

EPISODE 2 - Secrets

201 **EXT. EDGE OF TOWN**

201

SFX - Bus idling.

NARRATOR

At one end of town Mrs Glass steps
aboard the snow-crusted city bus.

SFX - Bus door squealing closed.

NARRATOR

At the other end, Carl starts his
powder blue GMC Jimmy.

SFX - Jimmy starting up.

Enter music.

202 **INT. BUS**

202

SFX - Inside of a bus driving, light background conversations.

NARRATOR

Mrs Glass watches everyone on the
bus. She tries not to listen to
their conversations. She knows
their truth is to be found
elsewhere.

203 **INT. GMC JIMMY**

203

SFX - Inside of GMC driving.

NARRATOR

And Carl listens closely to the
sound of the road under his tires.
He doesn't expect to learn
anything from it. He just likes
the sound.

SFX - a beat with the sound of driving.

NARRATOR

In twenty minutes his car and the
bus will pass each other.

204 **EXT. ROAD**

204

SFX - a bus zooms from one direction as a GMC Jimmy zooms from the other, the sounds passing through each of our ears and out the opposite sides.

NARRATOR

This happens every week and
they've never noticed, not in
forty years.

TITLE, CREDITS

205 **INT. BUS**

205

Music fades out as:

SFX - Two women on the bus laugh about something.

NARRATOR

Mrs Glass watches two women on
their way to work at the Shop n'
Supper, both wearing aprons under
their coats.

SFX - Woman 1: "It's so great, I love it. I really do."

NARRATOR

Mrs Glass knows that this is a
lie. The woman just quit smoking,
and she deals with the gaping
misery by slowly peeling off her
wallpaper. She is right now
clutching a strip of it in her
hand.

SFX - Woman 1: "You should quit too! Really. I feel so great."

NARRATOR

Her friend keeps sniffing her own
fingers. Mrs Glass knows that she
is paranoid of having the same
odor as her husband, a man who
works in the cannery and spends
each night playing with his toes
in front of the television.

SFX - Woman 2: "Oh I could never! I just love it too much."

NARRATOR

The guy sitting behind them pulls
his corduroy jacket tighter around
his barrel-shaped chest.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Mrs Glass remembers when he started working the lumber mill, one of the strongest men there, and one of the quietest. It took her awhile to figure out what he was hiding: Golden Age Musicals. He watches them every night after his wife falls a sleep. It's the best part of his day.

SFX - Distant sounds of an old musical bloom, as if inside the bus, and then recede.

NARRATOR

By the time the bus arrives at Mrs Glass's stop, Carl arrives at his: a clearing in the woods just outside of town.

206

EXT. SNOWY WOODS

206

SFX - Car door SLAMS. CARL STEPS through snow.

CARL

Alright honey-bear, where are you.

NARRATOR

Carl looks over a field of snow, undisturbed and perfect. A wall of spruce trees stands a couple hundred feet away, the pine needles shaded by clumps of white resting on every branch. The entire scene feels colorless and yet somehow not cold. Still and yet somehow ready to burst with activity.

CARL

Where are you?

NARRATOR

Somewhere a thin branch snaps and falls. Then a woodpecker rattles away. Pauses. Rattles again. And then, nothing.

SFX - Light wind.

NARRATOR

There she is. A moose with no antlers steps out from the woods.
(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Not as giant as the males, she flicks an ear and looks in Carl's direction.

CARL

Elena.

SFX - 40 feet away, moose BLARES.

CARL

Okay, hold on. I just gotta get this ready...

NARRATOR

Carl quickly unsnaps the trombone case he had been carrying, removes the instrument, inserts the slide and the mouthpiece. He flutters his lips and begins their old tune.

Trombone begins to play: *It Had to be You*

NARRATOR

The moose regards him for a moment, then walks off into the woods.

Trombone stops after second verse.

CARL

Elena? Where are you going? We're not finished.

