

JEFFTOWN

"The Pilot (Part 1)"

Written by

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FADE IN to a sleepy desert town as it begins to wake up. Begin on a slow montage showing the boring life in the town as people go about their business. Camera pans slowly across all scenes. Music up.

EXT. TOWN STREET - MORNING

Men walk through town going about their business.

INT. WALMART - MORNING

Some men of various ages shop.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - MORNING

THE SHERIFF, 48, weary eyed, with a cigarette sticking out of his mouth, brews coffee in the lunch room. He doesn't smile - he never smiles.

INT. DINER - MORNING

A waiter brings a man his coffee and eggs.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE, KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Pan across messy kitchen in a boring house. Pan across a series of photographs featuring JACK, early 20s, blonde, tall and lanky, in different uniforms for different odd jobs.

Photo One: First day at McDonalds! Jack stands in uniform with a BURGER FLIPPER in his hand.

Photo Two: First day at the Dog Kennel! Jack stands with a menacing looking dog. In the BG of the photo, there is a McDonalds on fire.

Photo 3: First day at Staples! Jack is covered with bandages and cuts and scrapes from his last job.

In each photo, Jack looks more and more miserable, until we reach one where he is beaming with pride --

Photo 4: Jack in a police uniform, standing with his CAPTAIN under a banner that reads, "POLICE ACADEMY GRADUATION!". Jack has his arm around his captain and his GUN drawn, which he points at his Captain with a "This guy!" expression.

Photo 5: Jack, looking miserable again, with his arm around his Captain's headstone in a cemetery.

The PAN ends on a final photo, of a very unhappy Jack, on his first day at Delivery XPress.

INT. JACK'S ROOM - MORNING

JACK is asleep on a bare mattress on the ground, in a cold blue room strewn with laundry and clutter. Suddenly roused by his phone alarm, in his hand as he sleeps, he jolts awake.

JACK
(half-asleep)
Em?!?!

He rubs his eyes and pulls up his phone to silence the alarm. We can see a text message on the screen from a contact named Emily. The text reads: *STOP. CALLING. ME. I'm done!!!!*

Jack sighs in annoyance before throwing off the sheets.

At the closet, he puts on a vest for Delivery XPress. We see his official name tag on his right lapel reads "JACK". He notices a mustard stain on his left lapel, so he moves his nametag to cover the stain. He heads out the door.

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

The Sheriff puts up posters that say "Help Wanted". He tips his hat politely to a man walking his dog as he heads out of frame. The man's dog stops to poop, and lacking a bag, the man grabs the freshly hung "Help Wanted" poster to pick it up.

EXT. JACK'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

On Jack's house. The garage door opens and Jack's one man Cessna plane rolls out. His next door neighbor trims a hedge into a swan. As Jack's plane rolls past, the wing takes the head off of the swan.

NEIGHBOR
(angrily)
HEY! Jack!!

JACK
Hey Bob!

Jack takes off.

EXT. SKY - DAY

Jack's plane flies through, left to right.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

Jack rings doorbell, hands over package, quick exchange.

EXT. SKY - DAY

Jack's plane flies through, right to left.

INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Jack stands at a front desk as a woman signs for a package on Jack's clipboard, which has a little Smash Mouth sticker on it.

EXT. SKY - AFTERNOON

Jack's plane flies through, left to right.

INT. PLANE - AFTERNOON

Jack sits at the controls, looks into the backseat to see a single package sitting beside his clipboard and a spare uniform.

JACK
(to himself)
Last one.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The Sheriff sits at his desk with a piping hot cup of coffee, brow furrowed and scribbling in a notebook, when the phone rings.

SHERIFF
(answering the phone)
What?

The voice on the phone is muffled

SHERIFF (cont'd)
Oh I'm uhh, much too busy. Butt-deep
in paperwork. I'm gonna have to call
you back.

The sheriff hangs up and continues to write.

SHERIFF (cont'd)
Heh. That's a good one.

THE NOTEPAD -- is actually just a Mad Lib.

EXT. PLANE IN SKY - AFTERNOON

Jack's plane flies along. After a moment of smooth sailing,
the wings suddenly start to shake. Intercut with:

INT. PLANE - SAME TIME

Jack checks the controls.

JACK
Huh, weird turbulence.

The controls start to shake. Air pressure gauges start to
fluctuate wildly. Jack starts looking around, pressing
buttons.

