

CARRIER PIGEON

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Second Draft

CUT FROM BLACK:

EXT. STREET

Upbeat music plays. The camera travels along a road, pans up to be following a bike from behind. It is a paper boy delivering papers. As he throws papers on different lawns, different objects have title sequences on them (e.g. a mailbox will say 'Directed by Jamie Zin'). This continues on for the opening credits, and then the final paper lands on a porch with the headline "PAPER BOY NEEDED". Music cuts/fades quickly.

MATCHING TRANSITION:

INT. NEWSPAPER HQ WAITING ROOM

The RECEPTIONIST pulls her Newspaper down away from her face and starts staring through her glasses across the room.

BRETT is sitting in one of two uncomfortable looking chairs, with a clock ticking diagonally above him and a door to his right. He stares back.

The receptionist begins reading the newspaper again.

Brett looks up at the clock. It's 1 minute to 10am. He looks down at his hand which says "Job Interview at 10am". He then looks at his other hand that says "Buy milk". He looks back at the clock and it is 10am. He looks to his right and notices a different receptionist standing there.

RECEPTIONIST #2
He's ready to see you now.

Brett picks up his briefcase and walks in. The door shuts.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSPAPER HQ OFFICE

DONALD, the Newspaper head, reading Brett's resume' as Brett stands at the front of his desk.

DONALD
Brett Simons.

So Brett, you want to be a paper boy huh?

BRETT

Yes.

DONALD

(Nodding)

I like your smell of your fire.
Welcome aboard. Have you got your own
bike?

BRETT

I think so.

DONALD

Mountain or basic?

BRETT

Sorry?

DONALD

The gear-age.

BRETT

Oh, basic.

DONALD

Not my first preference, but it'll
have to do. How good are you at
riding?

BRETT

Well, I came second at the annual
bicycle race in my school 3 times in
a row. It says... on my resume...
there.

DONALD

I see. Second huh? Well, I can't
argue with that, second is a good
place to be, I'm on my second wife.
Now, before I give you the papers, I
do have to go over some basic rules.

BRETT

Okay.

DONALD

Are you listening?

BRETT

Intently.

DONALD

Ha ha. I like you, kid. Alright well, some basic rules when it comes to the papers. Rule 1: Do not, do not ever, get the papers wet. You got that?

Brett nods.

DONALD (cont'd)

In fact, start writing this down.

Brett grabs out a pen and starts writing on his arm.

DONALD (cont'd)

Rule 2: If you're putting the paper into a mail box, make sure it's in all the way, not sticking out. Alright? All the way, not sticking out. Otherwise they might get wet. Rule 3: If you're throwing the papers, use over arm to angle the papers down so they don't go on the roofs. Because if they're on the roof, they're more likely to get wet. Rule 4: When you're throwing the papers, make sure they land under some sort of cover, porches are optimal. Because you don't want to get the papers wet, yes?

Brett's arm is now covered in writing.

BRETT

Yes.

DONALD

What was rule 1 again?

Brett looks around at his arm to find it.

BRETT

Don't get the papers wet.

DONALD

Exactly. Now, rule 5: If it's raining, plastic bags on the papers, so that they aren't in any risk of getting wet.

Rule 6: Ride safely. The last thing we want is for you to get hit by a

DONALD
car, go flying into a river and the
papers getting wet. Those are the
rules. I call 'em The Safety Six. Got
all that, kid?

Brett finishes writing and puts the pen away.

BRETT
Got 'em.

DONALD
Alright good. Take about 100 papers,
deliver them. Your paycheck will be
ready when you get back.

BRETT
Thank you so much for this.

DONALD
No problem, I can feel fresh spunk
when I see it.

Brett exits out of his office. Donald turns around in his
chair.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD 1

Montage of Brett riding through the streets, delivering
papers. AARON, leader of the SOUTH STREET PAPER-ROUTERS, is
watching him through binoculars.

He brings the binoculars down.

AARON
There's some turd banger on our turf.

POSSE
Oooo, what are we gonna do about that
boss?

AARON
We're gonna put this runt in his
place, how do we feel about that?

