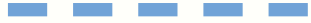


# USPS:



## *Magic*





It's not *Magic*,



**it's USPS**

What we aim to tell is nothing less than the authoritative story of our nation's most important service to democracy and the holiday season alike: THE USPS.

Our window into this world? Three carefully selected real-life USPS workers, who will give us a very intimate sense of the vast and seemingly magical process that USPS performs.

**Every. Single. Day.**





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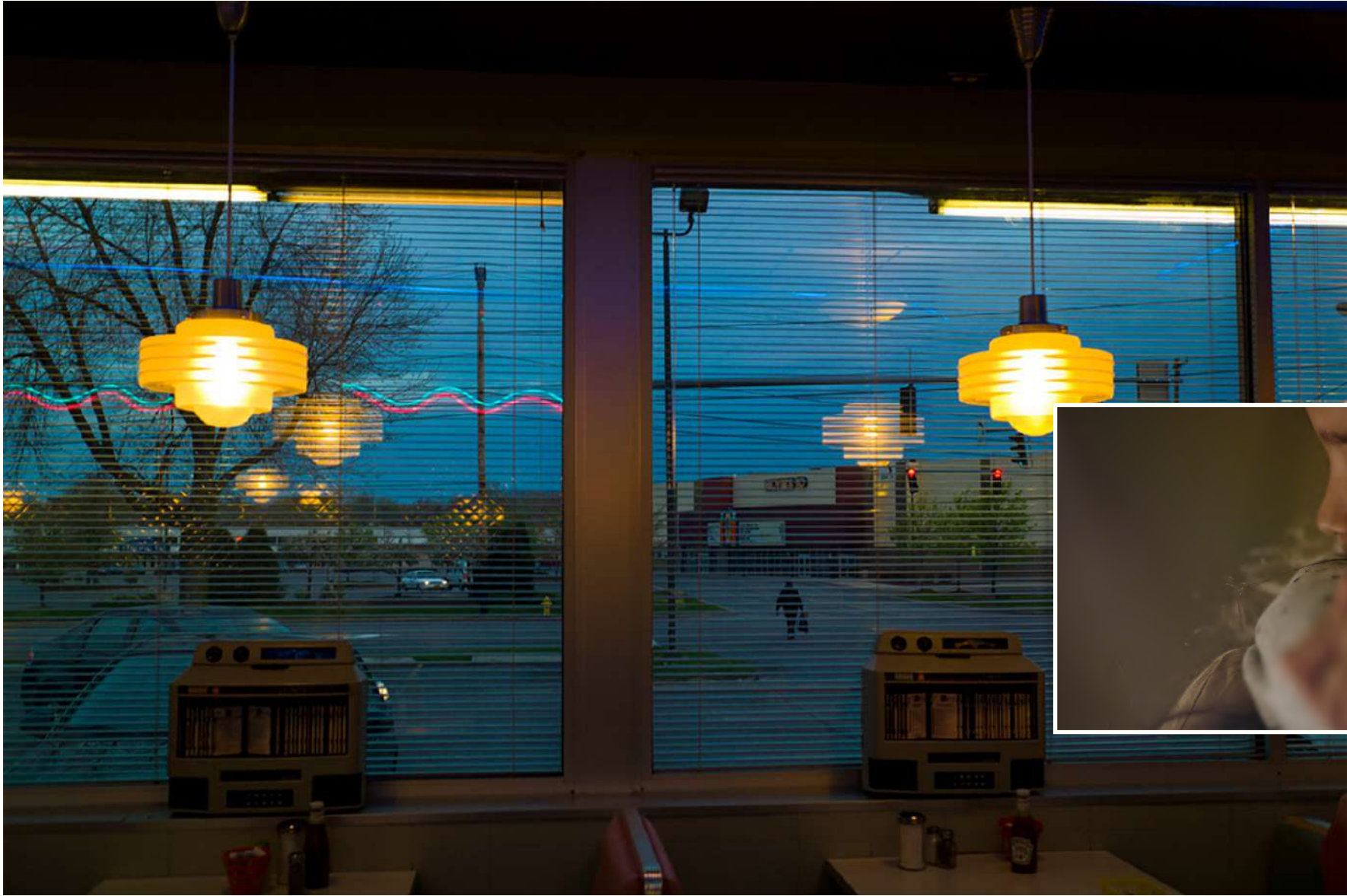
We're after something very different. You could call it docufiction, but we just call it **borrowing**. The strategy is to command real circumstances and real relationships in such a way that allows them to unfold into their best cinematic opportunities.

