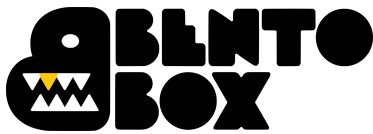


THE POST GUARD

LA LOBA

By

Thomas Lennon



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EXT. ST. LOUIS - GATEWAY ARCH - DAY

A STEALTH BOMBER writes "YOLO" in its jet trail across the sky, then buzzes under the famous ARCH.

EXT. US NAVAL COMMAND - DAY

The BOMBER parks (badly). Our heroine, ROSALITA VASQUEZ, slides down the jet ladder and slaps a "BONNAROO" bumper sticker on the jet. On her forearm is a tattoo of HERSELF. Two MP'S hoist Rosie out of frame.

INT. ADMIRAL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

An ADMIRAL sits opposite Rosie.

ADMIRAL

Rosie, before you walk into that court martial I want you to think about how things got this bad.

ROSIE

Like what, sir? Didn't I do better on my flight test than anyone?

ADMIRAL

You siphoned the gas out everyone else's planes. Also, I have your psych report here.

ROSIE

I bet I did amazing on that.

ADMIRAL

Almost SUSPICIOUSLY SO.

(reads file)

"Cadet Vasquez possesses a casual elegance of a young Catherine Deneuve in *Umbrellas of Cherbourg...*"

Rosie is MOUTHING ALONG with the words.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)

"... FACE -- nine. BODY -- ten. *Slamming*. She could probably be a professional ballerina if she just felt like it."

ROSIE

That's a super accurate report on me.

ADMIRAL

I'm not sure what's more impressive, that you wrote it, or that you did it in the handwriting of our staff psychiatrist.

He holds up two REPORTS -- one is a perfect forgery. Rosie goes to the window, taking a dramatic pose.

ROSIE

I can't help the way I am, Navy Guy. I am a lone wolf. *I am La Loba.*

ADMIRAL

Okay, sure. You are "jojoba," neat.

ROSIE

La Loba. I'm from the *bad part* of West Covina, Navy Guy. And the nice part is also bad. My dad was in M.S. 13. My mom works three jobs, so pardon me if I'm willing to risk it all and try to catch a dream in my tiny little Latinx hand...

ADMIRAL

... *So over the top.*

ROSIE

If I didn't try to be a fighter pilot, do you know what might have become of me if I'd stayed in West Covina, Navy Guy?

HARP GLISSANDO. In the reflection we see a "vision."

- *Rosie's working a FRENCH-FRY bin. A SKEEVY DUDE leans in.*

SKEEVY DUDE

Rosie, I can get you more fentanyl patches but you're gonna have to let me get you pregnant.

ROSIE

... AGAIN?

Widen out to see Rosie is VERY PREGNANT.

The Admiral CLOSES the blinds, turning off the "vision."

ADMIRAL

Yikes, I get it. And you keep calling me "Navy Guy," do you not know my name? It's literally on a plaque in front of me on my desk.

WIDEN: there is a plaque with "ADMIRAL FITZPATRICK" on it.

ROSIE

I would be the first of my family in the Navy. Guy.

ADMIRAL

It's like we're losing out on a young Catherine Deneuve.

ROSIE

I don't want to get court-martialed.

ADMIRAL

And you're not going to. Keep these as a souvenir.

He tosses her the handcuffs as they head out, he notices:

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)

Rosie, did you get a tattoo of yourself?

ROSIE

Thank you, yes, I did. Hurt, but so worth it.

EXT. TARMAC - DAY

Rosie and the Admiral approach a running helicopter.

ROSIE

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SHOUT OVER A HELICOPTER!

ADMIRAL

FEELS GOOD, DOESN'T IT? The Navy doesn't need a Rosie Vasquez, but there's a branch of our military that can maybe deal with someone like you.

ROSIE

Someone with the body of a ballerina and the brain of a *criminal mastermind* -- I mean *regular mastermind*.

ADMIRAL

LET'S SAY SURE.

