

THE UNEXPECTED DELIVERY

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INT. LINCOLN'S HOME - GREENHOUSE - EVENING

LINCOLN, 42, with a scruffy beard and shaggy hair glances over his garden. He dusts his hands as he stands in the large greenhouse connected to the backside of his house. Entering his home, he slides the glass door closed.

INT. LINCOLN'S HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

JONES - Lincoln's alter ego since childhood - 42, identical features to Lincoln aside from combed hair and beard. Shirtless, he stand before the open fridge with his head concealed behind the door.

JONES  
Not a bad day today, huh?

LINCOLN  
(Peeling off his sweaty  
shirt)  
It went good.

JONES  
A girl came by today, I ordered--

LINCOLN  
Oh God, not cookies again.

JONES  
It wasn't--

LINCOLN  
It's such a racket, five bucks for  
a tiny box.

Jones pulls out a soda as Lincoln turns off the light walking towards the hallway.

JONES  
Never mind.

LINCOLN  
I'm hitting the shower.

Jones follows him.

INT. LINCOLN'S HOME - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jones enters the dark hallway stumbling over Lincoln's shirt.

JONES  
 (Grunting)  
 Linc. Come on man, pick up your  
 clothes.

Jones kicks the shirt aside.

INT. LINCOLN'S HOME - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lincoln shoves his pants off and hops in the shower, pulling  
 the glass door closed.

Jones leans on the door frame, hovering in the shadows. He  
 twists the cap off from the soda and slurps.

JONES  
 AHHH.

LINCOLN  
 How can you drink that toxic crap?

JONES  
 (Pondering the label)  
 Nope. No mention of toxic crap.

LINCOLN  
 The sugar genius. It makes you fat.

Jones places the soda near the sink and admires his  
 silhouette in the mirror from the doorway.

JONES  
 (flexing a pose)  
 Looks to me like the sugar is  
 paying off.

LINCOLN  
 Are you posing in the mirror?

Jones stops flexing and glances at the frosted glass. He  
 turns the faucet on low and creeps across the bathroom.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
 You are posing in the mirror,  
 aren't you?

INT. LINCOLN'S HOME - BATHROOM - SHOWER - CONTINUOUS

Lincoln wipes shampoo from his brow.

LINCOLN  
 Jones?

The commode's handle CLINKS, followed by the GURGLES of the water flushing.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
Did you just flush the-- oh, ah.  
You little prick.

Lincoln jumps back, hitting his back against the wall of the shower.

INT. LINCOLN'S HOME - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jones stumbles into the hallway, laughing.

JONES  
Ah ha, ah ha. Oh, that was  
priceless.

INT. LINCOLN'S HOME - BEDROOM - ONE HOUR LATER

Lincoln, in loose black sweat pants, grabs the sheet throwing it half way down the bed.

Jones ties his white robe together in the shadows of the room on the other side of the bed.

JONES  
(Flinging his arms)  
Well Jiminy Crickets. Do you have  
to be so violent towards  
everything?

Lincoln flops on the bed.

LINCOLN  
Do you always have to be a fruit?

Jones reaches for the bed sheets as Lincoln turns off the lamp on his side of the bed.

JONES  
Could you at least wait until I get  
into bed?

Jones lays down and covers himself.

JONES (CONT'D)  
There is such a thing as being  
civil.

LINCOLN

There is nothing civil in this world anymore, except for this secluded island that I live on.

JONES

Uh, hello. That we live on. Did you forget about me?

LINCOLN

Yeah, right. That we live on.

Lincoln turns onto his side facing away from Jones.

JONES

One of these days you're gonna wake up and regret treating me the way you do.

Lincoln lets one rip, BRRUUUPP.

Jones gasps.

JONES (CONT'D)

Oh, sweet Mother Mary.

Lincoln laughs.

Jones returns one back at him, BRREEEPP.

LINCOLN

You call that a-- (gaging and coughing).

JONES

(Chuckles)

Silent, yet deadly.

DREAM - THE ASSASSIN

INT. GERMANY - HOSPITAL - MIDNIGHT

From the small of his back, Lincoln draws his pistol with a silencer as he approaches the curtain shrouded bed. He opens the curtain.

Lincoln aims the pistol at the bed then freezes. His mouth drops open.

The man in the bed has Lincoln's face.

A TEENAGE GIRL, blonde hair and resembling a tomboy, stands over the man in the bed with a pistol in her hand. Her shirt is covered in blood. She looks to Lincoln.

TEENAGE GIRL  
I've come back for you.

The gun fires, BANG.

END DREAM

INT. LINCOLN'S HOME - BEDROOM - BEFORE SUNRISE

Lincoln bolts upright, reaching for the night stand. He pulls out the same pistol, with a silencer, taking aim about the room. No one is there.

Thunder clashes outside as rain pelts the window.

Lincoln glances at the dressed up blanket next to him. Jones is not there.