The approach allows us to abbreviate these journeys and relationships, to tell them in shorthand, without ever cheating the natural moments or damaging the essential credibility of the moments.

The goal is to give the audience a rare glimpse into a way of life, rarely seen. On the following pages, we've provided a sample script with fictional characters. It is over-written, but we believe words have a much worse compression ratio than images.

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**Our intention  
is swift, potent  
and emotional  
storytelling**

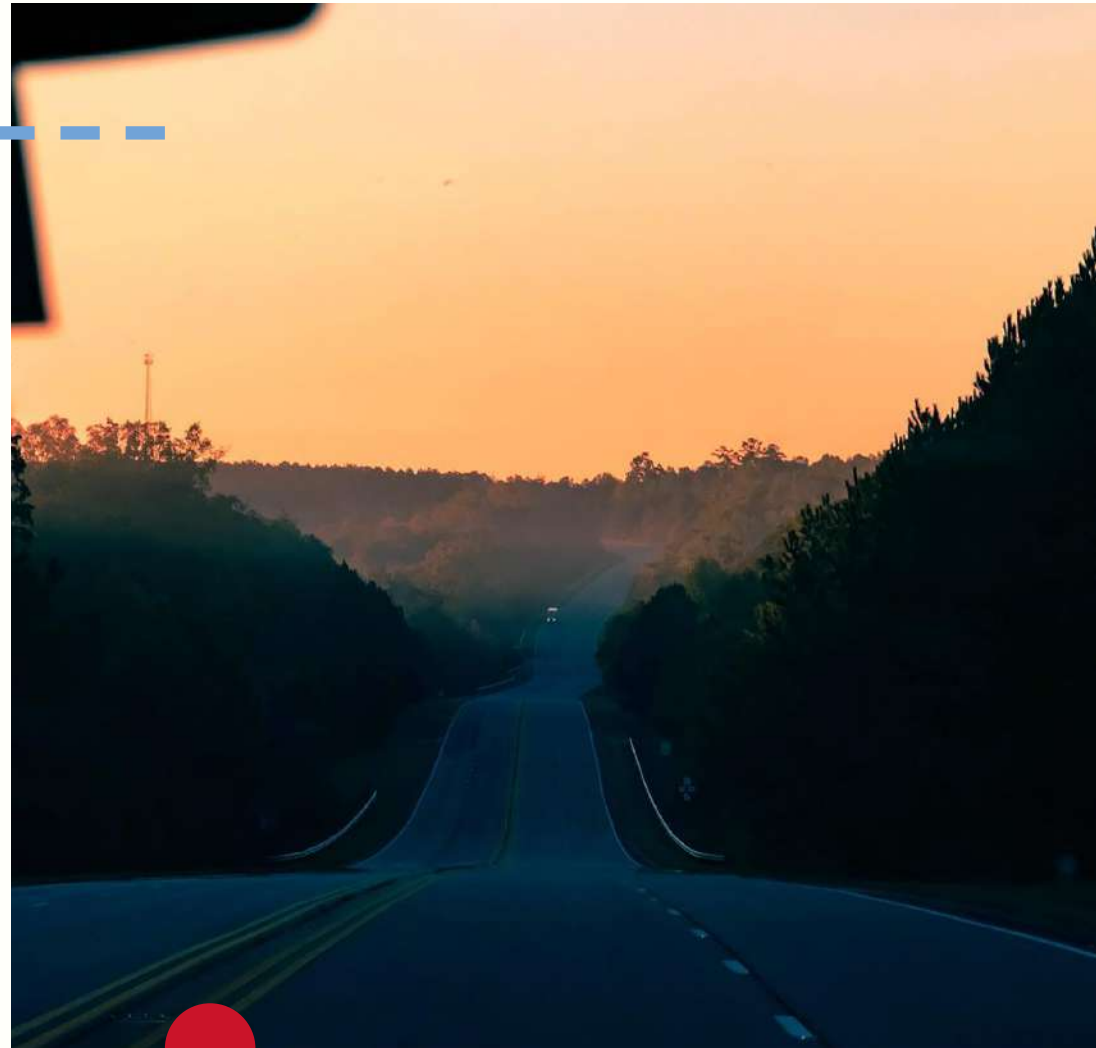


**EXT. FRISCO, COLORADO -- MORNING.**

The spine of the rocky mountains, from the east. We're in a USPS vehicle on the move. For a second, literally.

**EXT. OAK PARK, ILLINOIS -- MORNING.**

Crossing *South Marion St.* The red bricks rumbling below our wheels. Still on the move. For another second.





**EXT. FORT WORTH STOCKYARDS -- FORT WORTH, TEXAS. -- MORNING**

Moving down *Exchange St.* towards the SUNRISE. For another second. No time to waste admiring the scenery.

Above us, the "STOCK YARDS" sign still glows from the previous night. At this time of year, it's adorned with HOLIDAY LIGHTS depicting a LONG HORN and STARS.

GIRL'S VOICE (V.O.)

The big day was here with joy to be spread --  
His checklist in hand, Santa now read: --

**INT. USPS BREAK ROOM -- OAK PARK -- MORNING.**

KEESHA SHARP (39), seated, ties up her boots. She nods, a time-honored nod to WILL SCHIFF who passes and places a HOLIDAY COOKIE beside her on the bench.

