

Bike Wreck 1978

written by

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FADE IN:

A boy wobbles and teeters on his bike.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - DAY

This is MIKEY COOK, 8, a shakey kid with unruly hair and bony elbows. His socks lack elasticity and sag at the ankles.

He grips the handlebars of a classic red Schwinn and muddles down the sidewalk.

Mikey jerks and lurches and grunts--not confident at all.

His bike swings unpredictably from one end of the cement to the other--like an eel tossed on a Slip 'N Slide.

Far away on the other end of the sidewalk--about 300 feet away--shuffles an old woman, PHYLLIS CRAINE, 82.

Even from a block away, it's clear that she's only slightly taller than a shopping cart.

When Mikey catches sight of her, his mouth drops in panic.

MIKEY

(mutters to himself)

Aw, naw. I'm gonna hit her.

His handlebar control becomes even more erratic.

Mikey and his bike swoop and falter and push the laws of physics to the brink. This bike should topple at any second.

The boy gulps air through his mouth and chugs along at four miles per hour--the same speed achieved by hamsters in plastic exercise balls.

Phyllis is only a half block away now--150 feet.

MIKEY

Move. Oh, please move, lady.

Phyllis inches along on arthritic hips, unaware of the advancing danger.

Mikey vibrates now with red-alert panic.

He's too alarmed to hit the brakes. An object in motion tends to stay in motion, after all.

There's no stopping now.

Sixty feet...fifty feet. Mikey's arms and legs flail.  
He yells as he tries to steady his steering...

MIKEY

Watch out! Watch out! Watch out!

None of this registers at all with Phyllis.

Thirty feet...twenty...ten.

Mikey shuts his eyes. There's nothing else he can do.

He guides the bike slowly into the shin of unsuspecting  
Phyllis Craine.

The tire rubs her leg briefly and then the bike topples.

Mikey falls. His legs get caught up in bike chain. He's  
wrecked like Evel Knievel on the Snake River jump.

Mikey tries to apologize, but he can't. He sputters nonsense  
from the ground.

MIKEY

Chutz...heez...uhnz...

Phyllis dusts off her shin and peers at the dumb boy.

She leans close and points. Her eyes are blue and intense.

PHYLLIS

The sidewalk's for everyone,  
dumbass.

Mikey nods.

PHYLLIS

Learn to share the road, or this  
contry'll go all to hell.

Mikey nods again and Phyllis resumes her walk.

PHYLLIS

Unbelievable.

Mikey watches her go and looks up at the sky. He looks like a  
boy who's just happy to be alive--one who's cheated death.

FADE OUT:

The End.