

GOING POSTAL

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Beautiful homes in a row. Fresh cut grass. Sun shines. Birds chirp. A lovely day.

ROLLO MOON, strolls along the sidewalk. He wears grey wool pants and a blue short sleeved dress shirt. Both hang loose on his stringy frame.

Strapped over his shoulder hangs a POUCH.

A blue and white PATCH containing an EAGLE'S HEAD and UNITED STATES POSTAL SERVICE glows in the bright sun.

Rollo is a mailman. And neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night has caused him to miss a day of work.

Rollo whistles as he passes the well groomed houses on his route.

ROLLO

Good morning Mrs. Applebaum!

Rollo waves at the kindly OLD LADY who sits on her front porch. He opens the mailbox at the edge of the sidewalk.

MRS. APPLEBAUM (OLD LADY)

Any packages today Mr. Mailman?

Rollo glances at the letters before he places them in the mailbox.

ROLLO

Not today. But it looks like a letter from your daughter!

MRS. APPLEBAUM

Oh, how wonderful! Thank you Mr. Mailman.

ROLLO

Of course, Mrs. Applebaum. And please...call me Rollo.

Rollo gives a quick smile and salute as he proceeds down the sidewalk.

He checks out a Mercedes XL in a driveway.

ROLLO

Ahhh...lookin good Mr. Bleaker!

MR. BLEAKER peaks his bald head up from waxing the hood.
Grimaces.

MR. BLEAKER
Damn right mailman.

MRS. BLEAKER, beautiful, emerges from the front door.
She carries gardening tools.
Rollo gazes at her.

ROLLO
Roses coming in nicely Mrs.
Bleaker!

Mrs. Bleaker smiles and waves.

MRS. BLEAKER
Thank you Rollo.

MR. BLEAKER
Get back in there and bring me an
iced tea!

Mrs. Bleaker sulks back in the house.
Rollo frowns. Hands Mr. Bleaker a pile of mail.

ROLLO
Your Car Dealer Monthly came today.
Keep makin those sales!

MR. BLEAKER
Mind your business mailman.

Mr. Bleaker smirks.

ROLLO
Hey, call me Rollo.

Rollo ambles down the street

ROLLO
Ah, what a glorious day!

CHILDREN on bicycles pass on either side of him.

RING! RING!

CHILDREN
Hello Mr. Mailman!

Rollo smiles and waves at the kids.

ROLLO
And a hello to you! I got your
report cards here. I hope it's
good news!

The children continue down the street.

ROLLO
And call me Rollo!

Rollo rounds the corner with a big grin.

He approaches a rusty mailbox.

Address number 999.

A dim, disheveled house sits back from the street. Overgrown
grass and litter surround the rotting porch.

He looks through his pouch and discovers a pile of mail for
house number 999.

Rollo opens the mailbox and finds a note.

INSERT:

*Mr. Mailman, please bring the mail
to the door.
P.S. Beware of dog.*

Rollo peers towards the house.

He opens a waist high gate and steps onto the concrete path
leading toward the porch.

Gate creaks shut behind him. Sky darkens.

Thunder claps as Rollo heads down the path.

Rollo heads up the worn, wooden steps to the porch.

Each plank creaks and cracks beneath his feet.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

Rollo rings the doorbell.

BING BONG BONG BING

Door creaks open, a gust of wind blows dust into Rollo's
eyes.

GRRRRRRRR!

Rollo takes a step back.

Sounds like a big dog.

ROLLO

Hello...

Rollo peers through the crack in the door.

Emerging from the swirling dust, a short, stocky, brown and white BULLDOG lumbers onto the porch.

GRRRRRR!

Drool smacks on the floor as the Bulldog creeps closer.

Rollo, eyes wide, backs up towards the steps.

ROLLO

Easy big fella. Gotta drop off the mail. Maybe we got a coupon in here for some nice doggie treats. Would ya like that? Some nice doggie treats to eat while you watch the house?

Rollo's voice shakes. He stares at the dog as he reaches down to his waist and feels for the PEPPER SPRAY.

BULLDOG

Hey!

Rollo freezes. Did that dog talk?

BULLDOG

Get your hands off the spray.

Rollo raises his hands in the air. Holds the pile of mail.

ROLLO

Don't hurt me!

BULLDOG

You gotta relax Rollo.

Rollo lowers his hands.

ROLLO

You know my name?

BULLDOG
I know you well. You're my
mailman. Is that my mail?

ROLLO
Yes.

BULLDOG
What's in it?

Rollo searches the pile.

ROLLO
Ahh...credit card solicitations,
magazine renewal...final notice,
coupons--

BULLDOG
Junk.

ROLLO
I guess so. Here you go.

Rollo leans down to hand over the mail.

BULLDOG
No one likes you.

ROLLO
What?

BULLDOG
And I don't just mean dogs. You're
a dying breed Rollo Moon. No one
needs you anymore.

Rollo stands back. Offended.

ROLLO
I beg to differ dog. I provide a
much needed service and am a
valuable member of this community.

BULLDOG
Nah. You're old news. No one
needs you. And you know it too.

ROLLO
Now see here--

BULLDOG
Alright, it's time to move on. Arm
or leg?

ROLLO
Arm or leg what?

BULLDOG
You need to make a decision about
your future pal. I gotta job to do.
Where do you want it? Arm or leg?

ROLLO
Just take the mail, I--

BULLDOG
Have it your way. Leg it is.

The Bulldog LUNGES at Rollo's leg. Rollo turns to run.

Too late.

The Bulldog's mouth opens wide, his teeth long and sharp as
they CLAMP DOWN on Rollo's calf.

ROLLO
NOOOO!!!!!!

INT. ROLLO MOON BEDROOM - MORNING

Rollo jerks up in his bed. Eyes open. Sweat drips from his
face.

ROLLO
NOOOOO!!

Rollo's chest heaves in and out. Heavy breaths. He throws
the covers off his legs and grabs his calf.

No dog bite.

A dream.

BUZZZZZZZZZ!

Rollo glances at the alarm clock: 6:45 a.m.

He flops back down on the bed, reaches over and smacks the
alarm off.

INT. UNITED STATES POST OFFICE - MORNING

Crates spill over with envelopes.

Each dumped into a rectangular cylinder.

Thousands of letters, cards and packages zip down a CONVEYOR
BELT.

Each piece of mail scanned and sorted.

Dropped into its corresponding bin.

ROLLO (V.O.)
Just a couple of years ago post
offices all over America delivered
two hundred and thirteen billion
pieces of mail.

Postal workers stand in front of bins.

EYES scan.

HANDS fly as each piece of mail is categorized further by zip
code.

Placed into slots.

ROLLO (V.O.)
Last year we delivered one hundred
and seventy seven billion pieces.

Envelopes whisk down each slot.

Past rows and rows of smaller bins.

ROLLO (V.O.)
This year we will deliver one
hundred and fifty billion pieces.
That still may seem like a lot...

Letters drop from the slots onto a slow moving conveyor belt.

A metal square disk periodically pushes an envelope into
small bin.

ROLLO (V.O.)
...but the amount of mail keeps
getting smaller. Each time there
is a drop in three billion pieces
of mail, it equates to a one
billion dollar decline in revenue.

Mail on the conveyor belt is spread far apart.

A single envelope every few feet.

ROLLO (V.O.)
A lot of people don't send mail
anymore. They fax, phone and my
favorite...e-mail.

An ENVELOPE slides down the conveyor belt.

ROLLO (V.O.)
And when they don't send mail, the
post office doesn't make money.
They need to find ways to make that
up.

ENVELOPE continues it's journey.

ROLLO (V.O.)
Raise postage...

ENVELOPE is pushed from belt and DROPS into a bin.

ROLLO (V.O.)
Stop Saturday deliveries...

TWO HANDS grip either side of the bin.

ROLLO (V.O.)
Or layoff mailmen...

The hands and bin pass several mail carriers in their blue
and grey.

The bin slams down on an open space on a long narrow table.

A worn piece of scotch tape on the bin reads R. Moon.

ROLLO (V.O.)
I'm in trouble.

Rollo unloads the bin on the table.

He organizes, sorts and loads his mail into his pouch.

It is 7:42 a.m.

A scruffy, mustashed mailman wearing a bandana plops his bin
down next to Rollo's.

STEVEN WALKER JOHNSON running late again.

He has ONE ARM, the other left in Southeast Asia.

Steve is not what you would call a good mailman.

STEVE
Boss man make a pass through?

ROLLO
You're good. He's always behind on
Mondays.

STEVE
Don't underestimate Charlie.

Rollo finishes sorting the last few pieces of mail. His pouch full.

Steve rapidly one-arm sorts through his bin.

STEVE
How'd ya sleep.

ROLLO
Same.

STEVE
Arm or leg this time?

ROLLO
Leg.

STEVE
You need to relax. Get some hobbies.

ROLLO
I have my job.

STEVE
Pathetic. Spend time with your family then.

ROLLO
The people on my route are my family.

STEVE
Very sad. Get a women.

Rollo glances at Steve.

STEVE
Hotdamn. That Bleaker dame on your route. How's that going?

ROLLO
Still married to that jerk.

STEVE
Have you read her mail?

ROLLO
Of course not.

STEVE

Come on bro. Study the envelopes.
See where she gets letters, cards
and bills from.

Steve glances around to see if anyone is listening.

I recommend it. It gives you the
inside edge. Me gets all the ladies
that way. It's one of the best
advantages of being a mailman.

ROLLO

You need to take more pride in your
work.

STEVE

Are you at the very least following
my advice?

ROLLO

I'm not drinking on my route.

STEVE

Forget that. Bad idea. Alcohol is
a depressant. I didn't think that
one through. I'm talkin ecstasy.

Rollo heaves his pouch over his shoulder.

ROLLO

Uh-huh.

STEVE

I know a guy. Suppose to be primo.
Plus he bakes. I can get you half
a kilo and a dozen blueberry
muffins for seven hundred and fifty
dollars.

Rollo stares at Steve.

STEVE

Right. You hate blueberry. But
they are in season.

VOICE (O.S.)

MOON!!!

Rollo and Steve turn their heads toward the small office
slightly elevated above the sorting floor.

Supervisor CHARLIE LICKNEY, round, short sleeve button-up, tie, creaks his torso out of the doorway. He waves his fat hand towards Rollo.

ROLLO
He looks extra bloated today.

STEVE
Stay alert. Charlie is crafty.

INT. SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

Rollo sits across from Charlie. The office a mess.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE
I gotta let you go Moon.

ROLLO
Go where?

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE
Cutbacks.

ROLLO
Less hours?

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE
A lot less.

ROLLO
Understood. No more Saturdays.
Can't say it's a surprise. We all
saw that one coming.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE
You're fired. Ya got two weeks.

ROLLO
Two weeks? My union would never
stand for this.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE
They actually didn't put up much of
a fight.

ROLLO
I'll fight it.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE
It's all economics Rollo. Your
salary, pension. Can't afford you.
You're no longer needed.

ROLLO
You're no longer needed!

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE
That's just mean.

ROLLO
You're mean!

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE
If you don't want the weeks, you
can clean out your locker now.

ROLLO
We don't have lockers.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE
Then tidy your area.

ROLLO
I have an area?

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE
Get out!

ROLLO
You get out.

Supervisor Charlie stands.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE
Arm or leg?

ROLLO
What?

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE
Arm or leg?

ROLLO
Neither.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE
Leg it is then.

Supervisor Charlie LUNGES across his desk. He crashes on top
of Rollo, both fall to the ground.

ROLLO
What the hell are you doing?!

Rollo scrambles to escape. Supervisor Charlie KNEELS down on
Rollo's legs, pins him to the office floor.

Supervisor Charlie opens his JAW wide, glares at Rollo's leg, jerks down and takes a huge BITE out of his CALF.

ROLLO
NOOOOO!!

STEVE (O.S.)
Rollo? Rollo? Are you with me?

EXT. POST OFFICE - CURB - LATER

Steve shakes a passed-out Rollo. An empty bottle of PEACH SCHNAPPS lies on the pavement.

ROLLO
NOOOOO!

Rollo jolts awake, breathes heavy. Grabs his calf.

No bite.

STEVE
Leg this time?

Rollo, catches his breath, nods.

Steve sits down on the curb next to Rollo.

ROLLO
What the hell am I gonna do?

STEVE
Look at this as an opportunity to
do all the things in life that
you've never done.

ROLLO
I've never gotten drunk on a
Monday.