INT. LINCOLN'S HOME - GYM - SUNRISE

Lincoln finishes a run on the treadmill. The sun's rays enter the room.

A shadow moves on the porch outside.

Lincoln darts to the window. A NEWSPAPER GIRL, sixteen with blonde hair, stands on the porch. He runs to the door.

EXT. LINCOLN'S HOME - PORCH - A MINUTE LATER

The front door yanks open and lincoln emerges onto the porch.

LINCOLN  
Hey...

The Newspaper Girl is at the edge of the drive way. She turns, her face is that of the Teenage Girl from Lincoln's dream. She waves and walks away.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
...it can't be.

Lincoln's limp posture stares agape as she vanishes beyond the tree line at the side of the yard.

INT. LINCOLN'S HOME - OFFICE - EARLY AFTERNOON

The room is cluttered with a disarray of file folders and boxes.

Jones enters the room in his robe sipping a cup of coffee, masked in a morning facial moisturizer.

Lincoln rummages through a box, tossing folders about.

JONES

What are you doing?

Lincoln stands, dropping the box. A small photo in his hands. The photo is of the Teenage Girl with writing beside her face: "10-01-1980 - 09-01-1996".

JONES (CONT'D)

Hello. Earth to Linc.

Lincoln looks at his watch. It reads - "11 AM 06-20-2020".

JONES (CONT'D)

Whatever.

Jones takes another sip of his coffee and exits the office.

INT. LINCOLN'S HOME - GARDEN - AN HOUR LATER

Jones runs his fingers over a near wilting basil plant. The baseball cap shields his face from the entering sunlight. He raises the water spout and pours a gentle shower around the plant.

JONES

Hang in there little guy. Some water and some sun and you'll do just fine.

Jones whistles as he continues down the row, showering the plants.

INT. LINCOLN'S HOME - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Lincoln mashes away at the keyboard. The dual monitor setup is littered with open applications.

Files are still scattered about the room, but some have now made their way onto a wall as strings of yarn etch out some unknown pattern.

LINCOLN

Damn it!

Lincoln grabs a photo from the desk, stands, and makes a jolt towards the files on the wall. He jabs a knife into the photo of the Teenage Girl, nailing it to the wall.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Come back for me, huh? I don't think so.

INT. LINCOLN'S HOME - OFFICE - A COUPLE HOURS LATER

Jones is vigilant upon his entrance. His hands quiver as his dreadful gaze brushes the wall.

JONES

Oh my God.

On the desk is a single folder. Jones picks it up and opens. As he evaluates the information he starts to hunch over and finally collapses to his knees in tears.

INT. LINCOLN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Jones is watching a movie in the dark room, devouring a tub of ice cream as Lincoln enters.

Lincoln grabs his jacket from the coat rack and the keys from the stand next to the door.

Lincoln hurls the door open and without a single glance to Jones, he yanks it closed behind him.

EXT. LINCOLN'S HOME - DRIVEWAY - EARLY MORNING

Lincoln's truck screeches to a halt and the engine turns off.

The door opens and Lincoln falls out. As he picks himself up he vomits.

LINCOLN

Jones. Jones, where are you?

Lincoln braces the truck to stand and stumbles to the porch.

A newspaper is at the door.

Lincoln stops and grinds his teeth lifting a single hand.



LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
You! Listen here girl...

Lincoln falls to his knees and vomits again. He wipes his mouth and stands.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
Stop coming-

Lincoln scans about but no one is there. He walks onto the porch and kicks the newspaper aside. He takes out his keys and enters his house.

INT. LINCOLN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As the door opens the house is quiet. Not a single light is on.

LINCOLN  
Jones?

No response.

Lincoln closes the door and staggers to the garden. He peers out the window from the kitchen to the space of plants and then walks toward his office.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
Jones, this isn't funny man.

INT. LINCOLN'S HOME - OFFICE

Lincoln enters his office and manages to stumble to the desk. He sits and then frantically searches about after noticing the folder is gone.

LINCOLN  
Where is it?

Lincoln turns to exit, but trips over himself. He hits the floor, vomits, and blacks out.

INT. LINCOLN'S HOME - BATHROOM - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Lincoln starts to open his eyes. He is in the tub filled with warm water.

Jones enters the room with a tea cup in hand and his face covered in his morning moisturizer.

Lincoln splashes water to his face, while Jones sits at the chair next to the tub.

LINCOLN  
I came home drunk again, didn't I?

JONES  
(Handing him the tea cup)  
Yep. Here, drink up.

Lincoln takes the cup and nods.

Jones leans back in the chair gawking towards the door.

JONES (CONT'D)  
Why did you do it?

Lincoln squints as he finishes a sip.

LINCOLN  
Hmmm, what?

Jones lifts the folder he found on the desk to his lap that was below the chair.

JONES  
The girl, Lincoln. Why did you do it?

LINCOLN  
(Reaching for the folder)  
Where did you get that?

JONES  
(Moving the folder away from Lincoln's grasp)  
Don't avoid the question, Linc. Why did you do it?

