Front Matter

KUNG-FU MAILMAN

by

Evan K!

Evan Koehne
2738 Hyans St.
Los Angeles, CA
artofevank.com
(707) 695-2961
evankoehne@gmail.com

EXT. QUAINT SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A STREET LINED WITH HOUSES STRAIGHT OUT OF THE ANDY GRIFFITH SHOW. MANICURED TREES ON THE SIDEWALK, FRESHLY CUT LAWNS. MAILBOXES ALL IN A ROW.

FROM AROUND THE CORNER COMES A MAILMAN, WALKING HIS ROUTE AND WHISTLING A MERRY TUNE.

HE EXPERTLY FLICKS ENVELOPES INTO MAILBOXES AS HE WALKS CASUALLY DOWN THE STREET, REACHING INTO HIS BAG FOR MORE MAIL. REACH, FLICK. REACH, FLICK.

THREE MAILBOXES RIGHT NEXT TO EACH OTHER.

POW!

THE MAILMAN PUNCHES THREE ENVELOPES WITH HIS FIST, SENDING THEM FLYING INTO THEIR RESPECTIVE MAIL SLOTS!

SMACK!

HE TAKES A ROUNDHOUSE KICK TO A LARGE PACKAGE AND IT LANDS DIRECTLY ON A HOUSE'S DOORSTEP.

AT THE NEXT HOUSE OVER, A MAN IS ON HIS PORCH, LOOKING FOR HIS NEWSPAPER. THE MAILMAN SEES THAT IT IS RESTING ON HIS ROOF.

WHACK!

THE MAILMAN SENDS A STREAM OF LETTERS FLYING ONTO THE MAN'S ROOF. SEEING THIS, THE MAN GETS INDIGNANT AND STARTS YELLING. BUT THE LETTERS SLIDE DOWN THE ROOF, KNOCKING THE NEWSPAPER TO SEND IT ROLLING DOWN. THE NEWSPAPER AND THE LETTERS LAND RIGHT IN THE YELLING MAN'S HAND.

PORCH MAN
THANK YOU!

THE MAILMAN SMILES. ALL IN A DAY'S WORK.

TITLE CARD ON BLACK:

"KUNG-FU MAILMAN!"

FURTHER DOWN THE STREET

AN UNMARKED BLACK CAR IS DRIVING FAST DOWN THE NEIGHBORHOOD ROAD, HEADING TOWARDS THE MAILMAN.

TWO CHILDREN ARE PLAYING BALL IN THE SIDEWALK. THE MAILMAN WAVES TO AN OLD WOMAN CROSSING THE STREET.

ONE OF THE KIDS MISSES THE BALL. IT ROLLS OUT INTO THE STREET, AND THEY RUN AFTER IT!

THE UNMARKED BLACK CAR ISN'T STOPPING AS IT DRIVES TOWARDS THE KID. THE MAILMAN CLOCKS THIS AND HAS TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

HE RUNS ON TOP OF ONE OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD CARS, USING IT TO LAUNCH HIMSELF IN FRONT OF THE UNMARKED BLACK CAR. HE ROLLS IN FRONT OF IT, GRABBING THE KID, INCHES AWAY FROM BEING HIT.

AS HE LANDS, HE LEAVES THE KID SPINNING. HE SLIDES TOWARDS THE BALL AND ROUNDHOUSE KICKS IT BACK ACROSS THE STREET. THE OTHER LITTLE KID CATCHES IT AND IS VERY HAPPY.

BUT NOW

THE MAILMAN REALIZES THE UNMARKED BLACK CAR IS HEADING TOWARDS THE OLD WOMAN! HE RUNS BACK DOWN THE STREET, SWINGING FROM A TREE BRANCH. AS HE FLIPS IN THE AIR, HE TAKES HIS CARRIER BAG OFF AND FLINGS IT TOWARDS THE OLD LADY. IT CATCHES ON HER WALKER AND PROPELS HER ACROSS TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET, OUT OF THE WAY OF THE SPEEDING VEHICLE.

RELIEVED, THE MAILMAN RUSHES OVER TO THE OLD LADY.