STEVE
See, things are already looking up.

A HAND creeps over Rollo's shoulder, it gives a few gentle pats.

Rollo reaches up and grasps the hand.

ROLLO
Thanks man. You are a true friend.

STEVE
Glad to be here for you.

A SECOND HAND lurks down Rollo's other shoulder.

Both hands give a deep massage.

Rollo's eyes widen, he raises his head, stares straight.

ROLLO

Steve?

STEVE

Yes sir.

ROLLO

You didn't get a new prosthetic arm
and functional robotic hand, did
you?

STEVE

Hell no! I got but one arm and I
want the world to see what Charlie
did to me. Lest they never forgot.
My brothers in arms--

Steve jumps up. He turns.

A HOMELESS GUY, dirty, messy, smelly, Fu Manchu mustache
stands opposite.

ROLLO

What the hell!

Rollo frantically brushes his shoulders.

Steve continues to ramble. Oblivious.

STEVE

--and I saw that son of a bitch in
a rice paddy. Oh, he thought he
had the drop on me, he thought
wrong!

HOMELESS GUY

Enjoy the schnapps asshole?

Rollo eyes the empty bottle on the ground.

ROLLO

I am so sorry. I...was that yours?

HOMELESS GUY

You're damn right it was. Now give
me some money for a new bottle.

Steve notices the commotion and stands.

STEVE
What do we got here?

HOMELESS GUY
Stay out of it pal.

Homeless Guy pulls out a SWITCHBLADE.

Rollo, head spinning from the schnapps, steps in between.

ROLLO
Let's all calm down. Put the knife
away. I'll give you the money.

Steve pulls out a BUTCHER KNIFE from his grey flannel
uniform.

STEVE
Let's dance.

Steve and the Homeless Guy crouch in warrior stances, they
circle each other. Rollo stuck between.

ROLLO
Steve, why do you have that knife?

Steve keeps his eyes on the Homeless Guy.

STEVE
For times like these Rollo. For
times like these.

HOMELESS GUY
You don't want to get hurt here one-
arm. I'll slice and dice you.

STEVE
I spend all day on my route waiting
for someone to test me. Bring it
on.

Rollo dizzy as Steve and the Homeless Guy circle him, the
distance between them grows smaller.

Homeless Guy skillfully tosses the switchblade from hand to
hand.

Steve flips the butcher knife up and catches it. His gaze on
Homeless Guy.

STEVE
Rollo, I suggest you get out of the
way. This is going to get ugly.

ROLLO
Please guys. This is silly.

Rollo turns to the Homeless Guy.

ROLLO
I'll give you money for another
bottle of schnapps. I'll get you a
case!

HOMELESS GUY
That ship has sailed.

ROLLO
How about some free stamps?

STEVE
Don't give in! You can't
negotiate!

Rollo rubs his head.

ROLLO
Dear Lord.

A smile creeps across Steve's face. Homeless Guy smiles back.

They RUSH toward each other. Rollo in the middle

STEVE/HOMELESS GUY/ROLLO
AHHHHHHHHHH!!

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Rollo lies in a hospital bed. Bandage wrapped around his
forehead.

STEVE (O.S.)
Rollo? Rollo, are you with me?

Rollo opens his eyes.

Steve stands over him. Face dirty, smeared with blood.

STEVE
You have a very high pitched
scream.

ROLLO
What happened to that deranged
homeless guy?

Two dirty hands creep from behind the bed, down Rollo's
shoulders and massage.

HOMELESS GUY
I'm right here buddy. Sorry about
the schnapps. I overreacted.

Rollo looks up in horror.

Homeless Guy smiles. Not many teeth.

ROLLO
Get off me!

STEVE
It's okay. Peachfuzz is alright.

ROLLO
What the hell is Peachfuzz?

PEACHFUZZ (HOMELESS GUY)
(extends filthy hand)
Peachfuzz Johnson. I heard you got
the boot today? My apologies.
We've all been there.

Rollo pushes his hand away.

STEVE
Turns out Peachfuzz was in Vietnam.
Flew cargo planes to all the hot
landing zones. Did a hell of a job
at the Battle of Fing Chung Choo.

PEACHFUZZ
Sons of bitches...

ROLLO
Alright, alright.

Rollo reaches for his head.

The fifth of Peach Schnapps and superficial stab wound makes
it tough to get his bearings.

PEACHFUZZ
I have a softspot for you mailmen.
Why, when we were in the bush,
eating dirt, no shower for days,
the mail was our only solace in the
hell of war.

ROLLO
I appreciate that.

Rollo eyes Steve.

ROLLO

Wait a minute. How come they didn't fire you?

STEVE

They can't fire a disabled Veteran. You crazy? Now that would look bad.

(BEAT)

What are you going to do?

Rollo shuts his eyes.

ROLLO

I don't know how to do anything else.

PEACHFUZZ

Ain't you got any family?

ROLLO

No. The people on my route are my family.

Peachfuzz pulls a FLASK and takes a swig.

PEACHFUZZ

That's pathetic.

STEVE

Don't worry. I got a plan. We used it back in Nam.

ROLLO

(shakes head)

Here we go.

STEVE

Hear me out. You're always so quick to poo-poo. Don't poo-poo. It's a well thought out plan that has a high rate of success.

ROLLO

I'm listening.

STEVE

I hope so. Because if you don't want to hear my take on the situation and how I can help it get rectified, I will walk out of this door my friend. Peachfuzz and I will say goodnight and walk right out this door.

ROLLO

God help me. Speak! Tell me!

STEVE

Okay. Now, here's what I'm thinking. We take the post office by storm. I'm talking guns, grenades, the whole nine.

PEACHFUZZ

I like this.

Steve works himself up.

Peachfuzz takes another swig.

Rollo leans his head back, shuts his eyes. Frustrated.

STEVE

We come in blazin. Hold the place hostage.

PEACHFUZZ

Can we wear disguises?

STEVE

Definitely.

PEACHFUZZ

I got a nice wig and a dress.

ROLLO

Did not need to hear that.

STEVE

No one gets mail until our demands are met!

PEACHFUZZ

I want an unlimited supply of nachos.

STEVE

What good will that do you? Think big.

PEACHFUZZ

I mean during the hostage crisis. I'm thinking of our food order. The cops always ask if you need anything while it gets resolved.

STEVE

Good thinkin. Maybe we should come up with a list. Rollo, you like tuna right?

ROLLO

Enough!

Rollo leans up in the bed. He puts his hands on his face.

STEVE

I'm sure they can get you anything.

ROLLO

I can't do this anymore.

PEACHFUZZ

I understand.

Peachfuzz pulls the SWITCHBLADE from his dingy jacket.

PEACHFUZZ

It'll be quick.

Peachfuzz wraps his arm around Rollo's head and pulls back, exposes Rollo's THROAT.

ROLLO

What the hell are you doing!?

Rollo flails his arms.

He locks onto Peachfuzz's wrist, stops the switchblade from moving.

PEACHFUZZ

Don't fight it. I've helped many-o-comrade get through their darkest hour.

ROLLO

Steve...help!

STEVE

You sure? It's an honorable way out.

ROLLO

Hurry!

Steve rushes around the bed. He grabs Peachfuzz's arm.

STEVE

Come on man, he said no.

Peachfuzz leans forward, still trying to reach Rollo's exposed neck. Steve and Rollo working against him.

ROLLO

Get off!

Rollo manages to loosens Peachfuzz's grip on the switchblade.

Steve pulls backwards.

The switchblade FLIES IN THE AIR as Peachfuzz tumbles onto Steve.

Rollo looks up as the switchblade flips end over end towards the ceiling, then straightens, the TIP pointing towards his eye.

Steve and Peachfuzz watch from the floor.

Rollo CLASPS his HANDS together.

Captures the KNIFE an INCH before it pierces his EYE.

A SMILE forms on Rollo's face. Eyes brighten.

ROLLO

I got it.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Rollo power walks out of the hospital entrance. Steve and Peachfuzz jog to catch up.

Peachfuzz steadies several BOXES of SURGICAL GLOVES he just stole.

Rollo wears a robe, hospital pajamas and slippers.

BANDAGE on his head falling off.

ROLLO

It's perfect.

STEVE

I think you were supposed to check out...

Rollo ignores Steve. He walks fast. In a zone.

ROLLO

I can prove to the Postal Service how vital mail is.

STEVE
...or at least inform a nurse or something.

ROLLO
A mailman still has purpose in this world.

Steve catches up with Rollo.

STEVE
Alright. So you're considering taking hostages. I like it.

ROLLO
Even better.

STEVE
Does it at least involve extensive use of camouflage? And Peach seems adamant about wearing that dress.

Rollo and Steve reach a BUS STOP.

Peachfuzz, stumbles with the BOXES of SURGICAL GLOVES, catches up.

Rollo turns to Steve.

ROLLO
We read people's mail, solve their problems and fulfill their dreams.

BUS pulls up. Doors fold open.

The female BUS DRIVER, fat, angry, looks down on Rollo, Steve and an out of breath Peachfuzz.

BUS DRIVER
Oh, hell no! Unless you homeless bastards have correct change, you ain't gettin on my bus.

ROLLO
We're not homeless. Well...

Rollo and Steve turn and glance at Peachfuzz.

BUS DRIVER
Why ain't you got any proper clothes on? Wearing a pajamas and a bathrobe. And you bleedin from your head!

Rollo touches his head, some blood soaked through the bandage.

ROLLO

It's okay.

Rollo steps onto the bus.

ROLLO

I'm a mailman.

(beat)

Steve pay the lady.

Rollo heads down the aisle.

Steve reaches into his pocket and drops change into the slot for everyone.

He sheepishly smiles at the Bus Driver.

STEVE

Hi.

No response.

STEVE

You know, I was almost a bus driver.

Steve raises his only arm.

STEVE

Steering wheel is too big. Can't make the turn. I'm thinking of a lawsuit--

BUS DRIVER

Get back there!

Steve dashes down the aisle.

Peachfuzz steps up, holds the boxes, and smiles.

PEACHFUZZ

Glove?

Bus Driver stares daggers at him.

PEACHFUZZ

Okay.

Peachfuzz heads down the aisle. Doors shut.

EXT. BUS - DAY - MOVING

The blue and silver bus heads down the city street.

INT. BUS - DAY

Rollo sits by the window. Steve next to him.

Peachfuzz sits behind Steve, boxes piled high, cover his face.

Rollo gazes out of the window, smiles.

ROLLO

I got two weeks.

STEVE

Reading other people's mail is illegal. They taught us that the first day. The first day!

ROLLO

You open people's mail all the time.

STEVE

Untrue. I occasionally will glance at a postcard.

ROLLO

Your entire casual Friday outfit last week was stolen from someone's birthday package.

STEVE

That package was over a month late! If your not going to send a birthday gift on time than it doesn't deserve to be sent at all.

ROLLO

You took over a month to deliver it.

STEVE

I didn't take the entire gift. I left a scarf. My point is that if you get caught you're looking at jail time.

ROLLO

It's worth it. We create a groundswell of support.

Rollo squints out the window.

ROLLO
I can't lose this job. You gonna
help me or not?

Steve pauses...holds up his hand.

STEVE
I'm in.

Rollo grasps Steve's hand. They shake and smile.

TWO HANDS creep down Rollo's shoulders.

Wearing surgical gloves.

Massage.

Rollo lets out a sigh and pats the hands.

INT. UNITED STATES POSTAL INSPECTION SERVICE - BASEMENT - DAY

Dim, damp. Rows and rows of dusty files.

WALLY GIBBS, sits alone at a corner desk, stacked high with
piles of mail.

Wally is thin, wears a thinner tie and short-sleeved button
up.

A leaky pipe drips from the ceiling.

A desk lamp lights an ENVELOPE as Wally studies it through a
magnifying glass.

WALLY
Come on sweetheart...

Wally holds the envelope closer. His eyes grow large through
the lens as he concentrates.

WALLY
Wait a minute...

Wally sets down the magnifying glass. He carefully peels
away the STAMP from the envelope. Places it on a clear
sheet.

Picture on the stamp is a water color painting of a bowl of
fruit.

Wally grabs a thick BINDER from the pile on his desk and
frantically flips through the pages.

WALLY

Yes, yes...

He stops flipping and pulls the book closer.

Each page is lined with pictures of different stamps. Next to each stamp are details and a description.

Wally eyes the bowl of fruit stamp, then drags his finger down the open page of the binder as he scans each picture.