RIGHT-HAND MAN
Sounds good boss, show him who's
boss, boss!

BRETT

What?

Aaron walks up to Brett's bike.

AARON

Nice wheels. Too bad they suck!

POSSE

Ooo, that one made *me* feel socially inadequate!

RIGHT-HAND MAN

You tell him boss. Yeah. He the boss.

AARON

I'm the BOSS!

BRETT

Boss of what?

AARON

The South Street Paper Routers, stooge! I control this area. And you just invaded my personal space.

POSSE

Oooo, it's getting real in this frying pan!

BRETT

Okay, well, is it okay if I just deliver these papers?

Aaron laughs. His posse joins in.

AARON

There ain't no paper delivery unless its by us in this sector! Don't you get it, chicken little, you ain't welcome here!

BRETT

Then where do I deliver paper?!

AARON

You don't! Now scram, or I'll have to bring out the inner dawg!

Aaron spits on Brett's bike.

AARON (cont'd)
See you on the flip-side, homie-o-
sexual.

The SSPRs get on their bikes and ride away making barking sounds.

INT. BRETT'S LOUNGE

Brett is pacing around his place talking to HAYDEN over the phone.

HAYDEN
So some kids are stopping you from
delivering papers?

BRETT
Look, it's not as pathetic as it
sounds. There are a lot of them.

HAYDEN
So?

BRETT
What am I supposed to do? Beat them
up?

HAYDEN
You could.

BRETT
I don't think that's a very good
idea.

HAYDEN
Why does it even matter? They have
paper routes too, right? That means
those people are getting their
papers.

BRETT
It didn't look like they were.

HAYDEN
Regardless, you can find another
spot. He doesn't control the whole
city.

BRETT
You're right. I suppose it's not that
big of an issue.

HAYDEN
Yeah. So don't sweat it.

BRETT
What are you doing tomorrow? Want to hang out?

HAYDEN
I'm going on holiday. Remember?

BRETT
No. You never said that.

HAYDEN
Oh...well I'm going on holiday. I won't be able to answer calls.

BRETT
But-

HAYDEN
Later, mate.

Hayden hangs up.

BRETT
Oh...great.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD 2

The next day, Brett is delivering papers through a different neighborhood.

Everything seems to be going very well as he makes a few deliveries.

Brett stops for a moment as he hears several bicycles coming towards him.

He turns around to see the SSPRs coming towards him at a very fast speed.

Brett hops on his bike and begins pedaling as fast as he can to get away. The SSPRs chase him.

The chase goes on for a while through many twists and turns.

Aaron, leading the formation, signals to the goons on his left and then to his right to move forward.

The two goons speed up and get on both sides of Brett.

They both try ramming him from each side.

He struggles for a bit, but Brett manages to brush them off.

The two goons fall back.

As those two get back into the formation, Aaron signals to one of the others.

The third goon nods and grabs a ball out of his pocket. He then hurls the ball at Brett.

It hits Brett and causes him to lose his balance. He falls over.

The SSPRs stop in a circle around Brett.

Aaron steps off his bike and struts over to Brett who is picking himself up off the ground.

AARON

What do you think you're doing here,
nose-bone?

Aaron laughs and wipes his nose as he crouches down to Brett's level.

AARON (cont'd)

Did you really think you could get
away with riding on my turf again?

BRETT

This is a completely different
neighborhood.

AARON

I've expanded my turf! Pray I don't
expand it further.

BRETT

Do you guys even deliver those
papers?

AARON

Pssh! No.

BRETT

People are probably getting pissed
off about that.

AARON
You know what? You've been buzz-buzz-
buzzing all day little fly. And I
think I've had just about enough.

Aaron turns to one of his Right Hand Man.

AARON (cont'd)
Yo Rocco!

RIGHT-HAND MAN
What you need, boss man?

Aaron turns back to Brett.

AARON
(to Right-Hand Man)
Take his papers.

RIGHT-HAND MAN
You got it, boss.

Right-Hand Man begins walking towards Brett.

BRETT
Hey! Back off, man!

