

Paperboy

Todd Heilesen

PAu 3-961-127

Todd Heilesen  
15054 W Highland Ave  
Goodyear, AZ 85395  
(623)271-1975  
theilesen@msn.com

FADE IN:

SERIES OF SHOTS

A)13 year-old WALT DISNEY delivers the Kansas City Times in the predawn hours. He rides his bicycle up to a front porch and drops off a paper.

SUPER Walt Disney - Kansas City 1915

B)8 year-old MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR delivers the Atlanta Journal on his bicycle on a hot summer afternoon.

SUPER Martin Luther King Jr. - Atlanta 1937

C)14 year-old WARREN BUFFETT delivers The Washington Post on his bicycle on a cold winter morning.

SUPER Warren Buffett - Washington, D.C. 1944

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LITCHFIELD PARK, AZ - DAWN (PRESENT DAY)

Newspapers are thrown from a white delivery van onto driveways, with some serious misfires, some land in bushes, puddles, you name it. A newspaper is thrown onto the driveway of the upper middle class home of the Winters family.

SUPER - LITCHFIELD PARK, ARIZONA - PRESENT DAY

INT. BEN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

BEN WINTERS, 14, sleeps dressed in pajamas and sprawled out on his bed. Clothes are strewn across the floor. Posters of rock stars and Armor War video games cover the walls. Ben's sister, BECKY WINTERS, 16, opens the bedroom door and surveys the room in disgust.

BECKY

Time for breakfast bro.

Ben doesn't move.

BECKY

Breakfast. Food. Rations.

Ben doesn't move. Becky shakes her head.

INT. KITCHEN

STACEY WINTERS, 40s or early 50s, quickly places a few boxes of cereal on the kitchen table as Becky walks in. The TV is turned on to the morning news.

STACEY  
Where's your brother?

BECKY  
Mom, I think you know the answer to that.

Stacey yells toward Ben's bedroom.

STACEY  
Ben? . . . Benjamin Winters!

Becky rolls her eyes.

STACEY  
It was worth a try.

INT. BEN'S BEDROOM

STACEY  
(standing at doorway)  
Let's go. Time for breakfast.

Stacey walks over to Ben's bed and nudges him. Ben turns in bed half asleep with eyes still closed.

BEN  
Code red! Code red!

STACEY  
Lieutenant, we've got to get to the breakfast table. Code red!

BEN  
(groggily)  
Affirmative. Affirmative.

INT. KITCHEN

Stacey and Becky eat breakfast and watch the morning news. Ben enters dressed in fatigue pants and pours a bowl of cereal. Stacey & Becky remain focused on the news.

JACK WINTERS, 50s, enters the kitchen and quickly pours himself a glass of orange juice.

JACK  
Buenos dias!

STACEY  
Good morning, honey. What's with the  
suit and tie today? Did you get the  
promotion?

JACK  
I did.

STACEY  
You did?

JACK  
Not.

STACEY  
Jack!

JACK  
Actually, I'm interviewing for the  
promotion today.  
(looking at watch)  
And I've gotta run.

Jack gives Stacey a quick kiss.

JACK  
Have a good day guys.

STACEY  
You too.

Jack exits.

BECKY  
Why do you even set a place at the  
table for him?

STACEY  
Don't start.

BECKY  
Whatever.

EXT. WINTERS' DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Jack turns on the car radio and nods his head to the beat of  
70's music. He backs the car out over the newspaper and tire

marks remain.

INT. KITCHEN

Ben nods off and his head goes straight into his bowl of cereal. Milk splashes on Stacey & Becky.

BECKY

Ohhh, gross!

Stacey & Becky wipe themselves off in disgust.

STACEY

Were you up all night again playing that silly video game?

BEN

Mom, it's not silly. And no, I wasn't up all night.

STACEY

I see. And what time did you go to bed?

BEN

I dunno, maybe 1 or 2am.

STACEY

Well 1 or 2am isn't working out so well for the rest of us, understood?

(beat)

You two better get going or you'll miss the bus.

BECKY

(standing up)

Don't forget, I've got a track meet today. You know, the one you and Dad said you'd "try" to come to.

STACEY

I'm sorry kiddo, but I've got to show some homes this afternoon. Maybe next time.

BECKY

Parent's definition of maybe . . .

(singing it)

Never.

Stacey stares at Becky with disapproval.

BECKY  
Can't think of a better definition,  
can ya?

STACEY  
(pointing toward front door)  
Bus.

BECKY  
Okay. Okay. Just gotta finish my hair.

STACEY  
I'm not driving you to school again.  
You better hustle.

EXT. - WINTERS' HOUSE - MORNING

Ben exits the front door and holds one strap of his backpack.  
The bus passes by.

BEN  
(yelling)  
Bus is here!

Ben runs and tries to put his backpack straps on. He struggles with the second strap. Becky follows about 20 feet behind Ben, with only half of her hair done. The bus slowly pulls away from the bus stop down the street. Ben breathes heavily and runs behind the bus. The bus stops suddenly and Ben slams into the back corner of the bus. He spins around and falls to the ground.

GIRL ON SCHOOL BUS (O.S.)  
Ouch. That's gotta hurt.

BECKY  
Are you okay?

BEN  
I think so.

BECKY  
Way to sacrifice your body, bro.

Becky helps Ben get up slowly and he staggers to the bus door.

EXT. JACK'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. COMPANY PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

The COMPANY PRESIDENT, 60s, sits at his desk across from Jack.

COMPANY PRESIDENT

So Jack, how long have you been with us now?

JACK

Fifteen years sir.

COMPANY PRESIDENT

Fifteen years. Wow. Well I must say, you have been one of our most reliable employees. Not only that, but your work ethic is second to none. Where did that come from?

JACK

Ummm. Well . . . I'd have to say my parents deserve most of the credit, sir. They taught me to work hard and never give up. Come to think of it, the first job I had really put those teachings to the test. I was a paperboy.

COMPANY PRESIDENT

A paperboy? That was my first job too. Those were some good times.

JACK

Yes sir, some good times . . . and some challenging ones.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LITCHFIELD PARK, ARIZONA - DAY (1981)

JACK WINTERS, 14, rides his ten speed bicycle and carries a shoulder bag filled with newspapers. He has long, wavy hair, high striped tube socks, and listens to his Walkman. He leans back and enjoys the wind through his hair, hands off handlebars.

SUPER - LITCHFIELD PARK, ARIZONA - 1981

Jack sings to the music as he throws a newspaper onto a

subscriber's driveway. A German Shepherd appears from the side of the house. Jack grabs his handle bars and pedals as fast as he can.

DISSOLVE TO:

Jack is on a stretcher. The EMTs load him into an ambulance. The dog's owners, MR. and MRS. SCHAFERHUND, late 30s, and POLICE OFFICER stand on the sidewalk near the ambulance. The Police Officer writes a ticket. Mr. Schaferhund pets the dog and has it on a leash.

MR. SCHAFERHUND  
(with German accent)  
She veally is a nice dog, officer.

MRS. SCHAFERHUND  
(with German accent)  
That's vight officer. She vouldn't hurt a fly. The boy must have done something to provoke her.

POLICE OFFICER  
Sure. . . (handing Mr. Schaferhund the ticket) I'm going to have to ask you to keep the dog fenced in.

EMTs close ambulance doors and ambulance leaves with siren sounding.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COMPANY PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

COMPANY PRESIDENT  
Jack?

JACK  
(coming to)  
I'm sorry, what was that sir?

With two fingers extended, Company President points back and forth between his eyes and Jack's.

COMPANY PRESIDENT  
Stay with me, just a few more questions.

EXT. MILLENNIUM HIGH SCHOOL - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. MILLENNIUM HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM

MR. TUTTLE, late 50s or early 60s, wears bifocals and a bow tie.

MR. TUTTLE

So you see, Benjamin Franklin's success as a printer allowed him to retire from printing at the age of forty-two. This allowed him to explore other interests, such as science.

Ben stares at his smart phone.

MR. TUTTLE

Mr. Winters, can you tell me at what age Benjamin Franklin retired from printing?

BEN

Could you repeat the question?

MR. TUTTLE

No. But I will repeat your detention. Focus on the class, Mr. Winters, not your phone. You may just find that learning can be an exciting endeavor.

Bell rings.

MR. TUTTLE

Class dismissed.

ASHLEY, a classmate, walks past Ben. Ben stares mesmerized. Classroom now empty.

MR. TUTTLE

Was my class that spellbinding, Mr. Winters?

BEN

(coming to and scrambling to leave)  
Uh, yes, Mr. Tuttle. Fascinating stuff.

MR. TUTTLE

See you after school.

INT. MILLENIUM HIGH SCHOOL

Ben walks to his locker and hits the locker hard with his fist. ROLFE, JOHNNY, & RICO walk by.

ROLFE  
(touching the dent in the locker)  
Way to customize your locker! What happened, dude?

Ben tries to shake off the pain and opens his locker.

BEN  
Detention after school.

ROLFE  
Again? Nice job. You're in detention even more than I am!

RICO  
And that's saying something.

ROLFE  
(walking away & motioning as if he has a game controller)  
Don't forget, Armor War tonight!

EXT. MILLENNIUM HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Becky walks out of school in her track uniform with her friend, WHITNEY, and other TEAMMATES. Ben runs out the same door a few seconds behind them.

BEN  
(yelling)  
Becky! . . . Becky!

Becky turns around.

BEN  
Can I catch a ride home?

BECKY  
Why didn't you take the bus? . . . Let me guess - detention again?

Ben nods.

BECKY  
Do you have room in your car for one more, Whitney?

WHITNEY

Sure. In the meantime, Ben can cheer us on at the track meet. We could use an extra fan!

TEAMMATES clap and cheer in agreement.

EXT. MILLENNIUM HIGH SCHOOL TRACK - DAY

Ben sits in the middle of the bleachers which are almost completely empty, playing on his smart phone. Becky runs the last leg of the quarter mile relay and comes in 3rd place.

Out of breath, Becky looks up at the stands toward Ben. Ben's head is down and he is engrossed with his smart phone. Becky shakes her head in disappointment.

EXT. WINTERS' HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. KITCHEN

Jack enters, tie loosened and briefcase in hand, with his head down. Stacey works on her laptop.

JACK

(depressed)

Hi honey.

STACEY

You didn't get the promotion.

Jack remains stoic and raises his head.

JACK

(dangling a key chain with key)

Then what am I doing with this key to my new office?

Stacey jumps up and down.

STACEY

You got it!

Jack jumps up and down.

JACK

I got it!

Jack and Stacey join both hands and jump up and down like giddy kids. Becky enters.

BECKY  
Are you guys feeling okay?

JACK  
I got the promotion!

BECKY  
(apathetically)  
Great Dad, I'm happy for you.

Becky turns around and goes back to her bedroom. Jack gives a perplexed look.

INT. BECKY'S BEDROOM

Jack knocks and opens the bedroom door. Becky does homework.

JACK  
What's wrong?

Becky does not look up.

BECKY  
Maybe you could ask me how I did at my track meet today.

JACK  
Oh sweetheart, I'm sorry. I will get to one of your meets, I promise.

BECKY  
Pinky swear?

JACK  
You still do that?

Becky holds out her hand with her pinky extended.

JACK  
(interlocking pinkies with Becky)  
Pinky swear. How was the meet?

BECKY  
It was okay. Ben can tell you all about it. He was there on your behalf.

JACK  
Ben? I didn't know Ben was into track.

BECKY  
Thanks to his detentions after school  
(MORE)

BECKY (CONT'D)  
he's becoming one of our most loyal  
fans.

INT. BEN'S BEDROOM

Jack and Stacey enter. Ben plays Armor War and wears a gaming headset.

STACEY  
Ben?

Ben focuses on the game and does not respond.

JACK  
Ben!

BEN  
(raising his headset mic)  
Hang on. My squad's almost to level  
five.

JACK  
We've got to talk.

Jack and Stacey walk over and stand on either side of Ben. Ben stays focused on the gaming monitor. Stacey turns off the monitor.

BEN  
Mom!

STACEY  
What's this we hear about another  
detention at school?

BEN  
Becky!

STACEY  
Don't blame your sister. Were you  
caught using your phone again?

BEN  
Can we talk later? I really need to  
get back to the game.

Ben reaches to turn the gaming monitor back on but Stacey stops him.

STACEY

Uh, uh. Not until you hand over your phone.

BEN

Mom, it won't happen again.

Stacey shakes her head and holds out her hand. Ben gives her his phone.

STACEY

No phone for the rest of the week.

BEN

But what if there's an emergency?

STACEY

Yell for help. When I was your age I survived just fine without a phone. Even your dad survived without a phone.

JACK

(surprised)

I did, didn't I?

BEN

I can't believe this. Dad?

JACK

Sorry son, the boss has spoken.

STACEY

The boss? Why am I always the bad guy? Let's go, it's your turn for a little chat.

Stacey motions to the door with her thumb as Jack gives a concerned look.

EXT. MILLENNIUM HIGH SCHOOL - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. MILLENNIUM HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM

Ben nods off.

