

THE MAN WITH THE PINK BICYCLE

by

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Keith Soforic 5-11-18

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1 EXT. SANTA MONICA BIKE-PATH - DAY (SUNSET) (FLASHBACK)

STEVE and TRICIA are in love. They ride their bikes, smiling and laughing. The world is perfect. They stop to admire the SETTING SUN, then make-out -- HOT and HEAVY.

TRICIA
I should never have left you,
Steven....

She RIPS-OPEN her blouse!

J-CUT TO:

BANG! BANG! BANG! (OS) at the door.

2 INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT (COUCH) - DAY

CLOSE-UP of STEVE'S EYE as he SNAPS out of his dream. He removes his hand from his tighty-whities and grabs a pillow to shield-off the noise.

BANG! BANG! BANG! (OS)

STEVE
Argh...

CROSS CUT TO:

3 EXT. STEVE'S APARTMENT (PORCH) - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

A FIST BANGS on the door.

JACKSON
C'mon, I know you're in there...

STEVE (OS)
Nobody's home. Go away!

JACKSON
Come on dude, stop masturbating--

An OLDER BUSINESSMAN carrying groceries, walks past.

JACKSON
Oh, hey, Lefty. --
(beat)
-- How's it hangin'?

LEFTY
...Think you can bang on that a
little louder? I don't think they
can hear you upstairs.

As he goes, Jackson gives him a dirty look, and shoos him away. The FRONT DOOR whips open.

JACKSON
Two words... Bike... path.

STEVE
No.... And I wasn't
masturbating... yet.

CUT TO:

4 INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Steve retreats to the couch and buries himself under a dozen PILLOWS.

JACKSON
...Like my grandpa used to say,
*'you need to get outside and smell
the sunshine, boy'...*

He WHIPS open the curtains.

JACKSON
...Which always confused the fuck
out of me as a kid. --
-- Smells like feces and baby-oil
in here...

Steve GROANS.

JACKSON
It's been like two weeks. I get
it... you're depressed.

Steve's HEAD pops out of the mountain of pillows.

STEVE
I'm not depressed. Really, I'm
totally over her. Seriously.

JACKSON
So...?

STEVE
I'm just tired. I think I had a
dream about Creepy-Lamp last
night. He was like stalking me.

Jackson CLAPS his hands twice...

JACKSON
Creepy-Lamp, on!

...and CREEPY-LAMP turns on at his command.

JACKSON
That's weird. Why would Creepy-Lamp do that?

STEVE
I don't know... 'cause that's what creepy-lamps do...

CLOSE-UP of CREEPY-LAMP.

STEVE
...Always staring at me.

PUSH-IN tight on CREEPY-LAMP.

STEVE (OS)
Judging me...

JACKSON
Ha-ha. Okay...

STEVE
What do you think it means?

JACKSON
It means you need get out of this cave, get some sunlight. Come on, dude. Remember how fun it was when we were kids. You just hopped on your bike and forgot all the other bullshit.

STEVE
I don't know. I don't know.

JACKSON
Come on dude.

He starts dismantling the wall of pillows.

STEVE
I don't think so.

JACKSON
Come, on man....

They play tug of war with the LAST PILLOW...

JACKSON
...These Goddamned pillows are suffocating you man!

...He RIPS the pillow from Steve's pathetic embrace, and tosses it across the room, SOUND OF GLASS BREAK (OS).

JACKSON

(winded)
So, what do you say?

Steve puts his hand on Jackson shoulder... and smiles...

STEVE

I'm gonna pass.

JACKSON

Arrrrrgh, you're impossible --
(beat)
-- I got some weed?

STEVE

Oh, yeah? Alright, fine, fuck it.
I'll go, gimme the weed. --
-- And also, I want a sausage egg
mcmuffin.... And a coffee!

JACKSON

We'll get you a hotdog-on-a-
stick...

STEVE

Yeah...

JACKSON

...And a cherry lemonade.

STEVE

Done. Let's go.

CUT TO:

5

EXT. BACK OF STEVE'S APARTMENT - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

A BILLOW OF SMOKE, as Jackson exhales. He stares down to a BICYCLE FRAME chained to a wall, stripped bare -- no seat, handle-bars, or tires.

