



The Night Shift at D7

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ELIAS THORNE – THE DELIVERY TO DARTH

The D7 warehouse stands like a rusted iron giant against the midnight sky, its windows dark except for the flickering amber glow of the sorting room. Elias Thorne, the weary postman, trudges through the side entrance, a heavy leather bag on one shoulder and a clinking brown bottle in his coat pocket.

**LATE NIGHT DELIVERY**

Inside the cramped post room, Dave, Matt, and Ian huddle around a makeshift table of stacked crates, their faces pale under the buzzing fluorescent lights. They are the only souls left on the night shift, exhausted and looking for any distraction from the crushing silence of the industrial district.



THE DELIVERY - UNEXPECTED GOODS

Elias unscrews the cap of his flask, the sharp scent of cheap bourbon cutting through the smell of damp cardboard and machine oil. He leans back against a sorting rack, his eyes gleaming with a strange intensity as he offers the first round to the three nervous workers.



The air grows thick with smoke and secrets as Elias begins to recount the unsettling events from the street over, where the workers at the chemical plant supposedly vanished one by one. He speaks in a low rasp, describing shadows that moved independently of the men who cast them, making Dave's hand shake as he takes a swig.



Matt and Ian lean in closer, their eyes darting to the heavy steel doors that lead to the main warehouse floor, now convinced every creak of the building is an intruder. Elias smiles thinly, spinning a web of paranoia about what the neighbors do with the packages that never get delivered.



As the bottle empties, the stories turn inward, with Elias mentioning specific details about Dave's family and Ian's debts that he shouldn't possibly know. The camaraderie shifts into a cold, prickly fear as the postman reveals he's been reading more than just the addresses on the envelopes passing through his hands.



THE DELIVERY & THE DISPUTE

A sudden, rhythmic thudding echoes from the loading bay, causing the four men to freeze in a terrifying silence. Elias doesn't flinch, instead he watches the door with a predatory patience, his silhouette cast long and jagged against the wall of undelivered mail.



Elias whispers that the manager, Dr. G. Grill, didn't actually go on holiday to the coast, but was seen lurking near the incinerators just two nights ago. The workers exchange panicked glances, realizing they are trapped in a room full of evidence of their negligence and the postman's madness.



THE CONFORNTATION - CAUGHT IN THE ACT

The heavy industrial door bursts open with a violent crash, flooding the dim room with the harsh, unforgiving light of the hallway. Dr. G. Grill stands in the threshold, his face contorted in a mask of silent, simmering fury, his eyes fixed on the half-empty bottles and the terrified men.



The manager steps forward, his shadow looming over the group like a dark god returning to a ruined temple to demand an accounting. Elias tips his hat and slips into the darkness of the stacks, leaving Dave, Matt, and Ian to face the wrath of a man who was never supposed to be back so soon.