MR. TUTTLE

Continuing our discussion of Benjamin Franklin, he was a man of many

(MORE)

MR. TUTTLE (CONT'D)  
 inventions. In fact, the very bifocals  
 I'm wearing were invented by none  
 other than . . .

CLASSMATES  
 (in unison and very monotone)  
 Benjamin Franklin.

MR. TUTTLE  
 (walking toward Ben with a large  
 ruler in hand)  
 Correct you are. Another of Franklin's  
 inventions was the lightning rod.

Ashley cringes as Mr. Tuttle approaches Ben. Ben's head is  
 face down on his desk. Mr. Tuttle hits Ben's desk with the  
 ruler and Ben's head jolts back in shock.

MR. TUTTLE  
 Why Mr. Winters. You look as though  
 you've been struck by lightning.

Classmates laugh. Ben angrily stands up, grabs the ruler from  
 Mr. Tuttle, and breaks it in half across his thigh. Ashley  
 shakes her head incredulously.

MR. TUTTLE  
 (pointing to door)  
 Principal's office. NOW!

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

The PRINCIPAL, 50s, looks across the desk at Ben for a few  
 moments in silence and fidgets with a pencil in each hand. He  
 places each pencil in an electric pencil sharpener and slowly  
 slides the pencils above his ears with the pencil tips  
 pointing forward.

PRINCIPAL  
 Ben, Ben, Ben. I'm at a loss. This is  
 your third visit to my office this  
 month. What do you have to say for  
 yourself?

BEN  
 I'm sorry, sir.

BEN AND PRINCIPAL  
 (in unison)  
 It won't happen again.

PRINCIPAL

I know, I know, I know. That's what you said last time, and the time before that. That's three strikes, Ben. I'm going to have to call your parents in.

BEN

But sir, I promise -

PRINCIPAL

(pointing at the door)  
Back to class.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM

Girls play half court basketball on one side of gymnasium, boys on the other. Ben attempts a layup shot. He is fouled and falls to the ground. GYM TEACHER blows whistle.

GYM TEACHER

Two shots for Iceman Winters.

OPPOSING PLAYER

(lining up outside the free throw lane with other players)  
Don't freeze under the pressure, Iceman.

OTHER OPPOSING PLAYERS laugh.

BEN'S TEAMMATE

Come on. You've got this.

Ben's first shot does not hit the rim or backboard.

OPPOSING PLAYER

Aaaair baaaall.

OTHER OPPOSING PLAYERS

(in unison)  
Aaaair baaaall. Aaaair baaaall.

GYM TEACHER

Let's go Winters. Nothing but net.

Ben's second shot hits the backboard but not the rim. Gym Teacher drops his head as play resumes. Ben's Teammate passes the ball to Ben but it goes right through Ben's hands and into the middle of the girls' basketball game.

Ben runs to get the ball. Ashley picks up the ball and holds it out to Ben. Sweating and out of breath, Ben hesitates, as if frozen. Ashley laughs.

ASHLEY

Are you going to take it or not?

Mesmerized, Ben reaches out slowly and takes the ball.

BEN

Thanks.

Ben steps back slowly, still looking at Ashley. Opposing player yells.

OPPOSING PLAYER (O.S.)

Looks like Iceman Winters froze up again!

Other players laugh.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

Stacey narrows her eyes as the Principal sharpens a pencil, pokes his finger with it to test its sharpness, and places a pencil over each ear.

PRINCIPAL

Is Mr. Winters coming?

STACEY

No, he couldn't get away from work.

PRINCIPAL

Well, I'll get right to the point. We here at Millennium High School pride ourselves in helping our students achieve excellence. But we can only do so much.

The Principal picks up 3 pieces of paper with lists on them and shows each one individually to Stacey.

PRINCIPAL

Here's a look at Ben's grades . . . detentions . . . and visits to my office. If his grades and behavior don't improve I'm afraid we will have to expel him.

STACEY

Expel him? Don't you think that's a little extreme?

PRINCIPAL

I'm sorry, Mrs. Winters, but we have to draw the line somewhere. We can't maintain our "A" rating and compete with other schools if our students are disruptive in class and getting failing grades.

STACEY

"A" rating? What about my son's future? Don't you think that matters more than an "A" rating?

PRINCIPAL

Yes, it does. That's why I invited you and Mr. Winters (gesturing to an empty chair) to visit with me. I want to see your son succeed, but I need your help.

EXT. WINTERS' HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Stacey reads a book in bed. Jack enters exhausted and takes off his tie.

JACK

Hey, honey.

STACEY

Another late night at work, I see.

JACK

Yeah, just trying to get up to speed with my new position.

STACEY

We've got a problem, Jack.

JACK

Uh oh. I won't call you Boss, anymore, okay?

STACEY

That's a start. Although sometimes that title does feel empowering.

STACEY (CONT'D)

(beat)

It's Ben. I met with the principal today.

Stacey picks up Ben's report card from the night stand and holds it up.

STACEY

Have you seen Ben's grades?

JACK

Come on. How bad could they be?

Stacey hands Jack the report card.

JACK

Yikes.

(beat)

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, he got a B here.

STACEY

Yeah, in physical ed. This is serious, Jack. The principal is going to expel Ben if his grades and behavior don't improve.

JACK

Expel him? That's ridiculous! I'll talk to the principal tomorrow and get this sorted out.

STACEY

Jack, this isn't about the principal. How about talking to Ben for once? Think about it. He's getting failing grades, his only after school activity is detention, and he stares at that video game screen all night like he's a zombie.

JACK

He's a boy. Boy's like video games. I loved them just as much when I was a kid.

STACEY

Oh really? And did you also wear fatigues to school every single day?

Jack reflects, as if he may have worn fatigues daily.

STACEY

Jack, he's engrossed in those games. His schoolwork, his confidence, and frankly his future, will suffer because of it. I'm proud of you for getting promoted at work, but what's it all for if there's no time left to raise your kids?

JACK

Oh, so suddenly it's all my fault?

STACEY

(beat)

I didn't say that. I'm to blame as well. I'm afraid we've both let work consume us to the point where we expect others to raise our kids for us.

JACK

That could be dangerous.

STACEY

Very dangerous.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack walks down the hallway toward his office with a co-worker, BOBBY, 40s. The Company President passes them.

COMPANY PRESIDENT

How's my new VP doing?

JACK

Great, sir. Great.

COMPANY PRESIDENT

You brought back some great memories from my days as a Paperboy.

BOBBY

Paperboy? I was a paperboy too.

Bobby smiles and proudly raises his pant leg up to the knee, exposing a scar on his calf.

BOBBY

Check out this bad boy.

JACK

Apparently the dog bite is a rite of passage for paperboys.

Jack lifts his own pant leg to expose a similar scar on his calf. Both Jack and Bobby look at the Company President.

COMPANY PRESIDENT

Sorry guys, no scars to show. You should have had your parents drive you on your paper route like I did. No worries about dogs, rain, tire blowouts. . . Yes, those were some good times.

The Company President continues down the hall.

BOBBY

Well, at least we got some exercise. Without my afternoon paper route I would have been downing a bag of potato chips and watching reruns of The Brady Bunch.

JACK

I liked The Brady Bunch.

BOBBY

(whispering)

Yeah, me too. But for heaven's sake man, don't admit it!

JACK

We did get some good exercise on those paper routes, didn't we?

(beat)

Wait a minute. You just gave me a great idea!

BOBBY

Join the gym?

JACK

(patting Bobby on the shoulder and walking away)

Thanks, Bobby. I owe you one!

BOBBY

(confused)

Eat more potato chips?

(whispering & smiling)

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
Watch The Brady Bunch. Yes!

EXT. WINTERS' HOUSE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. BEN'S BEDROOM

JACK  
(opening bedroom door quickly)  
I've got great news.

BEN  
(napping)  
Ever heard of knocking?

JACK  
Sorry. Nap times over.

BEN  
Just 15 more minutes. Please.

JACK  
No time for naps. You're going to be  
this town's next paperboy!

BEN  
Paperboy? Like in the movies?

JACK  
Yeah, like in the movies!

BEN  
Do paperboys even exist?

JACK  
Of course they exist. I was one of  
them! Come on, I made an appointment  
to see the manager of our local  
newspaper.

BEN  
You can't be serious.

JACK  
Vamonos! Let's go!

BEN  
I don't want to be a paperboy. Why are  
you doing this?

JACK

Because I care about you, son. Your school grades may not seem important to you now, but they will be when you start filling out college applications.

BEN

Since when do you care?

JACK

Look Ben, your principal is threatening to expel you, so unless you want to trade in those fatigues for a school uniform, I'd recommend you come with me.

DISSOLVE TO:

Ben envisions himself in a blazer, dress shorts, and high socks.

DISSOLVE TO:

BEN

Okay, okay, you've got my attention. But how is becoming a paperboy going to help me with my grades?

JACK

For one thing, it's going to teach you some responsibility.

BEN

I'd rather be a water boy for the football team.

JACK

Look, I'll make you a deal. Bring me a report card with all A's and B's, and stop visiting the principal's office. Do that, and you can stop being a paperboy.

EXT. ARIZONA SUN OFFICE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. ARIZONA SUN OFFICE

The MANAGER, 50s or 60s, sits at his desk across from Jack and Ben.

MANAGER

I don't have any routes available right now, Mr. Winters. And frankly, we haven't had paperboys for years. Boys seem to have lost interest, and adults can deliver more papers across a wider area.

JACK

Were you ever a paperboy sir?

MANAGER

Why yes.

JACK

And you learned a lot from it, didn't you?

MANAGER

Sure did.

JACK

Well, I'm looking to give my son a similar experience, and I need your help to do it.

MANAGER

Tell you what, your son can have a paper route with us. There's only one catch. He has to create the route.

JACK

Create the route?

MANAGER

That's right. Create it from scratch. Subscriptions have been falling for years, and we could really use some good salesman. Whoever Ben signs up as a new customer automatically becomes a part of his route.

JACK

Now that sounds like a challenge. What do you say son?

BEN

(sarcastically)  
Sounds thrilling, Dad.

MANAGER

I'll take that as a yes. Good luck,  
Ben!

EXT. MILLENNIUM HIGH SCHOOL TRACK - DAY

Ben and classmates line up on the track start line.

GYM TEACHER

On your mark, get set -

Gym Teacher blows whistle. Ben and his classmates run a quarter mile. Seven students, including Ben, Rolfe, Johnny, & Rico, wear fatigues and fall behind the other students. Ben comes in last place. As he crosses the finish line he drops to the ground, sprawled out on the track exhausted. Ashley gives a look of concern while other classmates laugh. The gym teacher crouches down by Ben.

GYM TEACHER

This isn't nap time Winters.  
(motioning thumbs up)  
Up on your feet, let's go!

Ben struggles to his feet, still out of breath.

GYM TEACHER

(looking at other students)  
Oh you think this is funny? I wanna  
see another lap.

Classmates moan and complain.

ROLFE

Coach! Come on! You've gotta be  
kidding.

Gym Teacher starts laughing and then abruptly becomes serious.

GYM TEACHER

No joke. Let's go!

Gym teacher blows whistle several times rapidly.

ROLFE

Thanks a lot, Winters.

EXT. LITCHFIELD PARK, AZ - DAY

Ben rides his bike and visits homes in the neighborhood with

a clipboard and shoulder bag with newspapers.

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) First house - FEMALE HOMEOWNER #1, 40s, smiles sympathetically but shakes her head.

B) Ben rings door bell and knocks on door of second house with no answer.

C) Third house - front door slams in Ben's face. Angry, Ben rings the doorbell several times until the door opens again and then quickly runs away.

D) Fourth house - MALE HOMEOWNER #1, 30s, pulls a smart phone out of his pocket and points to it.

E) Ben becomes very fatigued on his bike.

F) Fifth house - ASHLEY'S FATHER shakes his head as Ashley appears behind him.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WINTERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Jack pulls into the driveway. He walks to the front door and whistles The Brady Bunch theme song.

INT. WINTERS' HOUSE

Stacey vacuums. She takes great care to get the vacuum lines in the carpet straight. Jack enters the house and walks up behind her.

JACK

Hi honey!

Stacey is startled and jumps.

STACEY

Jack, you've got to stop doing that!

Stacey detaches the vacuum hose and points it at Jack with a menacing look.

JACK  
Yeah, like you could really hurt me  
with that.

Stacey lunges toward him with the vacuum hose.

JACK  
(jumping back startled)  
Okay. Okay. Guess I was wrong. Why are  
you vacuuming so late?

STACEY  
You know I like falling asleep with my  
vacuum lines intact.

JACK  
Gotcha. Hey, how's our paperboy doing?

STACEY  
Not good. No sales today.

JACK  
Not a single one?

Stacey shakes her head. As Jack leaves, Becky enters and  
makes footprints in the carpet.

BECKY  
(casually)  
Hey Mom.

Becky sits on the couch and stares at her smart phone. Stacey  
looks at the footprints and Becky incredulously.

INT. BEN'S BEDROOM

As Jack enters he hears the vacuum noise pitch get higher and  
Becky screams. He closes and locks the door behind him, as if  
for protection. Ben is playing Armor War with his gaming  
headset on.

