

PS U SUCK

Written by

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EXT. NEIGHORHOOD - BEGINNING OF THE WORK DAY

BRADLAY places the last box into JAY's 2004 Toyota Prius.
Both are USPS delivery bros, with blonde, curly hair.

JAY
(driving)
Dude!

BRADLAY
Dude!!

JAY
Dude!!!

BOTH
Duuuuuuuuuude--

DRIVER #1 honks while passing, slowly.

BOTH (CONT'D)
(yelling at car)
Dudeeee!

DRIVER #1
Sorry!

Bradlay tosses a seated 'fragile' package into the back with
no remorse. It crashes. Something breaks.

BRADLAY
(fails to open door)
Oh, right! Classic Jay.

Bradlay hops in through the open passenger window.

INT. 2004 TOYOTA PRIUS - CONTINUOUS

JAY
(amid a huge rip)
Classic Brad-lay! Where to first,
my main man?

BRADLAY
(picking up random
package)
12-12 Killnerds Drive!

The pair high five.

JAY
Most salacious! And where is that?

BRADLAY

Oh, right! I do the directions. You do the driving!

JAY

You know it!

BRADLAY

Alright! Popping it into my Global Positioning System.

Dial up noises ensue. Pair laugh.

BRADLAY (CONT'D)

Access granted!

JAY

You're the best, man!

BRADLAY

No, you are!

EXT. INTERSECTION FROM HELL - MOMENTS LATER

The two are screaming at each other, horns ablaze. Packages shift, wildly.

INT. 2004 TOYOTA PRIUS - TOO SOON, AND YET TOO LATE

BRADLAY

I said left!

JAY

(indicating hand L's)

How am I supposed to look at my hands AND drive at the same time?

Massive swerve. Both blackout. Coming to, there is no damage to the car. Only smoke is from the bong, chilling.

BRADLAY

Are we alive?

JAY

If we're not, there's no where else I'd rather be than with you for like all of eternity.

BRADLAY

My bro!! Should we kiss? Oh look, we're on Victory! Sweet! We're being flicked off.

BOTH
Still alive. Omg we almost died.

JAY
None of this would've happened if I
were more high.

BRADLAY
See dude, I was thinking this is
all my fault because I'm TOO high.

Both laugh.

BOTH
No such thing!

They rip a dual bong. KRIS, a very impatient driver and flamboyant Southwest stewardess honks. Continuing to rip it, Jay waves for Kris to drive around. Kris stares into their souls, yelling inaudibly in passing. Dudes stare back from their pillowy cloud, through Kris, at a taco truck.

BRADLAY
Dude! It may not be Tuesday, but
it's definitely time to taco!

JAY
Hell yes, dude.

The pair mad dash it out of the car.

INT. 2004 TOYOTA PRIUS - <2 SECONDS LATER

The pair immediately re-enters with boxes and boxes of tacos. The pile of deliveries remains stacked high in the back seat.

JAY
We better hurry, we have so much to
deliver.

BRADLAY
Floor it, dude!

EXT. CUTE NEIGHBORHOOD - WITHOUT SKIPPING A BEAT, OR A BONG

The Prius moves from a parked position in front of one house, to park at the next.

INT. 2004 TOYOTA PRIUS - CONTINUOUS

The pair sit, amongst a pillage of taco wrappers, and only one deliverable remains.

BRADLAY

Wow, dude. Is it just me or was that like the longest day, ever?

JAY

Yeah, my dude. I'm beat.

BRADLAY

Dude!

JAY

What, dude?

BRADLAY

(holding up package)

We have a surprise! Looks like Christmas came early! Should we open it?

Jay tackles and ejects Bradley through the back right door.

EXT. CUTE NEIGHBORHOOD - MID-SCUFFLE, MILLISECONDS LATER

Jay is straddling Bradley, slapping and shaking him.

JAY

--who are you and what have you done with my best friend?

BRADLAY

I am friend!

JAY

Liar! Bradley would know better. We swore it would never come to this, on the secret oath of secrets.

BRADLAY

Fuck! I told you I'm too high.

JAY

You're not Bradley! Bradley would never say that.

BRADLAY

Please, dear sweet Flo up above and all around, forgive me of my simps. I doth apologize, almighty Flo.

JAY
 Quit your squabbling! It's too
 late! I have to bring you in to--

BRADLAY
 Oh no! Not--

BOTH
 The tower!!

EXT. GATES OF A JUNKYARD - AS SOON AS TRAFFIC CAN ALLOW

Jay and Bradley wear heavy capes, approaching three secret,
 faceless hooded figures, guards of the gate most mysterious.

