

"MAIL ORDER"

Written by

Pete Jackson

FADE IN:

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - DAY

SAM (18), sits at his computer amidst clothes and geek memorabilia. Beside his 'Buffy The Vampire Slayer' poster is a full map of Westeros.

Sam throws an empty Kleenex box into the bin, tosses an old copy of 'Zoo' magazine under his bed, and begins instant-messaging his best friend 'MY_SOLIDSSNAKE' --

A message appears from my_solidsnake: *Any valentine cards?*

Sam types back: *No more than last year :(*

my_solidsnake: *Something will turn up I'm sure ;)*

As if on queue, the doorbell rings. Sam opens it to a delivery man with a wooden box larger than himself. Sam signs for it. Hauls the box inside.

A card on the front reads: *"To Sam - Someone to keep you company - From my_solidsnake"*

Sam opens the box to a beautiful curvaceous REDHEAD inside, wearing a sequined leotard and a badge announcing she is a 'VALENTBRIDE'. Sam cannot believe his eyes, a real woman, all for him.

She steps out of the box, all boobs and smiles.

REDHEAD
(Russian accent)
Hey, sexy baby. I am all yours.

SAM
And I'm all yours!

Desperately grateful, Sam clings to her, vice-like. The Redhead gasps within his embrace, shudders and flops limply over him.

Sam releases his grip. It takes a long moment of silence, and then dawns on him that she is no longer moving. He shakes her firmly, checks her pulse -- nothing. She isn't breathing.

Sam glances at the shipping label. It is post-marked from Russia. God Dammit.

SAM (CONT'D)
Snake, you douche. You killed my mail order bride! People aren't meant to travel cargo!

Sam is starting to panic. Hysterically looks for a place to hide the body.

He tries the wardrobe. Pushes the bride between his Starfleet and TF2 Spy costumes. Each time he shuts the door she falls through it, face-planting the bedroom floor.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She won't fit in the fridge, no matter how hard he tries. He shoves with all his strength but the door refuses to stay shut. Sam is growing desperate.

Through the kitchen window he sees gardening tools outside; a shovel is propped against the fence. Eureka.

EXT. GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Sam piles dirt into the hole now ruining his mother's lawn. He wipes his sweating brow and heads back into the house. He doesn't notice the bride's hand spring through the loose soil like a daisy.

INT. LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Sam planks across the coffee table, and breaths a sigh of relief. The bride stumbles through the doorway dragging a twisted leg along the ground. Her arms reach out for him. Sam's eyes widen, and he freaks out.

Sam jumps to his feet and screams bloody murder, stumbling onto his back in the furore. Frantically he shuffles away from the undead bride until he hits the wall. He's trapped!

Vainly Sam tries to push the bride off as she slowly crawls over him on her hands and knees. Inching ever forward.

Sam's whole body shakes. Her face moves closer to his until their noses touch. He can't take any more. His head tips back as he passes out from fear. Then the bride leans in...

...And plants a gentle kiss on his cheek. She sidles down to cuddle him and rests her head on his chest, then smiles contented.

A small green light blinks on the back of her neck...

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM -

...And back in the box she arrived in lays a small booklet. It is open on the page that reads: 'VALENTBRIDE - VIRTUAL WIFE - MODEL: NATALYA - OPERATING MANUAL - ON/OFF INSTRUCTIONS...'

FADE TO BLACK.