

LOIS (53) quirky, mail lady with a sweet smile.

MITCHELL (32) is running down the driveway, calling to her.

MITCHELL

Lois! Hey! Lois!

Lois turns around and smiles and walks back to him.

LOIS

I thought you weren't going to come out today! I put it in your mail box.

MITCHELL

Sorry, I was just on the phone.

Mitchell looks at the mail box that stands across the street in a cluster of other mail boxes, far away from. Lois stands in front of his driveway smiling, both in silence.

MITCHELL

Could you, could you uh, get it for me?

LOIS

Oh! right, yes of course.

She takes the mail out of the mailbox and hands it across the line of the driveway as she stands out in the street, making sure her footing doesn't cross into his property. Mitchell reaches for it yet planting his feet firmly on his property.

MITCHELL

Thank you.

LOIS

Anytime, Mitchell.

MITCHELL

Ah! hold on!

Mitchell runs back into the house. Lois waits, looking left then right around at the empty neighborhood awkwardly. He bursts back out of the house holding a bag of candy.

MITCHELL

My brother sent these to the house last week, I just want to thank you for you know putting up with me.

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Mitchell bite his lips, cracking it open again gushing blood.

LOIS

Well I can't turn down some candy!

Lois puts her hand out, Mitchell touches his bottom lip to stop the bleeding, sees her hand then nervously reaches for a handful of candy to hand off to her, the blood from his finger grazes her hand, she doesn't notice and throws the candy into her mouth.

MITCHELL

I haven't tried any yet but I think they are some kid of chewy sour something...

Lois's face immediately turns purple and shock fills her eyes.

Mitchell stops what he is saying and stares at her. Cocking his head.

Lois suddenly starts gasping for air. Choking noises begin emulating from her throat.

Mitchell begins to panic.

She falls down on one knee holding her throat.

Mitchell picks up the phone and dials a number he knows by heart. He begins to pick his bleeding lip again. We don't hear the machine playing through the phone.

MITCHELL

Hey, got your machine again...check mine everyday I thought maybe your messages were getting lost in the airwaves again...u know getting eaten up by the electro magnetic rays of the sun when it travels through the air. Hah. No, no, I don't believe that anymore, Dr, uh Romeo and I worked through that one. But hey, you never know!

Mitchell paces back and forth in front of the answering machine.

MITCHELL

It's been so long and I know I haven't been able to get out much. Maybe that would change if I could see you. (laughs nervously)

Anyways. Call me. I would really like to hear your voice...

Mitchell slides his top lip back and forth on his bottom lip. It's ripped up topography reveals crispy bits of skin poking through the patches of dried blood.

MITCHELL

I honestly think things are getting better, I really do.

Mitchell checks his watch thrice.

MITCHELL

Yeah, yeah. I really thinks its all getting better.

Blood seeps onto the plastic buttons on the phone, Mitchell licks up the blood with his tongue.

MITCHELL

I'd really love to hear from you. I just, I just--(sigh)

He smiles, laughing at himself a bit standing in the dark almost empty, pristine kitchen.

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MITCHELL

Yeah, things are lookin up!

He checks his watch once, it reads: 11:02 AM.

MITCHELL

SHIT.

He runs to the door with sticky notes covering it reading:
GET MAIL at 11. GREET LIOS. and REMEMBER THE LINE.

MITCHELL

I gotta go.

He hangs up the phone abruptly. He bursts out the door,
standing on the front porch step looking for his mail lady.