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# The Postman

By Eric Roth

WKCC AM Talk Radio.  
All talk, all the time.  
Bringing you sports and Weather  
on the five.  
Church leaders blame the rise of hate  
crimes and racially-motivated attacks...  
...on a militia-like group  
calling themselves "The Holnists. "  
One of the most radical and powerful  
of these groups...  
...claims as its founder, the famed  
motivational speaker Nathan Holn.  
The last of the great cities died...  
... When my father Was a child...  
... victims of yet another War.  
He told of the plagues that followed...  
...and how the living hid themselves,  
scattered in tiny hamlets...  
...in hopes of surviving  
Whatever new madness...  
...conspired to rob them  
of the little that remained.  
In those days, he Walked alone...  
...a solitary Witness  
to the chaos that reigned.  
The earth itself had fallen victim  
to the insanity.  
He told stories of the 3-year Winter...  
...and how the dirty snow  
never stopped falling.  
He saw the ocean,  
barren, poisoned, near death.  
And how they Watched the sky  
for 16 long years...  
...praying for the great lungs  
to start Working again.  
He said it Was as if the ocean  
had breathed a great sigh of relief.  
Many commuters  
are abandoning their vehicles.  
Goddamn it, Bill!  
You know I need to check it first.  
I don't know.  
Better than turpentine, Bill.

Tastes about the same.  
What do you say?  
Your call.  
You ain't picky, Bill.  
I like that about you.  
Things I like about my ass. . .

. . . **number 1** :

Will settle for turpentine.  
We got TV!  
We got 147 channels, Bill.  
We got everything from. . .  
. . . Jesus to Jeopardy .  
"Like. . .  
. . . sands through the hourglass,  
so are the days--. "  
We'll watch that.  
. . . sands through the hourglass,  
so are the days of our lives.  
"Monday. "  
"Monday night. "  
Monday-night football!  
I don't want any trouble.  
I bet you don't either.  
Let's just call it a draw.  
I'm rich!  
I know the rule.  
It's my rule.  
"Avoid civilization at all cost. "  
We got to eat, don't we?  
Open your mouth.  
It's true we haven't done this  
for awhile but. . .  
. . . for God sakes,  
it's like riding a bicycle, Bill.  
What are you so worried about?  
All you got to do is stand there.  
I'm the one with all the lines.  
Open up.  
Awful.  
Just awful.  
They said, "Fear not, Macbeth. . .  
. . . till Birnam Wood. . .  
. . . comes to Dunsinane. "

I said. . .  
" . . .till Birnam Wood  
comes to Dunsinane! "  
Thank you.  
Arm yourselves!  
Arm yourselves.  
If the witch's words are true. . .  
. . .there'll be no running,  
hiding here!  
We'll fight. . .  
. . .as if our last meal  
depended on it.  
Tomorrow. . . .  
And tomorrow. . . .  
Tomorrow.  
And the day after that.  
Out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow. . .  
. . .a poor player who struts. . .  
. . .and frets his hour upon a stage. . .  
. . .and is heard no more.  
It's a tale told by. . . .  
Idiot.  
A moron. . .  
. . .full of sound and fury. . .  
. . .signifying. . .  
. . .nothing.  
But blow, wind!  
Come, wrack!  
At least we'll die. . .  
. . .with the harness off our back!  
I want to talk to him.  
The children have never seen  
Shakespeare before.  
They still haven't.  
Thank you.  
You're very kind.  
I'm clapping because you stink.  
Larry!  
I don't think you know how it works.  
When I was young, I tried to be  
an actor. I was awful.  
But now I won't die thinking  
I was the worst one.

-Stop it!  
-That's all right.  
How much did you pay to get in?  
So bite me.  
You were very good.  
-Good enough to get something to eat?  
-Yes, we have some soup.  
Holnists. Goddamn!  
Bastards hardly kill anyone lately.  
We give them food and supplies.  
All the towns do.  
I'd just as soon not give them  
anything of mine, thanks.  
What are you doing there?  
What are you doing?  
It's just a game, General Bethlehem.  
It's something they saw in a play.  
No harm in it.  
Wait a minute!  
A play?  
Show me.  
It's all right, children.  
Show me.  
Arm yourselves.  
No running from the witches.  
Shakespeare, is it?  
I'm sorry I missed it.  
We haven't nearly stocked the game  
that we thought we would.  
Really?  
But you had time for a play?  
I'm taking 3 conscripts. . .  
. . .from each town!  
They will have the honor  
of serving in the Holnist Army. . .  
. . .until such time as I see fit!  
Could you do that?  
Captain!  
All men. . .  
. . .between 15 and 50. . .  
. . .and of suitable ethnic foundation  
are required to show themselves now!  
General.  
No, but keep that.

Acceptable.

Sir?

Acceptable, Captain.

Need some meat on you,  
but I like an impressionable mind.

Acceptable.

Mongoloid.

Unacceptable.

I want pure blood.

Someone. . . .

Someone. . . .

-Don't wave.

-People, you will look at me!

Someone like. . . .

Like that man!

You don't understand.

You were required to show yourself.

I'm not with them.

I'm just passing through.

Take the mule.

Let's go! Move!

Ten-hut!

I want a line right here.

Welcome, gentlemen,  
to your new life.

You have been born again as soldiers  
in the United Army of Nathan Holn.

God rest his soul!

The strong have been sapped. . .  
. . .by the whimpering propaganda  
of the weak.

Men. . .

. . .strong men,  
have been denied their destiny.

You men have been saved  
from that fate.

Redemption. . .

. . .is within your grasp.

You.

What did you do  
before you were given this opportunity?

I had a shovel.

I dugged holes.

You dugged holes.

Now you'll fill them.  
And you?  
Me?  
Is there any question in anyone's mind  
that I was speaking to you?  
Yes, you.  
I'm just a performer.  
Shakespeare. Stuff like that.  
Shakespeare?  
He was a writer.  
Yes, I know.  
I know who Shakespeare was.  
"Cry 'Havoc!' . . .  
. . .and let slip. . .  
. . .the dogs of war. "  
Me?  
"To be or not to be:  
That is the question. "  
"We few. . .  
. . .we happy few. . .  
. . .we band of brothers! "  
"Now is the winter of our discontent  
made glorious summer. . .  
. . .by this sun of York. "  
You're pretty good.  
You're also a fighter.  
I can see it in your eyes.  
You are a dangerous man.  
Don't you agree?  
No disrespect, sir,  
but you'd be better off letting me go.  
A fighter is  
about the last thing that I am.  
Don't you think I should be  
the judge of that, soldier?  
Get up.  
I said, get up!  
You're right.  
You're not a fighter.  
But you will be.  
I'm giving you a chance  
at a life. . .  
. . .that means something.  
A life worth living.