He tosses Rosie's duffel bag into the helicopter.

ROSIE

Wait. WHERE ARE YOU SENDING ME?

ADMIRAL
*IT WILL MAKE MORE SENSE WHEN YOU GET
THERE BUT NOT BY MUCH!*

Rosie's SCREAM takes us over the cut to...

EXT. COAST OF MAINE - RAGING STORM

Perfect Storm-size waves. The helicopter TILTS, dropping Rosie out, efficiently.

A GRAY SEAL pops out of the water. Rosie SCREAMS. The seal SCREAMS BACK, equally freaked out.

INT. U-BOAT - BRIDGE - A LITTLE LATER

A WWI era submarine--held together with duct tape. There's old propaganda posters: *Defeat the Kaiser and his U-BOATS!* Rosie shivers. CAPTAIN FITZ (75) a seafarer with an EYEPATCH enters, handing Rosie a steaming hot bowl.

FITZ
Mahalo! I'm Captain Fitzpatrick. You're either our new recruit or you're lost A.F.

Rosie sniffs the hot bowl.

ROSIE
Ugh. What is this?

FITZ
That's my famous whiskey soup.

ROSIE
What's in it?

FITZ
Whiskey.

ROSIE
What's the *soup* part?

FITZ
Did I say soup? That was a mistake. That's a bowl of whiskey. If there's anything else in the bowl it just fell in there by accident.

Fitz holds up a LETTER, reading it.

FITZ (CONT'D)

My nephew the Admiral said "despite her aggressive demeanor, Rosie's just a shy kid from West Covina, in need of a family and CONSTANT APPROVAL."

ROSIE

Pfft. Dumb. Did you read my psych report? It was tough but fair.

FITZ

Yes, and I can see the Young Catherine Deneuve thing. Umbrellas of Cherbourg... they don't make 'em like that anymore. Any questions so far?

ROSIE

So many. What happened to your eye?

Fitz pops out a huge PEARL from under his eye patch.

FITZ

One time we bobbed for lobsters instead of apples. Never do that.

(shouts)

COMPANY!

(a beat, then)

Sorry I thought you asked what my favorite Sondheim musical is--the answer is COMPANY!

(then, to the crew)

Also, PEOPLE THAT WORK ON THE U-BOAT, SAY HI TO THE NEW LADY!

The CREW assembles: LIL' PIERRE, a sea turtle whose shell is covered in INSANE CLOWN POSSE stickers. BRIGID, a mermaid (Irish accent). GARY, a gray seal, and CANADIAN RYAN, an overly cheerful human.

LIL' PIERRE

WHOOH WHOOP. I'm Lil' Pierre and I'm super into Insane Clown Posse.

(winks)

But you won't know if I'm being sarcastic about it for a long time. WHOOH WHOOP.

Gary puts out his flipper.

GARY

I'm Gary. I'm a three-year-old gray seal, and I clap underwater to scare off sharks. I haven't seen any of the Hunger Games movies yet, so no spoilers, please.

Brigid waves hello.

BRIGID

Cheers, I'm Brigid. I'm a three-thousand-year-old mermaid from the Irish Sea and I'm also in charge of Secret Santa.

Brigid blinks her eyes, CHANGING them, snake eyes, shark eyes, alien eyes, etc.

ROSIE

YIKES. That's terrifying.

BRIGID

Oh! Sorry, luv. Have you not met a mermaid before?

ROSIE

No. And I didn't expect you to talk.

GARY

Freaks me out too. A talking mermaid. I'll never get used to it.

BRIGID

Before you even ask, yes, Gary and I are kind of a couple.

GARY

Not remotely true.

BRIGID

Well, there's definitely TENSION there.

GARY

Brigid has a thing for me--it's one hundred percent unrequited.

BRIGID

(to Rosie)

Touch him and you're dead.

Canadian Ryan does a well-intended "robot" dance.

CANADIAN RYAN

Isn't anybody going to introduce Canadian Ryan? The frère who puts the "U" AND "I" IN "POUTINE." THE BRAH WHO'S QUÉBÉCOIS. DAT HI-FIVE GIVER FROM THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER!

