

A BIKE

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY PARK, TRAIL - DAY

TREVOR (25) rides a bike. He looks down and sighs - the tire is flat. He jumps off and steers the bike toward a bench.

EXT. PARK, BENCH - DAY

Trevor frowns as he spins the tire checking for damage. He doesn't notice how --

blind RACHEL (20) approaches.

Her cane gently taps on the pavement, on the side of the bench, touches the bike. Rachel smiles to herself, sits next to Trevor.

Trevor's fingers squeeze the tire.

RACHEL

Two o'clock, the first bench from  
the gate.

Trevor turns to her, his face becomes serious as he glances at her cane. He gazes into her lifeless eyes.

TREVOR

That was you on the phone?

She nods. Awkward pause.

She quickly pulls out bills from her pocket. He stares at the money for a second.

TREVOR

No, I can't sell it now...

Rachel's hand reaches over and feels the frame of the bike, worried.

RACHEL

Why not?

TREVOR

Yeah, the tire's flat. I'd rather  
fix it first.

RACHEL

That's alright. I'm not gonna ride  
it right now anyway.

TREVOR

Sure?

She stuffs the money in his hand.

They part their ways.

EXT. PARK, TRAIL - DAY

Trevor strides, a shade of worry on his face. Finally he stops, turns back to see:

Rachel falters, the cane in one hand, the bike in the other. It wobbles in her unsure hand. Its wheel runs over a rock, and the handlebar jerks. She loses the grip and it rattles down on the ground.

Trevor sprints towards her.

Rachel reaches down for the bike, her face determined.

Trevor catches up, breathing hard.

TREVOR

Wait, wait!

She turns, startled.

RACHEL

You watched me?

He takes the bike from her.

TREVOR

Let me help.

She doesn't let go of the handlebar.

RACHEL

I'm used to difficulties of this sort.

They both hold on to the bike, not backing down.

TREVOR

Please.

After a consideration, she lets go.

They walk together. She smiles to herself. He keeps glancing at her.

TREVOR  
Can I ask you something?

She nods.

TREVOR  
What's it for?

Rachel turns away, emotional.

TREVOR  
I'm sorry.

They walk in silence.

RACHEL  
I'm going to ride it one day.

TREVOR  
You?

Rachel lowers her head, hiding bitter emotions.

RACHEL  
It was a beautiful sunny day.  
Glorious, as my Dad would say.  
Anyway, he took me out for lunch.

She swallows tears.

TREVOR  
That's alright, you don't need to  
tell me.

RACHEL  
That same glorious day I woke up in  
a hospital, next to my Dad.

Her eyes move as if looking for her Dad.

RACHEL  
His voice, I still can hear it in  
my head, his last words...

FLASHBACK

RACHEL'S DAD, covered in bandages. He can barely move his  
mouth.

RACHEL'S DAD  
Promise me Rachel. Promise me you  
will walk.

Rachel, all in cast and bandages, lies in a hospital bed nearby.

RACHEL (V.O.)  
It took me years to gain  
coordination so I could walk again.

RACHEL'S DAD  
Promise me you will see.

Rachel's eyes stare up in the ceiling as they fill with tears.

RACHEL'S DAD  
Promise you will ride a bike one  
day...

He loses consciousness.

Unable to move in her bed, Rachel shifts her empty eyes, devastated. She utters moans.

RACHEL (V.O.)  
He asked me to forgive that man  
who's rear ended our truck... I  
still work on this one.

END FLASHBACK, BACK TO SCENE:

Rachel puts both hands on the bike.

RACHEL  
I used to have one a long time ago.  
It was pink. I've almost forgotten  
what does it feel like to ride...

She has a dreamy smile.

RACHEL  
Gusts of wind caress your hair...

FLASH FORWARD:

Trevor rides a bike on a trail, he wheezes - it's hard for him to pedal, but his face emits happiness.

RACHEL (V.O.)  
... and make your eyes watery. Your  
face feels the cool air stream  
licks your skin --

Riding, Trevor turns back and smiles at Rachel, who stands on pegs behind him, her hands on his shoulders. She's ecstatic.

RACHEL (V.O.)  
That's what a bird feels when it  
flies above silky meadows --

Trevor looks up in the sky. Birds swiftly chase each other.  
They ride together. Fast. They're thrilled.

RACHEL (V.O.)  
That's what an angel feels when he  
flies above the sinners.

TREVOR (V.O.)  
You feel free.

Tears run down her face as she laughs. Hair, caught in the  
wind, flutter and stick to her wet cheeks.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

They get off the bike, and Trevor parks it by the door.

RACHEL  
Thanks for the ride.

She smiles.

TREVOR  
No problem, it was fun.

Trevor slips the crumpled bills into her pocket and walks  
away fast before she notices it.

FADE OUT.