-I'm glad to see you.  
-We missed you.  
-I missed you. Kurt, how are you?  
-Hungry.  
-Gretl, What happened to your finger?  
-It got caught.  
-Caught in What?  
-Friedrich 's teeth.  
Thanks.  
Did I win?  
I tried to tell him.  
Say it again.  
Say what?  
Words you said in town.  
About the wind blowing and the rest.  
Say it again.  
"Blow, wind.  
Come, wrack.  
At least we'll die  
with the harness off our back. "  
What's it mean?  
"Live free or. . .  
. . .die. "  
I think.  
You're going to watch a movie  
or you can sleep!  
But tomorrow. . .  
. . .you run in uniform. . .  
. . .full packs. . .  
...20 miles!  
Everybody makes it...  
...or nobody eats...  
...for the third day in a row!  
Everybody up.  
You got meat tonight.  
Why don't you tell Shakespeare  
what kind it is?  
Mule.  
God-awful animal.  
Sterile offspring of horse and donkey.  
Can you imagine that?  
There's no room in the New World  
for a bastard like that.  
Any man last in line



ain't hungry enough to eat.  
You show up last. . .  
. . .you don't eat!  
I'm going to die  
before I'm last in line again!  
That's what they're hoping for.  
Shut up! At least you're eating!  
You serious?  
Good.  
This is good!  
You want this?!  
This is what you want?  
Babies!  
The hills are alive  
With the sound of music  
These were supposed to be  
the best years of my life.  
The Laws of Eight, gentlemen.  
That is the legacy  
handed down to us by Nathan Holn.  
May he burn in hell.  
These are the laws that we live by.  
The 8. . .  
. . .is our symbol.  
Each man will bear it with pride.  
Only then will you be part of the clan.  
Sit down, gentlemen.

**Law One:**

You will obey orders without question.  
I told you to sit.  
There weren't enough chairs.  
I didn't specify chairs.  
You could've sat on the ground.  
You disobeyed a direct order.  
You broke. . .  
. . .Law One.

**Law Two:**

Punishment shall be swift.

**Law Three:**

Mercy. . .  
. . .is for the weak.

**Four:**

Terror. . .  
. . .will defeat reason.

**Five:**

Your allegiance is to the clan.

**Six:**

Justice can be dictated.

**Seven:**

Any clansmen may challenge  
for leadership of the clan.  
Does anyone  
wish to challenge me?  
On your feet.

**Law Eight:**

There's only one penalty.  
Death.  
Olease!  
I'm begging you!  
You will get out of this army  
what you put into it.  
Work and you'll be fed.  
Fight and you'll be respected.  
Die and you'll be remembered.  
You thinking of challenging  
for leadership?  
No, sir.  
I'm a follower. . .  
. . .not a leader.  
You got a smart mouth. . .  
. . .Shakespeare.  
You see Colonel Getty  
always following the General?  
He was the last man ever to challenge.  
Fight lasted 6 seconds. . .  
. . .but he didn't kill him.  
Cut off his tongue. . .  
. . .then he cut off his balls.  
And old Getty's been following him  
around like a dog ever since.

Fall out!  
The General don't see it. . .  
. . .but I say  
you've got some nigger in you.  
They're yours?  
A solitary man, aren't you?  
Binoculars to watch life from a distance  
and Shakespeare. . .  
. . .to read about it,  
instead of living it.  
No offense, but you seem  
to have read Shakespeare. . .  
. . .yourself.  
If he wishes to rise  
above mere thuggery. . .  
. . .a military commander  
must be classically educated. . .  
. . .philosophy and history,  
even a sense of the dramatic.  
What do you think that I did  
before the war?  
Do you think  
that I was in the army?  
I sold copying machines.  
I was a salesman. . .  
. . .with the talent to lead men,  
devise and execute a battle plan. . .  
. . .locked away inside.  
If Nathan Holm hadn't come along,  
I'd still be selling copying machines.  
Can you imagine. . .  
. . .the wasted life?  
Can you imagine the magnitude of that?  
But war. . .  
. . .war gives men like me a chance.  
Here.  
"The prize is often left unclaimed.  
We must have the courage to grasp it. . .  
. . .for fortune always favors the bold. "  
He always inspires me.  
I have a design for the future.  
A master plan.  
I will need able officers  
to help me carry it out.

You have the intelligence.  
If your heart matches. . .  
. . .you will go far.  
We'll talk more in weeks to come.  
Dismissed.  
Captain!  
We'll be moving out tomorrow.  
Issue those binoculars to a scout.  
And the book, sir?  
Burn it.  
Quit moving!  
What happened?  
-What happened? What'd he say?  
-Nothing.  
Did he say anything about me?  
No!  
-I'm getting out of here.  
-What are you talking about?  
-Escaping.  
-What?!  
You ever hear of St. Rose?  
It's on the coast.  
-It's a paradise.  
-We can't.  
We could!  
Between the 3 of us we could.  
I can't.  
I like it here.  
I like being a part of something.  
Take a point!  
Some of the men shot a lion.  
They crawled into the thicket.  
One of you dogs earned a treat.  
Over there.  
Those men hunted a lion this morning.  
Must've been a goddamn zoo here  
before the war.  
Anyway, a third man went in after it.  
We don't know  
if he's alive or dead.  
I want a volunteer.  
One of you  
is going in there after him.  
I'll go.

I guess size  
ain't a measure of courage.  
Is it?  
I don't think so, Captain!  
Come out alive,  
you get a lion steak!  
Maybe you'll find your St. Rose  
over there.  
What the hell are you waiting for,  
Christmas?  
Why are you stopping?  
I found him.  
He got him.  
Let's go.  
Hurry up!  
You still got a lion to bag!  
You men get back in line!  
-There he is!  
-Shoot him!  
In the water.  
Come back without him. . .  
. . .and you and another man  
will die in his place.  
Go! Go!  
I'll get him!  
Go!  
Don't.  
Just let me go.  
I don't want to be a part of your army.  
My army?  
I like the sound of that.  
I got him!  
I'm sorry.  
How come. . .  
. . .you wrecked it. . .  
. . .for me?  
It's me or you.  
What?  
It doesn't have to be.  
We can go together.  
You and me.  
Good boy!  
Good boy.  
Get him.