JACK (cont'd)
Dammit. My week of training never
covered this...better check the
manual.

Jack reaches into the Cessna's glove compartment and pulls
out "Miracle On The Hudson". He starts flipping through the
pages.

JACK (cont'd)
Dedicated to our families for --
nope. The first 9-11 call -- nope.
The plane was on fire -- close
enough!

OUTSIDE THE PLANE -- The plane starts to nosedive.

INSIDE THE PLANE -- Jack is now fully engrossed in the book.

JACK (cont'd)
Wow. A true American hero.

He looks up to see the plane in a full-on nosedive.

JACK (cont'd)
AHH! Shit!! AHH!

Panicking, Jack launches the book and grabs the controls as the plane continues to gain speed.

JACK (cont'd)
SULLYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. PLANE - SOME TIME LATER

Jack sits in the cockpit, passed out. He suddenly startles awake.

JACK
(half-asleep)
Sully?!? Oh.

EXT. DESERT - AFTERNOON

Jack's plane has crashed in the desert. It clearly needs repairing, but also it appears that he did his best to save the landing.

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Back to Jack.

JACK
Huh... I guess I nailed it?

EXT. DESERT - AFTERNOON

The cockpit opens and Jack stumbles out with the package in his hand. He walks around the wreckage, visibly confused. Jack takes out his cellphone to check the time. He notices there are no bars.

Jack looks up and directly into camera, and then starts speaking in a film-noir style monologue. As he speaks he walks away from the plane and the camera slowly moves laterally with Jack as he paces.

JACK
(narrating)
I must have blacked out, because I
didn't remember bringing the plane
down. But I did, pretty skillfully I
might add. That just was my style.
Cool under pressure, I always had a
handle on things, nothing ever
slipped past me.

The camera, moving with Jack, finally comes to rest revealing
a Walmart in the background. People go in and out.

JACK (cont'd)
Now I just had to figure out how to
get out of this desert. There had to
be civilization nearby, I just had to
find it.

Jack looks at the camera pensively for a beat before finally
noticing the sound of the sliding doors and turning around.
Jack turns back to the camera.

JACK (cont'd)
...Oh.

INT. WALMART - MOMENTS LATER

Jack wanders into the Walmart, looking initially for someone
to question, but quickly gets sidetracked by something he
sees in the display cooler by the cash registers.

JACK
(incredulous)
Josta?!?! I thought they discontinued
this a long time ago!

SALES CLERK
They did. No one buys it.

Jack gives the sales clerk a dirty look. He throws him a
dollar and takes a sip, maintaining eye contact. His eye
twitches as he swallows and the taste of expired soda really
hits him.

JACK
(strained)
MMM. Josta.

Jack puts the Josta down on the counter and pushes it off to
the side.

JACK (cont'd)
Say, where could I find a body shop
around here?

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

The sheriff jots down a final word into his notepad, then sets his pencil down. He looks over the Mad Lib.

SHERIFF
It's my funniest one yet.

We SEE the notepad -- revealing the most uninteresting, mundane Mad Lib ever created: "The man walked to the store on a sunny morning."

Just then, the door bursts open and OLD MAN, late 70s, giant glasses, senile, barges in.

SENILE OLD MAN
SHERIFF!!

The sheriff, startled, quickly crumples up his paper and throws it out the open window behind him.

SHERIFF
What is it?!

The nearly-blind old man walks past the sheriff's desk and starts yelling at the coat hanger in the corner.

SENILE OLD MAN
A MAN JUST CRASHED HIS PLANE INTO MY
BACKYARD!! I've had it up to HERE
with these whippersnappers, I want to
press charges!!!

SHERIFF
A plane crash? Alright...let me just
talk to-

The old man, hearing Sheriff speak, walks back towards him and pounds his fists on the desk.

SENILE OLD MAN
NOW, SHERIFF!!! I have bridge in 40
minutes.

The sheriff sighs. He goes over to the coat hanger, grabs his coat. He looks out the window on his way back, revealing a small ditch FILLED with balled up pieces of paper.

EXT. DESERT - LATER

Jack and a REPAIR MAN, mid 30s, overweight, wearing entirely denim, look at the wreckage together. Two other repair men in the background try to figure out how to get it on the tow truck. The Repair man writes in some kind of ledger.