WALLY

Aha! I knew it.

Wally's finger has stopped next to a picture of a stamp with a water color of a bowl of fruit.

It looks almost identical to the one he took off the envelope. Almost.

Wally carefully picks the stamp from the clear sheet of paper and places it next to the picture on the binder.

WALLY

No pear.

The bowl of fruit stamp from the envelope is missing a pear.

A fraud.

WALLY

You think you can fool me?!

Wally smiles.

VOICE (O.S.)

Gibbs!

Wally jumps from his seat.

TWO LARGE MEN in identical blue suits and ties march toward Wally's desk.

Shiny badges on their lapels:

U.S. Postal Inspection Service

INSPECTOR JERK

You got the credit card fraud cases from two thousand for me?

WALLY

Yes sir.

Wally stumbles backward and hits the floor.

INSPECTOR DICK
Don't hurt yourself.

The men chuckle as Wally picks himself up.

Wally rushes to the corner near his desk and gathers a cardboard carton. Hands it to Inspector Dick.

WALLY
Let me know if you guys need help
briefing the chief on that.

INSPECTOR JERK
Don't worry about talking to the
chief. You just stay in your hole.

Inspector Jerk glances at Wally's desk.

INSPECTOR JERK
Get a load of this. The pansy
works for the U.S. Postal
Inspection Service and collects
stamps.

INSPECTOR DICK
Oh man. That is pathetic.

INSPECTOR JERK
Embarrassing.

Wally skips to his desk and picks up the binder and stamp.

WALLY
Actually, it's quite interesting.
You see, this individual has been
sending correspondence using
counterfeit stamps.

Wally approaches the men.

WALLY
He copied the nineteen ninety eight
forever stamp with the fruit bowl
watercolor.

Wally holds up his finger with the counterfeit stamp to the
faces of the inspectors.

They stare at the stamp, Wally, then themselves.

WALLY

Now, he or she, for whatever reason, neglected to include the pear in his counterfeit as is clearly shown in the original.

Wally holds the large binder close to the men. He points to the water color stamp illustration.

Inspectors not as enthused as Wally.

Wally pulls the book down.

WALLY

My guess is that he couldn't get the shape of the pear quite right and decided to omit it, not figuring we would catch it.

Wally shakes his head and smiles. Proud.

WALLY

Oh, the things we see. Huh boys? I think we should take this to the chief. Never underestimate us. Right guys?

Wally grins and gazes up at the men.

INSPECTOR JERK

Us? Don't think about including yourself with the work we do. We're out in the field catching real criminals.

INSPECTOR DICK

Yeah.

INSPECTOR JERK

All those sons of bitches who think they can send drugs through the mail.

INSPECTOR DICK

Exactly.

INSPECTOR JERK

Oh hey look, grandma sent you a package of her famous double chocolate chunk cookies Johnny? Oh wait, these aren't cookies from grandma. It's five ounces of weed.

INSPECTOR DICK
The good stuff.

INSPECTOR JERK
Look at you. Down here playing
with stamps. Don't you realize that
the mail is under attack? If we
don't make ourselves relevant and
adapt then we'll all be out on our
butts collecting food stamps!

INSPECTOR DICK
It's true.

Inspector Jerk pokes his finger into Wally's chest.

INSPECTOR JERK
And you don't take anything to the
chief.

Wally swallows hard. Finds his courage.

WALLY
But I can do more.

Inspector Jerk SLAMS the book shut on Wally's nose.

Wally falls backwards on his desk, his hands cover his face.

INSPECTOR JERK
Just stay down here and shut up.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Beautiful homes in a row. Fresh cut grass. Sun shines. Birds
chirp. A lovely day.

Rollo steps onto the empty sidewalk.

Scans right. Scans left.

Takes a deep breath. Exhales.

Looks down at his full pouch. Pats his U.S. Postal Service
badge on his chest. Time to go to work.

Two weeks to save everything he loves.

Rollo strolls.

He pulls out a stack of mail, secured by a rubber band.

The name on the address: Mrs. Applebaum

Rollo pulls out a POSTCARD from PUERTO RICO.

Palm trees, surf and sun.

Rollo flips it over.

Hey mom! Peter and I are having a great time here in Montego Bay. Wish you were here!! Gail.

Rollo smiles.

Marches up the path.

EXT./INT. MRS. APPLEBAUM DOOR - DAY

DING DONG!

Kindly, old Mrs. Applebaum slowly opens the door.

MRS. APPLEBAUM

Oh, hello Rollo. You are so kind to bring me my mail. Any packages today?

Rollo hands over the stack with the postcard on top.

ROLLO

No packages. Your stack of mail has been a little light the last few months Mrs. Applebaum.

MRS. APPLEBAUM

Oh, ah, yes. My daughter has been teaching me to use the e-mail on the computer. It's taking a while to understand, but it's coming along.

Rollo grimaces. He's heard this before.

ROLLO

Yeah, that e-mail is a force.

MRS. APPLEBAUM

It sure is. I'm learning to pay my bills and even send my letters.

ROLLO

You used to write a great many letters.

MRS. APPLEBAUM
But everyone is on the e-mail. My
daughter prefers it. Seems a
little cold to me.

ROLLO
I couldn't agree more.

Rollo points to the stack.

ROLLO
Looks like your daughter is having
a good time.

Mrs. Applebaum peers at the postcard. She flips it over.

MRS. APPLEBAUM
...wish you were here. So nice to
hear from them. They live such
busy lives.

Mrs. Applebaum stares at the postcard.

ROLLO
Could I trouble you for a glass of
water.

MRS. APPLEBAUM
Of course Rollo. You work so hard.

Mrs. Applebaum turns back into the house when...

Steve and Peachfuzz RUSH from the bushes.

They HOP onto the porch past Rollo.

INT. MRS. APPLEBAUM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Steve wraps his arm around Mrs. Applebaum's head.

Places a RAG over her mouth.

Mrs. Applebaum's EYES bulge.

She grabs Steve's arm and in one swift movement FLIPS him
over her head.

Steve lands hard on the carpeted floor near the front door.

STEVE
(winces)
Ugh...the old lady's using Saigon
tactics. Peachfuzz flank her.

Peachfuzz stares at Mrs. Applebaum as she crouches into a karate stance.

MRS. APPLEBAUM
Come on sonny, you wanna dance?

Rollo stares in astonishment from the porch.

This is not going as planned.

Mrs. Applebaum circles Peachfuzz, her hands balled into fists.

PEACHFUZZ
A little help here!

MRS. APPLEBAUM
Put your hands up honey and defend
yourself.

Mrs. Applebaum creeps closer, Peachfuzz freezes.

PEACHFUZZ
Lady, I ain't gonna fight ya.

MRS. APPLEBAUM
Take your beating then.

PEACHFUZZ
Rollo!

Rollo snaps out of his trance.

Mrs. Applebaum cocks back her FIST.

Rollo leaps forward and snags her hand, stops the momentum.

MRS. APPLEBAUM
Why Rollo, you have come to join
us.

Mrs. Applebaum clasps Rollo's wrist, bends down and FLIPS Rollo over her shoulder.

Rollo FLIES into the air.

ROLLO
AHHHH!!!

Peachfuzz backs into a tall cabinet with shelves lined with antique PLATES.

A PLATE tips over on the top shelf.

Rollo SLAMS into Peachfuzz.

They topple onto the floor below the cabinet.

The PLATE wobbles back and forth.

Mrs. Applebaum gapes in horror.

The PLATE drops over the edge of the ledge.

MRS. APPLEBAUM

NOOO!!!

It free-falls to the floor.

Rollo looks up at the DISH as it flips end over end.

Rollo CLASPS his HANDS together.

CATCHES the DISH a moment before it crashes on his head.

MRS. APPLEBAUM

You saved it!

Mrs. Applebaum rushes over and grabs the dish from Rollo, who lies on top of Peachfuzz.

ROLLO

You're welcome.

Steve gets to his feet.

STEVE

Nice catch.

TWO HANDS wearing surgical gloves creep down Rollo's shoulders. They pat Rollo's chest.

PEACHFUZZ

Time to get off me now.

Mrs. Applebaum inspects the dish closely.

She runs her fingers on its surface.

Rollo and Peachfuzz stand up.

All three men watch Mrs. Applebaum gaze at the plate. She is emotional, clearly in her own world.

ROLLO

Mrs. Applebaum? You alright?

Mrs. Applebaum keeps her eyes on the dish.

MRS. APPLEBAUM
These mean the world to me.

The men exchanges glances.

MRS. APPLEBAUM
My daughter...doesn't understand.
She won't get involved. All I get
is the occasional postcard.
(beat)
Wish you were here...

Mrs. Applebaum looks at the postcard strewn on the floor,
palm trees, surf and sun.

ROLLO
How would you like to go see her?

A small smile forms on Mrs. Applebaum's face.

MRS. APPLEBAUM
That would be lovely. But I am
busy here. Have to wait for my
packages.

Rollo bends down and picks up the postcard.

He stands in front of Mrs. Applebaum.

ROLLO
She sent you this. She reached
out. I have seen thousands of
postcards in my years of delivering
the mail. Each one means
something. It means she was
thinking of you at that moment.
And wished you were with her.

Mrs. Applebaum stares at the postcard. She shakes her head.

MRS. APPLEBAUM
No. I won't intrude. She has
interfered--

SMASH!!

PLATE explodes over Mrs. Applebaum's head. Pieces and dust
fly through the air. Rollo covers his face.

Mrs. Applebaum's eyes roll back into her head.

She slumps to the floor. Her arms flail, the dish she held
jumps in the air.

Rollo looks up at the dish in mid air when...

Steve SNAGS it, while broken pieces of the plate he just destroyed on the back of Mrs. Applebaum's head cover his vest.

Rollo glares at Mrs. Applebaum knocked out on the ground.

STEVE

Man, she's chatty.

Rollo shakes his head, looks at Steve then Peachfuzz.

ROLLO

First class mail to Puerto Rico.

PEACHFUZZ

I'm driving.

EXT. SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO - BEACH - DAY

GAIL APPLEBAUM and her husband PETER lounge on the sandy white sand. Both wear sunglasses.

Sun beams down, exotic birds chirp. A gorgeous day.

GAIL APPLEBAUM

Honey, would you ring the cabana boy and have him fetch me another pineapple rum smoothie?

PETER

Dear, the sun is at the exact optimum position for maximum tanning. I wait all day for this moment.

GAIL APPLEBAUM

You are a bastard.

A BUZZ emits from high in the sky.

PETER

I'm not sure what's more exhausting, your voice or the constant jets that fly over.

GAIL APPLEBAUM

Where is that damn cabana boy?

A faint WHISTLE sound grows.

CABANA BOY appears and stands between Mrs. Applebaum and Peter.

Dressed in all white, he carries a tray of tropical drinks.

PETER
Thank god.

GAIL
Is there a pineapple?

CABANA BOY
Si senorita.

WHISTLE sounds grows louder.

Cabana Boy hands Gail a drink.

GAIL
Would you be a doll and get me
another straw. I like the bendy
kind.

PETER
For the love of...

GAIL
Be quiet. Gracias Jose.

WHISTLE sound real loud now.

A SHADOW forms over the group. Whistle louder.

CABANA BOY
Si, si.

Both the SHADOW and WHISTLE grow loud and fast.

PETER
What is that?

Peter looks up. Dips his sunglasses for a better look.

Gail takes a sip of her drink.

Cabana Boy takes a step away when...

WHAM!!!

A large metallic CONTAINER lands on top of Cabana Boy.

Gail and Peter cover their heads, as sand and dust fly.

A parachute rests on top of the container.

CREAK...the front of the container flops down on the sand.

Gail and Peter peek inside.

Dust clears to reveal...

MRS. APPLEBAUM sitting groggy on a rocking chair.

A PLATE on her lap.

PETER

Did you send your mother a
postcard?

GAIL

Yes.

PETER

I think she got it.

On the plate sits the POSTCARD.

...wish you were here!

Side of the container stamped with U.S. POSTAL SERVICE and
the familiar EAGLE emblem.

EXT. SKY ABOVE SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO - SAME TIME

The blue and white cargo plane dips past the sun.

INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Peachfuzz chomps on a CIGAR as he pulls back the throttle.

Rollo leans forward in the copilot chair, Steve behind him.

PEACHFUZZ

Bullseye.

STEVE

The penal system looks favorably on
veterans right?

Rollo stares ahead.