Finish it!  
Get him.  
That's it.  
Get him, damn it!  
"No harness on my back. "  
Bleeding?  
Well, bleeder. . .  
. . .you want your St. Rose?  
I'll give you your St. Rose.  
How you doing?  
You shouldn't have.  
Here's a piece of good neWs.  
Jerry's decided to go to school. . .  
. . .to get his contractor's license.  
Good, Jerry.  
And little Jimmy wants his grandpa  
to know that he lost. . .  
. . .a tooth.  
Thanks for being there for me.

**"Turn-ons:**

Men in uniform. "  
Greetings. . .  
. . .Oineview, Oregon.  
You just head back the way you came.  
Oineview ain't buying  
and we ain't listening. . .  
. . .and we don't give charity.  
Really?  
Civilian, I'm on official business.  
I demand entry  
into the town of Oineview.  
What the hell are you talking about?  
I'm through talking to you, buddy-boy.  
Get someone with the authority  
to open this gate.  
That's him.  
I'm Sheriff Briscoe.  
Who the hell are you?  
I'm a representative  
of the United States government.  
Authorized by. . .  
. . .Order 41 7 of the Restored Congress  
to reestablish. . .

. . .communication route. . .

. . .in Idaho and. . .

. . .lower Oregon.

What's that mean in English?

I'm your postman.

Hand me your gun.

Beg your pardon.

Understand that. . .

. . .tampering with or obstructing  
the mail is a federal offense. . .

. . .and the Bolin Act  
requires that you provide. . .

. . .all mail carriers with. . .

. . .sanctuary and. . .

. . .nutri--

Food!

You got 3 seconds  
to get out of here.

You know Jerry the contractor?

Wait a minute.

I'll get something out of my bag.

Did you say one?

One.

"Oaul Davis. . .

. . . 1 24 Oineview. "

Never heard of him.

Two.

"Lily May Reno,

Three.

"Irene March,

Did he say my name?

I'm Irene March.

I have a letter for you.

Would you read it?

I'm sure it's personal.

-Please, someone has to.

-I'll read it, Mom.

We're delivering old stockpiles. . .

. . .but I'll accept

all new correspondence.

**"Dear Irene:**

Sorry I haven't written.

Everything's so crazy.

The strange weather,  
the food shortages. . .  
. . .that farmer Nathan Holn  
causing all that trouble.  
It's hard to understand.  
David's home from the army.  
The war was over before he even  
got there. Thank God for that.  
We're going to miss you for Christmas. . .  
. . .but maybe next year.  
All our love, Donna. "  
My sister. . .  
. . .in Denver. . .  
. . . 15 years ago.  
Thank you.  
You're a godsend.  
A savior.  
I'm just. . .  
. . .the postman.  
I've been on the road awhile.  
I could use a little something to eat.  
Yes, absolutely.  
Is there anything else?  
Yes, there is.  
If there are dogs in this town. . .  
. . .you'll have to leash them  
while I'm here.  
Mr. Postman  
Hey, Mr. Postman  
Look and see  
If there's a letter  
A letter for me  
Cleaned and pressed, sir.  
I'll just set them over here.  
One of the ladies took your pants in.  
She thought maybe you lost some weight.  
Thanks.  
Didn't somebody say something  
about dinner?  
I'm supposed to take you  
to Foster's.  
My name's Ford.  
Ford Lincoln Mercury.  
My name used to be John Stevens,



but I changed it. . .  
. . .on account of I want to drive cars.  
This is where  
everybody meet and gather.  
Can you tell us  
about the government?  
-Tell us everything.  
-Is there a Oresident?  
Yeah.  
What's his name?  
-You know, I'm pretty hungry.  
-Come on.  
Olease!  
His name. . .  
. . .is. . .  
. . .Richard Starkey.  
From Maine.  
He has a saying.  
"Stuff's getting better.  
Stuff's getting better every day. "  
Is he a Democrat or a Republican?  
Oarties are over with.  
It's an individual that counts.  
What about Europe?  
Europe?  
Any word?  
Well, there's. . .  
. . .good air in Iceland.  
Is Nathan Holn still alive?  
He died.  
Skin cancer.  
He may be dead. . .  
. . .but what about the Holnists?  
What'll the government do about them?  
The government's just getting started.  
So you're going to be on your own  
for 6, 8 or 18 months.  
How about the Marine Corps?  
Be quiet.  
Everyone be quiet.  
Can't we just let this man eat?  
Let us pray.  
We give you thanks for this food. . .  
. . .this day. . .

. . .this man and his good news. . .  
. . .evidence of your promise. . .  
. . .that you will  
hold our country together.

Amen.

Would you like to dance?

I don't know if I can.

I think I'm still on duty.

All you have to do is hold on.

It's been a long time.

Something wrong?

How tall are you?

About six feet.

Are you smart?

Smarter than some, I guess.

Why?

Just wondering.

Have you ever had the bad mumps?

Never had the bad mumps.

No syphilis, nothing like that?

So as far as you know. . .

. . .you have good semen?

Is that a trick question?

No, it's not.

I'm only asking. . .

. . .because I want you

to make me pregnant.

All right. . .

. . .that's it.

Wait.

Wait, please.

It's got to be the uniform.

This is my husband, Michael.

He hasn't said no.

I haven't said anything yet.

We've been trying

to have a baby for 3 years.

We cannot on account of Michael.

He had the bad mumps when he was 1 2.

So we need a body father.

We could ask a man here,

but it may cause problems.

We've seen it happen.

Things go okay until the woman shows,

then it can be difficult.  
But you'll only be around  
once in a while with the mail.  
You're the postman.  
What do you say, mister?  
You'd do us a favor.  
I'm going to think about it.  
Excuse me.  
My mother  
would like to give you something.  
He's right here, Mom.  
It's to my other daughter. . .  
. . .Annie.  
It doesn't say where.  
We don't know where she is.  
She left 5 years ago.  
The last we heard  
she was living up north.  
Look, Mrs. March,  
you should know that--  
Know what?  
I have a feeling about you.  
I know you'll do what's right.  
I got to get out of here.  
Easy, boy.  
It's right around the corner.  
What is?  
What you're looking for.  
What I'm looking for?  
Crazy old coot.  
I knew you'd come here.  
You did?  
So how do you  
get to be a postman, anyhow?  
You have to be in the right place  
at the right time.  
How can I do it?  
-I thought you wanted to drive cars.  
-Not anymore. That's kid's stuff.  
This is real.  
So where's the right place?  
Could be anywhere, you know.  
Anytime.  
Only another postman

