

THE U.S.P.S.

UNITED STATES PROGRAM OF SPIES

by
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EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Early morning in Metro Detroit. Tree-lined roads, families out with strollers, more than a few classic cars in the driveways as--

--a POSTWOMAN comes walking down the sidewalk. Meet DIANE GRIFFITHS: black, mid 40's, oozing Midwestern affability.

DIANE
Morning!

She WAVES hello to the neighbors as she DEPOSITS MAIL before climbing inside her MAIL VAN (known forthwith as a GRUMMAN LLV), putting the car in gear, and pulling away.

INT. GRUMMAN LLV - DAY

Diane taps her fingers to "How Long Do I Have to Wait For You" by Sharon Jones & The Dap Kings as she turns onto the--

HIGHWAY

From overhead, traffic flows around her pillbox truck.

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - DAY

A rural tract lined with trees. Diane approaches a--

RAMSHACKLE HOUSE

Rotted wood siding. Dirty windows. Not exactly inviting. She kills the engine. The MUSIC CUTS. Silence presses in.

Diane scales the porch, pulls a PARCEL from her satchel, finds the mailbox SMASHED on the threshold. She PEERS through the windows, searching for signs of life. Then--

--SHE TRIES THE DOOR HANDLE. Locked. She peers left, right. She rounds the back of the house, cautious, to the--

REAR ENTRY

--which HANGS AJAR. She SLIPS INSIDE.

INT. RAMSHACKLE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dark. Cobwebs everywhere. And a faint CLICKING noise whirring in the background, incessant, drawing her toward--

--a BLUEISH GLOW coming from a nearby--

BEDROOM

ANGLE ON: A MASSIVE FUCKING BANK OF COMPUTER MONITORS.
Completely incongruous with their surroundings. Diane creeps forward when--

--a loud CREAK breaks the silence. She SPINS as--

GOON (O.S.)
You're not supposed to be in here.

--a GOON GRABS HER.

What happens next, happens fast.

Diane ELBOWS the goon in the gut, RETREATS into the--

DINING ROOM

--where she grabs a vintage CLOCK from the sideboard and SMASHES IT into her assailant's face. He goes down. *Hard.*

Whatever else she is, Diane's a damn good fighter.

But no sooner is one goon down, then ANOTHER APPEARS.

Spotting his wounded comrade, he swings into action as--

--A FULL BLOWN MELEE breaks out. This is not your artfully choreographed action sequence. Simultaneously absurd and brutal, both fighters use *every possible prop* within reach. The goon SLASHES her arm with a broken LIGHTBULB. Diane SMAHES him in the face with a DISH RACK FULL OF DISHES. Finally Diane reaches for her SATCHEL. She CINCHES its strap around the goon's NECK and LEAPS onto the dining table--

--HEAVING the strap over her shoulder, LIFTING the goon's legs off the floor as he SCRABBLES for breath, grim determination mingled with victory on Diane's face, when--

--A BLADE THRUSTS THROUGH HER NECK. Diane drops her satchel with surprise, falls to the ground into a POOL OF LIGHT as--

--BOTH GOONS loom above her, peering down.

GOON #2
God *damn*.

GOON #1
Who is she?

GOON #2
The postwoman. You killed the
fucking postwoman.

And as Diane GOES STILL there, on the floor, we PUSH IN on--

--HER UNIFORM, the name *GRIFFITHS* embroidered in blue thread, which she PRESSES, like a BUTTON, with her last gasp, as we--

SMASH TO:

TITLE CARDS

A LETTER falls from an automated CONVEYOR BELT into a CYLINDRICAL CONTAINER which is immediately sucked up into--

--A LABYRINTH OF PNEUMATIC TUBES. It shuttles left, right, up, down, through a SUBTERRENEAN EXPRESS, covering more ground with more speed than seems usual, before finally--

--HALTING to DEPOSIT its letter in a small kiosk.

CLOSE ON: A letter addressed to MIKE GRIFFITHS as we--

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - EVENING

CLOSE ON: A plastic name tag pinned to a SECURITY UNIFORM reads *Hi, my name is MICHAEL*.

Meet MICHAEL GRIFFITHS: black, mid-20's, good hearted with a smart mouth and charm to spare, the kind of guy that can't take two steps forward without getting in his own way.

CHYRON UP: Metro Detroit, Michigan. 48230.

He stands in a darkened CORRIDOR next to a pair of double doors. He fidgets, glancing this way and that. He checks his watch when he hears a KNOCK. He parts open the doors where--

--FIVE TEENAGE GIRLS holding basketballs wait outside.

MICHAEL

Anybody see you?

TEENAGE GIRL

Yeah. We passed a stake out on the way over.

MICHAEL

Shut up and get in here.

He waves the girls inside.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - DARKENED GYMNASIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Michael ushers the girls onto a dark basketball court. One teenage girl BOUNCES her basketball.

MICHAEL
Keep it down a sec.

TEENAGE GIRL
You act like we're about to rob the place.

MICHAEL
You ever met the words *thank you*?

TEENAGE GIRL
Alright, mom.

MICHAEL
You're gonna get creamed on Sunday.

There's an affectionate quality to their banter. They swap SMILES when a CLATTER breaks the silence.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(quiet)
Did you close the door behind you?

TEENAGE GIRL
Isn't that *your* job?

He holds a finger to his lips for *hush*, waves the girls into a crouch. He pulls a HANDHELD TASER from his belt and creeps across the room, barely TUCKING OUT OF SIGHT as--

--a DOOR OPENS and a SHADOWY FIGURE enters the gym. Michael approaches from behind and TASES HIM. The man goes down.

MICHAEL
That's right! Security, bitch! Bet you thought you could run up in here and take whatever you--

CARL
Goddammit Michael.

A look of horror crosses Michael's face. He HITS THE LIGHTS. On the floor is Michael's MISERABLE BOSS CARL.

TEENAGE GIRL
Ohhhhh. Bus-ted.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - EVENING

Michael's boss CARL holds the door while he ushers Michael and the teenage girls from the club.

MICHAEL
Listen, Carl, I need this job.

CARL
You assaulted your superior. That's me. I'm your superior.

MICHAEL
I don't get points for stealth?

CARL
You're paid to keep watch, not comp the Raggedy Anne basketball squad.

TEENAGE GIRL
Who you calling *raggedy*, you two-polo-wearing-son-of-a--

MICHAEL
(over)
They just need a place to practice!
No one's using the gym after hours.

MISERABLE BOSS
Hand over the name tag.

MICHAEL
What, you gonna reuse it?

MISERABLE BOSS
More than one Michael in the world.

Michael begrudgingly hands it over.

MISERABLE BOSS (CONT'D)
Shirt too.

TEENAGE GIRL
Damn. That's *cold*.

Michael fumes. With all the dignity he can muster--

MICHAEL
Go home, girls.

--he unbuttons his shirt.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

Mike parks a truly appalling DODGE NEON outside a nondescript building where A MAN TOSSES FURNITURE and BOXES from the balcony onto the front lawn.

Michael hurries from the car. He HOPS up and down.

MICHAEL

BARRY! That's my stuff man! What's going on?

BARRY

Your thirty days are up Michael!

MICHAEL

Hey, I was on my way to the bank now! I just came to grab--

BARRY

A shirt?

MICHAEL

If you got it, flaunt it, right?
(then)
C'mon man, if you'd just--DON'T--

Barry TOSSES a FRAMED PHOTO into the yard. It SMASHES.

BARRY

It's already done.

Barry moves off and SLAMS the door behind him. Michael sighs. He picks up a capsized DINING CHAIR and SITS in the wreckage of his belongings. An ordinary looking POSTWOMAN shuffles by: mid 40's, distinguished only by an OLD FASHIONED POSTAL CAP.

POSTWOMAN

Evening.

MICHAEL

Just, you know, taking the air.

She nods, sure, and moves off. Michael sighs. He leans down to retrieve the FRAMED PHOTO from the lawn.

ANGLE ON: a younger Michael on the lap of a younger Diane. (Yes, that Diane.) Big smiles, lots of warmth, it's the kind of image that immortalizes someone.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

My bad, ma.

INT. DODGE NEON - NIGHT

Michael's car overflows with his belongings. He holds his cell phone to his ear. It rings through to--

VOICEMAIL RECORDING
*You've reached Diane Griffiths.
 Leave a message after the--.*

BEEP.

MICHAEL
 Hey, ma. I, um... I was callin'
 because, you know, I just...
 (deep breath)
 Just wanted to check in! And I
 thought... I might drop in later,
 if you're around. So...
 (then)
 Love you.

He hangs up. Not his finest hour.

EXT. ROYAL OAK - GRIFFITHS HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

Michael parks outside a QUAIN T CRAFTSMAN HOME. Two bedrooms, with vinyl siding that's seen better days, it still retains its charm: a creep of bougainvillea on the eaves, a beer bottle wind chime.

Michael exits the car. He PICKS a small bouquet of flowers from the GARDEN NEXT DOOR. He glances up and down the street before hopping the fence for his mother's--

BACKYARD

He rummages in the bushes when--

RONNIE (O.S.)
 MOVE EVEN A LITTLE AND I'LL HAVE
 YOUR ASS FOR DINNER.

Michael FREEZES. Turns.

MICHAEL
You'll have my ass for dinner?

Standing in the driveway, meet RONNIE TALBOT: mid-20's, white, perpetually grease stained from his job as a mechanic, a lot of workingman swag. He lowers a HANDGUN.

RONNIE
Michael? Shit, I almost called the
cops on you! What're you doing
here?

Ronnie moves into the lawn, EMBRACES Michael.

MICHAEL
What's good Ronnie. I'm looking for
the spare. She usually keeps it--

RONNIE
I've got it. Everything alright?

MICHAEL
Man, my supervisor's tripping--

RONNIE
Wow. That must be a land speed
record. You just got that job!

MICHAEL
I was trying to help the youth!
Couple kids, needed some place to
run drills.

RONNIE
Your apartment?

MICHAEL
It's just a couple nights...

RONNIE
Whew boy. At least you brought
flowers.
(closer look)
You picked those from my garden.
Those are my flowers.

Ronnie shakes his head and produces a key ring as--

--A POLICE CRUISER pulls into the drive.

MICHAEL
You actually *called*!?

RONNIE
I didn't!

MICHAEL
We gotta have that talk about white
privilege again.

Ronnie hurriedly CHUCKS his gun into the bushes, raises his hands in the air as TWO POLICE OFFICERS step onto the lawn.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Evening, officers.

OFFICER #1
Which one of you is Michael Griffiths?

MICHAEL
Hey, look, if Barry called it in, I'm gonna get him his rent, I am.

OFFICER #1
Who's Barry?

MICHAEL
Ah man, it was the club? Look, yes, I used the taser, but I *thought*--

OFFICER #2
Hang on. You assaulted somebody...

You can just see the gears turning in Michael's skull.

MICHAEL
Okay rewind. What's this about?

OFFICER #1
You seem to have a few ideas.

RONNIE
Nope. He's got no ideas. Not one.

Ronnie side-eyes Michael. *Shut. Up.* Officer #2 heaves a sigh.

OFFICER #2
I'm afraid we have some bad news.
It's your mother.

They hand him an ENVELOPE addressed to MICHAEL GRIFFITHS.

INT. GRIFFITHS HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

If you grew up in a working class household, you'll recognize the decor: clear plastic covers on the couch, ceramic angels lined on the windowsill, and a yard sale painting of a bald eagle hanging above the fireplace.

Michael and Ronnie sit drinking tea, somber. The ENVELOPE sits on the table between them.

RONNIE

Open it.

Michael opens the letter and slowly begins to read.

MICHAEL

(quiet)

Dearest Michael. Dearest?

(recovering)

*If you're reading this, chances are
you have an abundance of questions.
I wish I could answer those for
you, but the truth is, it isn't up
to me. All I know, all I can say,
is I'm proud of you. You're going
to do great things. I love you,
from now til forever.*

RONNIE

That makes it sound like she knew?

MICHAEL

Don't put it past my mom to be
prepared for something like this.

RONNIE

They won't tell you how?

MICHAEL

They just said it was accident.

RONNIE

When do you see the body?

MICHAEL

I don't think there's much to see.

Ronnie WINCES.

RONNIE

Got *damn*.

(beat)

I mean, sorry. Look, we're gonna
get you through this. I've been
your neighbor and best friend since
we were five. I'm gonna Mr. Rogers
the shit outta you this week. I'll
buy the sweater and everything.

Ronnie reaches out and takes Michael's hand as they lapse
into a moment of silence. There's real love here.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Michael stands before a CASKET in a somber black suit.

Michael steps forward. He OPENS THE LID. Hold.

ANGLE ON: A small CYLINDER OF ASHES inside the casket.

INT. GRIFFITHS HOUSEHOLD - DAY

Ronnie hangs his suit jacket on a coat rack. He wipes a layer of DUST from the stairwell railing.

RONNIE
We're cleaning this place.

MICHAEL
Hold up, we?

RONNIE
Y'know what dust is made of? Tiny
insects. With teeth.

Michael gives him a look: *ugh*. He pauses, looks around, taking in the magnitude of his new life.

MICHAEL
What am I gonna do with a whole
house? I can barely keep a pair of
sunglasses.

RONNIE
Maybe this is your mom's way of
saying: don't fuck it up.

Ronnie hands over a set of KEYS. Michael TAKES THEM.

EXT. WELLS FARGO HEADQUARTERS - DAY

CHYRON UP: San Francisco, California. 90017.

The iconic Crocker Street Branch, a monolith of stone pillars and classic architecture. Pedestrians flow past the entry as--

--a WOMAN in a brown TRENCH COAT, with a black HARNESS strapped on top, vaguely military in a vintage kind of way, steps from the swirl into the--

BANK ATRIUM

Marble floors. A familiar hush. In the quiet, we now notice the woman is SINGING *Les Miserables* beneath her breath.

WOMAN

*Do you hear the people sing?
Singing the song of angry men. It
is a music of a people who will not
be slaves again...*

She catches a few dirty glances. Behind, a group of six men stumble inside, laughing. They wear similarly bulky OVERCOATS. Her singing grows LOUDER as--

WOMAN (CONT'D)

*When the beating of your heart
echoes the beating of the drums,
there is a life about to start when
tomorrow comes.*

--ALL SIX MEN toss off their coats. Several of the men hold large GUNS. Among them, we clock two men in particular.

BUMPER (30s, military) wears a PARTIAL EXOSUIT*: a roughly welded steel skeleton asymmetrically lining his left leg and right arm with piping, hydraulics, and one large RETRACTABLE BLADE. If we're looking closely, we'll see this suit is screwed into his body... and it's gross. We recognize him as THE SAME MAN WHO KILLED MICHAEL'S MOTHER DIANE.

Next to him is JEREMIAH (20s, skinny), with subtle but grotesque BODY MODIFICATIONS: a split tongue, blackened eyes. With magnets implanted in his fingertips, he casually dangles FIVE KNIVES from one hand, each knifepoint magnetized to a different finger. He's heavily inked with various hate icons, including a large BLACK SUN. In fact, there's a whiff of white nationalism coming from this entire crew.

They take the room *fast*. They disarm the security guard, corral the customers into a corner. Meanwhile--

--THE WOMAN CALMLY CROSSES THE ROOM to a nearby--

OFFICE

--where she POINTS A GUN at a trembling BANKER. She gestures to the corner. *Sit*. He does. She takes a seat at his desk, and we get a good look at her for the first time.

Meet BONNIE JO BOONE: late 30s, white, radiating confidence, elegant despite a hint of *grunge* about her. Oil on her knuckles, tactical boots stained with mud.

She begins to TYPE. She never stops SINGING.

BONNIE

*Will you join in our crusade? Who
will be strong and stand with me?
(MORE)*

BONNIE (CONT'D)

*Beyond the barricade is there a
world you long to see? Then join in
the fight. That will give you the
right to be free.*

The BANKER watches her, terrified, while in the--

ATRIUM

--Bumper oversees the emptying of each cash register.

BUMPER

Jeremiah!

He jerks his head toward the massive SAFE. Jeremiah nods, *yeah yeah*, very devil-may-care. He places one hand against the safe door while he TURNS THE DIAL with the other.

CLOSE ON: His fingers TREMOR, betraying a faint CLICK.

He grins, turns the dial back the other way. Soon--

--the safe door OPENS. The men rush inside to fill their bags with MASSIVE PALLETS OF CASH. Back in the--

OFFICE

--Bonnie squints at the computer screen. *Come on.*

ANGLE ON: An alert on-screen reads *FILES TRANSFERRED.*

BONNIE

*Will you give all you can give so
that our banner may advance. Some
will fall and some will live. Will
you stand and take your chance?*

She grins, stands, exits as--

BUMPER

That's the alarm!

Bonnie pauses, turns back.

ANGLE ON: The banker at his desk, finger still on the ALARM.

Bonnie walks up, composed, still singing.

BONNIE

*The blood of the martyrs will water
the meadows of--*

In one fluid motion she RAISES A GUN AND FIRES. The banker falls to the floor, DEAD.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
 (no longer singing)
 --the world.

BUMPER (O.S.)
 Boss! Let's go!

Bonnie turns and rejoins her crew. They hurriedly change into CONSTRUCTION costumes.

BONNIE
 Any word on that postwoman?

BUMPER
 None. She's not FBI, CIA, NSA.

BONNIE
 She's someone. Find out.

Bumper NODS. Reveal a WIRE hanging down from the CEILING. Bonnie casually attaches the wire to her HARNESS.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
 After you Bump.

Bumper PRESSES a button and the wire JERKS him upward. Next goes JEREMIAH as one by one the crew soar up, up, toward the rafters and a DOOR to the roof. Bonnie gazes around her as--

--she FLIES upward, out of reach.

EXT. PENTAGON - DAY

CHYRON UP: Fort Belvoir, Virginia. 22060.

A mail van comes TEARING into the parking lot.

INT. PENTAGON - DAY

CLOSE ON: A dozen sets of POLISHED BLACK OXFORDS marching down a marble hall. Behind them, one very out of place pair of NEW BALANCE SNEAKERS bobs and weaves through the traffic.

OTTO (O.S.)
 Excuse me. Pardon me. *Move it.*

INT. PENTAGON - WAITING ROOM - DAY

A pointed RECEPTIONIST looks up as Postmaster General OTTO WILSON comes huffing into the room. 50's, nonthreatening, he is the closest thing we have to an avatar for the USPS itself: earnest, hardworking, a little ragged at the edges. He sweats profusely.

OTTO
Otto Wilson, here to see Colonel
Peterson and Richard Dickman.

RECEPTIONIST
They're waiting for you.

He nods and enters a--

BRIEFING ROOM

Two men sit at a conference table flanked by SCREENS.
Presiding over the room is COLONEL PETERSON: 60's, in
uniform, Head of National Security, with a brusque manner
bordering on unfriendly. Next to him is RICHARD DICKMAN:
50's, longtime FBI Director, obsequious to the core,
compulsively clad in the most expensive, well, *everything*.

PETERSON
Postmaster. Glad you could join us.

RICHARD
A mailman? Late? That's unusual.

OTTO
Colonel. *Dick Dick*.

RICHARD
I've heard the jokes, thanks.

Otto takes his seat. He WIPES HIS FACE on his tie.

OTTO
Is this the Bonnie Jo material?

PETERSON
We had another robbery yesterday.
That's the fifth multinational bank
in as many months.

RICHARD
Due respect, when did bank robbers
become a matter of National
Security?

PETERSON
Since we received this.

Peterson grabs a nearby remote. *Click*. A television screen
comes to life.

ON SCREEN: A grainy video begins to play. Bonnie addresses
the camera--part presidential address, part terrorist PSA.

BONNIE

To the United States Government:
the financial institutions of the
world have terrorized society for
decades. As the sons and daughters
of millworkers and linemen, of
clerks and cashiers, we will no
longer accept subjugation. The
wealthy one percent must relinquish
their excess. We demand the
immediate transfer of 5 trillion
dollars into an account of our
providing, for redistribution to
the people it was stolen from.
Should you fail to comply, we will
destroy the very meaning of
"wealth" as you have come to
understand it. Revolution is
inevitable. You have two weeks.

