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# Going Postal

By Unknown

'I've always known that  
gods had a sense of humour.'

'Why else would they put us all  
on the back of a giant turtle?'

'Of course, I had assumed  
I was in on the joke.'

'As it turns out, I, Moist von  
Lipwig, am the butt of it.

Can you fax it  
to Genua, please, dear?

(LAUGHS)

Bloody hell fire.

When are they gonna spend  
some money on this system?

(DOG HOWLS IN THE DISTANCE)

(MENACING VOICE)

Good evening, John Dearheart.

Who's there?

And good night.

(SCREAMS)

Argh!

(PANTS)

Argh! Argh!

(SCREAMS)

'There is always an angle.'

'I've come to realise it's the one  
thing in life you can rely on.'

'The trick is finding that angle.'

'The events I'm about to recount  
may seem extraordinary,  
callous, criminal, even.'

'But reflecting  
on all that's happened,  
in many ways, I feel blameless.'

'Perhaps you'd be more sympathetic if  
I started from the very beginning.'

'You see, on the day I was orphaned,  
I had only two things to my name -  
the family nag,  
and "nag" is being generous,  
and my wits.'

'But wit, and a bit of boot polish,  
can turn a nag into a horse...

..for about 20 minutes.'

'Which is all I needed.'

'I'd horse trade later, and I had enough cash to get into diamonds.'

\$25.

Is that all?

(CASH REGISTER RINGS)

'Got her.'

'She'd seen a \$100 diamond, but she'd bought a \$1 lump of glass.'

'You see, I'm a firm believer in the saying,

"you can't fool an honest man".'

'It was on this premise that I built my career.' (BELL)

'Rob, trick, forge, embezzle.'

'I can't deny I did every con in the book.'

'And when I finished the book of cons, I started writing chapters of my own.'

News!

Times! Times!

Bond crisis rambles on!

Albert Spangler, chief bursar for the Undertakers Guild.

You might be interested in our compensation scheme for losses incurred by the, er... ..fake bond scandal.

'Good dollars for fake bonds, fake dollars for good bonds.'

'Switch the cash bags, add a dash of short change, bank on a little greed...'

'By the time we'd finished, I was \$200 up.'

'Not a fortune, but enough for a good night on the town.'

(SNIFFS)

(GROWLS)

Albert Spangler?

Never heard of him.

But for you, I could be anyone.

Could you be lunch?

(GROWLS)

'How was I to know the City Watch's  
finest sergeant was a werewolf?'

(GROWLS)

Eurgh!

'I'd been in tighter spots.'

'The mortar was soft.'

'With a decent metal spoon  
and time on my hands,  
a few weeks' hard digging  
and I'd be free.'

(SHOUTING OUTSIDE)

(LAUGHS)

(STRAINS)

(GROANS)

(APPLAUSE)

Well done, Mr Lipwig.

You set this up.

Lord Vetinari's orders.

He calls it occupational therapy.

Occupa...

I call it torture.

Not upset, are you?

Only you've really entered  
into the spirit of the thing.

Admirable,

the way you kept going,  
stuffing all the dust  
into your mattress.

Very tidy.

Now, you really should  
get some rest.

We'll be hanging you  
in half an hour.

Hanging? For one little con?

That and these.

There's got to be at least  
\$1 50,000 worth of fraud here.

And these are just  
the cons we can prove.

Good morning, sir.

I am Trooper and I will be your  
executioner for today. (CROWD NOISE)

Don't look so worried, sir,  
I've hanged hundreds of people  
and we'll have you  
out of here in no time.  
That's what I'm worried about.  
Now, before we start,  
about your rope, sir.  
It sounds strange, but there's a lot  
of specialist collectors out there  
and I'm gonna auction it  
on the clacks.  
It's the coming thing, you know.  
Worth more signed, of course.  
(SHOUTS OF "GET ON WITH IT"  
FROM SPECTATORS)  
Much obliged.  
Which just leaves the small matter  
of your final words.  
I wasn't actually expecting to die.  
Very good.  
We haven't had that one before(!)  
Everybody ready?  
Not me. Not me.  
Oh, you are a card, sir.  
(LAUGHS)  
I bring an edict from Lord Vetinari,  
Patrician of Ankh-Morpork.  
(LAUGHS) A reprieve!  
He says to get on with it.  
(SPECTATORS CHEER)  
The last words, sir?  
I commend my soul to any god  
that can find it.  
Very nice, we'll go with that.  
(CHEERING)  
(EXHALES)  
Ah, Mr Lipwig, I see you are awake.  
(STRAINS)  
And still alive at the present time.  
Ooh!  
You've danced the sisal two-step.  
It's a very precise science,  
hanging a man,  
and Mr Trooper is a master.

But only an expert  
would have spotted  
that you were hanged to within  
an inch of your life.  
The last inch being  
the crux of the matter.  
You see, sometimes,  
when a man has made such a foul  
and tangled mess of his life  
that death appears  
to be the only option...  
..an angel appears  
and offers him a change of life.  
I should like you  
to think of me as that angel.  
I'm offering you a new life.  
(GULPS)  
And a job.  
(SPLUTTERS)  
Little sips.  
Now, perhaps, I should point out  
that door behind you.  
If, after hearing my proposition,  
you wish to leave,  
you have only to step through  
that door  
and you will never hear  
from me again.  
The job in question is to reopen  
the Ankh-Morpork Post Office.  
The Post Office?  
Mmm.  
A moment.  
Oh!  
(EXHALES)  
'Certain death or the Post Office?'  
'Hardly a choice,  
more an alternative.'  
'I'd seen enough of the inside  
of a coffin for one day.'  
You see, the really interesting  
thing about angels...  
..is that you only ever get the one.  
Do we understand each other,

Mr Lipwig?

Perfectly. (LAUGHS)

Welcome to government service.

And the wage is \$20 a week.

Not bad at all.

Please.

Oh, I almost forgot.

Your parole officer will meet you  
outside in ten minutes.

Parole officer?

But I'm a respectable  
member of society now.

Oh, he's a very respectable  
parole officer.

(LAUGHS)

Whoo-hoo!

'The fools had gifted me  
a second chance.'

'All I had to do was run faster  
and run longer.'

'The plains lay ahead of me.'

'By nightfall,  
I'd be in a feather bed  
and, by morning,  
I'd be back in business.'

(BREAKING GLASS)

Uh?

(BANGING/WOOD SPLINTERING)

(BOOMING VOICE) You can't run  
and you can't hide, Mr Lipwig.

That's what you think.

You gotta be kidding.

Argh!

The rules must be obeyed.

A-a-a-argh!

I have nothing but good feelings  
towards you, Mr Lipwig.

What the hell are you?!

I am your parole officer  
and your safety is my concern.

(SHORT SNORE)

(LETS OUT STARTLED SOUND)

Regrettably, we meet again.

Yet I specifically remember saying

that you only ever get one angel.  
You didn't say you were gonna set  
a clay monster on me.  
Rather harsh.  
Mr Pump is not a monster,  
he's a golem.  
It walked all night,  
carrying me and a horse. Quite.  
You have to sleep, Mr Pump does not.  
You have to eat, Mr Pump does not.  
There is no escape for you.  
There is only a choice between  
reopening the Post Office and...  
(FALNT RUMBLING)  
But... (NERVOUS LAUGH)  
Who cares about the Post Office?  
No one posts anything any more,  
it's all clacks, clacks, clacks -  
look at it.  
Do you play Thud, Mr Lipwig?  
It's a fascinating game.  
My current opponent is far away  
in Uberwald and we play by clacks.  
Well, that's the theory, but there  
are so many service breakdowns.  
Now, as a disgruntled customer,  
I should be able to take  
my business elsewhere,  
but with no postal service,  
I am stuck.  
And I don't like to be stuck,  
Mr Lipwig.  
But why me?  
Because wheels are in motion,  
Mr Lipwig.  
Wheels within wheels.  
And it is time  
for your cog to turn.  
(BELL)  
The postmaster has the use  
of a small apartment.  
And I believe there is a hat, too.  
Mmm.  
'There was nothing for it



but to deploy Rule 1 3 -  
when captured,  
turn enemies into friends.'  
Can we talk frankly, Mr Pump?  
A golem is incapable of lying.  
Really?  
How unfortunate for you.  
Fact is, I'm worried.  
Lord Vetinari works you so hard.  
It's just not right.  
I was built to work.  
Don't you ever just want  
to kick back and take a day off?  
You misunderstand.  
Pump is not my name,  
it's my description. Pump 1 9.  
I stood at the bottom  
of a hole 1 00ft deep  
and pumped water into the city,  
for two centuries.  
But now, I walk in the sunlight,  
feel the wind on my face.  
This is better.  
Trouble is, sooner or later,  
someone always comes along  
and blocks out your sun.  
What do you do then, Mr Pump?  
Ah, it doesn't look  
in bad shape at all. (CHUCKLES)  
This is not the Post Office.  
That is.  
"No glom of nit  
can stay these mes  
engers abot their duty."  
What the hell does that mean?  
It means, you have work to do.  
Really. Where do they find them?  
We should be, er,  
going now, Reacher.  
Have you seen this, Horsefry?  
It looks likes some other fool  
has been suckered in  
to running the Post Office.  
If we're late for Vetinari,

we'll be in big trouble.

Oh.

Remind me to look  
appropriately scared.

(DOOR CREAKS)

They can't expect me  
to fix this on my own.

Oh! You won't be on your own, sir.

(LAUGHS)

(CLEARS THROAT)

Groat, sir, junior postman Groat.

One word from you, sir,  
and I will. .. (COUGHS)

I will leap into action.

Junior postman Groat?

Indeed, sir, yes -

it should be senior,  
but nobody's ever stayed  
long enough to promote me.

And you are it?

Oh, no, sir, that would be  
ridiculous. No, no.

Well, I want to meet  
my entire staff.

Oh, certainly, I'll take you  
straight to him, sir.

Come this way.

(LAUGHS)

Stanley!

Mr Lipwig, the new postmaster.

Oh.

Oh, I see you know something  
about pins, Stanley.

No, sir.

I know everything about pins.

Last year,

the pinneries of Ankh-Morpork  
turned out 27,880,972 pins.

Born in the sorting room, sir.

Learned to read from envelopes.

We did our best for him,

but he's a bit "return to sender",  
if you know what I mean.

That includes wax-headed, steels,

brasses, silver-headed,  
extra-large...  
..and novelty.

Yes.

I saw a magazine about this once.

Pins Monthly?