REPAIR MAN
Yep, usually takes about 3-5 business days to get those parts in. But the propeller is a specialty part, so that might take longer.

The repairman rips a piece of paper out of the book and hands it to Jack who, looking frustrated, nods.

SHERIFF (O.S.)
HEY!

Jack and the repair man turn around to see the Sheriff and Senile Old Man walking towards them.

SHERIFF (cont'd)
This your plane, kid?

Before Jack can answer, the old man starts to yell.

SENILE OLD MAN
THAT'S THE N'ER-DO-WELL!! Cuff him
Sheriff, he crushed my begonias!!!

JACK
I didn't crush any begonias! We're in the middle of the desert!

Just then, the Repair Men manage to lift the front of the plane into the air with their tow truck. Underneath the plane, for some inexplicable reason, there is a small patch of begonias that have been crushed. The tow truck winch slips, and the plane comes crashing back down on top of them.

JACK (cont'd)
(to himself)
Why would you plant begonias out here...

SENILE OLD MAN
Cuff him, cuff him now!!

JACK
...In the middle of the desert...

SHERIFF

Sure, sure.

(to Jack)

I ain't gunna cuff you.

(feigns looking at
his watch)

OH! Look at the time! Don't you have
to get to bridge?

JACK

...Is his house even around here?

SENILE OLD MAN

(gasps)

Bridge!! I'm late!! I still want to
press charges though, Sheriff!

As the old man walks off, the Sheriff calls back to him.

SHERIFF

Sure, sure, I'll take him back to the
station and draw up those papers.

The sheriff starts to lead him out.

SHERIFF (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(to Jack)

I ain't gunna draw up those papers.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Jack sits on a simple chair across from the Sheriff's desk.
The sheriff lights a cigarette and puffs on it, sitting back
in his chair.

SHERIFF

So what brings you crashing into our
desert?

JACK

I'm... not a hundred percent sure. My
controls started malfunctioning, so I
decided to bring the plane down. But
then... I think I blacked out.

The sheriff narrows his eyes.

SHERIFF

You drinking?

JACK

No, no. I only ever do cocaine on the job.

The sheriff stares at him, unimpressed.

JACK (cont'd)

I'm KIDDING. What is this, the 80s?? Cocaine is terrible for you.

SHERIFF

Uh huh. Well, what's that?

JACK

Oh this?

(Jack holds up the package)

It's just cocaine.

The sheriff stares at him, unimpr-

JACK (cont'd)

No I'm... kidding. It's the package I have to deliver, last one of the day.

(looks down at the package)

The label...got a little damaged though..

Jack looks at the label. We see that it says "JEFF-----TOWN-----HI-----72-----" and nothing more. The label was clearly pretty damaged in the crash.

JACK (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Do you know a "Jeff"?

Cut to the Sheriff. His stoic face holds for a beat before, for the first time, he suddenly bursts out laughing. On Jack, confused.

SHERIFF

(wiping a tear)

That's a good one. I haven't heard anything that good in a while.

On Jack, who's confused AND frustrated now.

SHERIFF (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Good luck delivering that package son, you're gonna need it.

On Jack, who's close to steaming.

JACK

What do you mean??? I'm as good as any delivery man. I'll admit, delivery wasn't my FIRST job choice, but-

SHERIFF

No- that's not what I-

JACK

(working himself up)

No, no! You think I can't do it. Everyone always thinks I can't do it. I WILL prove you wrong.

Jack gets up and storms out, as the sheriff continues to chuckle.

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Jack continues out of the sheriff's front door. He stops to look back at the Sheriff, still laughing, and as an act of anger/defiance/pettiness, rips the "Help Wanted" page off the wall. Jack continues to storm off.

EXT. TOWN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Jack walks down the street, he checks his phone, but theres' still no service. He looks up at the camera and begins to narrate.

JACK

(narrating)

How hard could it be to find a man named Jeff in this tiny one horse town?

Just then, two horses walk past. Jack pauses for a beat, confused, then continues on.

JACK (cont'd)

I would have to put my detective skills to use. Those six weeks of police academy were about to come in handy. Not to mention all of those batman comics I've read.

A man runs past him.

MAN

My horses!!

JACK

If only there was some sort of
administration building, or "office"
if you will, that had a list of
"postal addresses". Some sort of
"Postal Address Office"...