Everyone glares at Ryan, furious.

FITZ

Dammit, Canadian Ryan, this is why we never ~~BLEEPING~~ introduce you.

CANADIAN RYAN

DésoléSoSoSORRY.

FITZ

Now Vasquez, tell us something fun about you.

Rosie rolls up her arm showing her self-portrait tattoo.

ROSIE

See this tattoo: that's me. *La Loba*. You know who gave me this tattoo? ME. I did. Think about that. I don't suffer fools, and I sure as hell don't take orders. I learned that when I worked at In-N-Out.

GARY

(sotto)

You didn't take people's orders at In-N-Out? How did hamburger transactions happen?

ROSIE

Short version: don't cross La Loba and you won't get turned into to wolfmeat.

(beat)

Also if anyone else wants a tattoo of me I'm pretty good at doing them now.

FITZ

Wow. Such confidence! Let's show Jojoba the secret charter!

Fitz picks up Lil' Pierre and uses his shell to hammer open a rusty locker, pulling a book from it.

ROSIE

It looks like a copy of "GIRL, STOP APOLOGIZING" by Rachel Hollis.

FITZ

Yes. This is book I keep the secret charter tucked inside of.

Fitz pulls out an ANCIENT PARCHMENT from where it was tucked in the novel. His tone turns SPOOKY.

FITZ (CONT'D)
The year was 1790. Young Alexander
Hamilton and an OLD Benjamin Franklin are
together in Philadelphia...

As Fitz tells the story, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PHILADELPHIA, 1790 - FLASHBACK

ALEXANDER HAMILTON and BEN FRANKLIN are in a buggy.
There's a HAZE of smoke.

HAMILTON
Franklin, I've got a crazy idea.

FRANKLIN
Hit me, Alex.

HAMILTON
You know how I invented the Coast Guard
yesterday?

FRANKLIN
Respect.

They punch fists.

HAMILTON
And remember how you're the Postmaster
General?

FRANKLIN
Checks out.

HAMILTON
So, what about--letters that aren't
MAILED. Treasure maps, ransom notes.
Notes in bottles. Love letters from
women...

FRANKLIN
Letters that go swimmin'?

HAMILTON
Washing up on the shores of our new
nation.

Franklin's eyes go wide, *eureka*.

FRANKLIN

It's the duty of your COAST GUARD and my POST OFFICE to deliver these messages.

HAMILTON

A new division.

FRANKLIN

Only one question: *what are we gonna call it?*

HAMILTON

It's so obvious. Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

Their faces light up, eyes in a glassy haze. In unison:

BOTH

The Bottle Service.

FIREWORKS erupt. An EAGLE swoops down and PUNCHES FISTS with Franklin. A "Love American Style" WIPE takes us to...

INT. U-BOAT - CONTINUOUS - THE PRESENT

ROSIE

What a cool name. *The Bottle Service.*

FITZ

Oh, no no. That didn't get approved. The name Congress approved is...

(tries to sell it)

THE POST GUARD.

SLIDE-WHISTLE FAIL SOUND as Fitz pulls down the logo. The EAGLE is bummed out about the name.

BRIGID

A combo of Coast Guard and Post Office.

ROSIE

Literally the worst name I've ever heard. You should just call yourselves Diarrhea Squad.

BRIGID

Diarrhea Squad is technically better.

ROSIE

So wait... this is a secret submarine that picks up messages in bottles? Seems like a waste of our tax dollars.

Everyone LAUGHS.

FITZ

The Navy spent a billion dollars last year trying to engineer a dolphin that Putin would find sexually attractive.

BRIGID

The Post Guard is the only profitable branch of the military.

GARY

We deliver, respond and intervene when messages in bottles arrive on U.S. coastlines.

BRIGID

And territories. Guam, the Virgin Islands. We get love letters, pirate ransom, castaways, and of course: treasure maps.

LIL' PIERRE

That's the profitable part. Thirty percent of what we get is treasure maps.