OLD LADY
THANK YOU SO MUCH MAILMAN!

HE PULLS OUT A STACK OF LETTERS ADDRESSED TO THE OLD LADY AND HANDS THEM TO HER.

THE MAILMAN
NO TROUBLE, MA'AM. ALL PART OF BEING IN THE U.S. POSTAL SERVICE.

OLD LADY
SO MODEST. AND HANDSOME, TOO! YOU MUST HAVE GIRLS LOOKING FOR A DATE EVERY NIGHT.

THE MAILMAN'S FACE FLUSHES.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)
LET ME KNOW IF YOU EVER WANT ME TO SET YOU UP WITH ONE OF MY NIECES. THEY'RE LOVELY GIRLS!

THE MAILMAN
I'LL THINK ABOUT IT MA'AM!

THE MAILMAN TURNS AROUND TO YELL AT THE KIDS WITH THE BALL.

THE MAILMAN (CONT'D)
HEY, DON'T RUN AFTER BALLS! IT'S VERY DANGEROUS!

LOOKING BACKWARDS DOWN THE STREET, THE MAILMAN CAN SEE THE UNMARKED BLACK CAR PULLING INTO A DRIVEWAY AT THE END OF THE LANE. A FEW MEN GET OUT AND GO INSIDE.

HOT WITH ANGER, THE MAILMAN WALKS DOWN THE STREET TOWARDS THE HOUSE.

EXT. DERELICT HOUSE - QUAINT SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

THE HOUSE LOOKS SHADY, WITH BOARDED-UP WINDOWS AND AN UNKEPT LAWN. A GIANT BEWARE OF DOG SIGN HANGS ON THE FENCE. THE DOG LOOKS FIERCE AND RABID, BARKING UP A STORM LIKE A HOUND OUT OF HELL. THE MAILBOX IS INSIDE THE GATE, ATTACHED TO THE HOUSE.

THE DOG GETS INCENSED WHEN HE SEES THE MAILMAN WALKING UP. BUT THE MAILMAN CLOSES HIS EYES AND PUTS HIS PALMS TOGETHER, DEEP IN MEDITATION. A LOW GONG SOUND PLAYS OVER THE SOUNDTRACK.

THE DOG'S FURY DRAINS OUT OF HIS EYES. HE BECOMES A DOCILE CREATURE AND SITS DOWN. THE MAILMAN ENTERS THE GATE AND PETS THE DOG AS HE WALKS PAST.

THE MAILMAN
GOOD BOY.

THE MAILMAN ANGRILY SCRIBBLES A NOTE, THEN POSTS IT TO THE DOOR. IT READS:

"YOU DRIVE VERY BAD. DANGEROUS FOR CHILDREN AND OLD LADIES IN NEIGHBORHOOD. PLEASE SLOW DOWN!"

THEN HE DUTIFULLY PUTS MAIL IN THE MAILBOX AND WALKS AWAY.

AS HE LEAVES, A SHADY LOOKING GUY IN A BLACK SUIT OPENS THE DOOR A CRACK. AFTER LOOKING AROUND, HE SNATCHES THE MAIL OUT OF THE MAILBOX. SEEING THE NOTE ON THE DOOR, HE DETACHES IT, READS IT, CRUMPLES IT UP AND THROWS IT ON THE GROUND. HE GOES BACK IN AND SHUTS THE DOOR.

INT. DARK MEETING ROOM

We follow the mail as the man in the black suit puts it down on a table. A haggard wizard-man sits at the head of the table, surrounded by evil-looking gangster types.

He opens the envelope that has been put in front of him. After quickly glancing over the letter inside, he addresses the table.

OLD WIZARD
Everything is according to plan. Soon the power to get into every house in the world will be in our hands. We attack the post office tomorrow morning.

He crumples the letter in his hand and holds his fist up in the air.

OLD WIZARD
Long live SPAM!

The other gangster-types raise their fists as well.

CROSS-FADE TO:

INT. POST OFFICE - MORNING

A quaint, American Post Office, bustling with activity. A long line holds still full of people needing to get packages sent.

Manning the only open window is LINDA, a heavy older woman who lives for her smoke breaks. As far as this endless line goes, she's had it.

