

Mail Disorder

written by

John Stone

(c)

FADE IN:

EXT. LEAFY STREET - MORNING

Chirpy POSTMAN 30s whistles a tune as he does his round.

He grabs a parcel from his sack then rings a doorbell and waits.

Bespectacled CHUCK SPUNT 50s opens the door wide. He wears slippers, cardigan over a white shirt.

POSTMAN
(brightly)
Morning.

CHUCK SPUNT
(solemnly)
Is it?

Postman looks at him questionably.

POSTMAN
I've got a parcel for you, Mr.
Skunk. Just sign here.

He produces an EPOD.

CHUCK SPUNT
(sighs)
For your information the name is
Spunt. Read what it says on the
label.

POSTMAN
(dismayed)
Is it?

CHUCK SPUNT
(irked)
Yes.

Postman reads the label then looks up at him questionably.

POSTMAN
Nope. It still says Skunk, Mr
Skunk.

He snatches parcel from Postman.

CHUCK SPUNT

Give me that!

POSTMAN

You still have to sign for it I'm afraid, otherwise-

CHUCK SPUNT

How long have you been delivering our mail?

POSTMAN

Erm, now let me think.

(ruminates)

Two years, four months, six days, eight hours,

(checks watch)

and precisely forty three minutes.

CHUCK SPUNT

Then you know my name, correct?

POSTMAN

Well, it's not about me, is it? I mean, whoever sent you that parcel begs to differ. So just sign here if you would.

CHUCK SPUNT

I'm not signing for anything that isn't addressed to me.

POSTMAN

Fair enough. I'll take it back to the sorting office and have it returned.

Postman snatches parcel back.

CHUCK SPUNT

(disapprovingly)

Hang on-just hang on a minute.

POSTMAN

So you gonna sign for it, then?

CHUCK SPUNT

I'll sign for it this time, and only this one time. I'll accept it's obviously a typo.

POSTMAN

Can't say I agree there, either, Mr Skunk.

CHUCK SPUNT

What'd you mean?

Postman shows him a handful of letters.

POSTMAN

Here's the rest of your mail, and you'll see that every letter is addressed to a Mr Skunk., Mr Skunk.

CHUCK SPUNT

(angrily)

Give me those!

He snatches the letters from his hand and gazes at the name and address of each one in turn.

POSTMAN

Sign here, then, please, Mr Skunk. I haven't got time to stand here arguing over whether you're a Skunk, or Chuck Spunk.

CHUCK SPUNT

It's Spunt, you cretin!

POSTMAN

No need to get personal, is there?

He grits his teeth and signs for the parcel.

The Postman walks off with a huge grin on his face.

With the mail and the parcel in hand, he grimaces and sinks to his knees in despair.

His wife MARGERY 40s appears behind him.

MARGERY

(tuts annoyance)

Chuck, what on earth are you
doing? What's going on?

He quickly gets to his feet and waves the mail at her in
torment.

CHUCK SPUNT

Just look at this lot.

She snatches the mail and the parcel from him and studies
the packaging.

MARGERY

(dismayed)

I can't see a problem? They're
all addressed to you.

CHUCK SPUNT

Look at the name-look at the
name.

MARGERY

I am. They're all addressed to Mr
Chuck Spunt. What is wrong with
you?

CHUCK SPUNT

Where?

He snatches them back and looks at them closely.

MARGERY

(sighs)

Change your glasses. They're your
driving glasses.

She shakes her head and walks off.

He grits his teeth and clenches his fist in anger.

CHUCK SPUNT -

I'll get you-you- you-you!

DISSOLVE:

END