CANADIAN RYAN

Plus we keep *les* deposits from the bottles. It adds up!

Ryan gestures to a MACHINE that's tallying their 5 and 10 cent bottle DEPOSITS. It reads: 8,345,721.0

GARY

We also defend the United States from Bermuda.

ROSIE

The island with the shorts?

A pall falls over the crew.

FITZ

Not the *island* called Bermuda. The *Triangle* called Bermuda.

Fitz points to a screen that shows a map of the Bermuda Triangle.

GARY

The Triangle Folk have been trying to take Florida for two hundred years.

BRIGID

Florida's already got Triangle People --
a sleeper operation living among us,
waiting for the right moment to strike.

ROSIE

There's aliens from the Bermuda Triangle
posing as citizens of Florida?

FITZ

How else do you explain Congressman Matt
Gaetz?

Rosie nods--*makes sense*.

BRIGID

Don't worry about the Triangle Folk,
Rosie! When it's time to worry about them
it will be too late.

LIL' PIERRE

And for now, they're mostly in Florida!

FITZ

In the Post Guard there are only two
rules, Rosie. CREW, WHAT IS RULE ONE?!

ALL

GIRL, STOP APOLOGIZING.

GARY

We loved that book so much that we made
it an official rule.

FITZ

Rule two!

ALL

OBEY THE CHORE WHEEL!

Fitz gestures to cheerful CHORE WHEEL, with tasks like:
"GET BOTTLE - RESET WIFI - TURTLE, POOP - CLEAN BUNKS."

GARY

Captain. I tested the chore wheel last
night and my name came up nine times in a
row. That's practically impossible.

Gary spins--it lands on "GARY" and "TURTLE, POOP."

GARY (CONT'D)

See? Lil' Pierre has tampered with it.

LIL' PIERRE

Everybody hatin' on Lil' Pierre just
because he loves *Insane Clown Posse*.

BRIGID

You're hatable for so many other reasons.
And I think I speak for the rest of the
crew when I say: WHY IS "TURTLE POOP"
EVEN ON THE CHORE WHEEL?

GARY

I don't see why a grown turtle can't pick
up his own poop like the rest of us do.

Lil' Pierre laughs, slightly crazy look in his eyes.

LIL' PIERRE

You *idiots*. I put that on the wheel TO
REMIND MYSELF TO POOP. Why else would it
say: "TURTLE, POOP." There's comma, that
means that is ADDRESSING A TURTLE. Of
which I am the only one here.

This sinks in, everyone is horrified.

LIL' PIERRE (CONT'D)

Months ago I put "TURTLE, POOP" on the
chore wheel as a reminder for myself. The
next day, you *geniuses* start following me
around like it's the Westminster Dog
Show, picking up my turtle droppings.

A haunted, horrified look passes over everyone's face.

GARY

My God. We have been doing that.

BRIGID

How many have I picked up? A thousand?

LIL' PIERRE

THAT'S ON YOU, FOLKS. You chose to do
that.

BRIGID

We need a new chore wheel.

Fitz shouts over them, eyes filled with madness:

FITZ

COMPANY!

(then)

... SWEENEY TODD.

(MORE)

FITZ (CONT'D)
A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC, ASSASSINS, SUNDAY
IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE.

BRIGID
Sorry, Rosie. The captain RANKS Sondheim
musicals. We don't know why.

CANADIAN RYAN
The captain is not well. Last *FÉVRIER* he
went mad and tried to kill me.

GARY
We've all tried to kill Ryan, lots of
times. Too many to count...

QUICK FLASHBACKS (ATTEMPTS TO KILL RYAN)

- *Someone tosses Ryan a WORKING TOASTER as he showers.*

CANADIAN RYAN
SACRÉ!

- *Ryan opens a can of prank "SPRINGY SNAKES"*

CANADIAN RYAN (CONT'D)
Oh, bon. I know this joke.

*He pulls the lid, three REAL ELECTRIC EELS leap out, biting
his eyeballs.*

CANADIAN RYAN (CONT'D)
MON EYES!