Aaron flips out a pocket knife and holds it up to Brett with a crazy look in his eyes.

AARON
Not so fast! You wouldn't want me to
let out the inner DAWG would you?

The SSPRs chant barking sounds.

BRETT
Take it easy!

Aaron looks back to Right-Hand Man and nods to him.

Right-Hand Man takes the papers from Brett.

A beat.

AARON
Now throw them in the pond.

Right-Hand Man walks over to the pond with all of the papers.

The SSPRs continue chanting.

BRETT

Hey come on, guys! I'm going to lose my route! Don't be a dick, man!

Right-Hand Man dumps all of the papers into the pond.

AARON

Let that be a lesson to you. Never mess with the SSPRs, cupcake.

Aaron stabs one of Brett's bike tires.

He then stands up and gets on his bike.

AARON (cont'd)

Peace out, mongoloid!

The SSPRs ride away.

Brett gets up and walks over the pond.

BRETT

Son of a bitch.

Brett bends down and starts fishing the papers out of the pond.

INT. NEWSPAPER HQ OFFICE

Brett sits in front of Donald's desk where a bag of wet papers lay as Donald morosely leans against the wall at the back of the office.

DONALD

(full of sorrow)

I believed in you, kid. I really did. I told you time and time again, do not get the papers wet. And what did you do? Ya got 'em wet.

BRETT

I'm sorry I just-

DONALD

There were only six rules! The Safety Six! I told you all of them didn't I? I made it all clear, right?

BRETT

Yes, sir.

Donald sits down in his desk.

DONALD

Then I just don't understand, Brett.
I mean, there's nothing I can do. I
gotta dock your pay.

BRETT

I really didn't mean for this to
happen. I've had this bikey gang
harassing me everyday.

DONALD

(becoming very
serious)

Who?

BRETT

The South Street Paper-Routers.
Something like that.

DONALD

What do you want me to do about them?
I can't control what they do.

BRETT

I guess I just don't really
understand why you still have them
hired. They don't even deliver their
papers.

Donald glares at Brett for a few beats.

DONALD

I'm sizing you up right now.

BRETT

...Um...okay.

Donald stands up and very slowly begins walking around
Brett, looking him over.

He then very quickly grabs Brett chair and wheels him from
the office to the restroom and pushes him in a stall.

DONALD

Who the hell are you!? Are you a cop?
Are you wearing a wire!?

BRETT

(terrified)

No!

Donald pats Brett down.

DONALD
You're tellin' the truth.

Donald stares at him for a beat. Then breaks down crying.

BRETT
Um...are you okay, sir?

DONALD
Are you surprised by my tears, Brett?

BRETT
I'm not sure what to make of any of this. If their causing so much trouble, why don't you just fire them?

DONALD
I can't! They practically run the whole damn town! How am I supposed to go home at night, Brett, look at my wife and child and tell them I can keep them safe when I don't know it to be true?

Donald stands up.

DONALD (cont'd)
They're bullies! Bullies and thugs! Damn rotten ones too. They've ruled the streets since I was a boy. With each generation they get worse and worse. Someone needs to stop them.

Brett looks extremely confused.

DONALD (cont'd)
And it has to be you!

BRETT
Me?

DONALD
It can't be me. I'm past my prime. It's been far too long since my paper boy days. But I can teach you! Yes, yes! With my know-how and you at your physical peek, we can get rid of them together. What do you say, Brett?

BRETT
...Sir-

DONALD
Call me, Donald.

BRETT
Donald...I think I'm just going to
apply at the Taco Bell.

A devastated look comes over Donald's face.

Brett gets up and begins to walk out the door.

DONALD
Brett, please! I come to you, a
humbled man, begging for your help!

BRETT
I'm sorry, Donald...I've got better
things to do.

Brett walks out.

Donald falls to his knees, a broken man.

EXT. BRETT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brett wheels his bike up to his house to see that his
mailbox has been tee-peed.

BRETT
Pathetic.

He hears snickering coming from some bushes across the
street. There are clearly bikes parked next to the bush.