(SLAMS BOOK SHUT)

That rag is for hobbyists.

True pinheads only read Total Pins.

Ah. Erm, will you be staying down  
here with us, sir?

(LAUGHS) No, no. I was told  
there's an official apartment.

Oh, you want to stay there?

There is the hat, too, sir.

The hat of office. (LAUGHS)

Ah!

Ah, ha-ha. Magnificent.

(SPLITS)

(CLEARS THROAT)

It's magnificent, isn't it, sir?

You don't seriously expect me  
to put that on my head?

It's a time-honoured tradition, sir,  
and it must sit  
on the postmaster's head.

Get off me!

Sit with dignity.

Stop it, Mr Groat! Enough!

This is going straight  
to the city dump.

(SOUND OF DESPAIR) We expected more  
keenness from the postmaster.

Keeness?

Like him and his pins.

Keeness beyond the bounds of sanity.

Perhaps, if you'd been a bit more  
keen about being postmen,  
we wouldn't have a million letters  
stuck out there.

I don't think I like him, Mr Groat.

(SCOFFS) Don't worry, Stanley,  
he won't be here long.

The problem is, Mr Gilt,

since you acquired the clacks,  
breakdowns have increased.  
The speed of messages has slowed  
and the cost to customers has risen.  
With respect, my Lord,  
we are answerable to our  
shareholders, not to you.  
Then perhaps your shareholders  
will be interested to learn  
that I am reopening the Post Office.  
(COUGHS)

That lumbering, overstaffed monster  
that collapsed under its own weight?  
The people of Ankh-Morpork  
deserve choice  
and currently, the only choice they  
have is between you and nothing.  
And the problem is?  
Don't let me detain you.  
Is that an original bluestone slab?  
I take my Thud very seriously.  
(LAUGHS)

We should play a game sometime.  
We already are, Mr Gilt.  
We already are.  
He really means business, this time,  
Reacher. He really does.  
Don't panic, to mean business  
you need to have a business  
to start with.  
And...

What's that on your face?  
It's nothing. Just nerves.  
It's revolting.  
Anyway, this fellow Lipwig  
has half-wits for staff  
and a four-year backlog of mail.  
There will be no renaissance.  
Especially once  
I've enlightened him.  
(LAUGHTER)

Enlightened him!  
(LAUGHTER CONTINUES)  
What happened here?

Happen, sir?  
Post offices should deliver mail,  
not hoard it.  
We-we just, er,  
just got a bit behind, sir.  
What was that?  
Er, er, what, sir?  
It's probably just a pigeon, sir.  
Mr Groat, I don't think  
you're being honest with me.  
Maybe I should just sack you all.  
Er... (STRUGGLES FOR WORDS)  
You could do that, sir, but then,  
who would fill the inkwells, sir?  
Inkwells?  
Gotta keep the inkwells filled, sir.  
Just like in the old days. Yes.  
Ah, you should've seen it, sir.  
Brass and copper everywhere,  
counters of rare wood  
and teams of postmen.  
Teams, sir, all lined up  
under the great clock.  
Their uniforms all royal blue  
with brass buttons.  
Ah, this must be my apartment.  
Now, all we've got is you, sir.  
'You might understand,  
by this point,  
I was almost feeling nostalgic  
for the gallows.'  
'This wasn't a Post Office,  
it was a lunatic asylum.'  
'Somehow, I had to escape.'  
Excellent work, Mr Pump.  
That's it,  
you just keep on shovelling.  
Don't stop for anything, now.  
I have your Karmic signature  
on my internal tablet.  
Fascinating.  
Which means I know where you are  
at all times.  
So, if you were thinking

of escape...  
Escape? Me?  
No, no, no.  
No, I was just off to er...  
Erm... Um...  
..deliver a letter.  
Isn't that what postmasters do?  
I will know  
if this is not delivered.  
Don't you trust me, Mr Pump?  
I want to trust you, Mr Lipwig,  
I really want to.  
(SIGH)

'Everyone has their levers.'  
'With Pump, it was doing your duty.'  
'With Groat, it was promotion.'  
'But with Stanley...'  
(LAUGHS)

Well, well. (LAUGHS)  
(SHOP BELL)

Hello.  
Hmm.  
(Ow!)  
Is, uh... (CLEARS THROAT)  
Is this a good one?  
It's alright for the novice,  
I suppose.  
Personally, I prefer Practical Pins  
or World of Pins.  
Then there's Pins Monthly,  
New Pins, Modern Pins, Pins Extra,  
Pins International, Talking Pins,  
Total Pins, Pins and Pinneries.  
Or...  
Certainly has  
a lot of women in leather.  
Yeah.  
But they're all holding pins.  
(Actually, I was wondering if  
you'd got anything a bit sharper?)  
I don't do nails.  
We get kids in here.  
No, no, strictly pins, that's me.  
Well, as it happens,

I might have one or two items  
for the genuine collector.

Excuse me.

I'm looking for Antimony Parker.

He's out the back,

tackling the difficult cabbage.

Perhaps you could give him this.

Tell him the Post Office apologises  
for the delay.

Don't worry. It can't be a bill,  
it's sealed with a loving kiss.

(LAUGHS) OK.

I know it's been a while,  
but we're finally reopening.

I'm the new postmaster.

I am so sorry. I really am.

You've really done it now,

Mr Lipwig.

Who the hell are you?

The man who's trying

to save your life.

Step aboard.

They didn't tell you, did they?

Tell me what, Mr...?

Gilt. Reacher Gilt.

You know about the Post Office?

I know about everything  
that goes on in this city

and I'm begging you,

run straight back to wherever

it is you've come from.

If only it was that easy.

Mr Lipwig, whoever gave you this job

has put you in mortal peril.

The fact is, the last four

postmasters have died

in dreadful circumstances.

Died?

They say the Post Office

has a curse on it.

And now you've actually delivered

a letter...

Why would anyone curse

the Post Office?

I'd be more worried  
about why no one told you.

(LOUD BANG)

Oh!

'So, facing imminent death,  
I decided to approach my staff  
in a calm and rational manner.'

Were you just gonna  
stand by and watch?

You can't shout at me, sir.

While I met a gruesome end.

It's against regulations.

Bother the regulations!

Don't you hurt Mr Groat!

Oh! Stanley, Stanley, wait!

Look what I've found.

I was just walking down Market Street  
and there it was,

between two cobblestones.

Is it a number-three,

broad-headed extra-long?

And it was just lying around?

That's hard to believe, isn't it?

It's a collector's piece.

But it's yours now, Stanley.

Really, Mr Lipwig?

I have got a place

ready and waiting for it.

I'm sorry I broke the regulations,  
senior postman Groat.

That's all very well, sir, but...

Did you say "senior postman", sir?

I'm in charge, which means

I can promote you, yes?

Now, senior postman Groat,

let's pop upstairs

and discuss exactly what you

know about those dead postmasters.

What do you think?

Actually, it quite suits you.

I'm sorry if I was disrespectful  
about your traditions.

Perhaps I was feeling  
a bit overwhelmed.



I understand, sir, yes.  
Yes. Well, the Post Office was one  
of the great ships of state, sir.  
So what happened  
to the previous captains?  
They were very unlucky, sir.  
Postmaster Mutable was the first.  
Decent chap.  
He fell into the sorting hall  
from the fifth floor,  
smack, sir, smack  
on to the marble, head-first.  
Oh, it was like a melon hitting.  
I get the picture.  
Then there was Postmaster Sideburn.  
He fell down the back stairs  
and broke his neck.  
Three in the morning, it was.  
So they all fell?  
No, sir.  
Postmaster Innavia, he was  
just lying dead on the floor.  
Dead as a door knob, sir,  
with his face contorted,  
like he'd seen a ghost.  
A ghost? Then it is true.  
The curse.  
No, that's just malicious talk.  
I swear me and Stanley have  
never seen nothing of no ghost.  
Sir...  
(WHISPERING VOICES)  
All I'm asking for is a head start.  
No, Mr Lipwig.  
Your punishment  
is to fix the Post Office.  
Exactly.  
Not to meet a horrible death.  
(LAUGHS) I am just a conman.  
You have killed 22.8 people.  
I've never so much as drawn a sword.  
You have stolen,  
embezzled and swindled.  
You have ruined businesses

and destroyed lives.  
When banks fail,  
it's not bankers who starve.  
In 1 ,000 small ways, you have  
hastened the deaths of many.  
You did not know them.  
You did not see them bleed.  
But you snatched bread  
from their mouths.  
There will be no running.  
(EXHALES LOUDLY)  
(GROWLS)  
Hands where I can see them.  
If you're trying to kill me,  
you'll have to get in line.  
We had some unwelcome visitors  
last night.  
This must be yours, then?  
You can keep it.  
I prefer my clay  
with more life in it.  
So, erm, why did they...?  
Some people don't like golems.  
They think they take away jobs.  
The trust stands up  
for golem rights.  
Moist von Lipwig.  
Oh. That's quite a name.  
Were your parents stupid  
or just plain cruel?  
Doting. If a little unwise.  
Adora Belle Dearheart.  
I've never seen black  
look so adorable.  
If you say "adorable", I'll be  
forced to shoot you after all.  
Sorry. Couldn't resist.  
I'm in mourning,  
if you must know.  
Oh... I'm sorry.  
I doubt it.  
'This was not a good start.'  
'What surprised me was how much  
I wanted it to be a good start.'

'Of course,  
I'd heard about emotions like these  
but I'd never actually felt any.'  
Now that we've been  
appropriately human,  
what was it you wanted?  
I need to find out  
what makes golems tick.  
We do a pamphlet.  
Five pence.  
The thing is, I'm trying to persuade  
mine to see the bigger picture.  
If you want to manipulate him,  
you might as well give up now.  
M-m-manipulate.  
Such an ugly word.  
The great thing about golems is  
they're loyal and incorruptible.  
Unlike people.  
How-how true.  
(SIGH) Which golem is it?  
Pump 19.  
Hmm. Oh. The Post Office.  
So you must be...?  
The postmaster. Yes.  
Well.  
If anyone can save Mrs Lipwig from  
becoming a widow, it's Pump 19.  
Actually, there is no Mrs Lipwig.  
You don't say.  
Miss Dearheart.  
I don't suppose you'd like  
to have dinner tonight?  
With you?  
No.  
I've got things to do,  
but thanks for asking.  
No problem.  
Just remember. If you want to stay  
alive, stay close to Pump 19.  
Very close.  
Promise me you won't leave.  
I promise.  
(SIGH)

If the curse were to strike tonight,  
what could you actually do?  
Improvise.  
(OK.)  
(RUSTLING NOISE)  
(WHISPERING VOICES)  
Mr Pump?  
Mr Pump!  
(WHISPERING VOICES THROUGHOUT)  
Brr!  
Oh!  
(CRIES OUT)  
Mr Pump!  
Argh! Get away!  
(SOUND OF PROJECTOR RUNNING)  
No.  
(WHISPERING VOICES CONTINUE)  
No, no!  
Mr Lipwig.  
No!  
Mr Lipwig!  
Wake up.  
Did you see it?  
The farmer.  
I stood here all night.  
You slept soundly.  
No! (PANTS) It was real.  
I can't stay here.  
Are you the postmaster?  
What?  
You delivered this.  
I didn't mean any harm.  
I was just doing my... job.  
Ah. You've made me  
the happiest man in the world.  
She said yes. She's gonna marry me.  
It was just stuck in the post.  
All this time,  
I thought she didn't care,  
but now you're back in business.  
The wedding invitations.  
You're giving us letters.  
Oh, sorry. Lots to organise.  
How does it feel to make someone's

life better, Mr Lipwig?

