

CARRIER PIGEON

by
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FADE IN:

OVER BLACK: In a typewriter font and typewriter acoustic, letters one by-one-one print across the screen: "WHAT IS YOUR MESSAGE?"

EXT. HIGHRISE APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Old, lots of character, gothic.

PANORAMIC VIEW of Metropolitan, 18 stories up. Traffic and the hustle and bustle of everyday life -- the madness of daily patterns and routine in which humans exist.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

SHOT IN: B/W.

The apartment is old, spacious, exposed brick walls, sturdy, varnished hardwood. The only object that is in here is an old wooden table with a stack of paper and a pen on it. The SOUND of SCRIBBLING--

An overlapping FADE, to a hand scrawling on a sheet of paper with a pen, followed by the blunt DOT of the period -- FADING TO--

FREEMAN, twenty-something, shirtless, fit, strong, angular, hands clasped to the windowsill, glaring out the window. A pair of real military dog-tags dangle from his neck.

We pull the camera back, far enough, so we can see the wall opposite of Freeman's back. On this entire wall is a huge projection of the daily News (in colour). War, murder, violence, environmental issues, rampant technology.

This is the psychological landscape of Freeman, the reason why he glares out the window with a deep seeded pain.

FREEMAN

It's mayhem out here.

DISSOLVE TO:

There is something dripping from him -- tears.

The tears quickly turn into a thicker liquid, a dark residue on the floor is forming. The dripping is getting faster and faster and out control -- climaxing -- CLAP, a gunshot.

Freeman is juttled back a step. He takes a knee. The SOUND of SCRIBBLING--

An overlapping FADE TO a hand scrawling on a sheet of paper with a pen, followed by the blunt DOT of the period -- FADING TO--

Freeman is on one knee, holding a PEN to his wrist as if he just cut it. There are bleeding slash marks all up his forearm.

In a painful lurch, he runs the pen across the cut. Miraculously the laceration is disappearing, instantly reforming to his natural flesh. The written is poweful.

His entire body is riddle with slashes and there is the bullet hole in his heart. He mends himself, one-by-one, gaining strength, eventually to where he can stand from his kneel. All that remains is the bullet in the heart.

FREEMAN (V.O) (CONT'D)
Anyone can help.

The IMAGES on the wall change to three second Stills of faces of our heroes, martyrs and difference-makers. Nelson Mandela, Marx, Malcolm X, Speilberg, Suzuki, Chomsky, Descartes, Picasso, Lincoln, Che, Huey P. Newton, and 2Pac -- at one time, these men were just "anyone."

The Bullet is extracted and drops to floor making a pronounced ECHO! The SOUND of SCRIBBLING--

An overlapping FADE TO a hand scrawling on a sheet of paper with a pen, followed by the blunt DOT of the period -- FADING TO--

Freeman holds a stoic expression, body healed, dog tags gleaming. Suddenly an IMAGE illuminates, an ultra-slow motion of shot of a Carrier Pigeon majestically flying in the sky with a scroll toted in its anklet

FREEMAN (CONT'D)
(to the world)
Can you?

Freeman grabs the piece of paper from his desk. He walks to the window and drops the paper out of it. We follow the PAPER, really close shot, we can see minces of the words as it flutters like a feather to the ground. It lands gently on the pavement.

FADE TO BLACK:

All that is left is the WHITE piece of paper.

A HAND picks it up, and holds it straight, as if the person
is reading it--

It is mayhem out here
Anyone can help
Can you?

FADE OUT: