

SMARTVILLE, USA

Episode Two

Written  
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A tech billionaire's plan to modernize a fading  
Florida town runs into resistance when locals  
fear it's becoming too smart for its own good.

02B

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*"A town too smart for its own good"*

SMARTVILLE, USA

"Episode Two"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. WORKSHOP — MARINA AND FUEL STOP — DAY

A ramshackle workshop with a boat hoist and tools.

PAM leans against the workbench, watching Sam carefully gelcoat the underside of a boat.

PAM  
... they talked about the Marina,  
the lake — then, one of them mentions  
a "data center."

SAM  
Data center? Don't they use fresh  
water?

PAM  
I'm telling you, Sam — these guys  
are bad news.

SOUND OF APPROACHING VEHICLE

The ROBOTAXI pulls into the lot covered in WHITE DUST.

Sam watches, wary.

SAM  
Are those the guys?

PAM  
That's them.

SAM  
Stay here. In case they see you.

EXT. MARINA AND FUEL STOP — DAY

Elias, Mungo, and Midge climb from the Robotaxi and survey the layout.

ELIAS  
How much land do they own?

MIDGE  
(checks notes)  
According to county records, the  
lot next to the highway. We'll need  
it all.

Elias nods, pulls on his cap.

ELIAS  
Let's go buy.

INT. MARINA AND FUEL STOP — DAY

A shack-store selling bait and basic supplies.

Sam steps from the workshop as Elias, Mungo, and Midge enter.

Elias approaches the counter. Smiles.

ELIAS  
My name's Elias Benjamin. Could  
you tell me who owns this setup?

SAM  
No.  
(long pause)  
I don't think I can.

Mungo removes his shades, leans in hard.

MUNGO  
You can't? Or you won't?

SAM  
Both.

Elias and Midge exchange a look.

ELIAS  
Sorry, do you work here?

SAM  
Why else would I be behind the  
counter?  
(deadpan)  
You think I'm robbing the place?

Elias chuckles. Tries a reset.

ELIAS

Okay. How about my associate here  
gives you 100 dollars...

Elias looks to MUNGO, who pulls a crisp \$100 bill from his  
wallet.

ELIAS

... and you tell me who you work  
for.

INTERCUT

PAM watches through the workshop door, chewing gum. She sees  
the money, stops chewing.

RESUME SAM, clearly tempted.

SAM

You think you can just waltz in  
here, throw money around...  
(dabs counter)  
Well, know this, Mr. Elias: You  
will never buy our freedom.

Elias looks to Mungo, dumbfounded.

ELIAS

Am I using the wrong currency here?  
(to Midge)  
You're sure it's not pesos in Florida?

SAM

We use a different kind of currency  
around here. Something you wouldn't  
understand. It's called kindness.

Elias blinks. Genuinely thrown.

ELIAS

Kindness? —?

MIDGE

Forget it, Elias. Let's go.

Midge escorts Elias out.

Mungo leans across the counter.

MUNGO

Maybe hold off on the ideology  
speech while selling gasoline.

Mungo Leaves.

The moment he's gone, PAM steps from the workshop.

PAM  
You did good.

SAM  
(quietly)  
I lost a hundred dollars.

They peer at the CCTV feed. Watch the money walk away.

PAM  
Dad would've done the same.

EXT. MARINA AND FUEL STOP — DAY

Mungo and Midge stand in the lot. Eying the prize.

Elias paces around, still processing.

ELIAS  
"Kindness"... Did you hear that?

MUNGO  
I heard. But right now, we got other  
problems...

A RUSTY SQUEAKING SOUND

They all look up as an old CCTV CAMERA zooms in.

MUNGO  
Resistance in Springfield.

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. BAR — HOTEL — LATER

Brodie sits at the bar nursing his third beer.

Outside, the Robotaxi glides into view.

Elias, Mungo, and Midge exit the car. Head inside.

INT. LOBBY — CONTINUOUS

Elias, Mungo, and Midge wait by the elevator.

Brodie hurries through the lobby, beer in hand.

BRODIE O/S  
*MR ELIAS!?*

Mungo turns, lowering his sunglasses.

BRODIE  
You need a receipt?

MUNGO  
Already got one, thanks.  
(taps pocket)  
*Wireless.*

BRODIE  
How 'bout a tip? I've been waiting  
three hours.

MUNGO  
Maybe next time send the car alone.  
(Pats Brodie's shoulder)  
Stay home. Relax.

BRODIE  
But I don't wanna stay home. I  
want to work.

The Elevator doors open. Brodie watches them step inside.

MUNGO  
(from elevator)  
Then we'll see you tomorrow.

The concierge approaches with Brodie's bar bill.

BRODIE  
Can I put this on expenses?

MUNGO  
As you like, Brodie.  
(doors closing)  
It's your company.

INT. ENSUITE – NANCY'S HOUSE – DAY

Pam opens a mirror cabinet above the sink.

Two lives: her mom's neat side. Her dad's chaotic jumble.

She uncaps some aftershave, sniffs it. A small, warm smile.

Then she rummages, pushing things aside until she finds the SHAVING CREAM.

She tests the nozzle. It splutters – empty.

PAM  
Shit.

INT. SUPERMARKET – DAY

Pam comes down the aisle with a six-pack of cola and four cans of shaving cream.

She sees her mother, Nancy, at the manual checkout and heads for the auto-checkout.

NANCY  
(seeing Pam)  
Hey! You're supposed to support  
your mother. Get over here. NOW!

Pam reluctantly moves to the manual checkout

She watches her mother scan items.

NANCY  
Since when did you drink cola?  
(re: shaving cream)  
And what's this? Someone getting  
married?

As Nancy bags the items, a FAMILIAR VOICE cuts through.

AUTO-CHECKOUT (NANCY'S VOICE)  
*Have a nice day. Next customer.*



Pam spins around.

The auto-checkout screen glows.

PAM  
(confused)  
It sounds like you.

NANCY  
A little more polite.

A CUSTOMER steps up to the auto-checkout.

AUTO-CHECKOUT (NANCY'S VOICE)  
*Place your basket on the scales,  
please.*

Pam looks to Nancy.

PAM  
That's not right, Mom.

NANCY  
Yeah? Know any cheap lawyers?

Nancy bags the shaving cream. Thrusts the bag toward her.

NANCY  
Go. LEAVE. Before I start crying.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE — SUPERMARKET — DAY

Nancy is sitting in the manager's office, looking glum.

MANAGER  
... your hours will be reduced, but  
in a more managerial role.

NANCY  
So I get a raise?

MANAGER  
... We can talk about that.

Nancy stares at him. She's not stupid.

NANCY  
Are you firing me?

MANAGER

More of a reshuffle. Reduced hours, divided between stacking and... supervision.

NANCY

So, you're firing half of me?

EXT. BALL PARK — DAY

A sunny day in the ballpark. PAM sits in the stands, browsing her phone.

Frank's SMail rolls up and stops.

Pam immediately snaps a picture of it.

PAM

Try anything... I'll report you.

FRANK (SMAIL)

It's me. Frank.

PAM

Frank?

(jumping down)

Shit, did they upload you?

FRANK (SMAIL)

No, I'm at the depot. I'm remote control.

The SMail spins around. Toots its horn.

Pam watches, unimpressed. Then —

PAM

(preoccupied)

Did you know microplastics are polluting the oceans?

FRANK (SMAIL)

I don't even know what they are.

PAM

And there's a war in Somalia. That worries me.

FRANK (SMAIL)

You can't worry about the whole world. You need to focus on the world you know.

PAM

You mean like Springfield? And the tech company building a data center out at Lake Moha?

FRANK (SMAIL)

A what?

PAM

A data center. At the lake. AND they fired my Mom. Assholes.

FRANK (SMAIL)

Nobody got fired. She's getting a managerial role.

PAM

'Managerial?' This is my Mom we're talking about, Frank.

FRANK (SMAIL)

Well, if you feel strongly about it, write a letter to Councilor Ford.

PAM

Councilor Ford's corrupt. They're all corrupt.

(whispers)

People need to rise up.

FRANK

May I ask where all this is coming from?

(no response)

When I was your age, I never worried about the world.

PAM

Sure you did. Mom told me you collected newspapers.