JACKSON

Aww man, that's messed up, dude--

STEVE

--Those motherfuckers!

JACKSON

Oh wait, look. Tricia's bike is
fine. Take hers.

WHIP PAN TO:

A PINK BICYCLE in pristine condition.

STEVE

Uhh, I don't... I can't. I can't ride a pink bike.

JACKSON

Dude, that's so... don't be fucking racist.

STEVE

I'm not racist. How's--

JACKSON

--Cool, then let's go.... Here, I'll rock the pink bike. I ain't afraid...

STEVE

No, no, I'll ride it.

JACKSON

...Not going to let some color dictate my actions.

STEVE

Alright...! I'll ride it. Relax.

He yanks on the bike, but its chained to the wall.

STEVE

Oh well, bummer dude.

JACKSON

No, no... hang on.

J-CUT TO:

6

EXT. LEFTY'S FRONT DOOR - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

JACKSON

(hollering)
Hey, Lefty.

A FIST BANGS on the door. BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Door opens and we see Lefty, now transformed into a LEATHER-DADDY.

LEFTY

Yes, Jackson. What is it?

JACKSON

Whoa.... Damn, dude, you change fast!

LEFTY

Did you need something, or you just like banging on doors all day?

JACKSON

Uh, yeah. You have any bolt-cutters?

CUT TO:

7 EXT. SIDE OF STEVE'S APARTMENT - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

The SOUND of LEATHER CREAKING as a RED TOOLBOX swings back and forth from Lefty's hand.

8 EXT. BACK OF STEVE'S APARTMENT - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The GATE pushes open as they enter.

LEFTY

...Couldn't find my bolt-cutters.

STEVE

Hey. Look what the cat dragged out.

LEFTY

Back atcha. --
-- Haven't seen this guy in like two weeks.

Digs through the toolbox.

STEVE

Maybe we should just take an Uber.

LEFTY

If that little princess, didn't want you riding her bike, she should've took it with her, when she left.

Finds his HACKSAW and goes at it. Jackson hits the bowl.

STEVE

That's true.

JACKSON

Losers keepers.

LEFTY

(to Steve)
Doing alright? You look like shit.

STEVE

Yeah. I'm good.

JACKSON

He's been really tired, lately.

Exhales smoke.

LEFTY

Jesus, Jackson. I don't think I'm completely stoned, yet. Can you blow some more of that my way?

JACKSON

Seriously?

LEFTY

Yeah. Hit me.

Jackson takes a big hit, and blows it Lefty's way.

LEFTY

(inhales)

Okay, I think I'm officially stoned, now.

STEVE

(points at Lefty)

Thanks for your help by the way. Sorry to bother you guys.

LEFTY

No bother, me and Mama were just finishing up some dishes.

LEATHER-MAMA (OS)

There you boys are.

LEATHER-MAMA peeks her head inside the gate.

STEVE

Oh, God.

She enters, dressed to the nines in leather, and wearing yellow rubber gloves.

JACKSON

Hey, Mrs. Felch--

She wags her YELLOW RUBBER FINGER at him.

JACKSON

--Uhh, Mama Felcher.

LEATHER-MAMA

You boys going on a little ride...? Aww, how cute. It's even got a little bell.

She can't resist. RING, RING.

LEFTY

Careful, Mama.

With one final effort, Lefty SNAPS-open the lock.

LEFTY

There we go. Free at last.

Pushes the bike over to Steve.

LEFTY

Umm, good luck?

STEVE

Oh, great. Thanks.

JACKSON

Nice!

Lefty bends over for his tool box, MOONSHOTS Jackson.

JACKSON

(sour look)

Oh, boy --

-- Ready, Steve!

LEATHER-MAMA

Here let me make you boys some sandwiches for the road.

CUT TO:

9

EXT. TOP OF DRIVEWAY (ON BIKES) - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Steve takes a hit from the bowl.

STEVE

Dude, sorry about that, my parents are freaks...

(exhales)

... Seriously, I think I might be adopted.