Jack continues walking out of frame. The camera stops in front of a strip mall with a giant sign that says "POST OFFICE". Next to it is a PHARMACY. After a beat, Jack runs back into frame.

JACK (cont'd)

Wait a second... That *Pharmacy* could
have a list of people who-- oh.
There's a post office.

INT. "POST OFFICE" - MOMENTS LATER

Jack is confused to be greeted with black light upon entering the Post Office. This clearly isn't post office lighting. Looking around, the place looks more like a tanning salon. Jack goes up to the man behind the counter. HIPPIE DUDE, early 20s, long blond hair, wearing a purple tank and headphones, reads a magazine. Jack gets his attention.

JACK

Uh...hey? Where's the post office?

HIPPIE DUDE

Oh...hey. Yeah, this is a tanning
salon.

JACK

But...the sign says "Post Office."

HIPPIE DUDE

Oh...right!! Yeah, man, yeah, the
post office wasn't doing too well, so
they leased us this half of the room
for our tanning salon. Business has
been great for us. Post office has
been a little dead lately though...

The hippie dude points to the other side of the room. A few P.O. boxes are covered in dust and cobwebs. There's a skeleton in the corner.

JACK

AHH!!

HIPPIE DUDE

(laughs)

Don't even trip, dude, those are just old Halloween decorations. I think. But seriously, no one's worked there for a few years.

(shrugs)

Sorry man.

JACK

Hm. Well..do you know anyone named Jeff?

HIPPIE DUDE

(thinking)

Uhhhhhhhhh... no. Don't think so.

JACK

What's your name?

HIPPIE DUDE

Oh hey, my name's Jeff. Nice to meet you.

Jack is confused. Beat. Shakes himself out of it. He pushes the package towards Jeff.

JACK

Is this for you?? Did you order this?

HIPPIE JEFF

Oh no, no, no. I only buy local.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE STRIP MALL - MOMENTS LATER

Jack steps out of the Post Office/Tanning Salon. He walks towards a Starbucks. As he walks up the sidewalk to the door, a man leaving the Starbucks passes him. Jack happens to see the name on the cup: GEOFF. He grabs the shoulder of the man walking past and stops him.

JACK

Hey!! Your name is Geoff??

COFFEE JEFF

Yeah.

(pointing to the name
on the cup)

But they always spell it wrong, am I right? Who spells Jeff with a G?

A random passer-by takes offense and stops.

GEOFF THE PASSER-BY
Hey, I do! So take it back!

COFFEE JEFF
No, it's stupid! It should be
pronounced Gee-off.

GEOFF THE PASSER-BY
Geoff was spelled with a G long
before it was spelled with a J!

COFFEE JEFF
Oh yeah?! Do you also play gee-olf
and go to the gee-rocery store?

Geoff and Jeff continue to argue. Jack is just about to interrupt them to ask about the package when the Starbucks door opens and another man walks out. Jack sees the cup in his hand as well. It also reads "Jeff." Curious, he gingerly turns to the door and opens it slowly.

INT. STARBUCKS - CONTINUOUS

We see Jack's POV as he opens the door to a busy coffee shop in full swing. The sleepy teenaged BARISTA asks the man in the front of the line for his name.

BARISTA 1
And your name is...

JEFF 1
Jeff? J-E-F-F...

On Jack who starts to sweat. He whips his head over to another area of the Starbucks. Two men sit in the comfy chairs, one sips coffee, the other in the middle of a story.

JEFF 2
...So he stands up and goes, I'm
Spartacus! And I'm like, buddy,
you're Jeff...

Jack looks over towards the bar. The barista holds up a coffee.

BARISTA 2
Cappuccino for Jarf?

There is a long, silent beat. Then:

BARISTA 2 (cont'd)
Sorry. Jeff?

Three men simultaneously stand up upon hearing their name. They stare at each other angrily for a beat. Suddenly they start brawling. Other men around the coffee shop either join in the fight or start up and start yelling, taunting, etc. The shop has erupted in complete chaos!

SMASH! Suddenly the front window SHATTERS and Coffee Jeff and Geoff the Passer-by roll in, also in mid-fist fight.

GEOFF THE PASSER-BY
IT'S THE ANGLO-NORMAN FORM OF THE
GERMANIC COMPOUND OF GUDA AND FRIPUZ!

COFFEE JEFF
IT WAS ALSO ANGLICISED AS JEFFREY
FROM AN EARLY TIME! CITATION NEEDED!