ROLLO

Let's get back. I got mail to
deliver.

INT. UNITED STATES POSTAL INSPECTION SERVICE - BASEMENT - DAY

Wally stands tall in front of his desk. His eyes have a
determined squint.

His arms at his sides, in each hand he holds a shiny, silver
LETTER OPENER.

WALLY
Please step back sir.

Wally stares straight ahead. He is alone.

WALLY
I thought I made myself clear. We
are out of the limited edition
Mount Rushmore stamps.

Wally smiles.

WALLY
Won't take no for an answer? Then
how about some of this!

Wally LUNGES forward.

Pierces the imaginary customer with both Letter Openers.

WALLY
HIYEAH!

He SPINS and SWEEPS his arms in one smooth motion through the
air.

WALLY
Oh, what's that? Can't hear me now
because I sliced your ears off?
Well how about you take a seat!

Wally HOPS in the air.

TUCKS the Letter Openers into his sides.

He spreads his legs and lands on the ground in a SPLIT
position.

Wally reaches out his arms, the Letter Openers point left and
right. He CROSSES them in front of his chest.

WALLY
YA!!!

The imaginary post office customer's legs have been taken
out.

Wally pulls his legs from the split position and hops back on
his feet.

SPINS the Letter Openers in his hands and tucks them under his arm pits.

He eyes the invisible customer lying below him on the ground.

WALLY
Rejected package.

VOICE (O.S.)
Wally!!

Wally panics, SPINS and THROWS the Letter Openers toward the direction of the voice.

SUPERVISOR TIPTON stops in his tracks as the Letter Openers WHIZ past his ears and stick into a CORKBOARD behind him.

SUPERVISOR TIPTON
Good Lord! You almost took my ears off!

WALLY
I'm sorry sir. I thought you were an intruder.

SUPERVISOR TIPTON
You're too wound up down here.
It's time to get you out in the field.

Wally's eyes light up. He suppresses a smile.

WALLY
Yes sir. I'm ready.

Supervisor Tipton hands Wally a folder.

SUPERVISOR TIPTON
An old lady was kidnapped and put into one of our containers.

WALLY
Whoa.

SUPERVISOR TIPTON
She was flown to Puerto Rico, where her daughter was staying, and dropped from a cargo plane.

Wally's mouth drops open.

WALLY
Is she okay?

SUPERVISOR TIPTON
Fine. But the container landed on
a cabana boy.

WALLY
Is he alright?

SUPERVISOR TIPTON
Not at all. He's still buried in
the sand.

WALLY
Ouch.

SUPERVISOR TIPTON
Yeah. But we're okay there.
Apparently they got a lot of these
guys. The trouble is the old lady.
She ain't talking. I need you to
snoop around. Talk to her. Talk to
her neighbors. And, most
importantly, talk to her mailman.

Supervisor Tipton points to the open folder Wally holds.

INSERT: Official U.S. Postal Service ID PHOTO of...

WALLY
Rollo Moon.

SUPERVISOR TIPTON
He's scheduled to be let go in a
few days. Find out everything you
can.

Wally looks up from the folder. His eyes get back that
determined squint.

WALLY
I'll nab him sir.

SUPERVISOR TIPTON
Negative. You're not fit for hand
to hand combat. Just ask
questions. You turn up anything,
the real Postal Inspectors will
handle it. Don't want you to hurt
yourself.

WALLY
But--

SUPERVISOR TIPTON
This ain't stamp collecting.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Cloudy. Looks like rain.

Rollo pulls a STACK of mail from his pouch.

Name on the address reads: Bleaker

STEVE (V.O.)
This scumbag car dealer Bleaker
cheats on his wife.

Rollo flips through the stack.

STEVE (V.O.)
He rips off his customers and
spends all the money on this hussy.

PEACHFUZZ (V.O.)
What a dick.

Rollo looks up at the Bleaker's door.

STEVE (V.O.)
Oh yeah. Hasn't even made the
mortgage payments in months.

He grimaces.

STEVE (V.O.)
The bank's gonna take the house.

PEACHFUZZ (V.O.)
I've been there man.

Rollo heads down the path.

STEVE (V.O.)
The house is in her name.

PEACHFUZZ (V.O.)
She's screwed. I know! She can live
with me on the street. I'll show
her the ropes.

Roses line both sides of the path. Rollo smiles.

STEVE (V.O.)
Yikes. Let's hope it doesn't come
to that. Rollo's got a plan.

EXT./INT. BLEAKER FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

DING DONG!

Mrs. Bleaker opens the door. Happy to see her mailman.

MRS. BLEAKER

Rollo.

Rollo hands over the stack of mail.

MRS. BLEAKER

You know, you don't have to bring
the mail to the door.

ROLLO

I don't mind.

Mrs. Bleaker peeks at the cloudy sky.

MRS. BLEAKER

My roses need rain.

ROLLO

They're coming in nicely. Very...

Rollo gazes at Mrs. Bleaker.

ROLLO

Beautiful.

Mrs. Bleaker grins.

MRS. BLEAKER

I wish Mr. Bleaker noticed them.

ROLLO

Sometimes people don't notice what
they really need is right in front
of them.

Rollo clears his throat. Takes a step back.

ROLLO

Mr. Bleaker at the dealership?

MRS. BLEAKER

Working late tonight again.

Rollo smiles.

ROLLO

Good to know. I have some of his
mail here. I'll deliver it to him
personally.

EXT. BLEAKER USED CARS LOT - NIGHT

Dark. Closed for the night.

Lot full of ten year old mini-vans, station wagons and various clunkers.

Only fresh paint and a loud sign with a rip-off price hide the truth.

Small beam of light emits from the run down office window at the center of the lot.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Giggles. Muffled kissing.

Mr. Bleaker and a HOT BLOND wrestle on a desk.

HOT BLOND

Oh, Mister Bleaker, you are such an animal.

Mr. Bleaker lifts his head from her bosom.

MR. BLEAKER

Talk dirty to me.

Hot Blond rolls her eyes. This part always annoys her.

HOT BLOND

Oh, you need that undercoating...

MR. BLEAKER

Yeah baby.

Mr. Bleaker goes back to grinding.

HOT BLOND

Ohhhh, it's a limited time offer...

MR. BLEAKER

I'm getting so hot.

HOT BLOND

What do I have to do to get you inside this car today...

MR. BLEAKER

Oh God, yes!

Hot Blond notices a figure in the lot.

HOT BLOND
Someone's out there!

Mr. Bleaker pulls himself off and peers outside.

HOT BLOND
Your wife?

Mr. Bleaker hits a switch on the wall. Lot lights up.

MR. BLEAKER
Probably a customer.

HOT BLOND
But you're closed.

Mr. Bleaker adjusts his tie and slicks back his hair.

MR. BLEAKER
A sucker born every minute. It's
my calling baby. Be right back.

He grabs a set of KEYS from a hook.

EXT. BLEAKER USED CARS LOT - NIGHT

Mr. Bleaker steps onto the lot.

Eyes the dude milling around a piece of crap Chevy Caprice.

MR. BLEAKER
(big smile)
You two would make a great couple.

Dude turns. It's Rollo.

He wears Peachfuzz's worn, SMELLY, army jacket.

Sports a FAKE MUSTACHE.

ROLLO
Good evening sir.

Rollo gets into character.

ROLLO
I hope I am not intruding. I
realize it is of an hour, which is,
late...and dark.

Mr. Bleaker doesn't miss a beat. Smells a sale...and that
jacket.

MR. BLEAKER
Not a problem. Always looking to
make someone a great deal.

Mr. Bleaker stands next to Rollo. He stinks.

MR. BLEAKER
(winces)
Whoa...you, ah, sure you got money
for a car pal?

Rollo SLAPS Mr. Bleaker in the face.

ROLLO
How dare you! Just because I'm a
veteran and allergic to most name
brand soaps doesn't mean I do not
have the wherewithal to purchase an
automobile.

Mr. Bleaker is stunned, and a little embarrassed.

He notices the army jacket.

MR. BLEAKER
I...I apologize buddy. I couldn't
see your unit colors there in this
bad light.

Rollo looks down on the jacket and notices the 23rd Infantry
Division shoulder sleeve INSIGNIA.

MR. BLEAKER
Twenty Third Infantry? Well hell
boy, I was in that group of
misfits! Come here man!

Mr. Bleaker EMBRACES Rollo.

Stunned, Rollo hugs Mr. Bleaker back.

MR. BLEAKER
What's your name?

ROLLO
Ahh....Rrrrrrooo...they called me
Peachfuzz.

MR. BLEAKER
Peachfuzz! It's me! Big Balls
Bleaker! Yeah!!!!

Big Balls goes in for another bear hug. Rollo plays along.

ROLLO
YEAH!!! Big Balls Bleaker!!!
YEAH!!

They bounce in a circle as they embrace, yelling YEAH! in the otherwise quiet night.

Mr. Bleaker sniffles as he pulls back from Rollo.

MR. BLEAKER
So good to see ya brother.

He puts his arm around Rollo.

MR. BLEAKER
Now let's find you a car.

INT. OFFICE - SAME TIME

Steve and Peachfuzz crouch around the window.

Observe Mr. Bleaker escort Rollo around the lot.

STEVE
What the hell was that?

PEACHFUZZ
He better not rip my jacket. I like the mustache though.

STEVE
He was supposed to deliver the package to us.

PEACHFUZZ
What now soldier?

Peachfuzz nods his head toward the Hot Blond bound and gagged in the corner.

STEVE
We wait for Rollo's signal.

INT./EXT. CHEVY CAPRICE - NIGHT

Rollo and Mr. Bleaker settle in.

MR. BLEAKER
She's a beaut.

ROLLO
Certainly is. Well, let's go inside and get the keys and I'll take her for a spin.

Mr. Bleaker smiles. Jingles a set of keys.

MR. BLEAKER
Got em right here.

Rollo fake smiles. His mustache loosens.

Mr. Bleaker reaches over and starts the engine.

The stench from the jacket is powerful.

MR. BLEAKER
Let's get some air in here. I'm
getting a little light-headed.

Rollo's window won't budge. He tugs on the lever. Nothing.

MR. BLEAKER
Sometimes these guys stick. Let me
help you.

Mr. Bleaker leans over Rollo and grabs the lever.

Rollo closes his eyes and scunches back.

His mustache FALLS off and lands on Mr. Bleaker's forehead.

The window creeps down.

MR. BLEAKER
There we go.

Mr. Bleaker sits back and smiles. He turns to Rollo.

Rollo smiles back.

Mr. Bleaker frowns.

MR. BLEAKER
Didn't you have some facial hair
there partner?

Rollo touches his upper lip. Nothing.

He looks up and sees the mustache hanging on to the top of
Mr. Bleaker's large forehead.

Oh shit.

MR. BLEAKER
Wait a minute. You ain't Peachfuzz
Johnson. I recognize you. You're my
goddamn mailman! What the hell are
you doing here?

ROLLO
I came to deliver you some sense.

MR. BLEAKER
What the hell are you talking
about?

ROLLO
Your wife. She deserves someone
better than you.

Mr. Bleaker starts to boil.

MR. BLEAKER
That's none of your business
mailman.

ROLLO
You spend all the money you swindle
on the bimbo you got in the office.
Can't make the house payments.
You're a disgrace.

Mr. Bleaker looks towards the office. He glares at Rollo.

ROLLO
Oh yes. That's right.

MR. BLEAKER
How do you know all this?

ROLLO
A mailman knows all.

A smile creeps across Mr. Bleaker's face.

MR. BLEAKER
Or how about this mailman.

Mr. Bleaker grabs Rollo by the jacket collar.

Smell still pretty bad.

MR. BLEAKER
You breathe one word of this to
anyone, then I report you to the
authorities at the post office.
Opening someone's mail is a federal
offense. Your whole life comes
crashing down.

Rollo swallows hard.

MR. BLEAKER

Oh yeah, I've seen you. You love your job. It's all you know. Without mail to deliver and the lives of the people on your route to live through, you have nothing.

The words hit Rollo hard.

Mr. Bleaker releases Rollo. Leans back in his seat. Slicks his hair.

Rollo sits stunned.

MR. BLEAKER

The mail is dead anyway. You need to get that through your smelly head.

Mr. Bleaker turns to Rollo and grins.

MR. BLEAKER

Now then, how about we take this baby out for a test drive.

Rollo SLAMS on the gas.

Chevy Caprice's TIRES SHRIEK as it accelerates forward.