JAY
 Say the passage, or you are doomed
 for all of eternity!

BRADLAY
 Fuck. What was it? What was it?

JAY
 (putting on hood)
 Say it!!

BRADLAY
 OPEN!

JAY
 (ripping off hood)
 Brilliant, my dude!

Door opens, and they step through.

INT. TINY ASS WAITING ROOM - WITHOUT HESITATION, IT'S POPPIN'

The gate loudly closes behind them. They await in darkness.

JAY
 Sorry about that. Had to make sure
 you were real, man. You almost
 opened a package in front of the
 locals!

BRADLAY
 Oh shit, I almost DID do that. What
 was I thinking.

JAY
 Ready for the blood oath?

BRADLAY

Ready!

Kris appears from the shadows, in full stewardess attire.

KRIS

You're in the Southwest Quadrant.

JAY

Chill it Child of Kardashian, Kim.
We won't bother you.

KRIS

No, Southwest. The planes.

BOTH

Ohhhh right, dude.

JAY

I heard of your legacy most epic.

BRADLAY

Sweet. What is it?

KRIS

(suddenly standing before
a tower of suitcases)
This is the luggage of no return.
Tell anyone and I will find you.
And I will kill you.

JAY

Whoa. Are you like a screenwriter?

BRADLAY

Yeah, that like totally sounds like
it's from, dare I say it, a movie.

JAY

I was literally just thinking that.

BRADLAY

Literally.

JAY

And literally!

CLOSE UP: A SUITCASE MYSTERIOUSLY ZIPS. STRANDS OF BLOND HAIR
GET STUCK IN ITS ZIPPER.

INT. THE TOWER OF PACKAGES - RIGHT ON, RIGHTEOUS

The zipped suitcase catapults into a large tower of boxes. Out flop the dudes, whom were inside. They stand, uninjured.

BRADLAY
(clutching box)
Sweet! Now we can open it.

JAY
Not before the sacred blood oath!

BOTH
(holding knives)
AHH AHFFF!

Each slices their hand, and giggles.

BRADLAY
Sweet.

They squeeze their sliced blood into a stamp box, and stamp 'no return' onto the new package. Opening, to reveal... a decapitated head. The tower transcends into a spiral of illuminati glow, as hooded figures surround them. Panic. A light trickles down from the boxes, through the crowd of hooded figures, and twinkles, blinking upon the pair.

JAY
Madam Flo!

BRADLAY
We are not worthy, oh Flo!

They are tased by Flo's radiant beams, and fall back. Wherein the decapitated head disintegrates and vanishes. The pair slowly rises, with tall blond hairs that stand at attention.

JAY
Everyone, we must have your attention!

BRADLAY
Behold! Oh, need my props.

Bradlay and Jay lift up cardboard commandments. 'Rule #1, Thou dudes shalt not steal other people's packages, duh.'

BRADLAY (CONT'D)
See? We're like, totally being punished.

JAY
 (referencing tower)
 We have to return all of this.

All hooded figures scramble like ants, MEEPing along the way.

JAY (CONT'D)
 I guess it's... all up to us.

BRADLAY
 Righteous.

JAY
 Fuck. I'm overwhelmed.

BRADLAY
 Double fuck. Double whelmed.

The pair run around screaming momentarily, then halt.

JAY
 Now that we got that out of our
 system, madam Flo!! We will not let
 you down!

Lightning flashes. Boxes tumble.

INT. 2004 TOYOTA PRIUS - WITH A BOLT

The boxes tumble into formation in the rear of the Prius.

BRADLAY
 It's amazing how much room there is
 in these cars.

JAY
 Now you see why I bought it!
 (winks)
 Enough promo, let's go-go!

EXT. CUTE NEIGHBORHOOD - IN A FLASH

The car moves forward 1/2 a house, reverses a full house,
 moves forward 5/4 a house, then parks, revealing a new house.

JAY
 Wow. What a day's work!

BRADLAY
 Last box!

Both glare at the twisted little house before them.

EXT. KRIS' HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The pair walk hand in hand, Wizard of Oz style to the door. Both ring the doorbell, which tolls like that of death.

JAY
Describe it 1, 2, 3.

BRADLAY
Comforting. Ominous. JAY (CONT'D)

BRADLAY (CONT'D)
Oh, man. That too.

Kris opens the door, apron atop the stewardess fit, splattered in red. Both look on shocked, then delighted.

BRADLAY (CONT'D)
Here, dude. It's your package.

KRIS
Finally. I've been waiting for this.