EXT. STARBUCKS - CONTINUOUS

Jack immediately slams the door and puts his back up against it, freaked and confused. He rushes out.

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - MOMENTS LATER

On the sheriff, leaning against a support beam outside the station. He looks intently at his watch. Footsteps, running towards the sheriff, get louder and louder. Jack runs up as fast as he can and doubles over in front of the sheriff, catching his breath. The sheriff clicks off his stopwatch.

JACK
(breathless)
What...the hell...is going on here...

The sheriff chuckles and shrugs.

SHERIFF
Well. Why did you think it was called
Jefftown?

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jack sits across from the sheriff, stunned. Quick cuts between Jack and the Sheriff as they talk.

JACK
So...this place is called Jefftown?

SHERIFF
Jefftown.

JACK
A town full of Jeffs?

SHERIFF
Full of Jeffs, yes.

JACK
Their names are all Jeff?

SHERIFF
All named Jeff. Are you deaf?

JACK
(points to mugshot on
wall)
What about him?

SHERIFF
He's named Jeff.

JACK
(points to another,
wearing a Chef hat)
And the one to the left?

SHERIFF
A chef named Jeff.

JACK
A chef named Jeff?

SHERIFF
Arrested for theft.

JACK
Is...your name Jeff?

The sheriff gives him a look.

SHERIFF
What do you think?

Jack exhales dramatically. He gets up, turns away from the sheriff, eyes the camera, and begins to narrate.

JACK
(narrating)
I had found myself in a strange town
where every man, woman and child was
named Jeff. Wait...

Jack turns back to the Sheriff.

JACK (cont'd)
Are there any women in Jefftown?

The Sheriff gives him a look.

SHERIFF
What do you think?

Jack turns back to the camera.

JACK
I had found myself in a strange town
where every MAN was named Jeff.
And...maybe male children as well.
Pets? I didn't know how it all
worked. What I DID know was that this
Sheriff was toying with me. But I'd
get to the bottom of it. This guy was
used to dealing with a bunch of
Jeffs. But he didn't know Jack.

Jack turns back to the sheriff and eyes him. He puts on a tough face and puffs his chest out to look powerful; he locks eyes with the sheriff for a beat trying to decide what to say next before...slumping back into his seat and shaking his head.

JACK (cont'd)
How am I supposed to deliver this
when I have nothing but a name in a
town where a name means nothing?

The sheriff suddenly has a thought and cocks his head, looking Jack over from head to toe.

SHERIFF
Don't delivery men usually have some
kind of uh, clipboard? You know, for
people to sign for their packages?

Jack's eyes widen. He instinctively reaches under his arm looking for his clipboard.

JACK
My **docket**! It's gotta be...

REPAIR JEFF (PRE-LAP)
In the plane!

EXT. PLANE CRASH SITE - LATER

The two men from Jefftown Autobody Shop and Repair are still working to get the plane successfully on the back of the tow truck. Repair Jeff screams instructions to Repair Geoff.

REPAIR JEFF
No, no, *in* the plane!

Repair Geoff stands with the hook end of the tow truck's winch, trying to figure out where to attach it on the front of the plane. Upon Repair Jeff instruction, he shrugs and SLAMS the hook into the front of the plane, creating a hole in the plane's nose.

They're getting close when a determined Jack runs up. He jumps up into the plane, causing it to slide back off the back of the truck. The men give up and walk out.

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Jack looks around. The front seat and the back seat are empty. His clipboard, and his spare uniform are gone. Someone has cleaned it out. Jack is confused and concerned, and pops out of the plane.

EXT. PLANE CRASH SITE - CONTINUOUS

Jack runs after the repair men, and catches up to them.

JACK
Wait!!

REPAIR GEOFF
Aw man, tow your own plane, I dunno how to get it on there!!

REPAIR JEFF
You did your best, Gee-off. You can't beat yourself up like this.

JACK
No - no. The plane is empty. Did someone come and clear it out?

REPAIR JEFF
Uh...I dunno. We was so busy trying to get it loaded up...

REPAIR GEOFF
We didn't see nothing funny.

Jack sighs. Another dead end. And his spare uniform...he would start to stink soon without that.

JACK

Well..

(throws up his hands
in frustration)

Did one of you order a package?

REPAIR JEFF

Is it free?