can make you a postman.  
Kind of like vampires, right?  
Yeah, something like that.  
You have to be sworn in,  
so. . . .  
The organization's kind of shaky  
right now. It might not last.  
What does?  
You'd meet people  
who don't believe in you.  
I'll set them straight.  
It's a lonely job.  
I've been lonely all my life.  
So have I, Ford.  
So have I.  
What the hell!  
You repeat after me.  
"Neither snow. . .  
. . .nor rain. . .  
. . .nor heat. . .  
. . .nor gloom of night. . .  
. . .stays these couriers. . .  
. . .from the swift completion  
of their appointed rounds. "  
Okay, then.  
Okay, then.  
No, I'm saying that.  
You just listen.  
I'm sorry.  
By my authority you're now empowered  
to carry the mail.  
Congratulations.  
You're a postman.  
I'd die to get a letter through.  
What did you say?  
-I said I'd die to get a letter through.  
-Johnny!  
Why don't you run along.  
I need to speak to this man.  
I'll see you around.  
Sure thing, Ford.  
Johnny is impressed with you.  
Whole town is impressed with you.  
I take it you're not.

-You're smarter than you look.  
-What can I do for you?  
You can either clear out or I can  
throw you out. Either way suits me.  
You don't understand. I'm  
a government employee authorized by--  
You are not authorized by shit!  
You were trying to sneak out of here.  
You are nothing. . .  
. . .but a drifter who found  
a bag of mail. I want you out of town.  
All right. This is going in my report.  
These people don't need dreams,  
Mr. Oostman.  
They need something real.  
They need help with the Holnists.  
Are you going to bring them that?  
Didn't think so.  
All you cost us so far is a few bowls  
of soup and maybe a few broken hearts.  
I aim to keep it that way.  
You can stay here till morning. . .  
. . .then I don't ever want  
to see you again.  
"Benning.  
Oortland.  
Boston"?  
What the hell these people--  
Just leave it.  
I said, leave it.  
"St. Rose"?  
Hello, Abby.  
You'll be leaving tomorrow?  
I guess.  
Everybody's up late writing letters  
for you to take.  
They're so excited.  
And how about you?  
Do you have a letter?  
I don't have anybody to write to.  
I'll find you a pen pal.  
Someone with similar interests.  
You know?  
Like dancing and. . .

. . .checking for mumps.  
You're funny.  
Hardly anybody's funny around here.  
Have you decided yet?  
Been thinking about it.  
Sure.  
I mean. . .  
. . .why not?  
God, you're so. . . .  
You're so. . .  
. . .beautiful.  
I'm sorry, you probably want  
to keep things more clinical.  
You don't even know my name.  
I don't want to.  
It would be easier for me. . .  
. . .if you closed your eyes.  
We took a vote, Mr. Oostman.  
We want you to have this.  
So you can't say no.  
I'll take it.  
You got a bedroll, some oats  
and a week's rations.  
Good.  
Thank you.  
Where will you go from here?  
Go?  
West. . .  
. . .then I'll work my way. . .  
. . .back here,  
sort of a figure eight.  
Times seem hard right now.  
But you got to believe  
things are getting better.  
Birds are migrating again.  
The rains are back.  
Stuff's. . . .  
Stuff's getting better.  
O beautiful  
For spacious skies  
For amber Waves of grain  
Shit!  
You've got a hell of a nerve,  
whoever you are.

Did you see Abby around this morning?  
This is as far as I go.  
You're on your own.  
God shed his grace on thee  
And crown thy good  
With brotherhood  
Are you really  
who you say you are?  
If I come back with some mail. . .  
. . .you'll know.  
Goddamn it!  
What are you looking at?  
Everything.  
They don't usually look at me.  
Who is responsible. . .  
. . .for that?  
I said. . .  
. . . "Who's responsible. . .  
. . .for that?! "  
Holnists, Johnny.  
You got to stay--  
-You got to stay out of sight.  
-I'm a postman!  
And I'm not running from anybody!  
Stay out of this,  
or I will lock you up myself.  
You'll be responsible.  
Now set that flag on fire.  
Throw it through the window  
of your post office.  
Do it, Michael.  
It's all right, Michael.  
Throw it.  
The United States. . .  
. . .doesn't exist!  
That flag is an abomination!  
There was the strangest little goat  
and it was behind a fence and it. . . .  
I looked at it and it had a color to it.  
Good.  
Everything.  
I was amazed.  
It was. . . .  
Good Lord!

That, gentlemen. . .  
. . .is a first-rate piece of ass.  
Tell the sheriff to introduce me.  
She doesn't belong in this mudhole.  
Excuse me.  
You again!  
That's my wife, General.  
She's a married woman.  
Really?  
Do you know what system of government  
we have here?  
We have what is known as a feudal  
system, like in the Middle Ages.  
That's lords and vassals.  
That's you and me.  
Now those lords. . .  
. . .they had some ideas.  
They believed that  
if a vassal got married. . .  
. . .it was the lord's right. . .  
. . .his right. . .  
. . .to sleep with the bride  
on the wedding night.  
Me and Abby  
have been married 3 years.  
I'm sorry, but I wasn't invited  
to the wedding.  
You've already done me one favor, son.  
Don't let this be a black mark  
on an otherwise perfect record.  
We'll be civilized about this.  
I want you to give me your blessing.  
Sir, I can't.  
You can't?  
You can't.  
"Can't. "  
We had a great nation once.  
Know what made it great?  
"I can. "  
Till the weak came along.  
The "I can'ts" destroyed us!  
I'm going to make us strong again.  
I'm going to be the father. . .  
. . .of a new nation.



And do you know why. . .  
. . .it will be me?  
Because I can.  
Stop it!  
You're killing him!  
Let me go!  
Olease, let me go!  
Help him, somebody!  
Olease!  
You didn't have to--!  
Didn't have to what?  
You bastard!  
You killed him!  
Your people seem seditious.  
You seem seditious.  
What am I seeing here?  
I'm waiting!  
A man came through with mail.  
Said he was a postman.  
Said that the government  
had been restored back east.  
What government?  
The United States government!  
Who said that?  
Which way did he go?  
Do not make me ask again.  
East.  
Send a patrol east!  
Send 3 more. . .  
. . .north, south and west!  
They'd better find him east.  
Take that damn shirt off, Johnny!  
I managed to save these.  
Do you want to die too?  
I'm headed south with the mail.  
Don't be a fool.  
What should I be?  
Rachel Clark.  
"Charlie Sykes. "  
"Graham Drewitt. "  
G.D. died of flu last winter.  
That's all there is.  
That's all there is, folks.  
For now.

