

PIZZA DELIVERY

Written by

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Based on, If Any

Improv Scene done by Mia

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

DILLON, 17 year old pizza delivery driver, sings along to an over played Coldplay song as he drives a beat up Nissan Altima with a pizza delivery light on top.

He checks the address on his GPS. Then looks to the houses he's parked in front of.

16. On one house.

18. On the other.

Dillon checks the address again.

16. . . 18.

DILLON  
Man they forgot to build a  
seventeen.

Then the ring of his cellphone - some rap song that's way to over played.

Dillon picks it up and answers it.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
Yo, go for Diladog. . . Yeah I'm  
trying to find 1717, but like I  
can't find it. It goes from sixteen  
to eighteen. There ain't no 1717.

Dillon looks for the house again. He looks in every direction.

EXT. NICE-ASS HOUSE - NIGHT

KAREN, 40s and a nerdy textile crafting woman, peaks her head out from around the front door.

KAREN  
(on phone)  
Yes, hello! Right behind you!

She waves to Dillon in the car.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Yes, right over here!

Dillon parks the car. He gets out and carries the pizza up the driveway.

DILLON  
Why's your house in the wrong  
place?

KAREN  
Oh. Ha ha.

She notices that he's serious.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Um, the builders, they couldn't  
read the blue prints... obviously.

Dillon stands there with the pizza. Just stands there.

DILLON  
So here's your pizza ma'am.

Dillon hands her the pizza.

Karen takes it and smiles at him. Just smiles at him.

KAREN  
Oh, how rude of me. . . Please come  
in for a slice.

Karen carousels Dillon inside.

INT. NICE-ASS HOUSE - NIGHT

Karen corners Dillon onto the couch using the pizza box.

She sets the pizza on the coffee table. She puts a slice on a  
plate and hands it to Dillon.

DILLON  
Um. . . Ma'am I don't think I  
should be here.

KAREN  
Oh I'm not wanting anything from  
you. Not like that... I'm just a  
lonely woman... not like that.

Dillon eats the pizza.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Oh goodness. No. I just don't have  
many friends... and well you looked  
very hungry. And I'm sure a big  
growing boy like yourself needs to  
eat a whole lot.  
(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)  
To get strong and all so you can  
deliver pizzas all around town.

Karen notices him. She notices the lack of pizza he has.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Oh my. Here. Have another slice.

She gives him another slice.

DILLON  
Um. Ma'am you still have to pay for  
the pizza.

KAREN  
Oh. Right. Don't worry about that.

Dillon eats his pizza.

Karen watches him. Like just watches him.

DILLON  
Um, ma'am. . . Thanks for the pizza  
and all, but I should really get,  
um back to work. . . Delivering  
pizzas.

Karen stands.

KAREN  
Oh, right!

She takes his plate.

Dillon stands. He starts to the door.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
I just wanted to say thank you.

She follows him and stands in the hallway.

DILLON  
Any time ma'am.

Dillon reaches the door.

KAREN  
It's just so good to see you  
working.

DILLON  
Thank you?

KAREN

I mean, if I was say your mother.  
Why I would be the proudest mother  
ever.

DILLON

I um... um I should really go.

Dillon opens the door. He takes a step outside.

Karen steps towards him

KAREN

Dillon, I'm not just "say" your  
mother. I am your mother.

Dillon stops. He turns around to face her.

DILLON

Lady, I just deliver the pizzas.

KAREN

I know that. And you do such a  
wonderful job. But you're also my  
son.

Karen takes his hands. She pulls him back into the house.

She sits him on the couch. And then sits next to him.

KAREN (CONT'D)

I gave up a little baby boy  
seventeen and a half years ago. On  
September twenty-first at the fire  
department down on Ridgeview Drive.

Dillon looks at her. He looks away. He's connecting it.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Dillon? Do you have any questions?

Dillon stands.

DILLON

Any questions? I absolutely fucking  
do!

He paces to the mantel.

He knocks the pizza box off the coffee table.

Pizza sauces smushes into the white toned decreative rug.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
Why the fuck did you leave me in an orphanage?

KAREN  
I thought you would be adopted by a nice couple. Someone who needed a little boy.

DILLON  
All these years. I've been right at the orphanage. And not just the one. But I was at the other one too!

Dillon looks around the room.

KAREN  
The one on Stevenson.

DILLON  
Yeah that one! I was there for seven years. And you never came for me.

Karen bows her head. She's ashamed.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
I just lived in those orphanages while you lived HERE.

Dillon points around him.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
In this huge ass house!

Dillon looks around.

He looks at the pictures of Karen

- One with her and a cat.

- One with a man, but the head is covered by the face of a cat.

- Another picture of Karen and a different cat.

Dillon looks back at her.

Karen is watches him. Like just watches him.

KAREN  
I'm sorry. I thought I was doing what was best for you.

DILLON  
Well you didn't.

KAREN  
I'm sorry.

DILLON  
My life sucked. And you shouldn't  
have got me to deliver a pizza for  
you just so you can track me down.

Dillon leaves.

He reaches the front door. But stops.

KAREN (O.S.)  
I just wanted what was best for my  
baby boy.

Dillon turns.

He walks back to the room.

He notices Karen.

She's extremely upset. Almost in tears. Pouty face and arms  
crossed over her chest.

Dillon goes towards her.

He sits next to her.

DILLON  
So what do you do for a living?

Karen looks up.

KAREN  
I'm actually a decorative rug  
artisan.

Dillon looks at the rug.

He sees the pizza sauce smushed all in it.

DILLON  
I can tell you're very talented.

KAREN  
Thank you!

Dillon gives her a smile.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
No really. Thank you for staying.

She pats Dillon's knee.

DILLON  
I mean I do have to get back to  
work, eventually.

KAREN  
Oh, yes! Of course. But stay for a  
little while. Have some more pizza.

Karen hands him his plate with a half eaten slice of pizza on  
it.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
I'd love to hear more about your  
time at the orphanage.

Dillon fidgets in his seat.

DILLON  
I mean, it was all right. We played  
a lot of basketball.

We see them continue to talk.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

We see them talk through the window.

Then we see Dillon's car with the pizza light sign still on.

FADE OUT.