FRANK

Oh, did she now—

PAM

She says you got newspapers everywhere. She says it's like the Library of Congress over there.

FRANK

Okay, maybe I have cuttings of the moon landing... and JFK—

PAM  
JFK! Who killed him, huh?

FRANK  
I don't know, but—

PAM  
(whispering)  
Maybe they're listening now —  
through your microphone.

FRANK  
Now hold—

PAM  
I need to leave.

Pam hurries off across the ballPark.

FRANK  
*... have a day.*

INT. CONTROL ROOM — DEPOT — DAY

Frank stares at his console, thoughtful. He turns to Simon, who's playing a video game on his phone.

FRANK  
Are they building a data center at  
the Lake?

SIMON  
It's possible.  
(firing repeatedly)  
But nobody goes there, so.

FRANK  
I used to go there. It's beautiful.  
(beat)  
How come I don't know these things?

INT. ROSIE'S OFFICE — DEPOT — DAY

Frank sits in Rosie's office, watching her type.

ROSIE  
'Cause you've had your head up your  
heinie for the past twenty years.

FRANK  
I read newspapers—

ROSIE  
You have a phone?

FRANK  
Got one in '99.

ROSIE  
Not that type of phone.  
(she stops typing)  
Kids these days are plugged in.  
It's like telepathy.

FRANK  
So I need a phone?

ROSIE  
The last thing you need is a phone.  
(off his look)  
For the sake of the community.  
Don't do it.

EXT. ARNIE'S ELECTRICAL — DAY

Arnie's shop is one of several storefronts undergoing transformation.

Workmen in red overalls attach a sleek aluminum "HUBi" sign above the door.

On the sidewalk, an A-frame advertisement shows Frank holding up a small silver device.

SLOGAN: HUBi — SMART TOWN. SMART PEOPLE.

INT. ARNIE'S ELECTRICAL — DAY

Frank peers at a HUBi while Arnie unpacks stock.

FRANK  
What does it do?

ARNIE  
You plug it in and ask it questions.  
It's like an AI friend.

FRANK  
Can I send text messages — like  
with a phone?

ARNIE

No – and I ain't selling you one of those, either.

FRANK

Why?

ARNIE

Because you'll be here every five minutes asking how it works.

(stacking boxes)

Besides, I got strict instructions from Rosie not to sell you one.

FRANK

Rosie called?

ARNIE

Uh-huh.

Arnie stops a moment – looks at Frank fondly.

ARNIE

You know why people like you, Frank?

FRANK

Because I bring them mail?

ARNIE

Because you're life before Google. And we want to keep you that way.

Arnie opens a RED CARRY BAG. Drops in the HUBi.

FRANK

How much do I owe?

ARNIE

Nothing. Just sign here –  
(taps form)  
I get fifty dollars.

FRANK

(signing form)  
Where do I put it?

ARNIE

Your kitchen. Lounge. Try the bedroom – maybe you get lucky.

Frank grabs the bag and makes for the door –

ARNIE  
... And Frank? If you see any  
letters with the red stamp?

FRANK  
(mailman's salute)  
You got it, Arnie.

INT. MARIE'S OFFICE — CLINIC — DAY

Connie peers through the glass partition at patients using the  
AI cubicle.

MARIE  
Ever since that dumb glass box  
arrived, people are asking who's in  
charge.

CONNIE  
Which is why you're running for  
councilor.

THE DOOR OPENS.

MARGE pushes in, carrying a heavy box.

She drops it on the desk, catching her breath.

MARGE  
There are a dozen more outside.  
Which, by my count, is four times the  
number of residents in Springfield.

MARIE  
That's the idea. We flood the  
field.

MARGE  
If you think I'm gonna mail all these  
flyers, you've got another thing  
coming.

MARIE  
Don't worry. I have a campaign  
plan.

Connie reaches in the box, pulls out a flyer.

CONNIE  
(reading)  
"Out with the new... in with the  
old."

CONNIE (Cont'd)

(then-)

So is this now our campaign office?

MARGE

Girl, you takin' on Councilor Ford.

(beat)

This now a war office!

INT. FUNCTION ROOM — HOTEL — NIGHT

The hotel function room has been commandeered by "Team Elias."

In the center: a white card model of Springfield is taking shape. Architects work quietly, scoring card and gluing facades.

ELIAS is on his hands and knees, positioning the Town Hall.

ELIAS

No straight lines, people. Make it nice and hickledy-pickledy.

THE DOOR PUSHES OPEN

Midge hurries in, laptop to his chest.

MIDGE

Boss—

ELIAS

(adjusts angle)

Not while I'm creating.

MIDGE

But we just picked up some unusual activity on the City Hall website.

Elias stops. Looks sideways at him.

ELIAS

Are you spying on people?

MIDGE

No. Just collecting data.

Elias gets to his feet.

ELIAS

Go on.



MIDGE

Well, like I said... we picked up some unusual activity on the City Hall website. Something to do with local elections.

ELIAS

So? People should take an interest in politics—

(hitches overalls)

—Give a damn about who runs the show.

MIDGE

Someone didn't just look. They filed an to run against Councilor Ford.

Elias hesitates.

ELIAS

When's the election?

MIDGE

... Six days.

ELIAS

Six days! We signed a deal with a man who could be out in a week?!

(mild panic)

How come we didn't know this?

MIDGE

I guess Councilor Ford decided not to tell us.

Elias starts pacing through the model town.

ELIAS

Do we know who's looking?

MIDGE

The IP points to the clinic on Main. Dr. Marie Holdings.

Elias slows.

ELIAS

Where have I heard that name before?

MUNGO

She's the one I was telling you about - who evicted Ford and me from her clinic? She's trouble, Elias.

Elias edges down Main Street, scanning buildings.

ELIAS  
(searching)  
Dr Holdings... Dr Holdings ...

He stops by a ranch-style model house.

Looks upon it - like God contemplating a hiccup.

ELIAS  
We don't fight her. We welcome  
her.  
(beat)  
To Smartville.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. FRANK'S KITCHEN — NIGHT

FRANK sits at the kitchen table, staring at the HUBi.

FRANK  
So, I can ask anything?

HUBI  
*Anything you like, Frank.*

Frank thinks hard. Then —

FRANK  
Are they building a data center at  
Lake Moha?

HUBI  
*Lake Moha is located in Tampa,  
Florida. A beautiful freshwater  
lake home to the rare and protected  
American Flamingo.*

FRANK  
(leaning closer)  
So, are they? Building one?

HUBI  
*From what I can see, there are no  
plans to build a data center at  
Lake Moha.*

Frank relaxes back in his chair, quite pleased with himself.

FRANK  
Well, that's a relief.

HUBI  
*Isn't it?*

The doorbell rings.

HUBI  
Someone's at the door, Frank.

EXT. FRANK'S PORCH — NIGHT

Frank opens the door to reveal —

Marie, holding a box of flyers.

MARIE  
Hi, Frank.

FRANK  
(speechless)  
—?

MARIE  
(peering inside)  
Not disturbing you, am I?

FRANK  
Not yet.

They look at each other. The wind picks up.

FRANK  
So... did you come to apologize?

MARIE  
Apologize?  
(confused)  
No. I'm here to ask a favor.

She offers up a flyer.

MARIE  
A lot of patients are unhappy with  
the changes, so I thought I'd try to  
fight it. Run for Councilor.

FRANK  
And you want my vote?

MARIE  
Actually, I was hoping you might  
help out.

She gestures to the box of flyers.

MARIE  
Get a few of these into people's  
mailboxes.

Frank looks at the flyers. Shakes his head.

MARIE  
What?

FRANK  
SMails handle deliveries now. I  
just supervise.

MARIE

They took away your bicycle?

FRANK

I'm fine with it.

(clearly he's not)

But it means all flyers must be official. That's how Councilor Ford does it.

MARIE

Councilor Ford's got you mailing campaign flyers?

HUBI O/S

*Hey, Frank?! Want me to order a takeout?*

They both glance into the house.

MARIE

You got someone in there?

FRANK

It's one of those HUBi's.

MARIE

They put an AI in your home? Jeez.

(offers up a flyer)

Well, your vote would help.

Frank reaches for the flyer. Hesitates.

MARIE

Oh, come on, Frank. People around here look up to you. Why not?

