

NOTES

What would you do to win the girl of your dreams? This is the rhetorical question that drives Jordan Thomas' romantic comedy about a shy mailman who simply wants to do his job well and spend time with the woman he loves. This humorous comedy may be entered in Humorous Interpretation or, with clever cutting and blocking, be used for performance in Duo Interpretation or Duet Acting. The drama mask icons are simply visible to show the performer(s) where a teaser might be placed.

Characters

Narrator, who narrates the story

Starbucks Employee, a person who works at Starbucks

Clyde, a mailman

Fred, owner of Fred's Freaky Fancy Frosty Fro-Yo Emporium

Agnes, Clyde's romantic interest

Derman, Clyde's rival

Mr. Buckenheimersburgson, Clyde and Derman's boss

Cat, Derman's cat

Murtyl, an employee at Fred-Ex

Willie, a crazy Southern guy and part-time rapper

Stacy, a seductive woman

Narrator: Today I have a story for you. This is a story of love, determination and, of all things, mail—good-old-fashioned, delivered by a postman—mail. So gather round, for today I shall make the Starbucks at Barnes & Noble my fire-place.

Starbucks Employee: Sir, you can't tell a story here.

Narrator: *(Screams at Starbucks employee)* This is my time! *(Calmly speaking to the audience)* Now, it all started with a spry young man named Clyde. Clyde was a Fred-Ex deliveryman.

Clyde: Hi, I'm Clyde. I'm a Fred-Ex deliveryman!

Narrator: Clyde lived in the basement of his parents' suburban home in California *(Pronounced Cal-Uh-Four-Nye-Aye)*. In his room, Clyde had a ceiling fan with letters from all over the world lovingly attached to it. This was his "fan" mail. One time, Clyde even received a mail order bride; however, she never delivered. *(Clears throat)* Now, Clyde was a very conscientious employee. He woke up every morning thinking about mail. In fact, Clyde had only two goals in life: One was to win Fred-Ex Employee of the Week. The second was to win the heart of the girl of his dreams, Agnes. This is Clyde's story.



Clyde: Time to begin another super-duper mail-tastic day! I'll just put on my Fred-Ex brand socks, shoes, shirt, shorts, belt, and underwear, and I'll be a son of a mailbox. Oh, I almost forgot my Fred-Ex brand hat. That's better, now let's roll out.

Narrator: Clyde no doubt had a knack for delivering mail; however, time and time again Clyde was out-delivered by his rival, Derman. Every week, Derman won Fred-Ex Employee of the Week. Derman was also dating Clyde's dream girl, Agnes. Clyde's days were busy, making many stops all across Basic-Name-Ville, USA. No stop, however, made Clyde quite as happy as his daily delivery to Fred's Freaky Fancy Frosty Fro-Yo Emporium. Clyde's ladylove, Agnes, was a Jr. Yogurt Associate there.

(STAMP)

Clyde: Hey, Fred, I got a delivery of sporks for you today.

Fred: Oh, great! Just in time for Freaky Friday.

Clyde: Uh, yeah, okay. I'm just going to drop these off with Agnes.

Fred: *(Singing)* I'm a pretty girl!

Clyde: What?

Fred: *(Realizing he sang out loud)* What?

Clyde: Okay... Hey, Agnes, I've got a spool of sporks here for you.

Agnes: Oh, great! Just in time for Freaky Friday!

Clyde: Is Freaky Friday a thing or...? Never mind. So, Agnes, I was thinking, maybe after work you might want to stop by the old paper factory and watch the sun set?

Agnes: Gosh golly, that sure does sound like a heap of fun, but I have a date with Derman tonight.

Clyde: *(Disappointed)* Oh, yeah, that sounds mail-tastic. Well, um, I'd better go; these letters aren't going to deliver themselves, right?

Fred: Yes, they will. It's called Email.

Clyde: Ok, I don't know what you're talking about, Fred. You must be confused. I've heard of a similar thing in the insect community called Bee-mail, but that technology is just too advanced!

Fred: *(Singing again)* I'm a pretty girl!

Clyde: What? Oh, never mind. I'm just going to go. Bye, Agnes.

Narrator: While Clyde was diligently making his deliveries, something far more sinister was occurring on the other side of Basic-Name-Ville, USA.

(STAMP)

Derman: Mr. Buckenheimersburgson, I do not believe that Clyde deserves Fred-Ex Employee of the Week.

Mr. Buckenheimersburgson: I appreciate your concern on the matter, but like the mail, I will have to sort this out myself.

Derman: But Mr.—

Mr. Buckenheimersburgson: Not another Stampin' darn word, Derman! Are we as clear as the invisible seal on an envelope?

Derman: Yes, sir. *(To himself)* It's just that Clyde can't win Fred-Ex Employee of the Week. That would give him just enough self-esteem for a chance at winning over Agnes. Not to mention the Golden Stamp! I must intervene! But how?

Cat: Meow.

Derman: No, that's too simple.

Cat: Meow.

Derman: No, that's too complex.

Cat: Meow.

Derman: Ok, now that's just illegal!

Cat: (*Deep Voice*) Meow.

Derman: Purrfect, Mwahaha! (*Cough*)

Narrator: As Derman carried out his maniacal mail mashing mockery, the entire town of Basic-Name-Ville, USA, anxiously awaited Freaky Friday at Fred's; the entire town—except Clyde, that is. Instead of getting freaky with some fro-yo, Clyde decided to put in a little overtime.

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Clyde: (*To the tune of Bad Romance by Lady Gaga*) I love your paper. I love how you send. I'm a Fred-Ex deliveryman!

Murtyl: Woah, what did I just walk into?

Clyde: Oh, uh, Myrtle, hi. How's the mail biz treating you today?

Murtyl: Well, I had a bunch of letters labeled "Rush Delivery" from the Center for Disease Control, so I drove around all day in an unsafe area, couldn't find it, so basically, I delivered nothing. All in all, it was a productive day.

Clyde: That's nice... Hey, you're friends with Agnes, right?

Murtyl: Yeah, sometimes I stop by Fred's to get a little freaky, what's it to ya?

Clyde: Well, has she ever said anything...

Murtyl: About what?

Clyde: About me?

Murtyl: Oh, sure! She talks about you all the time! Or is that Derman? (*Pause*) Yeah, it's definitely Derman. Anyways, did you—

Clyde: Wait, what about her and Derman?

Murtyl: Oh, you haven't heard? Derman's been telling Agnes about how he's always Fred-Ex Employee of the Week. So she gets headaches at home and brain freezes at work.

Clyde: Ha! That's funny, brain freeze—fro-yo.

Murtyl: Thanks! I've been working on my comic timing. I just don't want to end up like Kathy Griffin, you know...

Clyde: You should really go for it, Murtyl...

Murtyl: You know what? You're right! I'm going to do it! I'm going to write a humor book! (*Runs away singing to the tune of Bad Romance by Lady Gaga*) I love your paper. I love how you send. I'm a Fred-Ex—

Clyde: Bye, Murtyl! I've got to get back to work anyway!

Narrator: Clyde spent the next few hours sorting mail. Meanwhile, Derman was delivering his plan... without a signature.

(STAMP)

Derman: It's complete! No! No! It's... delivered! Mwahaha! (*Cough*) Now that Clyde's super important delivery for Fred's Fro-yo has been swapped, he will go to Fred's tonight, deliver the *wrong* package, lose Agnes, and die!

Cat: Meow

Derman: Ok, maybe he won't die. But you know... He might get a paper cut or something.