**INT. USPS SECTIONAL CENTRE FACILITY (SCF)-- FORT WORTH -- MORNING**

Mail Processing Clerk, ALI HAJI (51), drives a MULE (Facility Vehicle) -- towing a train of carts for processing. He has a good disposition and he laughs as MARGARET MASON pumps her arm, signaling him to honk. MEEP MEEP! Ali obliges.





**INT. LOCAL USPS OFFICE, FRISCO, CO. -- MORNING.**

JACK LUND (78), loads his CASED MAIL into his DODGE POSTMASTER 2500 with scholarly precision. Mail Assistant, MAY GEIGER drops of an additional box of holiday packages at the tail of the truck. She gives the packages a warm tap, as if to say, "GO GET'EM, JACK".

**GIRL'S VOICE (V.O.)**

"My helpers abound, I'll need you today" --  
Our sleigh is now ready, let's get on our way!" --

**INT. USPS SCF LUNCH ROOM -- FORT WORTH, TX -- LUNCH BREAK.**

ALI HAJI sits with a few of his colleagues. An unlikely assortment of characters. Each of them, a packed lunch deployed on the table. In the BG, the H.R. DEPT has gone above an beyond with HOLIDAY DECORATIONS this year. One of his colleagues holds a green box of chocolates. Ali tries not to pick the ones filled with cherry. Yuck!



**EXT. HWY 9 -- SOUTH OF FRISCO, CO. -- MORNING.**

Yellow lines whip beneath us. The blacktop is faded and grey. Aspen trees quake as we pass.

A Jack Lund's WHITE DODGE PROMASTER 2500 makes its way up a deserted highway incline. On its side panels the OFFICIAL SEAL of the USPS, THE SONIC EAGLE and the words:

**“WE DELIVER TO YOU”**



**EXT. SOUTH HARVEY STREET, OAK PARK, IL. -- AFTERNOON.**

A FATHER (41) steps out of his home. In his arms, a squirming TODDLER in a one-piece SNOW SUIT.