(beat)

Elena?

SFX - Light wind.

207

INT. PANCAKE HOUSE

207

SFX - Busy diner, chatter, cutlery on plates.

NARRATOR

Mrs Glass moves effortlessly around the diner, recalling everyone's orders and preferences, and lingering just a little whenever she hears a conversation that sounds private. Right now she's at a booth where Fish sits alone.

MRS GLASS
More coffee?

FISH
You know it.

SFX - Coffee POURING into mug.

FISH
And um...

NARRATOR
He nudges his plate a couple inches towards her.

MRS GLASS
I'll be right back for that.

FISH
No um, see anything?

MRS GLASS
I see everything, Fish.

FISH
I mean, on the plate.

NARRATOR
She looks at the heavy diner plate, a few splotches of maple syrup, and nothing else.

MRS GLASS
Give me a clue.

FISH
It's also a card game.

MRS GLASS
Oh.

FISH
This is a good time, right?

MRS GLASS
Fish.

FISH
I know how before, just cause I sold you those stamps that was maybe not the right time, you explained that. But this?

MRS GLASS
Fish.

FISH
I ate it all. My whole plate.

MRS GLASS
Fish.

FISH
What?

MRS GLASS
Those two little words cannot
replace the three little words
that no one ever said to you.

FISH
I know but you used to say it.

MRS GLASS
That was at your hockey games.
Everyone was cheering for you.

FISH
It's not that hard to say it now
though, right? A little cheer.
Doesn't have to be loud.

MRS GLASS
Ok. Go Fish.

FISH
Doesn't sound like you mean it.

NARRATOR
She whispers it, like a mother
doting on a small child.

MRS GLASS
(whispering)
Go Fish.

FISH
(happy)
Well, alright. 'Cause you know I
cleaned my whole / plate.

NARRATOR
Suddenly she roars, a yell that
silences the entire place. And--

SFX - Deep inhale

207A EXT. WOODS**207A**

Light breeze, nearby brook, songbirds.

NARRATOR

--because of her volume and the
single-paned windows, a moose
five-hundred yards away pauses
from eating tree bark.

SFX - Crunch crunch crun--

NARRATOR

And looks to the sound.

MRS GLASS

GO-OOO FI-IIISH!

Moose BLARES in response, but we only hear it for a second
before cutting back to:

207B INT. PANCAKE HOUSE**207B**

We hear the tail end of her yell, then sudden quiet.

SFX - A single chair SCRAPES on the floor.

NARRATOR

The whole diner is quiet and
everyone is looking at them.

SFX - Somewhere a FORK drops on a plate.

FISH

(suddenly bashful)
Whoa. That was maybe...

MRS GLASS

The second-loudest yell of my
life?

FISH

No, I mean probably. But I was
gonna say, um...

MRS GLASS

What?

FISH

Thank you.

SFX - Zipper zips.

NARRATOR

Myrna zips up her parka, buttons her ear flaps under her chin, stuffs her gloved-hands in her pockets.

MYRNA

I can find this one if you want.

NARRATOR

They're on a residential street and Petal's digging through the mail bag for a very specific envelope.

PETAL

You sure it's ten by ten? With a cardboard backing?

MYRNA

...Yes.

PETAL

You don't sound sure.

MYRNA

Well that is the size and shape.

PETAL

But?

MYRNA

But it might not be in there.

PETAL

Petal stands up and stretches her back.

NARRATOR

The past twenty minutes I've been looking for an envelope that might not be in there?

MYRNA

Yes.

PETAL

Now you sound sure.

209

INT. CHURCH, CONFESSION BOX

209

NARRATOR

Val is also looking for something that might not be there. He's crouched inside the confessional box, a pen light in his mouth, feeling along the thin wooden panels underneath the seat cushion. He's sure he can hear a faint mechanical hum. It must be here. And then--

VAL

Ow!