JACK  
Hey Ben.

Ben doesn't hear him and stays focused on the monitor. Jack  
taps Ben on the shoulder.

BEN  
(raising his headset mic)  
Hey Dad.

JACK

I heard about today. Wanna talk about it?

BEN

Playing Armor War, Dad. No time to talk.

JACK

I think your video game can wait. We need to -

BEN

(looking at Jack)

Dad, you don't understand. I'm playing online with my school buddies. I can't just abandon them again.

Ben's video game soldier gets shot while Ben is looking at Jack. Ben slams the game controller onto the desk.

BEN

Oh great! I just got shot, and now my squad is down a man. Satisfied?

JACK

Yeah, kind of. What kind of reaction is that? I think we may need to swap out Armor All with PacMan or Donkey Kong. Maybe that will tone things down a bit in here.

BEN

I'm sorry. It's just, I can't believe you're making me do this paperboy thing. Why are you torturing me?

JACK

Torturing you? No. Challenging you? Yeah. Ben, there's more to life than just sleep and video games.

BEN

I'm only fourteen.

JACK

And before you know it you'll be eighteen and out on your own. Listen son, when I was your age I had to make sacrifices. I had to let go of the joystick.

BEN  
Joystick?

JACK  
Video game. I had to stop playing  
video games and take care of business.  
My customers depended on me to deliver  
their newspaper every day, rain or  
shine.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WINTERS' HOUSE - DAY (1981)

It rains outside. Jack plays Atari video game Space Invaders  
while a friend, TOMMY, watches. JACK'S MOM enters.

JACK'S MOM  
Jack? Have you done your paper route  
today?

JACK  
Hold on Mom.

JACK'S MOM  
Jack?

TOMMY  
Mrs. Winters, Jack's through 3 rows of  
Space Invaders!

JACK'S MOM  
That's great Tommy, but Jack has  
responsibilities beyond "Alien  
Invaders".

TOMMY  
Space Invaders.

JACK'S MOM  
Riiight.

Jack's Mom turns off the TV.

JACK  
Mom!

JACK'S MOM  
You've got customers waiting.

JACK  
But it's still raining. Can't I go  
later?

JACK'S MOM  
No way, Jose. I don't want to get  
another call from Gramma Lee because  
her paper was late.

JACK  
Okay, okay. . . Sorry Tommy.

As Jack and Tommy leave, JACK'S SISTER, 10, turns the TV back  
on.

JACK'S SISTER  
It's all mine, baby.

Jack's Sister quickly unplugs the Atari cable and turns the  
TV channel to "The Brady Bunch". The picture is fuzzy so she  
adjusts the TV antenna rabbit ears. She sits cross-legged in  
front of the TV and eats potato chips.

EXT. GRAMMA LEE'S HOUSE - DAY (1981)

It continues to rain. GRAMMA LEE, 50s, sits in her rocking  
chair and knits on the front porch. She looks at her watch  
and then at the street. A full glass of lemonade sits on the  
table next to her. She rocks a little bit faster. She looks  
at her watch again and shakes her head. She gets up from her  
rocking chair and walks toward the front door.

JACK  
Gramma Lee, wait!

Jack wears a Los Angeles Dodgers rain poncho. He rides up the  
driveway and runs to the front porch. Gramma Lee turns  
around.

JACK  
(handing her the paper)  
Sorry Gramma Lee.

GRAMMA LEE  
That's the second time this week,  
Jack.

JACK  
I won't be late again.

GRAMMA LEE

(smiling and pinching Jack's cheeks)

You know I love my paper, and of course my paperboy. Don't forget your lemonade.

Jack drinks the lemonade too quickly and it runs down the sides of his mouth.

GRAMMA LEE

Slowly, Jack, slowly for heaven's sake.

JACK

Aaaah. Thanks Gramma Lee.

GRAMMA LEE

See you tomorrow.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEN'S BEDROOM (PRESENT DAY)

JACK

Come on. It's time for some salesmanship 101.

BEN

You've got to be kidding me.

INT./EXT. WINTERS' HOUSE

Ben is outside and knocks on the front door. Jack opens the door.

JACK

(menacingly)

What do you want?

BEN

(monotone)

Good afternoon, sir. I'm stopping by today to see if you might possibly be interested in subscribing to the Arizona Sun.

JACK

Might possibly? Son, you need to project confidence and enthusiasm. Here, let me give it a shot.

Jack knocks on the front door and Ben opens.

BEN

Yes?

JACK

Good afternoon sir. How are you today?

BEN

Disturbed.

JACK

Disturbed? Well don't worry, I've got great news. I now deliver the Arizona Sun in your area. This paper will keep you up to date on community events and other important news. I can sign you up today and have your first paper delivered tomorrow. Sound good?

BEN

Sorry, I'm not the decision maker. Later.

Ben slams the door in Jack's face. Jack knocks and Ben opens.

JACK

Very funny.

BEN

I'd need a lot of sugar to reach that kind of enthusiasm.

JACK

Let the money be your sugar. The more money you make, the more enthusiasm you'll have.

BEN

Wow, deep stuff, Dad. Can I get back to my game now?

JACK

You know how your life is made up of sleep and video games?

(pointing to his watch)

It's time for the sleep part. Buenas noches.

BEN

Buenos nachos.

JACK  
Keep working on that Spanish, son.

EXT. - WINTERS' HOUSE - DAY ESTABLISHING

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Ben pours extra sugar into energy drinks and fills his pockets with candy.

EXT. LITCHFIELD PARK, AZ - DAY

Ben walks up to the front door of a property in the neighborhood with his head up, shoulders back, and a grin from ear to ear.

Ben knocks on the door and a woman in her 30s answers.

FEMALE HOMEOWNER #2  
May I help you?

BEN  
Yes, how are you today?

FEMALE HOMEOWNER #2  
(suspiciously)  
Good.

BEN  
I've got great news. I now deliver the Arizona Sun in your area. This paper will keep you up to date on community events and other. . . stuff. I can sign you up today and have your first paper delivered tomorrow. Sound good?

FEMALE HOMEOWNER #2  
I'm not interested. Thanks.

Door shuts.

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

Ben smiles as several other doors are shut in his face. After the last door shuts, Ben's smile quickly disappears.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WINTERS' HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. BEN'S BEDROOM

Ben plays Armor War with his gaming headset on. Jack enters.

BEN  
Go! Go! Go!

JACK  
Hey Ben.

Ben waves hello with his hand and stays focused on monitor.

JACK  
How'd it go today?

BEN  
(raising his headset mic)  
I'm done being a paperboy. I quit.

JACK  
Quit?

BEN  
(still playing video game)  
Can we talk about it later? Kinda busy  
right now.

JACK  
I think we need to talk about it now.

BEN  
Dang it. Gimme a break, Dad.

JACK  
NOW Ben.

BEN  
Sorry team. Gotta bail for a bit.

RICO (O.S.)  
Deserter.

JOHNNY (O.S.)  
Wait, you can't leave right -

Ben takes off his headset and turns off the monitor.

JACK  
What happened today?

BEN

It's what didn't happen, Dad. Not even two cups of sugar in my energy drink could pull it off. It's useless.

JACK

(sitting on Ben's bed)  
Tell me you didn't.

BEN

I did. Pretty powerful stuff!

JACK

Son, I know it's not easy, but giving up isn't the answer. People aren't successful because they never fail. They're successful because when they do fail, they pick themselves up and try again.

BEN

I've knocked on over 50 doors and have nothing to show for it.

JACK

Nothing to show for it? How about persistence? I think you've got a lot to show for it, and that will ultimately lead to success.

BEN

It's not working.

JACK

Then change it. If it's not working, change it. You're a smart kid, Ben. Think of what your customers want, then give it to them.

(pointing to his own head)

This is your money machine. Think about it. . . but please, lay off the sugar.

EXT. WINTERS' HOUSE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. WINTERS' HOUSE - DAY

BEN and MANAGER

The scene INTERCUTS between Ben at home and the Manager at the Arizona Sun Office.

BEN

Hi, this is Ben Winters. I'm calling about the paper route.

MANAGER

Yes, Ben. How many new subscriptions do you have for me?

BEN

Well, sir, none yet, but that's why I'm calling. Do you have any special deals that I can offer new subscribers?

MANAGER

Special deals?

(beat)

Tell you what. You get me a 6 month subscription and I can offer the first month for free. How does that sound?

BEN

Deal!

EXT. LITCHFIELD PARK, AZ - DAY

Ben knocks on a neighborhood door. MALE HOMEOWNER #2, 40s, answers. A puppy barks and jumps on MALE HOMEOWNER #2's leg.

MALE HOMEOWNER #2

Yes?

BEN

Hello. How are you today?

MALE HOMEOWNER #2

Disturbed.

BEN

I'll keep it short. I now deliver the Arizona Sun in your area. I can offer you the first month for free if you sign up for 6 months. Sound good?

MALE HOMEOWNER #2

(holding up a smart phone)

Kid, it's over for newspapers. I can get everything I need right here.

BEN

I understand, I love my phone too.

(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)

What's great about the newspaper is that it gives you more information about local news and upcoming events. It's easy to miss things if they're just posted online, so the newspaper's a perfect compliment to your phone.

MALE HOMEOWNER #2

Actually, you make some good points, kid. Let me think about it.

Puppy pees on Male Homeowner's foot.

MALE HOMEOWNER #2

Not again. Bad boy Sparky, bad boy!

BEN

(handing Male Homeowner #2 a newspaper)

Looks like Sparky could use a newspaper in the meantime. No charge.

MALE HOMEOWNER #2

Thanks, kid.

EXT. LITCHFIELD PARK, AZ - DAY

Ben knocks on the door of Female Homeowner #2 again.

FEMALE HOMEOWNER #2

Persistent, aren't you?

BEN

Yes, ma'am. I forgot to mention the coupon inserts that come with the paper twice a week. Plus, I can offer you the first month for free if you sign up for 6 months. Sound good?

FEMALE HOMEOWNER #2

Coupons? And a free month? Now you're talkin'! Sign me up!

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) First house - Ben holds up business section to MALE HOMEOWNER #3, 50s, dressed in a suit and tie.

B) Second house - Ben holds up food and health section to FEMALE HOMEOWNER #3, late 20s, who is about to jog with her baby in a jogger stroller.

C) Third house - Ben holds up comic section as FEMALE HOMEOWNER #4'S DAUGHTER tugs on FEMALE HOMEOWNER #4's shirt and begs for it.

D) Fourth house - Ben holds up high school sports section for MALE HOMEOWNER #4 and MALE HOMEOWNER #4'S TEENAGE SON, dressed in sportswear as they play basketball in the driveway.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WINTERS' HOUSE - DAWN - ESTABLISHING

INT. BEN'S BEDROOM

Stacey knocks and opens the door.

STACEY

Better get up. It's 5:30 and you've got papers to deliver.

BEN

(moaning)

5:30? I can't do this.

STACEY

You'd better do it. You've got some new customers depending on you.

Ben slowly gets up.

STACEY

(clapping)

Let's go. Chop, chop!

EXT. WINTERS' HOUSE

Ben puts newspapers in his delivery bag and gets on his bike on the driveway as Stacey and Jack, dressed in pajamas, observe proudly from the front door.

JACK

(yawning)

We're proud of you son.

BEN

This is crazy. You can't tell me you enjoyed waking up this early to deliver papers.

JACK

You're right, I can't. When I was your age The Arizona Sun was an afternoon paper, so I delivered the papers after school.

BEN

Seriously?

JACK

(looking at his watch)  
Looks like I've got time for one more snooze.

STACEY

(pushing Jack)

Stop.

Stacey sees a skunk suddenly appear behind Ben's bike.

STACEY

Skunk!

BEN

(incredulously)  
Very funny.

The skunk hisses and turns around to spray Ben. Startled, Ben screams and rides away as fast as he can.

JACK

Wow. Now that boy's excited to deliver some papers!

EXT. MILLENNIUM HIGH SCHOOL - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. MILLENNIUM HIGH SCHOOL

Ben opens his locker and Rolfe, Johnny, and Rico approach, dressed in fatigue pants.

ROLFE

Dude, where have you been?

BEN

Class.

ROLFE

I mean last night! Armor War is our nightly ritual and you've gone AWOL.

RICO

Yeah, what gives?

BEN

Sorry guys, I was just too tired. I have to wake up early now for my paper route.

ROLFE

Paper route? What are you talking about?

Ashley appears several lockers down with ROGER, a football player, and some other friends. She opens her locker while overhearing the conversation.

BEN

A newspaper route. I deliver papers.

ROLFE

You've got to be kidding me. You're a paperboy? Dude, haven't you heard? Adults deliver the newspaper now.

BEN

Not according to my dad. Anyway, he gave me no choice. I have to do the paper route until my grades improve.

ROLFE

(laughing)

Dude, sounds like you'll be delivering papers forever.

BEN

What do you mean by that, Rolfe?

ROLFE

You know what I mean, Mr. "A" student.

BEN

At least I'm getting paid to deliver newspapers. Playing Armor War didn't pay too well.