JACKSON

Nah, no worries, dude. Not the first time I seen your dad in a pair of assless, leather chaps.

He takes a bite of his sandwich.

JUMP CUT TO:

10

EXT. TOP OF DRIVEWAY (ON BIKES) - DAY (LATER)

The two are stoned, and in the exact same spot.

STEVE

...Exactly! That's what I'm sayin'...

JACKSON

...I mean, who's the genius, anyhow that decided, that blue is for boys, alright--

STEVE

--Right, that's all I want to know.

JACKSON

(overlapping)
And, that pink is for little, sissy, girls....

STEVE

...Yeah, and pink is for --
-- Oh, never mind.

Steve sinks his head down in defeat.

STEVE

Fucking, asshole.

Jackson takes one last hit from the bowl.

JACKSON

Okay, ready?

STEVE

Sure.

JACKSON

Then.... Let's ride!

They take-off pedals blazing; make it about fifteen feet, then stop.

11

EXT. CROSSWALK - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Steve pounds on the CROSSWALK BUTTON -- BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!
-- waiting for the light to change. Traffic blows past.
Again, he smacks the button -- BEEP, BEEP, BEEP.

JACKSON

You know, if you keep pushing the button over and over again, the light changes faster.

STEVE

Really?

Steve frantically presses the button over and over. BEEP!
BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

SMASH CUT TO:

12 EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY (LATER)

Jackson rides no-handed down the street. Steve weaves side to side, trying to have fun.

JACKSON

...You ever notice, Bruce Willis does a lot of movies with numbers in it.... Like, *The Fifth Element*.... *The Sixth Sense*...

STEVE

...Yeah, *The Whole Nine Yards*...

JACKSON

Shit, yeah, *12 Monkeys*...

STEVE

Fuck.... *Lucky Number Slevin*...
Slevin...? Seven?

JACKSON

Close enough. That's weird, right?

STEVE

Yeah, we need to write a movie with like, the number four or fifteen, in it.

13 EXT. CHOLO'S PORCH - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

A CHOLO drinks a Frappuccino as Steve and Jackson pass.

CHOLO

Ahh, que putas. --
-- Really, dude. A pink bike...?
-- Mucho Maricon, Holmes.

INSERT SUBTITLES: "Very gay, Holmes"

STEVE

Yeah, yeah.

16 EXT. RED LIGHT - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The MOTORCYCLE pulls up beside them. An AWKWARD SILENCE. The GUY ON MOTORCYCLE is embarrassed. The Woman fidgets in her seat, waiting desperately for the light to change.

WOMAN ON MOTORCYCLE
It's still a nice pink bike.

STEVE leers at her. The awkwardness is killing her. Jackson takes a hit from the bowl. The woman twists and turns in her seat, crosses her arms, glances at Steve...

The LIGHT finally turns GREEN. Her confidence is immediately restored, and she gives Steve TWO MIDDLE-FINGERS as the motorcycle ZOOMS-off.

WOMAN ON MOTORCYCLE
Fuck you...! And your little pink pussy!

STEVE
Nice.

JACKSON
Oh shit. That was uncalled-for.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH (ACROYOGA-PAD) - DAY (LATER)

A bunch of ATHLETIC PEOPLE do AcroYoga, twisting and contorting their bodies in all sorts of precarious positions.

An ACROYOGA GUY is at the center, muscles bulging, holding ACRO-WOMAN in a semi-obscene position. Two attractive women hover nearby, waiting for their turn.

Jackson takes a bite of his HOTDOG ON A STICK...

JACKSON
What a bunch of assholes.

TWO ARMENIAN GUYS stand nearby CACKLING, and speaking Armenian. They mock the AcroYoga people with suggestive sexual motions to one another.

KARNICK notices Steve's bike, and nudges A.J. 'look'.

KARNICK
(to Steve)
Wow, man. That's a nice fucking bike.

STEVE

Thanks.

KARNICK

Let me ask you, where you get this beautiful bike?

STEVE

It's not mine.... It's my... girlfriend's.... Well, I mean--

KARNICK

--It's okay, if you guys are homosexuals. We don't judge. It's cool man.

A.J.