The video cuts to black.

RICHARD

Charming. What's her profile?

Click. A new screen lights up with a PHOTO of Bonnie in
MILITARY APPAREL.

PETERSON

Bonnie Jo Boone. 38, ex-NSA, she
spent six years in cyber warfare
before asking her way into the
field. She spent an additional
three years monitoring local
dictatorships... and here's where
the train jumps the rails. Bonnie
was directly agitating for armed
uprisings. She executed twelve
Venezuelan protestors for failing
to support her revolution.

Click. ON SCREEN: Twelve dead bodies.

PETERSON (CONT'D)

After discharge, she became a loud
presence on dark web chat rooms,
where she presented herself as a
student of the French Revolution
and an acolyte of Maximilien
Robespierre.

OTTO

Didn't he slaughter his own people?

PETERSON
And was later beheaded.
(continuing)
She became known for her radical
body modifications, insisting she
could build the world's most
dangerous militia. You can see how
well her test cases turned out.

ON SCREEN: A dead body with a partial exosuit drilled on.

PETERSON (CONT'D)
Since then, Bonnie's been linked to
the robbery of banks here and
abroad.

ON SCREEN: A WORLD MAP. PINS land on San Francisco, North
Carolina, St. Petersburg, Beijing, Bombay.

OTTO
What does she mean, "destroy the
meaning of wealth?"

PETERSON
What they always mean. A bomb, we
think. Aimed at the Fed.

OTTO
Then why rob *banks*? It doesn't fit
her profile. It's too... small.

RICHARD
Everyone bends to the power of the
dollar.

OTTO
Spoken like a true bureaucrat.

PETERSON
Gentlemen. She's a terrorist, plain
and simple. We're moving Ms. Boone
to the top of the pile.

Peterson sits, eyes Richard and Otto. Severe.

RICHARD
If I may, sir, the FBI is self-
sufficient in this regard--

PETERSON
Thanks Rich. But I'm hoping Otto's
team can pitch in, too.

RICHARD
Didn't he just lose an agent to
this woman?

OTTO
We're extremely motivated, sir.

PETERSON
Motivation's good. Results are
better.

Peterson nods: *Dismissed.*

EXT. GRIFFITHS HOUSEHOLD - DAY

Michael and Ronnie load Ronnie's Subaru Impreza with
CARDBOARD BOXES full of DIANE'S BELONGINGS.

RONNIE
That's everything for Goodwill?

MICHAEL
This is it.

Ronnie goes to shut the trunk. Michael STOPS him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Hold on.

Michael removes a box labeled *WORK*.

RONNIE
I know it isn't easy, but, you
don't need this stuff anymore.

MICHAEL
She loved that job, you know?

Ronnie nods. *Alright then.* He closes the trunk.

INT. GRIFFITHS HOUSEHOLD - DAY

Michael opens the cardboard box, lovingly sorts through his
mother's old belongings: a BOOK OF STAMPS, a WHISTLE. Then--

He pulls out an old BRASS KEY with the label *P.O. Box 444*.

MICHAEL
Huh.

EXT. ROYAL OAK POST OFFICE - DAY

A small town post office. Visibly old. Michael enters.

INT. ROYAL OAK POST OFFICE - DAY

Michael locates and opens P.O. Box 444. He retrieves a small PARCEL. This is it? He opens it. Inside is...

...A book of VINTAGE STAMPS, a BALLPOINT PEN with its SECURITY CHAIN STILL ATTACHED, and a **HANDHELD LABEL PRINTER***.

MICHAEL

Cool, mom, free labels...

But when he picks up the printer, something strange happens. It BEEPS and COMES TO LIFE, unprompted.

ANGLE ON: A LABEL slowly prints the words--

USER NOT RECOGNIZED

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Alright. *What???*

ANGLE ON: A new message appears--

VOICE ID ACCEPTED.

WELCOME MICHAEL GRIFFITHS.

**FOR INSTRUCTIONS, PLEASE PROCEED TO WINDOW 5
AND ASK FOR SINDA.**

Michael gently RIPS the strip of paper and--

--THE WORDS DISAPPEAR FROM THE LABEL. Michael struggles to process this. In a daze, he continues over to--

--WINDOW #5. A teller (tired, overworked, name tag SHIRLEY) greets him.

SHIRLEY

Sorry sir, window's closed.

MICHAEL

Yeah. Look, this label maker just told me... I'm looking for Sinda?

SHIRLEY

May I inquire who's asking?

MICHAEL

Michael Griffiths.

SHIRLEY
I'm sorry Michael, Sinda's out on
route right now.

MICHAEL
Yeah but--

SHIRLEY
Thanks for coming, love.

Shirley turns, steps through a nearby DOORWAY into the--

MAIL ROOM

--where a POSTWOMAN, familiar from Michael's apartment
complex, leans against the doorway LISTENING IN.

Shirley and Postwoman exchange significant looks.

INT. GRIFFITHS HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

Michael paces the kitchen. Ronnie watches with concern.

RONNIE
Waitwaitwait, you're saying, what?
The label maker *talked* to you?

MICHAEL
It didn't talk. It... typed.

RONNIE
No. Nuh-uh. Even if I believed this
was real and not some projection of
grief--you gonna trust a device
that just starts talking to you? On
some ouija board shit?

MICHAEL
We got Siri, we got Alexa--

RONNIE
We *paid* for those. If you open your
fridge, and a disembodied voice
tells you to step into traffic, you
gonna do that shit? Your mama
raised you better.

Off Michael: *Yeah, maybe...*

INT. GRIFFITHS HOUSEHOLD - BEDROOM - LATER

Michael climbs into bed. He holds his mother's LABEL PRINTER.
Then, almost nervously, he lifts it to his mouth.

MICHAEL
Hello? This is Michael?

Nothing. *Stupid*. He tosses it on the bed stand where--

MICHAEL'S POV: We RACK FOCUS to the BROKEN PICTURE FRAME of Michael and Diane. He stares at the picture, thoughtful.

MONTAGE: MICHAEL CAN'T LET IT GO

1. **POST OFFICE:** Michael returns to Window #5.

SHIRLEY
Sorry. Sinda's out on route.

2. **HOME:** Michael holds his mother's BOOK OF VINTAGE STAMPS. He pulls one out, GASPS as it SLICES his thumb.

ANGLE ON: What appears to be a STRAIGHT RAZOR in the stamp.

MICHAEL
They don't make 'em like this any more.

3. **POST OFFICE:** Michael returns to Window #5. Shirley just SHAKES HER HEAD.

4. **HOME:** Michael sorts through more old belongings.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
What even is this stuff?

He picks up the BALLPOINT PEN with its ANTI-THEFT CHAIN still attached. *Really?* He tosses it on the couch behind him.

IN BG: the chain INSTANTLY WINDS AROUND A COUCH CUSHION, squeezing the living shit out of it.

5. **POST OFFICE:** Shirley waves him away before he arrives.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You sure Sinda is a real person?

6. **STREET:** Michael drinks a latté. A POSTAL CARRIER walks by. Michael gives them serious side-eye.

7. **HOME:** Michael struggles to unknot the constricted CHAIN from his throw pillow.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
How did this get so knotted?

8. **POST OFFICE:** Michael returns to Window #5.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 Listen Shirley. You can wave me off
 every day from now to eternity and
 I'll keep. Coming. Back. Or, you
 could earn your customer
 satisfaction rating for the day by
 telling me who this Sinda person
 is, and where I can find her.

Shirley props a NEXT WINDOW PLEASE sign in her kiosk.

Off Michael: *So, that's how it's going to be.*

END MONTAGE

INT. THE GRIFFITHS HOUSEHOLD - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Michael sleeps when a CLAMOR sounds from downstairs.

He sits up, alarmed. More SHUFFLING NOISES. He grabs a
 BASEBALL BAT from beneath the bed.

INT. GRIFFITHS HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Michael CREEPS into the room where--

--an INTRUDER'S SILHOUETTE rummages through a desk drawer.

Michael squads up, gripping his bat.

MICHAEL
 HEY SHITHEAD!!!

Michael HITS THE LIGHTS. The intruder TURNS. And we see--

--A FUCKING MASSIVE GOON. The intruder POINTS, and we see--

INTRUDER
 Are you Michael?

CLOSE ON: An honest-to-god BAYONET drilled into his forearm.

Michael clocks this. Processes. Then...

THE INTRUDER LUNGES. Michael BOOKS IT into the--

KITCHEN

--upending CHAIRS, TABLES, PANS as he goes, narrowly missing
 the intruder's SWIPES as he scrambles for the--

DINING ROOM

--WHEN... everything goes quiet.

Michael looks behind him. Nothing. The lights abruptly GO OUT. He crouches, *tense*, crab walks awkwardly to the--

HALL

--peering left, right, inching toward the front door when--

--the INTRUDER LOOMS UP BEHIND HIM. Michael just catches his SHADOW on the wall. He HURLS himself sideways as--

--THE BAYONET COMES DOWN, where it SLICES Michael's arm and STICKS into the floor, PINNING HIM THERE by the shirtsleeve.

Michael reacts instinctually. Face-to-face, the two men exchange a series of CLOSE RANGE BLOWS. Michael SMASHES an elbow into the intruders face and KNEES him in the ribs. We get a sense of just how skilled a fighter he really is.... But the intruder's better. He GRABS Michael by the hair with his free hand when--

--there's a KNOCK AT THE DOOR. The intruder places a hand over Michael's mouth and leans low. *Shhhhh*. Michael sniffs. *Ugh. Halitosis*. Then--

--the SOUND of a KEY ENTERING THE LOCK. The door OPENS. And there in the entry--

--IS THAT SAME MYSTERIOUS POSTWOMAN. She has one hand on a RICKETY PUSHCART full of mail. She takes in the scene.

POSTWOMAN

Is everything okay in here?

A stunned beat. The intruder recovers first. He SLAMS Michael's head on the floor, WRENCHES free his bayonet, and LUNGES for the postwoman--

--who grabs her pushcart's DUCT TAPED HANDLE--

--AND UNSHEATHS A SWORD. She swings into action, parrying and dueling the bayonets every swipe, graceful, *strong*, before pivoting to SLICE OFF THE MAN'S FOREARM and placing the blade point to his neck.

POSTWOMAN (CONT'D)

That's enough.

INTRUDER

(resigned)

Yeah. I s'pose so.

The intruder STEPS FORWARD, driving the blade into his neck.

MICHAEL
JEE-ZUS CHRIST!

The postwoman makes an unhappy face. She pulls her sword free. The intruder's body DROPS. Michael gets to his feet.

POSTWOMAN
 You must be Michael.

MICHAEL
 Who the hell are *you*?

At long last, meet--

SINDA
 Sinda Lasko.

--40's, still in her USPS shorts, now splashed with blood. Her lips are fixed in a permanent customer service smile that conceals a shortage of patience and calculated mind. Stocky, with a layer of fat that hides the muscle underneath, you underestimate her at your peril.

She opens the front door, surveys the street.

SINDA (CONT'D)
 Why don't you invite me in for tea?
 They'll be here soon.

MICHAEL
 Who? More of *them*?

SINDA
 The clean up crew.

Michael just nods. Sure. Yeah. Of course.

EXT. GRIFFITHS HOUSEHOLD - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Michael PACES, frenetic, while Sinda sits. In BG: a clean up crew carts the intruder's corpse from the house.

MICHAEL
 WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK. Who was that
 guy? And who're you? I mean...
 (re: pushcart)
 They make those with *swords* now?

SINDA
 This is old tech. 1980's.

MICHAEL
 Right. Of course.

SINDA
Let's start with basics. What
should I call you?

MICHAEL
Michael.

SINDA
No nicknames?

MICHAEL
Not me.

SINDA
Mike?

MICHAEL
Michael.

SINDA
Michael is the fourth most populous
name in the continental United
States. *Mike G?*

MICHAEL
We can't all be *Sindas*.

A confrontational beat. Finally--

SINDA
Listen. I'm going to tell you this
once, and not 'cause I want to.
Your mother was an intelligence
agent tracking a group of
sophisticated bank thieves across
the country. Last week, she
received some new information, but
I'm afraid that...
(clears her throat)
...never got back to us. The man
you saw tonight suggests they want
to tie up loose ends.

Michael struggles to process this information.

MICHAEL
Are you saying my mother was
murdered?

SINDA
I'm afraid so, yes.

Michael sits, suddenly somber.

MICHAEL
So she was, what, FBI?

SINDA
(utmost loathing)
Absolutely not.

MICHAEL
CIA? Secret service?

Sinda gives him a curious look.

SINDA
How'd you know to ask for me?

MICHAEL
This'll sound crazy, but I found
a... label maker?

SINDA
That makes sense. Diane was always
good at trade craft.

Sinda give Michael an appraising look.

SINDA (CONT'D)
Let me ask you something. You
graduated Oberlin, with honors.
Enrolled in police academy, top of
your class... and washed out. Three
years and a dozen jobs later--
what're you doing Michael?

MICHAEL
You're *spying* on me?

SINDA
We have this dossier called
LinkedIn.

Michael rolls his eyes.

MICHAEL
I dunno. I always wanted to be of
service, I guess. My mother was so
driven. But nothing I tried ever
made sense to me.

SINDA
You could've been a firefighter.

MICHAEL
I don't do fire.

SINDA

You know your mother left some
awfully big shoes to fill. The way
I see it: you're looking for a job.
And I'm looking for her killers. If
that interests you, report to the
post office tomorrow morning.

Sinda stands, grabs her pushcart, and turns to go.

MICHAEL

Hey.

She turns back.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You gonna catch these guys?

SINDA

Yeah. I am.

MICHAEL

What time tomorrow?

SINDA

Four am.

MICHAEL

Hold up, *four*?

But Sinda just heads for the door. Michael watches her go.

INT. GRUMMAN LLV - NIGHT

Sinda parks her car in its dock. She squints and--

REVERSE ON: Through her windshield OTTO WILSON waits for her.

EXT. POST OFFICE - AUTO BAY - NIGHT

Otto offers Sinda a cigar.

SINDA

Those things'll kill ya.

OTTO

What won't?

In the sodium vapor lighting, Otto looks pale. Tired.

SINDA

So how come you're slumming it down
here? This is flyover country.

OTTO
Heard you had an incident, baby
sitting the Griffiths kid. He OK?

SINDA
I invited him in tomorrow.

He gives her a look. *Really?*

OTTO
You're gettin' soft.

SINDA
This one was all Diane.

OTTO
Well, that's why I'm here.
(then)
I need you on the Bonnie Jo case.

SINDA
Officially?

OTTO
The FBI wants it to themselves. And
I don't have to tell you Washington
doesn't have the most faith in us
right now. This might be the last
real shot we get. I need my best.

SINDA
Resources?

OTTO
You'll have what I have.

SINDA
So not much. Team?

OTTO
You pick. Anyone you want.

Off Sinda: *Anyone?*

INT. GRIFFITHS HOUSEHOLD - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

CLOSE ON: Michael's iPhone in the dark as the clock hits 3:30
and the ALARM SOUNDS. Michael KNOCKS the phone off the table.

TWELVE MINUTES LATER

The ALARM SOUNDS AGAIN. 3:42. Michael reaches down, grabs the
phone from the floor, and HURLS IT through the bedroom door.

TWELVE MINUTES LATER

The ALARM SOUNDS AGAIN. This time firmly out of reach. Michael stumbles out of bed, retrieves it, looks at the time. 3:54. Michael finally comes-to.

MICHAEL

SHIT.

EXT. POST OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

Sinda waits on the front steps as--

--MICHAEL'S DODGE NEON COMES TEARING DOWN THE STREET. He parks haphazard along the curb, falls out of the door, rushes up the steps. Deep breath. Sinda consults her watch.

SINDA

Four-oh-one.

MICHAEL

Your clock's a minute fast.

Sinda's look could bleach car paint.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Fine. My clock's a minute slow.

SINDA

Lesson number one: a Postman always meets his timetable.

MICHAEL

Wait, a *Postman*? I thought--

SINDA

Michael, if you walk through these doors, you exit your old life altogether. You'll be strictly forbidden from brooking mention--

MICHAEL

(mouthing)

"Brooking..."

SINDA

--of what you see, learn, or do here with anyone. Ever. Understand?

Michael considers this. He sort of shrugs. *Sure.*

SINDA (CONT'D)

I need you to answer in the affirmative.

He gives it another think.

MICHAEL
(firmly)
Fuck it.

SINDA
That'll do.

INT. POST OFFICE - MAIL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

A shabby room made shabbier by old fluorescent lights.

POSTAL CARRIERS sort mail into bins for delivery. They GLANCE UP at Michael's arrival. Sinda nods to them as they pass.

Sinda leads them to a GIANT MAIL CHUTE.

MICHAEL
What's that for? Mini vans?

Sinda OPENS the chute. She CLIMBS IN, pauses, and--

SINDA
Watch your head.

MICHAEL
You're not serious.

--DROPS OUT OF SIGHT. The door FLIES shut. Michael stands there, fucking *gaping*. He looks around. The postal carriers sort their mail, uninterested. He pulls down the door, awkwardly clambers inside. He PUSHES FORWARD and drops into--

THE PERSONNEL CHUTE

--a METAL TUNNEL full of WINDING CURVES, dimly lit by embedded LEDs along the way, as he HURLS downward, BANGING his head, elbows, flailing for support, when he DROPS into--

SUBTERRENEAN USPS HEADQUARTERS

--A MASSIVE FOAM PIT. He scrambles out. *God* his head hurts.

SINDA
I should have warned you. Arms and legs together at all times.

MICHAEL
What the *hell*...

And only now does he LOOK UP where--

ANGLE ON: Michael and Sinda stand on a RAISED PLATFORM overlooking a SPRAWLING UNDERGROUND COMPOUND. Stately WHITE PILLARS line a MARBLE TILED FLOOR like an underground Monticello. Enclosed in ORNATELY CURTAINED CUBICLES are massive COMPUTER BANKS. Busy postal employees push carts full of MAIL to-and-fro. Despite its grandeur, it is VISIBLY DECREPIT. DUCT TAPE covers CRACKS in the pillars and tile. Meanwhile, overhead, blanketing the ceiling is--

--A VAST LABYRINTH OF PNEUMATIC TUBES. Cylinders shuttle to-and-fro with velocity.

SINDA
Welcome, to the USPS.

ANGLE ON: A painting of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN above a large SIGN.

THE UNITED STATES PROGRAM OF SPIES

*Neither snow nor rain nor gloom of night, nor threat of suffering and death,
stays these agents from the swift completion of their mission.*

SINDA (CONT'D)
Pick up your chin and follow me.

MOMENTS LATER

Sinda leads Michael through the compound. They pass a series of HOLOGRAMS projecting life size images of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN as he spouts popular quotations. Despite the sophisticated technology, the holograms FLICKER. The voice DEEPENS and SQUEAKS at random intervals. Michael eyes them with a mixture of awe and annoyance.

BEN FRANKLIN HOLOGRAM
*Three may keep a secret, if two of
them are dead!*

SINDA
From this point forward, everything
that follows will be judged as part
of your interview evaluation.

MICHAEL
Interview? Aren't I, what do you
call it, a legacy hire?

BEN FRANKLIN HOLOGRAM
*By failing to prepare, you are
preparing to fail!*

SINDA

The USPS is the most selective intelligence agency in American history. Of course you have to interview.

BEN FRANKLIN HOLOGRAM

*Instead of cursing the darkness--
light a candle!*

MICHAEL

Alright. Where we do we start?

SLAM TO:

Sinda hands him a MASSIVE LIABILITY WAIVER.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

This thing must be...

SINDA

Four-hundred-and-twenty-two pages.
In summary--

(rote, from memory)

*You, Michael Griffiths, do so
knowingly acknowledge and accept
the risks of the USPS employee
evaluation process, including but
not limited to: damage and-or loss
of bodily appendage, higher
cognitive thought, mortal life,
etcetera.*

MICHAEL

That's a long etcetera.

SINDA

You're welcome to read it yourself.

But Michael just takes a pen and SIGNS.

MOMENTS LATER

Sinda marches him back across the compound. Michael eyes the pneumatic tubes overhead. They make him uneasy.