ROLFE

It's called an allowance. The parents  
(MORE)

ROLFE (CONT'D)  
give and you receive.

RICO  
And why aren't you wearing your  
fatigues, dude?

BEN  
My mom asked me not to wear them on my  
paper route. Wearing them daily was  
getting pretty stinky anyway.

ROLFE  
Come on guys.

Rolfe walks away with Rico and Johnny and points at Ben.

ROLFE  
Tonight, Ben. You better be back.  
We're depending on you!

BEN  
I'll try guys.

JOHNNY  
Don't desert us, man.

A couple of female students pass Rolfe, Rico, and Johnny, and quickly react to the bad odor. One plugs her nose, the other winces and waves her hand in front of her face.

Ashley walks toward Ben.

ASHLEY  
Sorry my dad didn't subscribe to the  
newspaper.

BEN  
That's okay.

ASHLEY  
I think it's great you're earning your  
own money.

BEN  
Thanks.

Ashley's friends walk away.

ROGER  
You comin' Ashley?

ASHLEY

Yeah. . . Sorry, better go. See ya.

BEN

Yeah, see ya.

Ashley walks away with Roger and other friends.

ROGER

What were you doing with that loser?

ASHLEY

He's not a loser. Cut it out Roger.

EXT. GRAMMA LEE'S HOUSE - DAY

Ben knocks on Gramma Lee's door. GRAMMA LEE, now in her 90s, answers the door and supports herself with a walker.

GRAMMA LEE

May I help you?

BEN

Yes, ma'am. I've got great news. I now deliver the Arizona Sun newspaper in your area. This paper will keep you up to date -

GRAMMA LEE

Still got them obituaries?

BEN

Uhhh, obituaries?

GRAMMA LEE

You know, (whispering) the dead people section.

BEN

Oh, uhhh, yes, we do have that section.

GRAMMA LEE

I do enjoy reading the obituaries, but I stopped taking the paper a few years ago because the paper man wouldn't deliver to my doorstep. I just can't get around as easily as I used to.

BEN

Ma'am, I can deliver it to your front  
(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)  
door every day!

GRAMMA LEE  
Well in that case sign me back up.

BEN  
Yes ma'am. What's your name?

GRAMMA LEE  
Wendy Lee Wilson, but you can just  
call me Gramma Lee.

BEN  
Gramma Lee it is. My name's Ben  
Winters.

GRAMMA LEE  
Winters? Are you Jack's boy?

BEN  
Yes ma'am. How did you -

GRAMMA LEE  
Jack was one of my favorite paperboys.  
You tell him to stop by sometime for  
some good ol' Gramma Lee lemonade.

BEN  
Yes ma'am.

EXT. WINTERS' HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. KITCHEN

Stacey cooks dinner. Jack grabs an energy drink from the refrigerator. He drinks it but spits it out and gags immediately.

STACEY  
Are you okay?

JACK  
(yelling)  
Ben?

BEN  
(entering kitchen)  
Yeah Dad?

JACK  
How can you drink this stuff?

BEN  
I don't anymore. Sorry, I forgot about that one.

JACK  
Two extra cups of sugar? That's wicked!

BEN  
(giving a thumbs up)  
No argument there. Can I go now?

JACK  
(still gagging)  
Actually, since you're here, how's the paper route going?

BEN  
Great! I got my first paycheck today!

JACK  
First paycheck?  
(beat)  
That's riiight. You don't have to collect, do you?

BEN  
Collect?

JACK  
I mean, when I was a paperboy, I had to collect payment directly from each customer.

BEN  
Wow, that sounds like a lot of extra work.

JACK  
It was extra work, and dangerous at times!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCHAFERHUND'S HOUSE - DAY (1981)

German Shepherd barks and growls in backyard. Jack approaches with caution and sees the German Shepherd's head as it jumps

behind the side gate in an attempt to get out. Jack knocks on the front door.

MR. SCHAFERHUND

Ya?

JACK

Hello Mr. "Shayferhund".

MR. SCHAFERHUND

Shoffairhoond.

JACK

Sorry. I'm here to collect.

MR. SCHAFERHUND

Collect?

JACK

For your newspaper subscription.

MR. SCHAFERHUND

Let me get this straight. You tease my dog, the police put a restraining order on it, and now you want me to pay you?

JACK

Your dog attacked me, sir.

MR. SCHAFERHUND

And for good reason. You stole my son's paper route!

JACK

Sir, I didn't steal it. I don't know what your son did, but too many customers were complaining, so the newspaper gave me your son's route.

MR. SCHAFERHUND

That's absurd. You stole it!

JACK

Please sir, I just need you to pay your subscription fee and I'll be on my way.

MR. SCHAFERHUND

(pulling out some cash)

Take it. No tip for you! Auf

(MORE)

MR. SCHAFERHUND (CONT'D)  
Wiedersehen!

Mr. Schaferhund slams the door.

JACK  
Auf Wiedersehen.

EXT. CHARLESWORTH'S HOUSE - DAY (1981)

Jack knocks on a subscriber's front door. MARTHA CHARLESWORTH, 14, with large rim glasses, answers.

MARTHA  
(with a huge smile on her face)  
Hi!

JACK  
Hi. I'm here to collect.

MARTHA  
(yelling)  
Mom, the paperboy's here to collect.

MRS. CHARLESWORTH comes to the door.

MRS. CHARLESWORTH  
Hi Jack. Won't you come in?

JACK  
Thanks Mrs. Charlesworth, but I'd better not. Lots of homes to visit today.

MRS. CHARLESWORTH  
Oh, don't be silly. You come right in, and I'll get you some milk and cookies.

INT. CHARLESWORTH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY (1981)

Jack sits down on the couch. Martha sits next to him and stares at him with a big smile. A love song, circa 1981, plays on a vinyl record.

Mrs. Charlesworth returns.

MRS. CHARLESWORTH  
 (handing Jack cookies and milk)  
 Here you go. Nothing but the best for  
 our favorite paperboy, right Martha?

MARTHA  
 Yes, mother.

MRS. CHARLESWORTH  
 Martha tells me the school dance is  
 coming up. Perhaps you two could go  
 together.

JACK  
 (gagging on his cookie)  
 Oh my gosh, look at the time. I  
 apologize, I've got to go. Thank you  
 so much for the milk and cookies.

MRS. CHARLESWORTH  
 So soon? Don't forget about our little  
 chat.

JACK  
 Oh, I won't Mrs. Charlesworth. I  
 won't.

As Jack rides away, Martha runs after him and waves goodbye.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WINTERS' HOUSE - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

JACK  
 Yeah, definitely a good thing you  
 don't have to collect from each  
 customer, son.

EXT. - WINTERS' HOUSE - DAWN - ESTABLISHING

INT. BEN'S BEDROOM

It's pouring rain. Ben struggles to wake up as alarm sounds.  
 Stacey walks in.

STACEY  
 Rise and shine, kiddo.

BEN  
 Any chance you can drive me on my  
 paper route today?

STACEY

Sorry, I have to prepare for a listing presentation. Make sure to wear a raincoat.

BEN

We live in Arizona. I don't have a raincoat!

STACEY

You'll have to use your father's old one. I think it's collecting dust somewhere in our closet.

BEN

And how am I supposed to keep the papers dry? It's pouring outside!

STACEY

Don't you have any plastic covers?

BEN

No.

STACEY

Maybe just drop 'em on the front porch. Up and at 'em!

EXT. LITCHFIELD PARK, AZ - MORNING

Ben delivers newspaper in Jack's over-sized raincoat. He squints as rain pelts his face.

A delivery truck splashes through a large puddle as it passes Ben. It covers him in water.

BEN

(yelling in frustration)  
Thanks a lot, buddy!

Ben rides up a subscriber's long driveway and drops the paper off at the front porch.

BEN

This is going to take forever. There's gotta be a better way.

Ben thinks about it and then smiles. At the next subscriber's house Ben puts the newspaper in the mailbox.

EXT. LITCHFIELD PARK, AZ - DAY

The MAILMAN arrives at the same mailbox and discovers the newspaper in the box. Mildly irritated, the Mailman squeezes the mail into the box with the newspaper.

The Mailman arrives at a 2nd mailbox with a newspaper. More irritated, the mailman pulls the newspaper out of the mailbox and drops it on the ground, as if by accident.

MAILMAN  
(laughing)

Oops.

The Mailman arrives at a 3rd mailbox with a newspaper. Very irritated, the Mailman rips the newspaper out of the box and tears it to pieces.

EXT. WINTERS' HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. WINTERS' HOUSE

Stacey knocks on Ben's bedroom door.

STACEY

Ben?

BEN

Yeah Mom?

STACEY

Open up.

Ben opens the door.

STACEY

(holding up her phone)

I have two voice mails from the Arizona Sun.

BEN

Voice mails? What about?

STACEY

Maybe you can tell me! Some of your customers called to complain about soaked newspapers.

BEN

That's strange. I put the papers in the mailbox so they wouldn't get wet.

STACEY

Mailbox? Well, that explains why one of the newspapers was found shredded in the street. Ben, you can't put the newspaper in the mailbox. It's illegal.

BEN

(bewildered)

Whuh?

EXT. LITCHFIELD PARK, AZ - MORNING

The Mailman sits in his mail truck near one of the homes on Ben's paper route. When Ben arrives the mailman gets out of his truck as Ben tosses a newspaper onto the driveway.

MAILMAN

(yelling)

Hey! I need to have a word with you.

Ben stops. The Mailman walks toward Ben and slips in a mud puddle. He falls flat on his back. Ben cringes.

MAILMAN

(standing up angrily)

That's it!

BEN

You're blaming me for that?

The Mailman angrily walks toward Ben.

BEN

That would be a yes.

Ben takes off on his bike.

MAILMAN

Hey! Get back here!

The Mailman gets back in his truck and the tires screech as he slams on the gas pedal. Ben rides his bike down the sidewalk as fast as he can. The Mailman drives parallel to him.

MAILMAN

(taking his eyes off the road)

We need to talk, paperboy!

The Mailman looks ahead again and sees geese crossing the

street. He swerves and loses control of the truck. He drives off the street and into a water hazard at the Wigwam Resort Golf Course. The truck is half submerged in water. The Mailman lowers his forehead onto the steering wheel.

MAILMAN

Oh boy.

Ben watches from across the street as RANGER RICK approaches the water hazard in his golf cart. The Mailman wades out of the water hazard. Letters & packages float around him.

Ranger Rick shakes his head and fidgets with a toothpick in his mouth. He gets out of his cart and notices a dirt spot on his cart hood, so he takes a cloth and cleans it off. He smiles and takes a selfie with the half-submerged truck.

MAILMAN

(looking at Ranger Rick)

Really?

EXT. JACK'S CAR - DAY

Jack and Ben drive to the Arizona Sun office. A song from the 70's plays on the radio.

BEN

Do you think the manager is going to fire me?

JACK

Fire you? Over a few wet papers? I don't think so.

BEN

Then why did he ask you to come with me to his office?

JACK

I don't know son, but we'll find out soon.

BEN

Can we take a break from your music, Dad?

JACK

This song's a classic!

Jack starts singing along with the music and then glances over at Ben. Ben has a look of pain on his face.

JACK  
All right, all right.

Ben connects his smart phone and plays the song of a popular present day group.

JACK  
Haven't heard you play this before.

BEN  
Just downloaded it. Remember, I'm in business now. I've got some spending cash!

JACK  
Just make sure you're saving some of those profits for college! I spent way too much money on cassette tapes and 8-tracks when I was your age.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WHITE TANK MOUNTAIN REGIONAL PARK - DAY (1981)

Jack sits in the passenger seat of a pickup truck and holds an 8-track tape in his hands. JACK'S DAD drives as the CBS news radio sounder plays (STOCK).

JACK  
Dad, can we play -

Jack's Dad puts his hand up to silence Jack. News plays about the Dow Jones Industrial Average, average gasoline price, and average mortgage rates (STOCK). Jack's Dad flinches as he hears the numbers.

JACK'S DAD  
Sorry, son. Just had to hear how the market's doing.

JACK  
Can we play some music now?

JACK'S DAD  
You bet! Slap it in there!

Jack inserts the 8-track tape. There is a loud hissing sound before music starts.

SONG  
 "Drivin' My Life Away" by Eddie Rabbit  
 or other song circa 1981

Scene switches to an aerial view of the truck and surrounding mountains as music plays. Jack and Jack's Dad nod their heads up and down to the beat of the music and sing along. 8-track tape clicks slowly to the next track in the middle of the song, causing a pause in the music. Jack and Jack's Dad stop nodding/singing, seemingly unphased by the pause, then start nodding/singing again when music resumes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JACK'S CAR - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

JACK  
 (talking to himself)  
 Man I miss that hissing sound.

INT. ARIZONA SUN OFFICE

MANAGER  
 (shaking hands)  
 Hello Ben.

BEN  
 Hello sir.

MANAGER  
 (shaking hands)  
 Mr. Winters. Please have a seat.

JACK  
 So, to what do we owe the privilege?

MANAGER  
 We got some complaints the other day about wet newspapers. One even said their paper was ripped up.

