

BABY BLUE

Written by

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A somewhat true story

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

The sun shines brightly on a beautiful summer day.

A ten-speed bike screams past, the rider's skinny legs pedaling hard. Baby blue frame, matching handlebar tape--this absolute beauty of a bike looks showroom fresh.

DOUGLAS, 9, wisp of a kid, leans hard on the handlebars as he sweeps around a corner and down a steep hill.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Small homes. Poor neighborhood.

Douglas jets past, legs churning, big smile on his face.

EXT. DOUGLAS' HOUSE - DAY

Douglas stands on the pedals as he coasts into the driveway, through an open gate and into the

BACKYARD

He brakes hard, swings his right leg over the back tire and dismounts in one fluid motion.

Douglas kicks the stand down and rushes into the house.

INT. DOUGLAS' HOUSE - DAY

Douglas practically bounces down the hall, a ball of energy.

FATHER (O.S.)
How was it?

Douglas stops, peeks into a room--grin as big as the doorway.

DOUGLAS
Fast.

FATHER (O.S.)
Don't leave it outside overnight.

Douglas heads down the hall, calls back...

DOUGLAS
I won't!

INT. DOUGLAS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Douglas sleeps. His eyes bolt open.

EXT. DOUGLAS' HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Douglas stares. The bike is gone.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET/NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE - DAY

Douglas walks through the neighborhood, dejected.

He looks over, past a house, into the backyard.

There: just a glimpse...baby blue.

Douglas slides along the house, careful to not be seen.

He peeks into the backyard. Sees: his bike. The handlebar tape dangles along the front tire...half unwound.

The seat sits off to the side, next to the pedals--all removed from the bike.

Douglas sneaks to the gate, moves to open it. Stops, when...

GRUMPY MAN (O.S.)

Sellin' it tomorrow. Get it done.

A beefy kid, BULLY, 12, rolls his eyes as he steps from the house, letting the screen door SLAM behind him.

He resumes unwinding the handlebar tape.

A large DOG trots out, sniffs the air, lies on the ground--next to the bike seat.

Douglas scoots away.

INT. DOUGLAS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Douglas sits at a desk, deep in thought, staring at a hand-drawn map: A house. Backyard. The bike. The Bully. The dog. The screen door.

EXT. BULLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Douglas, dressed head to toe in black, kneels along the side of the house. He pulls a black mask over his head.

LATER

Douglas stands on the roof, laundry basket next to him. He glances over the edge.

Below him, a long board lays across a rock--a giant lever--a pile of bricks on one end. A wheelbarrow sits off to the side, feet away from the now-locked gate.

He peeks into the yard: the dog sleeps next to the bike, right next to the Bully--also asleep.

Douglas stares at the board below him...takes a deep breath.

He grabs the laundry basket and frisbees it from the roof. It lands ovetop the dog. A perfect toss.

He runs to the edge of the roof and...JUMPS.

Douglas lands on the empty end of the board, catapulting the bricks into the air.

They land perfectly atop the laundry basket--the needed weight to trap the dog underneath.

The dog lunges with anger, but he's out of the fight.

Douglas grabs the wheelbarrow--his battering ram. He rushes toward the gate--busting a huge opening as he smashes his way into the backyard.

The Bully wakes, leaps to confront his foe.

BULLY

What are you doing, punk?

DOUGLAS

That's MY bike.

GRUMPY MAN (O.S.)

What's going on out there!?

Douglas summersaults to the front of the wheelbarrow, kicks the front edge with his foot.

The wheelbarrow rockets into the air, spinning a perfect arc to the backdoor, where it lands expertly wedged between the ground and the door handle.

The Grumpy Man pounds at the door from the inside, but he's never getting out.

Douglas turns to the Bully, now charging his direction.

He slides forward, between the Bully's legs. Emerging behind him, Douglas grabs the Bully's underwear and yanks it hard-- the most glorious, complete wedgie in the history of wedgies.

The Bully drops to his knees, tears flowing.

BULLY

Take the bike, please. I'm so sorry.

Douglas gathers the bike parts, rolls the bike from the backyard, leaving the trail of destruction behind him.

DOUGLAS

They won't mess with you anymore...

INT. DOUGLAS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Douglas, asleep, drools on his map.

DOUGLAS

...will they, Douglas?

He stirs awake.

EXT. DOUGLAS' HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Douglas, dressed in all black, picks up a brick. He drops it into a wheelbarrow, atop a large pile of others.

He grabs a board, throws it on top of the bricks.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Douglas strains to push the full wheelbarrow while also carrying a laundry basket.

He stops. Exhausted. Leaving the wheelbarrow and the laundry basket, he walks on.

EXT. BULLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Douglas stares into the back yard.

The bike, even further dismantled, sits unguarded.

Douglas opens the unlocked gate, quietly gathers the parts, and rolls the bike out of the backyard.

FADE OUT.