NARRATOR

He scrapes his finger along the sharp end of a nail that was sticking out. A bead of blood forms on his skin. The pen light falls from his mouth.

VAL

Are you fucking serious?

NARRATOR

He inserts his finger into his mouth, and that's when he sees it: the fallen pen light casting a shadow on the seat cushion, revealing a bulge that should not be there. He removes his finger from his mouth.

VAL

Gotcha.

210

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

210

NARRATOR

Now Petal buttons her ear flaps under her chin, stuffs her gloved-hands in her pockets.

PETAL

If it was there I would've found it.

NARRATOR

Myrna doesn't respond.
(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Her eyes are closed, bare hands deep in the mailbag, focused on every envelope she touches. It's the one thing she's good at. She had tried other jobs before this, failed at all of them. Then her mother asked the post master to give her a chance. She went on her first delivery, felt how warm the mail bags were, shoved her arms in one and immediately relaxed. She didn't plan on doing more than that, figuring she'd get fired again. And then suddenly she felt something that she wasn't supposed to feel.

MYRNA

There it is.

PETAL

There what is?

NARRATOR

Myrna stands up with a small brown envelope, slightly larger than a playing card.

MYRNA

A secret.

211 INT. CHURCH, CONFESSION BOX

211

SFX - ZIPPER.

NARRATOR

Val unzips the outer layer of the seat cushion, slips his fingers past the block of yellow foam inside until he feels what he's looking for.

VAL

Who keeps doing this?

NARRATOR

Careful not to tear the upholstery, he pulls out a small cassette recorder, the "play" and "record" buttons both pushed down, the spools of tape slowly rotating. He presses stop.

SFX - Stop button.

VAL

And why?

212

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

212

MYRNA

The why is kind of vague. It's just something she did, ever since I was young.

PETAL

Tell you everyone's secrets.

MYRNA

Yep.

PETAL

And how did your mom know all this? I mean picking up a secret here and there is one thing, but from everyone?

MYRNA

I'm not sure, I think she's just nosy. And lonely. Lonely people tend to hear everything.

PETAL

That's true.

MYRNA

And thanks to my mom, I know a secret when I feel it.

NARRATOR

She shakes the small brown envelope and the contents rattle.

MYRNA

Seeds. For the police officer.

PETAL

Officer? You just have one?

MYRNA

Yeah, his father forced him into the role. He wanted to be a florist.

NARRATOR

She shakes the envelope again.

MYRNA

And he still does. He built a grow room in his basement, fills it with the most exotic flowers. And nobody knows.

PETAL

Except you and your mom.

MYRNA

And now you.

PETAL

I don't know if I want to know everyone's secrets.

MYRNA

You'll need to, if you want to learn my system.

PETAL

I'm not sure I want that either. Sorting everything in the mail room is so much easier.

MYRNA

But this is so much better. Look.

NARRATOR

Myrna pulls out two other envelopes she had set aside.

MYRNA

This one's for the librarian. You can feel the crystals inside. That's her secret. She thinks they can heal. Waves them around people when they aren't looking.

PETAL

That seems harmless.

MYRNA

And this is obviously a cookbook.

PETAL

That could be for anyone.

MYRNA

Nobody on this route tries new things. Except the mechanic. He's secretly vegetarian. Still buys meat in public, but feeds it to his dogs.

PETAL

Lucky dogs.

MYRNA

Yeah.

NARRATOR

Myrna gazes with wonder at the package in her hands, like a child holding a shiny present. This is the first time Petal has seen her this way.

PETAL

You look so happy.

MYRNA

This is the mail that people want, the things they've been waiting for. I know I had nothing to do with it. And another carrier would deliver it faster. But finding it this way, finding their secret joy, it's the best part of my day.

213

INT. CHURCH CONFESSION BOX

213

NARRATOR

Val sits on his side of the confessional. This is the worst part of his day. No one ever has a real sin to confess. They all think shame counts. Ashamed of their little secrets which are actually perfectly fine. And boring. Carl sits on the other side now, smelling of aftershave, his hair combed and pomaded. This will be his last confession before he takes the plunge.