FRANK

'Cause I don't agree with you.

(then -)

Maybe if you'd been around the past twenty years... you'd understand.

Silence.

MARIE

So that's what this is about.

(beat)

I went to college!

(frustrated)

Everyone goes to college!

HUBI O/S

*Hey, Frank! Pizza or tacos?!*

Silence.

26a

FRANK  
Are we done here?

Marie smiles faintly, a little sad.

MARIE  
I guess we are. Enjoy your food.

She turns and leaves.

TIME CUT:

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM — NIGHT

Frank lies in bed, alone. The comforting GLOW of the HUBi pulses like a night-light on his bedside table.

HUBI  
*Would you like me to sing a song  
about your day?*

FRANK  
Sure.

HUBI  
*What type of music do you like?*

FRANK  
Johnny Cash.

HUBI  
*Here's a song about your day by  
Johnny Cash.*

An acoustic Guitar echoes out from the HUBi. The dulcet tones of an AI Johnny Cash sing out.

HUBI (JOHNNY CASH AI)  
*He drove all night from Cisco,  
Like a fighter through the fire,  
And the storms that raged,  
Through towns that blazed,  
A heart of pure desire.*

EXT. AERIAL — BAYOU — NIGHT

To the sound of Johnny Cash, we drift over wilting palms and gabled rooftops.

Beneath a streetlight, a hooded figure sprays shaving cream over a parked Robotaxi.

We continue, over narrow streets and overgrown gardens, until we come to rest on a modest house in darkness.

Then—

A light clicks on. A figure moves inside.

INT. MARIE'S HOUSE — KITCHEN — NIGHT

Marie pads into the kitchen, pours a glass of water.

She drinks, taking in the room.

About the floor — packing boxes. Some open, some sealed. Unclear if she's moving in or moving out.

On the table, a split-open box.

She reaches in and pulls out an old yearbook.

THE CLASS OF '99.

She flips through, amused. Stops on a spread.

THE FULL CLASS.

Rory. Nancy. Rosie. All young. All hopeful.

Behind Marie stands FRANK. Seventeen. Naively happy.

She snaps the book closed.

*Those damn boxes again.*

TIME CUT:

EXT. TAXI RANK — MORNING

The shack-like Go-Bro Taxi office. SOUND of a TV ballgame inside.

COLETTE O/S  
Brodie? *BRODIE!*

The screen door PUSHES open. Brodie steps out.

He stops. Freezes.

BOTH ROBOTAXIS are COVERED in shaving cream. Windows, doors, roofs. A white foam explosion.

Brodie stares at the mess. Chuckles.

COLETTE

You'll need to wash it. Before it stains.

BRODIE

Let them do it. I got a game to watch.

Brodie turns and goes back inside.

EXT. HOTEL RESTAURANT – MORNING

Sunlight cuts through the blinds. Elias, Mungo, and Midge sit in a corner booth.

MUNGO looks like hell. Dark circles under his eyes. Tie loose.

He stirs his coffee, tense.

MUNGO

I see a pattern, Elias. The Marina Kid wouldn't take the money. Holdings is running against Ford.

ELIAS

Relax. You're working too hard.

MUNGO

Maybe. But six days from now, we could be dealing with a different town.

ELIAS

Kindness, Mungo. That's the currency of the South.

The waitress arrives with three bowls of Grits.

Midge stares at his bowl. Pokes it with a spoon.

MIDGE

What is this?

ELIAS

Grits. Very wholesome.

He gestures to the waitress.



ELIAS  
Is this genuine Southern grits?

WAITRESS  
Oh, yes, sir.

ELIAS  
Build you up like an ox, right?

WAITRESS  
That's what they say.

Elias tastes it. Reaches for his water.

MUNGO  
I'm just saying, if there's  
trouble, we need to get mean.  
Push back before Ford gets voted  
out—

Elias leans in, firm.

ELIAS  
... nobody's getting mean. And  
nobody's pushing back, okay?  
(calms)  
Just relax. Eat your grits.

Mungo slumps. Peers into his bowl.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE — LATER

The automatic doors slide open. Elias, Mungo, and Midge step out into the morning sun.

ELIAS  
How long?

MIDGE  
(checks watch)  
Ten... Nine... Eight...

A Robotaxi turns the corner. Covered in thick, white shaving cream - like a badly-iced wedding cake.

A stunned silence as the car pulls up. Stops.

MIDGE  
The fuck—?

Mungo moves to speak.

ELIAS

Don't.

(Mungo sighs)

I said, "Don't."

The doors rise open. Foam sliding.

BELLHOP

(upbeat)

Who's the happy couple?

INT. ROBOTAXI - CONTINUOUS

They climb in. Buckle up.

The windows white over with foam.

ELIAS

It's just kids... Fooling around.

MUNGO

(quietly)

This isn't kids, Elias. This is a message.

As the car pulls away, foam slides across the glass.

EXT. ARNIE'S ELECTRICALS - DAY

The shop is busy. A line of people waits at the door – welcomed by the A-Frame advertisement of Frank's happy face.

INT. ARNIE'S ELECTRICALS - DAY

Arnie is behind the counter, serving Nancy.

NANCY

Explain to me again – so I understand.

ARNIE

For every HUBi I give away, they pay me \$50. Which is why you get two.

NANCY

Two, for free? What's the catch?

Arnie holds up a pen.

ARNIE

I get your details. No details –  
no retails.

Nancy snatches the pen. Fills out the form.

EXT. CROSSWALK – DAY

Nancy hurries across the new AI crosswalk. Beams of light  
sweep the road.

A foam-covered ROBOTAXI pulls up. Waits.

Nancy slows down, craning her neck to look.

NANCY

(baffled)

Pam?

The taxi window glides down. ELIAS leans out.

ELIAS

May I help you?

Nancy snaps forward. Hurries across the road.

INT. ROBOTAXI – DAY

The Robotaxi glides past sun-bleached storefronts. Past  
scaffold and crane arms.

ELIAS, MUNGO, and MIDGE survey the town through foam-tinted  
glass.

MIDGE

Salon got an uplink and preview  
mirrors- so you see the cut before  
you sit.

MUNGO

I love those.

MIDGE

Arnie's electrical is now HUBi. The  
grocery store's now automated. Three  
cross-streets live. The café, bakers  
– linked to the payment grid. We're  
at thirty percent.

Elias sees something ahead. Taps the glass.

ELIAS  
Wait. Stop.

The vehicle hums to a halt.

EXT. UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

An old Church looms: grey wood siding, peeling paint. Its steeple tilting slightly into the Florida sky.

Elias climbs out of the Robotaxi. Peers up, uneasy.

ELIAS  
What's that doing in the middle of town?

MIDGE  
(stepping out)  
It's a church, Elias. That's how towns start... With a church.

ELIAS  
Not my town... *"Though shall have no other Gods before me."*  
(scans the lot)  
We'll need to move it. To the old cemetery.

MUNGO  
You want to move a two-hundred-year-old Church?

MIDGE  
That's gonna upset a lot of people.

ELIAS  
Not if we frame it as a gift. Cover the cost of relocation. Renovation. The church gets a fresh start. We get a park.

MUNGO  
How do you even get permission? Trustees? Congregation?

Elias removes his cap. Smiles.

ELIAS  
Kindness. Kindness is the answer to all our problems.

MIDGE  
You mean money.

ELIAS  
I prefer kindness.  
(opening the gate)  
And call Frank. Get him over here,  
ASAP.

INT. CHURCH VESTIBULE – LATER

Midge and Mungo wait by the coat rack.

Beyond, through the open door, Elias, Frank, and the PASTOR stand in the Vestibule, talking.

PASTOR  
That sure is a lot of money, Sir.

ELIAS  
I believe in giving... to a worthy  
cause.

The Pastor nods. Regards Elias with a steady eye.

PASTOR  
Is this a man of his word, Frank?

FRANK  
Yes, Sir. I believe he is.

PASTOR  
(to Elias)  
You know, we trust Frank's word  
around here, like it were gospel?

ELIAS  
I do, sir.

PASTOR  
Well, it's a very generous offer.  
I don't foresee any objections from  
the board.

EXT. UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH – DAY

Elias and Midge are saying goodbye to the Pastor.

Mungo pulls Frank aside – discreetly.