JACK

The delivery is prepaid, if that's
what you mean.

REPAIR JEFF

Then yep!

Jack is suddenly suspicious.

JACK

Oh really... Then what'd you order?

REPAIR JEFF

Uhh... Golf clubs.

Jack furrows his brow and looks down at the package in his hands, which is no bigger than a breadbox.

REPAIR JEFF (cont'd)

(nervously)

...Mini golf clubs?

JACK

Nice try.

Jack turns and starts to walk back toward town, frustrated.
As he goes:

REPAIR GEOFF

I told you, it's pronounced gee-olf
clubs.

EXT. PUB - EVENING

Establishing shot of the pub. A neon sign that says "JEFF'S" flickers. [PRODUCTION NOTE: As evening/night falls, saturation in the color of the world should fade as well. Nighttime in Jefftown should be almost black and white (not ever fully black and white) to allow for Film Noir chiaroscuro lighting and effects.]

INT. PUB - CONTINUOUS

The package sits on the table in front of Jack. He stares at it.

Just then, three men walk by. They're Fratboys in their early 20s, already a little drunk.

JEFF #1
HEY, NICE PACKAGE, BRAH!!

The other two men with him laugh like idiots.

JACK
(getting desperate)
Thanks!! Is it yours???

He stands up and pushes it towards them, his eyes a bit wild. They laugh and sneer at him.

JEFF #1
Nah I don't want your package. Heh.
I'm not gay.

His friends continue to guffaw even though it was not a good joke. They think it's hilarious.

JEFF #2
HA! Get it?!? Because-

JACK
YEAH, I GET IT.

Jack slams himself back into his chair, staring at the camera. He begins to narrate as the other Jeffs walk over to their table and laugh amongst themselves, complimenting themselves on such a funny joke.

JACK (cont'd)
(narrating)
I was looking for a single Jeff, in a town filled with Jeffs, in a town filled... with idiots.

The waiter arrives. It's the same waiter from the diner in the opening montage. Jack finishes his narration and turns to the waiter.

JEFF, YOUR WAITER
Hi, I'm Jeff! Your waiter tonight.
What can I get for you?

JACK
Just the-just-I dont know. I'm not
hungry.

Jack sighs - then shows the package to the waiter.

JACK (cont'd)
Is this yours?

JEFF, YOUR WAITER
(inspecting the
package)
Uh, no. I wasn't expecting any
package.

JACK
No, of course it isn't. I'll
just...take a beer.

The waiter leaves. Suddenly a man takes a seat across from
Jack - it's the sheriff. Jack looks up, annoyed.

JACK (cont'd)
What, are you following me??

SHERIFF
No, this is just where I eat dinner.

Silence for a beat. The waiter silently puts a beer in front
of Jack and walks away.

SHERIFF (cont'd)
First day in Jefftown a little rough,
huh?

Jack gives him a look.

JACK
What do you think?

The sheriff nods knowingly. He begins to speak but his
dialogue quickly fades out as Jack notices something behind
him and starts to ignore him.

SHERIFF
(fading out as Jack
ignores him)
Yeah. It's a bit tough the first little
while. But you'll have to get used to it if you're going to settle in
because you're going to be here for-

Jack watches behind the Sheriff as a man walks through the parking lot, dressed in a post office outfit. He looks around, and then turns the corner.

JACK
(to himself)
I thought there were no post men in
Jefftown-

The sheriff stops talking.

SHERIFF
Huh?

Jack stands up abruptly.

JACK
I have to go. Don't drink my beer!

Jack runs out. The sheriff watches him go. The sheriff looks at Jack's beer. He looks around and then takes a sip and enjoys.

EXT. CITY STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Jack follows the post man from afar, trying not to be spotted. The man turns a corner, Jack sidles up to the same corner, waits a beat before continuing.

He ducks behind parked cars to avoid being seen, he peers out from behind lampposts. It's a typical "private eye follows the shady suspect" scene.

Close on Jack as he determinedly follows the man further down another street. Starting on Jack, looking intently at the man he's following, we widen to reveal that a man walks at the same pace directly to his right - and this man is also in a post office uniform. Jack suddenly notices him and freezes in shock, doing a double take. He looks back and forth to both men, confused.

As he stands there, puzzled, a man passes him on his left - another postman. After a moment of being completely dumbfounded, jaw agape, Jack runs after the men.