SINDA

You'll be asked to pass a series of diagnostic assessments, after which you will be assigned a probationary period with a senior agent, who will sign off on your stamp of approval.

MICHAEL
Are dad jokes part of the gig?

SINDA
It's a real stamp.

She waves him into a cramped--

SCREENING ROOM

--where a mix of old recliner chairs face a pulldown projector screen. Populating the seats are TWO RECRUITS.

SINDA
This is where I leave you.

MICHAEL
Hang on. There are others?

Michael suddenly becomes very aware of his PAJAMAS.

SINDA
You didn't think you'd be the only one, did you?

She pats him firmly on the shoulder and departs. He sits.

MICHAEL
(sotto)
God, this looks like my high school classroom.

The young woman just ahead turns in her seat.

RECRUIT #1
Your high school classroom was almost certainly better funded.

Meet TIANA PARK: 30's, Asian-American, strong willed.

TIANA
Tiana.

MICHAEL
Michael.

TIANA
How'd they rope you in then?

MICHAEL
It's a family thing, I guess. You?

TIANA
Navy SEALs.

MICHAEL
Got it...

RECRUIT #2
(eyeing Michael's clothes)
You planning for a slumber party?

Meet EDWARD HARUTINIAN: 30's, Armenian-American, chippy.

TIANA
Ignore Edward. I've never met an
analyst who knew how to talk to
people.

MICHAEL
You know each other?

TIANA
We went through round one together.

MICHAEL
Round one?

TIANA
Full physical, written exam?

EDWARD
God don't tell me they just picked
you off the street.

Michael's on the cusp of a rejoinder when THE LIGHTS DIM.

TIANA
Showtime.

She turns around in her seat. Michael settles in as--

ON SCREEN: An OLD CARTOON begins to play on the projector,
laughably out of date, the same style as SCHOOLHOUSE ROCK.
Out zooms AN ANIMATED LETTER... a *talking letter* of course.

JOHN THE TALKING LETTER
Recruits! Welcome! You can address
me Dear, John. It's my job to make
sure you know our noble history...
right down to the letter.

ANGLE ON: Michael, gobsmacked.

ON SCREEN: As the lesson plays out, John wanders through a
kaleidoscope of American history: Benjamin Franklin's kite is
struck by lightning, when a THOUGHT BUBBLE with a LIGHT BULB
appears above his head; red coats are CHASED OFF THE MAP into
the sea.

JOHN THE TALKING LETTER (CONT'D)
 Established in 1775 by the Second Continental Congress, the USPS was the brainchild of our first Postmaster General: Benjamin Franklin. Following the Revolutionary War, the fragile American Union was in need of protection--to *stamp out* treason and sedition.

ON SCREEN: John SQUASHES a cartoon VILLAIN.

JOHN THE TALKING LETTER (CONT'D)
 This presented a unique problem: how to be in *all places at once*, from Washington to the Western Frontier... and everywhere in between. Thusly, a federalized mail organization was born--as a convenience, sure, but more importantly as a *cover*.

ON SCREEN: John hops into a PNEUMATIC TUBE, whizzing across the vast expanse of the entire American map.

JOHN THE TALKING LETTER (CONT'D)
 In the centuries since, the Postal Office has risen to great heights, with Postmaster General elevated to a cabinet level position in 1872--but as with all great institutions, the USPS has seen its role steadily diminished.

ON SCREEN: John sits outside Capitol Hill in the RAIN.

JOHN THE TALKING LETTER (CONT'D)
 Following the Postal Reorganization Act of 1970, the agency was mandated to "pay for itself" and has since reduced in size. What we lack in scope, however, we make up for in *spirit*.

ON SCREEN: The clouds part. The sun shines down as--

ANGLE ON: Several CYLINDERS whiz into the pneumatic tubes above the room. They STOP. Michael glances up.

JOHN THE TALKING LETTER (CONT'D)
 Today, the USPS is assigned to specialized domestic threats.
 (MORE)

JOHN THE TALKING LETTER (CONT'D)

And when we're not in the field--
we're on the beat, making sure you,
your neighbors, and your community
receive their mail. *Safe and sound.*

ON SCREEN: John turns to look out at the audience.

JOHN THE TALKING LETTER (CONT'D)

This is the journey ahead of you:
to join the most storied American
institution there is. Which leaves
me with only four words: good luck,
and *god speed.*

Suddenly THE VIDEO CUTS. The pneumatic tubes above OPEN,
dropping THREE CYLINDERS to the floor, where they release a
NOXIOUS GAS. All three recruits begin to COUGH.

Edward wastes no time lunging for the door: *locked.*

Tiana nobly DROPS on top of one canister, suppressing it with
her body. Meanwhile--

--Michael acts on instinct. He removes his pajama shirt and
ties it swiftly around his face. He crosses the room for the
SNACK TABLE where he grabs a small PITCHER OF WATER and
DOUSES the first of three canisters.

MICHAEL

(to Tiana)

GET UP!

Michael grabs a second canister and SHOVES IT deep into the
cushions of the recliner chair. Its gas continues to leak
out, but slowly. Tiana follows his lead.

Meanwhile, Edward just HAMMERS on the door: *stubborn.*

Michael takes a beat, assessing their options. He spots a
VENT overhead. The entry is small. He waves Tiana over.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You get help.

TIANA

Get help? This is a *test.*

MICHAEL

You got a better idea?

Well... no. Michael gives Tiana a BOOST. She RIPS the vent
grate free and CRAWLS inside. Michael rushes over to Edward.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Get low, head to the floor.

EDWARD
We've got to get out!

MICHAEL
We're not getting out. You've got to keep the gas away from your eyes. *Get low.*

Michael forces them into a crouch when--

--THE SPRINKLERS ACTIVATE, dousing the fumes, and the PROJECTOR SCREEN RISES into the ceiling, revealing--

--A HIDDEN ROOM. Sinda, Otto, and a BURLY MAN look out. Tiana stands beside them beneath a broken vent grate.

CHEF
Recruits, fall in.

Meet GIL CARTER aka CHEF: 40's, with a grizzled beard and potbelly, he's our resident Quartermaster. More Action Bronson or Killer Mike than Ben Whishaw, with perpetually grease stained hands, he sounds like a hard ass but can't conceal a quick-trigger smile and jovial sense of humor.

CHEF (CONT'D)
Congratulations on passing your first test! Michael--nice job.
(little nod)
My name is Chef, and I'll be the bane of your existence for the next two weeks of your life... if it lasts that long. I'm acting Quartermaster for the USPS Midwest Division, and if you think I'm anything like that British asshole from the movies, you've got another thing coming. Before we continue, I'm legally bound to ask one more time: do any of you want to fuck off back where you came from?

A quiet beat. Michael, Tiana, and Edward stand pat.

CHEF (CONT'D)
Good. Let's get started.

MONTAGE: USPS BOOT CAMP

Michael's training gets underway along with Sinda's investigation.

1. STEALTH TRAINING: All three recruits are given BLUE POLOS and TROUSERS with BELLS STITCHED to the seams. They're waved into a FAKE CUL-DE-SAC. This is where new Postmen are made.

CHEF

Stealth is paramount to a Postman.
The uniform will fool most of the
world to your purpose, but some
enemies always know. It is your
task to deliver this letter--

Chef hands them all an ENVELOPE.

CHEF (CONT'D)

--to that house--

Chef points to a CLAPBOARD HOUSE at the end of the street.

CHEF (CONT'D)

--without ringing a single bell.

MICHAEL

What kind of enemies?

Chef GRINS.

CHEF

Thanks for volunteering, Michael.
You go first.

Michael shrugs.

MICHAEL

Watch and learn.

He steps into the street, moving slowly, when...

RING.

Immediately THREE LARGE GERMAN SHEPHERDS come BARRELING into the road, BARKING and SNARLING. Michael RUNS FOR SAFETY.

2. GADGET TRAINING: A cinderblock room lined with shelves of... ordinary looking postal equipment. Chef demonstrates to the recruits how to TAPE SHUT a cardboard package.

CHEF

Easy now. Assume every package is
fragile. And keep a close eye on
your devices at *all times*.

MICHAEL

Afraid our tape'll fall into the
wrong hands?

Chef GINGERLY LIFTS Michael's package from the table.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
That one's empty, you know.

CHEF
There'll come a time you have to
toss secrecy out the window.

Chef crosses the room to a FREESTANDING DOOR incongruously
stationed in the middle of the room. He sets Michael's
package delicately on the doorstep.

CHEF (CONT'D)
You might be detained by an enemy
agent. You might be in imminent
danger. You might just need to get
through a door.

Chef walks back to the huddled recruits. He grabs Michael's
roll of tape, clicks a BUTTON on its handle, and...

THE PACKAGE EXPLODES, *BLASTING* THE DOOR OFF ITS HINGES.

Michael DUCKS. Tiana and Edward stand firm.

From behind a two-way mirror, SINDA WATCHES.

3. SITUATION ROOM: SINDA video chats with her FRENCH
COUNTERPART ABELARD. He sits in front of a logo for LA POSTE.

SINDA
Abe--

ABELARD
Abelard, s'il vous plait.

SINDA
--what can you tell me?

ABELARD
We arrived at Crédit Agricole just
as Bonnie was escaping. My
impression was... how do you say?
"Scorched earth." She abducted *cing*
bank tellers and threw them from
the auto during our pursuit.

SINDA
And what did she take, exactly?

ABELARD
De l'argent! Money! What else?

Off Sinda, skeptical.

4. HUNTINGTON BANK HQ: A nondescript bank on a relatively quiet city street.

BOOM. The glass windows ERUPT with a sudden EXPLOSION.

Bonnie and her crew step calmly onto the street. Bumper drags a BANK TELLER by the HAIR.

BONNIE

When they ask, tell them what
happened to your colleagues. Tell
them: those who work for the
oppressors are complicit.

5. HOME: Night. Michael falls into bed, exhausted.

6. HOME: Morning. Still dark. Michael rushes out of bed.

7. PERSONNEL CHUTE: Michael SMASHES his head climbing in.

8. HEADQUARTERS: Michael stops Sinda in the halls. He BLEEDS from his forehead.

MICHAEL

Sinda. Look, this training thing is
cool and all, but I came here to
work on my mom's case. I can help.

SINDA

You've got to walk before you run.
(re: blood)
You've got something.

She moves off. Michael watches her go, frustrated.

9. COMBAT TRAINING: The recruits gather in a padded room.

CHEF

Hand-to-hand combat is the last
line of defense, but a crucial
skill. Pair up.

Tiana turns to face Michael. Edward uneasily faces Chef.

Tiana SWEEPS his legs out from under him and KICKS him in the face. Edward snickers but FLINCHES as Chef advances on him.

10. MAIL DELIVERY TRAINING: Chef drives a Grumman LLV around a quaint suburban neighborhood. He drops the recruits on a STREET CORNER.

CHEF (CONT'D)
 Deliver the mail and meet at the
 rendezvous when you're finished.

MICHAEL
 Just... deliver the mail?

CHEF
 All part of the job.

Chef grins and pulls off.

11. STEALTH TRAINING: Edward stands on the ROOF of a parked car while GERMAN SHEPHERDS lunge at his feet.

Chef steps into the road and WHISTLES the dogs off.

12. GADGET TRAINING: Chef wheels out a postal PUSH CART.

MICHAEL
 Oh I know what this one does.

CHEF
 Do you?

Chef wheels the pushcart around to face a MANNEQUIN at the far end of the room. He presses a button on the handle and...

A SPOUT APPEARS from the end of the push cart GEYSERING FLAME. When it's over, the mannequin is, alas, no more.

12. HOME: Night. Michael sits with a BOTTLE OF BOURBON. He pores over his mother's belongings.

13. HOME: Michael stumbles out of bed, the EMPTY BOTTLE OF BOURBON on his nightstand. *Hungover.*

14. PERSONNEL CHUTE: Michael VOMITS in the tunnel.

15. HEADQUARTERS: Michael stops Sinda again.

MICHAEL
 Sinda, listen, I'm ready--

SINDA
 Not now Michael.

She gives a SNIFF. *Ugh.* She moves off. Michael fumes.

16. RURAL SUBDIVISION: Sinda KNOCKS on a quaint bungalow. An ELDERLY LADY answers the door.

SINDA (CONT'D)
 Afternoon. I have a package for
 Bonnie Jo Boone?

ELDERLY LADY
 Oh dear, I haven't seen Bonnie in,
 it must be going on ten years.

SINDA
 Alright then. Have a nice day now!

She moves off, frustrated.

17. COMBAT TRAINING: Michael faces Edward. Edward SNIFFS.

EDWARD
 Is that *vomit*?

Michael exploits the moment of hesitation. He locks Edward in a headlock and drops to the floor. Michael HEAVES, the strain getting to him. Then...

He VOMITS all over Edward's head. Edward TAPS OUT.

CHEF
 My man *Michael*. Unconventional, but
 effective.

Michael rushes to the nearest trash can to vomit again.

18. GADGET TRAINING: Chef pulls out a BOOK OF STAMPS.

CHEF (CONT'D)
 Each logo in our Forever stamps
 collection signals a different
 device.
 (pointing)
 The Bald Eagle is our button
 camera. The Liberty Bell is a
 surveillance microphone. The
 American Flag is a GPS tracker.

Off Michael: No shit.

19. HOME: Michael investigates the STAMPS on his CHILDHOOD BEDROOM DOOR. One EAGLE and one LIBERTY BELL flank the name *Michael*.

MICHAEL
 Damn ma, really?

20. MAIL DELIVERY TRAINING: Tiana and Edward stuff mailboxes SWIFTLY, ROBOTICALLY, while--

Michael STROLLS down the street. He WAVES to NEIGHBOR PHIL.

PHIL
Michael! You look like death.

MICHAEL
Long week Phil. What's your excuse?

PHIL
Nervous for the game tonight! You watching?

MICHAEL
Oh yeah.

Michael stops to CHAT. Tiana and Edward ROLL THEIR EYES.

21. STEALTH TRAINING: Michael moves at a COMICALLY SLOW PACE across the course. He SUCCESSFULLY DELIVERS his letter.

SINDA WATCHES from the doorway.

END MONTAGE

INT. SUBTERRENEAN USPS HEADQUARTERS - SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

Sinda video chats with Otto on screen. She looks exhausted. She eyes a COUNTDOWN CLOCK on the screen.

ANGLE ON: *04 days, 08 hours, 24 minutes, 42 seconds.*

SINDA
She's a ghost, Otto.

OTTO
You'll smoke her out.

SINDA
What about Diane? Any forensics on the crime scene?

OTTO
Nothing helpful.

SINDA
I'd like to take another look.

Off Otto: *Suit yourself.*

INT. SUBTERRENEAN USPS HEADQUARTERS - CAFETERIA - DAY

Michael, Tiana, Edward, and Chef sit in a circular formation of folding chairs, vaguely reminiscent of group therapy.

CHEF

We've exercised your physical abilities. In Michael's case, we've measured his gag reflex. Now, we've got to test your emotional IQ.

Michael shifts in his seat, uncomfortable.

CHEF (CONT'D)

I'd like you each to share a moment where you faced a personal hardship, and how that hardship affected you. Tiana?

TIANA

(no hesitation)

When I was six years old, my sister was killed in a car collision with a drunk driver. I carried a lot of guilt about that as a kid. I guess that's something I still carry today, wanting to honor her memory.

Michael fidgets, *completely* thrown by this shift in tone.

CHEF

That's thoughtful, thanks for sharing. Edward?

EDWARD

My father struggles with addiction. He left the family when I was twelve. I've been providing for my family ever since, and it's that same sense of service that propelled me to intelligence.

Michael SNORTS.

CHEF

Something funny Michael? If you need to blow chunks, please God, find a trash can.

MICHAEL

I'm good.

CHEF

It's your turn.

MICHAEL

When I was twelve, my neighbor Ronnie... he, y'know, he... hid a dead spider in my pizza toppings.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Pepperoni hasn't been the same for
me ever since.

CHEF
You always resort to sarcasm when
you're feeling vulnerable?

MICHAEL
Are we done?

Chef just makes a NOTE on his clipboard.

INT. SUBTERRENEAN USPS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Michael heads home for the evening when he PAUSES outside an open door. The BLUE LIGHT of computer screens leaks out. He peers around and creeps inside the--

SITUATION ROOM

--where he confronts the image before him.

ON SCREEN: A photo of DIANE at the SCENE OF HER MURDER. Her body, a pool of blood. Michael stares when--

SINDA (O.S.)
What do you think you're doing?

MICHAEL
That's how you found her?

Sinda POWERS OFF the screen.

SINDA
You're not cleared to see this.

Michael stares at Sinda, fuming. He stalks off.

INT. SUBTERRENEAN USPS HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Michael stalks toward the PERSONNEL CHUTE when--

EDWARD (O.S.)
You wouldn't have beaten me the
other day if you didn't yack all
over my fucking uniform.

Michael turns. Edward swaggers up.

MICHAEL
You've had that stick up your ass
so long, you can't even remember
who put it there.

EDWARD

I spent ten years at NSA waiting for an opportunity like this. What have you done?

MICHAEL

Look, I've got skin in the game here. I'm just trying my best.

EDWARD

So was your mother, but from what I hear, she couldn't hack it either.

Michael SNAPS. He HITS Edward in the nose. *Hard*. But Edward gives as good as he gets. An UGLY FIGHT breaks out. Holograms of Ben Franklin FLICKER and SQUEAL as they tussle past.

CHEF

FALL OUT!

CHEF BREAKS THEM APART.

CHEF (CONT'D)

What the hell's going on?

BEN FRANKLIN HOLOGRAM

Whatever is begun in anger, ends in shame!

EDWARD

He fucking hit me.

MICHAEL

That's twice in one week. I don't get extra credit?

Sinda comes striding up.

SINDA

I'll take it from here.

Chef nods. He shepherds Edward away.

SINDA (CONT'D)

Michael, go home.

MICHAEL

Headed there now.

SINDA

Officially. I'm benching you.

MICHAEL

What? Sinda. My bad, but--

BEN FRANKLIN HOLOGRAM
*Never ruin an apology with an
 excuse!*

MICHAEL
 --SHUT! UP!

Michael STOMPS on the hologram's floor projector. It FREEZES.

SINDA
 I made a mistake throwing you into
 this. You're too emotionally
 involved.
 (softening)
 Take some *time*. We can revisit your
 application once the case is
 closed.

She turns and heads off. Michael watches her go.

EXT. POST OFFICE - AUTO BAY - DAY

Sinda starts her Grumman LLV. She SIGHS.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A familiar rural road.

EXT. RAMSHACKLE HOUSE - DAY

The site of Diane's murder. Sinda approaches.

SINDA
 Post office!

No answer. She rounds the back of the house. She spots
 several jerry rigged CABLE LINES. That's interesting.

INT. RAMSHACKLE HOUSE - DAY

Sinda kneels by a baseboard where SEVERAL CUT CABLES jut out
 from a drilled hole in the wall. She pulls out her PACKAGE
 SCANNER, points, and--

--OTTO'S HOLOGRAM APPEARS IN THE ROOM... upside down.

OTTO
 Well?

SINDA
 One second. The damn image...

She SWIVELS the scanner. Otto's image faces her--before
 FLIPPING UPSIDE DOWN AGAIN.

OTTO
What is it?

SINDA
We've got to upgrade our gear.

OTTO
Just talk to me.

Sinda bends into a crouch. This is awkward.

SINDA
I want a track and trace of cable
lines countrywide. Any place
derelict, remote, or just plain
strange, we inspect.

OTTO
What's the angle?

SINDA
Bonnie's robbing banks alright, but
she's not just crashing a few
safes. The real action's happening
on a computer somewhere.

OTTO
So ordered.

Sinda nods. *Good.*

EXT. RAMSHACKLE HOUSE - DAY

Sinda gets in her Grumman LLV. From the nearby TREELINE--
--JEREMIAH WATCHES.

EXT. RURAL FACTORY - DAY

A sprawling, derelict warehouse. Overgrowing with weeds.

INT. RURAL FACTORY - DAY

A vast and gloomy assembly line. We CRANE DOWN through the
murk to find JEREMIAH as he enters the factory, WHISTLING,
still playing with his knives, as he crosses the seemingly
deserted warehouse. He arrives outside a FURNACE...

