

Do Not Deliver  
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INT-HOUSE-DAY

TWO CHARACTERS SIT ON A COUCH.

JANE  
Hey.

DICK (ANNOYED)  
What?

JANE  
I'm hungryyyy.

DICK  
Then make some food?

JANE  
I want pizza.

DICK  
You ate pizza yesterday.

JANE  
Yeah but it was sooo goood.

DICK  
Fine! Get a pizza. Spend all our money on pizza. I don't care!

JANE  
Thank you!

CUT TO:

SEVERAL QUICK CU SHOTS IN SUCCESSION. JANE PLOPS BACK DOWN ON THE  
COUCH

JANE  
I did it.

DICK  
Congrats.

JANE  
Yep. It'll be here in 30 minutes or it's free.

DICK  
RADICAL.

JANE (REACHING OVER DICK)  
Where's your wallet?

DICK  
IDK, why?

JANE  
I need twenty bucks.

DICK  
Sorry bro. Paid my car loan today. So the uh, cash flow is kinda low  
until the 15th.

JANE  
Well I covered rent this month so my bank account is bone-dry.

DICK (HORRIFIED)  
You don't mean...

JANE (REALIZING)  
Oh shit.

CUT TO:

DICK AND JANE ARE FRANTICALLY THROWING COUCH CUSHIONS AND CHECKING  
PIGGY BANKS. ANYTHING FOR A COUPLE BUCKS.

DICK  
10...15 **cents** under the credenza!

JANE  
I think there's five dollars by the washing machine.

DICK

We used that to tip the churro guy last week! Oh man... You remember what the pizza place said last time we didn't have enough?

JANE

That we have two strikes and if we get one more-GASP!

DICK

That's right, the dreaded DND list. Do. Not. Deliver.

JANE

UH...UH...CHECK THE EMERGENCY FUND!

DICK

*Weed.*

JANE

OLD BIRTHDAY CARDS!

DICK

*Snacks.*

JANE

Tollbooth...change?

DICK

*More weed.*

JANE

Why are we so bad at budgeting? Why do we even need money? Why can't essentials like pizza just be free?

DICK

Wait!...Say that again.

JANE

Why don't pizza be free tho?

CUT TO:

A KITCHEN TIMER SLAMS DOWN ON THE TABLE. WE'LL CUT TO THIS THING  
THROUGHOUT

DICK (CHECKING CLOCK)

Ok. We 30 minutes or it's free right? We spent 3 minutes digging. 2 minutes hyperventilating.

JANE

Don't forget the drive time.

DICK

Call it 20 even? I think we can do this. We just have to stall for 20 minutes.

JANE

Ok. On three. One, Two, Three.

BOTH

BREAK!

THEY BOTH PUT THEIR HANDS IN, AS THEY LIFT UP, THE SCENE TRANSITIONS

CUT TO:

EXT-PIZZA PLACE-DAY

DICK AND JANE SCOPE OUT THE DELIVERY PLACE. A MAN WITH A POLO AND HAT  
STEPS OUTSIDE CARRYING A PIZZA.

JANE

There's our man.

DICK

You sure?

JANE

Yeah. Don't you recognize him? We see him around ALLLLL the time.

DICK

Solid. Did you bring it? Plan A, that is?

JANE

Aye Captain.

DICK  
Let's do this.

DICK AND JANE FIND THE DELIVERY CAR. THEY STICK A POTATO IN THE  
TAILPIPE. THEY SIT BACK AND SPY.

JANE  
This has gotta work.

DICK  
Yeah, the car will just...stall right? At least it does in movies.

THE MAN GETS INTO HIS CAR, A DIFFERENT CAR, AND DRIVES AWAY.

JANE  
I thought for sure he would take this one.

DICK  
No. I've seen this before. They must only have one delivery light for  
two drivers.

JANE  
By god...you're right.

DICK  
Either way we've got to GO RIGHT NOW!

JANE  
WE SHOULD'VE POTATO-ED THEM ALL!

DICK AND JANE FLOP INTO THEIR CAR. THEY PEEL OUT.

DICK  
PLAN B! WHAT DID WE HAVE FOR PLAN B?

JANE  
I GOT IT, JUST DRIVE.

DICK STEPS ON THE GAS. JANE ROLLS DOWN THE WINDOW AND BEGINS LAUNCHING  
FIRECRACKERS AT THE CAR WITH A SLINGSHOT.

DICK

You have to light them first.

JANE

Oh, right.

JANE LANDS A LIT FIRECRACKER INTO THE OTHER CAR THROUGH THE SUNROOF.

It EXPLODES. THE CAR SWERVES AND SPEEDS UP.

DICK

This is one determined pizza guy.

JANE

I'd tip him. But-Well...y'know.

DICK AND JANE SHRUG

DICK

Ok. Ready for plan C?

JANE

I was really hoping it wouldn't come down to this.

JANE PULLS OUT HER PHONE

JANE

Hello? I'd like to cancel an order. Yeah the XL Pepperoni and  
Mushroom.

JANE

...

JANE

Ok. Thank you.

DICK

And?

JANE

They said it's too late to cancel if the pizza guy is already  
en-route.

DICK

Dammit. Ok. Then we have one final stand to make. I know a shortcut.

They take a side road. The other car carries on.

CUT TO:

EXT-HOUSE DAY

THE PIZZA DRIVER PULLS UP TO THE HOUSE. DICK AND JANE BOX HIM IN COMING FROM THE OTHER DIRECTION. THE TRUNK POPS AND THEY RUSH TOWARDS THE DELIVERY BOY, SHOVING HIM TO THE GROUND. THEY APPROACH A TERRIFIED MAN WHILE HOLDING A BASEBALL BAT AND NUNCHUCKS.

JANE

Hey boy.

DICK

Don't deliver that pizza if you know what's good for you.

JANE

Yeah. Suck it pizza boy.

THE MAN IS ON THE VERGE OF TEARS

MAN (PANICKED)

I...I'm not a d-d-delivery boy. My name is Ben Hope I'm just an insurance salesman please don't hurt me.

DICK

An insurance agent? Wow. We totally mistook your identity for the pizza guy. Don't worry. We're not gonna hurt you.

MAN

Thanks. It means a lot.

JANE

Oh yeah, you're our neighbor. That's why he looked so familiar. So if you're the guy from apartment 6C, then where's the-

TIME DILATES. AN INATTENTIVE PIZZA BOY WEARING AIRPODS DANCES HIS WAY TO THE FRONT DOOR. DICK AND JANE MAKE A MAD DASH TO THE DOOR IN SLOW



MOTION. THEY'RE TOO LATE, HE REACHES THE DOORBELL RIGHT AS THE KITCHEN  
TIMER GOES OFF. TIME RESUMES, DICK AND JANE FALL LIMPLY TO THE GROUND.

FADE TO:

INT-PIZZA PLACE-DAYTIME

A CLOSEUP OF A BULLETIN BOARD IN BIG RED LETTERS IT SAYS "DO NOT  
DELIVER TO" A NOTE THAT READS 311 N MAIN APT 6B IS PINNED INTO PLACE.

FADE OUT