

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!

POSSE  
Yeah! You're gonna have to deal with  
the DAWG !

AARON  
Let's ride SSPRs!

The gang starts riding toward Brett, making war-cry noises.  
They park in front of Brett.

AARON (cont'd)  
Hey, punk!

BRETT  
Hmm?

AARON  
What are you doin' here?

BRETT  
Delivering papers.

AARON  
Yeah, but what are you doin' here?

BRETT  
Uh...I don't know how much more can  
elaborate.

AARON  
You think you can just deliver here?!

POSSE  
Hue hue, he thinks he can deliver  
near the DAWG!

AARON  
This here, this whole baking sector,  
this is my turf, kid. So why don't  
you just get back on your little  
tricycle and head on out?

POSSE  
Oooo, the boss is bringing the FIE-YA  
(fire)!

BRETT  
I didn't know there was territories  
for paper routes?

AARON  
Yeah? Well you thought wrong!

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.

They 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