Only it isn't a furnace. He SLIDES the massive piece of
machinery on its hidden track to reveal a SECRET ENTRY. He
descends the steps. Welcome to Bonnie Jo Boone's--

VILLAIN'S LAIR

Rows and rows of SERVERS flank a central COMPUTER CONSOLE.

ON SCREEN: Monetary sums scroll beneath the word *downloading*.

In a back corner of the high tech compound, find BONNIE leaning above what looks like the remnants of an old DENTIST'S CHAIR. A shirtless GOON is STRAPPED to the seat. Bumper stands nearby, watching.

BONNIE
Little pinch.

Bonnie INJECTS the shirtless goon with a needle.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
That ought to take the edge off.

Jeremiah approaches.

JEREMIAH
Boss.

BONNIE
Well? What've you got for me?

JEREMIAH
You were right. Another postwoman turned up, poking around.

BONNIE
Mm.

JEREMIAH
I could have handled her for you.

BONNIE
No. You can kill one cockroach, but until you find the nest, they'll keep coming back.

Bonnie busies herself with the project in front of her. She grabs a welded METAL VEST, lays it on top of the shirtless goon the way a tailor sizes up a suit.

JEREMIAH
Maybe.

BUMPER
What would you like to see happen?

JEREMIAH

Turn us loose. We could have half this country's aristocracy dead by tomorrow afternoon.

BONNIE

Too short sighted.

JEREMIAH

That's not revolutionary enough?

BONNIE

The wealthy aren't the problem. You can't fairly *expect* them to act against self interest. It's the rest of them. The ordinary, the *oppressed*, that are holding back change. They lack resolve to do what's necessary.

JEREMIAH

And you're going to give them that?

BONNIE

Do you know what changes the world? *Productive suffering*. Move people out of stasis, into action.

Bonnie grabs a POWER DRILL. She leans down and--

BONNIE (CONT'D)

You're damn right I'm gonna give it to them.

--DRILLS HER BREASPLATE INTO THE RESTRAINED GOON'S SHOULDER.

INT. THE GRIFFITHS HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

Michael and Ronnie sit on the living room couch watching basketball. Michael SLOUCHES, visibly lethargic. Ronnie eats from a Chinese food takeout box.

RONNIE

You wanna get up in this lo mein?

Michael shakes his head.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Hey what's going on with you?

MICHAEL

Nothing. I'm watching the game.

Ronnie sets his container down.

RONNIE

Look, I don't need the whole story, but these past few weeks, you've been a different dude. Focused. I might even say... *happy*?

MICHAEL

Yeah well, I had a job opportunity.

RONNIE

With who?

MICHAEL

The USPS actually.

RONNIE

Okay. *Okay!* Your label maker tell you to apply?

MICHAEL

Something like that.

RONNIE

Watch. You're gonna wind up in some secret society. Some Freemason, Illuminati type shit.

Ronnie misses Michael's face: *if you only knew.*

RONNIE (CONT'D)

So what's the status?

MICHAEL

Man, my supervisor--

RONNIE

No. *No!* I don't want to hear that shit. I say this with love, but Michael, *get out of your own way.* You want this job?

MICHAEL

Yeah. I do.

RONNIE

Tell me why.

MICHAEL

What?

RONNIE

Why do you want it?

MICHAEL

When my mom died, I didn't just lose *her*. I lost the chance to get to know her better. And now that I have... access to who she was, what was important to her, I feel like I can see her clearer.

(then)

I don't want that to stop.

Off Ronnie: *proud*.

RONNIE

You want my advice? *Don't stop*.

EXT. POST OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

Still dark. Michael takes the front steps two at a time.

INT. POST OFFICE - MAIL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Michael waves to SHIRLEY.

MICHAEL

What's good Shirley.

SHIRLEY

You're early today.

MICHAEL

If you're not early, you're late.

Michael climbs into the personnel chute.

INT. SUBTERRENEAN USPS HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Michael DROPS into frame, finds his feet, and--

ANGLE ON: A CRUSH OF MOVEMENT in the room.

Michel frowns, *what's going on?* He moves into the chaos. He finds EDWARD and TIANA lurking on the outskirts.

EDWARD

What're you doing here?

MICHAEL

Taking my exam. What's going on?

TIANA

We don't know.

Sinda, Chef, and Otto approach the recruits.

SINDA

Michael?

Before she can send him home, Michael steps forward.

MICHAEL

Before you say anything: you were right to come down on me. But my mom gave her life for this. I don't think I appreciated what that meant at first, but I get it now. I'm not asking for special treatment. I'm just asking you give me one more chance to show you what I've got.

SINDA

What do you think Chef?

Chef claps Michael on the shoulder so hard his knees buckle.

CHEF

God knows I love a tearjerker.

Sinda NODS. Michael steps back into line.

CHEF (CONT'D)

Listen up. Due to fuckery beyond our control, we've got to speed up the selection process. Normally I'd take special pleasure in putting you each through hell, but today, Sinda here will administer an abbreviated exam.

Chef steps back. Sinda steps forward.

SINDA

Edward, what can you tell us about the family living at 453 Sycamore?

Off Edward: *huh?*

SINDA (CONT'D)

They fall on your mail route, is that correct?

EDWARD

That's correct.

SINDA

Anything will do.

EDWARD

They have... brown fencing?

SINDA

Right. Tiana, what about the couple
on 236 Oakwood?

TIANA

I'm sorry. I don't recall.

SINDA

Michael. 822 Pleasant.

MICHAEL

(no hesitation)

Shira and Phil Remender. Shira's a
CPA and works from home. Ross is a
cameraman for Channel 4. They're
great, but I dunno about their kid.
Chuck. He's got them Adderal eyes.
I'm pretty sure he's using.

SINDA

And what about our colleagues on
the ground floor?

MICHAEL

Shirley and Brenda work the front.
Shirley's cool, but don't catch
Brenda in the morning. If she ever
adjusted to these hours, you
couldn't tell.

Sinda exchanges a glance with Otto and Chef behind her. Otto
NODS. Chef SHRUGS. Good enough for Sinda.

SINDA

(to Michael)

Come with me.

She turns and heads off. He follows.

MICHAEL

I got the job!?

SINDA

You're, and I can't stress this
enough, on a *probationary period*.

MICHAEL

I can do probation! What about the
others? You gonna wipe their minds?
Turn 'em into vegetables?

SINDA
Tiana will be assigned to Otto's
security detail. Edward will work
with Chef.

MICHAEL
Shame.

Sinda rolls her eyes. She halts outside a closed door.

SINDA
You ready to suit up?

Off Michael: *Is he ever.*

**INT. SUBTERRENEAN USPS HEADQUARTERS - LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS
LATER**

Sinda hands him a UNIFORM with his NAME embroidered on front.

MICHAEL
I don't get like, a tailor or
something?

SINDA
You get a brand new uniform.
(then)
Well, not *brand* new.

MICHAEL
What about a code name?

SINDA
This isn't a cover you can take on
or off. This is a cover you *live*.
Now get a move on. We've got a
plane to catch.

MICHAEL
Where we going?

Off Sinda: *you'll see...*

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

Michael and Sinda board a USPS cargo plane.

SINDA (V.O.)
We now believe Bonnie is hacking
the world's largest banking
mainframes. Her heists are pure
theater, used as a distraction.

INT. CARGO PLANE - DAY

Michael and Sinda ride between crates of MAIL. Sinda shouts to be heard as they fly over--

CHYRON UP: New York, New York. 10017.

SINDA
She's methodical. To date, Bonnie
has hit nine of the world's ten
largest banks.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - STREET - DAY

SINDA (V.O.)
Which leaves one obvious target.

ANGLE ON: THE TOWERING JP MORGAN CHASE SKYSCRAPER.

A jammed street, including one mail van stuck in traffic.

INT. GRUMMAN LLV - DAY

Sinda drives, at a standstill. Michael picks at a peeling piece of VINYL on the dashboard.

MICHAEL
They couldn't have given you a
loaner for this gig?

SINDA
Keep an eye on the sidewalks.

Michael stares out the window. He eyes the crowds. He glances up again at that looming edifice when HE FREEZES.

MICHAEL
Holy shit.

ANGLE ON: A DISTANT JEREMIAH SCALES THE BUILDING EXTERIOR. Bare feet, bare hands, head down, crawling along the structure like SPIDERMAN.

SINDA
We're late.

Sinda HONKS. Michael OPENS the car door.

SINDA (CONT'D)
What do you think you're doing?

MICHAEL
I'll be faster on foot.

He hesitates, one foot out the door, waiting for the OK.
Sinda hands him a SURGICAL MASK.

SINDA
Use your coms.
(off Michael's nod)
And hey. Don't get killed on your
first day.

Michael heads out on foot.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - STREET - DAY

Michael power walks through the crowd. He puts on his
SURGICAL MASK while--

MICHAEL
Sinda, do you read?

SINDA (V.O.)
Welcome to the service kid.

ABOVE

--Jeremiah CUTS THROUGH a glass window and crawls inside--

JP MORGAN CHASE HQ - EMPTY OFFICE

Jeremiah scrambles behind the door. He flips a KNIFE between
his fingers. He checks his watch as THE DOOR OPENS. A BANKER
walks inside. Spots the open window. FREEZES as--

--JEREMIAH COMES UPON HIM FROM BEHIND. We don't need to see
what happens next.

INT. JP MORGAN CHASE HQ - HALLWAY - LATER

Jeremiah exits the banker's office wearing his SUIT. He POPS
the lapel to cover a spray of BLOOD at his collar's nape.

He plays with a SECURITY BADGE. Meanwhile, on the--

STREET

Michael arrives outside the banking compound.

MICHAEL
I'm outside.

SINDA (V.O.)
Before going in, read the street.
Do you see anything?

He pauses to survey the SWIRL OF HUMANITY around him.

MICHAEL
I don't know...

SINDA (V.O.)
Take a breath.

Deep inhale. Michael steadies. He surveys the crowded sidewalk. All appears normal until...

He spots a group of CONSTRUCTION WORKERS enter the building.

CLOSE ON: A woman with a long braid and COMBAT BOOTS.

MICHAEL
I might have something.

SINDA (V.O.)
Tread lightly. I'm on my way.

Michael slips into the--

LOBBY

--an absolute behemoth of corporate America. Suits everywhere. Michael watches the group of construction workers approach the security kiosk.

MICHAEL
I can't be sure.

SINDA (V.O.)
We need a positive ID.

MICHAEL
If it's her?

SINDA (V.O.)
Don't do anything. Wait for me.

Michael approaches the security kiosk. He takes his place RIGHT NEXT to the huddle of construction workers.

SECURITY #1
Hello sir, can I help you?

MICHAEL
Yeah, I have a package here...

Michael "accidentally" SPILLS his satchel on the floor. Envelopes go everywhere.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Dammit.

He kneels and casts a glance up when--

--the CONSTRUCTION CREW kneel to help. Friendly, civilians.

CONSTRUCTION #1
It's a lot to lug around.

MICHAEL
Thanks.

The crew nods and moves off. Michael heaves a sigh of relief when...

A SECOND CONSTRUCTION CREW arrives at the kiosk behind him. Michael casts a sidelong glance, FREEZES.

SECURITY #2
Can I help you?

BONNIE
Good morning. We have a work order here from a Mr. Powers. Maintenance, top floor.

Michael tries to play it cool.

MICHAEL
(whisper)
Positive ID. I repeat, positive ID.

SINDA (V.O.)
Stand down. I'm nearly there.

SECURITY #1
I'm sorry sir?

MICHAEL
Oh, just talking to myself! Y'know.

SECURITY #1
I'll take that package.

A nearby ELEVATOR DOOR OPENS. JEREMIAH exits.

JEREMIAH
(calling over)
They're with me!

MICHAEL
(whispering)
She's going to get away.

Security #1 eyes him suspiciously. He RISES as--

SINDA (V.O.)
STAND DOWN.

Jeremiah badges open the gate. Bonnie and the crew move off.

MICHAEL
You know, I think the person I'm
looking for is just here.
(turning)
Bonnie Jo Boone?

Everything GOES STILL. The crew HALTS. Michael WATCHES. Then--

BONNIE
(without turning)
Is that you, Michael?

SINDA (V.O.)
Fucking hell.

--CHAOS ERUPTS. Several things happen, all at once.

Bonnie NODS before CONTINUING ON uninterrupted. A GIANT GOON
PIVOTS. Raises a GUN.

Security #1 is quick on the draw. He pulls his pistol on the
GIANT GOON.

A Grumman LLV LEAPS the curb, SCATTERING pedestrians outside,
before SHATTERING the lobby's window.

Michael LEAPS for cover. Massive Goon FIRES, missing him by
inches.

Security #1 OPENS FIRE, striking Massive Goon in the chest...

But Massive Goon simply turns, aims, SHOOTS both security
guards. He TOSSES OFF his construction jacket revealing A
FULL-SCALE EXOSUIT welded to his body. Clearly festering in
places, the pain causes him to move haltingly.

Sinda rolls her PUSH CART from the van. She aims and opens
MACHINE GUN FIRE on the elevator bank--

--forcing Bonnie and her crew to RETREAT for cover.

BUMPER
We're blown boss.

Bonnie looks *furios*. Even so, she starts to SING.

BONNIE
(singing)
One day to a new beginning.

The Massive Goon pivots, FIRES at Sinda, who RETURNS FIRE, each bullet *pinging* off his armor. She DUCKS for cover.

SINDA
We've got to take down the big guy!

BONNIE
(singing)
Every man will be a king.

Bonnie pulls out a FLASH BANG GRENADE while--
--Michael pulls out his PACKAGE SCANNER.

MICHAEL
Cover me.

BONNIE
(singing)
*There's a new world for the
winning.*

Sinda OPENS FIRE. Michael STANDS. He TASES the Massive Goon--
--and the electric charge CONDUCTS ACROSS HIS METAL ARMOR. It isn't a pretty sight. He FALLS with a THUD as--

BONNIE (CONT'D)
Do you hear the people sing?

Bonnie LOBS two GRENADES into the lobby. One rolls RIGHT TO MICHAEL'S FEET. He barely has time to react.

BANG

BANG

Michael FALLS. His ears begin to RING.

MICHAEL'S POV: All smoke, moving shapes, no clarity, until SINDA comes swimming into focus.

SINDA
(as though a long way off)
Up. Get up.

Sinda HEAVES him to his feet, STEERS him toward the car as--
ANGLE ON: Bonnie and her crew hop inside TWO SUVs.

MICHAEL
We lost 'em.

SINDA
You clearly haven't seen me drive.

She DUMPS him in the passenger seat, climbs in.

MICHAEL
We're not gonna catch 'em in this!

Sinda spares a little GRIN. She puts the car in GEAR...

Which is when it happens. **THE GRUMMAN LLV TRANSFORMS***. Old SPEEDOMETERS are replaced with DIGITAL SCREENS including a CROSSHAIR angle of the street. The DASHBOARD OPENS revealing a SECOND CONSOLE full of LEVERS and JOYSTICKS. The engine REVS, more the sound of a Ferrari than an old Postal Van. The tires SMOKE as they find their traction--

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
No shit.

--and *rocket* off the sidewalk in pursuit.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - STREET - DAY

What follows is a full blown car chase through the crowded streets of Manhattan. In the--

GRUMMAN LLV

--Sinda WHIPS between cars.

SINDA
Come on you motherfucker...

MICHAEL
You're gaining on 'em!

It's true. The LLV is only two cars back when--

--TWO BLACK SEDANS SWERVE INTO THE LANE.

SINDA
FUCKING DICK MEN.

MICHAEL
Who?

SINDA
FBI.

MICHAEL
We don't like them?

SINDA
They're attention sucking gas bags
who never miss the chance to blow
an operation.

Sinda REVS and SLINGSHOTS around the nearby sedan while--

INT. BONNIE'S SUV - SAME TIME

--Bonnie calmly watches the chaos behind.

BONNIE
Interesting.
(to Bumper)
Bump, you're up.

Bumper nods. The MOON ROOF opens. He STANDS and--

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - STREET - SAME TIME

--fires a MACHINE GUN at their pursuers. In the--

LLV

--Sinda SWERVES to avoid fire even as--

--the nearby sedan takes a HIT and FALLS BEHIND.

SINDA
HA HA!

MICHAEL
We *really* don't like them.

SINDA
Take the firing lever!

Michael looks at the dashboard, lost.

MICHAEL
The what?

SINDA
The joystick!

Sure enough, Michael grabs a joystick. Sinda FLOORS it, *fast*, as she ZIG ZAGS through traffic to avoid Bumper's fire.

MICHAEL
Now might not be a great time to
mention this but--

SINDA
 If you throw up so help me god I
 will leave you on the curb.

Michael GULPS as the SWAYING of the van INCREASES.

ANGLE ON: THE CROSSHAIRS on Sinda's dashboard. She continues to weave left, right, left, right, then--

SINDA (CONT'D)
 FIRE.

Michael PULLS the lever as outside on the--

STREET

--the LLV's headlights OPEN and TWO CANNONS protrude. They FIRE what appear to be...

MICHAEL
 Are those *packing peanuts*?

FOAM PELLETS STRAFE the nearest SUV, only these aren't your average packing peanuts. They STICK to the wheel, like chewing gum, where they gradually EXPAND in size, gumming the machinery, GRINDING THE SUV TO A HALT as Sinda--

--HITS the e-brake, sending the LLV into a DRIFT, ENCIRCLING the SUV, firing more FOAM PELLETS at the doors, the windows--

--the foamy substance SEALING THE SUV AND ITS OCCUPANTS INSIDE. Without missing a beat, the LLV regains its course and PELTS off after--

BONNIE'S SUV

BONNIE
 Very interesting.

JEREMIAH
 Nearly there.

BONNIE
 Do it.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - STREET - SAME TIME

Bumper continues his assault on the LLV and remaining sedan as all three vehicles approach--

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

--gunning it down the BIKE PATH, LLV behind sedan behind SUV, forced to drive single file, when--

--the SUV TRUNK OPENS. Jeremiah dangles TEN GRENADES from his magnetic fingers. He FLUORISHES his hands like a MAGICIAN.

SLOW MO: The pins RIP free, stuck to his fingertips, as all ten grenades ARC gracefully into the air, falling, falling, below the wheels of the black sedan, when--

B-R-R-ROOOOOM!

THEY EXPLODE. In the--

LLV

--Sinda SLAMS on the breaks, trapped. She and Michael leap out on foot to--

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

--SPRINTING past the fire... but it's too late.

FIVE FIGURES LEAP from the bridge, PLUMMETING toward the water, when they pull PARACHUTES, navigating down onto a SPEEDBOAT, where they pull away, into the distance. *Fuck.*

EXT. AIRPLANE HANGAR - LATER

Michael and Sinda are tended to by a team of paramedics beneath the shadow of the USPS cargo plane.

Several VEHICLES enter the hangar, including a MINI VAN and a TOW TRUCK carrying the FOAM SEALED COCCOON of Bonnie's SUV.

Otto emerges from the mini van.

OTTO

Sinda. Absolutely superb work.

SINDA

We would've had them if the FBI hadn't gotten in the way.

OTTO

We might still have them.

A team of men HACKSAW their way through the foam encasement. They draw their weapons and OPEN the SUV doors where--

ANGLE ON: FOUR GOONS surrender with their hands in the air.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Out. Slowly.

They step from the car one by one, but as they do...

A BEEPING NOISE grows louder as each goon's EXOSUIT BEGINS TO MOVE. Otto, Sinda, Michael and the team FALL BACK as the goons SCREAM and--

--THE EXOSUITS RIP THEM APART. Grisly.

MICHAEL
OHHH! NOOO!

OTTO
I wonder if she warns her acolytes
these body mods double as suicide
machines?

A task force of men comb the vehicle.

AGENT #1
We've got something!

He removes a PELICAN CASE, opens it. Inside is a sophisticated MOBILE COMPUTING set up.

OTTO
I want this decrypted and
downloaded. Yesterday.

SINDA
Where do you want us?

OTTO
Get home. With any luck, this is
the break we need.