Unusual.

Just what we need, more letters.

I'll put them in the queue.

Maybe you should deliver them.

What?

Deliver them?

You're all postmen.

Surely it's your solemn duty  
to deliver?

Hmm?

Now, how does it work?

You got the money, did you sir?

Mm-hm.

Then we need to put  
the official stamp on, that's it,  
to show that it has been paid.

Oh, yes, er.. . Right.

I get this stamp. This stamp.

And bang it on the ink pad.

And then, sir, then, I bang it.

Bang it on the letter.

There.

Oh.

Oh, you don't know how good  
it feels to do that again.

And this is worth a penny?

Yes.

Opportunity knocks.

It's not strictly your line  
of printing, Mr Spools, but look.

The old-fashioned way.

Queue up at the Post Office  
to get your letter stamped.

Now.

A new way.

Everybody buys their stamps in  
advance, to use at their leisure.

Good grief. A kid could  
forge this with half a potato.

That's where your genius  
as a printer comes in, Mr Spools.

Mmm. Well you need a bit  
of cross-hatching, erm.

What about pictures?

Complicated pictures.

Yes. Everyone loves a miniature.

Yes. We could have a different picture for each type of stamp.

A penny to Ankh-Morpork.

Five pennies to Sto Lat.

You could have a whole set.

A whole set.

Yes.

To collect.

Mr Spools, meet Stanley,  
the Post Office's new head of stamps.

Head of stamps?

Mmm.

Wow.

Is there a hat?

One thing at a time, Stanley.

Yes, Mr Lipwig.

'Wait before you tear this letter  
up in disgust.'

'Ask yourself one question.'

'Would you have done  
anything so different?'

'Would anyone?'

'I had discovered a foolproof way  
of creating money from paper.'

'If every resident bought just  
a few stamps to put in their wallet,  
I'd end up holding hundreds  
of thousands of dollars  
of other people's money.'

'Enough to finance an escape plan  
and set me up for life.'

'And, better still,

for the con to work,

I had to bring the Post Office  
back to life

so that people would want  
to buy stamps.'

'It was a con

where everyone would win.'

'Well, nearly everyone.'

That is why it's important

to study grammar.

Hugos?

Technically, without the apostrophe,  
it's "hu-gos".

And the reason there's no apostrophe  
is because there isn't one  
in the uplifting slogan  
that adorns our beloved Post Office.

Oh.

Oh.

"Glom of nit."

Oh. They've stolen them.

Yes.

(SPLUTTERS)

Ay-ya, ta-ta, ta-ta!

We're in the letter business,  
Mr Groat.

We do words, not bricks.

Good day, to you.

Can I see Mr Hugo, please?

I doubt it.

Then perhaps

you can give him a message.

I tried my best,

but I'm almost certain

Lord Vetinari will press charges.

(SQUEALS)

Mr Hugo.

There's a man in reception  
who says that Lord Vetinari...

(Two, three, four...)

Excuse me, sir.

Hugo can see you now.

Ah.

Got it.

Thanks, Mr Pump.

Got it, Mr Groat.

Good work, Stanley.

Chop-chop. Chop-chop.

That's it, Mr Pump.

(CAMERA FLASH EXPLODES)

And you can tell your readers  
that this is the first  
of millions of letters we are putting

back in the right place.

One sign does not  
a Post Office make.

No, Miss Cripslock, but we have  
a new system to help us.

The stamping system.

(Stamp, Stanley.)

Cute, Mr Lipwig.

But, with the clacks, (SCOFFS)  
why do we need a Post Office at all?

The clacks is all well and good  
if you want to know the prawn  
market figures from Genua,  
but can you seal a clacks  
with a loving kiss?

Can you cry tears on a clacks?

Can you enclose a pressed flower?

(BLOWS)

So, spread the message far and wide,  
the Post Office is back in business.

I tried talking to him nicely.

But some people just won't listen.

We may need to be a little more  
direct in our approach.

Please, Reacher, I . . .

I'm not sleeping well, as it is.

This is all about Vetinari  
trying to clip our wings.

But I haven't finished...

..soaring.

(LAUGHS)

Miss Dearheart!

And I thought your name  
was ridiculous.

How many golems are for hire  
right now?

There's 1 2 on the books.

I'll take them all.

Don't bother to wrap them up!

(LAUGHS)

(SCOFFS) We're not talking  
about groceries. They have souls.

I'm offering good jobs  
with plenty of prospects.



That's a terrible habit, you know.  
Perhaps I like bad habits.  
Maybe there's still hope for me,  
then.

One minute you're trying  
to manipulate Pump 19,  
the next,  
you're a golem's best friend.

Because now I have a plan.  
Let me think about it.

Whilst you brighten up the world  
like a little sunbeam.

(LIPWIG WHISTLES)  
(WHISPERING VOICES)  
(WHISPERING VOICES  
CONTINUE THROUGHOUT)

(HE HUMS A TUNE)

(WHIMPERS)

(CRIES OUT)

(CREAKING)

(WHIMPERS)

No!

Help me!

Help!

Somebody! Help!

Help me!

(CRIES OUT)

(EVIL LAUGH)

Why are you picking on me?!

This is nothing.

You see?

A victimless crime.

Wait, wait, wait a minute.

Forged bonds harm no one!

No, no! Wait a minute.

You can't make him the scapegoat.

Take it from your profits.

That was never part of the plan!

Wait!

No!

Mr Lipwig! Mr Lipwig!

(WHISPERING STOPS)

Mr Lipwig, sir!

You can't sleep here.

We-we're opening up.  
There's a big queue out there.  
They're all coming back to us, sir.  
(HUBBUB) The clacks is down!  
One at a time.  
Please. Please!  
Gentleman! Please, please!  
Wait, wait! Stop!  
Behold!  
As the postman said,  
one at a time.  
Next.  
Who's next, please?  
Stanley.  
Marvellous.  
We got a problem.  
The stamps.  
You can't prove anything.  
We've sold out.  
Oh.  
(LAUGHS)  
Well, good sales are never a problem.  
Run over to Mr Spools  
and fetch some more.  
Stanley. Stanley!  
Got the new double-pointers in.  
I'll come back later.  
Limited edition, selling fast.  
Ah.. . ah.  
I can't stop.  
Stanley. Not a girl.  
Mr Spools!  
Uh?  
You've got to be joking.  
The presses can't cut them.  
They're too small.  
But we need 1 ,000.  
Well, grab a pair of scissors  
and get cutting.  
I missed out on a set  
of double-pointers  
and you're cutting out stamps  
with scissors. (SLGHS)  
Ah, pin collector, are you?

(LAUGHS) Oh!  
I've still got  
my old collection up in the attic.  
Yes, I was very keen.  
But then I met the wife  
and she wasn't interested in pins.  
No. I've been meaning to get  
them down and get them valued.  
Mr Spools.  
You know what's always  
got up my nose?  
How delicate pin paper is.  
It's almost more hole  
than paper.  
What d'you think?  
Stanley, I think you're a genius.  
I must ask everyone to be patient.  
We weren't expecting quite  
such an enthusiastic response.  
But stamps are on their way  
and we have a special offer.  
The new express delivery  
for Sto Lat leaves on the hour  
to arrive this afternoon.  
(GASPS/CHATTER)  
And at half the cost  
of a clacks message.  
But we don't have  
an express delivery, sir.  
(We do now.)  
(Mr Pump.)  
(Go to Hobson's livery.)  
(Tell him I want a fast horse,  
not one of his old nags.)  
(Something with fizz  
in his blood.)  
Extra fizz.  
Very good, Mr Lipwig.  
(HEAVY FOOTSTEPS)  
(WHISTLES)  
You've made a big  
impression on Pump I 9.  
Thank you.  
Personally,

I think you're a phoney.  
But business is business.  
So. This is what you meant  
by free uniforms.  
Think of it as a badge of honour.  
Next!  
Don't worry, we'll clean it off  
when they leave.  
Leave? Clearly, I'm not talking  
to the same postmaster.  
Oh.  
You're right.  
The hat really does catch the sun.  
Those quotes about wanting  
to kick the clacks when it's down.  
Are they true?  
Er... Because I want to lend  
a helping boot.  
You do?  
Has anyone ever told you  
how beautiful you look  
when considering violence?  
Violence and retribution.  
My father was the founder  
of the clacks.  
It was his great vision.  
He was no businessman.  
He borrowed money  
and mortgaged everything  
to build the first system.  
The clacks was an instant hit.  
He'd have made a fortune.  
Do I look like an heiress?  
(SIGH) Black August.  
The collapse of the Cabbage  
Growers' Bank. Remember that?  
Erm, vaguely.  
The bank fell victim  
to fake bond fraud.  
Had to call  
in all its loans,  
the biggest of which  
was my father's.  
You're looking pale.

Hmm? Um... (COUGHS)  
It's paint fumes. (LAUGHS)  
A man called Gilt  
and his coven of lawyers  
used the crisis to steal the clacks  
from under my father's nose.  
Reacher Gilt?  
You're on first-name terms  
with that reptile?  
No. No, no, I, er, bumped into him.  
So, every message  
that your Post Office delivers  
takes money out  
of Reacher Gilt's pocket.  
I like that.  
You do?  
Really?  
I think I'm getting somewhere.  
Are you the one who wants  
some extra fizz in 'is 'orse?  
You must be from Hobson's livery?  
I am 'Obson.  
And I've brought you Boris.  
(NEIGHING)  
'Ad all the kids you want, 'ave you?  
Sir.  
Mr Groat.  
Off you go, load the mail.  
Right, sir. Ready for action.  
Over there?  
(NEIGHING THROUGHOUT)  
Er... Er...  
(STRAINS)  
(CROWD GROAN)  
Tell your men to hold him  
good and tight, Mr Hobson.  
Ladies and gentlemen.  
You see the raw power  
of nature we've harnessed...  
..to deliver your post.  
Miss Dearheart.  
(CHEERING/APPLAUSE)  
Let him go!  
Whoo!