BEN  
 Sir, I can explain --

MANAGER  
 (holding his hand up)  
 No need. It's not the first time we've had a run-in with the Mailman. As for the wet papers,  
 (placing a bundle of plastic sleeves on the desk)  
 (MORE)

MANAGER (CONT'D)

I assume all papers will be delivered dry from here on out. Safe assumption?

BEN

Yes, sir.

MANAGER

Wet newspapers aside, I asked you and your dad to stop by today to tell you in person how impressed I've been with the number of new subscribers you've signed up.

JACK

That's my boy.

MANAGER

Ben, thanks to your success, I've decided to hire additional paperboys and would like you to train them. If they're as successful as you are, it will bode very well for this newspaper. And of course, I'll include a bonus to you! What do you say?

BEN

Sounds good to me!

MANAGER

(standing to shake their hands)  
You've got a great son here, Mr. Winters. He's making a difference.

JACK

(standing to leave)  
Like father, like son.

MANAGER

(patting Jack's back and rolling his eyes)  
Of course.

EXT. MILLENNIUM HIGH SCHOOL - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. - MILLENNIUM HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

MR. TUTTLE

(passing out test results)  
Ms. Niceler . . . well done. Mr. Quast  
. . . no comment. Ms. Parry . . .

(MORE)

MR. TUTTLE (CONT'D)  
superb. Mr. Winters . . . making  
progress.

Surprised, Ben looks at his grade of B- and does a fist pump.

BEN  
Yes!

EXT. MILLENNIUM HIGH SCHOOL TRACK - DAY

Ben and classmates stand at the start line for a quarter mile race around the track.

GYM TEACHER  
On your mark. Get set -

Gym Teacher blows the whistle. Ben finishes the race in the middle of the pack. The students dressed in fatigues come in last.

GYM TEACHER  
Not bad Winters, not bad. Whatever  
you're drinking, keep drinking it!

Gym Teacher turns toward Rolfe and the other students wearing fatigues.

GYM TEACHER  
And you guys. You call yourselves  
Marines? Drop and give me twenty!

ROLFE  
But coach -

GYM TEACHER  
Make it twenty-five.

Ben turns and sees Ashley in the distance with some girlfriends.

DISSOLVE TO:

Ben daydreams of coming in first place, passing Roger just before the finish line. After the race, Ashley runs past Roger to give Ben a fist pump as others applaud.

DISSOLVE TO:

Ben looks at Ashley. She laughs and smiles as she talks with Roger. Ben slouches in disappointment. Rico approaches Ben

after completing push-ups.

RICO

So, do you really like being a paperboy?

BEN

At first I couldn't stand it. But once I got some customers and started earning money it felt really good.

RICO

And it's getting you into shape. Not a bad run out there.

BEN

Thanks. Hey, would you be interested in becoming a paperboy?

RICO

Me? No way. Rolfe would kill me.

BEN

Well, let me know if you change your mind. The newspaper's hiring more paperboys.

Rico looks at Ben, appearing to seriously consider the idea.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack studies a presentation at his desk. Bobby pops his head through the door.

BOBBY

Working late again?

JACK

Yeah, I've got to finish this presentation. Big meeting tomorrow with el jefe.

BOBBY

Well, don't forget to have a life. You know, spend some time with the family, walk the dog . . .

JACK

(looking at his watch)  
Oh my gosh, my daughter's track meet!

BOBBY

Not good Jack. If anyone should be staying late it's me. Single guy, no prospects, not even a dog to walk.

Jack stands up, putting his presentation in a folder.

JACK

You know what? You're right.

BOBBY

Well that's insulting.

JACK

(holding folder out)

Can you finish tweaking this presentation for me?

BOBBY

Actually, I'm outta hear. Don't stay too late!

Bobby quickly leaves Jack's office. Jack follows with the presentation folder in hand. Bobby turns to look back down the hallway and Jack is running after him.

JACK

Bobby!

BOBBY

Criminy!

Bobby runs.

EXT. MILLENNIUM HIGH SCHOOL TRACK - DAY

Jack runs toward Becky and the track team, as they walk away from the track.

JACK

I'm so sorry honey. Traffic was awful today.

BECKY

The traffic excuse? Really?

JACK

I'm sorry. I was getting ready for a presentation and lost track of time. No pun intended. How'd the meet go?

BECKY  
Come to the next one and you won't  
have to ask.

JACK  
Fair enough.

EXT. GRAMMA LEE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Ben approaches Gramma Lee's house and notices a For Sale sign  
in the front yard.

BEN  
Oh no.

A full glass of milk is on the porch table along with a note  
- "I'm awake, Ben. Please knock." Ben drinks some of the  
milk, grimaces, and knocks on the front door.

GRAMMA LEE  
Good morning Ben.

BEN  
Hi Gramma Lee. Are you moving?

GRAMMA LEE  
Yes, dagnabbit. Those kids of mine say  
it's time I move into a care home.  
Frankly, my legs agree, so I'm afraid  
I'm outnumbered.

BEN  
I'll miss you.

GRAMMA LEE  
Miss me? Don't tell me you're going to  
stop delivering that paper just  
because I'm moving. That care center's  
only a 1/2 mile from here, and I  
expect you to bring me my paper.

BEN  
You got it!

GRAMMA LEE  
But can you bring it in the afternoon?  
This early bird thing is a bit much at  
my age, and I like to see my paperboy!

BEN  
No problem.

GRAMMA LEE

Good. Now finish up that goat milk!

Ben gives a concerned look.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Instrumental bossa nova type music plays. Ben pushes shopping cart as Stacey dances to the music and fills the shopping cart. Ben grabs several junk food items as they walk and places them in the cart without Stacey noticing.

BEN

Mom, please.

STACEY

(dancing)

I don't know why people knock grocery store music. I love this stuff.

A GROCERY STORE WORKER, 50s or 60s, stocks shelves at the end of the aisle. He looks at Stacey with a disturbed look. Ben lowers his head onto the shopping cart handle to hide his face. He lifts his head.

BEN

Can I ask you a girl question?

STACEY

A girl question?

BEN

Well, there's this girl I like at school, and, well, there's a school dance coming up.

STACEY

(continuing to shop)

And?

BEN

I want to ask her to the dance, but I guess I'm not sure if she likes me or not. I mean, she's nice to me and all, but she hangs out with one of the football players a lot.

STACEY

So you've got some competition?

BEN

Yeah, some big competition.

STACEY

Well, you can sit at home worrying about whether or not she likes you, or you can ask her to the dance and see what happens.

BEN

But what if she says no?

STACEY

Then your life's ruined.

Ben gives a shocked look.

STACEY

I'm kidding. I'm kidding.

Stacey & Ben go past the Grocery Worker and down the next aisle. The Grocery Worker checks to make sure no one is looking and dances to the music as he stocks shelves.

Stacey gets to the check out line and notices all of the junk food as she unloads the shopping cart.

STACEY

What's all this?

BEN

It's comfort food in case Ashley says no.

STACEY

Nice try.

Stacey shakes her head and hands all of the junk food items to Ben until he can barely hold them.

EXT. MILLENNIUM HIGH SCHOOL - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. CAFETERIA

A large poster for the school dance is on the wall. Ben stares at the poster as he and Rico sit down for lunch. Ben searches for Ashley on the other side of the cafeteria and spots her sitting by Roger. Rico tracks Ben's eyes.

RICO

The school dance? You and Ashley? Keep  
(MORE)

RICO (CONT'D)  
dreamin' Ben.

BEN  
(dazed)  
Okay, I will.

Rolfe & Johnny approach Ben & Rico's table.

ROLFE  
Well, if it isn't the two paperboys. I heard you've joined ranks with Ben. Is that true Rico?

RICO  
Yeah, what about it?

ROLFE  
What about it? Now we're two players down in Armor War. Where are your priorities, dude?

RICO  
Earning some money sounded like a good idea. Maybe you should try it.

Rolfe laughs and looks at Johnny. He mockingly pretends to ride a bike and throw newspapers.

ROLFE  
Hi, Mr. Nelson, here's your paper. Hey Mrs. Cleaver, it's coupon day! Not gonna happen!

Rolfe flips Rico's food tray into his lap.

ROLFE  
Oops. Better clean that up, paperboy.

Ashley turns to look at Ben. Ben grabs his lasagna and throws it at the back of Rolfe's head as Rolfe walks away. Rolfe slowly turns around and stares at Ben. The other students in the cafeteria stare in silence for a few seconds.

ROLFE  
(yelling)  
Fooooood fiiiiight!

Everyone screams and throws food. Ashley folds her arms and shakes her head in disapproval. Some food hits the side of her face. Frustrated, Ashley stands up and joins the fight.

CAFETERIA SERVER

I've been waiting ten years for this.

The CAFETERIA SERVER, 40s, jumps over the service counter and throws meatballs by the handful. The Principal arrives.

PRINCIPAL

That's enough!

The food fight continues unhindered. The Principal ducks and leans back as food flies at him from every direction.

CAFETERIA SERVER

(looking at the Principal's  
maneuvers)

Impressive!

Food flies onto the Principals suit & tie. Aggravated, he looks down, then slowly looks back up as spaghetti sauce flies right into his face. The Principal slowly drags both hands down his eyes and face to remove the sauce. The Cafeteria Server hides behind the service counter and holds the spaghetti sauce ladle.

PRINCIPAL

(yelling)

I said that's enough!

The cafeteria becomes quiet. Everyone freezes in position and looks at the Principal.

PRINCIPAL

Who started it?

(beat)

I said, who started it?

One by one the students point at Ben and Rolfe until everyone points toward them. Ben and Rolfe point at each other.

PRINCIPAL

You two! My office, NOW!

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

PRINCIPAL

Talk to me.

ROLFE

I was walking away from Ben's table  
and he threw his lunch at me.

BEN

Only after he flipped a food tray into Rico's lap!

ROLFE

Poor Rico. You Paperboys need to toughen up.

PRINCIPAL

Paperboys? I used to be a Paperboy, and I'd say they can be pretty tough.

ROLFE

(under his breath)

Figures.

PRINCIPAL

What was that?

ROLFE

I said figures, you're so tough and all.

PRINCIPAL

All right, I've heard enough. You're both assigned KP Duty for the rest of the day, and I'll throw in a week of detention for good measure.

BEN

But Principal Porter, he started -

PRINCIPAL

That will be all.

Rolfe and Ben leave the office. The Principal follows them to the door.

PRINCIPAL

No more slip ups!

(gesturing a small gap between his thumb and index finger)

You're both this close to being expelled.

EXT. LITCHFIELD PARK, AZ - DAY

Ben rides his bike with a clipboard and newspaper shoulder bag. Rolfe and Johnny suddenly appear behind him on their bikes.

ROLFE

Let's settle this Winters. Off the bike!

Ben pedals faster as Rolfe and Johnny fall behind & are quickly out of breath. Ben looks behind him and smiles, but in doing so he veers off the sidewalk and into some bushes. He holds his clipboard up in front of him as Rolfe and Johnny approach.

JOHNNY

(sarcastically)

Oh no, the paperboy has a deflector shield.

BEN

Come on guys. Let's talk about this.

ROLFE

You should have never messed with me Winters.

EXT. WINTERS' HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. LIVING ROOM

Ben lies on the sofa with ice over his left eye. Stacey comes over and sits by him. She lifts the ice patch to reveal a black eye.

STACEY

I still think we should get you in to see the doctor.

BEN

Doctor? I'll be fine.

STACEY

All right. But if I don't see signs of improvement soon, the doctor it is. Agreed?

BEN

Agreed.

(beat)

Mom?

STACEY

Yeah kiddo?

BEN  
I wanna quit the paper route.

STACEY  
Quit?  
(pointing to black eye)  
Because of this?

BEN  
Yeah. Plus, I'm tired of waking up  
early, and I miss playing video games  
with my friends.

STACEY  
Isn't one of those "friends" the very  
person that gave you this black eye? I  
think you may want to reevaluate who  
your true friends are, Ben.  
(beat)  
Do you really want to let a bully  
decide what you can and can't do?

BEN  
Of course not.

STACEY  
Then don't quit. You'll survive the  
early mornings, and I'm sure you'll  
find some time to play video games . .  
. hopefully with some real friends.  
But please, can you find some games  
that are less violent?

BEN  
(somewhat in agreement)  
Armor War can get a little gruesome.

STACEY  
A little?

Jack enters.

JACK  
Good news. I found that eye patch I  
was telling you about.

BEN  
You've gotta be kidding me. You want  
me to wear that?

JACK

My friend, I'd say you'll look a lot better with it than without it right now.

STACEY

I'd have to agree.

BEN

They're going to call me Captain Hook!

Stacey holds her smart phone in front of Ben's face so he can see his black eye.

BEN

(reaching for patch)

Yeah, the patch.

EXT. ROLFE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ROLFE'S DAD, 50s, pulls into the driveway of his modest home in a white delivery van.

INT. ROLFE'S HOUSE

Rolfe plays Armor War with a gaming headset on in the Living Room. Rolfe's Dad enters and surveys the room. The house is a mess.

ROLFE'S DAD

Your mom would roll over in her grave if she saw how we kept this place.