Sinda nods. Michael doesn't look so sure.

INT. USPS CARGO PLANE - NIGHT

A dark cargo hold. Michael and Sinda shout over the din.

MICHAEL
You don't think it's strange?!

SINDA
What?!

MICHAEL
She's this precision operator,
right?! If we took her by surprise,
threw her off her game, how is it
her escape was planned down to the
second?!

SINDA
Don't overthink it! You had one
hell of a first day!

Michael nods. *Sure.*

INT. SUBTERRENEAN USPS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Michael and Sinda DROP out of the personnel chute.

As they stand, APPLAUSE breaks out. The team greets them.

CHEF
All hail the conquering heroes!

Chef WRAPS Sinda and Michael into one big embrace: his arms
are that large.

CHEF (CONT'D)
You two idiots really did it!

SINDA
Did we?

CHEF
That computer told us everything we
needed. CEOs, politicians,
corporate lobbyists--she was
hacking the biggest and richest.
Who needs a bomb when you can
detonate the world's wealth with
the stroke of a key? We froze those
accounts. She can't touch 'em now.

Michael FROWNS at this information. Edward lurks into view.

EDWARD
("fuck you")
Congratulations.

MICHAEL
Bonnie's still out there.

SINDA
About that. Michael, you'll need to
stay here on base for a while. Just
until we bring her in.

MICHAEL
I'm sleeping here?

INT. SUBTERRENEAN USPS HEADQUARTERS - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Chef hits the lights. They BLINKER on.

CHEF
Five stars on Yelp!

Cold steel, white sheets. Chef waves him in.

CHEF (CONT'D)
Make yourself at home.

Chef exits, closing the door behind him. Michael takes in his bleak surroundings.

EXT. OLD FARM - NIGHT

Bonnie stalk through a CORNFIELD toward an old SILO.

BONNIE
Databases functioning?

BUMPER
Checks completed.

JEREMIAH
I hate these hick towns.

BONNIE
This is the forgotten arm of
America's long dead proletariat!

JEREMIAH
Is that supposed to be noble?

BONNIE
Best place to hide in plain sight.
Besides. I'm fond of irony.

JEREMIAH
What's the irony?

BONNIE
You've never heard the term *server*
farm?

Bonnie throws open the silo's entry. Inside--

ANGLE ON: HUNDREDS OF SERVERS RISE INTO THE DARK.

INT. SUBTERRENEAN USPS HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Sinda knocks, opens the door to Michael's holding cell. She carries two COFFEES.

SINDA
Morning killer--

But the room is EMPTY.

SINDA (CONT'D)
Son of a...

Sinda hurries through the compound, checking offices and cubicles. Chef appears wheeling a crate of gear.

SINDA (CONT'D)
Chef! You seen the kid?

Chef nods at a small OFFICE across the compound.

ANGLE ON: Michael, poring over a table strewn with notes.

INT. SUBTERRENEAN USPS HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Sinda places Michael's coffee in the middle of the mess.

SINDA
What's all this?

ANGLE ON: Photos and files for Bonnie Jo Boone.

MICHAEL
It doesn't add up.

SINDA
What doesn't?

MICHAEL
That mobile rig for starters. If Bonnie's as good as we think, how'd Chef crack it in two hours flat?

SINDA
Chef's good, too.

MICHAEL
What about the lobby in New York? Why gate crash? Her other heists were a diversion, to distract from the hack. She didn't need that in New York. She already had her man on the inside.

Sinda regards Michael, torn between exasperation and pride.

SINDA
Well you're right about one thing.

MICHAEL
I am?

SINDA
She's got a man on the inside.

INT. SUBTERRENEAN USPS HEADQUARTERS - SITUATION ROOM - DAY

Michael, Sinda, and Chef sit in the Situation Room. OTTO briefs from a nearby screen.

OTTO
Thanks to your work yesterday, we were able to locate a series of encrypted communiqués between Bonnie and an unknown person or persons. We now believe she was tipped off to your arrival by an inside source.

MICHAEL
Who?

ON SCREEN: A photo of FBI DIRECTOR RICHARD DICKMAN appears.

CHEF
The FBI's presence in yesterday's operation was odd, to say the least.

MICHAEL
We gotta go against the feds?

SINDA
Richard's hosting a fundraiser for his wife's charity this evening. He'll have a who's who guest list, all prepared to wire large sums of money over his private network. This would give Bonnie a second chance at hacking their accounts.

MICHAEL
But what's his *angle*...

CHEF
Never trust a careerist. All they want is power.

OTTO
This is uncharted territory. Officially? We're a rogue operation.

SINDA
When's the next flight out?

OTTO
I don't want you on a public
manifest. Chef has arranged...
alternate modes of transportation.

MICHAEL
So how're we gettin' there?

EXT. PRIVATE RUNWAY - NIGHT

Sinda, Michael, and Chef approach a PRIVATE JET idling on the runway. Michael looks elated.

MICHAEL
Now we're talking.

INT. PRIVATE JET - NIGHT

Michael's like a kid in a candy shop. He examines the mini bar, the TV screens, the toilet.

MICHAEL
They got a bidet in here!

CHEF
I wouldn't touch that.

MICHAEL
Why? Does it shoot darts at your
sphincter or somethin'?

CHEF
Give it a test drive.

Michael eyes the toilet with misgivings. Chef WINKS at Sinda. He pulls two GARMENT BAGS from a nearby closet.

CHEF (CONT'D)
I got costumes.

Michael unzips the bag to reveal a THREE PIECE SUIT.

MICHAEL
Look at this. It fits?

CHEF
I scanned your BMI, blood pressure,
and body measurements the second
you dropped into headquarters. Of
course it fits.

Sinda opens her own garment bag to reveal a BURGUNDY DRESS.

CHEF (CONT'D)
 It looks good on the hanger but--
 and this is gonna blow your mind--
 it's actually meant to be worn.

MOMENTS LATER

Michael regards his REFLECTION in the mirror. Navy Merino wool, with a houndstooth pattern, matching vest, and french cuff button front shirt, he finally *looks the part*.

MICHAEL
 Never owned a suit before.

Michael likes what he sees. He TURNS to check his profile... But struggles against the cut of his suit.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 Sort of stiff...

SINDA
 At least you won't trip over yours.

Sinda emerges looking stunning in her gown.

MICHAEL
 Wow, Sinda. I mean--

SINDA
 Yeah, yeah.
 (to Chef)
 How about the extras?

Chef opens a SUITCASE.

CHEF
 Tie bars and wingtips aren't really my bag, but I can't send you in with a roll of packing tape, can I?

Chef hands Sinda a covert earpiece. He hands Michael two COLLAR POINTS and a HEARING AID.

CHEF (CONT'D)
 Audio transmitters.

MICHAEL
 How come I get the hearing aid?

CHEF
 Short hair. You want a weave?
 'Cause I can arrange that.

Next: a pair of CUFF LINKS and a pair of EARRINGS.

CHEF (CONT'D)
Defibrillators. And listen. These
are *beta*. I can't stress that
enough. They're just as likely to
kill you as save you. So y'know.
Exercise caution.

SINDA
Weapons?

Chef gives Sinda them each a RING.

CHEF
Rotate counter clockwise and...

A small NEEDLE ejects.

CHEF (CONT'D)
Tranquilizer. Doubles as your GPS.

Michael slides the ring on his finger.

CHEF (CONT'D)
You two going to be okay? Couple
working stiff in a black tie gala?

SINDA
Get some rest. We'll be there soon.

INT. PRIVATE JET - LATER

Dim lights. Midair. Chef sleeps in his seat, slumped over.

Michael stares out the window, looking dapper. Sinda reads.

MICHAEL
You always do this much traveling?

SINDA
Hardly. Ninety percent of this job
is exactly as advertised: push
mail, be neighborly.

MICHAEL
You mean, boring.

SINDA
Do you know the most important
quality we look for in a postman?

MICHAEL
Rigorous attention.

SINDA
(surprised)
Where'd you hear that?

MICHAEL
Where do you think?

SINDA
Sounds like Diane. That woman could
find a lesson in anything.

MICHAEL
Did you know her well?

SINDA
We had what I would call a friendly
rivalry. But as we got older,
she... *softened* a little. Probably
around the time she had you.

Sinda looks at Michael, genuine affection in her eyes.

SINDA (CONT'D)
Look, I'm not saying we were inner
circle or anything, but I knew her
well enough to know -- she loved
two things in this world: you, and
the job. If she could see you now,
she'd fucking burst.

Michael nods. *Thanks.* The overhead P.A. *dings.*

CAPTAIN (V.O.)
Prepare for landing.

Sinda gives Michael a significant look.

SINDA
Here we go.

EXT. RICHARD DICKMAN'S PRIVATE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

CHYRON UP: Charleston, South Carolina. 29412.

A new money MANSION off the South Carolina coast.

Michael and Sinda exit a BLACK JEEP driven by CHEF. They
ascend the front walk surrounded by glamorous BENEFACTORS.

INT. RICHARD DICKMAN'S PRIVATE RESIDENCE - PARTY - NIGHT

Sinda and Michael enter a grand FOYER. Vaulted windows with
French doors. Candelabras on the end tables. For Michael,
this might as well be a different planet altogether.

MICHAEL
If I knew the FBI paid this well...

INT. JEEP - SAME TIME

Chef parks the Jeep. He awkwardly CLIMBS OVER the front seat toward a mobile COMPUTING RIG in back.

CHEF
Richard's a silver spoon. He grew
up milking champagne at the teet.

INT. RICHARD DICKMAN'S PRIVATE RESIDENCE - PARTY - SAME TIME

A server carrying a tray of CRAB CAKES swans by. Michael grabs for one. Sinda yanks him back.

SINDA
Can we focus?

MICHAEL
They have crab cakes...

CHEF (V.O.)
Pocket me a few, will ya?

Sinda grabs Michael and steers him through the party.

SINDA
Interesting.

MICHAEL
What?

SINDA
That's the Secretary of
Agriculture...

MICHAEL
The Secretary of Agriculture is
interesting?

SINDA
There are only fifteen members of a
presidential cabinet. You have to
ask yourself how many members might
be knowingly involved?

MICHAEL
What do you want me to do?

SINDA
Just act like you belong.

CHEF (V.O.)
Fat chance with me in your ear. God
I hate these snobby--

SINDA
(loud)
It's such a lovely home, don't you
agree?
(quiet)
We need to find out where they're
taking transactions.

MICHAEL
You really think Bonnie's here?

SINDA
I don't know. It might all fall to--
(sudden smile)
Richard!

Richard Dickman walks past, halts.

RICHARD
I'm sorry, have we met? Terribly
embarrassing, but I seem to have
forgotten your name.

SINDA
Miriam Wicker. We met at the White
House two, three years back.

RICHARD
Miriam, of course. Thank you for
coming.

SINDA
Now listen, my bank account's a
little heavy. I was hoping you
could help me unburden myself. How
would you like our contribution?

RICHARD
Well you're right to business,
aren't you? I'll have my assistant
find you when the time is right.

Richard swans off. Sinda and Michael continue on.

SINDA
He's hedging.

CHEF (V.O.)
You weren't exactly subtle.

SINDA
I'm out of my element, alright?

Michael REACHES for another tray of crab cakes but his suit jacket LIMITS his range of motion.

SINDA (CONT'D)
Chef--

CHEF (V.O.)
Pulling up the floor plans now...
According to what I see, the most
secure room in the building is--

SINDA
There.

ANGLE ON: A BENEFACTOR reentering the party through a rear door. He shakes a CLANDESTINE MAN'S hand. Both move off.

SINDA (CONT'D)
Michael. Keep eyes on that door and
let me know if anyone approaches.

MICHAEL
Copy.

Michael takes his position in a far corner of the room as Sinda cuts across the glamorous crowd and SLIPS into the--

BACK OFFICE

She scans the room. She spots a COMPUTING RIG.

SINDA
I might have something.
(no response)
Chef? Michael? Come in.
(nothing)
Shit...

Sinda slides behind the desk, plugs a DEVICE into the CPU.

ON SCREEN: A message reads *DUPLICATING*.

INT. RICHARD DICKMAN'S PRIVATE RESIDENCE - PARTY - SAME TIME

Michael sips his champagne. He watches the door. All clear. A SERVER passes by carrying a tray of CRAB CAKES. Michael glances at the door. No sign of trouble. He turns to chase the crab cakes. Meanwhile in the--

BACK OFFICE

--Sinda waits for the device to finish copying when--

SINDA
Hurry up...

--THE DOOR OPENS and RICHARD ENTERS.

RICHARD
(little chuckle)
That eager to donate, huh?

SINDA
What can I say. I admire the cause!

RICHARD
Well, I admire your interest. I'm
terribly embarrassed to do this
again, but give me your name, one
more time?

SINDA
It's Miriam. Miriam Wicker.

Richard goes for the shake. She extends her arm when--

--*quick as a flash* he GRABS her hand, ROTATES her ring,
EJECTING the needle, and STABBING IT into her own shoulder.
Sinda barely has time to look stunned before FALLING TO THE
FLOOR. Meanwhile in the--

PARTY

--Michael returns to his post with a PLATEFUL OF CRAB CAKES.
He eyes the door. Still clear.

MICHAEL
(through a mouthful)
Err-thing good?

No response.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Sinda. Come in.

CHEF (V.O.)
If the room's secure, they may be
jamming her signal. I'm not showing
any change in vitals.

Michael spots RICHARD exiting the room, conferring with a
huddle of CLANDESTINE MEN before moving off.

MICHAEL
Something's up.

CHEF (V.O.)
Hold your position.

MICHAEL
Something's definitely up.

Michael moves into the crowd, heading for the back room.

CHEF (V.O.)
Goddammit, hold until we--

RICHARD (O.S.)
And you must be Mr. Griffiths?

Michael TURNS. Richard lurks behind him. Smooth.

MICHAEL
Mr. Dickman.

CHEF (V.O.)
Oh shit.

RICHARD
I don't think we've been formally
introduced. Call me Richard.

MICHAEL
Anyone ever call you *Dick Dick*?

Richard SMILES. He goes for the shake. Michael hesitates. He holds up his PLATE OF CRAB CAKES: *full hands*.

RICHARD
So what brings you here Mike?

MICHAEL
I prefer Michael actually.

CHEF (V.O.)
Sinda's on the move.

Michael glances SHARPLY at the rear door.

MICHAEL
What?

RICHARD
I said how long have you and
Miriam been co-conspirators,
as it were--

CHEF (V.O.)
Rear exit.
Move.
Now.

Michael pushes past Richard. Richard WATCHES INTENTLY as Michael beelines out for the--

PATIO

--past a huddle of smokers, into the darkened yard where a GUARD steps into his walking path.

GUARD

Excuse me sir. I have to ask you to step back inside.

MICHAEL

Just taking my evening, uh, *constitutional*.

GUARD

Sir--

The guard lays a hand on Michael's shoulder. Michael SWINGS into action, ELBOWING the guard in the neck. *Hard*. A melee breaks out, but as the struggle intensifies, Michael finds his suit RESTRICTING. Each blow he lands is HELD BACK in some way by his outfit. Finally--

--he TOSSES off his suit jacket. Freed at last, he grapples with the Guard and WINS.

CHEF (V.O.)

She's approaching the perimeter.

Michael begins to SPRINT... but he's held back. *Again*.

MICHAEL

What's this suit made of?!

CHEF (V.O.)

Premium wool. Only the best.

MICHAEL

How does anybody move in these things?

CHEF

Very little stretch in good wool.

MICHAEL

Bond movies are a goddamn lie...

Michael PELTS AWKWARDLY across the lawn when a PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS catch him full in the face. An SUV ROARS out of the garage. Michael hurriedly SHUCKS his trousers. Wearing only his boxers and dress shirt he SPRINTS after the SUV as--

GUARD #2
OVER THERE!

--A CADRÉ OF GUARDS spot Michael and MAKE PURSUIT.

MICHAEL
I need transport!

CHEF (V.O.)
On my way.

GUNFIRE sounds out from behind as BULLETS *WHIZZ* by.

MICHAEL
Where do I go?!

CHEF
Left at the road.

Michael runs like he's never run in his life. He *SCALES* the perimeter fence onto the long--

DRIVEWAY

--where a SECOND ATTACHÉ OF GUARDS approaches from ahead, forcing him into the nighttime--

WOODS

--vaulting downed TREES, the sounds of SHOUTING VOICES growing nearer as Michael *SCRAMBLES* for the--

ROAD

--where a black Jeep speeds by and *SKIDS* to a halt. Chef opens the door. Michael *LEAPS* inside as--

--a SWARM OF GUARDS emerges from the tree line, *FIRING* after the Jeep as Chef kicks the car in gear--

--and speeds off.

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

Chef floors it. Michael catches his breath.

CHEF
That was an expensive suit.

MICHAEL
Where is she?

CHEF
Two miles ahead. We're closing.

Michael eyes the TRACKER. Sure enough, they're getting close.

MICHAEL

Hurry.

CHEF

I'm doing ninety-five.

The Jeep TEARS through the nighttime roads, swiftly closing in on Sinda's GPS locator...

...PASSING IT. Chef hits the breaks. That's weird. He kicks it in reverse. Their signals are now OVERLAPPING. Chef and Michael emerge from the car where, on the road, SINDA'S GOLD RING LAYS DISCARDED ON THE ASPHALT.

INT. JEEP - LATER

Michael places Sinda's ring next to his own.

MICHAEL

We have to raise Otto.

CHEF

If they're monitoring his phone,
his computer--

MICHAEL

How can we reach him?

Off Chef: *Well...*

EXT. RURAL SUBDIVISION - DAY

CHYRON UP: Dover, Delaware. 19902.

Chef's Jeep pulls down a cul-de-sac surrounded by farmland to arrive outside--

OTTO'S HOUSE

Large, but falling into disrepair, with tarps over unfinished roofing and--

CLOSE ON: A broken doorbell. Michael KNOCKS. Finally--

Otto answers, wearing only his bathrobe.

MICHAEL

Delivery, sir.

Otto's brow furrows. Michael gestures: *follow me.*

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Michael, Chef, and Otto stand in a nighttime meadow. Otto looks deeply troubled.

OTTO
And you're sure Richard made you.

MICHAEL
Oh yeah.

OTTO
This is a disaster...

MICHAEL
What do you want us to do?

OTTO
Nothing. Do nothing. Get home and await further instructions.

CHEF
But boss--

OTTO
This is above you now. I've got to try and clean this up. *Go home.*

Otto stalks off. Michael wears his frustration on his face.

INT. PRIVATE JET - NIGHT

The allures of the private jet have thoroughly worn off. Michael slouches, spinning his RINGS anxiously on his finger.

INT. GRUMMAN LLV - NIGHT

Chef drives them back to base. He receives a CALL.

Replacing his SPEEDOMETER a digital image of EDWARD swims into view. The feed is STATICKY, full of noise.

EDWARD
Chef. There's been--

The feed GARBLES.

CHEF
Edward? Come in Edward.

EDWARD
...an incident.

Chef looks at Michael. He FLOORS IT.

EXT. POST OFFICE - NIGHT

They smell it before they see it.

MICHAEL

Smoke.

ANGLE ON: THE FIERY WRECKAGE OF THE POST OFFICE comes into view. It looks like a BOMB has gone off.

CHEF

No no no...

Chef throws the car in park. He and Michael hop out but are HELD AT BAY by first responders.

FIRST RESPONDER

Sir I have to ask you to--

CHEF

Were there casualties? *Were there?*

FIRST RESPONDER

None identified as yet--

CHEF

EDWARD.

Edward pushes through the CROWD OF LOOKIE LOOS.

CHEF (CONT'D)

What happened?

EDWARD

I'm fine, thanks.

CHEF

What happened?

EDWARD

I wasn't here, but from the way things sound, someone torched it. Underground and all.

CHEF

Is everyone OK?

Edward nods. Chef and Michael just stand, dumbfounded.

MICHAEL

What now?

CHEF

We wait for Otto.

MICHAEL
Bonnie's been two steps ahead, this
entire time.

CHEF
We don't know for certain--

And just then, something strange happens.

A SHRILL BEEPING RINGS OUT. MANY LAYERED.

