

PAPER BOY
by
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STARTING FROM PAGE 7.

EXT. MR. STOWERS' MANSION - DAY

Grey rings the doorbell of the plump mansion which leans over the hill. Mr. Stowers, a hunched man who moves from the neck, opens the door.

MR. STOWERS

Hello?

GREY

Hello, Mr. Stowers. Here's your paper.

Grey offers him the paper. Mr. Stowers whips around in excitement.

MR. STOWERS

Ooo my Paper Boy! Yes, come in!

With hesitation, Grey enters the mansion.

The house is covered with oddities. Grey steps over a giraffe skin rug with the head still attached. He walks past a mosaic of eye balls positioned to fit a streetlight. Each wall is a different color, sometime halfway through a wall it changes.

MR. STOWERS

Read it to me! Come on!

GREY

Read it to you?

MR. STOWERS

Yes! And keep up!

Mr. Stowers rushes out of the room. Confused, Grey rushed behind.

INT. THE TIME ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Stowers and Grey enter a room filled to the brim with clocks, watches, pocket-watches, and sun dials. Mr. Stowers checks that each clock is to the right time. Grey reads.

GREY

(reading)

"And Then There Were Two: So it seems our number of readers could not play any team sports together, not that they would want to anyway. Regardless, we at Slightly-Off Today are grateful to Mr. Stowers and L"--

MR. STOWERS

Yes, very good. Moving on.

Grey flips to the next page. Mr. Stowers jumps onto a chair and opens a small window. A sun beam floods the room hitting the sun dial. Mr. Stowers jumps down to adjust it by a millimeter, then closes to window and moves to the other clocks.

GREY

"Beauty and Fragrance: She has done it again. With hundreds of products under her belt, L--"

Mr. Stowers gets eye and eye with Grey.

MR. STOWERS

Never read page two! If I had my way it would be taken out all together.

Mr. Stowers exits the room.

GREY

Skip page 2. Got it.

He follows.

INT. THE PARCEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A room plastered in overlapping brown paper. A wooden table sits in the center. Oddly shaped boxes have accumulated in the corner. Mr. Stowers periodically grabs a package and gives it a light shake.

GREY

"Business: For the two readers left, business in Slightly-Off is Definitely-On! (anyone--

MR. STOWERS

This one is a rare chameleon
tongue, hard to package, very
sticky.

Beat.

GREY

"Anyone else who is somehow
reading this, turn to page 39)".

Grey flips to page 39.

GREY

(to himself)

"For 99% of the general public,
expect a steady decline as we
continue this recession. We don't
know how long--

Mr. Stowers stands in front of Grey with a pair of
shears.

MR. STOWERS

Never mumble. People like to here
their praises.

Grey stares at the shears.

GREY

What are you gonna do with those?

MR. STOWERS

These? They're for cutting the
parcel paper for the packages.

He slices a sheet with ease.

GREY

Oh good. Whew.

MR. STOWERS

Yes, indeed. Whew.

GREY

Would you like me to read more?

MR. STOWERS

Just skip to the comics. Last week
we left off with Mr. Rich in quite
the predicament!

Grey flips to the comics. **"Show Me The Money!"**

GREY
(rather dry)
"I told you, I wanted to withdraw
\$80,000 all in 1's!"

MR. STOWERS
No, boy! You must act! Play the
part!

Grey awkwardly acts out yelling at a bank manager.

GREY
(with fervor)
"\$80,000 all in 1's!"

He switches sides and plays the teller.

GREY
(female voice)
Why could you possibly want that?

Grey switches back. Mr. Stowers jumps on the table.

GREY	MR. STOWERS
"So I could take a bath in it! Show me the money!"	"So I could take a bath in it! Show me the money!"

Grey is startled by this.

MR. STOWERS
Ahh, what a satisfying end. You
did alright. Try getting more into
the mind of someone of stature. I
know that is --

A telephone RINGS! Mr. Stowers picks it up.

MR. STOWERS
Hello? Yes, all today. It is
scheduled within hours. Of course,
don't worry sir. This is Stowers!

Grey takes this moment to back out of the room. He races
out of the house.

EXT. MR. STOWERS' MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Grey grabs his bike and races off.

EXT. LADY LASTNAMÉ'S MANSION - DAY

Grey rides up to the white mansion. He puts his bike to the side.