JAY
That's how packages go.

BOTH
Bye!

They pivot to leave.

BRADLAY
Whew! It's over dude!

KRIS
(with opened package)
Not so fast! This is not what I've been waiting for.

BRADLAY
(gulps)
What have you been waiting for?

JAY
(gulps)
Yeah, like a birthday present?

KRIS
I don't celebrate my birth.

BRADLAY
Right on.

KRIS
Where is my head? Two heads must
roll for this!

Kris pulls a lever. The pair descend down a trap-door chute.

BOTH
Oh chuuuuuuuuute. Literally.

INT. KRIS' BASEMENT - SEVEN BUMPY SECONDS LATER

Jay and Bradley fly out, tied to two sturdy chairs. Paintings of chalk bodied outlines, in acrylic, surround them 360.

KRIS
(turning on a spotlight)
Do you boys know who I am?

Both look at each other, unsure.

KRIS (CONT'D)
I'm Kris with a K!

Bradley passes out. Kris removes the apron.

JAY
The stewardess!

BRADLAY
(coming to)
The stewardess! Sorry, I'm catching
up. I am all caught up now.

JAY
Whoa, dude. Impressive reveal.

BRADLAY
And, like good to see you again.
Love the theatrics.

JAY
House is impeccably dawning.

KRIS
Don't try to butter me up. Ever
since I saw you idiots could unlock
the tower of packages, a most
treasured enterprise.

BOTH
Thank you!

KRIS

I knew that I had finally found my in, in order to dominate both the stolen realms, together! That way only I, Kris with a K, can control ALL of distro.

BRADLAY

Why, Kris?

JAY

Yeah tell me WHY?

KRIS

You guys are too in sync.

JAY

That was Backstreet Boys. But WHY?

BRADLAY

Yeah, like were you just not given enough presents as a kid and now you gotta go around and steal everything you possibly can?

Bradlay and Jay cry.

KRIS

Yes, actually. That's exactly why. My parents never gave me anything I wanted. Nothing. And they took me nowhere! I was totally miserable. But that's about to all be over. I will have control over all that is lost! Both suitcases and packages!

JAY

A dude should never have all of that power!

BRADLAY

And a dude should never break all these cardboard-mandements. You dude thief! You serial dude killer!! That's like half of them!

KRIS

Serial killer? I'm not a serial killer.

CLOSE UP: THE SUSPICIOUS PAINTINGS, THE FALLEN RED-SPLATTERED APRON, THE ROPES, AND THE SMILE ON KRIS' FACE.

BRADLAY

Well, sweet! That's a relief.

JAY

In that case, we'll just go.

KRIS

What I mean to say is... yet!

Kris laughs, maniacally. Jay has started to harness Flo into untying the ropes. Flo's lights twinkles and convulses there.

BRADLAY

(distracting tactic 101)

Just one question before you like murder us for your seemingly justifiable causes, on your plight of serious parental neglect and selfishness. As an auntie-paneuver, which I fully respect, do you consider yourself to be like a Robin Hood?

JAY

Yeah! Or are you like a Monopoly?

BRADLAY

People say that is a great game.

JAY

I never understood it.

BRADLAY

I know, right? You got houses and hotels, what's the difference?

Both laugh, like a Pez dispenser whose tablet is stuck in the bottom of its long and narrow throat.

KRIS

Enough distractions! Which one of you can open the pathway to the mystical tower of packages!

JAY

We'll never say.

BRADLAY

No, never.

KRIS

Then I'll just kill you both and
use your blood to open it.

BOTH

It's Jay.

KRIS

Thank you. Now which one of you is
Jay?

BOTH

I am. Like, he is. We are Jay.

KRIS

Stop talking! I can't tell you
apart. You look exactly identical.

JAY

We hear that all the time, man.

KRIS

Shut up! I'll have to pick one of
you to sacrifice.

BRADLAY

Good luck, man.

JAY

It's like such a moral dilemma. Get
it wrong and have two deaths on
your hands for no reason
whatsoever. No packages. No
redemptive arc.

BRADLAY

Literally took the words out of my
literal mouth. Dude, are you me?

JAY

Confession- some days I wake up and
look in the mirror and think. Damn!
Which one am I? Am I him?

BRADLAY

And is he, I?

BOTH

Whoa! Dude!! I never knew that
about you! I mean me! Jinx. Guess
what I'm thinking of? 1, 2, 3.
Tacos. Jinx.

KRIS

Oh for the love of my sociopathic tendencies. Please shut UP!