For those of us with cell phones, we may recognize this as the dulcet tones of an AMBER ALERT. Only this isn't an Amber Alert... Michael, Chef, and the crowd of Lookie Loos pull their phones from their pocket, one by one by one, where--

ON SCREEN: A peculiar notification appears.

BONNIE ALERT!

Please swipe up for more info.

Michael hesitates before SWIPING UP.

ON SCREEN: A VIDEO OF BONNIE JO BOONE fills the frame. As before, she speaks straight into the camera, as though to Michael, and us, directly.

BONNIE
Greetings fellow citizens. I am
here today to inform you the
revolution has begun, and *you* are
enlisted. Congratulations! You may
recognize me from news footage
chronicling my bank robbing
exploits. As a result of those
efforts, our most respected
financial institutions have acted
predictably: by taking
extraordinary measures to protect
their own.

Michael, Chef, and Edward stare, horrified, at their screens. But this is not a local phenomenon. As Bonnie's monologue continues, we GO TO--

EXT. LONDON - SUBWAY - NIGHT

Travelers on the iconic tube check their phones.

BONNIE (V.O.)
We stand at a crossroads. One
percent of the world's population
holds as much wealth as the
remaining ninety-nine percent
combined.

EXT. RIO DE JANEIRO - FAVELA - NIGHT

An alleyway, kids huddling around a few lit screens.

BONNIE (V.O.)
But the people you've trusted with
your money, the leaders and
institutions you worship, have left
you staggeringly vulnerable to
attack.

EXT. BEIJING - HIGH RISE - NIGHT

We CRANE DOWN past multiple WINDOWS, each family absorbed in
their devices.

BONNIE (V.O.)
This should come as no surprise.
And so, as of midnight Eastern
Daylight Time tonight, I have
emptied your bank accounts, zeroed
your savings, and frozen your
credit.

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG - INTERNET CAFE - NIGHT

Every computer in the cafe is filled with Bonnie's face.

BONNIE (V.O.)
If there is to be lasting change in
the world, it must come from the
root and soil and salt of the
earth. Look around and ask
yourselves: Are these your leaders?
Your neighbors? Your friends?

EXT. MARRAKECH - MEDINA - NIGHT

The busy souk is at a STANDSTILL as attentive listeners stare
at their cell phones.

BONNIE (V.O.)
If you are to earn your way in the
new civilization, it is with the
currency of uprising.
(MORE)

BONNIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I invite you to take up arms--to
 slay our oppressors, those who
 support them, and those who simply
 can't be bothered.

Back outside the--

POST OFFICE

--Michael LOOKS UP at Chef, *aghast*.

BONNIE (V.O.)
 You may submit photographic
 evidence of your work to the mobile
 app automatically downloaded to
 your device. Upon doing so, you
 will receive financial reward. For
 those who require a little extra
push, I've sent ambassadors of the
 movement into your streets. Good
 luck, and God bless the revolution.

Michael glances at the growing UNREST around them.

MICHAEL
 Let's get out of here.

Michael drags Chef and Edward to the LLV. They drive off.

INT. GRIFFITHS HOUSEHOLD - MORNING

Michael, Chef, and Edward watch the NEWS.

ON SCREEN: A very anxious news anchor addresses the nation.

NEWS ANCHOR
 News of the breach has sent local
 and federal government into a
 tailspin. Meanwhile, in cities
 across the globe, militants have
 erected *executioner squares*, where
 stockades of local citizens,
 detained without due process, await
 mob justice.

ON SCREEN: A reel of SOCIAL MEDIA FOOTAGE. In one clip, a
 group of young men holding their phones aloft GATE CRASH a
 suburban home and DRAG the family outside. In another, a
 fearful man records an EXECUTIONER SQUARE in (where else?)
 TIMES SQUARE. A group of POLICEMEN close in when INFIGHTING
 BREAKS OUT between officers, a chaotic firefight as militant
 police KILL AND DETAIN their colleagues.

Michael shuts off the television.

MICHAEL

How long are we supposed to wait?

CHEF

We'll hear soon.

EDWARD

The amount of infrastructure this must take...

MICHAEL

This was her plan all along--it was never a bomb.

CHEF

We had her wrong from the start. She doesn't want *power to the people*. When she says, "Are these your neighbors," who do you think she's talking to? She's dog whistling, and handing out treats for carnage. It isn't revolution. It's a global coup d'etat.

Just then Michael's PACKAGE CARRIER begins to ring. He grabs it, presses SCAN. OTTO'S HOLOGRAM appears in the room.

OTTO

Gentlemen.

CHEF

Sir, have you--

MICHAEL

Any word on Sinda?

Otto regards Michael with icy distaste.

OTTO

You left your post while a senior agent was engaged in a high risk, covert operation.

Michael clams up.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Worse, we now have reason to suspect it was Sinda working with Bonnie all along.

A stunned silence.

MICHAEL

That's not possible, sir.

OTTO
Maybe not. But Richard's on the war path, and she's the obvious target.

MICHAEL
That's bullshit--

OTTO
She steered every step of this investigation, which means she's steered us *straight* into Bonnie's trap.

Michael goes to interject. Otto holds up a hand for SILENCE.

OTTO (CONT'D)
It's out of our hands now. The Joint Chiefs have suspended our operation while the FBI takes over. Chef, Edward, go home and wait for further instruction.

CHEF
Yes sir.

MICHAEL
What about me?

OTTO
I'm sorry, but we've decided to go in a different direction.

Silence settles on the room.

OTTO (CONT'D)
That'll be all.

Click. Otto vanishes. Chef pats Michael on the shoulder. Even Edward looks uncomfortable.

CHEF
Sorry, kid.

Michael just nods. Chef and Edward head for the door.

CHEF (CONT'D)
Stay safe.

INT. GRIFFITHS HOUSEHOLD - LATER

Michael paces, unable to settle. Finally--
--he grabs his satchel and departs.

EXT. POST OFFICE - DAY

Michael finds the crime scene unattended. He slips past a line of CAUTION TAPE and steps into the BURNT HUSK of the post office facilities.

INT. SUBTERRENEAN USPS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Michael FALLS from the personnel chute, raising an almighty CLOUD OF ASH. He stands, dusts himself off, and regards--

--THE CHARRED REMAINS OF HEADQUARTERS. Silent. Still. Lampblack ASH FLOATS through the dimly lit atrium.

All that remains are smoke-scarred pillars flanking the room and one, lone HOLOGRAM of Benjamin Franklin FLICKERING and SPEAKING SILENTLY into the gloom, like a ghost.

Michael rummages in his satchel, produces his MOTHER'S LABEL MAKER. This is where it all started.

MICHAEL

This was some slick shit, mom, have to hand it to you. Almost thought you were talking to me from, you know...

(beat)

This is stupid.

(then)

You prob'ly can't hear this, but I really tried this time. I thought for a minute, I could do what you did. Make you proud. But I screwed it up. I screwed it all up.

Michael snorts at his own foolishness. He sets the label maker into the ash when...

THE DEVICE COMES TO LIFE. It prints a LABEL.

DISTRESS SIGNAL RECOGNIZED.

ANGLE ON: A beat before a new message appears.

REPORT HOME.

Michael CLIPS the label. The words DISAPPEAR. Then--

--THE HOLOGRAM BEHIND HIM BEGINS TO SPEAK. Michael turns.

BEN FRANKLIN HOLOGRAM
 (glitching)
 Whi-while we MAY NOT- may not- b-b-
 be able to control all that HAPPENS
 TO US, we-e-e-e-e can control what
 h-h-happens inside-inside us.

Michael considers the empty label held in his hands.

MICHAEL
 (sotto)
 Report home...

INT. GRIFFITHS HOUSEHOLD - BEDROOM - DAY

Michael unboxes his mother's things while calling...

MICHAEL
 Chef. Are you with Edward? I need
 to meet, and I need a favor. In her
 videos, Bonnie uses the phrase, *the*
sons and daughters of millworkers.
 I need deep background on her
 childhood. Can you get that?

Michael gears up with a roll of PACKING TAPE, his mother's
 WINDBREAKER, a collection of vintage STAMPS, and more.

INT. DODGE NEON - DAY

Michael turns the ignition in his car... nothing. Tries
 again. The car won't start. He HITS the dash. *Shit*.

EXT. RONNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Michael KNOCKS. Almost immediately the door FLIES open.
 Ronnie appears brandishing a BASEBALL BAT.

RONNIE
 Goddamn Michael! That's the second
 time I almost killed your ass. You
 can't just go knocking on doors in
 the apocalypse! You seen the news?

MICHAEL
 I need your help.

RONNIE
 You feel safe with me. I get it. We
 can bunker in the basement--

MICHAEL
 I'm looking for a ride, actually.

INT. RONNIE'S JEEP - DAY

Ronnie drives through the streets. He WHITE KNUCKLES IT even at 25mph. He turns a corner and finds a roving group of AGITATORS DRAGGING a man and woman out of the house.

MICHAEL
Stop the car.

RONNIE
For that shit? No way.

MICHAEL
Pull over.

Ronnie GROANS and reluctantly SWERVES to the curb.

EXT. SUBURBAN DETROIT - CONTINUOUS

Michael's out of the car and onto the lawn in no time. We recognize NEIGHBOR PHIL detained next to his wife and son.

MICHAEL
Alright there Shira? Phil?

The agitators freeze. Michael doesn't break stride.

SHIRA
Michael... What're you--

MICHAEL
Just delivering the mail!
(to Lead Agitator)
I need you to sign for a package.

LEAD AGITATOR
Who. Me?

MICHAEL
Don't worry. I've got a pen.

Michael tosses the Lead Agitator a familiar BALLPOINT PEN with its SECURITY CHAIN still attached. He CATCHES it and--

--THE CHAIN WHIPS AROUND HIS WRISTS AND ARMS, BINDING THEM.

Before the others know what's hit them, well, *Michael's* hit them. Ronnie watches from the car, mouth hanging open.

The agitators quickly disband in retreat. Michael frees Phil, Shira, and Chuck.

PHIL
How did you--

MICHAEL

I don't have time. Grab whoever you trust and hunker down. Your house, theirs, doesn't matter. Look after one another.

They nod assent. Michael turns to go.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(to Chuck)

And hey, easy on the pills, yeah?

Chuck watches, agog, as Michael makes for the car.

INT. RONNIE'S JEEP - MOMENTS LATER

Michael buckles his seatbelt. Ronnie just stares.

MICHAEL

Go!

RONNIE

I *knew* you were on some Illuminati type shit! Iknewit Iknewit Iknewit.

Ronnie pulls away.

EXT. SCRAPYARD - DAY

Ronnie pulls into a sprawling SCRAPYARD. CHEF and EDWARD greet them out front.

CHEF

Who's this?

MICHAEL

Ronnie, this is Chef, that's Edward. We used to work together.

CHEF

What're you doing here Michael?

MICHAEL

Chef, does *any* of this feel right to you? Sitting on the bench?

CHEF

I know Otto ripped you a new one--

MICHAEL

It's not about that. It's...

(gathering his thoughts)

It's *our job* to keep people connected.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

We hold this country together with duct tape and bailing twine. The world has all these agencies and authorities, but the people *this* hurts most, the linemen and cashiers and janitors and letter carriers humping a mail route? They've got us. And we've got to show up for them.

A profound silence follows this stirring speech. Then...

EDWARD

So, do you have a *plan*?

Michael takes a deep, calming breath. Dead eyes Edward.

MICHAEL

I've got a start. But, and I never thought I'd say this, I need your help.

CHEF

What'd you have in mind?

SERIES OF SHOTS: THE GANG GETS TO WORK

What follows is kinetic, fast, full of camera movement.

--Michael leans over Edward's laptop.

MICHAEL

Did you find her?

EDWARD

("back up")

Well she's not in my laptop.

(Michael steps back)

Alright. Bonnie Jo, daughter of Millford and Anne, both factory workers. When she was ten, the factory suffered a small explosion, killing both parents. Her aunt and uncle sued for restitution, but went bankrupt in the legal battle.

--Michael and the gang pore over a local map.

MICHAEL

When do they start executions?

RONNIE

(grim)

They've already started.

CHEF

We need to take down that square.

MICHAEL

How many postmen in the workforce?

CHEF

About 500,000.

MICHAEL

Can you raise 'em?

RONNIE

Awwwww hell yeah. Y'all are riding out on some Return of the King shit. Last Stand of the 300. I'm here for it.

Off Chef: Yeah...

--Back with Edward on his laptop.

MICHAEL

Can you find the factory?

EDWARD

One sec... Got it. Gary Indiana.

MICHAEL

You said she'd need *infrastructure*. Can we trace the power going to that building?

EDWARD

I can't see the usage, but it says utilities are billed to some company... *Theta Make Elect*? What kind of name is that?

RONNIE

It's an anagram.
(off their surprise)
What? I like word puzzles.

CHEF

Anagram for what?

RONNIE

"Let them eat cake."

EDWARD

God. Really?

--Back with the gang and their map.

MICHAEL

We split up. I'm going after Bonnie. Chef, I need you to keep this city together, long as you can. Ronnie, go home and--

RONNIE

Fuck that! I'm with Chef.

MICHAEL

Yeah?

RONNIE

I've lived here all my life. I'm not letting it go to the dogs.

MICHAEL

Well, I'm going to need someone good with computers...

Michael and Edward regard one another.

CHEF

Jesus Christ you two--

EDWARD

Alright, alright.

CHEF

Shake it out.

Michael extends for the shake. Edward TAKES IT.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NON-DESCRIPT ROOM - DAY

Find SINDA ZIP TIED to a chair, unconscious. She STIRS, and as she does, a gentle HAND extends her a glass of water with a STRAW. She sips, hungrily. When she opens her eyes--

MAN (O.S.)

Those trans are dehydrating.

Sinda looks up to find OTTO LEANING OVER HER.

SINDA

Hey, Otto.

Otto pulls up a chair.

SINDA (CONT'D)

So. You and Bonnie, huh?

OTTO

Seems that way.

SINDA

You wanna tell me why?

OTTO

You've been with the agency for years. All that time, we've been overlooked, defunded, disrespected. Aren't you *tired* of it?

SINDA

Whatever Bonnie's promised, you're an idiot to believe her.

OTTO

As far as I'm concerned, this was always a win-win. If you had managed to bring Bonnie down, we'd have scored a major victory for the organization. If not, I've secured us a place in the new world order.

SINDA

Spoken like a true bureaucrat.

OTTO

But you, you made things difficult. You weren't supposed to know Bonnie had someone inside. I had to work quick, to throw suspicion off of me and onto Richard. That wasn't hard at first, but I knew it wouldn't stick. I needed someone else.

SINDA

You gave me up.

OTTO

I'm sorry to say you're under arrest for treason. Richard has kindly allowed me to handle your interrogation. You know, *in house*.

Sinda takes in her surroundings.

SINDA

This doesn't look like a cell.

OTTO

It's a safe house. Secure. *Remote*.

SINDA

What happens now?

OTTO
Oh I think you know.

A bead of SWEAT drips down Sinda's face. She glances at the nearby GLASS OF WATER.

OTTO (CONT'D)
It's tragic, really. Poison pills:
what a cliché.

SINDA
Is it fast at least?

OTTO
No.

Otto opens the door to exit.

OTTO (CONT'D)
You were a model employee. I'm
sorry it ends this way.

He exits. Sinda considers her predicament.

SINDA
(sotto)
Goddamn right I'm tired.

She begins to STRUGGLE against her bonds.

INT. RONNIE'S JEEP - SAME TIME

Michael TEARS down the highway through RURAL INDIANA. Edward has his laptop open in the passenger seat.

MICHAEL
How much farther?

EDWARD
Left ahead.

Michael turns down a SERVICE ROAD before arriving outside a RURAL FACTORY. It looks, for all the world, like an abandoned shit hole. Michael parks. All is QUIET.

MICHAEL
You ready for this?

EDWARD
Hell no.

MICHAEL
Yeah. Me neither.

Edward opens the door. Michael stops him. He POINTS.

Behind the fence: no less than FIVE ROTTWEILERS roam free.

EXT. RURAL FACTORY - DAY

Michael and Edward carefully CUT A HOLE in the fence. They CREEP SILENTLY past the dogs, toward the factory. They're nearly there when EDWARD TRIPS and FALLS into a PILE OF REBAR, raising an almighty RUCKUS.

The dogs GUN IT right for them. Michael and Edward just manage to make it inside and shut the door.

EDWARD

Okay, that was my bad.

Michael takes a deep breath. They continue on.

EXT. DETROIT - HART PLAZA - DAY

The camera DESCENDS from overhead on a makeshift EXECUTIONER'S DAIS in the very center of Detroit.

BOUND MEN AND WOMEN watch with fear as a large GOON leads a man to the center of the square where JEREMIAH presides over the scene. As with all of Bonnie's army, the goons here sport various BODY MODIFICATIONS, only now they appear FAR MORE SOPHISTICATED: *FULL BLOWN EXOSUITS made of steel and hydraulics, retrofitted with weaponry**.

JEREMIAH

Colin Carson, as a traitor to the revolution, I sentence you to death.

The large goon raises a gun when--

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Hold on.

Jeremiah cocks an ear to the air.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

You hear that?

The camera PULLS BACK, soaring up, away from the scene, TURNING, to skim over--

--A FUCKING ARMY OF POSTAL WORKERS FLOWING DOWN THE STREET. 200 strong, at least. They wear their USPS blues. They wheel PUSHCARTS and carry PACKAGES. Find SHIRLEY at the vanguard.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Excellent.

He NODS to the nearby goons. They move into FORMATION.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NON-DESCRIPT ROOM - SAME TIME

Sinda's doused in sweat now, still lashed to the chair.

With great effort, she ROCKS forward onto her feet and LEAPS BACKWARDS. The chair BREAKS.

Massive, awkwardly sized CHUNKS OF FURNITURE remain tied to her wrists and ankles, but she doesn't have time to remove them. She FUMBLES with her EARRINGS--

--REMOVING them, STICKING the miniature defibrillators to her chest. *Deep breath.*

SINDA

Come on come on come on.

She SQUEEZES the earring's LATCH BACK in her fingers and--

--FALLS BACK AS THOUGH KICKED. She hits the ground. *Out.*

A long beat until SHE COMES-TO. Gasping. Jittery as hell.

SINDA (CONT'D)

Fuck you Chef.

INT. RURAL FACTORY - SAME TIME

Dark. Dank. Derelict. Old machinery hulks through the gloom. Michael carries Sinda's DUCT TAPED SWORD in its sheath.

MICHAEL

You sure this is the right place?

EDWARD

Look.

ANGLE ON: A scuffed walking path in the grimy floor, leading straight to A GIANT FURNACE.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

You don't think...

They tug at the furnace. It barely budes. They put their weight into it. It slides open to reveal a hidden stairwell. Edward begins his descent when--

--THE FACTORY'S MACHINES WHIRR TO LIFE. Assembly lines CHURN into motion. Stamping machines SLAM like giant steel fists. Michael SPINS... not a moment too soon. Because behind him--

--BUMPER LURCHES OUT OF THE GLOOM. He FIRES a GUN, narrowly MISSING Michael, who ducks for cover.

MICHAEL

Go!

Edward pelts down the stairs as Michael DRAWS his sword and SWINGS IT... *right into Bumper's exosuit*. Bumper KNOCKS the sword from Michael's grip, takes aim, FIRES.

Michael takes FIVE SHOTS to the chest. He REELS BACK and drops to his knees in pain... but we see his windbreaker is BULLET PROOF. Bumper sees, too. He FIRES again--

--but he's out of bullets. Michael considers his good luck.

BUMPER

You're a real pain in the ass.

(then)

Just like your mother.

Michael gets to his feet. Bumper tosses away his gun.

MICHAEL

You're goddamned right.

Bumper and Michael COLLIDE. What follows plays out like the world's most brutal BOXING MATCH.

Bumper SWINGS. Michael DUCKS, STOMPS on Bumper's ankle. ELBOWS him in the balls. Bumper grunts, staggering back.

Meanwhile in Bonnie's--

VILLAIN'S LAIR

--Edward reaches the bottom of the steps. He takes in the VAST EXPANSE OF SERVERS before beelining for a COMPUTING CONSOLE. He can just make out the sounds of STRUGGLE upstairs.