- *Ryan picks up a "sandwich," it's ham and cheese but the
"bread" is just TWO RAT TRAPS.*

CANADIAN RYAN (CONT'D)
Unattended CROQUE MONSIEUR, LUCKY RYAN!

Just as he's ABOUT to bite it, we're back to...

THE PRESENT - The Crew is still huddled. Ryan looks dazed.

BRIGID
Why's everybody whispering? Is the new
girl flirting with Gary?
(to Rosie)
They'll never find your bones.

ROSIE
He's not my type, but try me. You'll be
wolfmeat.

BRIGID

Yummy. Now I think I have a crush on the new girl. Sorry, Gary. She's bad for me and I dig it.

Gary shrugs. Fitz pops in, upbeat.

FITZ

Is everyone whispering about how I've gone mad? I feel mad. I have that TalkSpace app, but I never get any signal down here.

CANADIAN RYAN

Captain! It's FOURTEEN HUNDRED HOURS, we must spin the chore wheel, c'est le protocol!

Ryan puts a Post-It, adding Rosie's name to the chore wheel. He spins it, the wheel lands on... "ROSIE" and "WASH TURTLE." Everyone cringes. Pierre takes off his shell.

BRIGID

Yikes.

LIL' PIERRE

"WASH TURTLE" is WAY worse than "TURTLE, POOP." And YES it's a normal-size penis for a sea turtle, you don't even have to look it up.

GARY

It's not. We DID look it up.

FITZ

Sorry, Rosie. Bad chore.

Fitz hands Rosie a soapy bucket of water and brush...

IF YOU CHOOSE FOR ROSIE TO WASH LIL' PIERRE -- **KEEP READING.**

IF YOU CHOOSE FOR ROSIE TO RUN FOR IT -- [CLICK HERE](#)

IF YOU CHOOSE FOR ROSIE TO STICK IT OUT, AND TRAVEL TO THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND -- [CLICK HERE](#)

... Rosie passes the bucket off to Canadian Ryan.

ROSIE

No, Captain. La Loba doesn't take orders.

GARY

Not even hamburger orders, apparently.

Fitz is aghast.

FITZ

... Excuse me, Private Vasquez?

ROSIE

La Loba's not gonna do that. Hard pass. Three days ago I was on my way to being the hottest, most diabolical latinx fighter pilot in the U.S. Navy...

FITZ

Little bit over the top...

ROSIE

Really? Maybe you forgot the part how I have a tattoo of me that I gave myself with my NON-DOMINANT HAND? YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT PART? I'M A LEFTY AND THIS TATOO IS ON MY LEFT ARM. THINK ABOUT THAT.

FITZ

VASQUEZ! This is the UNITED STATES POST GUARD. We stand for a vague idea that Alexander Hamilton and Ben Franklin when they were super high. I'm not your GAL PAL--I am your captain. You will accept your chore of washing Lil' Pierre...

LIL' PIERRE

.... and totally normal size penis for his frame...

ROSIE

Nope. This is my line in the sand and guess what: I'm not going to APOLOGIZE.

Everyone gasps.

BRIGID

Brilliant. First rule. *Vasquez is so hot it's like a magic trick.*

CANADIAN RYAN

BonTravail! High five, s'il vous plaît!

FITZ
 RYAN, SERIOUSLY. ~~BLEEP~~ OFF FOREVER.
 (to Rosie, pleased)
 Nicely done, Vasquez.

ROSIE
 Thank you, Captain.

FITZ
 But I have to punish you, so YOU... are
 in charge of making a new chore wheel.

Rosie growls, annoyed.

WIPE TO:

EXT. U-BOAT - SUNSET

The crew is assembled on the CONNING TOWER. Rosie climbs up out of the hatch, in a glistening new POST GUARD uniform.

She presents her NEW CHORE WHEEL.

ROSIE
 BEHOLD! The new chore wheel.