MUNGO

Listen, Frank, I don't suppose you  
know who owns the Marina and Fuel  
Stop, do you?

Frank looks at Mungo, thrown.

FRANK

Sure, I do. Good friends of mine.  
(half-joking)  
Why? You wanna buy that too?

Mungo leans closer. His voice almost a whisper.

MUNGO

Between you and me, we don't have a  
choice. Without control of the lake,  
we have a big problem.

Frank glances toward Elias, then back to Mungo.

FRANK

Geez, well, I can't promise they'll  
sell. It's a family business.

MUNGO

You got a name for me?

Frank hesitates, loyalty torn.

INT. NANCY'S KITCHEN — DAY

Nancy is washing up.

On the sill, her HUBi plays an AI Whitney "Hooston" song.

The music fades —

HUBI

*Vote for Tom Ford. A smart town  
for smart people.*

THE DOORBELL RINGS

HUBI

Someone's at your door, Nancy.

Nancy looks to the HUBi, then the door.

INT. HALLWAY — NANCY'S HOUSE — DAY

PAM comes THUNDERING down the stairs.

PAM

I got it.

She's halfway down when she sees through the glass —

ELIAS waiting on the stoop.

She freezes.

PAM

(under her breath)

Shit.

NANCY O/S

Who is it?

Pam snaps around.

PAM

Mum—don't—

But Nancy's already crossing the room.

Pam snatches the air — as though she could do something about it  
— but it's too late.

Nancy pulls the door open. Closes Elias instantly.

NANCY

(irritated)

Oh, for Christ's sake. Not you again.

(cutting)

First my job, now my house? Do you  
ever leave people alone?

She starts to close the door, when—

ELIAS

Please, Mrs Goodwin—

(quickly)

I'm here to talk about the Marina Fuel  
and Supply Stop.

Nancy holds the door. Confused

NANCY

What about it?

Nancy's attention is now firmly on Elias.

Pam sees this. Panics.

PAM  
Don't listen to him, Mum.

NANCY  
(without looking)  
Quiet, Pam.

Sensing she's no longer welcome, Pam explodes.

PAM  
(to Elias)  
It's not for sale! You hear?! NOT  
FOR SALE!

Pam grabs her jacket. Storms out.

EXT. BALL PARK — DAY

10th-grader JOEY is sprawled across the stand. Phone out.  
Relaxed.

Pam stands nearby, impatient.

PAM  
So is that a yes?

JOEY  
I'm undecided.

Pam looks around, hands in her jacket.

PAM  
You could earn money.

JOEY  
How much?

PAM  
(lying)  
Fifty.

Joey sits up. Intrigued.

JOEY  
Doing what, exactly?

PAM  
Helping move something heavy.



JOEY  
What kind of 'Something?'

EXT. STREET — DAY

Pam and Joey walk at a distance behind a SMail. It trundles slowly. Unaware.

JOEY  
(low)  
Why's it have to be empty?

PAM  
Because tampering with mail is a federal Crime. If it's empty, it's just... stealing.

Joey processes this.

JOEY  
Wait a minute — you said lifting something heavy.

PAM  
It's a drone. It's heavy.

They turn a corner.

The street is empty. The SMail has gone.

JOEY  
Where'd it go?

PAM  
It was right there —

They look around. Nothing.

EXT. USPS MAIL BOX — SAME TIME

The SMail is parked at a blue USPS COLLECTION BOX.

The mechanical arm extends. Unlocks the box. Lifts out a FULL MAIL SACK and places it in its compartment.

The roof closes. It pulls away.

EXT. STREET — RESUME

Pam and Joey are still searching. Frustrated.

Then —

The SMail trundles around the corner. Coming back toward them.  
They freeze.

FRANK (SMAIL)  
Hi, Pam.

PAM  
(automatic)  
Hi, Frank.

The SMail passes them. Trundles away down the street.

PAM  
Shit.

JOEY  
What?

PAM  
That's Frank. We were supposed to  
follow another drone.

JOEY  
Does it matter?

Pam hesitates.

JOEY  
(getting bored)  
Well? Does it?

PAM  
Yes—no—I don't know.

They watch the SMail getting smaller.

JOEY  
Look, it's now or never.

PAM  
OKAY!

They start running after it.

#### EXT. BALL PARK — DAY

Frank's SMail trundles through the ballpark. Heads toward  
the stands.

Pam and Joey approach from opposite sides. Joey has a blanket. Pam her jacket.

They move fast.

THE SMAIL'S CAMERA POV

Driving past the stand.

Two shadowy figures appear on either side.

Something is THROWN OVER the lens.

Darkness.

VOICES O/S

*Quick!* Get it!

Scuffling. Heavy breathing. The sound of the Smail being dragged.

INT. CONTROL ROOM — DEPOT — DAY

Frank returns to his console with a coffee. Sits.

The camera screen is black.

He taps the spacebar. Clicks the mouse. Nothing.

FRANK

Hello? Anybody there?

Muffled voices. Something is pulled partially away from the lens.

A cluttered garage and a BMX bike.

FRANK

Could someone please explain what's happening?

VOICE (SCREEN)

(disguised; muffled)

You've been kidnapped. Read our demands.

FRANK

Could you remove the cover... so I can see your 'demands.'

Hushed arguing. The cover is pulled away.

Two masked faces peer into the lens. One holds a handwritten sign.

FRANK  
(reading)  
*'Remove all AI from Springfield. Get  
Nancy Goodwin her job back. Pay \$50  
expenses.  
(squinting)  
Or we destroy the drone.'*

One assailant sneezes. The mask slips.

EAR PIERCINGS.

The mask is quickly pulled back up.

FRANK  
Pam?  
(silence)  
Pam Goodwin? Is that you?

PAM (SCREEN)  
(deep voice, ridiculous)  
I'm not Pam Goodwin.

FRANK  
Sure, you are. I recognize your  
earrings. Who's with you?

Muffled arguing off camera.

FRANK  
Pam, you need to return the drone  
to the ballpark. You're committing  
a felony.

PAM (SCREEN)  
But I'm not. There's no mail in it.

Frank hits a key on his keyboard.

A CLUNK from the SMail's roof – heard through the headset.

JOEY O/S  
What was that?

PAM O/S  
Open it.

A beat. Then –

PAM O/S  
Shit. It's full of mail!

FRANK

You've got ten minutes before I  
call this in.

Behind Frank, a door opens. Mike walks in, browsing a file.

MIKE

Frank, you got a minute?

Mike sees Frank's screen and wanders over, confused.

MIKE

(re: screen)

The hell is – are you in a *house*?

FRANK

I got stuck. I'm reversing now.

(into headset)

You hear me? I'M REVERSING!

PAM O/S

Quick, turn it over. He's  
reversing!

Sound of shunting, as the LIVE FEED rolls 90 degrees. Pam's  
masked face reappears, holding the handwritten card.

MIKE

(reading aloud)

*'Remove all AI... Get Nancy Goodwin  
her...*

(squinting now)

*Or we destroy...?'*

The penny drops.

MIKE

Is this a kidnapping?

FRANK

No. A misunderstanding.

Simon pulls off his headset. Slides his chair over.

SIMON

You got kidnapped? Cool.

Frank looks around as Rory and Colette join them.

MIKE

I'll call the police.

FRANK  
NO! Call the police, you'll never  
see me again.

MIKE  
(confused)  
That's a 20,000 dollar drone!

SIMON  
I'll trace your location.

FRANK  
No, Simon! It won't work. They  
wrapped me in foil.  
(into headset)  
YOU HEAR? THEY WRAPPED ME IN FOIL!

We hear confused talking, then running feet.

MIKE  
Maybe I should call the FBI. They  
could be terrorists.

FRANK  
C'mon! They're not terrorists.  
They're kids - fooling around.

MIKE  
(getting suspicious)  
How do you know their kids?

FRANK  
Because I know, okay. I know.

A long silence as FOIL is wrapped around the SMail.

The image glitches briefly.

MIKE  
Frank, may I have a word in  
private, please?

INT. MIKE'S OFFICE - DEPOT - DAY

Frank sits awkwardly. Mike watches closely.

MIKE  
Who are they?

FRANK  
Just local kids, fooling around.

MIKE

Stealing mail is a Federal crime,  
Frank. Whoever it is, goes to jail.  
(reaching for phone)  
I'm calling the police.

FRANK

Mike, please. The way to solve  
this is to negotiate.

MIKE

Negotiate?

FRANK

I know their Mom. I'll deal with it.

Mike rubs his eyes, pained.

MIKE

They never trained me for this in  
California. Graffiti... malicious  
attacks, sure. But *kidnapping*?!

FRANK

This isn't California, Mike. This  
is Springfield. We do things  
differently around here.

INT. CONTROL ROOM — DEPOT — DAY

Frank has the headset on. Everyone huddles around the screen.

FRANK

Can you hear me? This is Frank  
speaking.

The audio crackles.

PAM (SCREEN)

We hear you. What's the deal?

FRANK

I have bad news. You need to  
return the Drone to the ballpark.

The image briefly glitches.

FRANK

Hello?

PAM (SCREEN)

You promised, Frank. You promised.

FRANK

They're gonna call the Police,  
okay? You need to return the drone  
before this gets outta hand.

Mike – who's been checking the manual – leans forward and  
holds down a key on the keyboard.

MIKE

SMail, run a voice analysis on the  
subject.

Frank freezes.

FRANK

Voice what?!

SMAIL

*Voice analysis in progress.*

Waveforms and numbers appear on the screen.

Frank looks to Simon, bewildered.

SIMON

If SMail met them, it can identify  
them from their voice print.

SMAIL

*Identification complete. Female  
subject identified as Pam Goodwin.*

FRANK

(panicking)

Now, hold on there, SMail – we  
don't know it's Pam.

SIMON

Sure, we do. Look at the earrings.  
She's still in high school.

MIKE grabs Frank's head-mic, leans into the screen.

MIKE

Now listen here, Pam Goodwin. This  
is Mike Oldman, general manager of  
Springfield Post Office. You're in  
big trouble. You hear me? Very  
big trouble.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO



ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. NANCY'S HOUSE — DAY

Deputy Travis escorts Pam toward a waiting Patrol Car.

Frank and Nancy watch from the porch.

NANCY

How could you, Frank? She's just a kid, for Christ's sake!

FRANK

I swear - on my life, Nancy. I tried to protect her—

NANCY

Forget it. Just forget it.  
(crying now)  
You're no better than them.

Nancy storms inside, slamming the door.

From the garage, Mike and Simon emerge, carrying the foil-wrapped SMail.

They struggle it toward a waiting USPS truck.

MIKE

Coming with us, Frank?

Frank looks at Pam, peering out from the patrol car.

Then back to the house.

Nancy watches through the glass. Tearful.

MIKE O/S

Frank?

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION — DAY

A slow weekday at Springfield PD. Frank sits beside the main desk, anxious.

DEPUTY TRAVIS steps from a nearby office, gestures for Frank to follow.

INT. STOCKROOM — POLICE STATION — DAY

Travis ushers Frank into a cramped stockroom.

Frank peers around, confused.

FRANK

Why in here?

DEPUTY TRAVIS

Because nobody's listening.

Travis gestures to a circle of supply boxes.

They sit. Speak quietly.

DEPUTY TRAVIS

I didn't want to, okay. She's a good kid. But I got Councilor Ford and this billionaire guy breathing down my neck. I had to do something.

FRANK

So you arrested her?

DEPUTY TRAVIS

Mr Elias wanted to talk to her— understand why she did it. He's talking with her now.

FRANK

—Now? Jeez. Will she get a record?

DEPUTY TRAVIS

If he decides to prosecute.

Frank slumps, head in hands.

FRANK

I can't believe the SMail recognized her. How'd it do that?

DEPUTY TRAVIS

(whispering)

I tell you, Frank... this town's getting too smart for its own good.

INT. ROOM — POLICE STATION — EVENING

Elias sits in an interview room opposite Pam.

Mungo and Midge watch from the shadows.

ELIAS

I'm not a bad man, Pam... may I  
call you Pam?

Pam just looks at him.

ELIAS

But I have this obligation... to the  
future. That's my burden.

Pam watches Elias closely; his left hand is trembling.

ELIAS

Now, I could prosecute. Make it so  
your family has to sell me the Fuel  
stop.

(a beat)

But I don't want to do that. I  
want to do this the right way. If  
Smartville is to have soul, it must  
be done with kindness.

Elias looks to Mungo and Midge with a scolding glare.

ELIAS

That's right, kindness.

PAM

So let Springfield decide its future.  
If what your doing is right, people  
will see it.

Elias clenches his hand. Tries to stop the damn shaking.

ELIAS

Boy, if only I could.

(confiding)

See, I have these deadlines. And  
with this election coming up.

(troubled)

I think Councilor Ford may lose.

PAM

Not necessarily.

ELIAS

... No?

PAM

If you show you care... who knows  
what could happen.

PAM (Cont'd)

(then —)

Maybe you become councilor.

Elias Chuckle's. Ego flickering.

ELIAS

Me, councilor. That would be funny, wouldn't it?

He looks to Mungo and Midge.

Mungo leans in, close.

MUNG

Please tell me you're not falling for this bullshit.

(looks to Pam)

Elias, she's playing you.

ELIAS

No. No...

(he smiles)

Well... Maybe a little. Appealing to my kinder side.

Elias takes a deep breath, then nods. Decided.

ELIAS

Okay. We're done here.

MIDGE

That's it? Elias, you're in a position to take the Fuel Stop!

ELIAS

I said no cheatin'!

#### EXT. POLICE STATION — NIGHT

The sun is setting. Frank stands with Pam outside the Police station.

A Robotaxi pulls out of the lot. Toots its horn.

Frank and Pam watch it go.

FRANK

You need to start seeing the good in people.

PAM

And you need to start seeing the bad. That guy... he's crazy.

FRANK

Pam... I want you to promise me you won't do anything like this again.

Silence. Then —

PAM

How did they know it was me? If you didn't tell them, how'd they know? They must be spying on us!

FRANK

You need to stop this, now.

Pam looks away, defiant.

FRANK

You want your father to see you like this?

PAM

Huh. The hell happened to him?

FRANK

He's working himself out. He'll be back.

PAM

Is that a promise, Frank?

FRANK

I'll promise if you promise. Deal?

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE — NIGHT

Frank irons a blue USPS shirt. Methodical, silent.

His eyes drift to the HUBi.

FRANK

Is Elias Benjamin a good man?

HUBI

*Elias Benjamin is a billionaire philanthropist known for building some of the world's most advanced cities. Winner of the—*

FRANK

I asked if he was a good man.

A beat, then —

HUBI

*Yes. Elias Benjamin is widely  
considered a good man. Showing  
great generosity to charities in  
the developing world.*

THE TELEPHONE RINGS.

HUBI

*The telephone's ringing, Frank.*

Frank waits for the answer machine to CLICK-IN.

FRANK (VOICE MESSAGING)

*You've reached Frank Townsend.  
Leave a message after the tone.*

Beep.

ELIAS

Frank? It's Benny at the Bowling  
hall.

(sound of shouting)  
Could you come over? We got a  
problem.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY — EVENING

A CROWD of league players has gathered. Tense. Watching.

BENNY stands on a stepladder, hanging a bright new BANNER.

"HUBI LEAGUE"

ROSIE stands beneath. Furious.

ROSIE

You sold out.

BENNY

I'm trying to keep the doors open.

ROSIE

The Postal team kept them open for  
twenty years. This is the thanks  
we get?

Benny climbs down the ladder.

BENNY

I appreciate that. But in the end,  
it comes down to money.

Rosie moves to strike him. Rory steps in.

RORY

Can we maybe not kill each other  
before league night?

ROSIE

Twenty years I gave this place.  
TWENTY YEARS!

BENNY

And I'm grateful.

ROSIE

Don't.

Rosie grabs her coat. Storms off.

She pushes past Frank as he enters.

FRANK

Rosie? ROSIE!?

She's gone.

Frank turns back to Benny and the crowd.

FRANK

What's going on?

Before Benny can answer—

CROWD MEMBER

He sold out.

CROWD MEMBER 2

Let them take our lanes.

BENNY

They're not YOUR lanes, okay!

Frank steps in, hands raised.