EDWARD

Alright, Bonnie. Let's see how good you really are.

Edward gets to work on the computers. In his focus, he doesn't make out--

--BONNIE'S REFLECTION APPROACHING BEHIND HIM. He notices a moment too late. Bonnie GARROTES him with a LINK CHAIN. He FALLS from his chair. Bonnie TWISTS.

BONNIE
It isn't your fault. The state
always sacrifices their children
first.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NON-DESCRIPT ROOM - SAME TIME

Meanwhile, Sinda undergoes a transformation. She RIPS her satin gown down the middle, tucking each half into the ZIP TIES still around her ankles, creating a makeshift jumpsuit.

She stands back, runs FULL TILT toward the door, THROWS her weight against it, and BURSTS into the--

HALLWAY

--where she finds TIANA STANDING GUARD OUTSIDE.

Behind her Otto monitors a LIVE FEED of the anarchy playing out across the world. He SPINS at the noise. Seeing Sinda, he MAKES A BREAK FOR IT.

SINDA
Tiana, thank god. Otto's betrayed
the service. We need to--

Sinda moves to continue on. Tiana BLOCKS her path.

SINDA (CONT'D)
You didn't swallow that horse shit
about me being treasonous, did you?

TIANA
I don't know what to think.

SINDA
There's really no time for this.

TIANA
Sinda--

Sinda SWEEPS Tiana's feet from underneath her. Not missing a beat, Tiana SWIVELS, like a breakdancer, BACK onto her feet. What follows plays out like a martial arts scene, brutal but choreographed. They exchange BLOWS, each woman well and truly BLOODIED by the other when Sinda finally FLIPS Tiana, BREAKING her leg.

Tiana clutches the wound in pain. Sinda kneels, TEARS Tiana's pant leg and TIES a tourniquet.

SINDA
Keep pressure on.

Tiana considers her thoughtfully.

TIANA
Go.

Sinda nods. *Thank you.* She takes off in pursuit. And as she does, she passes Otto's computer, where--

ON SCREEN: The live feed continues to play, as we GO TO--

EXT. PARIS - THE LOUVRE - DAY

A MOB SMASHES the windows of the iconic museum.

EXT. SAMOA - ISLAND RESORT - DAY

A messy STRUGGLE spreads out across the sand.

Red waves of BLOOD stretch into the water, from shore.

EXT. TOKYO - SKYSCRAPER - NIGHT

An executioner's scaffold atop a TALL BUILDING where a BUSINESSMAN is THROWN over the edge. We come back in on--

EXT. DETROIT - HART PLAZA - SAME TIME

--as the postal army approaches executioner's square.

Jeremiah stands surrounded by a MOB of his own.

JEREMIAH
The enemies of revolution have
offered themselves up! Those who
stand behind the movement will be
handsomely rewarded.
(beat)
That's you!

The MOB MOVES FORWARD to meet the POSTAL WORKERS, both masses surging toward one another, closer and closer, until--

RONNIE (O.S.)
LET'S GOOOOO.

A SQUADRON OF GRUMMAN LLVS AND VINTAGE POSTAL VANS COMES TEARING DOWN THE ROAD, flying past the foot soldiers on both flanks. Inside--

--CHEF and RONNIE lead the charge.

CHEF

Fire!

Ronnie presses a BUTTON on his steering wheel. Two small MUZZLES emerge from the grate of his Jeep. They FIRE a familiar FOAMY SUBSTANCE at the mob, STICKING THEM IN PLACE.

RONNIE

THIS IS FUCKING AWESOME.

Same time: the postal foot soldiers FORM RANKS. Their pushcarts SPEW FIRE, forcing the remaining mob farther back. Jeremiah reacts quick.

JEREMIAH

Shoot the tires!

The GOONS fire on the Grumman LLVs. They're not a good shot. Jeremiah STALKS forward. When he's still several feet from the nearest goon--

--he HOLDS OUT HIS HAND and MAGNETICALLY RIPS THE GUN from his comrade's grip. He takes aim, FIRES--

--AND HITS HIS TARGET. Ronnie CAREENS to a halt.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Kill them.

Ronnie takes a knee, draws his gun, and OPENS FIRE. Chef WHEELS his vehicle around, SCATTERING more goons.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

If you want a job done right...

Jeremiah removes his jacket to reveal a VEST ABSOLUTELY FULL OF DAGGERS. Twenty, at least.

He SPRINTS down the sidewalk, FLANKING Ronnie when--

--he LURCHES forward. Using his magnetic fingertips he PULLS the clip from Ronnie's gun. In one fluid movement he drags a hand across his vest, MAGNETIZES a KNIFE from its sheath--

--TWIRLS it like a GLOBE TROTTER--

--and PLUNGES it into Ronnie's thigh.

If we didn't know already, Jeremiah's *formidable*.

Grabbing Ronnie's gun, he pivots and SHOOTs Chef's tires out.

Chef's Grumman LLV rolls to a stop. The door opens. He steps from the vehicle. Wreathed in smoke and exhaust fumes, we really clock his *size* for the first time.

All around, the battle devolves into chaos. Postal workers DRAW SWORDS and engage GOONS in MELEE COMBAT. Other postal workers TOSS PACKAGES that EXPLODE behind enemy lines. And as the fracas plays out...

CHEF STALKS TOWARD JEREMIAH.

INT. RURAL FACTORY - SAME TIME

Bumper THROWS Michael into the STAMPING MACHINE. He only barely ROLLS CLEAR as the massive anvil comes down.

Michael scrabbles at his pockets, pulling out a roll of PACKING TAPE, and as Bumper advances...

Michael SPINS, evading Bumper's wild swings as he WRAPS the large goon in packing tape, legs, arms, neck, before BACKPEDALING away, out of reach--

BUMPER
You can't be serious.

--Bumper RIPPING free of his bonds--

--Michael AIMING the tape dispenser, like a remote--

--Bumper ADVANCING again when...

...CLICK.

THE PACKING TAPE EXPLODES.

So, too, does Bumper.

Down in Bonnie's--

VILLAIN'S LAIR

--the EXPLOSION overhead draws Bonnie's attention. Edward seizes the moment. He KICKS the nearby desk chair beneath him into Bonnie's knees. She loses her balance...

...and her grip. Edward lurches forward, gasping.

BONNIE
Well struck.

Edward draws his gun. Bonnie KNOCKS it clear. She's *fast*.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
No guns. You understand.
(gesturing to her servers)
Fragile cargo.

Edward grabs a nearby length of PIPE.

EDWARD
C'mon then.

BONNIE
A moment. There's ritual to
observe.

Bonnie very calmly paces toward a nearby COAT RACK. She removes her signature trench coat, and as she does...

WE SEE A STATE-OF-THE-ART EXOSUIT ATTACHED TO HER BODY.

Unlike the industrial gear of her goon army, Bonnie's suit is slim, chrome, *sleek*. Her scars are neatly stitched and healed. She unfolds TWO LONG BLADES from her forearms.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
Now then.

Bonnie's closes the gap in no time at all--

--SLICES Edward's pipe in two--

--WHEELS around for the killing blow--

--WHEN MICHAEL PARRIES THE STRIKE WITH HIS SWORD.

Edward scrambles clear.

EDWARD
Fuck this field agent shit.

BONNIE
Michael. I thought our paths might
cross again.

MICHAEL
(to Edward)
The computers!

Edward hurries off. Michael squares up for the duel.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - SAME TIME

Sinda sprints through the open front door onto the lawn. Pauses. All is QUIET. Sinda holds absolutely still, attentive to any sign of movement. Then--

--A MINI-VAN GOES TEARING PAST HER DOWN THE DRIVEWAY.

Sinda CHASES after it, fast as she can, lurching to close the gap as the van SLIDES into a hairpin turn at the--

ROAD

--where Sinda GRABS the van's door handle. The AUTOMATIC DOORS SLIDE OPEN. She LEAPS inside--

OTTO'S VAN

--but before she can gain her footing--

--Otto JACK KNIFES the vehicle, nearly PITCHING Sinda through the open doors. She holds tight, climbs her way into the front. Otto continues to SWERVE as they STRUGGLE for control of the car. Thinking fast--

--Sinda RECLINES Otto's seat ALL THE WAY BACK. He struggles to sit upright as she HITS him and HITS him again. Then--

--Sinda PULLS THE PARKING BREAK--

--GRABS THE WHEEL and SPINS the car 180 degrees--

--managing to FASTEN HER OWN SEAT BELT as--

--THE VAN FLIES INTO A TREE, TRUNK FIRST. The momentum YANKS Otto's body from his lay flat seat--

--as he FLIES into the backseat with a CRUNCH.

Everything goes still. Sinda catches her breath.

SINDA

Otto? You alive back there?

Behind her, Otto GROANS.

SINDA (CONT'D)

Good.

Sinda gingerly exits the vehicle.

EXT. DETROIT - HART PLAZA - SAME TIME

Chef and Jeremiah circle one another.

Chef FEINTS. Jeremiah SKITTERS back, HURLING A KNIFE at Chef's foot. It bounces harmlessly off Chef's boot.

CHEF

Steel toes.

JEREMIAH

Oh yeah?

Jeremiah KICKS OFF HIS SHOES.

CHEF

Suit yourself.

Chef pulls a BALLPOINT PEN from his pocket. He CLICKS it ominously in his fist. Something about the way he does this is inexplicably, unpredictably, *bad ass*.

Jeremiah turns and SPRINTS in the other direction. Chef MAKES CHASE, lumbering after him. Jeremiah reaches the nearby FLAG POLE. He JUMPS--

--CLIMBS spider-like up its BASE before KICKING OFF--

--ARCING over Chef, HURLING knives down to STRIKE CHEF IN THE SHOULDER. Nearby--

--Ronnie HIDES beneath a car where he WATCHES Chef pull the knife from his body. Ronnie cradles his injured leg, takes a deep breath, and STAGGERS OUT back into the fray. Meanwhile--

--Jeremiah SPRINTS toward Chef. This time, Chef's ready.

He KNEELS. He CLICKS his pen. A STREAM OF NOXIOUS GAS FIRES from the cartridge INTO JEREMIAH'S FACE. Jeremiah WRETCHES.

Chef closes in. They're hand-to-hand now. Chef's hits are *thunderous*, but Jeremiah maintains his speed.

Chef STRIKES him in the jaw.

Jeremiah STABS HIM in the arm.

Chef SOCKS him in the ribs.

Jeremiah SLICES him across the chest.

And as Chef winds up for the crushing blow...

JEREMIAH THRUSTS A KNIFE UP AND INTO CHEF'S JAW.

A LONG BEAT. Chef staggers back. He seems to CHUCKLE, *huh*, as though surprised, as though this can't possibly be happening, and as Jeremiah watches on, gratified by his work--

CHEF FALLS TO THE GROUND. *Still*. At that exact moment--

--A POSTAL VAN comes CAREENING across the plaza, bare wheels SPARKING on concrete, where it CRASHES into Jeremiah...

...who once again uses those *fucking magnets* to keep from falling beneath the vehicle, climbing onto the hood where--

ANGLE ON: RONNIE IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT. He pulls a GUN and FIRES THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD. Jeremiah goes down--

--dead before he even falls beneath the tires. The vehicle rolls to a stop.

RONNIE

I'm not gonna be right after this.

IN THE BATTLE: The postal workers close in on victory.

INT. RURAL FACTORY - VILLAIN'S LAIR - SAME TIME

Michael and Bonnie CLASH SWORDS. Michael's no match for Bonnie, so he uses his wits, DODGING and DUCKING.

SAME TIME: Edward frantically punches keys on Bonnie's computing console.

Michael TALKS to distract her.

MICHAEL

You don't have to die here.

BONNIE

I don't intend to.

MICHAEL

Was that why you chose this place?
Your parents?

BONNIE

(surprised)
You don't know what you're talking
about.

MICHAEL

I know I'd like to kill you for
what you did to my mother.

BONNIE

Your mother was a sympathizer who
wasted her life working for the
republic.

MICHAEL

She worked for the *people*.

BONNIE

The *people* are the problem.

MICHAEL
You're a real populist.

SAME TIME: Edward BYPASSES Bonnie's security.

EDWARD
Now we're cookin' with gas!

Bonnie HEARS. She GLANCES back, and as she does--

--MICHAEL darts forward. He SLICES her forearm open.

Bonnie considers the BLOOD dripping down her hand.

BONNIE
Thank you.

MICHAEL
For what?

BONNIE
I've shed blood for the cause.

She PULLS a nearby LEVER and THE COMPUTER SERVERS BEGIN TO PULSE FORWARD on CONVEYOR BELTS toward a FURNACE.

EDWARD
DON'T LET THEM BURN! If they burn
it's irreversible!

MICHAEL
(eyeing the flames)
I hate fire.

Bonnie and Michael CLASH BLADES once more. Michael STRUGGLES against the better swordsman, all while awkwardly KICKING servers from their conveyor belt--

--straying dangerously close to the FURNACE--

--working to keep his footing against the moving OBSTACLES.

He TRIPS. Bonnie BEARS DOWN.

EDWARD
I DID IT!

She turns, a momentary lapse. With her back turned, Michael THRUSTS his sword through her FOOT, LODGING her to the conveyor belt.

Bonnie HOWLS. Michael rolls free as Bonnie is drawn inexorably toward the furnace. She TUGS at the sword...

BUT ITS DUCT TAPED HANDLE RIPS FREE, leaving nothing to grip, nothing to tug on.

Seeing this, Michael sprints for the LEVER.

A calmness comes over Bonnie. She faces the furnace and--

BONNIE
(singing, sotto)
I dreamed a dream...

--TIPS INTO THE FLAMES.

Michael throws the lever. The belts roll to a halt. He stares at the furnace's open mouth. A long beat. Edward walks up.

EDWARD
She died a martyr, and if you think that isn't what she wanted, you're kidding yourself.

MICHAEL
You really did it?

EDWARD
God, no. It'll take hours to unfuck this mess. But you needed the diversion.

Michael considers Edward in a new light.

MICHAEL
Thanks.

EXT. RICHARD DICKMAN'S PRIVATE RESIDENCE - SAME TIME

Richard drives his black MERCEDES toward a glamorous front GATE. The gate OPENS. Richard nods to a cadre of ARMED GUARDS outside a security kiosk and continues on when--

--OTTO'S MINI VAN LURCHES into view and SLAMS to a halt, blocking his path. The guards DRAW THEIR WEAPONS.

RICHARD
Otto?

ARMED GUARD #1
Exit the vehicle and declare yourself!

A beat. The door opens. SINDA EXITS. The guards take AIM.

RICHARD
Hold!

Richard opens the driver side door, steps out.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Sinda. Or should I call you Miriam?

SINDA
Hey, Dick. I'd like to make that
charitable contribution after all.

Moving slowly, Sinda DRAGS OTTO from the vehicle. Richard watches, the wheels beginning to turn, and we GO TO--

PNEUMATIC TUBES

--as another LETTER addressed to Michael zooms its way through the depths of the USPS--

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
*...after forty-eight hours of
chaos, the carnage was contained
when United States intelligence
officials successfully located and
reversed the hack...
...further details of the extremist
Bonnie Jo Boone come to light...
...this closes the chapter on a
somber new moment in our history...*

--before arriving in a small receptacle at--

INT. UNITED STATES POSTAL SERVICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

CHYRON UP: Washington D.C. 20260.

Bureaucrats and USPS employees bustle past a windowed--

BOARD ROOM

Sitting around the table, find Michael, Sinda, Edward, Tiana, and Ronnie.

RONNIE
Place needs a facelift...

MICHAEL
You don't know the half of it.

The door OPENS. In walks RICHARD and COLONEL PETERSON holding an ENVELOPE.

PETERSON
Thank you all for coming.

Peterson and Richard take their seats.

PETERSON (CONT'D)

I'd like to say a few words, before we get down to business.

(beat)

I wanted to acknowledge here, in this room, the monumental contribution each of you have made to the safety of this nation and its people. It occurs to me a great deal in this country has been broken--and not just in the last few weeks. It will require the continued heroism of everyday Americans, like you, to see us through.

(to Ronnie)

I understand you aren't a member of the service. You bear the responsibility of keeping what you know a secret. More importantly, it's my hope you'll continue to support our agents in the field. It's going to take more than our modest numbers to set things right.

(to the others)

As you already know, Otto has been removed as Postmaster General and remanded into custody. We've asked Richard here to... fill in, for the time being.

RICHARD

It's an honor.

PETERSON

Now: the main event.

Peterson UNSEALS the envelope.

PETERSON (CONT'D)

Michael Griffiths. I have here your certification as a sworn member of the USPS. It is with great pleasure I award you the Stamp of Approval.

Peterson STAMPS the paperwork. *APPROVED.*

MOMENTS LATER

The gang filters out of the boardroom when--

RICHARD

Sinda. A moment?

Sinda hangs back.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
I wanted to thank you. And
apologize. If it weren't for you,
Otto--

SINDA
--would still be too stupid to get
away clean.

RICHARD
I'm going to need to rely on you,
going forward. I can handle the
politics, but I'll be honest: I
don't know the first thing about
delivering mail.

SINDA
After the FBI, I wouldn't worry.
It's only *slightly* more complex.

Richard betrays a little smile: Sinda's brash. He likes that.

RICHARD
I was actually hoping you'd come on
board as deputy.

Sinda looks momentarily taken aback. She considers this.

SINDA
Thanks, but I'm a field agent.

Richard nods. *Okay then.* He goes for the shake.

SINDA (CONT'D)
Last time we shook hands didn't
turn out so hot for me.

RICHARD
Here's to a clean start.

They SHAKE.

EXT. PRIVATE RUNWAY - PRIVATE JET - DAY

The gang deplanes.

MICHAEL
Nice of Richard to let us keep the
jet.

RONNIE
Did anyone else try that bidet?

SINDA
Nice my ass. He owes us.

BRITISH VOICE (O.S.)
It's going to be insufferable
working for him, you know that.

ANGLE ON: CHEF SITS IN A WHEELCHAIR on the tarmac. He has a
BANDAGED NECK and an electronic VOICE BOX taped to it.

SINDA
Chef! Thank *god*.

She embraces him. Michael merely looks amused.

MICHAEL
What happened to your voice?

CHEF
Now I sound like a proper British
asshole.

MICHAEL
Very posh.

EXT. GRIFFITHS HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

Michael hosts a COOKOUT. Ronnie, Chef, Sinda, Edward, and
Tiana gather around a back patio table. Beers all around.

RONNIE
Now you can really *send a message*
to tyranny.

CHEF
I can't wait to see you *deliver*
justice for the people.

SINDA
You really are the *total package*.

MICHAEL
So dad jokes are part of the job.

They laugh.

RONNIE
Hey. You conscripted me into a life
of secrecy. This is the price

Michael grabs the empty bottles and heads in for the--

KITCHEN

He drops the empties in the sink. He pauses.

ANGLE ON: A familiar framed PHOTO of a younger Michael and Diane. He lingers on the image.

RONNIE (O.S.)
It's a nice photo.

Michael turns. Ronnie stands in the door.

MICHAEL
You believe in, y'know, *after*?

RONNIE
This is the same woman who kept a
spy cam in your high school
bedroom. If anyone's watching down
on you, it's Diane.

Michael snorts. *Too true.*

RONNIE (CONT'D)
C'mon back outside.

