

the ministry of speed

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BLACKOUT

Pumping CLUB MUSIC becomes audible in the dark background.

VOICEOVER

(blankly ; slowly)

The mixture flows through the intake manifold, is dispersed into the cylinders, and then emitted through the exhaust ports, producing power.

FADE IN:

INT. CLUB USA - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Rainbow colored SPOTLIGHTS swirl on ROBERT "BOBBY" MUNZI (26), dark, tight buzzed-cut, tall, burly side, in a dark suit with a black t-shirt. Despite his 5:00 shadow, he is neat and presentable, almost militaristic.

BOBBY (VO)(cont.)

(blankly ; slowly)

The camshaft opens the intake valves, allowing air to enter the cylinders, for compression by the pistons.

He seems displaced; pain and fatigue in his demeanor contrasts the peppy tempo of the pulsing beat.

BOBBY (VO)(cont.)

(blankly ; slowly)

The spark plug ignites, causing an explosion in the combustion chamber, which pushes the pistons down, the force creating power and speed.

A sudden momentary breakdown, he sobs into his hand. Remembering his whereabouts, he quickly composes himself.

WIDEN

Bobby stands next to a doorway, oblivious to the throngs of young CLUB-GOERS who file past him in both directions, laughing and having a blast.

BOBBY (VO)(cont.)

(blankly ; slowly)

In order to create a more powerful engine, it must be made more efficient.

NEW ANGLE - POV BOBBY - SLOW

LORD FRANCIS (33), light hair and eyes, well-dressed, short and lean, stumbles through the crowd, drunk or high on something, probably both.

Squealing and laughing, he pauses to greet two ACQUAINTANCES, grabbing them, kissing their cheeks. They hug him back, clumsy, drunk, happy. Sleazy.

BOBBY (VO)(cont.)

(blankly ; slowly)

Enlarging and smoothing the intake and exhaust ports and valves increases efficiency for greater flow. Greater lift and duration allows more air to enter faster.

FULL SPEED

Spotting Bobby, Lord Francis continues toward him, delighted. Tripping, he catches himself, grabbing Bobby's neck for support.

LORD FRANCIS

(laughs)

Hi, lover...

Bobby, unflinching, minimally acknowledges him. Lord Francis slips a few crisp hundred dollar bills in Bobby's outer breast pocket.

BOBBY (VO)(cont.)

(blankly ; slowly)

A less restrictive means of further exhausting gases from the engine is necessary. A header will increase flow but still provide enough back pressure to run the engine at high speed.

LORD FRANCIS

I'm gonna need you tonight, sweetie.

Bobby pushes Lord Francis off of him, gently but firmly, irritated.

BOBBY

Get off of me.

Lord Francis blows him a kiss as he saunters away.

LORD FRANCIS

See ya in a little while, luscious...

Bobby ignores him.

BOBBY (VO)

(blankly ; slowly)

A straight, log type exhaust manifold allows gases to crash into each other, inhibiting perfect flow. Installing individual tubes of equal length for each cylinder, meeting at a collector, will produce more flow, creating efficiency, increasing power.

FADE TO:

INT./EXT. OLD VW RABBIT GTi - MOVING - DOWNTOWN  
MANHATTAN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Bobby is driving the car while Lord Francis, in the passenger seat, tokes up with a small coke spoon.

LORD FRANCIS

And so finally this motherfucker calls me up, at like, 2:00 in the morning. From HELL.

(beat)

But hel-lo, Carl was already there with me, and so I'm like "fuck you, asshole," but then, he was being so sweet to me! And he's like, "please baby, I really need to see you, please come over here."

(laughs)

And it was probably just because he knew I was with someone else. I'm SURE he didn't realize it was just Carl. So I

was just like "no, fuck you," and he was so upset! So finally I just hung up the phone on him, because I kept telling him, "I can't talk," and he kept saying, "no baby, please, please."

(giggles)

So, then I said to Carl, "Baby, I love you, stay here and sleep in my bed, I'm sorry, but I am GOING to get this dick."

(more)

Bobby reaches over and pushes a button on the radio, turning it on. MUSIC fills the car. Lord Francis turns down the volume to nearly imperceptible.

LORD FRANCIS (cont.)

So here I go, I JUMP out bed, and I'm like showering, at 2:00 in the morning! Getting all dressed and pretty, so I can go see this FUCKER, at HELL. I put on my leather pants, and my long white shirt, and you know my long grey coat?