Rosie's wheel is AMAZING--like a model of the solar system. "Planets" with the names of the crew spin in one direction, CHORES orbit in the other: *Reset WiFi, Mop, SAY SOMETHING ENCOURAGING, Laundry, etc.*

Rosie flicks it, and it spins with a soft *whirrrrr*, landing where the orbs of CANADIAN RYAN and TOILET DETAIL meet.

CANADIAN RYAN
 I WON LE FIRST SPIN!

Ryan does some regrettable robot dancing.

FITZ
 COMPANY!
 (then)
Into the Woods. A Little Night Music.
Merrily We Roll Along. Great chore wheel,
 Vasquez.

ROSIE
 Thank you, Captain.

FITZ
 How long until folks realize your name is
not on it?

Rosie shrugs, pleased.

ROSIE
A while I bet.

Rosie smiles. Fitz leans in to her, sotto:

FITZ
I had a hunch that you'd fit in here,
Private Rosie Vasquez.

ROSIE
Why's that, guy?

FITZ
Because you won't just roll-over and take
orders. *The Navy needs folks like that--
folks who can follow orders.* In the Post
Guard I need FREE-THINKERS. Rebels. I
need somebody who's...

ROSIE
... Not afraid?

FITZ
Ha. No. I need someone who's smart enough
to be A LITTLE BIT afraid.
(re: the ocean)
There's lots to be afraid of down there.
But the letter from my nephew really hit
home.

Fitz holds up the LETTER from earlier, reading it.

FITZ (CONT'D)
*"Vasquez is really just a shy kid from
West Covina, looking for a family."*

ROSIE
Dumb. So dumb.

FITZ
Really? Because I'm 99% sure that you
wrote it.

Fitz holds up TWO LETTERS, with almost identical
handwriting.

Rosie smiles, taking both of the letters and sticking them
into her pocket. Fitz taps his nose.

FITZ (CONT'D)
Our little secret, Jojoba.

ROSIE

La. Loba.

FITZ

I know. It's just fun to see your face
when you get mad.

Rosie furrows her brow. Fitz laughs. Gary spots a MESSAGE IN
A BOTTLE, floating in the distance.

GARY

BOTTLE STATIONS!

ALARMS BLARE. Ryan loads Gary into a CANNON.

ROSIE

This seems like a LOT of effort for a
message in a bottle.

GARY

(badass)

*Tell that to the dolphin who had to boink
Putin.*

Ryan fires Gary toward the bottle. Gary bites the bottle and
tosses it back to Rosie. Rosie pops out the message, a look
of horror coming across her face.

ROSIE

It's a trap.

CANADIAN RYAN

The message says there's a trap? OÙ?

IN THE WATER - a net springs up, catching Gary.

GARY

... the hell?

ROSIE

No, the message says... *"Bow before the
Triangle People."*

MUSIC STING

The U-Boat is lifted as a huge ALIEN U-BOAT rises below it
(think the thing from *The Abyss*). The alien vessel has a
"MATT GAETZ 2024" bumper sticker on it.

FITZ

*Triangle Folk! SEAL OVERBOARD! BATTLE
STATIONS! ATTACK!*

Ryan puts a BUCK KNIFE in his teeth and fires himself off from the cannon.

CANADIAN RYAN
CANADA POUR TOUJOURS!

Lil' Pierre takes off his shell, heroic.

LIL' PIERRE
I'll see if I can poop into their ducts.

Splash, he's gone. Gary's still flailing in the net.

GARY
Little help here!

ROSIE
(to Brigid)
I'm new. I'm guessing you save Gary?

BRIGID
I can't swim. Long story.

FITZ
Vasquez! Can you save Gary? *I'm also a dreadful swimmer.*

ROSIE
Of course I can save Gary...
(superhero gravitas)
I am La Loba.

Rosie steps up onto the rail, tying her top into a knot, she dives off the U-Boat doing an impressive FLIP. Brigid's jaw drops.

BRIGID
God she's HO...

Before she can finish the word "hot," we FREEZE FRAME.

TITLE CARD: *TO BE CONTINUED!*