She looks at the clock as it strikes 10 o'clock. Without looking back she gets up and heads to the back room.

INT. POST OFFICE - SORTING ROOM - MORNING

Linda hoofs her way in to the sorting room.

LINDA
Hey you!

Kung-Fu Mailman is using his martial arts prowess to sort the mail. Letters are FLYING into slots sorted by street name. He's an efficiency machine, and he loves it.

LINDA
One day that happy attitude is gonna get you in trouble, kid. The world's a mean place to happy people.

She lights up a cigarette. She is framed under a large "No-smoking" sign.

KUNG-FU MAILMAN
You shouldn't smoke Linda. It is very bad for you. What are the three values and disciplines of the US Postal Worker?

He points at the wall and we zip-pan to a sign.

KUNG-FU MAILMAN
Honor in duty. Integrity in action. And Honesty in heart.

LINDA
That's not government regulation, you put that up yourself. I'm on break anyway.

KUNG-FU MAILMAN
It is difficult to call you my master, but sworn into duty I cannot shirk the responsibility.

LINDA
I'm not your master, I'm your *manager*. Speaking of, Gerald won't be in today. Called in sick.

KUNG-FU MAILMAN
If you're on break... and Gerald is sick... who is minding the desk!?

Linda shrugs. Kung-Fu Mailman peaks his head out from the back. If the line was large when this scene opened, now it has DOUBLED.

Kung-Fu Mailman lets out a tiny shriek.

He skillfully dons his post office jacket (which he had off while he was "practicing") and puts Linda's cigarette out as he runs to the front.

INT. POST OFFICE - TELLER WINDOW - MORNING

KFM slides into the teller window seat and lets out a litany

of efficient instructions, treating the post office patrons like an assembly line, answering their questions before they even ask.

KUNG-FU MAILMAN
International postage $23.45! This is within the weight limits for mail to Kansas! You'll need a box for that! That zip code is 00967! I *would* recommend tracking insurance!

But his efficiency is curtailed when suddenly, the "next in line" is a beautiful woman, a hometown bombshell. This is GRACE. Think Betty Cooper from Archie Comics (but probably not Caucasian [TBD]).

Kung-Fu Mailman loses himself as he watches her walk up.

GRACE
Hello. Are you selling any collectible stamps?

The dumbstruck KFM pulls himself together, but not very well. He stumbles over his words as he responds.

KUNG-FU MAILMAN
I... we! Have... many... integrity, so... yes! Stamp. Stamps. We have many.

GRACE
I'm looking for "The Stamp of Destiny."

We truck into KFM's "mindscape," we watch abstract animation illustrating the history of the stamp as he says the words in his head (to himself):

KUNG-FU MAILMAN (VO)
The Stamp of Destiny? The Ancient Fabled Magic Stamp of Ancient China, said to open any door for any stranger, sworn only to letters with gifts or good intentions? The stamp passed down from generation to generation of mailmen?

INT. POST OFFICE - BREAK ROOM

On a placard on the wall is displayed THE STAMP OF DESTINY, a design ancient and graceful. Below it are the three PRECEPTS O THE MAILMAN that KFM had posted outside in the Sorting Room.

KUNG-FU MAILMAN (VO)
The prized possession of this very Post Office?

Zooming out we return to:

INT. POST OFFICE - TELLER WINDOW

Kung-Fu Mailman and Grace smile at one another.

GRACE
I'm not trying to purchase it, obviously. I just wanted to take a picture for my collection, and then I'll be on my way.

On her way!?!

KUNG-FU MAILMAN
No. We don't have it.

GRACE
Oh, that's too bad.

She starts to leave.

KUNG-FU MAILMAN
But it should be coming here! Next week! It circulates and we're getting it next. You can come back next week, and I'll show it to you.

GRACE
Oh, that's wonderful!

KUNG-FU MAILMAN
It has a fascinating history, perhaps I can tell you about it sometime.

EXT. POST OFFICE

In classic 90's Action-Movie style, the bad guys roll up in an unmarked van. Donning their black leather gloves, they enter the Post Office.