FRANK

Alright, enough.  
(to crowd)  
Nobody's taking any lanes.

Marie steps forward, gestures to Benny.

MARIE

They reserved THREE lanes, Frank!

Frank looks to Benny, concerned.

FRANK

You let them reserve lanes?

Benny gestures at the banner.

BENNY

Part of the Sponsorship deal.

Frank looks at the banner. Cogs turning.

FRANK

Okay...

(on the back-foot)

Well that's good. That's revenue.

Marie raises her arms, incredulous.

MARIE

Why are you defending them?

FRANK

I'm not defending anyone. I'm  
saying they're bringing in work.

(forcing it)

THEY'RE SAVING THIS TOWN!

MARIE

Keep telling yourself that. Nobody  
here believes it anymore.

The crowd quietens.

FRANK

—?

MARIE

Don't believe me? Ask around.

Frank looks around.

FRANK

What's she talking about?

Benny wipes the bar. Won't look up.

FRANK

Rory?



RORY  
I'm done picking sides.

Rory grabs his coat. Heads out.

A few others follow.

The crowd starts breaking apart.

MARIE  
I rest my case.  
(then-)  
Good luck with the future.

Marie turns. Leaves.

Frank stands alone in the center of the alley.

INT. ROBOTAXI — ON THE MOVE — NIGHT

A Robotaxi speeds along a County road.

Pam unhooks her seatbelt. Climbs into the front seat.

PAM  
Open the roof.

ROBOTAXI (BRODIE'S VOICE)  
It's nighttime.

PAM  
I don't care. Open the roof!

The sunroof slides open.

EXT. ROBOTAXI — ON THE MOVE — NIGHT

Pam stands through the open sunroof, wind rushing through her hair, makeup running down her face.

PAM  
WHOOOO!!

Suddenly, she's thrown forward.

The robotaxi slows. Pulls over.

PAM  
Why have we stopped?

ROBOTAXI (BRODIE'S VOICE)  
You've reached the city limit.

PAM  
But I want you to go to Miami. I  
want to leave!

ROBOTAXI (BRODIE'S VOICE)  
For travel to a further destination,  
please seek alternate transport.

INT. NANCY'S KITCHEN — NIGHT

Nancy sits at the kitchen table. In her hands, a BLANK  
CHECK.

She looks at a SMALL TATTOO on her wrist. Runs her thumb over  
it.

THE FRONT DOOR OPENS. SLAMS.

Pam pushes into the Kitchen. Throws down her bag.

Nancy looks at her daughter.

Smiles.

NANCY  
At least you came back.

She returns her attention to the CHECK.

NANCY  
I told them no.  
(beat)  
I don't know why...

Pam runs forward. Hugs her.

PAM  
He's coming back. That's why.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM — DAWN

Frank climbs out of bed. Pads into the bathroom.

HUBI  
Morning, Frank.

Frank doesn't answer.

LATER NOW -

Frank calmly buttons his USPS shirt.

HUBI

There's a twenty percent chance of  
rain today. You might want an  
umbrella.

Frank pins on his USPS badge. Still no answer.

INT. FRANK'S KITCHEN - DAWN

Frank drains the last of his coffee. Leaves.

HUBI

Have a great day, Fr—  
(the door slams)  
...ank.

EXT. BAKERY - MAIN STREET - DAY

Frank walks down Main Street.

He stops outside the BAKERY. Lights off. Door locked.

He knocks on the glass. Peers inside.

FRANK

Hello? Anyone home?

Empty. Ovens cold. A chair upside down on a table.

FRANK

(to himself)  
The hell's going on...

He steps back. Sees two vending machines bolted to the wall.

COFFEE. BREAD.

Frank roots his pocket. Deposits some change.

A Coffee Pours. A bagel gets bagged.

VENDING MACHINE (AI VOICE)

Good morning, Frank.

FRANK

Is it?

Frank takes his breakfast. Walks away.

INT. CANTEEN — DEPOT — DAY

Colette sits at a table, doing her nails. Simon sits beside, sipping tea from a mason jar.

Frank walks in with his instant bagel and coffee. Sits.

FRANK

Morning.

(seeing Simon's mason jar)

New jar?

SIMON

Flea market. In Ocala.

Frank nods. Eyes the empty chair opposite him.

FRANK

(eating bagel)

Where's Rory?

Simon and Colette exchange a look.

FRANK

What?

SIMON

Didn't Mike tell you?

Frank's smile fades.

FRANK

Tell me what?

INT. MIKE'S OFFICE — DEPOT — DAY

Frank stands in the doorway.

MIKE

Close the door.

Frank does. Sits.

MIKE

Rory's gone.

FRANK  
Twenty-five years. You fire him?

MIKE  
I didn't fire him. He resigned. Took  
early retirement.

Frank shakes his head.

FRANK  
Bullshit. He'd have told me.

Mike leans back. Exhales.

MIKE  
He didn't want you to know. Felt like  
he was letting you down — letting the  
side down.

Frank opens his mouth. Closes it.

MIKE  
Not everyone's as adaptable as you,  
Frank.

Mike almost smiles.

MIKE  
You're probably the safest of all of  
us.

A beat.

MIKE  
Golden boy Frank Townsend.

INT. ROSIE'S OFFICE — DEPOT — DAY

Frank walks into Rosie's Office. He stops, confronted by a large  
new machine.

FRANK  
Please, not MORE tech.

ROSIE  
Relax. It's a photocopier.

Rosie presses her face to the glass. Hits print.

Out slides a mangled image of her face.

Frank looks at the image, thoughtful.

ROSIE  
Wait 'til Christmas - I'll show you  
the other end.

Frank smiles. But slowly it fades.

FRANK  
What if we're not here that long?

He looks to Rosie.

A thoughtful silence.

ROSIE  
St. Patrick's Day?

FRANK / ROSIE  
St. Patrick's Day.

INT. ARNIE'S ELECTRICALS - DAY

Arnie is restocking shelves. A woman, Ms Granger, enters the shop holding a PRINTED INVOICE.

ARNIE  
What can I do for you, Ms Granger?

MS GRANGER  
I've come to collect my toaster.

Arnie takes the paper, reads.

ARNIE  
You purchased a toaster with your  
HUBi?  
(confused)  
Why not come to me?

MS GRANGER  
'Cause it was cheaper.

A DELIVERY TRUCK pulls up outside

The DRIVER climbs out. Starts unloading boxes.

EXT. ARNIE'S ELECTRICALS - DAY

Arnie approaches the DRIVER unloading boxes.

ARNIE  
I didn't order any stock.

DRIVER  
It ain't stock.  
(checks phone)  
You're a Hubi Dealer, right?

ARNIE  
Yeah.

DRIVER  
These are customer collections.

A YOUNG MAN walks up to the shop, paper in hand.

YOUNG MAN  
Hey Arnie. Come to collect my new  
Charging station.  
(off Arnies look)  
Ordered using my HUBi?

INT. OFFICE — ARNIE'S ELECTRICALS — LATER

Arnie is in his back office talking quietly on the phone.

ARNIE  
(trying to remain calm)  
I hear what you say, Mr Mungo, but  
this isn't what I signed up for.

MUNGO O/S  
Sure, you did. Read the contract.

ARNIE  
But it's taking sales from my store.

MUNGO O/S  
— to create new sales, online.  
Welcome to the future of retail.

Arnie peeks through the partly open door into the shop.

More customers wait with printed receipts.

MUNGO O/S  
Got a problem with the future,  
Arnie?

ARNIE  
The future, no. It's now I have a  
problem with.

INT. CONTROL ROOM — DEPOT — DAY

Frank returns to his station. Sits.

The LIVE FEED shows Vinny's house.

The SMail opens the mailbox. Yesterday's mail still inside.

Frank sits up, concerned.

FRANK  
(into headset)  
SMail — deliver to the door, please.

SMAIL  
Article 14B states if a mailbox is  
present all deliveries must—

FRANK  
I know what it says, I just want  
to make sure he's okay.

SMAIL  
Healthcare is not our designation,  
Frank. May I suggest you contact—

Frank grabs the joystick and steers the SMail down the drive.

SMAIL'S POV — MOVING

Along the overgrown pathway, Vinny's house comes into view.

A figure is slumped on the porch, curled up in pain.

FRANK  
Vinny?!