CARL

Bless me father for I have sinned.

NARRATOR

Val looks at his fingernails in the dim light and waits for more details on Carl's secret knitting project. But instead, for the first time ever, Carl confesses something real.

CARL

I covet another man's wife.

NARRATOR

It's the kind of sin they used to talk about in the old days. The kind of sin Val's father and grandfather would hear all the time. The kind of sin that Val has trained for, extensively. He tries to hide his enthusiasm.

VAL

Tell me more.

CARL

I don't know what else to say.

VAL

Whatever comes to mind, that is the key to absolution.

CARL

Well, she wears these polyester pants at work, and the way they hug her tush, oh man. Drives me wild.

VAL

So you work together?

CARL

No, I um frequent her place of employment.

NARRATOR

Val takes a moment to rehearse the line in his head. And...

(beat)

He's ready.

VAL

The Lord says, impure thoughts may too easily enter your mind. But--

CARL

--Thoughts, right, but--

VAL

--but do not fight. Instead let them too easily leave.

CARL

But, father--

VAL
Through the holy power vested in
me--

CARL
What if there were more than
thoughts?

VAL
You mean deeds?

CARL
Well it was a long time ago.

VAL
How long?

CARL
I don't know. We were young. Sort
of. Old enough to be married. But
her husband had just taken the
plunge. So he wasn't there.

VAL
And you had deeds.

CARL
Yeah. And I was thinking, maybe,
before my plunge, we could you
know, once more for old time's
sake?

VAL
No.

CARL
I think she might also want to.

VAL
The Lord says--

CARL
But I get so nervous around her.

VAL
The Lord says--

CARL
I feel like a teenager.

VAL
Carl.

CARL
What?

VAL

I get it.

CARL

You do?

VAL

Yes, temptation can be powerful.
But you must let it go. Relax.
Take a deep breath. Good. And let
it go. Keep breathing and you'll
find that it's easy to do the
right thing.

CARL

Thank you father.

NARRATOR

Carl walks out of the church
feeling lightheaded. He climbs
inside his GMC and drives to the
Post Office where he finds Fish
sitting at the front counter,
alone.

214

INT. POST OFFICE

214

CARL

Fish.

FISH

Boss.

NARRATOR

Carl places his hands on the
counter, then in his pockets. Then
back on the counter.

CARL

Remember yesterday, when I said
there was something I wanted to
ask you.

FISH

Sure do.

CARL

Well I may not have gotten around
to the real question.

NARRATOR

Fish sits up straight, lifts his chin a little, takes a deep patrician breath.

FISH

I'm ready.

CARL

Thing is, I used to think that, to be a Post Master, you have to be a natural leader.

FISH

Some people are born that way.

CARL

But now I realize that almost anyone can do it.

FISH

I mean, it's better with a natural in the top spot.

CARL

Maybe.

FISH

Definitely.

CARL

People tend to follow confidence but it can get in the way of listening, observing. You can't lead if you don't know what your team needs.

FISH

Or you show them how it's done. Take control.

CARL

That's something I never did.

FISH

Come on. You're the boss, boss.

CARL

It's hard for me to admit this but more than anything, it's my title that made me in charge.

FISH

And the private office.

CARL

The private office is nice. Yeah.

(beat)

FISH

So, you said you had a question?

NARRATOR

Carl looks at Fish, his blue postal shirt a little too big, a red pimple swelling under a few hairs of his mustache.

CARL

Why did you get in so many fights on the ice?

FISH

Had to let people know.

CARL

Know what?

FISH

That was my rink. They were just visiting.

CARL

Well, it worked. In those games, it always worked.

NARRATOR

Carl starts to leave and Fish blurts:

FISH

Hey, so uh tomorrow's your last day. You sure you don't want cake or balloons or something?