Rollo swerves through the rows of cars.

MR. BLEAKER

What the hell are you doing?!

ROLLO

Priority mail!

INT./EXT. OFFICE - SAME TIME

Steve and Peachfuzz watch as the Chevy Caprice swerves and dodges its way wildly through the lot.

STEVE

I don't remember this in the planning of the mission.

PEACHFUZZ

The Caprice does handle well though.

EXT. CHEVY CAPRICE - NIGHT

Chevy Caprice CLIPS into the FENDER of a parked mini-van.

INT. OFFICE - SAME TIME

STEVE/PEACHFUZZ

Ohhh...

EXT. CHEVY CAPRICE - NIGHT

Chevy Caprice turns down a row of Toyota Corolla's.

KNOCKS OFF REARVIEW MIRROR's on each.

INT. OFFICE - SAME TIME

STEVE/PEACHFUZZ

Ehhhh...

INT./EXT. CHEVY CAPRICE - NIGHT

Rollo YANKS the steering wheel down the stretch of pavement leading to the office.

MR. BLEAKER

You're nuts! What kind of mailman are you?!

Rollo grins as he guns it for the office.

INT. OFFICE - SAME TIME

Steve and Peachfuzz watch the Chevy Caprice fast approach.

STEVE

Fall back!

INT./EXT. CHEVY CAPRICE - NIGHT

Rollo leans back as his foot hits the floor.

ROLLO/MR. BLEAKER

AHHHHHHH!!!

BLAM!

EXT./INT. OFFICE/CHEVY CAPRICE - NIGHT

Chevy Caprice CRASHES through the front door.

Glass and wood fly.

File cabinets EXPLODE.

Cheap wood DESK becomes shrapnel as the Chevy Caprice destroys the office decor.

Light from the lot shines through the gaping HOLE in the office wall.

Dust and papers settle on the debris riddled floor.

Rollo lifts his head off the deployed AIR BAG.

Mr. Bleaker groggy in the passenger seat.

Rollo works himself out of the car.

Assesses the situation.

ROLLO
Steve? Peachfuzz?

In the corner Steve kicks off a piece of plywood.

STEVE
Little help?

Rollo lumbers over and pulls Steve to his feet.

STEVE
I'm pretty sure I have seen you
drive before.

ROLLO
My mustache fell off. I called an
audible.

Steve surveys the chaos.

STEVE
I was under a Colonel in Vietnam
who liked to call audibles.

Rollo eyes the nub on Steve's shoulder.

ROLLO
Point taken.

HHHMMMMM!!!

Rollo and Steve turn to see Hot Blond lift herself up. She removes the now loosened rope.

HOT BLOND
You guys are dead! You can't do
this. You can't just come in here
and tie people up and then crash a
car. You're not allowed to do
that!

ROLLO

Steve?

Steve dashes over to subdue Hot Blond.

She rears back and SLAPS Steve smack in the face.

STEVE

AYE!

Steve spins and drops to his knees.

HOT BLOND

Don't touch me you freak!

Hot Blond moves to the passenger door of the car and opens it.

HOT BLOND

Oh baby. Are you okay?

She shakes Mr. Bleaker.

Steve recovers. Gets to his feet.

Hot Blond assists Mr. Bleaker out of the car.

MR. BLEAKER

You're all in big trouble.

Rollo and Steve eye Mr. Bleaker.

MR. BLEAKER

What did you think? You guys could come in here and intimidate me? A mailman? Please.

HOT BLOND

Mailman? Who uses mail anymore?

MR. BLEAKER

Exactly.

Mr. Bleaker walks to the front of the Chevy Caprice.

He dusts off his jacket. Slicks back his hair.

MR. BLEAKER

You boys need to understand who you're dealing with.

Mr. Bleaker kicks over some wood and papers.

He scans the floor looking for something.

MR. BLEAKER

You want to know why they called me
Big Balls Bleaker when I was in
Vietnam?

Rollo and Steve exchange a glance.

ROLLO

Because you have large testicles?

Mr. Bleaker frowns. Hot Blond sadly shakes her head no.

MR. BLEAKER

Noooooooo! It was because I would
take care of the jobs no one else
would. The guy you called on to
take out the trash, eliminate the
enemy and get rid of the evidence.

Mr. Bleaker glares at Rollo.

MR. BLEAKER

Mr. Mailman, would you be so kind
and hand me the keys from the
ignition.

STEVE

Don't do it bro.

Rollo leans into the car and pulls the keys out. He tosses
them to Mr. Bleaker.

ROLLO

(to Steve)

It's alright. We can still get out
of this.

Mr. Bleaker pulls from the floor a locked DRAWER.

ROLLO

(to Steve)

Maybe he's got coupons in there.

Mr. Bleaker smiles at Rollo and Steve, jangles the keys and
unlocks the drawer.

He pulls out a 9mm Glock. Drops the drawer to the floor.

ROLLO

No, it's a gun.

MR. BLEAKER

I don't think anyone will miss a pathetic mailman and his crippled friend.

STEVE

Easy.

Mr. Bleaker raises the gun. One last smile, when...

TWO HANDS, wearing surgical gloves, creep down his chest.

Peachfuzz.

The hands splay up and out, knock the gun from Mr. Bleaker.

Mr. Bleaker grabs the hands and FLIPS Peachfuzz over his shoulder, SLAMS him on the ground.

Peachfuzz BOUNCES to his feet and faces Mr. Bleaker.

Both crouch in karate stances. Glaring.

A moment of recognition between them.

PEACHFUZZ

Big Balls?

MR. BLEAKER

Peachfuzz?

STEVE

Oh shit.

Peachfuzz and Mr. Bleaker lock eyes. An intense RAGE builds.

STEVE

(to Rollo)

Big Ball Bleaker was Peachfuzz's commander in the Twenty Third Infantry Division.

Mr. Bleaker's eyes grow dark with anger.

STEVE

He led them into the My Lai Massacre. Peachfuzz never forgave him for that horrible day.

Peachfuzz grits his teeth.

STEVE

Swore vengeance.

ROLLO
We can't let them kill each other.

STEVE
Odds are only one of them will die.

Peachfuzz smirks at Mr. Bleaker.

PEACHFUZZ
Been waitin a long time for this
day Big Balls.

MR. BLEAKER
I should have finished you off in
the rice paddy.

Suddenly, HEAD LIGHTS shine into the now open air office.

HOT BLOND
The cops!

STEVE
Take him out Peach! It's the
honorable thing.

ROLLO
No!

Rollo steps between Peachfuzz and Mr. Bleaker.

MR. BLEAKER
You guys are in big trouble now.
Look what you've done to my place.
You're all going to jail.

Rollo walks next to Mr. Bleaker.

ROLLO
Don't do it Bleaker.

MR. BLEAKER
Forget it mailman. You've
delivered your last package.

ROLLO
Maybe you're right. I suppose I
had this coming.

Rollo slowly takes off the smelly army jacket.

MR. BLEAKER
Be resigned to your fate.

ROLLO

Never!

Rollo LUNGES at Mr. Bleaker, wrapping the jacket around his face.

MR. BLEAKER

UGGGGGG!!!

Rollo falls on top of Mr. Bleaker as they plunge to the floor.

Hot Blond jumps on Rollo's back and grips her hands around his neck.

ROLLO

He..lp..m..ee..

Peachfuzz yanks Hot Blond off Rollo.

She turns and knees him in the nuts.

PEACHFUZZ

Ooooooooo....

Hot Blond runs towards the light outside when...

STEVE

HiYA!

Steve stiff arms her, she drops to the floor, out cold.

Steve jumps on top of Mr. Bleaker's head. Helps to smother him.

ROLLO

Get her out of here!

Peachfuzz wobbles over to Hot Blond and drags her to a corner, hidden by debris.

Mr. Bleaker stops his struggle and goes limp. Steve moves as Rollo lifts up the jacket.

ROLLO

Is he dead?

Steve feels the pulse.

STEVE

Unconscious. That jacket is potent.

PEACHFUZZ (O.S.)
Damn right it is baby!

Rollo and Steve drag Mr. Bleaker to the dark, covered corner.

A figure approaches from the lot towards the hole in the office.

VOICE (O.S.)
Anybody in here?

CORNER

Rollo, Steve and Peachfuzz huddle, hidden by strewn plywood and concrete.

Mr. Bleaker and Hot Blond lie passed out beneath them.

They speak in a whisper.

ROLLO
Go see who it is.

STEVE
You.

ROLLO
We can't stay here.

STEVE
I agree. That's why you should go out there.

ROLLO
Negative.

STEVE
Don't throw out "negative."

ROLLO
We agreed I could use covert mission lingo.

STEVE
All of the sudden you're Postmaster General?

ROLLO
Affirmative.

Peachfuzz pushes his way past Rollo and Steve into the debris covered office floor.

ROLLO
Where the hell is he going?

MAIN OFFICE FLOOR

PEACHFUZZ
Can I help you partner?

Wally turns around.

WALLY
What happened here? Are you
alright?

PEACHFUZZ
Perfectly fine.

WALLY
Are you Mr. Bleaker?

Peachfuzz smiles. Gets into character.

PEACHFUZZ
Why hell yes! You lookin for a new
ride?

Wally surveys the carnage around him.

PEACHFUZZ
We had a little accident earlier.
Some nut was test driving the
Caprice here and confused the gas
and brake. Happens from time to
time.

WALLY
My name is Wally Gibbs.

Wally takes out his wallet. Flashes a shiny badge.

WALLY
Postal Inspection Service

CORNER

ROLLO
(whisper)
Fuuuuuuuuck.

MAIN OFFICE FLOOR

PEACHFUZZ
What's the mail cops doing out
here?

WALLY

There has been a great deal of suspicious activity involving mail tampering in your neighborhood. Specifically, the route of your mailman. A Mister Rollo Moon.

CORNER

Rollo's eyes bulge.

MAIN OFFICE FLOOR

PEACHFUZZ

Mail tampering. Outrageous.

WALLY

Kidnapping.

CORNER

Rollo shuts his eyes.

MAIN OFFICE FLOOR

PEACHFUZZ

You don't say.

WALLY

And a homicide.

PEACHFUZZ

A what?

WALLY

Apparently Mailman Moon hijacked a United States Postal Service 767 cargo jet. Kidnapped a kindly old lady who lives on his mail route. Put her in a container and dropped her over San Juan, Puerto Rico where her daughter and son in law were staying.

PEACHFUZZ

Bastards.

WALLY

But the container landed on a cabana boy.

CORNER

ROLLO/STEVE
(whisper)
A who?

MAIN OFFICE FLOOR

WALLY
A cabana boy.

PEACHFUZZ
Bullseye.

WALLY
Excuse me?

PEACHFUZZ
Poor guy.

WALLY
The old lady is not cooperating.

CORNER

Rollo's eyes brighten. He grins.

MAIN OFFICE FLOOR

WALLY
Do you know Mailman Moon?

PEACHFUZZ
I've seen him from time to time. A
squirrely fellow. Smells of
horseradish.

WALLY
I spoke to your wife. She told me
you were working late.

Wally scans the room.

WALLY
She mentioned you often work late.

PEACHFUZZ
I've got to. Keep the wife in
diamonds and pearls. You
understand?

WALLY
I'm not married.

Peachfuzz eyes Wally.

PEACHFUZZ

No wonder! You're out here working
late. You gotta get out there.
Experience the world.

Peachfuzz wraps his arm round Wally's shoulder. Leads him
out of the office.

PEACHFUZZ

If I see the mailman do anything
out of the ordinary, I'll be sure
to give you a ring.

As they leave the disheveled office, Wally scans the room.

He quickly processes the mess when he spots...

A FAKE MUSTACHE

It lies in a pile of dust and wood scraps.

Wally stops. Leans down and picks up the mustache.

WALLY

Yours?

Peachfuzz blanches.

PEACHFUZZ

Ah...yes. The wife and I like to
role play. She likes it when I
become a young Wilford Brimley.

WALLY

But you already have a mustache?

PEACHFUZZ

She wears it.

WALLY

Interesting. You mind if I keep
this?

PEACHFUZZ

Go ahead. Might help you with the
ladies.

Wally pockets the mustache, as Peachfuzz leads him out of the
office.

Rollo and Steve emerge from the corner.

ROLLO

Not good.

STEVE

Postal Inspection Service? Those guys don't let up. It might be time to abort the mission.

ROLLO

Never. We're close to a wave of mail support. I can feel it.