GREY

Please don't be crazy.

Grey rings the doorbell. COUJU, a large black bird with a long neck, thrusts its head out of the peephole.

COUJU

PAPER!!!

The doors swing open to reveal white marble floors. Lady Lastnamé rushes down a sweeping staircase. She runs to Grey and hugs him tight.

LADY LASTNAMÉ

You must be my Paper Boy! I'm so glad to see you...

She waits for a response. Grey coughs it up.

GREY

Grey. My name's Grey.

LADY LASTNAMÉ

Hello, Grey. I'm Lady Lastnamé. Would you like to come in?

GREY

Do you want me to read you the paper? How do you feel about page 2 before I get there?

LADY LASTNAMÉ

What? No. Just come in and relax. Would you like tea?

Grey smiles. He enters.

GREY

I'd love some.

INT. THE READING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A minimalist white room with two chairs. A few marble busts of birds line the wall. Lady Lastnamé and Grey sit. Tea is already waiting. Lady Lastnamé opens the paper.

LADY LASTNAMÉ
Oh, silly me! Could you get my
glasses.

Grey stands, unsure of where they might be. He starts to
look. Couju zooms by and drops the glasses in Lady
Lastnamé's hand.

LADY LASTNAMÉ
Thank you. Grey meet Couju.

Couju runs over to Grey, prompting a pat. Grey pats him.

LADY LASTNAMÉ
He helps around the house. Makes
things easier.

GREY
He seems nice.

Grey sits back down. Lady Lastnamé pulls out shears. She
snips out *unworthy* articles and text.

LADY LASTNAMÉ
So much of this paper is not
useful! Why can't they just make
it all the information we really
need!

She snips and snips. She unfolds her snowflake-esque
newspaper.

LADY LASTNAMÉ
See? Brilliant! "Lady Lastnamé,
Lady Lastnamé, bird watching, Lady
Lastnamé!"

GREY
(under his breath)
Oh no.

Lady Lastnamé turns her head, like a bird, at the sound
of his voice.

LADY LASTNAMÉ
You look tired, Grey. How do you
feel?

GREY
Oh, it has just been a rough day.

LADY LASTNAMÉ
I understand. Couju get the
Revitalizing Facial Scrub.

GREY

I don't think that's necessary.

Couju zooms out and comes back with a tube-in-beak. Couju squirts liquid from the tube onto Grey's face. Lady Lastnamé rubs his face.

LADY LASTNAMÉ

Just a firm rub and it'll be much better. Don't try to fight it, that'll make your skin worse.

She steps back.

GREY

What? Now how do I get the goop off?

LADY LASTNAMÉ

Couju.

Couju sprays Grey down with water. He is now soaked.

GREY

Hey!

LADY LASTNAMÉ

There, so much better! You can change your wet clothes upstairs.

GREY

Upstairs?

LADY LASTNAMÉ

Yes, it needed to be done anyway. Second door on the left.

GREY

What do you mean?

LADY LASTNAMÉ

You must make sure you look your very best at all times. The way you present yourself says a lot about who you are.

GREY

Thank you for the advice.

LADY LASTNAMÉ

Up the stairs. Second door on the left.

Grey passive-aggressively bows. He salutes Couju.

He heads to the stairs, then instead rushes out the door. Couju watches him leave.

EXT. LADY LASTNAME'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Grey angrily grabs his bike off the ground and rides away.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Grey bikes down the curvy streets.

Benign crosses the street. Grey is in his head. He doesn't notice. They collide.

BENIGN

I've been attacked! For speaking the truth!

GREY

Oh man, I'm sorry. Are you okay?

BENIGN

Okay! Am I okay!? *Am I okay?*

Benign checks himself. He's fine.

BENIGN

I am just fine, no thanks to you!

GREY

Look, I'm sorry. I just had a terrible day and wasn't paying attention.

BENIGN

You've had a bad day?

GREY

Yes, you will not believe the day I had.

BENIGN

Well you know who's had a worse day?

GREY

Huh?

BENIGN
THE PEOPLE FORCED UNDERGROUND BY
THE BOURGEOISIE! BUT I, BENIGN,
KNOW THE TRUTH!

Grey sighs.

GREY
Whatever.

He rides off.