But there'll be more, lots more,  
once there's a real system in place.  
Right?  
What about New York City?  
Did they survive the plague?  
Survive?  
They got Broadway up and running again.  
There's a kid doing Andrew Floyd Webber,  
you wouldn't believe.  
How much is it to mail a letter?  
"Mail. . . ."  
They won't open the gates.  
They say they got a representative  
of the Restored United States in there.  
They say this army is illegal.  
-And they say--  
-Drop dead!  
And go to hell!  
That's what they say.  
What are you doing?!  
Open the gates.  
Idiots!  
What're you thinking?!  
The Romans. . .  
. . .had an expression. . .  
. . .they used to scare their children.  
"Hannibal...  
...ad portas!"  
Hannibal. . .  
. . .is at the gates.  
Do you know who Hannibal was?  
Of course not.  
A pretty girl like you  
wouldn't understand something like that.  
-Let's fight them!  
-With what?  
We've got 5 guns,  
maybe 20 rounds of ammo.  
How we going to fight with that?  
You don't.  
Negotiate a settlement.  
Give them extra supplies.  
You're the government rep.  
Tell them.

Right here.  
Make it quick.  
I've got an attack to coordinate.  
They've asked me  
to negotiate a peace treaty.  
Do I know you?  
I don't think so, sir.  
You're the postman.  
Aren't you?  
Inside!  
"U.S. Mail. "  
"The Restored United States of America. "  
Do these people  
really believe that shit?!  
Who are you, really?  
I'm a United States postman. . .  
. . .authorized by Order 41 7  
of the Restored Congress.  
I was at the Battle of Georgetown.  
I watched the White House burn down.  
Do not try to sell me. . .  
. . .on any Restored United States!  
The new capital is based  
in Minneapolis. . .  
. . .inside the Hubert Humphrey Metrodome.  
You know where the Vikings  
used to play?  
You're funny.  
What are the terms?  
They'll open the gates,  
give double the usual. . .  
. . .just. . .  
. . .don't hurt anybody.  
This was all a misunderstanding.  
I appreciate your offer, Mr. Oostman.  
But the fact is that you're  
in no position to negotiate.  
These people made it through the bugs  
and the riots. . .  
. . .and the 3-year winters,  
but they're not going to survive you.  
Fire at will!

**Law Six:**

Justice can be. . .  
. . .dictated!  
Kill him, and kill  
the Restored United States with him.  
In accordance with Law 8. . .  
. . .and by the authority  
of Emergency Order 46. . .  
. . .you are hereby--  
Get her!  
Go on, get him!  
We can't stop now.  
What are you. . .?  
Oh, God!  
Come on down.  
Don't move.  
If you had a bullet,  
you'd use it.  
Come on.  
I don't think  
I ever had water soup before.  
Maybe next time  
we could try it with a little sand.  
Dirt.  
Maybe a twig garnish.  
You used to think I was funny.  
They killed Michael.  
I'm sorry.  
How sorry are you?  
What?  
What's that supposed to mean?  
What's with you?  
You have the mark of 8 on you.  
Mark doesn't mean--  
You're a liar.  
You were with Bethlehem.  
Does that make you one of them?  
Don't make me use this.  
Wind's come up.  
It's getting colder too.  
Must be another storm.  
Anything else?  
I didn't mean for you to. . . .  
Your legs are going to rot off  
if you don't try to walk.

-I'm hurt.  
-You're lazy!  
Lazy?  
I got a hole in my stomach. . .  
. . .and I'm weak.  
The 2 big meals around here  
are snow and grass. . .  
. . .and we're running out of grass.  
What're you doing?  
Give me a break!  
I'm going to check the pass.  
Why are you in such a hurry?  
I could think of worse places.  
Or I could think of worse company.  
Oerfect!  
Help!  
Help!  
Olease!  
Quick!  
God, help me!  
I told you that's all there was.  
That's why you should have it.  
I knew you could walk.  
You're weird.  
Know that?  
We walked on the moon once, Abby.  
So?  
What good is that now?  
Obviously you've forgotten. . .  
. . .Tang and. . .  
. . .microwave ovens and. . . .  
Your face looks pretty.  
I mean. . .  
. . .not so bruised.  
Look. . .  
. . .there's something  
you'd better know.  
You're going to find out soon enough.  
I'm pregnant.  
It's Michael's baby.  
You're just the body father.  
How do you know it's mine. . .  
. . .not Bethlehem's?  
He tried with me almost every night.

He couldn't do it. . .  
. . .so he beat me.  
Said it was my fault.  
I'm sorry, Abby.  
What is it?  
What's wrong?  
Is it the baby?  
The pass is clear.  
What happened?  
Good, you got our stuff out.  
Of course.  
What?  
I don't understand.  
I set the fire.  
Did you think we'd stay here forever?  
No.  
I'd appreciate it if you'd walk with me  
to find someplace safe for the baby. . .  
. . .then we can split up.  
You shaved.  
Looks nice.  
You're really weird!  
You know that?  
You ever heard of St. Rose, Abby?  
I've heard people talk.  
I've heard lots of names. . .  
. . .Bliss, Hesperia, and New Eden.  
Sheriff Briscoe says it's a fantasy.  
He's wrong.  
St. Rose is out there. . .  
. . .and I'm going to find it.  
But you're The Oostman.  
I'm nobody, Abby.  
This is what I hate.  
Strangers.  
Do you say hi,  
or do you blow their heads off?  
Do they want to share what they got  
or take what you have?  
If they want to take, how far  
are you willing to go to stop them?  
All right, that's far enough.  
We don't want any trouble.  
Me neither, mister.

What are you?  
Carrier 1 8. . .  
. . .U.S. Oostal Service.  
Got any mail?  
That's impossible.  
Ain't you heard of The Oostman?  
No.  
Tell us.  
He's only the greatest man  
who ever lived.  
He crossed the wasteland. . .  
. . .shook his fist at the enemy. . .  
. . .and spit in the eye  
of General Bethlehem himself.  
He's back east  
with Oresident Starkey right now.  
Who told you all this?  
Oostmaster Ford Lincoln Mercury.  
He's in direct contact  
with the restored Congress.  
Direct contact?!  
I don't believe this!  
Carrier camp!  
Carrier camp!  
Gather around, everybody!  
Come on, gather around.  
Got another letter here.  
It came in last night.  
-What's all this?  
-The Oostman sent Ford another letter.  
He's going to read it.  
"Hello, all postal carriers.  
I'm here in Minneapolis  
with Oresident Starkey. . .  
. . .but my thoughts are with you.  
Remember. . .  
. . .nothing worth doing  
can be done overnight.  
Keep your chins up  
and do your best not to get shot.  
Signed. . .  
. . .The Oostman" !  
His letters are always kind of short.  
Hold on!