JAY

One more, one more--

BOTH

My mama made me mash--

KRIS

(retracting a knife)
Shut the fuck up!

BRADLAY

Whoa, you know that could probably cut deep, but your words cut too dude.

JAY

(in anguish)
We're like having a moment dude. Probably one of our last. Ever. Haven't you ever had anything you love, taken away from you?

KRIS

Money.

JAY

(hands are free)
And wouldn't you love to say goodbye to it one last time?

BRADLAY

Fuck that. And fuck him. You never interrupt a good Flo man. Don't you have any respect? Not cool. Very bad. And totally not tubular. So totally uncool. Fucking evil bitch.

Jay is clearing throat.

KRIS

I don't care! I'll just guess which one is Jay. I have 50/50 odds.

BRADLAY

Sounds like good odds, man. Solid.

JAY

(clearing throat,
indicating free hands)
Only. How will you decide?

BRADLAY
 (seeing Jay's free hands)
 Ohhhhh.

KRIS
 (picking between)
 My mama made me mash my M&M's and
 you are--

BOTH
 (breaking free)
 Not it!

KRIS
 What?

Jay lasso'ing the rope high. Bradley runs, creating trip wires around the room. Kris watches, unscathed completely. Bradley trips over his own wire, Jay throws his lasso.

JAY
 Aha! Got you!

BRADLAY
 (caught in lasso)
 Hook line and sinker.

JAY
 Wait, shit. Take two!

KRIS
 Idiots!!

JAY
 Say high!

Jay blows a massive, dragon-like rip into Kris' open mouth. Bradley unravels, Sailor Moon style out of the rope, Kris is magically tied up. Flo lights up, tasing Kris.

BRADLAY
 Whose the idiot now?

JAY
 (high-fiving Bradley)
 Dude you're so totally awesome.

BRADLAY
 No you are, with that Spyro the
 dragon action Pow-Pow.

JAY
 Dude, and your like total Sailor
 Moon, with that Whippow-Whippow.

BOTH

Dude!

The pair hug.

JAY

(turning to Kris)

You got any like snacks?

BRADLAY

Yeah, like dude I've totally worked up a full blown appetite.

KRIS

Could it be the pot?

BRADLAY

Aren't you ever even just like a little bit hungry?

JAY

Or do you only eat human flesh?

KRIS

What're you talking about?

JAY

(breaking bottle)

Don't play all coy now mother fucker we saw that god damn decapitated head! We know it was your bitch ass that ordered it.

KRIS

The mannequin head...

JAY

The what?

BRADLAY

Oh. Mannequin. Now it totally all adds up. You need a mannequin for your paintings, right?

KRIS

Yes. I need it for more accurate outlines.

BRADLAY

Totally makes sense. That one over there is like super wobbly.

JAY

So, you like didn't order a
decapitated head. And you're like
not a killer but you were gonna
kill us?

BRADLAY

Fucking honored man!

KRIS

I'd do anything for money. I'm
tired of being at the bottom--

The wobbly painting smashes and kill Kris. Blood pours.

JAY

(backing away)
That's not on us.

BRADLAY

Nope!

The two attempt to run, but get nowhere. Flo lights surround.

BRADLAY (CONT'D)

Do you hear that noise?

JAY

Don't say some shit like regret. I
hate the sound of regret.

BRADLAY

No, no. It sounds like--

JAY

1, 2, 3.

BOTH

Honking!

Flo's lights centralize. The pair convulse, through time and
space.

JAY

Flo! Thank you for that quick
escape!

BRADLAY

We're being beamed up! Hello, is
your name in fact Scotty? Take me
to your leader! Ow. Sorry, Flo.

INT. 2004 TOYOTA PRIUS - MOMENTS AFTER THE NEAR WRECK

Both jolt back into their bodies, hair fried. Horns ablaze. They bro-hug.

BRADLAY
I love you, dude!

JAY
I love you more--

Kris drives by slowly, honking. Both parties stare.

KRIS
USPS? More like PS, you suck!

BOTH
(stare at each other)
Duuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu--
(stop to take a breath)
uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu--

BRADLAY (V.O.)
Maybe we should agree not to steal
those packages anymore?

JAY (V.O.)
Totally, duuuu--

BRADLAY (V.O.)
Holy f-bomb. Can you hear--

JAY (V.O.)
Inside your head? Duh! Told you
this was good weed.

BOTH
uuuuuuuuuuuuude.

BRADLAY
Sick. Now who wants tacos?

JAY
(exits car)
Race you!

BRADLAY
(exiting via window)
No fair. You have longer legs.