Don't ask, don't speak, as you say.

STEVE

What, no, we're not gay--

KARNICK

--Whatever. It's your business.

STEVE

No, this is my girlfriend's bike. We broke up, that's why I have it.

KARNICK

Oh, I'm really sorry, man. That sucks. You'll find someone else.

A.J.

Yeah, fuck that bitch. --
-- Oh, sorry.

STEVE

No, it's okay. Whatever, she's a bitch.

KARNICK

Let me ask you, what the hell these people are doing?

A.J.

It looks like these people are having sex with each other.

JACKSON

It's like yoga and acrobats, mixed together, like with sex.

KARNICK

Oh, oh, I see. --

He focuses back on bike.

KARNICK

-- Man, I really like this bike. I would like to buy this bike for my sister. How much you sell it for?

STEVE

Ah, I can't sell this.... It has sentimental value.

KARNICK

What this mean, sentimental?

STEVE

It's like personal, it's like I'm attached--

JACKSON

--Special feelings attached to it.

He wraps his mouth around the HOTDOG, and tears it from the SHARP STICK, clenched in his fist like a weapon.

KARNICK

(gingerly)

Oh, no problem, man. No problem. I understand.

The ACROYOGA GUY bends ACRO-WOMAN over in a pose.

KARNICK

(yelling)

(Unintelligible Armenian)

More CACKLING. This catches the attention of AcroYoga Guy, and he walks over to them.

JACKSON

Uh, oh.

ACROYOGA GUY

...Not sure what you guys are yelling, but it's really disruptive.

A.J.

He said, "How much to fuck your bitches?".

More CACKLING.

ACROYOGA GUY

Hey man, that's not cool.... Look, I don't know where you're from... but, here in America, we respect women--

JACKSON
 (chuckling)
 --Right.

ACROYOGA GUY
 Did you say something there,
 Happy? ---- Why don't you and your
 little fella just pedal along.

JACKSON
 Well, that was hurtful.

KARNICK
 Hey man, they're not gay... Uhh,
 pretty sure, they're not gay.

ACROYOGA GUY
 Hmm, whatever.

STEVE
Whatever?

ACROYOGA GUY
 Oh, I didn't mean *whatever*, like
 that. I just meant, that it
 doesn't matter. Sorry, I didn't
 mean to offend anyone. I fully
 support your L-B-G--

STEVE
 --It's LGBTQ.

ACROYOGA GUY
 Yeah, that community. --
 -- Doesn't exactly roll off the
 tongue?

STEVE
 Oh, now our acronym is too hard to
 say. It's LGBTQ. LGBTQ. LGBTQ.

ACROYOGA GUY
 Okay, forget it. I'm not playing
 this game. --

He turns to leave.

ACROYOGA GUY
 -- Anyhow this is a private
 session.

KARNICK
 Private? You fuck these bitches in
 front of everyone.

ACROYOGA GUY

Look, no-one is (lowers voice)
fucking any bitches, okay --
-- Maybe it's not private, but you
keep harassing us, and we're
calling the Santa Monica Police
Department.

He walks away.

KARNICK

Call your fucking police. I will
fuck you up, man.

JACKSON

Time to go...

STEVE

Hey, great meeting you guys.

KARNICK

Yeah, nice to meet you, too.

Steve fist-bumps his new friends, as he pedals away.

STEVE

Those guys were really nice.

More YELLING in ARMENIAN in background. Jackson turns to
see A.J. fire an (imaginary) GLOCK at AcroYoga Guy.

A.J.

Pop, pop, pop.

More CACKLING.

SMASH CUT TO:

18

EXT. SANTA MONICA BIKE-PATH - DAY (LATER)

Jackson rides aggressively along the path, cutting and
weaving past other bikers.

JACKSON

Watch out.... Coming through....
On your back.... Thank you.

Steve struggles to catch up, then together they coast.

STEVE

(panting)
...I just need to keep busy.
Exercise is good.

JACKSON

Just think, years from now, you'll barely remember she fucked you over.

STEVE

Well, that's comforting--

Some PEDESTRIANS walk across the bike-path.

JACKSON

(shouting)
--Bike path!

