

SPECIAL DELIVERY

Original screenplay by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - NIGHT

A car idles on the side of the road. Hazards pulse like an excited heartbeat.

The back door opens slowly.

WILL lumbers out of the backseat. He's breathing heavy.

With shaking hands and a tired body he closes the car door. His bloody handprints stain the outside of the window.

Will looks around nervously. He's alone.

A quick moment to catch his breath and get his bearings.

He starts to run.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - CONTINUOUS

He runs to the next cross street and turns.

Houses come into view.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The dreaded suburbs. Nowhere safe to hide.

Will runs past various houses. Most of them without any lights on.

He keeps to the shadows and cuts across someone's front lawn to...

EXT. RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

The house is silent. No lights can be seen from the street.

Will runs around to the back of the house.

He quietly scans the porch and picks up different objects.

A gnome, a rock, etc...until underneath one of them he finds a key.

Will fumbles with the lock. Then opens the door in a rush.

INT. RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

He steps inside and moves through the house with alacrity even though it's dark.

Will finds his way to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Will turns on the bathroom light and notices himself for the first time in the mirror.

Horror and panic on his face as he sees red all over his hands and shirt.

He immediately turns on the faucet and vigorously starts to wash his hands.

The blood isn't coming off as fast as he wants it to.

A noise from the other room.

PETER (O.S.)
Who's there?

He's trying to dry his hands. He's getting blood all over the towel.

PETER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I've got a gun.

Will makes his way out of the bathroom.

WILL
Don't shoot, it's...

Just as Peter rounds the corner.

They both jump in fright when seeing each other.

Peter is in his underwear, holding a GOLF CLUB.

PETER
Will? What are you...

He sees the bloody shirt and the panic in Will's eyes.

PETER (CONT'D)
Are you okay, son?

Will holds out his hands like he's holding something fragile. He looks down at them and then back up at his father.

His face is no longer panicked. He's beaming with joy.

WILL
It's a girl.

THE END.