INT. POST OFFICE - LOBBY

The plain-clothes bad guys start locking down the doors, ensuring no one escapes.

INT. POST OFFICE - TELLER WINDOWS

The people in line are still unaware. KFM is dreamily staring at Grace.

MAN IN LINE
Hey? What's the hold up? I've got packages to send!

KUNG-FU MAILMAN
Duty calls!

GRACE
Ok, I'll see you next week.

Kung-Fu Mailman heaves a sigh of infatuation as he watches her walking away.

But before she can leave...

BAM!

POW!

ZING!

SPAM NINJAS break through the windows, and the crowd freaks!

SPAM NINJA
Everybody listen up! We don't want your money, we don't want your packages. We just want your addresses - and the Stamp of Destiny!

Grace squints her eyes in deisbelief. "But he said it wasn't here."

The lead bad guy, SPAM BADMAN walks in. He looks over the crowd.

SPAM BADMAN
Worthless peons. We come for the stamp of destiny.

Spam Ninja runs up to the teller window, pushing the man with packages out of the way. Mail goes tumbling everywhere.

A note: The teller window is tiny, like a coffin. KFM's movement is severely curtailed.

SPAM NINJA
Give me the keys!

KUNG-FU MAILMAN
I can't fit them through the window hole.

Spam Ninja BREAKS the glass.

Big mistake.

Kung-Fu Mailman rushes forward and grabs spam ninja by the collar.

This would be a fun place to have a fighting gag centered around the package retrieval window, the one where you have to close it before the teller can open it. Mix this in with ducking back and forth between the teller window itself and you've got a pretty good start for a fight gag.

After that somehow Kung-Fu Mailman gets into the floor and jumps up on a table, announces his intention to defend the post office, and gives a "don't you know you are the scum of society!" Speech.

KUNG-FU MAILMAN
Why are you doing this?

SPAM BADMAN
Don't you see? The world is a game of numbers. If we get spam, coupons, and other junk mail into people's homes, they can never get rid of us! Some will throw it away but we will keep coming! And that stamp is the ticket to getting our mail into everyone's home, now and forever!

KUNG-FU MAILMAN
You cannot use the goodwill of the Stamp of Destiny for your own personal gain! You are greedy people! What is wrong with you? Don't you know anything about serving the people?

SPAM BADMAN
Today, we serve you a plate full of punches! Ninjas, attack!

The Spam Ninjas come after Kung-Fu Mailman.

A few gags:

Ninjas punching at KFM. KFM using packages, envelopes, pulling whatever he can from the racks of postage boxes as a method of blocking. But Spam ninja keeps punching through them, and they keep getting flimsier and flimsier. Starts as a big box, becomes a smaller box, ends up as an envelope. But then he uses the envelope to give the guy a paper cut. Ha!

It's clear that, despite the overwhelming odds, KFM is beating the bad guys.

Spam Badman grabs the Stamp of Destiny.

He has in his clutches Grace.

INT. POST OFFICE - LOBBY

Spam Badman is making off with Grace. It's been revealed at this point that he has magic powers! So he turns the Mailboxes into evil creatures that come after Kung-Fu Mailman.

He gets his hand stuck in one.

EXT. POST OFFICE

The Mailman rushes out the door in pursuit, pausing outside the door.

KUNG-FU MAILMAN
This friendly neighborhood post office shall never be destroyed!

The post office falls down around KFM, Buster Keaton style. Think the classic house-falling-around-actor scenario, or also that scene from Rumble in the Bronx where the building gets torn down and the girl is on the toilet. Grace being carried off in the getaway van. KFM takes off after them.

KUNG-FU MAILMAN
You will pay!

EXT. QUAINT SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD

The same from the opening. In a similar craning down shot, we push in to reveal The Mailman running into frame.

INT. GETAWAY VEHICLE

In the car, The Spam Wizard is struggling with Grace. She steps on the brakes, making the car flip over.

EXT. QUAINT SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD

The Mailman is pursuing. Then in the distance, he watches the car flip over... and dramatically explode!

The Mailman looks on in horror. The book of Grace's Stamp Collection falls at his feet.

He crumples to his feet.