Rolfe is too engrossed in his game to respond.

ROLFE'S DAD

What level are you on, son?

Rolfe holds up his hand to silence his dad. He doesn't take his eyes off the screen.

ROLFE

(talking to fellow players)

It's an ambush. Take cover, take cover!

Rolfe's man gets shot.

ROLFE

(throwing the game controller down)

I'm shot!

ROLFE'S DAD

Easy, son. Easy. You'll get 'em next time.

ROLFE

(raising his headset mic)

Maybe. But we're down two men now that Ben and Rico have become paperboys.

ROLFE'S DAD

Paperboys? For what newspaper?

ROLFE

Same one you deliver for Dad. I don't get it. Why is the newspaper hiring paperboys when they already have you?

ROLFE'S DAD

That's a good question. A very good question.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Becky gets on the bus followed by Ben. He stares at other students menacingly with his eye patch on as he walks slowly down the aisle. The students stare back in fear. After a few seconds of silence one of the boys speaks up.

BOY IN BUS

(with a gruff pirate accent)

Ahoy matey. Welcome aboard.

(O.S.) Other students laugh as bus drives off.

EXT. PICKLEBALL COURTS - DAY

Duffel bag imprinted with a German Shepard and the name Schaferhund is in view. MR. SCHAFERHUND and MRS. SCHAFERHUND, now in their 80s, wear head sweatbands and play pickleball. Rolfe's Dad pulls up in his white delivery van and gets out. He has a plastic water bottle in his hand and drinks the remaining water.

MRS. SCHAFERHUND

Good morning son. Did you finally decide to take up pickleball?

ROLFE'S DAD

Not exactly.

MR. SCHAFERHUND  
 What's going on?

ROLFE'S DAD  
 Rolfe says the newspaper has started  
 hiring paperboys again.

MR. SCHAFERHUND  
 What are you talking about?

Mr. Schaferhund catches the pickleball in his hand and stops  
 play.

MR. SCHAFERHUND  
 Did you get fired?

ROLFE'S DAD  
 Not yet, but if they keep hiring  
 paperboys my days may be numbered.  
 They've hired Rico Hernandez and that  
 Winters kid.

MR. SCHAFERHUND  
 Winters? Jack Winters' son?

Rolfe's Dad nods.

MR. SCHAFERHUND  
 Let me get this straight. Not only did  
 Jack Winters steal your paper route,  
 but now, DECADES LATER, his son is  
 trying to do the same? We cannot let  
 that happen. Do you know how many dogs  
 I trained trying to remove Jack  
 Winters from power?

ROLFE'S DAD  
 Seriously? From power?

MR. SCHAFERHUND  
 I put together quite the dog force  
 back in the day.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GRAVEL PIT - NIGHT (1981)

Six cars and pickup trucks form a partial circle with their  
 headlights on. Several dogs such as German Shepherds,  
 Doberman Pinschers, Pit Bulls, and Rottweilers are being let  
 loose to attack dummies that are propped up on bicycles and

shouldering newspaper bags. Mr. Schaferhund and other men, 40s, encourage and cheer on their dogs.

SUPER Phoenix, Arizona 1981

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PICKLEBALL COURTS - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

MR. SCHAFERHUND  
 (trying to crush a pickleball ball  
 in his hand)  
 You just leave it to me. I will crush  
 him.

ROLFE'S DAD  
 (handing Mr. Schaferhund the empty  
 water bottle)  
 Here, try this Pops.

MR. SCHAFERHUND  
 (slowly crushing the water bottle)  
 Ya.

ROLFE'S DAD  
 (speaking to himself)  
 This should be interesting.

EXT. SCHAFERHUND'S HOUSE - MORNING

Ben wears an eye patch and rides his bike on the paper route. Mr. Schaferhund sits in a rocking chair on his front porch. He holds a side gate remote control in his hand. Ben rides past and looks at Mr. Schaferhund.

Mr. Schaferhund pushes the remote control. It opens the side gate to let the German Shepherd out. The dog barks and chases Ben.

As the dog approaches Ben turns his head around and stares at the dog menacingly. The dog fears the eye patch and whimpers as he runs away. Mr. Schaferhund stands up and clenches his fists in frustration.

EXT. CARE CENTER - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. CARE CENTER - GRAMMA LEE'S ROOM

Ben wears the eye patch and enters, followed by Jack. Gramma Lee knits in her wheelchair.

BEN

Hi, Gramma lee. I brought a surprise for you.

GRAMMA LEE

Ooh, I like surprises.  
(seeing Ben's eye patch)  
Is it Halloween already?

BEN

(laughing)  
No. The surprise is behind me.

Squinting, Gramma Lee tries to see who it is.

JACK

Hey, Gramma Lee, how are you?

GRAMMA LEE

Jack, is that you?

JACK

Yes. So good to see you.

GRAMMA LEE

Come closer.

Jack walks up to her wheelchair.

GRAMMA LEE

(motioning with her finger)  
CLOSER!

Jack leans down toward her face.

GRAMMA LEE

(pinching his cheeks)  
By golly it is you. Good to see you  
Jack. I'd offer you some lemonade,  
(whispering)  
but the lemonade here is horrendous.

JACK

No worries.

Jack grabs the handles of the wheelchair.

JACK

We thought you'd like to go for a  
walk. How about some fresh air?

GRAMMA LEE

Oh yes, please! And I want the full story on Ben's eye patch!

Jack pushes Gramma Lee toward the door.

INT. SCHAFERHUND'S HOUSE - DAY

MR. SCHAFERHUND

(on phone)

Hello, CARMINE? Get the boys together. We have a paperboy problem again.

(beat)

Ya, I know it's been a long time, but my son's paper route is in jeopardy. Just have the boys bring their dogs to the usual spot tomorrow night for training.

EXT. KARATE SCHOOL - DAY

Ben wears the eye patch and rides his bike past a mannequin in a karate suit outside a karate school. He turns around and goes back to the mannequin.

Ben stares at the mannequin for a moment and gets off his bike. He starts to do some karate moves in front of it, as if it were his opponent. The KARATE SCHOOL OWNER, dressed in karate attire, walks out.

KARATE SCHOOL OWNER

Not bad, not bad, if your opponent is a mannequin. What's your name kid?

BEN

Ben Winters.

KARATE SCHOOL OWNER

So Ben, what's got you interested in the martial arts?

Ben points to his eye patch.

KARATE SCHOOL OWNER

I thought that might have something to do with it. Come on in and let's get you signed up.

BEN

Oh, I don't think my parents will want to pay for karate lessons.

KARATE SCHOOL OWNER

(pulling up Ben's eye patch)

With that shiner I'm pretty sure they will. Let's go inside and give them a call. I can promise you that once you master some defensive techniques you won't be needing that eye patch anymore.

BEN

I like the sound of that.

Ben and Karate School Owner go inside.

EXT. GRAVEL PIT - NIGHT

Six senior citizens, 80s, arrive in their cars (Buicks, Cadillacs, and Lincolns). Mr. Schaferhund looks into the headlights with a smile. He has his German Shepherd on a leash and a dummy behind him shouldering a newspaper bag and propped up on a bicycle. Carmine gets out of his car first with a German Shepherd puppy.

MR. SCHAFERHUND

Carmine. You're joking vight?

CARMINE

Sorry, boss. Lucy's 15 years old so I had to bring in a fresh recruit.

HANK gets out of his car with a couple of cats.

MR. SCHAFERHUND

Cats?

HANK

Don't be fooled. These cats are mean.

Other men get out of their cars - one with a Shih Tzu, another with a Dachshund, and another with a Beagle. The men release their pets and encourage them to attack the dummy. Mr. Schaferhund throws up his hands.

The dogs sniff and lick the dummy. The cats hiss and chase the dogs. A big dog's shadow appears from the headlights. Mr. Schaferhund smiles and turns around. KEVIN stands in front of his car with a huge Saint Bernard. Mr. Schaferhund puts his hand to his forehead.

KEVIN

At least he's big.

INT./EXT. ROLFE'S DAD'S DELIVERY VAN - MORNING

Rolfe's Dad answers his phone and delivers newspapers.

ROLFE'S DAD

Hey Pops.

(beat)

The paperboy's eye patch scared your dog? That's all you've got?

Rolfe's Dad throws a newspaper out the window onto a lawn just as the sprinklers start.

ROLFE'S DAD

Thanks for trying Pops.

(beat)

I'm worried about my job too. But you know what? I give my customers top notch service. That should count for something, right?

(beat)

Listen, I gotta go. My burrito's getting cold. Later Pops.

Rolfe's Dad throws another newspaper out the window without even looking. The newspaper lands on top of the trunk of a BMW, activating the car's alarm. Rolfe's Dad shows no concern. He picks up his breakfast burrito off the dashboard and takes another bite.

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Ben learns the basics of karate from the Karate School Owner.

B) Ben practices karate in his bedroom. Becky passes by the doorway and gives a strange look.

C) Ben's black eye has healed and he no longer wears an eye patch. Dressed in a karate uniform, he has a practice karate match with another student and gets side kicked in the stomach. He drops to the floor as Karate School Owner winces.

D) Ben practices karate moves and exercises, such as jump rope and push ups.

E) Ben has a practice karate match with another student and scores a point. The Karate School Owner nods his head in approval.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COMPANY BOARD ROOM

The President and OTHER COMPANY OFFICERS sit at a table as Jack finishes his presentation.

JACK

Bottom line, if we take the steps I've outlined today, I project a 10% boost in profits next quarter.

The President and the Other Officers applaud.

COMPANY PRESIDENT

Well done Jack. Let's hope you're right.

The Other Officers start exiting. Jack gathers his presentation paperwork.

COMPANY PRESIDENT

Say Jack, a few of us are heading over to The Wigwam Resort for nine holes of golf after work. Why don't you join us?

JACK

I'd love to, sir.

COMPANY PRESIDENT

Great! But please, call me John.

JACK

You got it Johnny.

COMPANY PRESIDENT

John.

Jack nods and gives a thumbs up.

INT. BOBBY'S CUBICLE

Bobby sits at his desk watching an episode of The Brady Bunch on his smart phone while eating a deli meatball sandwich with all the fixings.

BOBBY  
(laughing)  
Far out.

Jack's head pops up around the corner of the cubicle.

JACK  
Hey Bobby.

Startled, Bobby quickly flips the phone face down onto the desk and scrambles to mute the volume as The Brady Bunch still plays.

JACK  
Late lunch?

BOBBY  
(with mouth half full)  
Yeah, yeah, just grabbin' a quick bite  
and catching up on the news.

JACK  
Sounds good. Just wanted to say thanks  
again for sprucing up that  
presentation for me.

BOBBY  
How'd the meeting go?

JACK  
Very well. Get this - the boss invited  
me for golf this afternoon.

BOBBY  
You lucky son of a gun. Guess it's a  
good thing you didn't have to run off  
to another track meet today.

Jack looks stunned.

BOBBY  
Let me guess. Your daughter has a  
track meet today. You promised her  
you'd be there, and now you're double  
booked.

Jack slowly nods with a blank look on his face.

BOBBY  
Good luck working that out, Jack.

JACK  
Thanks. I'll let you get back to the  
Brady Bunch.

BOBBY  
Yeah, right. Very funny.

Jack leaves and Bobby resumes watching The Brady Bunch.

INT. COMPANY PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

Jack knocks on the door.

COMPANY PRESIDENT  
Come in.

JACK  
John?

COMPANY PRESIDENT  
Jack. Long time no see.

JACK  
I apologize, I'm not going to be able  
to join you for golf today.

COMPANY PRESIDENT  
Was it something I said? I mean, if  
you really want to call me Johnny,  
maybe for you I'll let it slide.

JACK  
Oh, no, no, no, it's not that. It's  
uhhh . . .

COMPANY PRESIDENT  
Spit it out JACK.

JACK  
I forgot today was my daughter's track  
meet, and I really need to be there.

COMPANY PRESIDENT  
So your telling me that your  
daughter's track meet takes priority  
over golf with the company's  
president?

JACK  
Sorry, sir.

COMPANY PRESIDENT  
 Just messing with you Jack. No need to  
 apologize. I'm glad you've got your  
 priorities straight.

JACK  
 Thank you, sir.

COMPANY PRESIDENT  
 Well, what are you waiting for? You'd  
 better not miss that meet!

JACK  
 Yes, sir.

Jack runs out the door.

COMPANY PRESIDENT  
 And stop calling me sir!

EXT. CARE CENTER - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. CARE CENTER

Ben walks into the care center to deliver the newspaper to  
 Gramma Lee and passes the RECEPTIONIST.

BEN  
 Hello Mrs. Heinze.

RECEPTIONIST  
 (concerned)  
 Hi Ben. Can you wait here for a  
 moment?

BEN  
 (surprised)  
 Okay. Sure.

The Receptionist leaves and comes back with the NURSE. The  
 Nurse slowly approaches Ben, drops her head for a moment, and  
 looks back at Ben.

BEN  
 Is Gramma Lee okay?

NURSE  
 I'm so sorry, Ben. She passed away  
 last night.