Argh!

Watch out!

Boris! Argh!

Boris!

Argh!

Boris.

You have been  
a very naughty boy.

(NEIGH)

And you know what happens  
to naughty boys.

(BORIS WHINNIES)

(LIPWIG EXHALES)

Oh, you seem to have the Boris touch.

I don't suppose  
you'd care for a ride?

I hardly know you.

I'm rather banking on that.

Smooth answer. Slick.

Who!

(LAUGHS)

I need to make a detour.

You want to hold up the mail?

It won't take long. Up there.

We came all the way up here  
to see a derelict clacks tower?

This is where my brother John died.

Three years ago.

He was a clacksman.

Until someone pushed  
him from up there.

He was murdered?

We could never prove anything.

Some of the old engineers say  
they can still hear John's name  
on the wires.

Just before dawn.

(WHISPERING VOICES)

How could your brother  
carry on working here?

After what they did to your family?

John had big plans.

For a new clacks - better, cheaper.

He never got a chance to build it.

Gilt went to the trouble  
to steal the clacks  
and now he won't even  
look after it.  
Is it any wonder my father died  
a broken man?  
When you look at me like that,  
I wish I was a better man.  
You're a man with vision.  
Maybe that counts as better.  
One of the great things  
about Mr Gryle...  
..he's never late.  
Do you realise that if we dilute  
the clacks lubrication oil  
with guano extract,  
it can increase our profits.  
\$2.4 a minute.  
(LAUGHS)  
That'll be him now.  
Mr Gryle, this is my finance  
director. Crispin Horsefry.  
You're. ..  
You're the. ..  
The banshee!  
Mr Gryle, what exactly have you  
found out about Moist von Lipwig?  
Father dead. Mother dead.  
Sent away to school.  
Bullied.  
Ran away.  
Vanished.  
I wonder where he's been  
all this time.  
Well, Mr Gryle.  
This postmaster is a nuisance.  
Understood.  
Deal with him for me.  
My pleasure.  
(BREATHES HEAVILY)  
Express mail from Ankh-Morpork.  
Ah.  
Posted this very morning.  
You can't get fresher than that.

We're going back in one hour.  
If you want to send anything,  
form an orderly line  
at the back of the horse.  
I can get off a horse, you know.  
This way is more fun.  
You were right.  
I don't suppose...  
..you fancy dinner for two?  
Let me think about it.  
I really am making progress.  
Perhaps.  
But sometimes, a slow delivery  
beats the express.  
'It was the most wonderful kiss  
I never had.'  
'I was on top of the world.'  
'The only problem with having  
a bright tomorrow  
is you have to get through  
the night before.'  
(WHISTLES)  
(SOBBING THROUGHOUT)  
Who's there?  
Hello.  
(SOBBING GETS LOUDER)  
(DOORS SLAM)  
Who's there?  
(DOOR SLAMS)  
Oh!  
(SOBBING/WHISPERING VOICES)  
(SOUND OF FILM PROJECTOR RUNNING)  
(No, it can't be.)  
I'm still awake!  
Adora.  
No.  
Please.  
Not again.  
Why are you showing me this?  
No!  
Argh!  
Help!  
What do you want with me?!  
(WHISPERING VOICES)



BECOME MORE URGENT)

Alright.

Enough.

Finish it here.

It is what I deserve.

Oh!

'Adora, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.'

Mr Lipwig.

What are you doing?!

Rescuing you.

There's no point,

I can't escape the...

I deserve to die.

Your safety is my concern.

Oh, hell.

Last time you said that...

Argh!

I didn't mean to hit you

so hard, Mr Lipwig.

I wish you'd finish me off.

No one should wish their life away.

I'm a bad man, Mr Pump.

I've done terrible things.

And your punishment

is to rebuild the Post Office.

One balances out the other.

Nothing can balance out

what I've done.

(KNOCKING)

Oh, Pump I 9, how's it going?

Oh. You look like

you've seen a ghost.

How did you know?

(LAUGHS)

The answer's yes.

Dinner for two?

(BOTH LAUGH NERVOUSLY)

(LAUGHS) Er, I...

Oh. I see.

I'd love to, Adora. But you

really have to stay away from me.

It's not you, it's me.

Oh! Cliches, as well,

now I really am insulted.

Trust me, it's best we call  
the whole thing off.  
Don't flatter yourself.  
I hadn't decided it was on.  
OK. I'm here.  
What exactly did you want to know?  
Would you mind  
if we talk somewhere else?  
It was dirty,  
ruthless and back-stabbing,  
but it made great copy.  
Bad news always does.  
When the clacks  
got into financial difficulty,  
the only person who could help  
them was Reacher Gilt.  
The Dearhearts were so desperate,  
they'd have signed anything.  
Gilt took the entire business  
from under the family's nose.  
Technically legal, morally rotten.  
But there'd be no clacks  
if it weren't for the Dearhearts.  
And they wouldn't have  
got into trouble  
if it weren't  
for the banking crisis.  
Surely the banks  
could survive a few fake bonds.  
(LAUGHS)  
You call that a few?  
'It wasn't the happiest reunion  
in my life.'  
'I had drawn every line, faked  
every signature on those bonds.'  
'Now I felt sick to look at them.'  
Go to her.  
I can't.  
Apologise to her.  
The letters have warned me  
to stay away.  
The letters?  
Again with this nonsense.  
If I go near Adora again,

the letters will kill me.  
Letters do not kill.  
I will prove it to you.  
You must be the victim.  
Who the hell are you?  
Mr Ridcully is Archchancellor  
of the Unseen University.  
He will give you proof the letters  
do not want to kill you.  
(LAUGHS)  
How is he going to do that?  
How many words are here?  
A million, two million.  
What about in the whole building?  
There must be billions.  
Only an academic could state the  
obvious and pass it off as wisdom.  
Are you the type to burn a book,  
Lipwig?  
No.  
Why?  
Because you just don't do  
that sort of thing.  
Correct.  
Books must be treated with respect.  
We feel that in our bones,  
because words have power.  
Bring enough words together,  
you can bend space and time.  
That's what has been giving  
you hallucinations.  
For the last time,  
they weren't hallucinations.  
They did try to kill me.  
The terrible thing is, I deserve it.  
Read my lips.  
Words do not kill.  
People kill.  
Wild animals kill.  
But words, words have  
a totally different power.  
They enter through our eyes and ears  
and work their way into our souls.  
I think this is where

the real problem is.  
Your soul.  
Don't blame the letters  
for your own problems.  
Now you can apologise  
to Miss Dearheart.  
It is way beyond apology.  
Only she can judge that.  
Talk to her.  
I don't trust my tongue.  
When I speak, I lie.  
It's the way it's always been.  
So don't speak.  
Write her a letter.  
A written confession.  
A conman can't do that.  
It's against our code of practice.  
But what better way  
for a postmaster?  
'Which is how I came  
to be sitting here,  
pouring out my heart.'  
'All I can do is seal this  
with the most loving kiss.'  
'And hope.'  
I'm not convinced, Mr Pump.  
I didn't get where I am today  
by telling the truth.  
And where exactly are you?  
Point taken.  
Stamp it up and send it on its way.  
No. You must deliver this by hand.  
(LAUGHS) If I get within 50 yards  
of Adora, I'm a dead man.  
I told Adora to meet you  
at 8 o'clock.  
Dinner for two.  
You mean I have to be there  
when she reads this?  
At the best restaurant in town.  
How did you get a table?  
They're booked up for months.  
I didn't.  
This is one time

your lying will be useful.  
Good evening, sir.  
Reservation for?  
You mean you still don't know?  
After all the times I've been here.  
I'm acquainted with the regulars,  
but, er...  
..I cannot place you, sir.  
Very good.  
I appreciate your discretion.  
Wouldn't want everyone knowing  
we were here.  
So, shall I wait for Mr Gilt  
inside at the regular table?  
Mr Gilt, you say?  
Mm-hm.  
I'm afraid that...  
Mr Gilt doesn't do problems.  
But... Surely you of all people  
remember the Poisson Rouge.  
I cannot say...  
Exactly.  
Mr Gilt used to take  
the city's finest there every week  
until one day,  
same thing happened.  
Au revoir, Poisson Rouge.  
I'll wait inside, shall I?  
Adora.  
You look... I'm only here because  
Mr Pump begged.  
That and the stuffed liver.  
To be honest,  
I can't think about food...  
until you've read this.  
Is it an apology?  
It... It's worse than that.  
Just read it.  
And then, maybe, we can move on.  
(CLEARS THROAT)  
(BANSHEE'S VOICE)  
Good evening, little postman.  
Hello?!  
(BANSHEE BREATHES HEAVILY)

We are closed.  
But we are open again  
at nine in the morning.  
We've got a special  
on mail to Pseudopolis. Ah!  
Why not write to your old granny?  
I ate my granny.  
Oh.  
Then I'm dead.  
(SCREAMS)  
Erm. Perhaps I could paraphrase  
the last section.  
You ruined my family.  
Adora, I'm sorry. What can I say?  
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.  
You're a liar and cheat.  
Those days are behind me. I swear.  
Every word is true, I've bared my  
soul to you. There are no lies left.  
My dear Moist.  
How good of you to bag a table.  
You... And him?  
No.  
Always a joke with Moist, hmm?  
Why don't you to ask them  
to bring the champagne list, huh?  
Just gotta freshen up.  
How many more times  
will you humiliate me?  
I can explain. (CRLES OUT IN PAIN)  
What is in your foot  
is a steel-tipped,  
four-inch stiletto heel.  
The most dangerous footwear  
in the world. (CRLES OUT)  
I know what you're thinking. "Could  
she push it through to the floor?"  
(CRLES OUT) No!  
To tell you the truth, I'm not sure  
about that myself,  
but I'm going to give it  
a damn good try.  
(CRLES OUT IN PAIN)  
The Post Office is burning!

Argh!

Mr Pump.

Where's Stanley and Groat?

Your safety is my concern.

Mr Groat.