Lincoln draws his hand back and sits up slowly. He tilts his head back and takes a deep breath.

LINCOLN  
Well... I guess since you know everything now.

Lincoln looks to the water in the tub.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
Twenty-five years ago, when I discovered father wasn't really dead, I went to confront him for abandoning us.

FLASH BACK

INT. LINCOLN SENIOR'S HOME - NIGHT

Lincoln approached LINCOLN SENIOR's, a brown and gray haired man with a lit cigar in his mouth, desk as he made a business call.

Lincoln held a pistol in his hand and as he got close enough he placed the barrel to Lincoln Senior's head.

Lincoln Senior removed the phone slowly from his face and rotated the chair.

Lincoln felt as if he was looking at an aged mirror.

LINCOLN SENIOR  
(Removing the cigar)  
Wh... Who are you?

A Teenage Girl enters the room screaming.

SFX: BANG!

The scream causes Lincoln to fire and he darts his attention to the sound. The Teenage Girl leaps at him.

SFX: BANG!

END OF FLASH BACK

INT. LINCOLN'S HOME - BATHROOM

Lincoln glances up to Jones whose face is wet from tears, disfiguring the moisturizer.

LINCOLN  
I didn't want to kill either one of  
them. It just happened.

JONES  
Then why did you take a gun?

LINCOLN  
We needed the money. Dad was rich  
and he never once tried to look for  
us. I grabbed what I could and ran.

Jones looks away.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

I was trying to take of you.

Lincoln reaches out for Jones and touches his arm.

JONES

(Pushing Lincoln's hand  
away)

You always have used me as a crutch  
for your own gain. Even when we  
transferred from orphanage to  
orphanage after mom's death. Is  
that why you scrounged for the  
file? The Newspaper Girl reminded  
you of our half-sister?

Jones tosses the folder into the tub with Lincoln.

LINCOLN

You know what, fuck you Jones. What  
the hell do you want from me?

JONES

How about the truth, Lincoln. This  
whole time I thought you won the  
lottery, when in reality you killed  
the only family we had left.

LINCOLN

I didn't have a choice.

JONES

No Lincoln, you did have a choice.  
You could have told me.

Jones stands to depart, but stops at the door frame.

LINCOLN

How could I tell you?

Lincoln smashes the tea cup on the floor.

JONES

It's simple Linc. You open your  
mouth and words flow.

LINCOLN

That would be a great idea. Tell  
the fragile Jones about how I  
killed our family. I was the one  
who made sure we were safe when you  
got bullied.

(MORE)

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

I was the one who protected you  
when Jenny broke your heart. I am  
the only reason we are alive today.

JONES

I want you to leave Lincoln and  
never come back.

Jones walks away.

LINCOLN

Leave? You want me to leave? Don't  
play that game with me mister. We  
are the same-

Jones exits the bathroom.

INT. LINCOLN'S HOME - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jones shuffles down the hall tuning out Lincoln by covering  
his ears with his hands.

From the bathroom door Lincoln's upper torso emerges into the  
hallway arguing away at Jones.

Jones turns toward the garden entrance and slides the door  
closed behind him.

INT. LINCOLN'S HOME - BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Jones sits up on his side of the bed and glances over, but  
Lincoln is not there.

INT. LINCOLN'S HOME - HALLWAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Jones exits the bedroom, dressed for the day. He opens every  
door in the hall and peaks in.

INT. LINCOLN'S HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jones enters the kitchen, stops, does a full circle while  
looking about. He pauses and shrugs.

JONES

Guess I'm the only one home.

Jones begins to make his tea. He fills the kettle with water  
and puts it on the stove. He turns the stove on and opens the  
cupboard and pulls out a homemade packet with organic dried  
leaves.

SFX: WHISTLING!

Jones removes the kettle from the stove and pours the water into a cup with the packet.

Looking to the living room window, Jones notices the Newspaper Girl stepping onto the porch.

EXT. LINCOLN'S HOME - PORCH - SECONDS LATER

The Newspaper Girl sets the paper on the door mat when the door opens.

Jones stands in the doorway.

The Newspaper Girl lifts the paper up and hands it to him.

JONES

Thank you.

NEWSPAPER GIRL

You're welcome. Hey, I didn't mean to startle you the other day.

Jones looks puzzled, but then waves it off and smiles.

JONES

No worries. Hey, I was just about to have my morning tea. Would you care to have a morning chat with me on the porch?

NEWSPAPER GIRL

(Smiles)

I would like that.

The two sit down on the porch swing. Jones takes a sip of his tea.

NEWSPAPER GIRL (CONT'D)

So you are Jones, right?

Jones looks a bit puzzled.

NEWSPAPER GIRL (CONT'D)

The name is on the mailbox at the driveway.

JONES

(Grins)

Ahhh, indeed it is.

Jones offers out his hand for a greeting and she takes it into hers.

JONES (CONT'D)

Jones. Lincoln Jones.

END