EXT. BLEAKER USED CARS LOT - NIGHT

Wally reaches his car.

He takes the fake mustache out of his pocket and smiles.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Peachfuzz jogs back in the office.

Rollo and Steve drag Mr. Bleaker and Hot Blond from the corner.

PEACHFUZZ

How great am I. Huh? Did you guys see that performance?

ROLLO

Couldn't see. We heard it.

Steve, out of breath, drops Mr. Bleaker's arms to the floor.

STEVE

What do we do with these two?

ROLLO

Mr. Bleaker needs a nice, long vacation.

STEVE

Kill him?

ROLLO

She needs to move on.

STEVE

Man, the mail is getting dangerous.

Rollo gives a knowing grin.

He eyes Mr. Bleaker and Hot Blond piled on the floor.

ROLLO
You still got access to the plane?

STEVE
Oh no.

PEACHFUZZ
I'm driving.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

A CABANA BOY gathers empty drink glasses from the sand.

A soft WHISTLE grows louder.

Cabana Boy glances at the sand, as a SHADOW encompasses him.
He looks up.

CABANA BOY #2
Por qué me?

WHAM!

A metal container slams on top of Cabana Boy.

One side of the container creaks and FLAPS down on the sand.

A small crowd gathers. As sand settles they look inside to find...

Mr. Bleaker and Hot Blond.

Roped to lounge chairs. Mouths gagged.

A sign on Mr. Bleaker's lap reads:

HALF PRICE OFF ALL CHEVY CAPRICE'S!

EXT. SKY ABOVE SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO - DAY

The blue and white cargo plane dips past the sun.

INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Peachfuzz chomps on a cigar as he pulls back the throttle.

Rollo leans forward in the copilot chair, Steve behind him.

PEACHFUZZ
Bullseye.

STEVE

I think you hit another one.

PEACHFUZZ

They should pay more attention. Who doesn't notice a giant container falling from the sky. Someone should yell "heads-up!"

Steve shakes his head. Turns to Rollo.

STEVE

I hope it was worth it.

Rollo smiles and stares ahead.

INT. BLEAKER HOUSE - DAY

Mrs. Bleaker sorts her mail.

ROLLO (V.O.)

Don't worry.

Comes to an envelope addressed to her. Opens it.

BLEAKER CAR LOT: TRANSFER OF OWNERSHIP to SYLVIA BLEAKER

Signed by CARL BLEAKER

ROLLO (V.O.)

I took care of it.

Mrs. Bleaker jaw drops. Looks at the rest of the stack.

On top a BLANK POSTCARD from...

PUERTO RICO

BACK TO:

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Rollo smirks out of the window.

ROLLO

Let's get back. I only got a few days left.

Squints with determination.

ROLLO

And I've got mail to deliver.

The plane races across the sky.

INT. POST OFFICE - MAIL SORTING AREA - MORNING

Rollo dumps a carton of mail on his table. A lot less than a week ago. Damn.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE (O.S.)

Moon!

INT. SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

Supervisor Charlie leans back in his chair behind his desk.

Rollo stands.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE

You think you're pretty smart.

Rollo swallows hard.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE

A few days away from getting you out of here and you can't just go quietly.

ROLLO

Sir?

Supervisor Charlie leans forward.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE

I got some officials from Postal Inspection breathing down my neck about you.

ROLLO

But I didn't--

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE

Save it. He wanted to see your file. Interview all the people on your route.

ROLLO

Look, sir--

Supervisor Charlie jumps from his seat.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE

You think you can make a few calls, get the mail cops to sniff around here, find out what I'm doing and save your job? You got another thing coming pal.

ROLLO
Not at all sir.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE
Don't play games with me Moon!

Supervisor Charlie circles his desk. Gets in Rollo's face.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE
So what do you want? You want a
cut of the action? The chickens the
mangos? I'm moving it all baby! Is
that it?

ROLLO
I want to keep my job.

Supervisor Charlie puts his arm around Rollo's shoulder.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE
Nice. Your job. Smart. You want
your job back.

Supervisor Charlie smiles. He eyes the ceiling and winks.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE
There isn't anything I can do about
your job...but maybe we should talk
later about other career avenues
you should pursue.

ROLLO
All I want is to keep--

Supervisor Charlie puts his finger to his lips.

He speaks louder.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE
Okay then Rollo! Thank you for
coming in. I'm sure the Postal
Inspector was only doing routine
check-up on employees whose
positions have been eliminated.
Nothing strange there.

Rollo, confused, is lead toward the office door.

Supervisor Charlie leans in.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE
(whispers)
Play your cards right Moon.

They reach the door.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE
Have a great day on your route.

INT. POST OFFICE - MAIL SORTING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Rollo lumbers back to his mail. Not sure what just transpired.

Steve idles up.

STEVE
What did the son of a bitch want?

ROLLO
He thinks I'm going to tip him off to the mail cops unless he cuts me in on some illegal mail conspiracy.

STEVE
I think we need to implement the last phase of your plan. You're getting in deep here.

ROLLO
We're right on track.

STEVE
Sure. Mail fraud, kidnapping, hijacking and murder.

ROLLO
Manslaughter to be precise. And I blame Peachfuzz for that.

Rollo slides the last few pieces of mail into his pouch.

STEVE
You really love this job.

ROLLO
It's all I want to do.

STEVE
I hope it will be worth it.

Rollo throws the pouch over his shoulder.

ROLLO
It has to be.

INT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY (RAIN)

Rollo stands at the edge of walkway. He pulls his coat tight against the cold wind.

He walks down the path towards the house. Brown grass and weeds have overtaken the yard.

Rollo ascends the steps leading to the dilapidated porch.

EXT/INT. FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Rollo pulls a letter from his pouch. The name Applebaum on the envelope.

He takes a deep breath. Knocks on the door.

Wind gusts. The door creaks open.

Wally peaks his head out.

ROLLO
Is Mrs. Applebaum home?

WALLY
No. I'm a friend.

Rollo tries to look in the house. Wally obscures his view.

ROLLO
I...I wanted to say goodbye. This might be my last day of delivering her mail and, well, I always tried to look out for her.

WALLY
I see. You are friendly with all the people on your route.

Rollo smiles.

ROLLO
After you deliver their mail for so many years you get to know them. Their problems, their joys.

Wally glares at Rollo.

ROLLO
Anyway, please pass along my best and here is her mail.

Rollo hands Wally the package and heads down the porch steps.

ROLLO
Oh, and one of the plates is
chipped.

INT. APPLEBAUM HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Wally shuts the door. He pauses. Looks down at the package.
Rips it open. Smiles.

WALLY
Got him.

Two plates inside the package. One chipped.

INT./EXT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

SLAM!

The bars slide shut.

Rollo's smile turns into a deep frown.

ROLLO
I'm in mail jail.

Wally paces outside the cell. Reads from a list of charges.

WALLY
Unauthorized opening of mail, mail
tampering, mail fraud, conspiracy
to commit mail tampering,
conspiracy to commit mail fraud...

Rollo grips the bars tight.

WALLY
Improper requisition of a U.S.
Postal Service cargo jet,
kidnapping and the homicide of two,
TWO!, Puerto Rican nationals
working in the hospitality
industry.

Rollo shut his eyes.

ROLLO
You gotta listen to me. This is
all just one big misunderstanding.

WALLY

But wait, I'm not finished. We got someone willing to testify to save his own ass that you got them involved in mail fraud.

Rollo's heart sinks. His buddies ratted him out.

WALLY

Your Supervisor Charlie said it was YOU who put him up to collaborating with an interstate mail fraud ring involving live chickens and some sort of citrus fruit seeds!

Rollo smiles. Steve and Peachfuzz stayed strong.

WALLY

Go ahead and smile mailman. He said you masterminded the entire operation.

ROLLO

I didn't have anything to do with that.

Wally stops in front of Rollo.

WALLY

Your in deep Rollo. Forget just a simple layoff. You are going to lose your job, your pension and your freedom.

Rollo's head sinks. Shoulders slump.

Wally softens.

WALLY

Why did you do it?

ROLLO

If I show people that the mail is important that they would fight for it. For me. For that feeling you get when you get a handwritten letter from someone you love. I was important. I brought it to them. Now its just email and faxes and texts and Facebook.

Rollo slumps down on a bench in the cell.

ROLLO
I'm in trouble.

Wally leans against the cell bars.

WALLY
People trust you.

ROLLO
Yes

WALLY
People respect you.

ROLLO
Seem too.

Rollo glances up at Wally.

ROLLO
Why does that matter?

WALLY
It matters because people don't usually trust me. And they certainly don't respect me. So, that being the case, I propose we help each other.

Rollo stands.

ROLLO
How?

WALLY
The Postal Service needs to test the new security procedures it has in place. We need someone with intimate knowledge of the post office and the post office customer to try to pass through the new security system with a package undetected.

ROLLO
If I say no?

WALLY
Get used to mail jail. But if you succeed in getting the package through, then you can have your job...for life.

Rollo grabs the bars. Leans close to Wally.

ROLLO

I'm in.

Wally smiles.

WALLY

Good. Do you have anyone you trust
who can help you in your mission?

ROLLO

I know some guys.

INT. POST OFFICE - MAIL SORTING AREA - MORNING

Steve jaunts down the aisle. A carton of mail balanced on
his shoulder.

WALLY (V.O.)

People attempt to use the mail
everyday to commit a crime.

Steve WHISTLES as he empties a carton on the sorting table.

He quickly does his standard one-arm sort.

WALLY (V.O.)

But it's gotten harder to ship
contraband or illegal goods. Our
screening methods have drastically
improved.

Steve picks up a small box. Sniffs it. Rips it open with
his teeth.

A FRUITCAKE plops on the table.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE (V.O.)

Hey!

Supervisor Charlie ambles over. Yanks the ripped package
from Steve.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE

No more of that. Follow the new
procedures.

Supervisor Charlie points to a huge X-Ray machine at the end
of the aisle.

Letters and packages move on a conveyor belt through an
opening in the machine.

A green light flashes as each piece of mail passes.
Indicating clean mail.

Suddenly, a RED LIGHT pulsates. An ALARM sounds.

MEEEP! MEEEP!

FOUR MEN dressed in dark blue one-piece uniforms, sunglasses and hats RUSH to the X-ray machine. All mail stops moving.

TWO GERMAN SHEPHERDS bound from behind the machine and SNIFF the area.

RUFF! RUFF!

The dogs hone in on the suspect piece of mail.

One of the men on the dark blue one-piece gently pick it up with metal tongs.

A small ENVELOPE.

Another man slides a BOX CUTTER from his belt.

Slices open the envelope.

Empties the contents into a SMALL DISH.

YELLOW SEEDS.

A third man whips out a thin infrared light.

FLASHES the seeds.

SECURITY MAN #1

Got em!

Steve and Supervisor Charlie approach.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE

What is it?

SECURITY MAN #1

Barracuda mango seeds. Illegal in this country. Great work boys!

The Four Men high five each other.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE

(under his breath)

Damn.

(beat)

Good work. Mango seeds. Sons of bitches. Who could have been so stupid to try to slip that past? Okay, back to work.

Supervisor Charlie eyes Steve.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE
Nothing gets past these guys.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Wally, Rollo and Steve huddle in a booth.

WALLY
And nothing has. But the Post
Office has made it my mandate to
put the security system to the
ultimate test.

STEVE
Pass the cream.

Rollo keeps his eyes on Wally. Slides the cream to Steve.

ROLLO
You can count on us.

STEVE
Where is that waitress?

WALLY
Good. The package will arrive
tomorrow morning to the sorting
facility. It's coming from
overseas. Central America. It will
have a symbol stamped on it.

ROLLO
What kind of symbol?

STEVE
Is she deaf? Hello!

WALLY
A red delicious apple in front of a
bowling ball with a lit candle
sticking out of it.

ROLLO
Like a bomb from a cartoon?

WALLY
Yes.

ROLLO
Weird.

WALLY

Listen carefully, before any piece of mail can leave the facility, it has to be screened. You need to circumvent the security procedures and deliver the package to this address.

Wally slides a piece of paper to Rollo. He opens it. Nods.

ROLLO

What about Charlie.

STEVE

(nods)

Charlie.

WALLY

He is unaware of this mission. He knows he is under suspicion and will not want any security mishaps. It will reflect on him. He's a problem.

ROLLO

We'll take care of it.

STEVE

Does anyone else need a refill? I would like a refill. Where is this broad?