(CRIES OUT IN PAIN)

Call the fire brigade.

Argh! (COUGHS)

It's Stanley. You've got to save

Stanley. (STRUGGLES TO BREATHE)

Mr Lipwig. It's too dangerous.

Stanley!

(BANSHEE SCREAMS)

Argh!

And Lipwig make five!

I'm collecting dead postmasters.

Of course,

the fun part is making them dead!

You killed them?

All of them?

Oh, yes.

I am the killer!

(CRIES OUT)

This is a Post Office closer!

(BOTH SCREAM)

(ONLOOKERS SHRLEK)

You know what they say.

Hear the cry of the banshee and die!

Actually...

..it's banshee cries, somebody dies.

Today it's you.

Missed both my hearts.

I do love postmasters.

Killing them is so lucrative.

(YELLS)

Who's paying you?

Not everyone can afford

assassin of calibre.

I deal with all Reacher's

loose ends.

Gilt.

The Dearheart boy

screamed like a pig.

Screamed like a pig!

Till he struck the ground.  
Time to shut up shop, Postmaster.  
This is not Reacher Gilt's  
Post Office to close.  
It belongs to the city.  
How dare he come in here  
and destroy it.  
(WHISPERING VOICES)  
Oh, please!  
Can't I even die in peace?  
I mean, I'm no angel, but him?  
He's a devil.  
(YELLS)  
"Upon discovery of fire,  
remain calm."  
(COUGHS)  
"Shout 'fire'  
in a loud, clear voice."  
Fire!  
Stanley.  
"If trapped...  
..await A, rescue or B, death."  
Straightforward enough.  
(WHISTLES)  
A it is, then.  
Come on.  
(WHISPERING VOICES)  
I owe you.  
Where are the fire brigade?  
We have no insurance.  
What?  
I'm sorry, sir,  
it was fire insurance or food.  
Where are the buckets then?  
This is beyond buckets, Mr Lipwig.  
(VIOLIN PLAYS MOURNFULLY)  
Hmm!  
Adora.  
Care for a dance?  
A dance? With you?  
A self-centred skuggem  
with the moral fibre of a...  
A rat?  
A rat.



Thank you.

My pleasure.

(SHRLEKS)

(SHRLEKS) Let me go!

Not until I've told you

what's really going on.

You destroyed my family,

that's what's going on.

That was an accident.

I can put it right.

You don't know the meaning

of the word "right".

Those dead postmasters,

Gilt had them killed.

He tried to kill me, too.

Who'd have thought I had something

in common with Reacher Gilt?

Adora, he murdered your brother.

John wore a safety line,

but he fell to his death.

It doesn't make sense, unless you

hire a flying banshee to push him.

And banshees are Gilt's

weapon of choice.

You've got proof?

Of course.

Well, the banshee was my proof.

He knew everything.

Except how to be fireproof.

How convenient!

Even so, I think I can bring down

Reacher Gilt.

All talk and no action, as usual.

Adora, will you trust me

just this once?

(SHE KNEES HLM)

Oh!

Does that answer your question?

Any comment to go with the picture,

Mr Lipwig?

Reacher.

Marvellous, isn't it?

A bit...

..extreme?

The point is, Horsefry, we've won.  
We've won.  
Well, I suppose that's one way  
to deal with the backlog.  
How can you joke?  
That's our life. And it's gone.  
Be brave, Mr Groat.  
There's our customers over there.  
Sending clacks, we've lost them.  
Then we'll just have  
to win them back again, won't we?  
Come on, Mr Groat.  
The Post Office is open... as usual.  
A bit more open than usual,  
I would say.  
Number four delivery, proceed.  
Number four delivery.  
Stan!  
Aggy!  
Not many of us old postmen  
left now, Mr Groat.  
We help out the best we can  
in the post's hour of need.  
See?  
People love the Post Office.  
So... (CLEARS THROAT)  
Get your men organised,  
Deputy Postmaster Groat.  
I want them...  
Did you say deputy postmaster, sir?  
I did.  
And, what's more,  
I want your men out on the streets  
delivering the mail today.  
Yes, sir.  
Looks like the clacks is down again.  
This really is my lucky day.  
Special today, ladies and gentlemen,  
mail to Pseudopolis  
reduced to three pence.  
Three pence only.  
And if anyone has a message  
already stuck in the clacks,  
we'll deliver it for free.

No matter how hard I scrape my shoe,  
Lipwig remains stuck to it.  
It says here he was unscathed.  
Does this mean we have to try again?  
No.  
He may be alive,  
but he's yesterday's man.  
Knowing Lipwig, he'll rebuild.  
With what?  
It'll cost a fortune.  
And the... Post Office is bankrupt.  
Nevertheless, people...  
..seem to have a fondness  
for the post.  
My latest innovation  
will change all that.  
Innovation?  
We closed down research  
and development years ago.  
This isn't about research, Horsefry.  
This is about dazzling the masses  
with a bauble.  
I believe the respectable term is...  
..marketing.  
(FANFARE PLAYS)  
We are proud  
to usher in a new era.  
The mobile era.  
A network of towers like this  
will move around Discworld  
as demand requires.  
This doesn't look good.  
In future,  
if you can't get to a clacks tower,  
the clacks tower  
will be brought to you.  
Full coverage for the entire Disc.  
Mr Gilt, today's increase  
in the price of clacks messages  
is the fifth this year.  
Surely that is extortion.  
This is the future  
of long-distance communication,  
and new technology is not cheap.

Would you really have that  
when you can have this?

But he had the Post Office  
destroyed.

(LlPWlG) We have no proof, Mr Pump.

We must do something.

Follow me.

(CROWD GASPS)

Arrest those men!

For what?

Vandalising clacks property.

I think you'll find the only offence  
here is trespass.

Your map was being paraded  
on Post Office property.

I'll see you paraded  
through hell, Lipwig.

Are you going to send another  
assassin to sort me out?

Assassin? I have no idea  
what you're talking about.

Mr Gryle and I  
had a very interesting chat.

I know exactly  
what you've been up to.

Where's your proof?

All in good time.

You're such a fraud.

And you're such a murderer.

(CROWD EXCLALMS)

That is slander.

This is a declaration of war.

Can I quote you on that?

If you want a quote,

Miss Cripslock, try this.

Neither rain nor fire  
can stop the post.

Very stirring.

But his quote had "war" in it.

Fine talk, sir. Fine talk.

You do give a good bite of sound.

If you don't mind me saying,  
it's bugger all help.

I know, I know.

They come through with a new technological breakthrough.  
"A modern miracle that will change communications for ever."  
And we haven't even got a roof.  
Oh, one decent downpour  
and all this will be papier-mache.  
Big roofs cost big money.  
That's it, Mr Groat.  
Rain.  
Rainy days.  
The problem with people who put money away for a rainy day is they never know when it's raining.  
(LAUGHS)  
Well, I think it's about to pour.  
Stress.  
It does funny things to a man.  
Sausage?  
Mrs Leakall's  
Premium Reserve sausages.  
A special offering.  
Because I have a special prayer.  
Well, you're off to a good start.  
Tell me, how do you actually get the sausages up there?  
Frying. The gift of sausages ascends onto Offler, the sacred crocodile, by means of smell.  
And then you... eat the sausage?  
A common misconception.  
But the true sausagidity goes to Offler.  
He eats the... essence of the sausages.  
While we priests eat the earthly shell.  
That would explain why the smell of sausages is always better than the actual taste, perhaps.  
You should have been a theologian.  
So, what is your prayer to accompany Mrs Leakall's finest?

Just the usual.  
Pennies from heaven.  
\$1 50,000... to be precise.  
Might take more than a few sausages  
to get something that... specific.  
But... let's give it a shot.  
(MOLST) Post!  
Post!  
Good work, Stanley. That'll do it.  
Forwards, Stanley, forwards.  
Post.  
Come on.  
Everyone loves getting a letter.  
I think it's best  
you stay away from Miss Adora.  
Stay away?  
I can't do that, she loves me.  
But she just tried to kill you.  
Well, the human heart  
is a complex thing, Mr Pump.  
Love, hate,  
they're just a breath apart.  
She doesn't know it yet,  
but she loves me.  
(WHISTLES)  
Mr Pump.  
That's your third delivery today.  
Many letters survived the fire.  
We are working round the clock  
to deliver them.  
Round the clock?  
Without a break.  
That is how much we believe  
in Postmaster Lipwig.  
But that's exploitation.  
The Golem Trust can't allow it.  
You misunderstand.  
We volunteered.  
Volunteered?  
That is the worst form  
of exploitation.  
Rats.  
What are you doing, Horsefry?  
I need it for my budget.

Budget?

I need to know how many towers  
we're going to build.

Do you know what I really like  
about you, Horsefry?

Your naivety.

Sorry, don't quite get you.

We put up the clacks charges  
to finance a fleet of towers, right?

But we don't actually build any.

So the extra revenue  
becomes pure profit.

But won't people  
want to see some towers?

Well, we'll wheel out that fancy  
model every now and then,

give the idiots  
some eye candy to gawp at.

Meanwhile, the mobile clacks project  
is officially in development.

Shame.

I thought it was a good idea.

Horsefry, Horsefry.

Their aim of business is?

Erm...

Not to provide a good service,  
but to provide the...

Only.

..only service.

They seem very taken with  
the new-fangled towers, sir.

It's the oldest trick in the book.

Dazzle the punter  
with a pretty picture.

What's a punter?

They haven't even built  
the mobiles yet, have they?

It's all promise.

Know what happens to promises.

Will the people  
ever come back to us?

How would they be able to resist  
when we have our new  
state-of-the-art Post Office?

Not in our lifetime.  
You underestimate me, Mr Groat.  
I don't want to hurt your feelings,  
but praying for money  
is a bit desperate, don't you think?  
There's a god out there for everyone.  
The trick is hooking up with -  
Mr Lipwig! Mr Lipwig!  
Mr Lipwig!  
The light.  
The wonderful light.  
Glory be to Offler.  
The sacred crocodile god.  
Oh!  
He's blind. He's blind.  
Mr Lipwig, sir.  
Mr Lipwig! Mr Lipwig!  
One regular white,  
one skinny Klatchian.  
And two figgins, please.  
(GROAT) Somebody call a doctor.  
Can you see nothing at all?  
Are you totally blind?  
Only blind to this world, my friend.  
Now I perceive the inner truth.  
Yes.  
The angels of Offler...  
..whisper onto me.  
One... hundred... and...  
..fifty thousand dollars.  
Buried... in a forest.  
Offler.  
I am not worthy.  
Let the angels choose a holy witness.  
Me, me!  
(ALL SHOUT)  
I'll give you the front page.  
You...  
..are chosen.  
Offler says... to the hop gate.  
And bring a shovel.  
(MOLST INTONES)  
(GROAT) Divine intervention.  
Show me the way!