Steve jumps.

JACKSON

Sorry, but you got to train these fuckers. --
-- No dude, it just takes some time. It'll all work out.

STEVE

Yeah. That's what everyone says. --
-- You want to get off here...?

He veers left, to get off the bike-path...

MILITANT BIKE GIRL (OS)

ON YOUR LEFT!

Blows past Steve, nearly knocking him over.

STEVE

On your left...!

RINGS BELL at her.

CUT TO:

19

EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The two walk their bikes through what looks like a scene out of a *Mad Max* movie, with an eclectic mix of ARTISTS, VAGRANTS, STREET PERFORMERS, and TOURISTS.

JACKSON

You are now entering The Forbidden Zone.

A down-and-out looking man approaches them.

DANCING-MAN

Hey, guys. Think you can spare a couple of bucks?

STEVE/JACKSON

Nah, sorry.

DANCING-MAN

Look, it's really hot out here,
and I think I need a drink. --
-- Tell you what. Let me break out
some moves for you, and if you
like it, then you loan me a couple
bucks. Whatta ya say?

STEVE

Alright, let's see what you got.

Dancing-Man busts out his awesome dance moves and Steve
and Jackson are blown away.

STEVE

Wow! Well done.

JACKSON

Pretty good, dude.

Steve hands him a couple bucks.

DANCING-MAN

Thanks.

He does an about-face, and a bee-line for *EDDIE'S LIQUOR*.

JACKSON

...And there he goes, straight to
the goddamned liquor store.

20

EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Dancing-Man comes out of the liquor store with a bottle
in a brown paper bag.

STEVE

Look. There he is.

Steve and Jackson observe him from a distance. Dancing-
Man chugs back the bottle and rips the brown bag from it,
to reveal.... It's a COKE BOTTLE!

He looks into an IMAGINARY CAMERA. He's in the middle of
his own Coke commercial. MUSIC playing. A CG LOGO appears
as he sweeps his hand across the screen.

DANCING-MAN

Because.... Everyone loves Coke!

With that million-dollar SMILE.

CROSS CUT TO:

21 EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK (STEVE'S POV) - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

It just looks like the dude is talking to himself.

STEVE

Fascinating.

JACKSON

I did not see that one coming.

22 EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK (DANCING-MAN'S POV) - DAY (CONT)

Music still playing. The CG-LOGO slowly fades away. The MUSIC drops, and it's back to reality.

23 EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK (STEVE'S POV) - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Steve and Jackson watch the man return to his old routine. He asks a GUY for a couple bucks. The GUY waves him off. Steve turns, and

A LIFE-SIZED CREEPY-LAMP flashes before him, and is gone!

STEVE

Jesus!!

JACKSON

What? What happened?

Steve looks around, still startled by the apparition.

STEVE

Nothing. Shit.... This fuckin' weed's powerful, man. Fuck.

TYRESIAS, a transgender, stands vigilantly, like a warrior sensing his prey.

TYRESIAS

You there. Pink bike.

A BOX at his feet reads: "THE BLIND PROPHET"

JACKSON

How'd you know he had a pink bike?

TYRESIAS

The Blind Prophet knows many things.

JACKSON

Cool. Let's check him out.

STEVE

Really?

Steve scans the area one last time. A GODZILLA-SIZED CREEPY-LAMP ducks behind a building, just in time.

TYRESIAS

(to Steve)

It's okay. You are troubled. Let
The Blind Prophet help.

They push their bikes over to him.

24

EXT. AT TYRESIAS' STAND - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

TYRESIAS

Please, don't be shy. --
-- I am Tyresias the Seer. I am
the ninth incarnation of the blind
prophet of Apollo. And like those
before me, the gods have taken my
vision as punishment for revealing
their secrets. I am the mediator
between humankind and the gods,
male and female, blind and seeing,
present and future--

JACKSON

--Okay, okay. We get it. You're
psychic. Cool.

TYRESIAS

But first a small gesture of your
willingness.

He points to the TIP BOX on the ground, and smiles.

They scramble for some money. Steve pulls out a CRUMPLED DOLLAR BILL from his pocket and drops it in the box.