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

At the edge of a small city park, Jack catches up to the men he was following, who have joined up with an even larger group of postmen, about 7 or 8.

They've gathered around a bench, lit by a streetlight, one of the men stands on the bench and gives out assignments. As Jack gets a little closer he can see that not all of the men are wearing matching uniforms. He's just relieved to finally know how to deliver the package.

HEAD JEFF ON BENCH

And Jeff, no you,
 (pointing)
 yes you, you'll take-

Jack pushes his way into the group and interrupts the Jeff on the bench.

JACK

Thank goodness I found you guys. They told me there were no more postal workers in Jefftown.

The men look uneasy, and shuffle uncomfortably.

JACK (cont'd)

I've been trying to deliver this all day, but all I have is the name "Jeff". Obviously that hasn't gotten me very far. I need whatever maps or city records you guys have so I can cross-reference-

HEAD JEFF ON BENCH

Uh...we really can't help you with that...

OTHER JEFFS

(Agreeing walla)
 Yeah, sorry./Too busy./We can't help.

GEOFF IN THE BACK

Yeah, we're just accountants.

As soon as Geoff says this, every head turns to look at him.

HEAD JEFF ON BENCH

GEOFF!!! I swear to God-

OTHER JEFFS

(Frustrated walla)
 Come ON Geoff./Get it together!/Ugh!

HEAD JEFF ON BENCH

-what is the FIRST rule of LARPing??

On Jack, watching this all happen, increasingly bewildered.

OTHER JEFFS
(unison)
STAY IN CHARACTER.

GEOFF IN THE BACK
(a little late)
You don't talk about-- I mean
stay...in character...

JACK
I'm sorry. I...you guys...are
LARPing? At night? As....MAILMEN???

Just then, Jack notices that Geoff in the back is carrying a clipboard with a Smash Mouth sticker on the back of it. He pushes his way over to him. As he gets closer, he realizes that this Geoff is also wearing his spare uniform.

JACK (cont'd)
Where did you get that??

GEOFF IN THE BACK
Pretty neat, huh? Found it in this
abandoned plane out in the desert. I
think it's legit!

Jack rips the clipboard out of his hands.

JACK
IT'S MINE!!!! And I want my uniform
back. Dry cleaned.

Jack looks down at the docket and starts flipping through the papers to find his official ones have been replaced with blank papers.

JACK (cont'd)
Wha-were are the delivery orders that
were here?? Where did they go??

GEOFF IN THE BACK
I...shredded them.

Jack grabs Geoff in the back by his lapel.

JACK
WHY!?!??!

GEOFF IN THE BACK
Force of habit! I was an accountant
at Trump University. ALL WE DID WAS
SHRED!!!

Jack lets go of Geoff. He hangs his head a moment. Then he looks back up at Geoff.

JACK
Fine. You wanna be mailmen so bad??
Deliver THIS.

Jack shoves the package into Geoff's hands and walks away, head down, defeated. He walks back towards the street, and sees the Sheriff standing outside his patrol car, waiting for him.

JACK (cont'd)
Don't...say anything.

The sheriff smiles but doesn't say anything.

JACK (cont'd)
Drive me to a motel?

The sheriff nods as they both get in the car. Stay wide as they get in and begin to drive off.

JACK (cont'd)
What happened to my beer?

SHERIFF
I drank it.

EXT. JEFFTOWN MOTEL - LATER

The sheriff's patrol car pulls up to the front of a motel. The motel looks pretty empty - not a lot of tourists visiting Jefftown. The sheriff puts the car in park.

SHERIFF
Are you sure about this? It's gunna get expensive if you stay here forever.

JACK
Yeah - like I'm gonna stay in Jefftown any longer than I have to. I just have to wait for those parts to come in, then I'm out.

SHERIFF
No, I mean-

JACK
(ignoring, and also interrupting)
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
I don't care what happens to the
package, I'll just say it got
destroyed or lost in the crash.

Jack gets out of the car and begins to walk to the motel. The
sheriff rolls down his window to call over to Jack.

SHERIFF
No, I mean, you CAN'T leave.

Jack stops at the word "can't". He turns back to the sheriff -
NOW he's listening.

SHERIFF (cont'd)
Nobody leaves Jefftown.

On Jack, looking at the sheriff, frozen as the realization
sets in. Dun dun DUN.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: JEFFTOWN