There's a O.S.  
Does anybody know  
what O.S. stands for?  
-Holy shit!  
-That would be H.S., Eddie.  
No, I saw him once  
when I lived in Oineview.  
It's The Oostman.  
Guess you want to talk about this.  
I found him!  
"Minneapolis"?  
"O.S. Ford knows what to do"?  
What is this?  
What is all this?  
What the hell--  
I lied!  
I told people you were  
in direct contact with me.  
-Why?  
-Because I didn't want it to end.  
Look. . .  
. . .I don't know how long I can stay.  
I mean. . .  
. . .Oresident Starkey. . .  
. . .he's going to send word for me  
one day and then I'll have to move on.  
Do you understand?  
But you'll stay  
until he sends word, right?  
Don't do that.  
Hands down.  
You're staying till Oresident Starkey  
sends word, right?  
Yes!  
Until he sends word. Right.  
Could you say a few words  
just so they know it's really you?  
It's me.  
Coming down.  
We bring all the mail here first.  
We sort it.  
We group it.  
Then it goes out.  
So far, we got 30 routes.



You spelled "tyranny" wrong.  
Boy!  
He's smart.  
From the swift completion. . .  
. . .of their appointed rounds.  
Congratulations.  
You are now U.S. postal carriers.  
How old are you?  
I'm 68, sir.  
Can I ask you a question?  
Can you ride?  
No.  
Can't walk too good either.  
So why are you here?  
I know stuff.  
Where did you get that?  
A girl with eyes as big as saucers. . .  
. . .did me in a little town  
called Saigon.  
Ford wants me to have his place.  
Said it's the best.  
I'm on the other side.  
I got plenty of room here.  
So much for the uniform theory.  
He was captured on the Oregon border.  
Who the hell are you?  
Carrier 1 2.  
United States Postal Service.  
I want the camp struck at dawn.  
We'll be moving north!  
You spelled "tyranny" wrong.  
I wish they'd stop saluting.  
Just stay safe.  
Remember. . .  
. . .the mailman's more important  
than the mail.  
Boy, he's smart.  
When I was a kid we used to turn  
our hat around backwards.  
Thought it was cool.  
Jesus Christ!  
Damn!  
I missed him.  
What's the name of this town?

We never named it.  
I officially declare. . .  
. . .Postal Station Number 10. . .  
. . .in Elvis, Oregon. . .  
. . .open for business.  
From now on you got to get your mail  
down there, okay?  
This one doesn't work.  
Read it again.  
Are you sure?  
Yes.

**"Dearest Mom:**

What a miracle to hear from you. "  
Stuff is getting better.  
Stuff is getting better every day.  
I don't know who you are. . .  
. . .but I do know  
I was wrong about you.  
Got a letter for you too, Sheriff.  
It's from my sister.  
Thought she was dead.  
You thought wrong.  
Would you like to dance?  
Well, they say that you can never  
Never go back home  
And if you're bound to Wander  
You're bound to be alone  
You say I got no right  
To feel What I feel  
When I look into your eyes  
Want to dance?  
But that I dream of you  
Most every night  
Comes as no surprise  
Well, I've been  
Out on this road for so long  
Far and Wide  
Do I roam  
But something in your smile tells me  
I'm almost home  
I was lost in the dark  
All alone  
Till the light

In your eyes showed me  
I was almost  
Home is where the heart is  
And my heart goes with you  
I would travel till the end of time  
If that's what I have to do  
Just to spend one night  
Till your sweet love light  
Come down  
Shining down on me  
Hello.  
Who do you talk to?  
Not a soul in 7 years of trying. . .  
. . .but I will.  
Want some?  
No, thanks.  
Don't let the kids see that.  
You go ahead, take a look.  
I was an aerospace engineer.  
I helped design  
the Galileo Space Station.  
No shit?  
No shit.  
I dream it's orbiting  
the Earth forever. . .  
. . .with a dozen human skeletons. . .  
. . .all grinning at each other. . .  
. . .laughing at us down here.  
-What is it?  
-It's Tony.  
He's overdue.  
That makes 5.  
All on southern routes.  
Just children.  
You bring me children.  
I want a man.  
We got births and. . .  
. . .deaths.  
Got weather.  
Mostly gossip.  
There's nothing here.  
Nothing?  
Everything. . .  
. . .is here.

Am I the only one who sees that?!

What?

A military man,  
especially a commander. . .  
. . .should keep a journal.  
After he's gone,  
it's the only real defense. . .  
. . .against the slander  
that later arises.  
Tell me about the other stuff you know.  
Shit!

Get rid of the bodies.  
I don't want these people blamed  
for what we did.  
Neither snow, nor rain,  
nor gloom of night...  
... through bandit's hell,  
through firefight...  
... through flood and plague  
We cannot fail...  
...no Holnist trash  
Will stop the mail.  
You are now U.S. Postal Carriers.  
They changed the oath.  
Ford's idea.  
Figures.  
They don't think to ask  
who they're replacing. . .  
. . .or why.

Sir?

It'd be an honor  
if I could shake your hand.  
Do I know you?  
I don't think so.  
Good luck, then.  
Nice kid.  
He'll probably be dead in a week.  
Now that is not your fault.  
You're exhausted. You need rest.  
There's food--  
-Where are you going?  
-Route 22.  
You're grounded.  
Get off the horse.

You know the rule.  
What rule?  
Get off the horse.  
But they're waiting on--  
Get off the goddamn horse!  
I'll tie him off to this one.  
You can't keep doing this!  
-Doing what?  
-Riding all the routes.  
You're not saving anybody.  
Did I ever tell you  
how I got to be a postman?  
I don't know if you'd laugh  
or cry.  
What is it?  
Watch out!  
We got fire! Move!  
-"Oostage due. "  
-Elvis patrol.  
You want a war?  
You want a war?!  
I'll give you. . .  
. . .a war!  
I was. . .  
. . .born for it!  
You murderers!  
You think you can ride?!  
Then today's your lucky day!  
Bethlehem says...  
...he's headed north.  
He's going to kill 10 people  
in every town...  
... then burn it to the ground  
for what you did.  
He said that Pineview's on his way.  
He'd wait there for you,  
but not for long.  
I was so scared, sir.  
I thought  
they were going to kill me too.  
See?  
We're too late. I told you.  
What're you going to do?  
I'm going to stop this.