(snaps)

Fierce. And then so I get there...

(more)

Lord Francis helps himself to another toke from his small glass vial.

LORD FRANCIS (cont.)

And he didn't see me at first. He was on one side of the bar and I was on the other, and he had his back to me, and he's talking to these two girls. So I'm sitting there, and I start

(genteel throwing motion)

throwing ice cubes at him, and finally, he turns around and he sees me, and oh my god. Big smile on his face. He was so happy to see me!

(pause)

So that means something right?

(more)

Lord Francis looks at Bobby and is unperturbed by the lack of reaction.

LORD FRANCIS (cont.)

Anyway, we finally leave there and we're walking, and it starts pouring! It's like 4:00 in the morning and we're walking in the rain, and he's hugging and kissing me, he's so happy I came, and we pass this playground. Like, this little kids' playground? And GIRL!

(laughs)

We did it in the playground!

4:00 in the morning, pouring rain, people are walking by, and there we are... fucking in the playground like two little kids. We were running around, laughing, chasing each other...

(pause)

So that means something, right?

(more)

Bobby keeps driving.

LORD FRANCIS (cont.)

Bobby, are you listening to me?! Did you hear me?!

BOBBY

(blankly)

Yes, I heard you. Can you shut up, now? You're really giving me a headache.

LORD FRANCIS

(laughs)

But he's just a BOY, y'know? I need a MAN. Kinda like you, Bobby-licious.

He runs his hand down Bobby's forearm, resting on the stick shift. Bobby pulls his arm away; he's been through this before, his patience is wearing thin.

LORD FRANCIS

Your car is so small, Bobby. Why is your car so small? A big guy like you needs a big car. A big, rough, mean, tough, car.

(laughs)

Vroooooommmmmmmmm....!

EXT. DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN - RESIDENTIAL LOFT BUILDING -  
CONTINUOUS

The street is clean, but deserted, as the VW Rabbit pulls up in front. Bobby gets out the driver's side, while Lord Francis giggles from the passenger seat.

Bobby walks around and opens the passenger door, not so much out of courtesy, but more to get Lord Francis out of the car faster. Lord Francis spills out, Bobby pulling him to his feet.

LORD FRANCIS

You will help me upstairs won't you,  
darling?

BOBBY

(hesitates)

Yeah.

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE APARTMENT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Lord Francis fumbles with his keys, so Bobby grabs them, unlocks the door, and pushes it open.

LORD FRANCIS

(giggles)

Would you like to come in for a  
little while, luscious?

Bobby pinches the keyring, holding it out for return.

BOBBY

(blankly)

No thanks.

LORD FRANCIS

(giggles)

Ohh-kaaaaay...

(more)

He pats Bobby on the shoulder affectionately, and takes his keys back.

LORD FRANCIS (cont.)  
Good night, sweetie, my big Bobby-  
licious...  
(giggles)

He turns into the apartment, vaguely pushing the door shut behind him. It swings closed, but just shy of its click, Bobby stops the door with the outermost tip of his index finger.

Lost in thought, he stands immobilized. Decisively, he gently pushes the door further open with his finger.

BOBBY (VO)  
The thrill comes from facing the  
danger. From the attempt to control  
all that force, and power, and energy...

BLACKOUT.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - ESTABLISHING SHOTS

The opening credits roll over various shots of New York City, progressing through and away from Manhattan, traveling over the river toward the suburbs of Staten Island, where they land in Midland Beach, a small lower income neighborhood of the suburbs, at a modest unilevel house.

INT. BOBBY'S HOME - 23 YEARS EARLIER - GARAGE - LATE NIGHT

A dilapidated sedan sits in the garage, its hood lid propped open, the front end raised on jackstands. Two pairs of human legs jut out from underneath. One full grown man's pair, and one little boy's pair, clad in footsie pajamas.

MRS. MUNZI, Bobby's mother, enters the garage from a side door.

MRS. MUNZI  
Angelo... Oh my God. Bobby!



(more)

LITTLE BOBBY MUNZI (3), scurries out from under the car, grease on his face, hands, and a good portion of his pajamas. ANGELO MUNZI, Bobby's father, eases out as well, sheepishly.

MRS. MUNZI (cont.)  
(yelling ; to Angelo)  
Do you know what time it is?! And  
what the hell...?!  
(re: Little Bobby)  
God, look at him!