The praying man.  
It is here.  
The praying man  
under the praying tree.  
Looks like an elephant to me.  
(ALL SHOUT HERETIC)  
Well, now you mention it,  
I can definitely see a praying man.  
(ALL EXCLAIM)  
(ALL GO QUIET)  
(MAN MUTTERS) He can see.  
What's going on?  
You're under arrest,  
that's what's going on.  
(YELPS)  
Hello again.  
(STANLEY) Mr Lipwig.  
I demand you step aside.  
Can't you wait  
until Mr Lipwig returns?  
Mr Lipwig is in breach of contract.  
But we golems  
are satisfied with him.  
You've been manipulated by him.  
Not manipulated.  
Persuaded.  
Now you're making me angry.  
Pump 19.  
I will assemble the golems.  
Mr Lipwig.  
You've had a most strenuous day,  
have you not?  
Can't be as strenuous  
as signing death warrants.  
Joke.  
Oh, I'm sorry, I hadn't realised.  
Do tell me if you feel obliged  
to make another.  
To be honest, today has all been  
a bit of a blur.  
There's \$150,000 buried  
in the forest.  
And you have no idea  
how it got there.

It's miraculous.

A remarkable coincidence that  
it is precisely the sum of money  
that was hidden  
by a notorious conman.

Conman?

Who was that then?

We hanged him. He's dead.

Isn't he?

Yes. He's dead.

Excellent.

So, as this money  
is a gift from the gods,  
it should be used for  
the public good, should it not?

The eyes, Mr Lipwig.

Hmm?

You can trust me.

Oh, that.

Made from turtle egg shells.

Ingenious.

Thank you.

I meant me

for making you postmaster.

Ah. Marvellous.

Mr Lipwig.

But if I'm to restore the Post  
Office, I have to pay the builders.

Send the bills to Drumknott.

Your job is to make sure

that Reacher Gilt

is in no position to burn  
the Post Office down again.

He's a murderer.

An accusation

for which you have hard evidence?

Your spies could find some evidence,  
no doubt.

Spies?

I did hear there was a man  
on the inside.

But he was dropped  
from his position.

Quite literally.

John Dearheart was your spy?  
He was a spy.  
But he didn't get very far.  
Perhaps if he'd possessed  
the agile mind of a conman,  
he might have had more success  
as a spy.  
You think I'm some thug piece  
to be moved around at your leisure?  
Precisely.  
No.  
I won't be your spy.  
Shame. Miss Dearheart  
would have been impressed.  
(ADORA) Indeed it is  
the very essence of golem.  
But enough is enough.  
This postmaster, this Lipwig,  
is an exploiter.  
The Golem Trust can't allow it  
and won't allow it.  
Just because  
you don't need a tea break  
doesn't mean you're not  
entitled to one.  
Right now the Post Office  
needs you more than you need it.  
There is only one course of action  
to take in those circumstances.  
Strike and strike hard.  
So what do we want?  
OK.  
OK, let's go straight to the vote.  
All those in favour of  
an immediate withdrawal of labour  
raise your hand.  
Oh, I see.  
I suppose you all think the sun  
shines out of Lipwig's backside.  
Very well.  
But don't come running to me  
when you're so worn out  
that the only thing you're able  
to hold is a pot plant.

Adora.

Adora, wait.

How dare you turn my golems  
against me.

You're the one who said  
they can't be manipulated.

The brochure is being revised.

Did you know your brother was a spy  
for Lord Vetinari?

You really will say anything  
just to get my attention.

It's the truth.

Let my brother rest in peace.

Fine, then here's what we'll do.

We'll keep on fighting day and night.

We'll make sure

we never share information  
that could damage the clacks.

That way Reacher Gilt's sure to win.

You think you're the only one  
who can bring down Reacher Gilt.

The arrogance, the conceit.

I don't need you.

I'll show you just how much

I don't need you.

The one-woman crusade, how noble.

You'll see. The whole city will see.

Good work, lads.

Are we ready, Mr Groat?

Just a few more, sir.

Bet you're glad you invented  
perforations, eh, Stanley?

Strange thing is some people  
are sending letters to themselves.

What?

Once the stamp has been through  
the post it makes it more real.

You see, people are collecting them.

Just like you and your pins, eh?

Pins?

Oh, pins.

No, pins are just  
pointy metal things.

Ready to roll, sir.

All you good people of the city.  
Now run in conjunction  
with Hobson's Livery,  
it gives me great pleasure  
to crack the whip  
on the overnight express  
to Sto Lat.  
So much for us having won.  
How dare the gods work against me.  
I don't remember  
giving them permission.  
Why don't we just concentrate  
on our own business?  
Because Lipwig's taking  
our business.  
Look at them.  
One artist's impression...  
and they believe.  
Of course,  
posting the letter is one thing.  
Making sure it arrives  
is another thing altogether.  
Yah! Yah!  
(LAUGHS)  
Oh, here we go again.  
What's up?  
It's jammed.  
Maybe it's iced up.  
Better call maintenance.  
Oh yeah, yeah.  
Like we got three days to waste.  
(SPEAKS JLBBERLSH)  
Princess,  
you've got to come and see this.  
I'm looking right at it.  
A fault?  
It seems it's spreading  
right through the system,  
which is why we need  
to shut everything down now.  
Shut down the entire clacks?  
It's the only way.  
Did I tell you the good news,  
Mr Pony?

I'm recommending you for a pay rise.

A substantial pay rise.

And I'm pushing for a bonus, too.

That's very generous of you,

Mr Gilt.

Nothing less than you deserve,

Mr Po-

Or may I call you...

..George.

Problem is, George,

I have to answer to the board.

And what will they say

when my very next sentence is,

"Mr Pony wants to shut down

the clacks."

Well, you don't have to be

a boardroom veteran

to work that one out, do you?

I want you to have that bonus,

George.

I really do.

So I'm going to ask you

just one more time.

Are you absolutely sure you can't

solve this technical hiccup

without having to shut down

the whole system?

Well, maybe we can come at it

from a different angle.

By damn it, George,

you've talked me into it.

I'll tell the board you've got

the whole thing under control.

Your skill and ingenuity

will be the saving of the company.

I hadn't budgeted for any pay rises,

Reacher.

You won't have to.

Money dangled is much more

effective than...

(BOTH) ..money given.

Er, talking of wages.

How much did you pay

the banshee in the end?

What does it matter?  
I just need to reconcile my ledger.  
You mean you actually intend  
to write down how much  
I paid an assassin?  
I've always done it in the past.  
Well, got to keep records, Reacher.  
Can't cover your tracks if you  
don't know where you've left them.  
And is that the only ledger?  
No, I've got dozens of them  
going back years.  
Oh.  
I'd love to see them, Horsefry.  
Really?  
Yes.  
They're in my office.  
Come up any time.  
Now, Crispin.  
I want to see them.  
Now.  
Never shown any interest before.  
No.  
Well, I'm very interested in...  
..settling accounts.  
Thank you.  
There you are.  
So that's what she meant.  
Mr Lipwig, sir.  
Oh, calamity.  
The mail coach is back, sir.  
Already?  
But there's no mail.  
And not much coach.  
So efficient.  
Thank you.  
Nice to be appreciated.  
What have you done, Horsefry?  
Er...  
..my job.  
Account for things.  
Damn you.  
Account for this.  
Reacher, no!

Leave it.  
What are you doing?  
Saving us from prison.  
But we have to keep account.  
Your job is to hide things,  
not to declare them  
for the whole world to see.  
Please, Reacher!  
It is my life's work.  
Get off me, you fat fool.  
Look at you.  
Loose flesh, loose tongue,  
loose brain.  
Just loose everything.  
The fact is, Horsefry,  
you're too stupid to live.  
(YELLS)  
(YELLING / HITTING NOISES)  
Found the fault yet, Mr Pony?  
l-l...  
Mr Horsefry was taken ill.  
It left a nasty stain on the carpet.  
I sent him home.  
But can't stand the smell.  
Mr Pony,  
that's not the look of a man  
who's in for a substantial pay rise.  
Better.  
Adora, that's a really neat trick  
you pulled off.  
I knew you'd see it my way.  
I have no idea  
what you're talking about.  
Freezing the towers.  
That was very slick.  
The trouble is, right now the  
Post Office is down, too. Bandits.  
Hmm. How careless of you.  
We need a double whammy.  
As you hit the clacks,  
we can steal their business.  
A synchronised attack.  
I wouldn't synchronise with you  
if you were the last person



on the Disc.  
40 Passing Clouds, please.  
You know what?  
You're right. You don't need me.  
You're more than capable of bringing  
down Reacher Gilt on your own.  
You've got it all under control  
so I'll just walk away  
and leave you in peace.  
You won't ever hear from me again.  
Two...  
Don't you want to know how I did it?  
Go out onto the Post Office roof.  
Get yourself a little bit closer  
to Heaven.  
Then get down on your knees  
and pray.  
You know how to pray, don't you?  
Just put your hands together  
and hope.  
Hello?  
She said pray.  
Hope you don't mind  
about the sausage business.  
But, to be perfectly honest,  
I think we both came out of it  
looking pretty good.  
Anyway, I was wondering if -  
Is this about the rent?  
Who the hell are you?  
We paid Mr Groat. So you'll  
have to take it up with him.  
Forget Groat.  
What are you doing on my roof?  
I'm Mad Al. He's Sane Alex.  
And that's Adrian.  
He says he's not mad  
but you can't prove it, can you?  
We're pigeon fanciers.  
So where are the pigeons?  
Out flying.  
Pigeons don't fly at night.  
Bats.  
We're trying to breed homing bats.

Bats don't have a homing instinct.

Yes.

Tragic, isn't it?

Yeah, because sometimes

I come up here at night

and I just see their empty

little perches.

As all I can do not to cry.

Well, I'm sure Lord Vetinari will be  
fascinated to hear all about it.

You know, I quite enjoyed  
seeing you on your knees.

Adora.

The Smoking GNU, actually.

You can really jam the whole  
clacks system from a pigeon loft?

Mm-hmm.

Nice trick.

Trick?

This is cutting edge cracking.

Two years in development.

Iterative beta testing.

Culminating in this.

Away you go, boys.

Firing out from here...

..into the Grand Trunk.