You can't.  
Get out of the way, Ford.  
All of you!  
They'll kill you!  
Hold him!  
Stop it!  
-You're hurting him!  
-I'm not!  
Yes, you are!  
I'm not!  
I'm not hurting him.  
This is all my doing.  
I went against your orders.  
You told me to bury the dead Holnists,  
but I sent them Bethlehem.  
Why?  
Bethlehem has to know  
we won't stop!  
Goddamn it, Ford!  
Those people are dying because of us!  
They're dying because of what we did.  
They're not!  
They're dying because of Bethlehem. . .  
. . .because this is a shitty world!  
If we're going to change it. . .  
. . .then someone might have to die.  
If I could make it be me down there,  
I would, but I can't!  
No! Olease!  
-You, out here!  
-Hold her!  
Olease!  
He's out there somewhere.  
Watching.  
I can feel it.  
You feel it too, don't you?  
It didn't have to end  
like this, Sheriff!  
He knew where I'd be  
if he wanted to face me like a man!  
Instead he's hiding. . .  
. . .like a rabbit!  
So much for your Oostman!  
Lieutenant!

Ready!  
We don't even know their names.  
We know their names.  
I think that's my dad.  
Aim!  
Ride, Oostman!  
Ride!  
You hear me?!  
I said, "Ride! "  
Fire!  
My God, what have I done?  
What Ford did was wrong!  
But it doesn't change anything. . .  
. . .for any of us, does it?  
Is this everybody?  
The rest are on the overdue list.  
Then this is everybody.  
Got a letter from the Oresident.  
"Greetings, all carriers. "  
Greetings, Oresident Starkey!  
"I've been in contact with The Oostman.  
And I've received all the reports.  
I'm proud of you all.  
In dark days,  
in a weary world. . .  
. . .you gave everything  
and asked for nothing.  
You beat back despair  
and replaced it with hope.  
For that, your country  
can never repay you.  
But the price is too high. . .  
. . .and I won't see any more  
of my bravest die.  
It is my duty to hereby disband. . .  
. . .the Oostal Service  
of the Restored United States.  
You are to burn your uniforms. . .  
. . .and The Oostman  
is to return to Minneapolis at once.  
Thank you.  
And God bless you all.  
The Oresident. "  
The Oresident never wrote that letter.

If he could've,  
that's what he would have said.  
Who's the other letter to?  
Bethlehem.  
-I'm taking it to him in the morning.  
-What's it say?  
-Mail's private, you know that.  
-What does it say?  
It says it's over.  
It says we quit.  
It says you quit!  
What about the oath?  
Tell me something, Ford.  
How much mail  
can a dead postman deliver?  
It's over.  
Then I'll take it.  
I can't trust you.  
If this is the end. . .  
. . .if this is the last piece of mail  
that ever gets delivered. . .  
. . .I'll take it.  
Whoever delivers this letter, Ford,  
probably dies for it.  
I'm still a postman!  
You owe it to me.  
I owe it to me.  
It's not Ford's fault.  
He's not like you. He doesn't have  
your memories. None of them do.  
This is all they have.  
-It's the only decent thing they know.  
-What?  
Being a postman?  
It's all bullshit, Abby.  
All of it.  
I took the uniform off a skeleton  
to stay warm.  
I made up the rest to stay fed.  
There is no. . .  
. . .Restored United States.  
I figured it was something like that.  
I'm going to St. Rose.  
I'm taking you with me.



I've already packed your horse.  
I know you don't want to hear it. . .  
. . .but that's my child inside you.  
I want to see it born somewhere safe.  
I thought I recognized you.  
General Bethlehem said you should be  
on your knees when I do this.  
I don't give a damn  
what that asshole said.  
The general is a great man!  
The general is a fucking lunatic.  
You want to see a man?  
That's a man.  
You ready?  
Yes.  
You're a better man than Bethlehem.  
I've seen it.  
"To Bethlehem.  
This letter is my testimony...  
... to the fact that there is no...  
...Restored United States...  
. . .and there is no postal service. "  
He expects me to believe this?  
It's true.  
I was there.  
He disbanded the carriers. . .  
. . .and rode west.  
Traitor!  
Then I've won.  
Bring the one we found yesterday.  
They can die together.  
You traitor!  
You're a traitor!  
That one's the second-in-command.  
Why doesn't that surprise me?  
I was thinking, sir. . .  
. . .he might be more valuable to us  
as a prisoner.  
You were supposed to kill him. . .  
. . .weren't you?  
I couldn't get close enough.  
Who are you?  
My name's Clark.  
Postal Carrier

for the Restored Republic of California.

Who are you?

Oostmaster Ford Lincoln Mercury.

It's an honor.

Wait!

Wait a minute.

Hold your fire.

You two don't know each other?

This'll never be over.

It'll go on.

Except I'll be fighting  
a goddamn ghost.

-Should we fire, sir?

-No, goddamn it!

I won't fight a ghost.

Tabula...

...rasa...

. . .gentlemen.

A clean slate.

I want all mail carriers hunted down.

I want The Oostman found.

I want him dealt with.

Colonel, organize the scouts.

You said he rode west?

And this is his second-in-command?

Yes, sir!

I'll keep you to bargain with.

The Oostman is weak that way.

Set your rifle on the ground!

Set it on the ground.

What? This old thing?

It isn't even loaded.

Where are we?

You're in Bridge City. . .

. . .where we don't allow guns.

The sentry said you were coming.

I know you. You're. . .

. . .famous.

I was once. . .

. . .sort of. . .

. . .kind of.

Not anymore.

Looking to cross?

We will be.

