

EXT. ARIZONA -

It's a hot day. Heat rising from the sidewalk. BOBBY (17), wearing a faded Paramount t-shirt and holding a leather BRIEFCASE, is slowly meandering along. The road is adorned with massive expanses of desert, the vibrant array of cacti and other plants juxtaposing the blandness of the grey and tan landscape.

BOBBY (V.O.)

I like to think I live an exciting life, but if I'm being completely honest with myself, most of the excitement comes from me grappling with persistent feelings of boredom.

A TUMBLEWEED rolls through the desert, a cloud of dust in its wake. Bobby takes a look up at the sky. Not a single cloud in sight. Bobby begins fiddling with his briefcase straps.

BOBBY (V.O.)

There are some easy fixes to boredom. Some people play video games or do puzzles, but that doesn't work for me. If I'm not working on a project, then an underlying anxiety builds up within me.

With the straps finally undone, Bobby is able to pull back the leather cover and retrieve his NOTEBOOK.

BOBBY (V.O.)

I've tried expressing myself in many different ways. I tried creative writing, and photography, but somewhere along the road, I learned that what I truly wanted to do was a combination of all.

He grabs a PENCIL and takes a seat on the ground before beginning to scribble in the empty pages.

BOBBY (V.O.)

I don't quite know why I feel this way. Maybe I'm searching for approval. The feeling I get from showing somebody something I made counteracts the unrelenting apprehension. I can't even fathom how to put into words the gratification that fills my soul each time my dad laughs at something funny I've made, or each time when the product of nothing more than sheer boredom allows an audience to escape.

Bobby stops for a moment, tapping his pencil on his chin, deep in thought.

BOBBY (V.O.)

As much as I like earning praise, there is something about the lack thereof that I almost enjoy equally. Each time the point of something is lost, or something doesn't land how I

had intended, I am reassured. I am given the gift of both newfound motivation and the reminder that I'm still able to grow.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - (6:00 AM)

It's an early winter morning. Despite the sun peeking up from the buildings, it's still dark. BOBBY (14), wearing a heavy gray jacket and jeans, sits inside the coffee shop on a couch with RYAN(14) and OWEN(14), both dressed in hoodies and sweatpants.

Bobby is full of energy, typing furiously on his LAPTOP, a stark contrast to the grogginess exhibited by his less-than-excited friends.

RYAN

(To Owen)

I don't think he sleeps...

Owen shrugs. Bobby suddenly stops typing and turns the computer around towards them.

BOBBY

Gentlemen, today we make a difference in our community. We are going to positively change the lives of many. The world will never be the same.

Owen and Ryan look at each other. They have matching confused expressions smeared across their faces.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Who would you say are the most undervalued people currently living today?

Owen shrugs.

RYAN

Teachers?

BOBBY

It's the mailmen of America.

RYAN

Really?

BOBBY

Probably.

OWEN

Okay. What are we going to do about it?

Inaudibly, Bobby goes on to explain his master plan, his friends half-listening.

BOBBY (V.O.)

Looking back, it wasn't a good idea. Turns out, three teenagers don't have the resources to make a space epic about mailmen in an attempt to make them cool. Even though our little movie didn't churn the waters in the way I intended, it made people laugh. That was the first time I was draped in the blanket of good feelings that came from making something that brought others joy. Since then, I've been dedicated to highlighting absurdity and sharing overlooked stories.