TYRESIAS

Oh, a hundred-dollar bill. Very
generous. Thank you....

Jackson waves his hand in front of Tyresias' face, then tosses some LOOSE CHANGE into the box.

TYRESIAS

...Oh, and some gold coins.... The
Blind Prophet thanks you for your
generous gifts.

Steve and Jackson exchange a guilty look '*fucking cheap bastards*'.

TYRESIAS

Now pink bike, give me your hands--

STEVE

--Stop calling me that...

A BUNCH of SQUAWKING SEAGULLS pick at a slice of pizza, on the ground.

STEVE

...My name is Ste--

TYRESIAS

(overlapping)

--Steve. The Blind Prophet already knows who you are.

Steve reluctantly takes The Prophet's hands.

TYRESIAS

It looks like you have suffered a great loss.

Steve and Jackson exchange a glance.

TYRESIAS

Yes, I see you recently lost a lot on a bad investment...

STEVE

...Guess you could say that...

TYRESIAS

...Bitcoin, perhaps?

STEVE

No, Bit--

TYRESIAS

--Bitcoin. It's very popular--

STEVE

No, I didn't lose any money on Bitcoin. That's ridiculous.

The SEAGULLS get more aggressive. Their SQUAWKING grows louder.

TYRESIAS

Oh, right... yes I see, now. You are troubled by a sizable inheritance you just received, from your Aunt... Jenny, maybe?

STEVE

No. What?

JACKSON

It's like, he's just guessing...

TYRESIAS
 My bad. Just playin', just
 playin'. I'm just playin'.

He rolls his shoulders and neck to loosen-up. No more
 messing around.

TYRESIAS
 Focus, Tyresias. Focus.

The SEAGULLS battle aggressively over the pizza.

TYRESIAS
 Oh, yes. Oh, yes. I see it, now.

STEVE
 What is it?

TYRESIAS
 Oh yes, it's very clear.

STEVE
 What! What do you... *see!*?

Jackson points to his eyes, *'dude he's blind'*. Steve
 shrugs *'sorry'*.

TYRESIAS
 (at tears)
 Oh, it's so beautiful!

STEVE
 What, what is beautiful?

The SEAGULLS are too LOUD!

TYRESIAS
 Oh my... No, I can't. I can't...

JACKSON
 Speak Prophet! Speak!

The SQUAWKING is UNBEARABLE!

TYRESIAS
 SILEN-N-N-CE!!!!

He pulls his hands away. It's quiet, now.

STEVE
 Well...! What is it?!

TYRESIAS
 (grinning)
 My, son you still seek answers,
 yet, you already know the truth...

STEVE

What? No I don't. You haven't told me anything!

TYRESIAS

I'm sorry. I've done all I can do. I can do no more.

STEVE

So that's it? --
-- No offense Blind Prophet, but you can't see shit...!

Jackson nudges him, '*Dude, come on*'

STEVE

...You know what I mean. --
-- He doesn't know me....

They get on their bikes to leave.

TYRESIAS

That's right, I don't... but, you do, Steve... Stevie... Stevo...

JACKSON

--Okay, stop dude. Enough.

TYRESIAS

...STEVEN...! EVEN-STEVEN!

Steve turns in disbelief, taken back a bit.

STEVE

What did you just say?

TYRESIAS

You can fool yourself, Steven, but you can't fool The Universe. It always --- gets --- even!

JACKSON

You suck, dude. His girlfriend broke up with him... like number one answer.

He rides away. Steve lingers.

TYRESIAS

The *Sea-Birds* have already spoken to you....

Steve notices THE SEAGULLS have calmed and are quiet.

TYRESIAS

...The answers are inside of you.

He smiles with righteousness.

TYRESIAS
Good luck, Steven.

Steve leaves, still unsure of what just happened.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. VENICE BIKE-PATH - DAY (LATER)

The two ride quietly along the path. Steve stares out to a DRUM CIRCLE in the distance. The SOUND of 100 drums beating as one.

JACKSON
You want to check it out?

STEVE
Nah. That's okay.

Militant Bike Girl WHIZZES past.