Ben tries to contain his emotions as tears run down his

cheeks. The Nurse comforts him with a hug.

NURSE

(softly placing her hands on Ben's  
shoulders)

She just adored you, Ben. Her eyesight  
got so bad of late that she couldn't  
even read, but she still insisted on  
getting the newspaper delivered. You  
brought a smile to her face every day.

(beat)

Thank you.

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Ben meets Gramma Lee

B) Gramma Lee smiles as Ben drinks a glass of milk

C) Gramma Lee waters flowers on front porch, spraying Ben with  
the hose as he rides away

D) At the care center, Gramma Lee sits in a wheel chair and  
smiles as Ben hands her the newspaper and Jack looks on. She  
pinches Ben's cheeks and motions for Jack to come closer,  
pinching his cheeks.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MILLENNIUM HIGH SCHOOL TRACK - DAY

Becky stretches and does warm ups on the track near the start  
for the last leg of the quarter mile relay. She glances  
around in search of her parents and shakes her head in  
disappointment as the race starts.

TRACK OFFICIAL

Runners take your mark. Set -

The Track Official fires the start gun. Becky looks up again  
and sees Jack and Stacy near the finish line. They smile and  
wave. Becky smiles back.

Becky's team is in 3rd place as she takes the baton from her  
teammate.

STACEY  
Come on Becky!

JACK  
Give it all you've got!

Becky gradually makes her way to 2nd place, then into first place. Jack & Stacey grab each others arms, jump up and down and scream as Becky approaches the finish line. The Track Official stares at them incredulously and shakes his head.

Becky is distracted by her parents celebration and trips right before the finish line. Jack & Stacey stare in shock. Becky gets back up and finishes in 4th place. Becky limps over to her parents.

STACEY  
Are you okay kiddo?

BECKY  
I think so, just a little scraped up is all.

JACK  
Great job, Becky. Way to finish out the race.

BECKY  
Mom, Dad, I appreciate you coming, but can you bring it down a notch? If you hadn't distracted me, we would have won the race!

Stacey and Jack go silent and look at each other in surprise, then turn back to Becky.

STACEY AND JACK  
(stated quickly, as if no big deal)  
Okay.

EXT. WIGWAM RESORT GOLF COURSE - DAY

The President prepares to tee off as two other employees, EMPLOYEE #1 and EMPLOYEE #2, and Bobby look on. Bobby speaks just as the Company President pulls back to swing.

BOBBY  
Thanks again for letting me fill in for Jack. I rrrreally appreciate it.

The Company President misses the ball completely and stares

at Bobby.

COMPANY PRESIDENT  
Don't mention it.

BOBBY  
Looks like you took your eye off the  
ball on that one.

Employee #1 and Employee #2 frantically use a variety of gestures to warn Bobby to be quiet. Bobby gives a thumbs up that he understands.

Bobby reaches into a bag of potato chips. He munches loudly on chips as the Company President is about to take another swing.

The Company President turns slowly and gives Bobby a stern look. Bobby freezes with his mouth full. The Company President swings and hits the ball straight down the fairway. Employee #1 and Employee #2 applaud.

EMPLOYEE #1  
Nice shot, John.

EMPLOYEE #2  
Right down the pike.

COMPANY PRESIDENT  
Thank you gentleman. You're up Bobby.

BOBBY  
Batter up.

COMPANY PRESIDENT  
(looking at the two other  
employees)  
Batter up?

Bobby places his ball on the tee and crouches behind it, as if he is going to putt instead of drive.

COMPANY PRESIDENT  
For crying out loud, you're not  
putting here Bobby, you're driving the  
ball. Stand up and get on with it!

BOBBY  
Sorry, first time. Just remember  
seeing that on TV.

COMPANY PRESIDENT

First time?

Employee #1 and Employee #2 lower their heads and cover their eyes.

Bobby swings and misses the ball. His club hits the ground and a huge chunk of sod flies up in the air. In the distance, Ranger Rick pulls up in his golf cart to observe and fidgets with a toothpick in his mouth.

COMPANY PRESIDENT

You'd better make good on this next swing. Ranger Rick is watching.

BOBBY

I'll give it my best shot.

Bobby swings and slices the ball right. The ball hits a tree and hits Ranger Rick's cart, denting the hood. Ranger Rick angrily gets out of his golf cart.

RANGER RICK

Hey!

Ranger Rick looks at the hood and strokes the dented area. He slowly turns toward Bobby with an angry look. He points his toothpick at Bobby and then snaps the toothpick in half. He gets back into his golf cart and peels out, heading directly for Bobby & the others.

COMPANY PRESIDENT

So much for nine holes of golf. Let's get outta here!

BOBBY

Good call, Boss.

The Company President, Bobby, Employee #1 and Employee #2 hop in their carts and a chase ensues.

EXT. MILLENNIUM HIGH SCHOOL TRACK - DAY

Ben and male classmates round the last corner of a 1/4 mile race around the track while female classmates wait near the finish line. Ben comes in second place, just behind Roger. Ashley gives Roger a fist pump.

ASHLEY

Nice run!

ROGER  
I can't believe that wimp Winters kept  
up with me.

ASHLEY  
He's not a wimp.

Ashley approaches Ben.

ASHLEY  
(giving him a fist pump)  
Impressive!

BEN  
Thanks.

Ashley walks back past Roger without speaking to him.

ROGER  
(bewildered with hands out)  
What?

BEN  
(talking to himself)  
Maybe dreams do come true.

Rolfe and others dressed in fatigues come in last, slowing to a walk before crossing the finish line. The Gym Teacher imitates their finish and wobbles slowly across the finish line. He raises his hands in disbelief.

GYM TEACHER  
What kind of finish was that?

Rolfe approaches Ben.

ROLFE  
(still panting)  
So you think you're pretty tough now  
Winters? Big time paperboy, and now  
first place in track?

BEN  
Actually, I came in second. I'm just  
trying my best, Rolfe. What's wrong  
with that?

ROLFE  
I'll tell you what's wrong. My dad  
delivers newspapers for the Arizona  
Sun, and now you and your paperboy  
(MORE)

ROLFE (CONT'D)  
buddies could cost him his job.

BEN  
Your dad? You never told me your dad  
delivered newspapers.

ROLFE  
Yeah, well maybe it's not something I  
care to talk about.

BEN  
There's nothing wrong with delivering  
papers. You should be proud of him.

ROLFE  
Oh, now the paperboy's going to  
lecture me? How about I just give you  
another black eye.

Rolfe lunges at Ben and swings punches. Ben defends himself using evasive karate moves. Classmates encircle them to watch the fight. Ben evades most of Rolfe's punches, but Rolfe eventually lands a punch to the stomach, and Ben doubles over in pain.

ROLFE  
How do you feel now, paperboy?

Ben slowly straightens and Rolfe throws another punch, but Ben blocks it and does a roundhouse kick. Rolfe falls to the ground.

BEN  
One black eye's enough, thank you very  
much.

Ashley and classmates cheer and clap. Roger is stunned with mouth wide open.

CLASSMATE AT TRACK (O.S.)  
Dude, don't mess with the paperboy.

Ben walks away. Rolfe slowly gets up. He runs toward Ben and tackles him from behind. They tussle on the ground. Gym Teacher arrives.

GYM TEACHER  
Break it up! I said break it up!  
(taking both of them by the shirt)  
Let's go!

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

Ben and Rolfe sit across from the Principal as the GYM TEACHER stands behind them.

PRINCIPAL

Another fight? I'm at my wits end. I just don't see any other option at this point.

(beat)

I'm going to recommend to the school board that you both be expelled.

ROLFE

You can't be serious! For a little fight?

BEN

You're expelling me for defending myself?

PRINCIPAL

This isn't just about one fight boys. For now you're both suspended until the school board makes a decision. I expect to see you and your parents here before school tomorrow morning to clean out your lockers.

BEN

You can't do this! It's not fair!

ROLFE

Not cool.

PRINCIPAL

That's enough, boys. I'm sorry, but I've made my decision.

INT. MILLENNIUM HIGH SCHOOL

Ben walks slowly toward his locker with his head down. He feels defeated and stands motionless at his locker for a few moments. Ashley arrives at her locker and looks down the hall at Ben. Ben hits the locker hard with his fist. Concerned, Ashley approaches.

ASHLEY

What's wrong, Ben?

BEN

Uhhh, you saw that?

ASHLEY

Yeah. I haven't seen that side of you in a while, unless Rolfe's on the attack.

BEN

I just got suspended, and the principal is recommending I be expelled.

ASHLEY

You can't be serious! Doesn't he know you were just defending yourself?

BEN

I tried to explain that, but he wouldn't listen.

ASHLEY

That's crazy. I'm so sorry.

School bell rings.

ASHLEY

I better get to class. Hang in there, Ben. We'll figure it out.

Ashley walks away but turns back momentarily with a look of sympathy and waves at Ben. Ben gives a subdued wave back.

EXT. WINTERS' HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. WINTERS' HOUSE

Jack, Stacey, Becky, and Ben sit on the couch with blank stares. A Sunday newspaper lies next to Stacey.

STACEY

We tried to get the Principal to change his mind, but he just won't budge.

BEN

It's not fair. I'm being punished for a fight I didn't start.

JACK

Son, you have to realize your past  
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)  
 behavior makes it hard for the  
 Principal to trust you. Once you lose  
 someone's trust it takes time to  
 regain it.

STACEY  
 Just whose side are you on here? Our  
 son is getting expelled for defending  
 himself!

JACK  
 Honey, I'm just as upset as you are.

STACEY  
 Really? Then why don't you show it?!

Stacey throws the newspaper in the air as she stands up and  
 walks out. Inserts fly all over the place.

BEN  
 (looking at Becky)  
 You're picking that up, right?

BECKY  
 You're the paperboy.

EXT. MILLENNIUM HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

INT. MILLENNIUM HIGH SCHOOL

Ben clears out his locker as Jack and Stacey look on. Stacey  
 shakes her head in frustration.

JACK  
 I'm sorry we couldn't change the  
 principal's mind.

EXT. MILLENNIUM HIGH SCHOOL

As Stacey, Ben, and Jack exit the front entrance, Rolfe and  
 Mr. Schaferhund get into their car as the Principal looks on.  
 The German Shepherd barks in the back seat.

MR. SCHAFERHUND  
 Vee are not done here. You will be  
 hearing from our attorney fery soon!

Mr. Scharferhund drives off. Stacey, Ben, and Jack approach

the Principal. He tries to shake Stacey's hand but she just folds her arms. The Principal shakes hands with Jack & Ben.

PRINCIPAL

Good luck, Ben.

Suddenly, Ashley and the newspaper Manager appear on the sidewalk and walk toward them, followed by several of Ben's newspaper customers, including Male Homeowner #2 and Sparky, Male Homeowners #3 & #4, & female homeowner's #2, #3, & #4. Ben and Ashley trade smiles.

MANAGER

Good morning, Principal Porter.

PRINCIPAL

Henry? What's going on here?

MANAGER

Funny, that's what I was going to ask you. I heard that one of my best employees was getting suspended today.

PRINCIPAL

No offense, but this is between me and the Winters.

MANAGER

I beg to differ, and as you can see, so do Ben's customers.

PRINCIPAL

This isn't just about one fight. There have been several other incidents.

MANAGER

Maybe Ben's made some mistakes, but we also know that he's a responsible young man that serves his customers well. We wouldn't be here if we didn't believe in him.

(beat)

Please. Give him one more chance.

CUSTOMERS AND ASHLEY

(in unison)

One more chance. One more chance. One more chance. One more chance. One more chance . . .

The Principal deliberates for several seconds as he looks

over the crowd. He gestures with his hands for silence.

PRINCIPAL

Ben, if this many people believe in you, I guess I should too. You've got yourself one more chance.

(holding up his index finger)

Just one!

Everyone cheers. Jack & Stacey hug Ben. The Manager goes to give Ben a high five and Ben offers a fist bump. The Manager quickly corrects to give Ben a fist bump. Ben looks at Ashley.

BEN

(mouthing the words)

Thank you.

Ashley smiles and gives a thumbs up.

PRINCIPAL

Well don't just stand there! Get your stuff back into that locker!

BEN

Yes, sir!

Ben runs toward the school entrance as crowd continues to cheer.

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) At school Mr. Tuttle hands B+ test results to Ben. Ben smiles and pumps his fist.

B) At the Arizona Sun Office the Manager hands Rolfe's Dad a pink slip and shrugs his shoulders. He pats Rolfe's Dad on the back.

C) Ben and Rico talk to each other and laugh near Ben's locker. As Ashley walks by with her friends she smiles at Ben. Ben smiles back and waves. Ashley waves back. Rico gives Ben a congratulatory push on the shoulder.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LITCHFIELD PARK - MORNING

Ben delivers newspapers. The mail truck appears behind him. Ben pedals faster. The mail truck speeds up and cuts him off. Rolfe's Dad gets out of the truck in a postal service uniform.

ROLFE'S DAD  
(in a serious tone)  
I've been looking for you.

BEN  
Mr. "Schayferhund"?

ROLFE'S DAD  
Shoffairhoond.

BEN  
Sorry.