Making first tracks on their snowy walkway is KEESHA SHARPE. She places a package on the top of the banister -- a small, observant gesture from one attentive parent to another. We register appreciation in the Father's eyes. Keesha hands the a SMALL STACK OF LETTERS to the CHILD who clamps them gleefully.





**INT. USPS SCF LUNCH ROOM -- FORT WORTH, TX -- LUNCH BREAK.**

It's on. We travel with ALI HAJI and he drives an orderly train of crates down a corridor. But... we hear a conflicting sound. A cacophony of machines CHUGGING AND BEEPING AND WHIRRING. HUMAN VOICES SPEAKING LOUD ENOUGH TO BE HEARD ABOVE IT ALL. And suddenly, the space opens up...

We see the scale of it all. The whole 362,702 square-foot facility. 60 TRUCK BAYS. An AUTOMATED PACKAGE PROCESSING SYSTEM (APPS) scanning up to 12,500 packages an hour.



The facility processing around 160,000 packages per day during the holiday rush. And --wait for it-- a cool 3 million letters. (1 out of every 230 heading to the North Pole) Suddenly, the sound of it all makes sense. But for ALI, this is all in a day's work.



**INT. BUTTERHORN BAKERY -- MAIN ST -- FRISCO, COLORADO.  
AFTERNOON.**

Jack Lund walks out the bakery. Locals eat, wait, recognize him. He holds his favorite sandwich as he climbs into his PROMASTER 2500, A TEN-MILE TURKEY on jalapeno-cheddar.

We cut inside one of the carts to see the USPS CHRISTMAS BOX as it rumbles along.



**GIRL'S VOICE (V.O.)**

“We’ll visit each house, by road or  
by flight --  
We’ll deliver our promise to all  
their delight.” --

**INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.**

From inside a window, we pan with a USPS GRUMMAN LLV as it passes along the street outside. The move carries us to the INTERIOR of the home where a LITTLE GIRL (7) nestles her way into pile of pillows. Beside, her LITTLE SISTER (5) has been waiting all day for this. The Little Girl opens a worn, spine-broken holiday book. The sure sign of a favorite.

**INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.**

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**EXT. SOUTH HAMLIN AVE -- CHICAGO, IL -- EVENING.**

We follow Keesha Sharpe as she walks up to a home. She shakes the dampness from her uniform on the porch.

**INT. HOME -- SOUTH HAMLIN AVE -- CHICAGO IL -- EVENING.**

We see her inside the home, as she pulls off her jacket.