MILITANT BIKE GIRL
On your left, hot stuff!

CUT TO:

26 EXT. MARINA DEL REY HARBOR - DAY (LATER)

The water is busy with various BOATS coming and going. Steve and Jackson lean on a railing, taking in the view.

A large COMMERCIAL AIRPLANE flies over the nearby HILLS of PLAYA del REY.

STEVE
Wow, so beautiful, here. I love it.

JACKSON
Yeah, it's awesome.

STEVE
You know.... So... I uhh, I ... I cheated on Tricia.

JACKSON
...Are you... you serious...?
Really?

STEVE
Yeah.

JACKSON

When was that?

STEVE

Well, like two months ago. Some girl I hooked up with on Tinder. I was bored.

JACKSON

Is that why she broke up with you?

STEVE

No. I never told her. I haven't told anyone. I guess, I just became more distant after that.

JACKSON

Damn.

STEVE

Yeah, everything kinda went down hill after that.

JACKSON

Damn.... Man.... Well, I mean... fuck.... Big news, dude.

STEVE

She said it was a waste of time, going nowhere. She said, I wasn't ready to settle down, and it's true, I wasn't. But, neither was she. So, whatever. So the Blind Prophet was actually right.

JACKSON

Even-Steven.

STEVE

I got what I deserved. I guess.

JACKSON

Man, dude, she wasn't the one.... It wasn't meant to be. And you know that, dude.... Okay. That's why you banged that Tinder chick. I mean... you fuckin' knew it was over, and you did what you had to do, man.

STEVE

Yeah, I guess. But I still feel like an asshole for doing that to her.

JACKSON

Oh, yeah, okay.... Fuck it, so what, you're an asshole.... Join the fuckin' club, man. We're all pretty much assholes for the most part, right? I mean, I'm a fuckin' giant asshole. So--

STEVE

--That's your profound wisdom on this whole thing? Humans are just a bunch of assholes?

JACKSON

Basically.... The trick is... to try to be *just a little bit less* of an asshole, each day. That's the fuckin' moral.

STEVE

Thanks buddy.

JACKSON

Come on dude, so you want to head back?

They get on their bikes and go. A HUGE YACHT glides gracefully across the water.

RACK-FOCUS to reveal Godzilla-Sized CREEPY-LAMP watching them from across the water, then FADES AWAY.

27

EXT. VENICE BIKE-PATH - DAY (LATER)

Steve gives a SALUTE to THE BLIND PROPHET as they pass. The Blind Prophet nods back and raises his staff.

JACKSON

That dude's awesome.

Just then, Militant Bike Girl ZOOMS past.

MILITANT BIKE GIRL

Coming through, Sunshine!

STEVE

Oh, hell no!

Steve sprints to catch up to her, until they are neck and neck. He gives everything he has to break free. She looks at him like, *'you're an idiot'*, and lets him go.

He keeps going, and raises his arms to the heavens, in victory.

STEVE

Yes!!

28 EXT. VENICE BIKE-PATH (FURTHER AHEAD) - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

A MOTHER drags her KIDS and a bunch of BEACH GEAR across the bike-path. A SMALL BOY stops in the middle to play.

Steve notices THE BOY at the last moment, and swerves to miss him. He cuts it too hard and SLAMS into a Palm tree!

The MOTHER runs back to grab the boy.

MOTHER

Lucas, ay yai yai! Que pasa?

29 EXT. VENICE BIKE-PATH (ON THE GROUND) - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Steve lies on his back, motionless.

STEVE

Jesus Christ.... Bike path!

MOTHER (OS)

Sorry.

He sits up to examine his bruises. Militant Bike Girl zooms past.

MILITANT BIKE GIRL

You win, pinky!

STEVE

Yay...

(touches his knee)

...Oww.

ANNA, a pretty, Hispanic young woman rushes over to him.

ANNA

Oh, my god. Are you alright? I am so sorry. We weren't paying attention.

She flashes him a big smile and he's instantly in love.

STEVE

...Ah, yeah, yeah.... I'm okay. I think I just... popped my chain...

ANNA

Oh my god...

They both LAUGH.

