Cycle

Ву

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1 EXT. PARK - DAY

A wonderful summers day.

KEVIN, early thirties, shirt and loosened tie, rides his bike through the park.

Further down the cycle path is the entrance to an underpass. A gang of hooded teenagers loiter there, chatting. They notice Kevin approach, and as he reaches them, the gang move into his path.

He squeezes his brakes, stopping just short of hitting the leader, CAMERON, who just stands there grinning smugly.

No-one speaks for a few moments, the gang look at each other sniggering.

Kevin rings his bike bell.

CAMERON Nice bike, mate.

KEVIN (unsure) Thanks...

CAMERON

You borrow it off your mum?

The teenagers laugh.

KEVIN No. (Pause). Nice jacket-

The laughter stops abruptly, CAMERON stepping forward aggressively.

KEVIN No, I mean it, it's a nice jacket, I like it. (pause) So anyway, I best be off.

He turns the bike, only for CAMERON to shuffle his feet and block his path.

CAMERON Off you get mate.

KEVIN

What?

CAMERON Give us your bike. KEVIN (nervously) I'm not giving you my bike.

CAMERON Why? Will your mum be mad?

KEVIN It's not my mums bike.

CAMERON No that's right, it's my bike. So off you hop.

KEVIN doesn't move, looking from teenager to teenager, anxious.

CAMERON You deaf mate? Give me your bike.

KEVIN

Why?

CAMERON I'm mugging you, genius. Get. Off. The. Bike.

KEVIN

(angry)
No.. who do you think you are?! I
don't have to give you anything!

CAMERON Oh yeah? Sure about that?

KEVIN

(assertive) Yes I am sure.. I'm keeping my bike, you are going to get out the way, and I am going to carry on enjoying my pleasant bike ride. So move. Now.

CAMERON

Oh, you some kind of tough guy now?

KEVIN

(confident)
Yeah, I just might be. How would
you know? You're nothing but a
little punk with so little
prospects in life the highlight
of his day is hanging around a
public bike path. Do you enjoy
stealing bikes do you? Especially
ones with a decorative indigo

(MORE)

KEVIN (cont'd) stripe? Figures. Firstly, you jumped up little school boy, it's well past dinner time so mummy is probably going to ground you. No more cartoons for you. Secondly, if you want my bike you're going to have to take it off me, and believe me, you're going to have to prise it from my dead fingers. Thats after I've beaten the lot of you so hard you'll be eating spaghetti hoops for breakfast, lunch AND dinner. And thirdly; I actually don't like your jacket, I was lying.. infact, is it your mums? I'll say it again.. get the hell out of my way.. or you'll be sorry.

The teenagers stare back stunned.

KEVIN So, what's it going to be?

CUT TO:

2 INT. BETH'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

A loud knock on the door. BETH rushes to answer. She pulls open the door, Kevin is stood waiting, nose blooded and crying.

KEVIN

Urghh...

CUT TO:

3 INT. BETH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kevin sits on the sofa looking sorry for himself, holding a blood sodden cloth to his nose. Beth re-enters the room with a glass of water.

> BETH I just can't believe it, you poor thing! Here drink this.

> > KEVIN

Thanks Beth.

BETH All of that for a bike! Not even a stylish bike at that!

KEVIN

(offended)

I liked it.

BETH

Yes, but that indigo stripe is hardly fashionable is it? It's like something my mum would ride.

KEVIN

Ok, Beth..

BETH

That's the problem with these teenagers. They don't want to pay for anything! They take, take, take.. They don't care who they hurt, or what's legal, they want it, they'll have it!

KEVIN

I know. It's not right.

BETH

I have to say though, Kevin, you're foolish going down there by yourself. Not the first time something like this has happened.

KEVIN

I've never had any trouble down there before..

BETH

Well, then you've been lucky up until this point. Those yobs are always doing stuff. You know Mr Murray who lives down the street? Well, they stole his wheelchair last month! Were racing around in it like it was nothing but a toy. You know, it took him two days to drag himself home. He said it was like being a slug. Imagine that, Kevin, being a slug.

KEVIN

Sounds terrible.

BETH

It just isn't fair. Someone ought to do something. It's not right them thinking they can just do what they like at the expense of others. They want a bike? With a stupid pink stripe on it? Buy one. They want a wheelchair? Buy

(MORE)

BETH (cont'd) one. You don't see us thieving! It makes me so angry.. (pause) I remember how hard you saved up for that bike; how hard you worked!

BETH stands up and walks towards the kitchen. KEVIN frowns. Remembering...

FADE TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL AREA - DAY

FLASHBACK.

4

A built up street, sunny day.

Kevin walks happily, earphones in, tunes playing. He passes a number of houses, oblivious to his surroundings.

He stops suddenly. Up ahead, leant against a wall, is a bicycle.

Kevin removes his headphones and approaches it slowly, looking up and down the street, not a person in sight.

He admires it, hand stroking the indigo stripe across the frame, before looking up at the house it sits in front of. No-one appears to be there either. The bike is all alone.

He pauses, takes a deep breath - and grabs the bike.

Lifting it under his arm he sprints down the road at pace. After a few feet, a young man, CONNOR, steps out of the house.

> CONNOR (shouts) Hey! That's my bike! Stop!

Connor gives chase. Kevin, though, is almost out of sight, running as fast as he can. He reaches the bottom of the road and jumps onto the bike and pedals as fast as he can.

He disappears into the distance.

BETH (o.o.s) Kevin? (pause) Kevin?! INT. BETH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kevin shakes his head, snapping out of his flashback.

Beth stands his in front of him, phone held in her outstretched hand.

BETH Kevin. I've told the police all about it. They want to speak to you.

Kevin gasps.

END.