Then...

Jam.

But before it jams,  
it's already passed the code on.

So...

Jam.

The problem started at this tower.

And I think one of you  
has been meddling.

Was it him?

Was this his idea of a joke?

No, sir. He didn't do anything.

Then it must have been you.

You with a juvenile sense of humour.

(SHRLEKS)

Stay back. I'll have to drop  
every employee until someone -  
I've got it. I know what's happened.

One moment, Mr Pony.

I'm just disposing of some assets.

(SCREAMS)

Hey! That's my niece.

Oh, that is useful to know.

It's a strange aperture.

It's jumping off

the elliptical bearing.

I can fix it.

If you hit Q and then K,

and the resonant frequency

to sent it to Genua,

when the pressure

is higher than ours -

Spare me the details.

Can you trace it?

Well, there's over

1 0,000 messages here.

(GROWLS)

(SCREAMS)

I might be able to find it.

Thank you.

There, there.

(MAD AL) Better stop down now.

When the sun comes up,

(WHISPERS) they can see us. Shh.

See?

We can do to the clacks

what my stiletto did to your foot.

It's not a bad start.

Not bad?

As long as we're sending, Reacher  
Gilt doesn't earn a single dollar.

Ah, but if we worked together

while you're stabbing his foot,

I can be picking his pocket.

The great thing about the Post Office

is we don't rely

on complicated machines.

We have hands and feet.

And...

..strong ones at that.

Heave away, Mr Pump.

(CHEERING / APPLAUSE)

Ladies, gentlemen,  
don't get caught in the clacks.  
Come join us at the Post Office.  
We'll get your message delivered.  
You see, the clacks system works  
at the cutting edge of technology.  
And in the white heat of progress  
there are sometimes complications.  
But I can assure you  
there are now all resolved.  
Some people are saying -  
And we'll be providing refunds for  
any messages that have been lost.  
All you have to do is  
fill in the claim form.  
But I do urge your readers  
not to do anything as rash  
as writing a letter  
and sending it by post.  
Wouldn't you -  
You might as well tear it up  
and scatter it to the four winds.  
Mr Gilt, this claim form  
is 50 pages long.  
A help desk will be provided.  
But, please, don't get bogged down  
in the details.  
What really matters is  
we fly high above the bandits.  
I will wager my hat of office  
that the clacks will have broken down  
by sunset tonight.  
(APPLAUSE)  
And when we win, I'll burn his  
ludicrous hat of office in this.  
Now to collect on that wager.  
Ready to stick the stiletto in?  
The pleasure's all ours.  
So, how long does it take?  
(MAD AL) It should have got  
to the first tower already.  
I must say, it's looking  
distinctly underwhelming.  
It's alright leaving us.

So much for iterative beta testing.  
Don't shout at me.  
I'm not shouting.  
I'm just calmly stating.  
Well, just don't.  
Is it possible they could have...  
..cracked our code?  
Just as I was beginning  
to like the hat.  
Stop whining, Lipwig.  
I'm not whining, I'm just -  
I'd like to know why  
the GNU isn't smoking.  
I'm sure you've talked your way  
out of worse situations before.  
That was the old Lipwig, remember?  
I'm a changed man now.  
Mr Lipwig, sir. Mr.. . oh.  
Mr Lipwig, sir.  
Mr Groat.  
I imagine Gilt's demanding the hat.  
You're not gonna let them have it,  
are you?  
What's that I hear?  
Nothing.  
Moist Von Lipwig has nothing to say.  
Have we lost everything?  
(GASPS)  
Relax, Mr Groat.  
I'm not done yet.  
All I have to do...  
..is attempt the impossible.  
As you can see, the sun has set  
and the clacks system  
is working perfectly.  
All that remains is for  
the Postmaster to admit defeat.  
But where is he?  
Another empty promise.  
Now, don't get me wrong.  
I have a fondness  
for the quaint old Post Office.  
It's part of our history.  
But, really,

that is where it belongs.  
Did someone ask for me?  
Ah, Postmaster.  
Just in time.  
The fire was getting low.  
Well...  
..if you're too scared  
to rise to the challenge.  
Have it.  
Challenge?  
An overnight race  
from here to Uberwald.  
The clacks versus the post.  
That's over a thousand miles away.  
1 ,700 miles, to be precise,  
Miss Cripslock.  
Mr Gilt,  
do you accept the challenge?  
Accept?  
How could the clacks possibly lose?  
Well, you've made quite a splash.  
As the fish said to the man with  
the lead weight tied to his feet.  
(LAUGHS)  
Perhaps I'm missing something.  
No, my lord, it's a straight race.  
But you can't possibly win.  
I agree, it won't be easy.  
And I must insist  
that the race is run fairly  
with strict rules.  
I have no intention of cheating.  
And I ask for no favours.  
All I ask is that when I win,  
Reacher Gilt hands over  
the entire clacks network.  
(CHUCKLES)  
Very well.  
But I have a condition of my own.  
If you lose, Mr Lipwig, you hang.  
Really?  
It seems a little harsh.  
But fair.  
If you lose, you will have

outlived your usefulness.  
Having second thoughts, Postmaster?  
Let's race.  
Very good, sir.  
The worried look. Very convincing.  
Throws them off the scent.  
Yes.  
But how do you know  
I'm not really worried?  
Because you're the man  
who got money out of the gods, sir.  
Ah. Yeah.  
Supposing I did that with a trick?  
Damn good trick, sir, damn good.  
A man who can trick money out of the  
gods is capable of anything, sir.  
Mr Groat.  
Hmm?  
What if I told you that, er...  
There's no way a coach  
can get to Uberwald  
faster than the clacks machines?  
Of course you have to say that, sir.  
Because the walls have ears, eh?  
Mum's the word.  
(SLGHS)  
Everything?  
Everything.  
But there's 15 years of work here.  
He's grown out of pins.  
Sir, pins are for life.  
They stick with you.  
He's starting a new life.  
Isn't that right, Stanley?  
So. (CLEARS THROAT) How much?  
Dave, what do you think  
about stamps?  
So... what's the plan?  
How can you possibly win?  
Hmm?  
Friction.  
The coach will be so shiny  
it'll glide through the air.  
Meanwhile back in the real world(!)

The Post Office  
is a hopeless underdog.  
Ah, but the underdog can always  
find somewhere soft to bite.  
This is no time for witty banter.  
We're not on a date.  
Do you have a plan?  
Do you trust me?  
No.  
Do you have a plan?  
Of course.  
We got 50-1 . 50-1 , sir.  
You haven't done anything silly,  
I hope.  
No, no, no. I took all me savings,  
Stanley here sold his pin collection  
and we put the whole lot  
on you to win the race.  
The whole lot?  
Erm...  
Perhaps that wasn't so wise.  
50-1 .  
But we don't want to appear greedy.  
Do we?  
I mean, we want to keep  
the moral high ground.  
Bugger the moral high ground.  
We'll be rich.  
It's all thanks  
to your inspired plan, sir.  
Mr Groat.  
What?  
Let's go and see if the golems  
want to cash in. Good idea, lad.  
Oh, my God.  
There is no inspired plan.  
There.  
Right between your eyes.  
The next time I see you,  
that's where I'm aiming.  
Messages can be blocked.  
I trust you have  
discovered Lipwig's plan.  
I'm afraid not, sir.



Only a fool would challenge  
the clacks with a horse and cart.  
He must have a trick up his sleeve.  
Now...

...what is it?

All I can promise you, sir,  
is the clacks won't let you down.  
We're clearing all messages off the  
system, running double bandwidth,  
I'm putting all my best operators -  
You just remember,  
if I'm made to look a fool,  
your pretty little niece  
will rue the day  
her Uncle Pony  
got her a job at the clacks!  
Archchancellor Ridcully, my lord.  
This had better be important,  
I'm in the middle of an experiment.  
Involving a knife and fork,  
no doubt.

I wouldn't expect a layman  
to understand the pressures  
of university life.  
Incredible though it may seem,  
we have found a practical use  
for one of your magical devices.  
Have you?

The object in question is...

An Omniscope, my lord.

Enabling us to see things  
at a distance, I believe.  
The Omniscope is a highly complex,  
very unstable piece of equipment.  
You mean, it doesn't work?

Well...

Relatively speaking, it works.  
Excellent, kindly have it  
up and running by dawn tomorrow.  
Now, listen,  
magic is not some workmen's tool  
that you can hire out by the hour.  
Just as well, because  
I wasn't intending to pay you.

Can I help?

Mr Pony.

Miss Adora.

How have you been?

It's nice to see you  
after all these years.

I'm sorry I never came  
to your father's funeral.

It didn't seem right.

What happened wasn't your fault.

You must hate me

for staying on at the clacks.

You're just doing your job, Mr Pony.

The truth is,

clacks is run on blood now.

There's not a day goes by

when I wouldn't like  
to throw my resignation  
in Reacher Gilt's face.

I'm 58.

Twinges in my knuckles,  
a sick wife and a bad back.

You have to think twice, don't you,  
before such gestures?

My father always said  
you were a good man.

And a great engineer.

I'm sure he was right.

No.

Your father was a great engineer.

Gilt tried to burn these.

I'm sure you'll know  
what to do with them.

I'm sorry.

Stand by to repel borders.

(SNLFFS)

Adora?

If this is about  
what I said earlier...

They killed him.

They killed John and they put  
his name in a debit column.

(SOBS)

These people, they...

..they get away with murder and  
everyone just looks the other way.  
No, not everyone.  
Just because you were right,  
doesn't mean you have to gloat.  
Forget gloating.  
Now I really do have a plan.  
Go away!  
All you do is talk of plans.  
Crazy, non-existent plans.  
What sort of man are you?  
Adora, just listen to me.  
Give me the crossbow.  
Those ledgers  
are the key to everything!  
Just hear me out.  
If you don't like the plan,  
be my guest. Shoot.  
This had better be good.  
Now then, boys, you take the message  
and ride hell-for-leather  
to Uberwald.  
But how are we going to get  
to Uberwald overnight, sir?  
You're not, Mr Groat.  
Does that mean you're going to hang,  
Mr Lipwig?  
Not if I can help it.  
I have a plan, Stan.  
I need you to take a little detour.  
There is a derelict clacks tower  
and I need you to deliver  
some canvas and ropes and rigging.  
Rigging? Is this about boats, sir.  
Only I can't do boats.  
I get very seasick.  
Not boats, Mr Groat. Sails.  
We are going to block out  
their message with a sail.  
Block it out? Won't they notice?  
Not if we put our own message  
in its place.  
Sorry, sir,  
could you run that by me again?