CARL

No. Makes it too real.

FISH

I get that.

NARRATOR

Carl starts to leave and Fish stops him again.

FISH

You tap anyone yet?

(MORE)

FISH (CONT'D)
I mean, no one can fill your shoes
but someone has to try.

CARL
Yeah, no I will.

FISH
'Cause I was thinking about what
you said. Before? How people
looked up to me, when I played
hockey. That was a good feeling.

CARL
You were great on the ice.

FISH
Sometimes I miss that feeling. You
know, people looking up to me.

CARL
I know you do.

215 INT. PANCAKE HOUSE

215

NARRATOR
Carl chews a bite of pancake,
trying to solve a dilemma which
has no clear answer. Then Mrs
Glass walks past his table, her
tush filling out her pants and it
is--no. No, he looks away, takes a
deep breath, exhales through his
nose, all while chewing.

MRS GLASS
More coffee?

CARL
(startled)
Oh hi, yes.

NARRATOR
She must have circled back.

SFX - Coffee pouring into mug.

CARL
Thank you.

MRS GLASS
Manager told us we don't have to
all wear the same thing.
(MORE)

MRS GLASS (CONT'D)
We can wear whatever we want.
Business casual.

NARRATOR
Carl stuffs more pancake into his
mouth.

CARL
Mmm, yeah.

MRS GLASS
But I like these pants.

CARL
(still chewing)
Well, you know.
(swallows)
Wear what you like.
(nervous laughter)

MRS GLASS
Remember when we used to play in
the brass band?

CARL
Oh right, yeah. That was fun.

MRS GLASS
You didn't have to quit.

CARL
Well, you know. My wife she
preferred playing duets. At home.

MRS GLASS
I know. I understood.

CARL
These waffles sure are, mmmmm.

MRS GLASS
Do you ever think about that
night, when the whole band went
out for drinks, and you and I
stayed?

CARL
Sometimes.

MRS GLASS
You were so proud of your new mail
truck.

CARL
I had just started as a carrier.

MRS GLASS
And you led me out to the parking
lot to show me the vinyl seats.

CARL
They don't make em like that
anymore.

MRS GLASS
Very springy.

CARL
(bashful)
Yeah.

MRS GLASS
And then all the other times we
found to be alone.

CARL
Yeah.

MRS GLASS
I understood why you had to stop.

CARL
The guilt. My wife. I couldn't.

MRS GLASS
It was easier for me.

CARL
Your husband had just taken the
plunge. And so young. I never
understood why.

MRS GLASS
He was depressed.

CARL
And you looked so lonely, I didn't
mean to take advantage.

MRS GLASS
You didn't.

CARL
It was nice, wasn't it?

MRS GLASS
It was.

(MORE)

MRS GLASS (CONT'D)

(beat)

Here, let me take your plate--

CARL

Don't!

MRS GLASS

What?

CARL

I thought I'd look at it, a little longer.

MRS GLASS

Okay.

CARL

Sorry. It just feels like everyone's rushing me. Retire. Jump in a lake. Don't do--anything else.

MRS GLASS

I didn't mean to rush you, CARL.

CARL

You didn't. I'm sorry.

MRS GLASS

It's a horrible feeling to be rushed. But there are some things you can do that make time stand still.

CARL

Like what?

MRS GLASS

My shift ends in ten minutes. Come to my place?

NARRATOR

Carl knows exactly what she's offering. But he clumsily asks anyway.

CARL

What--what would we do there?

NARRATOR

Mrs Glass gestures with her hands and mouth. It is not subtle, what she wants to do.

CARL
Oh.

216

INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH

216

NARRATOR
Carl shuts himself in the phone booth outside the Waffle House, Mrs Glass waiting for him in his GMC. He lifts the receiver, inserts a coin and pushes the numbers he knows too well.

SFX - Pushing numbers, ringing sound from inside telephone.