Brett approaches the bush.

BRETT (cont'd)
I just quit. What more do you clowns
want?

POSSE
Do you think he can see us, boss?

RIGHT-HAND MAN
No, but he can hear you, you dunce.

Aaron stands up.

AARON
Ha! Bet you didn't expect to come
home to that did ya, dingle berry?

BRETT
I think I'm just going to go call the
police.

The entire group stands up.

AARON
Woah! Not so fast there, cowboy!
Don't you want to settle this mano-a-
mano?

BRETT
Not really.

AARON
What are ya? CHICKEN!?

Aaron starts making chicken noises and the rest of the group
joins in.

BRETT
Christ sake, fine. When and where?

AARON
Tomorrow! At the park! We joust!

BRETT
We joust?

AARON
Yeah. *Bike joust.*

Aaron hops on his bike and the others follow.

AARON (cont'd)
Be there or be square, loser!

Aaron and SSPRs ride away laughing.

Brett watches them ride away.

He pulls his phone out of his pocket as he starts taking the
toilet paper off of his mailbox.

INT. DONALD'S HOME

Donald is in bed. He rolls over and answers his phone.

DONALD
Hello?

EXT. BRETT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BRETT
Tomorrow, at the park, I'm putting an
end to this.

INT. DONALD'S HOME

DONALD
I knew I could count on you, kid.

EXT. BRETT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brett hangs up and finished grabbing the toilet paper.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Brett rolls up on his bike (the tire recently patched up).
The SSPRs pull up on the opposite side.

AARON
What's up, boner? Ready to lose?

BRETT
Let's get this over with.

Aaron takes two jousting sticks from one of his goons and
throws one at Brett.

Brett catches it.

Right-Hand Man rides in between them and spray-paints a line
in the grass.

He then rides back to the middle and stops.

RIGHT-HAND MAN
A bike joust works the same as any
other. You will each stay on one side
of the line and try to knock each
other off your bikes. The first one
to fall loses.

Pause for the tensions to rise.

RIGHT-HAND MAN (cont'd)
Begin!

Right-Hand Man rides back to his group as Aaron and Brett begin to pedal towards each other.

They clash at the middle but neither of them fall.

They then reach the ends and turn around to go again.

They repeat this process a few times, neither of them faltering.

They clash once again, this time both of them begin to teeter a bit.

Brett begins rubbing his shoulder. The pain is beginning to get to him.

Aaron is looking nervous.

They reach their starting points once again, gearing up to go for another strike.

AARON

South Street Paper-Routers, *swarm!*

The SSPRs begin riding towards Brett as he and Aaron are about to clash again.

They all follow Brett, beating him with sticks. Brett still holding himself and his bike up.

BRETT

This isn't fair, damn it!

AARON

The SSPRs know who's in charge, kid.
And you've come far enough. That's
why I'm unleashing the inner dawg!

The SSPRs chant barking sounds as the circle around Brett hitting him with sticks. Brett can't escape the circle.

Aaron gets an extra headstart and starts pedaling towards Brett at full speed.

DONALD

Aaron!!!

Aaron turns his attention to the horizon.

Donald cuts his way through the park on his own bike wearing ill-fitting biking gear, holding a twig.

DONALD (cont'd)
It's over, Aaron!!!

Donald throws the twig. It goes in between the spokes of Aaron's wheel throwing him off his bike.

Everyone stops and turns their attention to Donald.

AARON
Oh! Ow! I think I broke my arm!

DONALD
The reign of the South Street Paper-Routers is officially over!

The SSPRs ride away in separate directions.

BRETT
Thanks for helping me out there, Donald.

DONALD
No, Brett. Thank you.

People begin coming out of their homes.

MAN
Is it safe!? Is it finally safe!?

WOMAN
We're free!

Everyone surrounds Brett, cheering.

BRETT
This is all completely unnecessary.

DONALD
You saved us, Brett. You saved all of us.

The crowd begins chanting Brett's name.

AARON
Oh it hurts! It hurts so bad!

The crowd carries Brett away. Confetti flying through the air.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END