Yeah. I got a bit lost at... sail.

(APPLAUSE)

Hello!

Hello, Ankh-Morpork!

Welcome to the great race!

Lovely to see you all!

Hello!

Hello.

Nice entrance.

It will make up

for your ignominious exit.

Hello, sir.

(APPLAUSE)

Citizens of Ankh-Morpork.

As per Lord Vetinari's directive

number P1 500 -

We know why we are here.

To witness a great race!

The Postmaster has challenged

the clacks.

(CHEERING / APPLAUSE)

Two identical messages

must be delivered to Uberwald.

The wizard's Omniscope

will show us the finish line.

(OMNISCOPE RUMBLES)

(CROWD SHRLEK)

Get it ready by sunrise, Ridcully,

which is when I expect to win.

And to show the spirit of fair play,

we have graciously allowed the

Post Office to choose the message.

I thought long and hard

about an appropriate message.

And then, I remembered

how nice it is to receive a parcel.

So, why not a book?

(CROWD "AH")

The authorised, illustrated

biography of Lord Vetinari.

(APPLAUSE)

You think yourself so clever,

It'll buy you a few hours at best.

Our message

will still be there by dawn,  
while your lumbering coach  
will get bogged down  
in some godforsaken marsh.  
Maybe.  
Maybe not.  
(CROWD CHEER)  
Ready when you are, my lord.  
(BLOWS HORN)  
(CHEERING / APPLAUSE)  
Get clacksing!  
(BANGS TABLE)  
Come on, move it!  
If we win this race...  
(BANGS TABLE)  
..you can have a half-day holiday!  
Come on!  
Get on with it.  
You took a while.  
I had to stop a couple of times,  
all that bumping and jolting,  
my bladder's not what it used to be.  
If we don't get this sail rigged  
before they start sending,  
we're done for.  
Yeah, alright.  
OK!  
Ready?  
Hoist it up, lads.  
Quick as you can.  
Alright!  
Come on,  
let's get a wriggle on here!  
(GROANS)  
Where are ya?  
Here, look, stick your boot  
in there, will you?  
Still here, Mr Groat?  
I'm not built for parcel post, sir.  
Now, you know what to do?  
Ride like the clappers, sir.  
Good man, stop for nothing.  
The mail must get through!  
No gloom of night.

Hey, Mr Lipwig.  
Exactly, Stanley, no gloom of night.  
C-C-Can I say, sir, even if we  
lose and the Post Office collapses,  
and all this was in vain -  
And you get hanged.  
Yes, sir, even dead,  
you are still the best  
Postmaster we have ever had.  
(SN1FFS)  
That's very touching, Mr Groat.  
But I'm not dead yet.  
Good luck, boys.  
Why aren't we sending?!  
I want to see those lights flashing!  
Where's Mr Pony?  
Get me Pony!  
That's what I love  
about the Dearhearts.  
Perfect alignment.  
Any message coming out of there  
comes straight through us.  
Time to create some interference.  
OK, 14!  
Number 1 4!  
14's good.  
Number 1 5?  
OK, there is a snag on 1 5!  
It's stuck! It's stuck!  
Where's the hammer?  
I put it back in the toolbox.  
It's not here!  
It's in there!  
In the spanner drawer!  
Yeah, it's still the toolbox!  
And who would look for a hammer  
in the spanner drawer?  
Boys!  
We haven't got time for this!  
A place for everything  
and everything in its place!  
If you say that one more time, I'll  
find another place for the hammer!  
Oh, for God's sake, look!

They're sending!  
Let's go, come on!  
Grand Trunk are sending the message.  
Hurry up!  
Pull it up!  
(STRUGGLES)  
Come on boys, pull!  
It's stuck!  
Pull it! Keep pulling!  
It's stuck on something!  
If you want something done  
properly...  
(SCREAMS)  
Oh no, up we go!  
Strange. The signal's stopped.  
No, it can't have,  
this is top priority.  
Send! Send!  
For God's sake, start sending!  
It's OK. They're sending again.  
Yes! Yes! They've taken the bait!  
(LAUGHS)  
They're passing it on!  
(BOTH LAUGH)  
Adora!  
I'm coming for you!  
(SCREAMS)  
(THEY LAUGH)  
What kept you?  
Adora...  
I don't suppose...  
...now would be a good time  
to ask you something?  
Well, I can hardly walk away.  
Will you marry me?  
You are forgetting...  
..we still have a race to win.  
That's not exactly a rejection.  
Not exactly.  
Hang on!  
Down you get, Mr Lipwig.  
You're under arrest.  
What for now?  
Same as last time. Doing a runner.

But- but I've come back.  
Let's keep it that way.  
Lord Vetinari's orders.  
Listen.  
(GROWLS)  
(CHATTER)  
(CHEERING / APPLAUSE)  
Nice you have you with us again,  
sir. Same last words as before?  
I'm rather hoping there'll be  
a different outcome this time.  
Keep your hands off.  
Let's see some magic, please.  
It'll come in a moment.  
Please don't touch it.  
There we are.  
We need to read the ticker-tape,  
Archchancellor.  
Nobody said anything about  
a close-up.  
Can't you just move it in?  
Just move it in? This is a highly  
sophisticated magical apparatus.  
There we are.  
I think we have a winner, my lord.  
Mm-hmm.  
Uberwald receiving station,  
message as follows.  
"Havelock Vetinari was born into  
a wealthy and influential family."  
There we have it, my lord.  
The message has arrived, delivered  
on time by clacks technology.  
The clacks has won.  
Never mind, sir. It could be worse.  
How, exactly?  
Well, we've got a good crowd,  
lots of press.  
They'd even promised me  
a review in "What Gallows?".  
Pull the lever, Mr Trooper.  
No, wait.  
The message hasn't finished yet.  
They're playing for time!



My Lord, it's clear the race  
is over. I demand my prize.  
My last words!  
I haven't had my last words.  
If he must.  
(APPLAUSE)  
Strange as it may seem,  
as I stand here on  
the verge of oblivion  
I have a great sense of relief.  
I no longer fear the worst because,  
frankly, the worst has happened.  
And although I may not have always  
been a model citizen,  
finally I've been made  
to see the error of my ways.  
Not by the heavy hand of the law,  
but by the gentle touch of...  
..well.  
By the gentlest touch of all.  
Very nice, sir. Stand by.  
No, there's more.  
(DRUMKNOTT) Where's it gone?  
It's not coming back.  
Give it a moment.  
Don't breathe on it.  
The man who has never known love  
has never really lived.  
Get on with it.  
But worst is the man  
who avoids love.  
Too true. Well said, sir. Now...  
Because the man who runs from love  
and all its trials and tribulations,  
that man is just conning himself,  
swindling himself out of true...  
Ah. There we are.  
..happiness.  
Sorry to interrupt, my lord.  
I wish someone would.  
I'm not quite sure what this means  
but I think you ought to hear it.  
Message continues.  
"We are the voice of the dead."

"The ghosts of those  
who met a bloody end."  
That's enough. The race is finished.  
"Postmaster Mutable pushed  
from the fifth floor."  
"Postmaster Sideburn,  
his neck broken."  
Pack it all away!  
Touch nothing.  
"John Dearheart,  
flung to his death from a tower."  
"And Crispin Horsefry,  
clubbed to death by Reacher Gilt."  
Turn it off!  
"Here follow the facts and figures  
proving fraud,  
embezzlement and murder."  
"The full record of the clandestine  
dealings of Reacher Gilt."  
My Lord, they're lying. Lying.  
Who are they, exactly?  
They're only reading  
what has been delivered by you.  
The message has originated  
from your own company  
which makes it a confession.  
I confess nothing!  
(CROWD GASPS)  
Lipwig!  
Your safety is my concern,  
Mr Lipwig.  
Your safety is my concern.  
Arrest Reacher Gilt.  
He appears to have vanished,  
my lord.  
Find him.  
An ingenious plan, Mr Lipwig.  
And most effective.  
Which is why I have agreed to your  
request to hand over ownership  
of the clacks back  
to the Dearheart family.  
Just sign here.  
And here.

No need to thank me.

However, as the two of you now run  
all communications  
in and out of this city,  
should I find that my long-range  
game of thud is interrupted  
I shall come looking  
for one of you to blame.  
I wonder which one it will be.

(SNORTS)

By the way, you look great.  
Colour really suits you.  
Thank you.

Is that as sore as it looks?  
Oh, it's not the first time  
I've been hanged.

A bad habit to get into.  
I'll tell you what, I'll give up  
hanging if you give up smoking.  
Too late.

I already quit.

You did that for me?

Why on earth would you think that?

Adora...

..those things I said on the gallows  
when I was staring death in the face  
about the gentlest touch of all.

You do know I meant every word?

Yes.

It's amazing the rubbish  
some people spout  
when they're trying  
to save their lives.

Or trying to get a kiss.

Of course, we can't do this.

What now?

Conflict of interest.

You're the Post Office,

I'm the clacks.

We're rivals.

Which throws up some very interesting  
possibilities of a corporate merger,  
don't you think?

Maybe.

Well, I'd certainly like  
to get my hands on your assets.  
Keep your hands as far away  
from my assets as humanly possibly.  
Ah, Mr Gilt.

I see you are awake.  
I don't know what you're  
talking about.  
My name is Merryforth Truman and...  
..I've got papers to prove it.  
Some wonderful papers  
they are too, Mr Gilt.  
But enough of that.

I've brought you here because  
I want to talk to you about angels.  
(KNOCKING)

Come.  
Excuse me, my lord. I've got a letter  
here for Merryforth Truman.

Strewth.  
He was here, but sadly  
he didn't believe in angels.

Oh.  
Well, that's a bit  
of an embuggerance.  
We did it, Mr Groat.  
Home sweet home.

Stanley,  
it's not only the race we won.  
The bet, remember.  
50-1 . Blimey, we're rich.  
Let's have the betting slip, then.  
I gave it to you, Mr Groat.

Hey?  
Oh, yes. I've got it here somewhere.  
You can't have lost it, Mr Groat.

50-1 .  
50-1 .  
No, of course.  
I remember now.  
I've put it somewhere safe.  
I , erm. ..  
. I hid it under the mattress.  
Which mattress?

The one in that tavern.  
Which tavern, Mr Groat?  
You remember, that.. . (GROANS)  
..that nice one in Uberwald.  
Oh!  
Uberwald. ..  
Mr Groat, Mr Groat!  
Get in the carriage, Mr Groat!