FISH
(on other end)
Pralenburg Post Office.

CARL
Fish.

FISH
Boss?

CARL
You got the job. Post Master.

FISH
Really?

CARL
You start tomorrow.

NARRATOR
He looks over at his truck, Mrs Glass smiling at him from the passenger seat.

CARL
As of right now, I am done.

FISH
Wow, okay. Can I tell everyone?

CARL
Of course.

FISH
And I heard what you said, earlier? I'll listen better.

CARL
Great.

FISH
And I'll shave my mustache.

CARL
That's not necessary.

FISH
And my mullet? I can cut that too.

CARL
Up to you.

FISH
Yeah. I'm gonna. Have to look the part.

CARL
You have to be the part.

FISH
I will. Thank you Boss. Thank you.

NARRATOR
Carl hangs up.

CARL
(to self)
Gonna be a goddamned disaster. But I offered it to everyone else. They could've stepped up. Who knows, might even be good for the kid.

NARRATOR
He hustles to his GMC, jumps in and drives off with Mrs Glass, the entire vehicle rattling with nervous energy.

217

INT. MRS GLASS' HOME

217

CARL
New fridge?

NARRATOR
He opens the fridge door.

MRS GLASS
You're still hungry?

CARL
No I just--

NARRATOR

He closes the fridge door and looks around Mrs Glass's home. He can almost see a younger version of himself, shirtsleeves rolled up, shoving wood into the iron stove, sweeping up where he once broke a wine glass, reaching into the small space between the microwave and the fridge where she always kept a bottle of scotch. And--

(pleased)

--she still does. He looks at the bottle for a moment and then turns away. It's confusing walking through the past. It was only four months total when he came here regularly, secretly, and that was forty years ago, a tiny blip in his life that could easily be forgotten and yet the place swirls with familiar colors and scents, familiar comfort.

MRS GLASS

What is it?

CARL

For a second I felt young again.

MRS GLASS

I'm feeling pretty young myself.

CARL

(nervously)

Well, I should, you know, probably--

MRS GLASS

It's okay.

NARRATOR

She leads him to the living room. They open two folding chairs, place them in the middle of the room and sit facing each other.

CARL

Never thought I'd do this again. I mean, with you.

NARRATOR

She looks into his eyes, her face soft and disarming, and yet his nervousness makes him look away, down the short hallway where he can see the foot of her bed jutting into view through an open door.

CARL

What will I tell Elena?

MRS GLASS

You kept our secret for forty years.

CARL

Yeah.

MRS GLASS

We don't have to do anything, it can just be this. Do you want to start?

CARL

Don't know why I'm so nervous. Not that big of a deal, right?

MRS GLASS

No, it's not.

CARL

Okay, good.
(deep breath)

He plays *It Had to be You* on TROMBONE, the same one he played for the moose in Scene 206.

NARRATOR

Mrs Glass listens for a bit, then puts her lips in the mouthpiece of her tuba, and joins in.

Mrs Glass plays harmony on TUBA.

218

INT. CHURCH, CONFESSIONAL

218

NARRATOR

Val is listening to the final confession of the day. Mr Vogel, telling him for the umpteenth time that he's worried people will know his secret by the way he walks.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
And Val delivers his usual
refrain:

VAL
The Lord wants of us to be whole.
He wants of us to accept joy, to
share with loved ones.

NARRATOR
He's been repeating this advice
for years. But this is the first
time it has a resonance for him.
Maybe it was Carl's confession of
secret love, maybe he just hit a
breaking point. Whatever the
reason, Val knows now that the
only way for him to be whole is to
help Myrna. And she will never be
whole without her twin sister.
Suddenly a plan forms in his mind,
simple and elegant. A plan to stop
the final plunge.

VAL
I have to go.

NARRATOR
Mr Vogel looks at him through the
screen like an abandoned puppy.

VAL
You're fine. No one knows about
your love of disco. But maybe they
should. Maybe share it with a
friend. They might like it.

