrey a covert middle finger. Jeffrey grits his teeth.

He pushes the employee door open.

**INT. POST OFFICE BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A man in the office to the right rushes out. DOUG (36). He's a chubby, baby-face man.

DOUG

Where the fuck have you been?

Jeffrey ignores him. Heads to the lockers in the back.

He pulls open the blue locker labeled "Jeffrey".

DOUG (CONT'D)

You don't just waltz in whenever  
you want.

Doug stops behind him.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Don't ignore--

JEFFREY

Do you want me to work or not?

Doug pause, a bit of surprise on his face.

DOUG

Just... get to work, okay?

Jeffrey stares him down. Doug heads back to his office. Once  
Doug is gone, Jeffrey face his locker. He takes a deep  
breath.

He pulls out his gun. Tucks it in the front of his pants.  
Shoves his bag in the locker.

Determination on his face. He spins around, coming face to  
face with --

RICKY

Hey buddy. Whoa, you look drab.

JEFFREY

You look... happy. What are you  
doing here? You're not supposed to  
be in today.

RICKY

Yeah, I know, I just feel good.  
Figured some stuff out. About life,  
you know?

JEFFREY

Yeah. Well that's great, man.  
What'd you figure out?

RICKY

You'll see. Anyway, I'm gonna get  
to work.

JEFFREY

Y-yeah. Great. Glad you're doing well...

Ricky pats him on the arm. Heads to the front of the post office. Heads through the doors.

**INT. POST OFFICE FRONT - DAY**

Jeffrey stocks boxes and rolls of tape in an empty corner of the room. A couple of backed up lines of angry people are formed at the service window.

Ringin' in the ears. The annoying chatter of people.

Doug frowns at Jeffrey from the window of his office.

Jeffrey reaches down, grips the handle of his gun.

The ringin' in the ears is deafening. Jeffrey's face, beat red. Behind him, an BRO taps him on the shoulder.

BRO

Yo, man, I need some fucking tape.

Jeffrey's pulls the gun from his pants. Pulls back the hammer.

BANG. A deafening shot ring out through the front office.

Shock on Jeffrey's face. He spins around.

Ricky brandishes a gun. The young postal worker who gave Jeffrey the finger topples over, a blood spot on his back.

Chaos. People run around in panic. Screaming.

Ricky takes aim at a customer. Fires. It pierces the man's shoulder. He grabs it and falls.

Jeffrey pulls his gun. Takes aim. Closes his eyes.

Silence. A flash on Jeffrey's face.

Across the room Ricky drops his gun. A hold right through his chest. Blood forms. He falls to the ground.

People still rushing around.

Jeffrey walks toward Ricky in shock.

He kneels down. Ricky looks up at him with sadness in his eyes.

Jeffrey, tears welled up, lifts Ricky's head up a bit. Cradles it. Ricky coughs up a bit of blood.

The two men stare into each others eyes for a moment of understanding. Then, Ricky fades. Jeffrey lowers his head.

Jeffrey peers around the room. People stare at him, some shocked, some relieved. Doug watches from his office, examines a bullet hole in his window.

Jeffrey peers down at the gun in his own hand.

SMASH TO BLACK.

ANCHOR

We were unable to speak with the hero directly, but in a short statement, he's said he doesn't want thanks. He doesn't want attention. He just wants to be left alone.

THE END