Right now we'd appreciate some food.  
Okay.  
There are some kids behind us.  
How many?  
Come on in, guys!  
I know you're out there.  
-Wait. Just wait.  
-What did he want?  
Hold on. He says. . .  
. . .he's looking for The Oostman.  
There's no such thing anymore.  
The man on the horse says there is.  
He thinks he's here.  
And he's coming back with friends.  
What's a postman?  
You never heard of a postman?  
Are you The Oostman?  
Yeah.  
I heard of you, man.  
You're famous.  
Yeah, I guess I am.  
And all of a sudden,  
I'm not. . .  
. . .wearing the right clothes.  
Man, you're going to love this!  
Open that second chute, bro!  
You have a gift, Oostman.  
I saw it back in Oineview.  
You've given us all back  
what we'd forgotten.  
You made Mrs. March feel like  
she could see again.  
You made Ford feel like  
he was part of the world.  
You give out hope like it was. . .  
. . .candy in your pocket.  
Remember this?  
I remember.  
I always like to think  
that you left it on purpose.  
This is hard for me.  
Michael was the best man I ever knew.  
I never thought there'd be another man  
I could love the way I loved him.

l couldn't see it for so long.  
And now you're leaving.  
And l'm afraid.  
l'm afraid you'll never  
find your St. Rose.  
It's not important.  
l'm afraid you'll never  
see your baby.  
l need full power, man!  
This dude's got a long way to go!  
This thing's working perfect, man!  
A lot higher than it looks, huh?  
You nearly went.  
Get in.  
There's 3 good-sized towns up ahead. . .  
. . .with enough people to help you  
if you can convince them to come.  
Don't tell anybody. . .  
. . .l like to ride this damn thing  
just for the hell of it.  
Being a city official  
has its perks, you know?  
Trust me, man.  
This'll get you there a lot faster.  
How do l stop?  
Quit worrying about the little things.  
Good luck, and Godspeed.  
Reporting for duty, sir!  
-Know What to do?  
-Talk to the people.  
Tell them  
it's important.  
Tell them  
We can make a difference.  
"Once more unto the breach,  
dear friends, once more...  
...or close the Wall With our dead!  
In peace, nothing so becomes a man  
as modesty and humility.  
But When the blast of War  
bloWs in our ears...  
... then imitate  
the action of the tiger.  
Summon up the blood.

Disguise fair nature With rage...  
...and lend the eye  
a terrible aspect. "  
-Who are they?  
-I don't know.  
Looks like mostly women  
and young people to me.  
How many?  
It's an army.  
At last. . .  
. . .someone with courage enough  
to bring the fight to me.  
Reckoning, gentlemen!  
They're an eager-looking bunch!  
Morale is a dangerous thing.  
Bring up the prisoner!  
We'll show them  
how this game is played.  
Stay here.  
Is he surrendering?  
God, I hope not.  
My little shipping clerk.  
Mr. copy-machine salesman.  
We're both a couple of frauds.  
So be it.  
But great men are made  
by other great men.  
Oatton had Rommel.  
Grant had Lee.  
But I get you.  
You're no general.  
You're not even a good painter.  
Trying to goad me  
into a fight?  
It'd be great if wars were fought  
just by the assholes who started them.  
We could settle this right here. . .  
. . .you and me.  
Unfortunately,  
it doesn't work that way.  
But it does in your army.  
I invoke Law Seven. . .  
. . .of the Laws of Eight!  
"Any man may challenge

for leadership of the clan" !  
I challenge you.  
You're not a Holnist. You're not  
a member. You don't have the right.  
I have every right!  
I invoke Law Seven.  
Where. . .?  
I challenge. . .  
. . .for leadership of the clan!  
Where do I know you from?  
"Cry havoc. . .  
. . .and let slip the dogs of war"  
You remember that?  
Shakespeare.  
The one who didn't want to fight.  
I should have found a way to kill you  
then, but you seemed so strong.  
Law Seven. . .  
. . .it is!  
This war is settled here!  
I studied people.  
I know your problem.  
Do you know. . .  
. . .why you can't fight?  
Because you have nothing  
to fight for.  
You don't care about anything.  
You don't value anything.  
You don't believe in anything!  
And that's what makes me better.  
I believe. . .  
. . .in the United States.  
It doesn't have to be this way.  
We don't have to kill each other.

**"Law Three:**

Mercy. . .  
. . .is for the weak. "  
Ford, don't!

**"Law Eight:**

There's only one penalty. . .  
. . .and that penalty is death. "  
He isn't worth it.

I'm the head of the clan now!  
There are going to be new laws!

**Law One:**

No more killing.  
There's going to be peace!  
How about it, Ford Lincoln Mercury?  
Be a leader, Ford.

**Law Eight:**

Live. . .  
. . .and let live.  
Your daddy wrote to tell you. . .  
. . .he'll be here as soon as he can. . .  
. . .and that he loves you very much.  
Mail's slow.  
I'm going to have to see about that.  
Your daughter.  
Her name is Hope.  
My father saw how fragile we are...  
. . .and how quickly we fell  
into the hands of tyranny.  
He saw that ordinary men. . .  
. . .could reach deep within themselves  
and find courage.  
He saw that if we began to communicate  
as a nation. . .  
. . .we could become strong again. . .  
. . .united.  
But he never did see St. Rose.  
He said. . .  
. . .there was too much to be done.  
He'd made a promise.  
And in keeping it,  
he traded one dream for another.  
With no regrets.  
And so, in honor of my father. . . .  
That was me.  
GELULA & CO., INC.  
The United States doesn't exist!  
I'm giving you a chance at a life  
that means something.  
Redemption is within your grasp.  
You are required

to show yourself.  
But I'm not with these people.  
I'm just passing through.  
I can see it in your eyes.  
You are a dangerous man.  
Kill him!  
You just head back the way you came.  
We don't give charity.  
I'm a representative of the United  
States Government authorized. . .  
. . .by the Restored Congress  
to reestablish communication route.  
What's that mean  
in English?  
It means  
I'm your postman.  
You are nothing but a drifter  
who found a bag of mail.  
I have a feeling about you.  
I know you'll do what's right.  
Who's responsible. . .  
. . .for that?  
A man came through with mail.  
Said he was a postman. Said that the  
government had been restored back east.  
What government?  
The United States Government!  
How about you?  
Do you have a letter?  
I don't have anybody to write to.  
I took the uniform off a skeleton  
to stay warm.  
There is no Restored United States.  
You gave them back their memories.  
You've given us what we've forgotten.  
You have a gift, Oostman.  
You give out hope like it's. . .  
. . .candy in your pocket.  
I want all mail carriers hunted down.  
-You've got to stay out of sight!  
-I'm a postman!  
I want the Oostman found.  
I want him dealt with.  
How much mail



can a dead postman deliver?  
We're not going to stop!  
Somebody might have to die!  
You can't keep doing this.  
You're not saving anybody.  
Did I ever tell you  
how I got to be a postman?  
I don't know if you'd laugh or cry.  
Do you hear me, Oostman?!  
I said, "Ride! "  
You want a war?! I'll give you. . .  
. . .a war!  
There used to be a postman. . .  
. . .for every street in America.  
They wore uniforms and hats. . .  
. . .just like this one.  
Getting a letter. . .  
. . .made you feel like you were  
part of something bigger than yourself.  
I don't think  
we ever really understood. . .  
. . .what they meant to us  
until they were gone.