**INT. LIVING ROOM -- SOUTH HAMLIN AVE -- CHICAGO, IL -- NIGHT.**

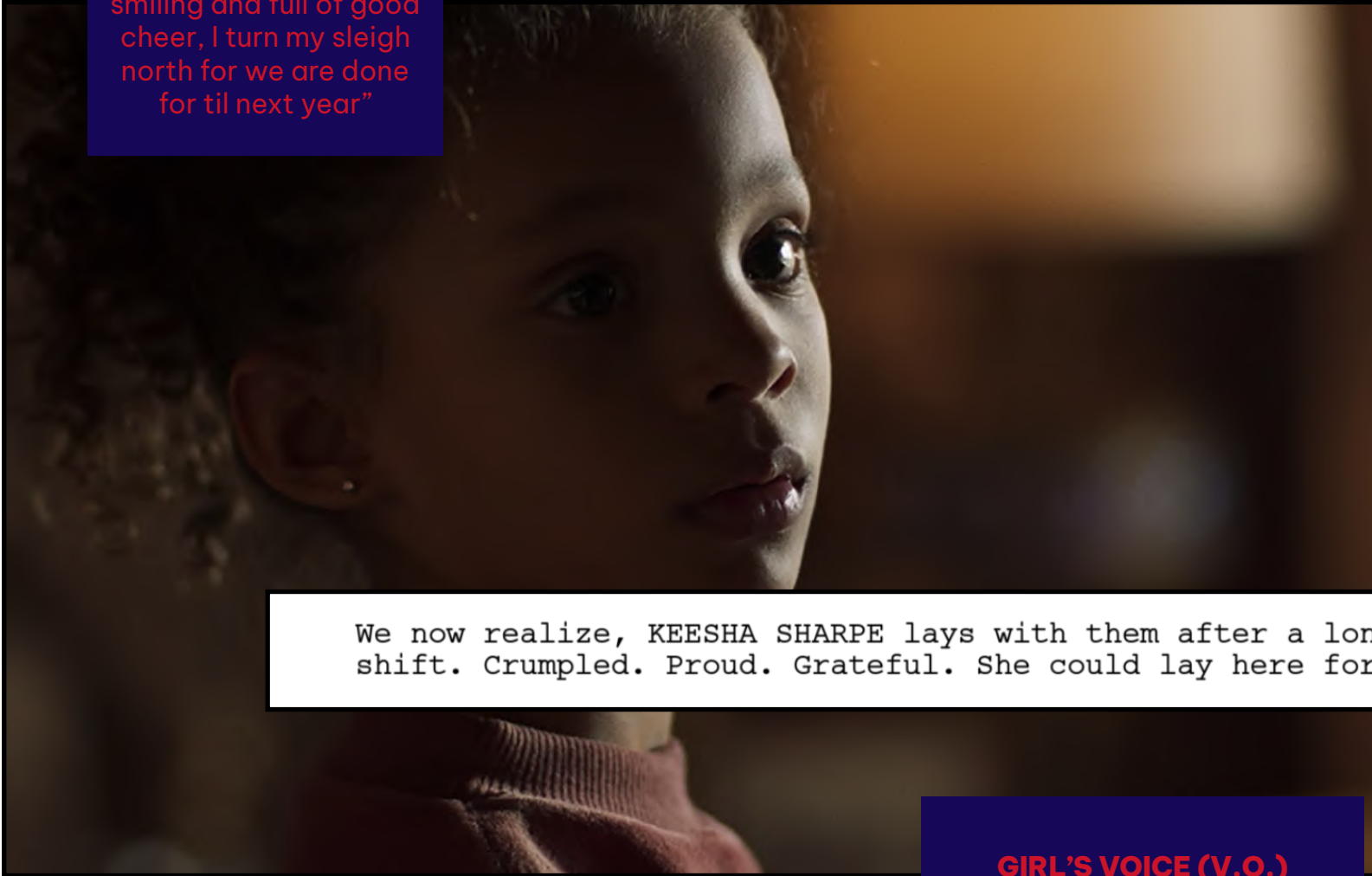
A LITTLE GIRL (8) lays crumpled on a heap of pillows with their favorite CHRISTMAS BOOK. Beside her, her YOUNGER SISTER (5) stares at the book with child-like amazement and belief. In the BG, a CHRISTMAS TREE sparkles with lights. A the remnants of a fire, still glowing in the fireplace.

We WIDEN the as the LITTLE GIRL finishes the final lines of the book.



**GIRL'S VOICE (V.O.)**

“And when everyone is smiling and full of good cheer, I turn my sleigh north for we are done for til next year”



We now realize, KEESHA SHARPE lays with them after a long shift. Crumpled. Proud. Grateful. She could lay here forever.

**GIRL'S VOICE (V.O.)**

Making more deliveries than anyone else might seem like magic...



**INT. PAPA CHANG ASIA BISTRO -- FORT WORTH, TX -- NIGHT.**

We glimpse for a second:

ALI, his fiancé PAVANI, and two other friends read each-others FORTUNE COOKIES aloud after a meal at their favorite Chinese Restaurant.

**INT. JACK'S KITCHEN -- FRISCO, CO -- NIGHT.**

We glimpse for another second:

In the wood-paneled kitchen of his A-Frame cabin Jack Lund and his wife, CAROLYN LUND prepare dinner together.

GIRL'S VOICE (V.O.)

But actually, it's the people at  
the United States postal service.

We say goodnight to the simple and extraordinary people who quietly perform of the magic in the lives we live.





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**Priority: *You***