She grabs Little Bobby by the hand and yanks him inside. Angelo Munzi follows slowly behind, prepared for his usual lecture.

INT. MUNZI HOME - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Munzi furiously scrubs Little Bobby with a damp towel. Angelo watches from the bathroom doorway.

MRS. MUNZI  
(to Angelo)  
Why can't you just leave him alone  
already?! He's 3 years old! What are  
you thinking?! What is wrong with  
you?!

ANGELO  
Leave HIM alone? You oughtta be  
telling him to leave ME alone. It  
isn't my fault. He likes it!  
(to Bobby)  
Don't you, Bobby?

LITTLE BOBBY  
Yeah, I like it.

MRS. MUNZI  
Oh my God, I am so sick of this.  
(near tears)  
Why can't you understand? What is it  
you cannot understand?! I do not  
want our son growing up with... GREASE

under his fingernails. He's going to college. He's not gonna be some goddamn car mechanic. But you, you keep influencing him. Always with those stupid cars.

(pause)

We should be reading to him. We should be... showing him a better life. A different life. He can be a doctor, or a lawyer...

ANGELO

(quietly)

Or an Indian Chief.

MRS. MUNZI

Oh, the hell with you!

She throws the towel at Angelo, hitting him in the face, and storms past him out of the room. Angelo grins sadly, and shrugs at his son.

LITTLE BOBBY

Sorry, Daddy.

Angelo resumes where Mrs. Munzi left off, scrubbing little Bobby until he's red.

ANGELO

(sighs)

She's probably right. Look at you. You are a mess.

(pause)

I don't know. I just want you to be happy. You know that, right? Are you happy, Bobby?

LITTLE BOBBY

(shrugs)

I guess so.

ANGELO

(laughs)

That's okay, we don't know either.

(more)

He hugs his son.

ANGELO (cont.)

I guess we see things differently,  
your mom and me. She just wants what's  
best for you. And she's right. You  
don't have to get your hands dirty.  
You can do so much better. You can  
have a much better life. You don't have  
to be just a mechanic. You don't have  
to grow up with grease under your  
fingernails. There are a lot of better  
options out there.

(beat)

You're gonna be all right. Don't limit  
yourself.

LITTLE BOBBY

Okay.

Angelo holds his sons hands under the running water in  
the tub.

ANGELO

(pause)

I'm probably going to have to replace the  
pittman arm, too.

LITTLE BOBBY

I think so.

NEW ANGLE - POV BOBBY

His hands under the running water. As he rubs them  
together

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE ON - POV BOBBY

His hands rubbing together under a faucet of running  
water, only now, Little Bobby is 7 years old.

WIDEN

EXT. MUNZI HOME - DRIVEWAY - 4 YEARS LATER - DAY

Little Bobby stoops over, washing his hands at the hose faucet attached to the side of the house.

A gray 1971 Honda Z-50 dirtbike, worn but clean, sits nearby, a small, red, professional toolbox at its side. Further away, in varying states of disrepair, sits his father's 1975 Kawasaki KZ900.

Shaking water from his hands, he hurries to the dirtbike to admire his handiwork. He starts the bike, and listening intently, adjusts the idle. He dons his helmet and rides the dirtbike out onto the street.

The stretch of road in front of his house spans about nine house widths, from intersection to intersection. He knows he is not allowed to cross them, so he rides back and forth up this stretch of street, progressively faster each time.

On one of his passes, he realizes he has an audience. A young black boy, LITTLE WILLIAM "JINKS" JINKINS (6), watches in fascination from a neighbor's stoop. Bobby begins to show off, popping little wheelies back and forth.

When Bobby stops the bike to make another adjustment, (this time to the clutch), Jinks climbs from the stoop and approaches him.

LITTLE JINKS

Hi.

LITTLE BOBBY  
(without looking up)

Hi.

LITTLE JINKS  
What's your name?

LITTLE BOBBY  
Robert Munzi. But everybody calls me Bobby.

LITTLE JINKS  
My name's William, but everybody

calls me Li'l Jinks!

(beat)

That's a really nice bike ya got there.

LITTLE BOBBY

Uh huh.

LITTLE JINKS

Can I ride it?

LITTLE BOBBY

No.

LITTLE JINKS

Aw, how come?

LITTLE BOBBY

You probal-ly don't know how.

LITTLE JINKS

Well... you can teach me.

(more)

Young Bobby throws him a "why-should-I?" face.

LITTLE JINKS (cont.)