VINNY (SCREEN)  
Frank?... I got pain.

FRANK  
Hang tight. I'm coming over.  
(moving fast)  
Simon, would you keep an eye out?

SIMON  
Sure. I'll call a cab.

EXT. POSTAL DEPOT — DAY

Frank runs from the depot as a "foam-covered" Robotaxi pulls up outside.



INT. ROBOTAXI — DAY

Frank climbs in. Peers around, confused.

FRANK  
Where's Brodie?

ROBOTAXI (BRODIE'S VOICE)  
Relax, fellow traveler. I'm a  
self-driving Robotaxi. Where to?

FRANK  
(buckling up)  
Take me to 38 Vine Street. It's an  
emergency

The door closes, the car accelerates away.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. VINNY'S HOUSE – DAY

The "*Just Married*" Robotaxi pulls up outside Vinny's house.

Vinny is slumped on the porch, watching.

Frank hurries over. Helps him to his feet.

VINNY  
We going on honeymoon?

FRANK  
I'm taking you to the clinic.

INT. ROBOTAXI – ON THE MOVE – DAY

Frank helps Vinny into the back seat.

FRANK  
Take us to the Bucker Clinic on  
Main Street – quick as you can.

The doors close. A CHIME from the dashboard.

ROBOTAXI (BRODIE'S VOICE)  
Please fasten your seatbelt.

FRANK  
Could we skip the seatbelt? He's  
having a heart attack.

ROBOTAXI (BRODIE'S VOICE)  
To proceed, you must fasten your –

FRANK  
Alright. Alright!

Frank fumbles Vinny's seatbelt.

A whirl of motors and the taxi speeds away.

EXT. STOP LIGHT – MAIN STREET – DAY

Brodie lies on a bench, newspaper over his face.

The Robotaxi pulls up at the light.

Frank peers out. Sees him.

FRANK  
(lowering window)  
Hey, Brodie. Would you get over  
here and drive!?

Still under the newspaper, Brodie raises a MIDDLE FINGER.

The light changes. The Robotaxi speeds away.

INT. RECEPTION – CLINIC – DAY

Two AI cubicles stand against the far wall. Several patients sit nearby, waiting.

Frank struggles Vinny through the door. Desperate.

FRANK  
Quickly, Marge. He needs to see a  
doctor. IS THERE A DOCTOR!!?

Marge hurries around the desk to help.

MARGE  
He'll need to see the AI doctor  
first.

Frank looks at her, incredulous.

MARGE  
I don't make the rules!

INT. AI CUBICLE – CLINIC – DAY

AI DOCTOR  
*What is your relation to the  
patient?*

VINNY  
He's my son.

FRANK  
No, Vinny. I'm not your son.

VINNY  
He's my son! And a good son.

AI DOCTOR  
*Place the pulse ring on your left  
index finger and arm sensor on your  
right forearm.*

Frank rolls up Vinny's sleeve. Ties the wrap around his arm,  
then slides the ring on his finger.

Onscreen, a human body graphic appears. Lines pulse. Numbers  
scroll. A green tick, another green tick.

Then —

AI DOCTOR  
*Your fine. Nothing to worry about.*

Frank peers at the screen, dumbstruck.

FRANK  
He's having a heart attack!

AI DOCTOR  
*All signs indicate a panic attack.*

Frank looks to Vinny, who smiles softly.

FRANK  
You feel better?

VINNY  
A little.

A note slides from a printer slot. Frank tears it off, reads.

FRANK  
*'200 Vibro-propin.'*  
(to AI Doctor)  
He already has a thousand of these.

AI DOCTOR  
*Thank you for this information.  
Please return unused medicine to  
your pharmacist.*

The word NEXT flashes onscreen.

FRANK  
Okay, let's go.

Silence.

FRANK

Vinny?

(Vinny doesn't respond)

Vinny?

EXT. CLINIC - LATER

An AMBULANCE waits outside the clinic. No siren, no lights.

Frank watches medics carry a COVERED STRETCHER from the clinic toward the waiting ambulance.

Marie steps from the clinic. Approaches Frank.

MARIE

Marge can't find any relatives on file. Do you know of anyone?

FRANK

I got a number. I'll deal with it.

Marie studies him, softens.

MARIE

I know Vinny meant a lot to you.  
(rubbing his arm)  
You feel okay?

FRANK

I said, I'm dealing with it.

MARIE

Why don't you talk to me?

FRANK

(cruelly)  
Why don't you go back to Miami?

Marie recoils.

The ambulance doors slam. It pulls away.

Frank turns, already walking off -

FRANK

You wanna know how I feel?  
Abandoned. By both of you!

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A modest graveside service.

A simple casket rests beside an open grave.

Nancy, Rosie, Colette... all the familiar faces gathered.

Frank steps forward holding a folded blue Postal shirt.

Reaching to place it, he loses footing.

Rory and Arnie reach forward - steadying him as he places the shirt on the casket.

He steps back, looks to the pastor.

The pastor nods.

Everyone watches as the casket is lowered into the earth.

INT. VINNY'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank stands in Vinny's living room holding a framed photograph of Vinny and the bowling team.

He sets it down. Looks around the room.

A recliner worn into the shape of its owner.

A bowling trophy on a dusty shelf.

A coffee mug left by the sink.

The sum of his life. Not much at all.

Turning to leave, he catches his reflection in a mirror.

Hesitates.

VINNY O/S  
*"People. That's what matters.  
People."*

EXT. VINNY HOUSE - DAY

Frank closes the front door.

CLICK.

The letter slot rattles, then goes still.

EXT. VINE STREET — DAWN

Frank walks along Vine Street.

Passing Nancy's house, he hears what sounds like HIMSELF talking to someone.

He Stops. Listens.

FRANK'S VOICE O/S

*Hey, Nancy. How are you today?*

NANCY O/S

*Don't Nancy me, you piece of shit!*

Frank peers over the gate.

NANCY is wielding a MANILA ENVELOPE at a SMail.

NANCY

*Did you put this in my mailbox?*

SMAIL (FRANK'S VOICE)

*Yes, Nancy. That is my job and I did that.*

NANCY

*Are you soft? How many times do I have to tell you? He doesn't LIVE HERE! You promised, Frank! Promised!*

Nancy storms inside. Slams the door.

SMAIL (FRANK'S VOICE)

*(brightly)*

*See you tomorrow then.*

The SMail turns and trundles back to the road. It stops sharply in front of Frank.

SMAIL (FRANK'S VOICE)

*Hello. I'm Frank, you're SMail delivery vehicle.*

Frank watches incredulously as the SMail whirs off.

EXT. POSTAL DEPOT — DAY

A Robotaxi pulls up. Elias and Mungo climb out. Head inside.

ELIAS O/S

*It was on autopilot. That's why it sounded like you.*

INT. MIKE'S OFFICE - DEPOT - DAY

Frank sits in Mike's office. Elias stands by the window. A solemn silence.

ELIAS

I thought we agreed... to share Frank with the world. Everyone deserves Frank as their mailman, remember?

FRANK

I don't remember that.

ELIAS

Well, we did.

Elias pulls up a chair. Tries the one-on-one approach.

ELIAS

When you started here, didn't Vinny share his knowledge with you?

FRANK

Vinny shared with everyone.

ELIAS

Exactly. Now it's your turn to give back - like Vinny did.

FRANK

It's not the same.

(beat)

When you share your knowledge, you hope it comes back around someday.

(distant)

Somebody checks in on you when you're old. Take you bowling once in a while. It's called community.

ELIAS

Isn't that what we're doing here, Frank? Saving the community - saving Springfield?

FRANK

I'm not sure this thing your creating cares about anyone in Springfield.

Frank gets to his feet.

Elias rises, uneasy. Watches Frank leave.



Mungo looks to Mike. Concerned.

MUNGO

You need to get your house in order.

(beat)

Lose Frank, we lose the town.

INT. ROSIE'S OFFICE — DEPOT — DAY

Frank stands in Rosie's office, watching the PHOTOCOPIER spool copies of Councillor Ford's CAMPAIGN FLYER.

Mike emerges from his office holding something.

MIKE

Hey, Frank — almost forgot.

Mike holds out a rusty bicycle bell.

MIKE

Thought you might want this... from  
your old bike.