NARRATOR
Val sees the look of shock on Mr
Vogel's face and realizes two
things: this is the first time
he's ever looked directly at
someone in confessional. And it
may be the first time he's ever
really helped. Val walks out
feeling intoxicated. He doesn't
know it now, but this is the
beginning of doubt.

MRS GLASS
That was nice.

CARL
It was.

MRS GLASS
Want to play another one?

CARL
I don't know.

MRS GLASS
It's okay. We don't have to.

CARL
Don't know why I'm so nervous.

MRS GLASS
Well, it's been a year since Elena
took the plunge. And you probably
haven't touched anyone since then.

CARL
No.

MRS GLASS
For me it's been longer.

CARL
There must have been other men in
your life.

MRS GLASS
A few, yes.

CARL
Only a few? In forty years?

MRS GLASS
I'm an independent lady, you know
that. But there were times when
I'd get to thinking about what
might have been with you, and it
was too much. So I had a short
list, guys I knew I could call and
they'd come right over. They were
always so eager. But it was only a
brief cure. You're the only person
I've ever really wanted.

CARL
Why didn't you tell me?

MRS GLASS

I didn't want to use it as some kind of wedge between you and your wife. And I don't want to use it now, to stop you from taking the plunge.

CARL

Can I tell you my secret?

MRS GLASS

I think I know it.

CARL

I don't want to take the plunge.

MRS GLASS

So don't.

CARL

But what do I tell the others? Everyone's expecting me to.

MRS GLASS

Tell them you need more time.

CARL

I tried that but Father Val said there is no more time. It's now or never.

NARRATOR

Mrs Glass sets her tuba on the floor.

MRS GLASS

Did he now?

CARL

Yeah that's what he said.

NARRATOR

She stands up, steps over to CARL and gives him a soft kiss.

MRS GLASS

Now or never.

NARRATOR

Carl's cheeks and ears turn red.

CARL

Can we do that again?

MRS GLASS
As much as you want.

NARRATOR
She takes his hand and leads him
to the couch.

220 INT. MAIL TRUCK

220

NARRATOR
Myrna and Petal get back in the
mail truck.

SFX - Truck doors pulled shut.

PETAL
So, where to next?

MYRNA
That's it for today.

PETAL
We're done?

SFX - Myrna starts the ENGINE.

MYRNA
Yeah it's four o' clock.

PETAL
Right, but--

SFX - Shift into DRIVE.

MYRNA
You know, go back, unload the mail
bags.

PETAL
Those mail bags are still very
full.

SFX - Start driving.

MYRNA
Yeah, with bills and random
envelopes, coupon mailers. They
all feel the same. I can't do
those.

PETAL
So who does?

MYRNA

I forget who goes tomorrow, but every carrier has an assigned day where they run backup delivery.

PETAL

Backup? But just to cover your route?

MYRNA

I guess. You must have seen that.

PETAL

No, that is not a thing. An entire post office doesn't divvy up a route to cover for one mail carrier.

MYRNA

They don't?

PETAL

No.

MYRNA

Oh. Well, here we do.

221

INT. MRS GLASS' HOME

221

NARRATOR

Carl and Mrs Glass are kissing on the couch like teenagers.

MRS GLASS

This is nice.

CARL

Wonderful.

NARRATOR

Carl goes back in for more, but Mrs Glass has something on her mind.

MRS GLASS

I never told you how grateful I am for that time we had together.

CARL

I'm grateful for this time right now.

NARRATOR

He kisses her again. She gently pulls away again.

MRS GLASS

And I never said thank you for giving Myrna that job.

CARL

I was glad to.

NARRATOR

He kisses her again. And she pulls away again.

MRS GLASS

You were sure quick to figure how to deal with her ah shortcomings.

CARL

Yeah. Poor girl, can't seem to do anything.

MRS GLASS

Including mail delivery.