Aw, c'mon. Please?

Bobby just looks at him. Young Jinks smiles innocently.

LITTLE JINKS (cont.)

Pleeeeeease?!

Bobby is visibly melted by Jinks's enthusiasm. He hesitates, in thought, then begins to specify different parts of the dirtbike.

LITTLE BOBBY

This the front brake

(pointing)

and this is the back brake, and this is the gas. This is the shifter, it's shifts the gears into first, second, and third...

The camera WIDENS and spans up past the trees, and into the sky. Little Bobby continues his lesson, his voice fading until the sounds of a beautiful summer day drown him out completely.

FADE OUT.

EXT. ABANDONED PARKING LOT - 8 YEARS LATER - DAY

Music blares in the distance from a cheap boombox.

YOUNG BOBBY (15), sits resting on his arms, smack in the center of the lot. YOUNG JINKS (14), sits facing him, atop Angelo Munzi's KZ900, which, dressed from different parts not original to this particular motorcycle, bears a peculiar scrapyard appearance. But, it remains quite obvious: this is a strong, powerful, and clean machine.

Further down the lot in various corners, cars are gathered in small groups, busy cruising or doing deals.

YOUNG BOBBY

Yo, on that last run, you were almost scraping the tail.

YOUNG JINKS

Ya seen that shit? I was at twelve o'clock, yo!

(beat)

Man, I wanna scrape the tail!

YOUNG BOBBY

Well, we'll get you one 'a those new CB 1100F's.

YOUNG JINKS

Yeah?! Is that the shit? Why, got more power?

YOUNG BOBBY

Nah.

(laughs)

The tail light is longer.

They laugh and low five.

YOUNG JINKS

Ah man, I better get going. I'm gonna miss the next bus to the harbor.

YOUNG BOBBY

Aw, no shit. You can't stay tonight?

YOUNG JINKS

Nah. The ole lady's trippin'. And my auntie's sick of my face.

(more)

He dismounts the motorcycle.

YOUNG JINKS (cont.)

The bike was smooth today, man. Much better than last week. You turned that shit out.

YOUNG BOBBY

Yeah, I lowered the needles.

YOUNG JINKS

Yeah, whatever.

(laughs ; beat)

Man, I think you could make mad loot working on people's bikes.

YOUNG BOBBY

(shrugs)

I dunno.

Bobby starts polishing the bike's gas tank with an old rag he keeps under the seat.

YOUNG JINKS

Well, when we're grown, you can open up your own repair shop. Bobby's Bikes. Wouldn't that be cool?

YOUNG BOBBY

Bobby's Bikes?! That sounds gay.

YOUNG JINKS

Nah man, it's a cool idea. And you can teach me some 'a that shit, and I could do like... oil changes

and shit. And we'd have to test  
ride all the bikes...

(more)

Bobby laughs. Still polishing the motorcycle, he reaches  
the license plate, which reads "DADKZ." His mind  
suddenly elsewhere, he rubs at it intently.

YOUNG JINKS (cont.)

(pause)

You still think about him, man?

YOUNG BOBBY

(startled)

What? Oh. Uh, yeah. Yeah man,  
of course.

Embarrassed, he begins to fidget with the plate screws.

YOUNG JINKS

Yeah, I guess you would. It's  
different. Shit, a lot different.

(beat)

My ole man's still out there  
somewhere, the motherfucker. But I  
guess if he like, died on me, that  
shit would be different.

YOUNG BOBBY

Yeah. I guess so. I'm cool... it's  
cool.

YOUNG JINKS

(changing the subject)

Yo man, you see that fight on TV  
last night?

YOUNG BOBBY

Oh, nah man, I don't get into  
sports too much.

YOUNG JINKS

Not even boxing?! Yo, it was off  
the hook, man. Niggahs was beatin'  
the shit out of each other. Niggah  
was laid out. Fuckin' blood  
everywhere and shit.



YOUNG BOBBY

Nah, I don't really watch any boxing.

Jinks looks at him almost suspiciously. He just can't believe a guy wouldn't be into boxing.

YOUNG BOBBY (cont.)

(defensively)

I like Kung Fu movies.

YOUNG JINKS

Kung Fu movies? Oh yeah, like Bruce Lee or some shit?

YOUNG BOBBY

Bruce Lee, Jackie Chan...

YOUNG JINKS

(not listening)

Yeah, that's cool. I seen some on TV. Those motherfuckers can fuck each other up, too. But those are actors, man.