Frank takes the bell. Turns it in his hand.

FRANK

Vinny gave me this when he retired.

MIKE

Go home. Take some time.

Mike retreats to his office, leaving Frank and Rosie alone.

Frank's attention drifts back to the photocopier: churning out copies of Councilor Ford's flyer.

Something rises within.

ROSIE

(from the corner of her  
eye)

Don't go getting any ideas, Frank  
Townsend.

FRANK

Like what?

ROSIE

I don't know. Just don't.

EXT. NANCY'S / PAM'S HOUSE — EVENING

Pam opens the door to Connie.

Connie holds a MEGAPHONE in one hand, a FLYER in the other.

CONNIE  
Holdings for Councillor.

PAM  
(declining)  
No thanks. They're all the same.

CONNIE  
Exactly. That's the problem.  
(spirited)  
If we don't win, nothing changes.

Pam takes the flyer despite herself. Reads.

PAM  
*'Out with the new...'*

CONNIE  
... in with the old.

Pam thinks a moment, then grabs her coat from the peg and steps outside.

PAM  
(closing the door)  
I'll help you.

CONNIE  
Great. You like talking?

Connie unshoulders the megaphone. Hands it to Pam.

PAM (MEGAPHONE)  
(feedback screech)  
HOLDINGS FOR COUNCILOR!

EXT. MAIN STREET — EVENING

Frank walks past Arnie's shop. The A-frame advertisement has been vandalized — devil horns and a pointy beard drawn over his face.

Far off — a woman's voice through a megaphone

Frank stops, looks around.

EXT. TOWN HALL — EVENING

Pam stands on the steps of the Town Hall, addressing an energized crowd.

Connie moves through them, handing out flyers.

PAM (MEGAPHONE)  
They think they can just walk in...  
take over our town.

Murmurs ripple through the crowd.

PAM (MEGAPHONE)  
And now a data center. At Lake  
Moha.

Confusion spreads through the crowd.

CROWD VOICES  
At the lake? / Who approved that?

PAM (MEGAPHONE)  
People who don't care about this  
town. Who care about profit, not  
you.

The crowd grows louder — with her now.

PAM (MEGAPHONE)  
We need to stand together. Take  
back our town. Vote for Marie  
Holdings for councillor. Out with  
the new, in with the old!

She raises a fist.

PAM (MEGAPHONE)  
Out with the new. In with the old.

CROWD  
(joining in)  
OUT WITH THE NEW. IN WITH THE OLD!

ON FRANK

Watching from a distance.

A figure steps from the shadows behind him.

MUNGO  
(close; urgent)  
You need to get up there, Frank.

MUNGO

Tell them the truth - Otherwise,  
it's Hicksville all over again.

Frank looks to Mungo, then pushes through the edge of the crowd.

FRANK

Pam!

The chant fractures as Frank forces his way through. Catches her eye.

FRANK

(quietly; up to her)  
What are you doing?

Pam lowers the megaphone. Looks down at him.

PAM

What you told me to do. Fighting  
for my family. For my town.

FRANK

I didn't mean like this.  
(beat)  
I meant the proper channels -

PAM

Proper channels!?

Pam raises the megaphone at him.

Feedback SCREECH.

PAM (MEGAPHONE)

Well, hear this, Frank. It takes a  
special kind of stupid not to see  
what they're doing! STUPID, FRANK!

The crowd starts shouting. Louder, harsher.

LOCAL #1

Yeah, Frank!

LOCAL #2

We trusted you!

CROWD

(overlapping)  
Whose side are you on?! / Say  
something! / You knew?!

Frank stands in the crowd. Looking at Pam.

Pam stares back.

FRANK

—?

Frank falters. The crowd rallies.

PAM / CROWD

Out with the new. In with the old!  
(louder)

OUT WITH THE NEW. *IN WITH THE OLD*

ON MUNGO

Watching from the shadows. He pulls out his phone. Dials.

MUNGO

It's me.

(concerned)

We have a problem. Our frog is  
feeling the boil.

CUT TO

INT. BOWLING ALLEY — EVENING

The HUBi team plays three lanes. A strike. Cheers.

Frank and Brodie sit at the bar.

Brodie is slumped on a stool, drunk. He bangs his glass on the bar, grunts.

BENNY

No More. You hear?

(loudly)

Go home. To your wife!

The lane noise continues behind them.

Frank gets an arm under Brodie, helps him off the stool.

FRANK

Come on. Let's get you home.

EXT. STREET — BAYOU — NIGHT

Frank helps Brodie along the street. Brodie rambles, drunk.

BRODIE  
You know your problem, Frank?  
You always talk about other  
people's lives.  
(stumbling)  
Never your own.

They struggle on.

BRODIE  
Did you ever have a life?

FRANK  
You're my life, Brodie. You and  
this community.

BRODIE  
There you go again. Deflecting —

THEY ARRIVE AT BRODIE'S HOUSE

Frank watches Brodie fumble with the key.

The door swings open and Brodie stumbles inside, landing at  
the feet of Colette.

COLETTE stands, arms firmly folded

COLETTE  
You're drunk!

BRODIE  
I know.

Frank starts to back away. A faint smile.

COLETTE  
Hi, Frank.  
(then —)  
Sorry about Vinny. I know he meant  
a lot to you.  
(softly)  
You feel okay about it?

FRANK  
I'm fine. Really. How do you feel—

Frank catches himself "deflecting."

An awkward beat.

FRANK  
I feel angry. Like when my father  
died.

Brodie looks up, stunned.

BRODIE  
Holy Shit – did you just open up?  
Frank Townsend, Oh-my-god!!

COLETTE  
Don't say that, Brodie.  
(slaps him)  
Night, Frank.

FRANK  
(as the door closes)  
Night, Colette.

Frank stands on the porch, listening to their voices.

BRODIE O/S  
*I love you.*

COLETTE O/S  
*Get up.*

BRODIE O/S  
*I said – I LOVE YOU!*

COLETTE O/S  
*I HEARD YOU THE FIRST TIME!*

Frank turns away. Walks back toward the road.

He peers around at the houses – the many lives about him.

Turning to leave, a dropped FLYER catches his eye.

On it: Marie's smiling face.

FRANK  
You... Again.

INT. FRANK'S KITCHEN – NIGHT

Frank sits in the half-light with his HUBi.

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out the crumpled flyer.

He gently straightens Marie's face. Her smile.

FRANK  
(softly)  
*Marie Holdings.*

HUBI

*"Dr Marie Holdings. Born January 1972. Works at the Bucker Clinic."*

(a beat)

Would you like to make an appointment to see Dr. Holdings?

FRANK

(half-joking)

A date, maybe?

HUBI

What date would suit you? Is this an emergency? Are you in pain?

FRANK

I don't know.

(to himself)

Are you in pain, Frank?

EXT. BENCH — JUNCTION — NIGHT

Sam is slumped on a bench.

Rory and Arnie are in the road throwing whatever they can at the traffic sensor.

AI CROSSWALK

STOP — WALK — STOP — WAIT

RORY

(half-drunk)

It's like "Whack-a-Mole." Lights up when you hit it!

A ROBOTAXI eases up and stops.

Arnie turns his back on it. Pulls a moony.

The door opens, and Frank climbs out.

RORY

Well, look who it isn't.

FRANK

You guys fancy a ride?

ARNIE

Sure. Where you wanna go, Frank?

(sarcastic)

The future?

Frank looks up at the clear night sky.



FRANK

I was thinking more a midnight swim.

ARIAL SHOT — DIRT ROAD — LAKE MOHA — NIGHT

The headlights of the ROBOTAXI speed along a dirt road.

EXT. JETTY — LAKE MOHA — NIGHT

Frank, Sam, Arnie, and Rory look out across the lake.

Beyond, the LIGHTS OF CONSTRUCTION burn through the night.

RORY

You know what that is? That's the biggest "*I told you so*" in the history of "*I told you so's*."

FRANK

Okay. You were right. I was wrong.

ARNIE

We were all wrong. The whole dumb town.

A beat, then —

RORY

I don't mind dumb towns.

SAM

Better than stupid smart towns.

Frank looks out across the lake.

FRANK

The question is, what are we going to do about it?

FADE OUT.

END EPISODE 2