Rollo and Wally try to ignore Steve.

WALLY

You do this right Rollo, mailman for life.

Rollo beams.

STEVE

There she is. About time.

A WAITRESS idles up to the booth. Fills the coffee mugs.

Wally glances at Steve. Turns to Rollo.

WALLY

This mission will require a certain amount of cunning and tact. You better be ready.

ROLLO

Don't worry. We got tact coming
out the ying-yang. Ain't that right
honey?

Rollo holds up his coffee mug. He and Steve smile at Wally.

PEACHFUZZ (WAITRESS)

Don't forget the cunning sugar.

Wally looks up at Peachfuzz in a dirty blond wig, apron and skirt.

WALLY

Oh God.

EXT. POST OFFICE - LOADING DOCK - MORNING

Blue and white TRUCKS back up to the large bay doors.

POSTAL SECURITY FORCES with SHOTGUNS surround the trucks.

Dressed in dark blue uniforms, sunglasses, they scan the area.

The driver unlocks the door and slides up the hatch.

INSIDE THE TRUCK

Several white BASKETS on locked wheels line the truck floor.

PACKAGES and LETTERS of all shapes, sizes and color fill the baskets.

TWO EMPLOYEES hop in the back as a FORKLIFT idles up and unloads the first basket.

Escorted by shotgun wielding postal security the forklift spins and lifts the basket of mail to the open bay doors.

INT. OFFICE - SAME TIME

Rollo enters. An empty mail pouch slung over his shoulder.

ROLLO

Well sir, I wanted to say goodbye.

Supervisor Charlie glares at Rollo from behind the desk.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE

Hand in your bag Moon.

ROLLO

Today's my last day. I still have
one last round of deliveries.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE

You're done.

Rollo panics.

ROLLO

The mail still needs sorted. I
can't leave the guys short handed.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE

Just short an arm. Steve will pick
up your route today.

ROLLO

No.

Supervisor Charlie stands.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE

I don't trust you Moon. Ever since
I gave you your two weeks notice,
strange things have been occurring
around here. New security measures,
postal inspection snooping.

ROLLO

But I didn't tell them anything
about the mangos--

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE

Shhhh!!

Supervisor Charlie reaches across the desk and covers Rollo's
mouth.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE

They hear all.

Supervisor Charlie points to the ceiling. He takes his hand
off Rollo.

ROLLO

Come on. One more day. My last
day. It would mean the world.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE

How much is it worth to you?

ROLLO

What do you want?

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE
That Mrs. Bleaker on your route, I
hear her husband is out of the
picture.

ROLLO
Oh no...

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE
She has got the sweetest--

ROLLO
Please no...

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE
Primo--

ROLLO
Make it stop...

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE
Rose bushes in the entire city.

ROLLO
Rose bushes?

Supervisor Charlie rounds his desk.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE
You've seen them. They could be
award winning. There's big money
in roses Rollo. Big money.

ROLLO
I read that somewhere.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE
I need her seeds. Get me her seeds
Rollo and I'll let you finish the
day.

ROLLO
You got it.

Rollo smiles and turns to exit.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE
Oh, and Rollo?

Rollo glances back.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE
Keep a few for yourself.

Supervisor Charlie winks.

INT. MAIL SORTING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Rollo jogs down the aisle. Steve falls in with him.

ROLLO
Did it show up yet?

STEVE
Not yet.

ROLLO
Damn. This has to happen today.

STEVE
Security is extra tight.

ROLLO
Why say that?

STEVE
It's true.

ROLLO
You don't have to say that.

STEVE
I tell it like it is. No sugar
coating from me buddy.

ROLLO
You sugar coat all the time.

STEVE
I sometimes will sprinkle the
sugar. Rarely do I coat.

Rollo and Steve stop in front of the row of baskets filled
with mail.

Postal workers empty the baskets onto the CONVEYOR BELT
rolling towards a giant X-RAY MACHINE.

Behind the workers stand the TWO POSTAL GUARDS.

Armed and ready.

Rollo and Steve scan each piece of mail dropped on the belt.

SHORT POSTAL GUARD
Restricted area. You need to wait
behind the X-ray machine for your
mail allotment.

TALL POSTAL GUARD
Yeah! Each piece has to be scanned
before you can take it out of here.

ROLLO
It's my last day and I wanted to
take in all the beautiful sights
and sounds before I head out for my
final deliveries.

Steve peers at the conveyor belt. Where is it?!

SHORT POSTAL GUARD
Ahh, your last day. Isn't that
sad?

TALL POSTAL GUARD
Real sad.

ROLLO
It is a little sad actually. But,
I'm trying to put a positive spin
on it. I think if we each look at
life as a glass half full we can
all really--

SHORT POSTAL GUARD
Shut your face mail-bitch!

TALL POSTAL GUARD
Yeah! Sissy-mail-guy...er...dude.

SHORT POSTAL GUARD
Calm down Lenny.

Short Postal Guard pats his shotgun.

SHORT POSTAL GUARD
Go spout your nonsense on the other
side of the X-ray machine.
(glances at Steve)
And take your one-arm mental
patient with you.

Steve jerks his head up.

STEVE
What the hell did you say?

ROLLO
There it is.

A white medium size PACKAGE, with a red delicious apple and bowling ball with a candle poking out LANDS on the conveyor belt.

SHORT POSTAL GUARD
You heard me stumpy.

Rollo scoots toward the package as it streams toward the X-ray.

STEVE
The last guy that called me stumpy
ended up eating porridge the rest
of his life and thinking a stop
sign was his father.

Tall Postal Guard sees Rollo close to the conveyor belt,
keeping pace with the package.

He aims his shotgun.

TALL POSTAL GUARD
What are you doing fancy man?

Short Postal Guard now sees Rollo.

SHORT POSTAL GUARD
Hey! Don't touch that!

Supervisor Charlie arrives.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE
What's all the commotion here. We
got mail to deliver.

SHORT POSTAL GUARD
These clowns won't leave the
restricted area.

SUPERVISOR CHARLIE
Come on you idiots. Beat it.

STEVE
The enemy doesn't give orders
around here. Grab it Rollo!

Steve LEAPS over the moving conveyor belt.

STEVE
HIYA!!!!

CRASHES through the postal workers emptying the basket.

ROLLO SNAGS the PACKAGE

STEVE PLOWS into SHORT POSTAL GUARD

SHORT POSTAL GUARD

AHHH!

SHOTGUN flies from his hands.

BOOM!

A SHOT goes off towards the ceiling.

STEVE

Don't submit! Challenge your
fears!

Steve's knees plant into Short Postal Guard's chest.

His hand SQUEEZES the throat.

SHORT POSTAL GUARD

Errr..ahhh...uhhh..

Tall Postal Guard wraps his arms around Steve.

Pulls him off.

Short Postal Guard catches his breath.

SHORT POSTAL GUARD

Forget him! Get that mailman.
He's got a package!

Short Postal Worker leans over to a panel and SLAMS an ALARM.

WA! WA! WA!

Supervisor Charlie lumbers after Rollo.

Steve picks up a package and DRILLS it at Supervisor Charlie.

WAP!

Nails him in the back of the HEAD. He falls on the moving
conveyor belt.

STEVE

Bullseye Charlie! Go Rollo Go!

EXT. POST OFFICE - CURB - DAY

Rollo BOLTS through the double doors.

He high steps it down the sidewalk.

Short Postal Guard and Tall Postal Guard burst from the doors.

Several Postal Guards follow them out.

Short Postal Guard scans the street.

SHORT POSTAL GUARD
There he is! Get the truck!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Rollo books down the street.

GRIPS the package tight.

EXT./INT. MAIL TRUCK - DAY

Postal Guards pile into the back of the truck.

Tall Postal Guard slides in the driver's seat.

Short Postal Guard hops in the passenger side.

PUMPS his SHOTGUN

SHORT POSTAL GUARD
Time to recall a package.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Rollo stops at a corner. Out of breath. Clutches the package.

SCREECH!!!

Rollo whips around to see...

MAIL TRUCK

It almost tips over as it rounds the corner SPEEDING towards Rollo.

INT./EXT. MAIL TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Postal Guards in the back fly against the truck wall.

SHORT POSTAL GUARD
There he is!! Floor it!

Tall Postal Guard grits his teeth and punches the gas pedal.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Rollo eyes the truck plowing towards him.

He sprints back down the street.

Rounds another corner.

INT./EXT. MAIL TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Closer and closer to Rollo.

Short Postal Guard grins at his shotgun.

SHORT POSTAL GUARD
You know something?

TALL POSTAL GUARD
What's that?

SHORT POSTAL GUARD
I really do love this job.

Short Postal Guard leans out the window.

Rollo is only a few yards from the truck's GRILL.

Short Postal Guard AIMS the shotgun towards the chugging Rollo.

SHORT POSTAL GUARD
Go Rollo go! Haha!

BAM!

Postal Guards in the back of the truck fly forward.

Short and Tall Postal Guards jerk ahead in their seats.

SHORT POSTAL GUARD
What the hell was that?

INT./EXT. MEALS ON WHEELS TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Peachfuzz behind the wheel. Still in a dress and blond wig.

PEACHFUZZ
YEAH!!!

Meals on Wheels truck speeds past the mail truck.

PEACHFUZZ
Suck on my creamed corn mail Nazis!

INT. MAIL TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Short and Tall Postal Guards mouths drop as they glare at the passing Peachfuzz.

EXT./INT. MEALS ON WHEELS TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Peachfuzz pulls next to Rollo.

PEACHFUZZ

Get in!

ROLLO

(running)

Still with the dress?!

PEACHFUZZ

It feels good! Hundred percent cotton! Get in!!

Side of the truck slides open.

Rollo DIVES into the truck.

CRASHES into trays and bags of food.

ROLLO

Go!!

Peachfuzz floors it.

INT./EXT. MAIL TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Short Postal Worker stares ahead.

SHORT POSTAL GUARD

He's got help from an ugly chick feeding the homeless!

TALL POSTAL GUARD

She wasn't that bad.

SHORT POSTAL GUARD

(frowns)

Who is this guy?

INT./EXT. MEALS ON WHEELS TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Rollo crawls into the passenger seat. Package under his arm.

ROLLO

Nice work.

Rollo studies Peachfuzz's appearance.

ROLLO

I see you went with the dark blue
eye shadow.

PEACHFUZZ

It is better, don't you think?

ROLLO

Oh, definitely.

Meals on Wheels CHARGES down the suburban streets.

EXT./INT. MAIL TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

In hot pursuit.

SHORT POSTAL GUARD

Catch him!

TALL POSTAL GUARD

We're carrying too much weight.

Short Postal Guard yanks open a panel to the back of the
truck.

Postal Workers in back brace themselves against the wall to
keep from falling.

SHORT POSTAL GUARD

All of you get out!

Postal Workers stare back.

Short Postal Guard sticks his shotgun through the opening.

SHORT POSTAL GUARD

Ahem.

Mail Truck rear door pulls up.

Postal Workers hop off.

POSTAL WORKERS

Ahhhhh!!!

Tall Postal Guard glances in the side mirror as they...

BOUNCE off the PAVEMENT...

Fly into BUSHES...

TALL POSTAL GUARD

Brave sons of bitches.

SHORT POSTAL GUARD
Hurry! They're making a left.

EXT./INT. MEALS ON WHEELS TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Peachfuzz jerks the wheel left.

Meals on Wheels nearly tips over as it rounds the corner.

TRAYS OF FOOD crash in the back.

Rollo glances at a piece of paper.

ROLLO
It's a few blocks over. Almost there.

PEACHFUZZ
Gotta lose these guys or all this is over.

Meals on Wheels ZOOMS down the street.

EXT./INT. MAIL TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Half a block behind.

SHORT POSTAL GUARD
Almost got em!

TALL POSTAL GUARD
I think she winked at me when she passed us.

Short Postal Guard shakes his head.

EXT./INT. MEALS ON WHEELS TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Approaches a STOP SIGN.

ROLLO
Don't stop!

PEACHFUZZ
Don't worry, I can't!

ROLLO
Why not?

PEACHFUZZ
My heel is stuck.

ROLLO
Your heel?

Both look at the pedals.

A four inch HIGH HEEL SHOE wedged underneath the GAS PEDAL.

ROLLO
High heels!

PEACHFUZZ
They went with the dress!

ROLLO
Make a right!

Peachfuzz moves the steering wheel right.