YOUNG BOBBY

Oh, I don't know about that, man. Have you seen some of these guys? The bugged out shit they can do? It's amazing!

(beat)

They train really hard their entire lives to be able to do that shit. Some of the stuff they come up with... man! And it's always about getting better. Just better and better...

(beat ; more)

BOBBY (cont.)

Boxing is different, totally different. If anything, THAT's more like acting.

YOUNG JINKS

Huh?

YOUNG BOBBY

Well, y'know, it just seems like, with boxing, it's all about the OTHER guy. Whether one can beat the other, y'know, the lightweight, or the middleweight, or whatever. It's like saying, "yeah, I can beat THAT dude. But anything bigger... sorry, not doable."

(laughs)

In the kung fu movies, it ain't like that. I dunno... I just don't think you can say they're just actors.

YOUNG JINKS

(laughs)

Whatever, man. Okay, they're athletes, too.

YOUNG BOBBY

Um, I think they're called artists. Martial artists.

YOUNG JINKS

Artists, dancers, faggots... whatever.

(laughs)

Ah-right man, I'm outta here. I'll catch ya maybe next week. Maybe I can stay the weekend if it's cool with my auntie.

YOUNG BOBBY

All right.

He takes a rolled up motorcycle magazine out of his back pocket, and offers it to Teen Jinks.

YOUNG BOBBY

You want this? I'm done with it.

YOUNG JINKS

(taking it)

Yeah, thanks.

Bobby starts the motorcycle and hops on it. He dons his helmet and salutes Jinks.

YOUNG BOBBY

Later, man. Take it easy.

YOUNG JINKS

Later.

He affectionately slaps Bobby on the shoulder and watches as he rides away, out of the parking lot and on toward his home.

The sun is setting as Jinks walks through the lot and toward the bus stop. By the time he actually boards the bus, it is nighttime.

INT./EXT. PUBLIC BUS - MOVING - NIGHT

Jinks lounges at the back of the bus, the progressive changes in the scene outside his window marking the considerable distance of his neighborhood from Bobby's, and its much poorer conditions.

EXT. MARINER'S HARBOR - CONTINUOUS

Jinks alights the bus in a dark, seedy ghetto neighborhood. Requisite prostitutes hustle on a distant corner, denizen crackheads huddle in narrow doorways.

INT. THE PROJECTS - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jinks is approaching his apartment. Muffled TV's and crying babies accent this grimy corridor.

He recognizes the group of LOUD TEENAGERS at the end of the hall, huddled on the top three steps of the STAIRWELL. Drinking, getting high, and AD LIB carrying on, they wave to him invitingly.

Jinks thinks twice about ignoring them, deciding against it. He strolls toward them with familiarity.

A STONED TEEN GUY, in somewhat of a stupor, leans in to kiss a DRUNK TEEN GIRL. She pushes him away, irritated.

DRUNK TEEN GIRL  
Get the fuck OFF me, niggah!

STONED TEEN GUY  
Damn, you wasn't saying that shit last night...

DRUNK TEEN GIRL  
(to Jinks)  
Jinkieeeeees! You wanna drinky, Jinky?  
(giggles)

She waves a brown paper bag-clad bottle at him. A THIRD TEEN waves a philly blunt at him.

Jinks takes the blunt, inhales one long deep drag, and hands the blunt back. A FOURTH TEEN offers him a pipe. Jinks waves it away.

YOUNG JINKS  
I'm good, man.

STONED TEEN GUY  
Yo niggah, we headin' out. Maybe catch a movie or some shit. See whassup.

YOUNG JINKS  
Uh, nah man, pass. I'm fucking beat, yo. My black ass is about to pass out.

He turns to walk away.

YOUNG JINKS (cont.)  
I'll catcha later, though. Thanks...

NEW ANGLE - POV TEENS

Jinks is walking away.

STONED TEEN GUY  
What the fuck is his deal?

DRUNK TEEN GIRL  
He's probably a fucking faggot...

INT. JINKINS' HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MRS. JINKINS is asleep on the worn living room sofa, feet raised on an old footstool, a cracked teacup and matching saucer rests on the cushion next to her. The only light in the room is from a small 13" color TV. Jinks picks up the tea set and takes it to the adjacent kitchen, depositing it in the otherwise empty sink. He returns to shut off the TV.