ROLFE'S DAD  
You know if it hadn't been for you,  
I'd still be delivering newspapers.  
But no, now I'm a mailman.

BEN  
Mr.-

Rolfe's Dad puts his hand up to silence Ben.

ROLFE'S DAD  
(smiling)  
Do you realize how long I've dreamed  
of becoming a mailman? There hasn't  
been an opening at the local office in  
years! And I owe it all to you!

BEN  
Really?

ROLFE'S DAD  
Wait - I've got something for you.

Rolfe's Dad pulls a small box out of his truck and hands it to Ben.

ROLFE'S DAD  
For you and your paperboy buddies. Go  
ahead. Open it.

Ben opens the box. It is filled with eye patches.

BEN  
Eye patches? Thanks!

ROLFE'S DAD  
(winking)  
I heard those might come in handy  
around my parents' house. Just  
remember - no newspapers in my  
mailboxes.

Rolfe's Dad walks back toward the mail truck.

BEN  
How's Rolfe doing?

Rolfe's Dad stops and turns around, surprised.

ROLFE'S DAD  
(smiling)  
Good. He's in a good place. Thanks for  
asking.

Rolfe's Dad drives off.

EXT. ASHLEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Ben holds a newspaper and rings the doorbell. Ashley's Dad  
opens the door.

BEN  
Good afternoon, Mr. Farnsworth.

ASHLEY'S DAD  
Sorry, I already told you I'm not  
interested.

BEN  
Oh, this?  
(holding up a newspaper)  
No, no, no. I'm not here to ask you to  
subscribe, but I did have an extra  
copy today, so I thought I'd drop it  
off.

ASHLEY'S DAD  
I see. Well, thank you . . .

BEN  
Ben, Ben Winters.

ASHLEY'S DAD  
Thank you, Ben.

Ashley's Dad starts to shut the door.

BEN  
Oh, wait. Sir?

ASHLEY'S DAD  
Yes?

BEN  
Can I speak with Ashley?

ASHLEY'S DAD  
You know Ashley?

BEN  
Yes, sir. We're in the same classes at school.

ASHLEY'S DAD  
(mildly irritated)  
Just a minute.  
(yelling O.S.)  
Ashley, you've got company.

Ashley comes to the front door.

ASHLEY  
Ben? What's up?

BEN  
I had an extra newspaper today and thought your Dad would like a copy.

ASHLEY  
(perplexed)  
Okayyy.

BEN  
Actually, I was also wondering if uh, well uh, if you would go to the school dance with me this Friday.

ASHLEY  
Roger already asked me.

BEN  
Oh. I understand.  
(turning around and whispering to )  
(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)  
(himself)  
What were you thinking? Are you crazy?

ASHLEY  
But I said no.

Ben turns around in surprise.

BEN  
You said no?

ASHLEY  
I was hoping maybe I could go with the local paperboy. After all, my dad's getting a free newspaper out of it.

BEN  
Okay. Yes, then? So that's a yes?

ASHLEY  
Yes.

BEN  
Oh my gosh. Okay. Great. I'll pick you up Friday at 7 then.

Ben backs up and falls off the front porch steps, rolling onto the front yard.

ASHLEY  
Are you okay?

BEN  
(limping)  
Yes, fine thanks!

EXT. - BUS STOP - MORNING

The school bus pulls up to the bus stop. Becky gets on the bus, but Ben stops at the bus door when he sees that the Mailman is the new school bus driver.

MAILMAN  
Don't look so surprised paperboy.  
(beat)  
Thinking of other ways to get to school?  
(smiling)  
That's right - there are none.

BEN  
 (backing up)  
 Actually, it looks like a great day  
 for a bike ride.

MAILMAN  
 And be late for school? Nonsense. GET  
 IN!

Ben slowly gets on the bus. The Mailman speaks into the bus microphone.

MAILMAN  
 Welcome aboard. This is your captain  
 speaking. Estimated flight time today  
 is 5 minutes. Please fasten your seat  
 belts securely, as we may encounter  
 some turbulence while in flight.

STUDENT ON BUS (O.S.)  
 Seat belts? What seat belts?

Bus peels out as students scream.

EXT. MILLENNIUM HIGH SCHOOL

The Mailman pulls up slowly to the school entrance.

MAILMAN  
 (speaking into microphone)  
 We hope you enjoyed your flight.  
 Please remain seated with your seat  
 belts fastened until we've come to a  
 complete stop.

The Mailman abruptly stops the bus, jolting students forward. Students get off the bus moaning, several with their hands on their back, head, arm, or stomach.

EXT. ASHLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jack and Ben pull up to Ashley's house in a burgundy 1973 Chevrolet Caprice Classic convertible. Jack wears a chauffeur's cap and dress jacket. Ben, dressed in suit and tie, gets out and rings the doorbell. Ashley opens the door, wearing a dance dress and white gloves. Ben's mouth drops.

ASHLEY  
 Aren't you going to say something?

BEN  
Nice gloves.

ASHLEY  
Nice gloves?

BEN  
I mean, uh, you look great.

ASHLEY  
(holding out her hand)  
Why, thank you kind sir.

Ben takes her hand. Jack opens the car door and takes Ashley's hand to help her into the back seat.

JACK  
Good evening, ma'am.

ASHLEY  
Wow, this is a big car.

JACK  
And one relaxing ride . . . unless you  
have to parallel park.

EXT. WIGWAM RESORT - NIGHT

Jack pulls up to the Wigwam Resort entrance. Jack opens the car door and helps Ashley out. Ben and Ashley hold hands and walk toward the entrance. Jack walks behind them.

BEN  
(stopping and turning around)  
Dad!

JACK  
Oh. My bad. Have a splendid evening.

ASHLEY  
(laughing)  
Thanks Mr. Winters.

Jack stops and looks on as Ben and Ashley walk toward the entrance.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WIGWAM RESORT - NIGHT (1981)

Two break dancers alternate doing break dance moves in the

middle of the dance floor, surrounded by students.

Jack sits at a table, leans back, and raises the two front chair legs off the ground. Tommy and Tommy's date sit next to him and hold hands.

TOMMY

I still can't believe you didn't offer to pick Martha up.

JACK

Hey, just getting myself here was hard enough.

Jack scans the dance floor and looks for Martha. He checks his watch. Martha appears at the door with a new hairdo and without glasses on. Jack nudges Tommy.

JACK

Wow. Who's date is that?

Tommy takes a closer look at the girl in the doorway.

TOMMY

Holy cow, is that Martha?

JACK

Martha?

A love song circa 1981 begins to play. Martha walks toward Jack.

MARTHA

Sorry I'm late Jack.

Jack falls back in his chair and hits the floor.

MARTHA

Oh my gosh, are you okay?

JACK

Yeah, yeah fine. What happened to your hair? Your glasses?

MARTHA

New contact lenses. Do you like 'em?

JACK

YES!! I mean, I really liked your glasses, but you look great with contacts, too.

MARTHA

Thank you.

Jack remains stunned and Tommy nudges him to ask her to dance.

JACK

May I have this dance?

MARTHA

Of course.

Jack takes Martha's hand and walks toward the dance floor. He starts to slow dance with Martha.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WIGWAM RESORT - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Jack gives a blank stare. Car horns honk as VALET PARKER waves his hand up and down in front of Jack's face.

VALET PARKER

Sir? Are you okay sir?

JACK

Sorry. Sorry about that. This place makes me feel young again.

VALET PARKER

May I park your car for you sir?

JACK

Nope. I got it. Thanks.

Jack runs toward the car and tries to jump up and slide across the front hood to the driver's side. Midway across the hood his body stops and he rolls off the car and onto the ground. Jack gets up, wincing in pain.

JACK

(looking at Valet Parker)

Guess I'm a little too old for that.

VALET PARKER

Or the car just needs another wax. But man, that was fun to watch. You rock!

EXT. SCHAFERHUND HOUSE - MORNING

Mr. Schaferhund sips hot cocoa with whip cream on his front

porch. His German Shepherd lies down next to him. Rolfe rides his bike past them, dressed in a school uniform with dress shorts and high socks. He has a newspaper bag strapped over his shoulder. He throws a newspaper onto the driveway and the German Shepherd barks and chases him.

ROLFE

Grandpa!

MR. SCHAFERHUND

(spewing his hot cocoa and whip cream)

Rolfe? You're the new paperboy?

The German Shepherd bites and pulls on Rolfe's newspaper bag.

MR. SCHAFERHUND

(standing up and yelling)

Vhy aren't you vearing an eye patch?

EXT. BIG LUIGI'S PIZZERIA - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. BIG LUIGI'S PIZZERIA

BIG LUIGI tosses pizza dough, one in each hand, and does some tricks in front of seated patrons. Stacey, Becky, & Ben watch in amazement. Big Luigi throws one of the doughs across his back/shoulders and passes it to a worker in the kitchen.

BIG LUIGI

That'll be one large pepperoni.

PATRONS

Ahhhh.

BIG LUIGI

(passing the second dough to a kitchen worker)

And one large egg plant with anchovies.

PATRONS

(grossed out)

Ohhhh.

PATRON #1 (O.S.)

Mercy!

BECKY

Please tell me that's not our order.

Jack approaches the table.

STACEY  
You made it.

JACK  
How could I turn down Big Luigi's? It  
must be a very special occasion!

The WAITER arrives with the pizza.

WAITER  
(with Italian accent)  
One large Luigi pepperoni?

STACEY  
That's us!

Becky and Ben look at each other and give a sigh of relief.

WAITER  
Abbondanza!

WINTERS FAMILY  
(in unison)  
Abbondanza!

STACEY  
(handing report cards to Jack)  
Report cards came today.

Jack opens Becky's report card while eating a piece of pizza,  
and drops some pizza sauce on the report card.

STACEY  
Really? Can't the pizza wait?

JACK  
I'm sorry, but it's Big Luigi's!  
(beat)  
Stellar results as usual, Becky. Well  
done!

BECKY  
(taking the sauce covered report  
card with her fingertips)  
Thanks . . . I guess.

JACK  
(looking at Ben's report card)  
Is this a mistake?

BEN  
Very funny.

STACEY  
Isn't that awesome?

JACK  
Very awesome. Five B's and one A . . .  
in phys ed. And to top it off you're  
earning money as a paperboy! Well  
done, Ben.

BEN  
Thanks.

JACK  
This doesn't mean your quitting the  
paper route, right?

BEN  
No way. My customers are depending on  
me.

Jack gives Ben a fist bump.

BECKY  
Let me guess. Now you want me to  
become a papergirl.

Jack looks at Becky as if seriously considering it.

STACEY  
Do papergirls even exist?

JACK  
I don't know. If not, Becky can be the  
first.

Waiter approaches.

WAITER  
Can I get you anything else, folks?

BECKY  
Yeah. You guys hiring?

EXT. WINTERS' HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. BEN'S BATHROOM

Dressed in pajamas, Ben brushes his teeth. Jack pokes his

head in and holds up a couple of rolled up posters.

JACK  
Got something for ya.

Ben's mouth is foaming with toothpaste.

BEN  
(mumbling through the foam)  
What's that?

JACK  
I thought you'd say yes. I'll go put  
'em up.

Jack leaves as Ben shakes his head and tries to protest through the foam.

INT. BEN'S BEDROOM

As Ben enters, Jack finishes pinning up a 1980's Atari Asteroids poster over one of Ben's video game posters. Jack pins up a 1970's Donny & Marie poster over one of Ben's rock star posters.

BEN  
What are you doing?

JACK  
Just lightening things up a bit in here. Found these collecting dust at my parents' house.

BEN  
Donny & Marie? Who are they?

JACK  
Wow, son. I really have been neglectful, haven't I? I'll have to dig up some old VHS tapes, but in the meantime, I found my old Atari video game. Thought you and I might have a go at it before bedtime. You know, a little one on one time.

BEN  
Whuh? I gotta see this.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jack inserts the video game cartridge into the Atari system

while Ben observes.

BEN

Dad?

JACK

Yeah.

BEN

Thanks for getting me the paperboy job.

Jack turns around in surprise and then smiles.

JACK

You're welcome. Thank you for not giving up.

BEN

How could I? You wouldn't let me.

JACK

I guess you've got a point there, but when it's all said and done, you're the one that made it happen. I'm just sorry I haven't been there for you in the past as much as I should have been.

(beat)

I love you, son.

BEN

I love you too, Dad.

Jack hands Ben a joystick.

JACK

Ready to play?

BEN

Where are the controls?

JACK

In your hand.

BEN

A stick and one button?

JACK

Humor me.

Atari Paperboy video game appears on the screen.

BEN

No way. You've got a Paperboy video game?

JACK

Of course. You think your the best Paperboy? Time to put you in your place.

BEN

Bring it on!

Jack and Ben play Paperboy.

FADE OUT:

THE END

Various celebrities who were paperboys state their name, the newspaper they delivered, and years they delivered it. (e.g. - Joe Biden, Ryan Reynolds, Dr. Phil, Michael J. Fox, Tom Brokaw, Warren Buffett, Kevin Sorbo, Wayne Gretzky, Tom Cruise, David Letterman, etc.)