Meals on Wheels rides on TWO WHEELS as it makes the turn.

PEACHFUZZ/ROLLO
AHHHH!!!

INT./EXT. MAIL TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Short and Tall Postal Guards cringe.

TALL POSTAL GUARD
She's an amazing driver. The total
package!

SHORT POSTAL GUARD
Cut em off.

Mail Truck cuts to the right off the stop sign.

JUMPS the CURB

PLOWS over a manicured LAWN back to the STREET

PULLS parallel to Meals on Wheels.

SHORT POSTAL GUARD
Pull over losers!

PEACHFUZZ
Never!

INT./EXT. MAIL TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Short Postal Guard glowers at Peachfuzz.

SHORT POSTAL GUARD
Ram em!

TALL POSTAL GUARD
I love her man!

Short Postal Guard grabs the wheel and turns the mail truck into Meals on Wheels.

EXT./INT. MEALS ON WHEELS TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Meals on Wheels RATTLES left as the truck RAMS it.

Peachfuzz eyes something ahead.

PEACHFUZZ

I got an idea.

EXT. MEALS ON WHEELS/MAIL TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Both ZOOM down the suburban street.

INT./EXT. MEALS ON WHEELS TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Peachfuzz grips the wheel tight.

PEACHFUZZ

I'm gonna whip to the left at the corner. When I do, you jump out the truck and into that pile of dirt up there.

Rollo peers ahead.

ROLLO

Are you nuts?

Peachfuzz eyes Rollo and smirks.

ROLLO

Right.

EXT./INT. MAIL TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

The truck accelerates. Only a few yards behind.

SHORT POSTAL GUARD

We got em now!

EXT./INT. MEALS ON WHEELS TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Approaches the corner.

PEACHFUZZ

Here we go!

ROLLO

Are we sure that's dirt?

Meals on Wheels whips left at the corner.

Rollo tucks the PACKAGE into his jacket and
LEAPS from the passenger window.

ROLLO
AHHHHHH!!!

FLIES smack into a pile of dirt on the lawn.

INT./EXT. MAIL TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Short and Tall Postal Guard eyes bulge.

SHORT POSTAL GUARD
Look out!

Mail Truck SLAMS into the left side of Meals on Wheels.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Rollo lifts his head from the pile. Sniffs.

ROLLO
Just dirt.

He creaks to his feet. Turns and observes the two truck pile
up at the corner.

Rollo removes the package from his jacket and BOLTS between
the houses.

EXT./INT. MAIL TRUCK/MEALS ON WHEELS - DAY

SMOKE emits from both trucks.

Mail Truck's front half crumpled.

Meals on Wheels left side bashed.

Tall Postal Guard stumbles from the truck. He approaches
Meals on Wheels.

Peachfuzz passed out in the driver seat. Blond wig askew.
Make up smeared.

Tall Postal Guard pries open the door. Pulls out Peachfuzz.

TALL POSTAL GUARD
It's alright honey.

He strokes Peachfuzz's face.

Short Postal Guard creeps over.

SHORT POSTAL GUARD
What the hell are you doing?

TALL POSTAL GUARD
I have to save her!

SHORT POSTAL GUARD
Where's the mailman? The package?

TALL POSTAL GUARD
Let me give her mouth to mouth
first.

Peachfuzz's eyes open WIDE.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Clouds fill the sky.

Rollo stands on the sidewalk. Grips the package.

He unfolds the piece of paper. Reads it.

Looks up at the house in front of him. Address the same.

The street is unfamiliar. Not his route.

But the house seems familiar. Address: 999

Rollo walks the path to the porch.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

Rollo ascends the porch steps. Presses the doorbell:

BING BONG BONG BING

Nothing.

Rollo turns the doorknob. Pushes open the door.

INT. HOUSE 999 - DAY

Rollo steps in the house.

Bookshelves line the walls.

WHITE PLATES fill the space. Rollo scans the room.

VOICE (O.S.)
You made it.

Rollo turns. Wally enters from another room.

ROLLO

Yes.

WALLY

Any problems?

ROLLO

A few hiccups.

WALLY

There always are.

Wally nods to the package.

WALLY

And the package. It wasn't scanned?

Rollo holds out the package to Wally.

ROLLO

Nope.

WALLY

Good. Open it.

ROLLO

That's okay. I don't open other people's mail. Against the mailman code.

VOICE (O.S.)

Now, we both know that's not true.

Mrs. Applebaum enters.

ROLLO

Mrs. Applebaum?

MRS. APPLEBAUM

I seem to recall waking up in a container on the beach. Sadly, my daughter did not wish I was there.

ROLLO

Please, I...I did that because you seemed so lonely.

MRS. APPLEBAUM

You didn't do it for me Rollo. You did it because you are desperate. You were losing your job. That meant the end.

WALLY

It's helpful to have people with no options. It makes their decision so much easier.

ROLLO

What is this all about?

WALLY

Open the package Rollo. I trust the postage is in order.

Rollo eyes the postage. Several STAMPS line the top right of the package. Each a water color of a bowl of fruit.

Pears included.

Rollo tears open the package. Rips past the bubble wrap.

Two white plates similar to the ones lining the shelves.

ROLLO

More plates. Do you live here Mrs. Applebaum?

MRS. APPLEBAUM

It's one of my work houses.

Mrs. Applebaum takes the plates from Rollo. Places them on a shelf.

ROLLO

Room for your antiques?

MRS. APPLEBAUM

Room for my ecstasy powder plates.

Rollo's mouth opens.

MRS. APPLEBAUM

I supply most of the state.

ROLLO

But you're an old lady.

MRS. APPLEBAUM

You should really pay more attention.

Mrs. Applebaum nods to the discarded package cover.

Rollo picks it up. Studies the markings:

A red delicious apple by a bowling ball with a lit candle sticking out of it.

ROLLO
Apple, bomb.

Rollo shuts his eyes. Damn.

ROLLO
I didn't notice.

WALLY
Or never wanted to notice. You kept everyone on your route in a little box. Not until you opened their mail and revealed their real lives did you finally see. You should have left well enough alone Rollo. But you can't let this job go.

Wally grins.

ROLLO
This is wrong.

WALLY
I made you a promise. You delivered the package and I will make sure you keep your job. I stand by my word.

Rollo glares at Wally. His head spins.

MRS. APPLEBAUM
It's an easy decision. You never knew any of this was going on before. Just go back to that time Keep the life you love.
(beat)
Mr. Mailman.

Rollo breathes heavy. He looks at his jacket sleeve.

The blue and white eagle PATCH.

Rollo looks up. Determined.

ROLLO
No.

Wally and Mrs. Applebaum exchange a glance.

MRS. APPLEBAUM
I'm sorry to hear that. Wally?

Wally YANKS two shiny LETTER OPENERS from his suit jacket.

WALLY
Last chance?

ROLLO
You're going to kill me?

WALLY
We're in too deep here Rollo.
Desperate times, blah, blah, blah.
You know the drill.

Wally SPINS the Letter Openers in his hands.

Rollo backs up into a bookshelf. The plates wobble.

MRS. APPLEBAUM
My product! Do this somewhere else
you idiots!

WALLY
How about a little assistance?

MRS. APPLEBAUM
We agreed. You take care of the
mailman.

Rollo and Wally circle each other. Mrs. Applebaum in the middle.

WALLY
I'll find another patsy. You're
buddy Steve, he's rather immoral?

ROLLO
Leave Steve out of this.

WALLY
Come on Rollo. Don't be stupid.
Say yes. Keep being that mailman.

Rollo stumbles around the room.

ROLLO
Why are you doing this?

Wally TOSSES the Letter Openers from hand to hand.

WALLY
Respect. I do all the work and no
one at Postal Inspection
appreciates it.

ROLLO

Taking part in a major drug ring.
Seems like a rational move.

WALLY

First comes the money, then comes
the...

MRS. APPLEBAUM

No. It's first comes the power then
the money.

ROLLO

I think he's right. It's money then
power.

WALLY

Right, right. Money, power then
the...damn.

ROLLO

Women.

WALLY

No, no...the...

MRS. APPLEBAUM

Respect.

WALLY

Yes. Thank you Mrs. Applebaum.
The money, the power, then the
respect. And once I do this, those
guys down there will have to
respect me.

ROLLO

That's silly.

WALLY

That's funny coming from a guy who
can't change with the times. The
mail is dying Rollo. Just like
you're about to.

Wally LUNGES at ROLLO, both Letter Openers pointing out.

Rollo DIVES out of the way.

KNOCKS into a bookshelf. Plates tumble.

MRS. APPLEBAUM

Noooo!!!

Mrs. Applebaum FLIES towards the falling plates.

Wally REARS back for another stab.

Mrs. Applebaum LANDS on top of Rollo.

Catches two plates.

Wally accidentally STABS Mrs. Applebaum in the back with both Letter Openers.

MRS. APPLEBAUM

OWWW!!!

Wally jumps back. Falls into another bookshelf.

Plates tumble.

MRS. APPLEBAUM

Get them!

Wally cover his face as plates crash on his head.

SPEWS ecstasy powder.

Rollo slides out from under Mrs. Applebaum, who writhes in pain.

Rollo SCOOPS up two PLATES.

Wally COUGHS from all the powder.

WALLY

Woow!! That is good stuff!

He looks up. Rollo stands over him. A plate in each hand.

ROLLO

Take another hit.

SLAM!

Rollo SMASHES the PLATES on either side of Wally's head.

Powder EXPLODES in the air as Wally crumples to the floor.

Rollo takes DEEP BREATH.

ROLLO

Whew! That is good stuff!

He hops over to Mrs. Applebaum.

YANKS the Letter Openers out of her back.

MRS. APPLEBAUM
 Good work Rollo. How about it?
 You keep your job and we'll rule
 the world?

ROLLO
 No thanks.

Rollo SPINS the Letter Openers in his hands and slides them
 in his pockets.

ROLLO
 It's time for a change.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Beautiful homes in a row. Fresh cut grass. Sun shines. Birds
 chirp. A lovely day.

A man's legs jaunt down the street.

He wears grey wool shorts. On his back, a blue short sleeved
 dress shirt.

Strapped over his shoulder hangs a POUCH.

A blue and white PATCH containing an EAGLE'S HEAD and UNITED
 STATES POSTAL SERVICE glows in the bright sun.

EXT./INT. FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

A FINGER presses the doorbell.

BING BONG BONG BING.

Rollo opens the door.

Wears a dark blue suit. A shiny badge on his lapel:

U.S. Postal Inspection Service

ROLLO
 Well, thank you Mr. Mailman.

Peachfuzz hands over a stack of mail.

PEACHFUZZ
 Any time Inspector Moon.

ROLLO
 Beautiful day isn't it?

Peachfuzz takes a deep breath.

PEACHFUZZ
It sure it. How's Mrs. Moon?

ROLLO
Honey?

Mrs. Bleaker pops her head from the door.

MRS. MOON (THE FORMER MRS. BLEAKER)
Hello Mr. Mailman.

She adjusts Rollo's tie.

MRS. MOON
Honey, you need to get moving.
They are expecting you at the
office.

ROLLO
Yes dear. Gotta go mailman.

PEACHFUZZ
I understand.

Peachfuzz heads down the porch. He turns.

PEACHFUZZ
And hey, call me Peachfuzz.

Rollo and Mrs. Moon smile. They gaze at each other and embrace.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - CONTINUOUS

Peachfuzz rounds the path onto the sidewalk when...

A BUS pull up. The doors swing open.

STEVE
Need a ride?

Peachfuzz looks up at Steve behind the wheel.

PEACHFUZZ
I still got a bunch of mail to
deliver.

STEVE
Come on. It can wait. Hey, maybe
there's some good stuff in there.

Peachfuzz eyes his pouch. Smiles.

He climbs onboard.

EXT./INT. FRONT DOOR - SAME TIME

Mrs. Moon looks over Rollo's shoulder as they embrace.

MRS. MOON

Honey?

Rollo turns to see Peachfuzz climb on the bus.

ROLLO

Oh damn. I'll see you later.

Rollo plants a kiss on his wife's cheek and hustles down the path toward the bus.

MRS. MOON

Be careful. And watch out for the dog!

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - CONTINUOUS

Rollo sprints down the street after the bus.

ROLLO

The dog?

A BULLDOG ambles from a nearby house and gives chase.

ROLLO

Nooo!!!

Rollo picks up the pace as he chases the bus.

Bulldog not far behind.

FADE OUT.

THE END.