INT. YOUNG JINK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jinks enters the bedroom, crammed with three twin beds. Two small human lumps occupy one, and one medium human lump, the other. The third bed is empty and still made.

A little lamp from a nightstand next to the empty bed lights the room very faintly, just enough to see the vast majority of wall space, including part of the ceiling, is covered by magazine rip-outs, all depicting motorcycles. All racebikes, in various shapes, colors, and sizes.

Jinks removes his clothes and jumps into bed, his new magazine in hand. By the dim illumination, he struggles to see some of the pages. He starts to rip several out, slowly and quietly, so as not to awaken his siblings.

CUT TO:

Jinks asleep in his bed, a PILE OF RIPOUTS next to him. The bedroom door opens quietly, as Mrs. Jinkins peeks in for her nightly check.

She moves to turn off the lamp, and noticing the ripouts, she rescues them, arranging them neatly on the nightstand. In the darkness, we see

CLOSE - ON RIPOUTS

The uppermost page bears a wide angle image of a MOTORCYCLE REPAIR SHOP. Immense, clean, and spic-and-span professional, the atypical repair shop screams style, the kind that comes from love. Gleaming floor expanses of checkered black and white are accented by red lacquered shelves, polished chrome tools, and king-sized, cherry-red, shiny, industrial tool boxes.

BLACKOUT.

Footsteps echoing on a stone pavement on a lonely, windy, deserted street.

FADE IN.

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - WEST SIDE - 11 YEARS LATER - NIGHT

BOBBY (26), and JINKS (25), hurry along a deserted side street, flanked by darkened warehouses on both sides. Their heads are ducked against the cold; arms wrapping their suit jackets shut, the lapels up and around their ears for protection from the wind and flying dust.

They reach their destination, a set of large, plain, flat metal doors, conspicuously without handles, on one huge, empty warehouse, on this deserted factory street.

Jinks reaches up and firmly raps three times.

No answer.

JINKS

Mother fuck, I'm freezing my  
DICK OFF!

They both reach up this time, and rap harder and faster. With a sudden escaping blast of light, music, voices, and laughter, the door opens.

STERLING WILSON (35), looms in the doorway. A gigantic, imposing figure of a black man, he is sharply dressed in a dark suit and turtleneck, formidable despite his geeky wire-rim glasses and conservatively buzzed haircut.

STERLING

(smiling widely)

Jazzy JINKS! Bah-BAAAAAAAY!

BOBBY

Aaay....

JINKS  
Whirling Sterling.

The three men shake hands, exchanging greetings brutha-style.

INT. CLUB USA - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The nightclub, a vast, famous, multi-level structure, in a state of rarely witnessed banality reserved for the privileged few: its staff.

Overhead lights blare in unforgiving white light, all the club's mysterious sexiness gone. Even the music, usually so hypnotic and impelling, just sounds loud and tinny in its nightly test-run.

The main room is bustling with staff members, about 70 in all, arriving for their nightly shift. Sitting in little groups, the cliques becoming apparent if you look closely enough: the bartenders, the busboys, the dancers, the cocktail servers, the security, the management. Fast food containers and burning butts litter everywhere, the staff's final attempt at last minute refueling.

Jinks and Bobby make their greetings as they lumber through. Spotting a couple of empty seats in a cluster of lounges, they plop down, helping themselves to random fast-food fries and burger bites that happen to sail past their faces.

Occasional flirtatious females wander by, the pretty girl-next-door types preferring Bobby; the sexier, bold ones choose Jinks.

The voice of RICKY DELGADO (38), General Manager, booms out over the din. Seated on a stool at the front of the room, Sterling, Head of Security, stands casually next to him, leaning against the bar. The volume quickly accedes to their authoritative presence.

RICKY  
Okay people, let's make this quick.  
(checking clipboard)  
Mezzanine... is Open Bar until  
(more)

RICKY (cont.)  
midnight. Everything gets rung until  
I come to Z you out. Invite only.  
Basement... is Open Bar until eleven,  
just wells. And Portabar in station  
ten is Open Bar for a party, beer and  
wine only, until... eleven.

(beat)

Uuuuuuhhh... there's something in Mugler  
tonight. Just hang on, I'll let you  
know. Roof is... Closed.

Faint cheer and applause in the b.g., followed by faint  
laughter.

RICKY (cont.)  
Once again people, NO jeans. I don't  
care if they're blue, black, or  
yellow with purple polka-dots. NO  
JEANS. NO SNEAKERS. And these biker  
boots that are popping up everywhere,  
keep those clean, or I'll nix those  
too. And as for this stupid beer  
promotion, Mike D is in the lead...