CARL

No. I had to be a little creative with the paperwork. She's not exactly delivering like a full-time carrier.

MRS GLASS

But you're letting her be one.

CARL

Well it seems to be good for her. She always ends the day happier than she began it.

MRS GLASS

I knew you'd take care of her.

CARL

I took care of all my workers.

MRS GLASS

Not like her.

NARRATOR

He goes in for another kiss but she stands up.

MRS GLASS

You moved mountains to protect her. And it meant so much to me, that you did this all on your own, as if you knew.

CARL

Knew what?

MRS GLASS

She's your daughter, Carl. You have twin girls.

CARL

That can't be. I'm sterile.

MRS GLASS

That's what we thought.

CARL

But your husband, he--

MRS GLASS

Hadn't touched me in months. No one ever suspected because the math worked out. It looked to everyone like he and I had our last hoorah, then he took the plunge and nine months later I had the girls.

CARL

But.

MRS GLASS

But he and I had no last hoorah.

CARL

No last hoorah?

MRS GLASS

It was with you.

CARL

But the girls, they look nothing like me.

MRS GLASS

They look exactly like you.

NARRATOR

Carl's stomach turns. She's right. How did he not see this until now? How did no one see it?

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Mrs Glass responds as if reading his mind.

MRS GLASS

The math worked out. No one ever saw it because they didn't know the connection was possible. We kept our secret.

CARL

Oh my god. Why didn't you tell me?

MRS GLASS

I found out after you went back to your wife. I didn't know what to do but I didn't want to break you two apart, not for such a brief affair. You two had your whole life ahead of you, and you seemed happy.

CARL

But those are my girls. I missed their childhood.

MRS GLASS

You got to work with Myrna. She looks up to you so much. And you can still say goodbye to her sister.

CARL

Sasha. I don't even know her.

MRS GLASS

I'm not sure that I do either. Anymore. She's so invested in the religion. We should go to her, before Sunday.

CARL

You had no right. Keeping this from me.

MRS GLASS

I didn't know what to do. I was alone and I did the best I could.

NARRATOR

He gets up, grabs his coat.

MRS GLASS

Don't leave. Not again.

CARL
Do the girls know?

MRS GLASS
No. I wanted to tell you first. I
thought you'd be happy.

CARL
Happy? I missed forty years. Forty
birthdays. Vacations, holidays,
graduations. I always wanted kids
and now you tell me I had two?

NARRATOR
His face contorts into an angry
shape that she's never seen on him
before.

MRS GLASS
Please, Carl. I didn't know what
to do.

CARL
Neither do I.

NARRATOR
He walks out and leaves the front
door open.

MRS GLASS
No! Don't leave!

NARRATOR
She falls to the floor in a heap,
crying and shaking as cold air
fills the room.

MRS GLASS
I didn't know what to do. I didn't
know what to do.

The sound of cold air whistling blends into the sounds of:

222

INT. MAIL TRUCK

222

Myrna driving.

PETAL
You okay?

MYRNA
Yeah I'm fine.

PETAL
Sorry if I was harsh about your
delivery system.

MYRNA
No it's fine. I was just thinking.

PETAL
About what?

MYRNA
My mom. How she knew everyone's
secrets. I remember as a kid, she
thought it was so important that I
know. How common it is. How people
hide things and it's okay.

PETAL
Sounds like she was projecting.

MYRNA
Yeah I think she was.

PETAL
Did she ever tell you her secrets?

MYRNA
She said she would. Eventually. I
think she was afraid that my
sister and I would be angry.

PETAL
Sounds like a big secret.

MYRNA
She said it would be okay. If we
got angry, she said she could take
it, because there was one person
who would be happy. Who would keep
her safe. As if I wouldn't keep
her safe.

PETAL
Well she'd better tell you soon.

MYRNA
I know.

PETAL
Before Sunday.

MYRNA
I know.

END EPISODE TWO