THE MAILMAN
No...

But then, two feet enter frame. It's Grace! But now she's in a tight, black leather, spy outfit.

THE MAILMAN
You're ok!

GRACE
I am a government agent, assigned to retrieve the Stamp of Destiny before those madmen can use it to sully innocent American's mailboxes. Thanks for blowing my cover.

A ball of light exits out of the Mail Delivery Car.

SPAM BADMAN
Haha... You think you can destroy me with a little car fire? The Stamp of Destiny has now given me total power!

The light zips away behind one of the suburban houses... And then something begins to GROW...

Flashing lights - the sky turns different colors. Then from behind the house, grows a giant six-armed monster! Like a Ray Harryhausen monster.

A close-up on the monster reveals the Stamp of Destiny adhered to the monster's back.

KUNG-FU MAILMAN
You won't be able to take that on alone.

GRACE
Let's smash that thing to pieces and get that Stamp back!

The Mailman and Grace rush towards the monster.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD FIGHT

Like The Cyclops in 7th Voyage of Sinbad, Spam Badman is crushing neighborhood houses. Some fun stuff here, like a real foot coming down to crush one of the houses as a family runs away.

Grace and the Mailman run up the sides of houses. This part of the short film is where it turns from a straight Jackie Chan film to more of a Yuen Woo-Ping inspired sequence (obvious reference: Crouching Tiger).

Spam Badman is sucking up all the mail from the houses.

OLDER MAN
My Amazon package!

OLDER LADY
My Coupons!

YOUNG COUPLE
We're expecting a wedding invitation!

The Mailman sees the turmoil on everyone's faces.

THE MAILMAN
We must get these people back their mail. This monster cannot stand.

Grace and The Mailman run and jump on top of the houses, and begin fighting their way up the man. (Giant Spam Badman could actually be a human in a suit that we pixelate!)

The fight begins! Grace and The Mailman wire-fight their way up along the Badman's body, climbing up his side like in Shadow of the Colossus.

GRACE
The Stamp is stuck to his back! We need to get it before he destroys this neighborhood!

We see the stamp, affixed to Badman's hairy, hairy back.

THE MAILMAN
I... I'll get it!

Mail is floating in the air around Spam Badman. As he feels The Mailman trying to remove the stamp, he begins flinging pieces of mail at him.

THE MAILMAN
Ooo! Ahh! Paper cut!

But he persists on. Meanwhile, Grace is crawling on his face, attempting to gouge out his eyes with her two (awesome) swords.

Grace pokes at Spam Badman's eyes. The Mailman detaches the stamp of destiny.

Then the entire Spam Monster dissipates, scattering all of the mail it collected to the wind. All of the letters, packages, and other mail fall to the ground, as do The Mailman, Grace, and Spam Badman.

EXT. QUAINT SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - GROUND - DAY

They fall to the ground, Mail raining down around them. The residents of the neighbor hood are avoiding the packages falling on their head. The Mailman circles around and catches Spam Badman and a lock grip.

THE MAILMAN
You're going away for a very long time.

EXT. QUAINT SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

The cops are taking Badman away in a van. The Mailman and Grace are talking off in the corner.

THE MAILMAN
Badman shirked his duties to his evil bosses and took the power of the stamp for himself. In a way I'm glad, however. His greed allowed us to defeat him.

GRACE
Yes, your sense of duty is very strong. My job is important to me to. I suppose I will see you around, Mailman.

THE MAILMAN
Wait. Go out with me. On a date.

Grace glances around the neighborhood, at the mail falling out of the sky.

GRACE
It looks like you have a lot of work to do.

THE MAILMAN
Yes I do. But it's five o'clock now, and tomorrows Sunday.

They smile at one another. The victorious Mailman is handsome and confident, and Grace is full of poise and feminine finesse. Both play the part of Hollywood heartthrobs in this moment. They lean in for the kiss.

But they get their arms tangled and it becomes a weird, awkward hug. A cute, weird awkward hug. They laugh at one another. Then they peck each other quickly on the lips. The kiss of two awkward people, beginning something neither of them are quite sure they're ready for... but really want to give a go.

THE END