STEVE
 ...On my pink bike.

Anna GIGGLES.

ANNA
 You're funny.

NANITO (OS)
 Anita, let's go!!

She wipes SAND from Steve's BRUISED KNEE.

ANNA
 I think it's sexy... your pink
 bike.

STEVE
 Oh, thanks.

NANITO (OS)
 Anita! Vamanos!!

ANNA
 Espera, Nanito!

STEVE
 Your boyfriend's waitin' for
 ya.... Anita.

ANNA
 My brother,...

STEVE
 Oh.

She turns, and waits for oncoming bike-traffic to
 clear...

ANNA
 ...And it's just Anna. See you
 later.

She does a *Frogger* across the bike-path.

STEVE
 Oy, careful....

She turns, waves goodbye, and runs off.

STEVE
 (shouting, pointing
 to self)
 ...I'm Steve by the way.... Just
 look-out for the guy on the pink
 bike.

She waves again.

30 EXT. VENICE BIKE-PATH - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Jackson pulls-up.

JACKSON
Whoa. What was that.

STEVE
That my friend, was hope.

JACKSON
Dude, are you okay?

He helps him to his feet.

STEVE
Nah, I'll be fine.

Picks up the mangled bike.

STEVE
Do you think my rim is a little
crooked?

The RIM is bent, like 30 degrees.

JACKSON
Can't really notice. --
-- Aw, dude, check it out.

A GIANT RED FIREBALL hovers above the Ocean.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. THE OCEAN - DAY (SUNSET)

Steve and Jackson sprint towards the water in their underwear, and dive in. Their BIKES left behind, lying in the sand.

The two swim out past the waves, and stop to admire the SUN's awesomeness.

Steve is particularly humbled by the experience, and his EYES well with joy.

32 EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY (LATER)

They sit on the beach in quiet admiration, as the SUN sinks slowly into the water. Steve fills his lungs with air.

STEVE

Mmm. Smells good.

The last SLIVER of SUN sinks below the horizon.

JACKSON

(clapping)

Oh, bravo, bravo! Great job God,
great job.

STEVE

You're such an ass.

They stand to go.

STEVE

One quick stop.

CUT TO:

33

EXT. RIDE! VENICE BIKE RENTALS & REPAIRS - EVENING

SEBASTIAN, the bike man, pushes the Pink Bike out of the store.

SEBASTIAN

Here, you go brother.

STEVE

Thanks, man. I really appreciate
you, helping me out.

SEBASTIAN

All right, now.

STEVE

You're the best, man. Thanks.

SEBASTIAN

Hey, remember... we meet up every
Sunday at Sunset... If you want to
get ur freak on...? Or... *Get ur
pink on...?* I Like that.

STEVE

Awesome, dude.

They do a quick hug.

STEVE

Thanks, man. See you around.

34

EXT. VENICE BIKE-PATH - EVENING (CONTINUOUS)

JACKSON

All better?

STEVE

Yep. Yeah, I'm all good, man....
You ready?

Jackson nods.

STEVE

Then...?

JACKSON

...Let's ride!

STEVE

Wait, hang on.... I might have
made a tiny upgrade....

JACKSON

C'mon, let's ride, dude.

Steve catches-up. NEON PINK LIGHTS glow from his RIMS.

JACKSON

No fucking way. Shut the hell up.

A DUDE rides past, checking out Steve's bike.

DUDE

Nice rims, dog.

STEVE

Thanks, dog.

DUDE

Nice... rims!

JACKSON

You are so freaking sexy right
now.

STEVE

Things are looking up, baby!

JACKSON

God, I am so jealous.

Steve hits a BUTTON and the ENTIRE BIKE GLOWS PINK NEON.

JACKSON

Ha, ha. Holy shit, man. Look at
that fuckin' bike.

STEVE

Too much?

JACKSON

Nah, it's perfect! You're going to get so much ass out of this bike.

STEVE

Yeah, I think I'm gonna fuckin' keep this bike. I like it. It's given me a new outlook on life.... Think it's growing on me.

The two ride off under the fading twilight sky. A NEON FERRIS WHEEL glows brightly in the distance.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END