And as Michael grabs another round from the fridge, Ronnie
snaking an arm around his closest friend, we PUSH IN on that
photo, mother and son filling the frame, before we--

CUT TO:

BLACK

THE END



CASE FILES

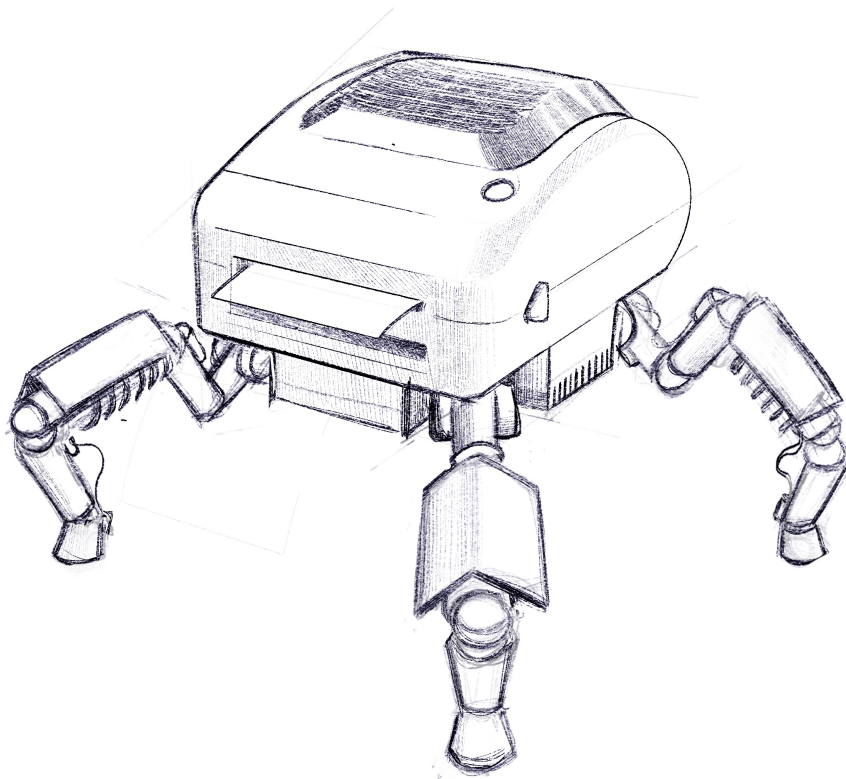
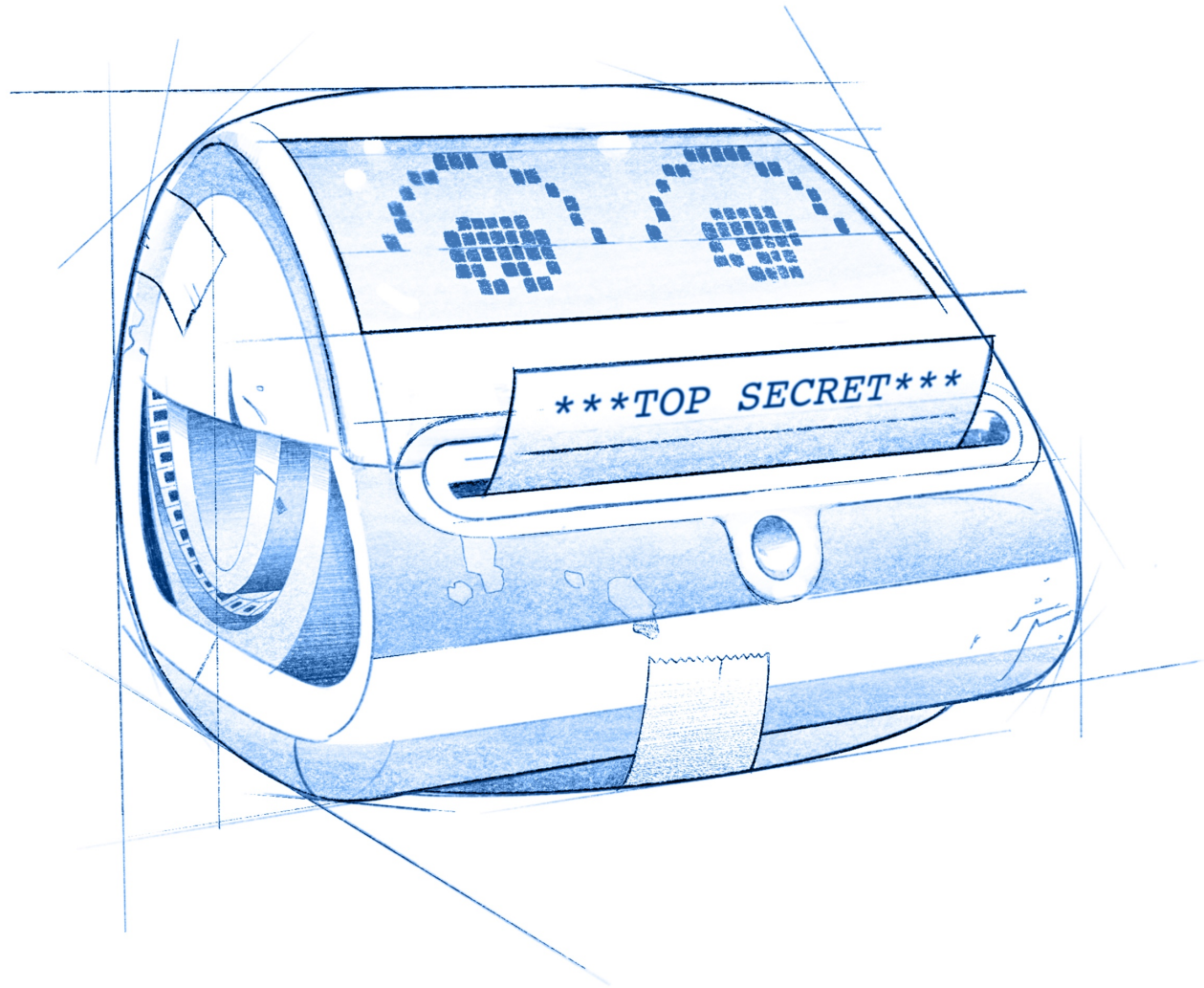
THE LABEL MAKER

User: Diane Griffiths, Michael Griffiths

Tech: Proprietary, Voice Activated

Danger Level: Minimal

Agency: USPS



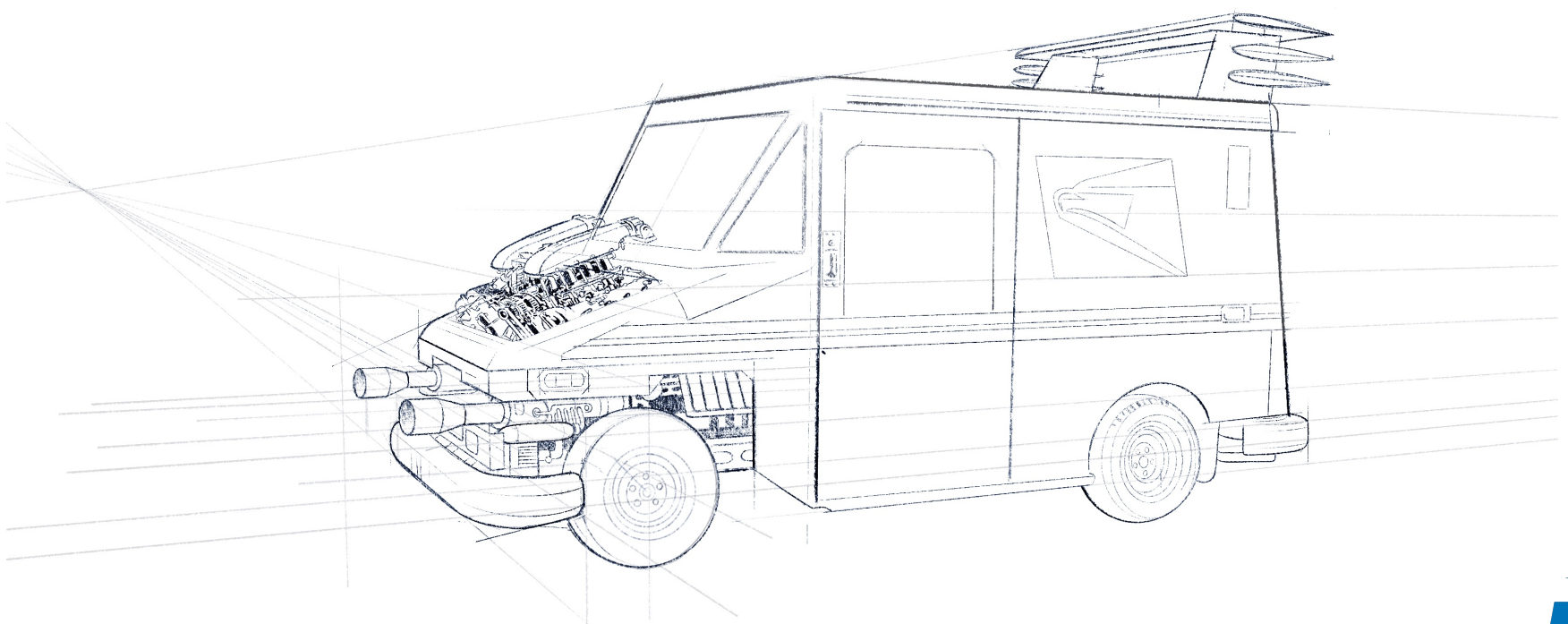
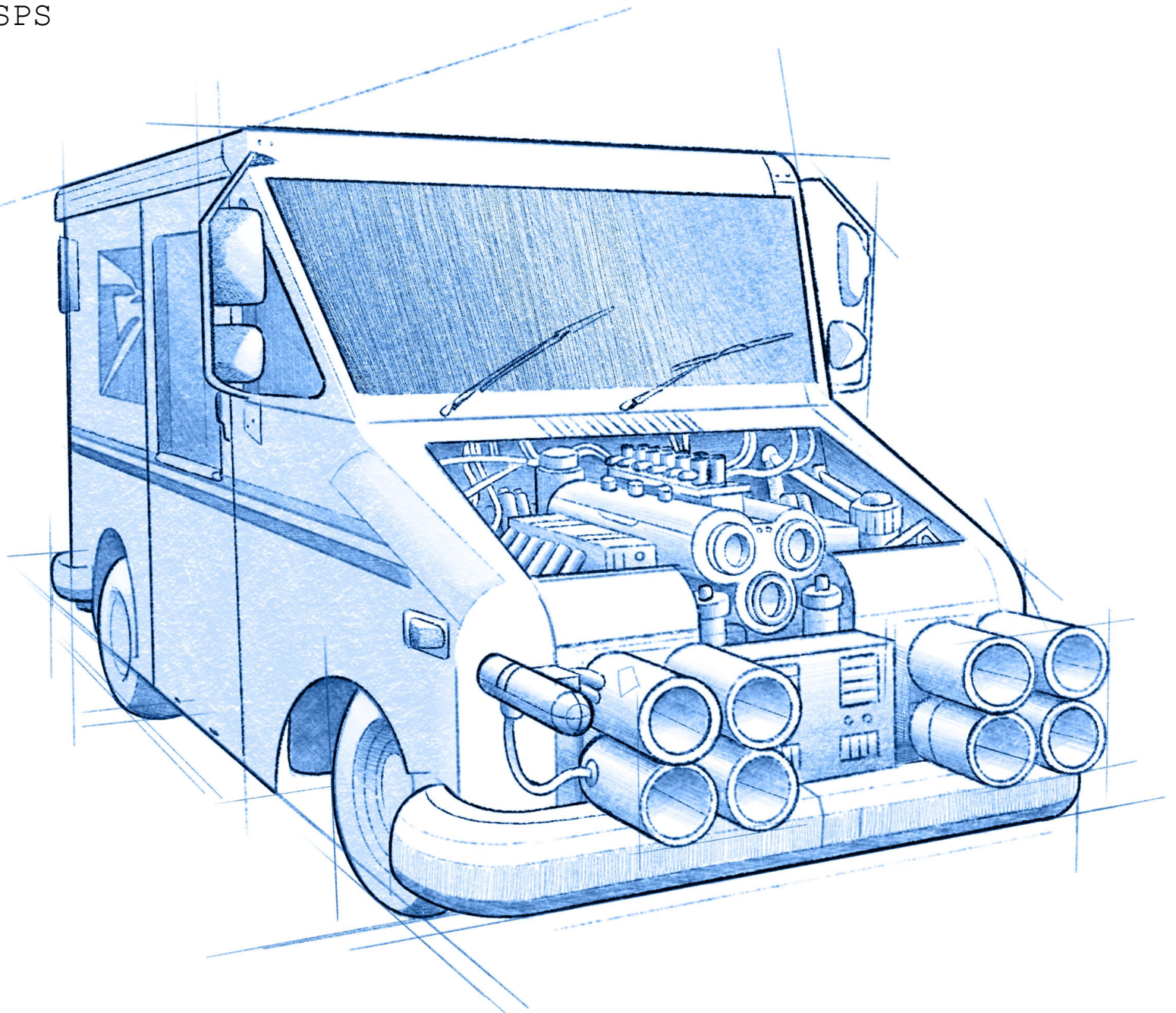
GRUMMAN LLV

User: Multiple Personnel, Agency Wide

Model Year: 2003

Danger Level: Various, Low to Extreme

Agency: USPS



EXOSUITS (1 of 3)

Manufacturer: Unknown, Bonnie Jo Boone

Component Parts: Various - steel, biotech, experimental prosthetics

Danger Level: Extreme

Weaknesses: Unknown



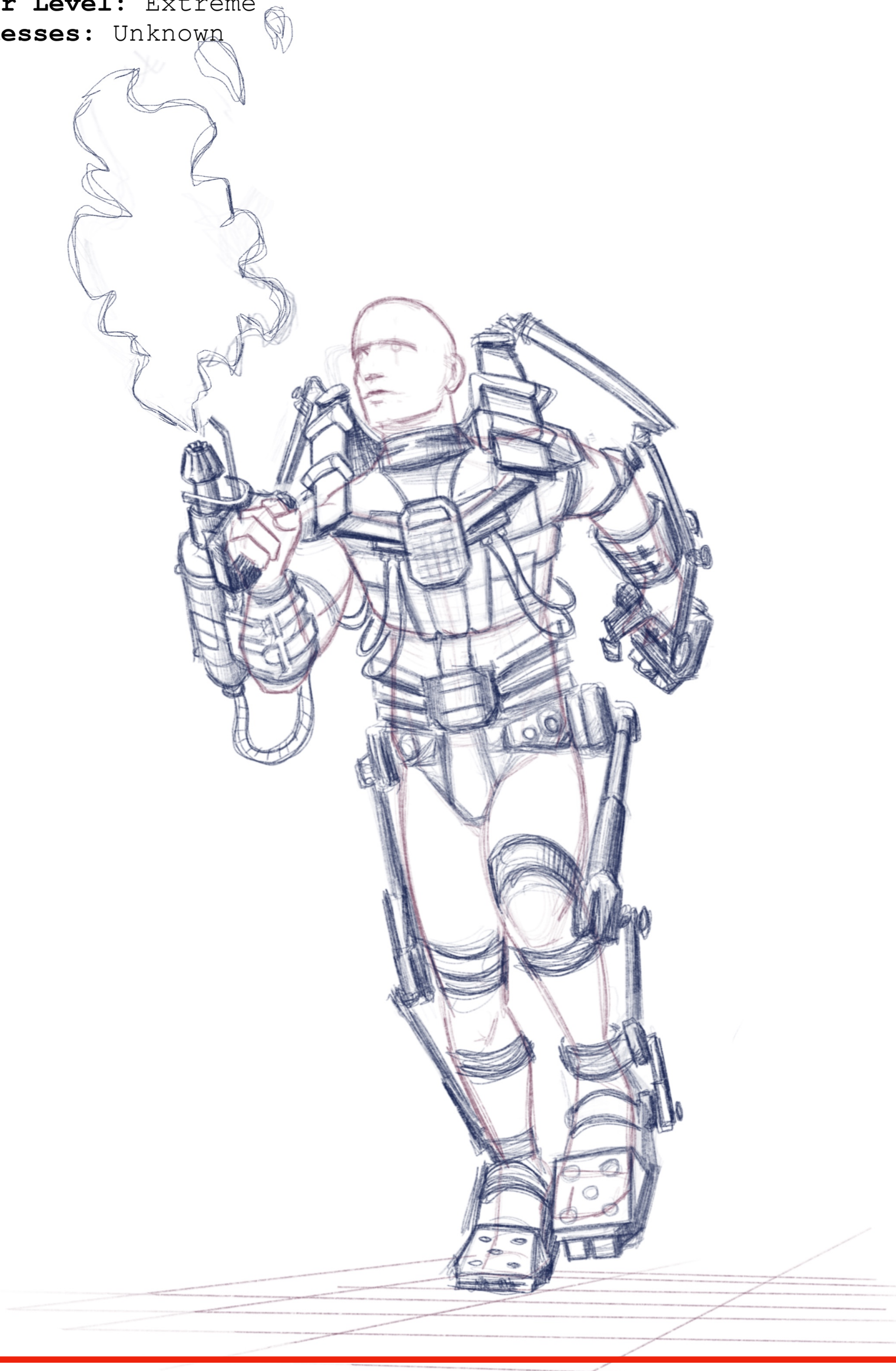
EXOSUITS (2 of 3)

Manufacturer: Unknown, Bonnie Jo Boone

Component Parts: Various - steel, biotech, experimental prosthetics

Danger Level: Extreme

Weaknesses: Unknown



EXOSUITS (3 of 3)

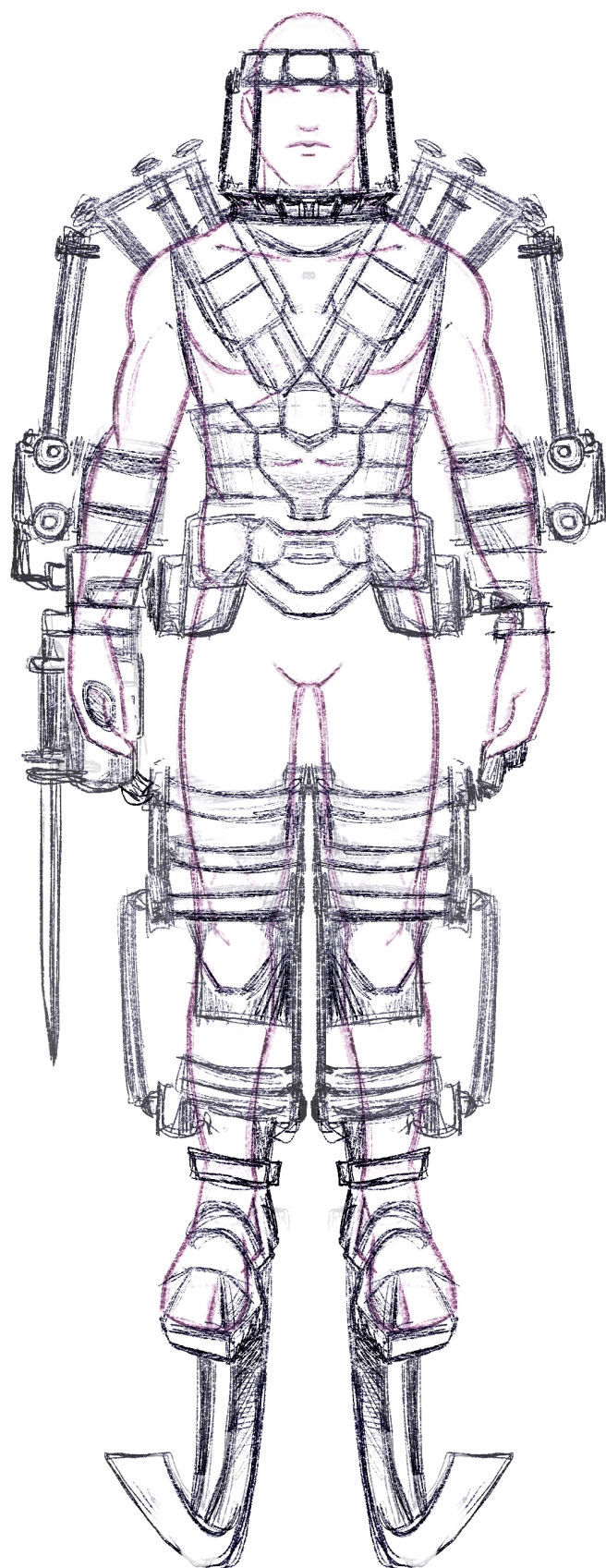
Manufacturer: Unknown, Bonnie Jo Boone

Component Parts: Various - steel, biotech, experimental prosthetics

Danger Level: Extreme

Weaknesses: Unknown

FRONT



BACK