(beat)

I don't know how he does it, maybe he  
has magic fingers or something, but  
he's WAY up there, CONSISTENTLY. He  
breaks 4 all the time, and THAT'S why  
he keeps getting Station 1. When you  
ring like that, you can have it,  
too...

(beat)

He's in the lead for "Pilsner," but

(shrugs)

what that's gonna mean, who the hell  
knows. I haven't heard anything on the  
prize trip, so it's up to you, if you  
want to keep at it.

(looks at his watch)

Any questions?

(beat)

It's 8:54 now. Banks at nine on the  
NOSE. No dilly-dallying. And set up

(more)



RICKY (cont.)

FIRST. Be ready to go... THEN you can go change, or make yourself beautiful, get your coffee, smoke your butt, or whatever. God help you, if you're not in place at ten. Thank you.

The noise levels rises before he has a chance to change his mind.

RICKY (cont.)

Ah, Bobby-Muns! Can I see you a second, please?!

Bobby and Jinks reluctantly leave the comfort of their seats, making their way to the front.

RICKY (cont.)

(to Bobby ; apologetically)  
Uh, Bobby, register four at Main... it's messed up. It got liquid in it again. Ya think you can look at it?

BOBBY

All right, no problem.

RICKY

(to Sterling)  
This fucking guy can fix anything.

STERLING

No shit.

(to Bobby)

Yeah, I'm still waiting on you...  
When you gonna look at my 280?

BOBBY

Shit man, give me a half a second...

JINKS

(to Bobby)

You Mugler?

BOBBY

You got it.

JINKS

Ah-right...

(more)

Jinks slaps/shakes Bobby's hand, and strolls away.

JINKS (cont.)

(over shoulder)

Hollah if you need.

FADE TO:

ANGLE ON - BOBBY (BACK) - MOVING

CLUB MUSIC (e.g. "DRUM SONG" ) starts. During INTRO (slow beat)

We follow Bobby as he strolls through the empty Main dance floor toward his post. As he progresses, the white lights switch OFF, the club assuming its welcoming operative appearance, rainbow spotlights circling in darkness, candle tea lights glowing from the bar.

He continues through the main room, out into the foyer, and up a red-bulb lit stairwell.

INT. MUGLER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

At the entranceway to the VIP Room, (etched on the wall, clearly visible: "ROOM - DESIGNED BY - THIERRY MUGLER") Bobby walks through the opening and onward.

The VIP Room is prepared to do business; darkness, swirling spotlights, faint illumination of the bar.

Bobby pauses to lean across the bar and kiss hello, the sexy female bartender, adeptly counting through a stack of five dollar bills.

He continues across the empty room, completing his routine initial inspection.

Club Music INTRO ends. Immediately on first note of UPBEAT BODY of Club Music

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON - BOBBY

In the same spot, on the dance floor, suddenly PACKED with people jumping and dancing, the club in full swing.

He gently, but purposefully, maneuvers through the crowded room, his dominating size and presence parting the mob effortlessly.

PEEKS AT NIGHTCLUB IN ACTION - MONTAGE

A. Jinks and Sterling stand guard at the MAIN ENTRANCE of the nightclub, flanked by several obvious members of the SECURITY TEAM and flamboyantly dressed "LISTHOLDERS". PATRONS cram around the sawhorse set-ups, six deep to the street. Arms flail, a desperate attempt to garner some attention, while listholders pluck from the crowd.

B. Floods of clubbers are jammed in a side STAIRWELL, bargaining with an ATTENDANT, behind a velvet rope.

C. At MAIN BAR, BARTENDERS slam drinks at a rate of four transactions per minute, straining to hear orders yelled over stagnant heads of thirsty clubbers, crammed three deep.

D. BARBACKS are furiously filling waist-high beer coolers with STACKS of bottled beers. ICE is poured into station bins from tall industrial garbage pails.

E. The DANCE FLOOR on Main is crammed like sardines, bodies jumping and dancing, almost in unison.

F. A flamboyant LISTHOLDER is "negotiating" with patrons at the main entrance, "shaking hands" with people desperate for entry.

G. Drove of people stream in and out of a seemingly unisex BATHROOM, bodies crammed up to three or four in a single stall.

H. Lord Francis squeezes past the VIP rope at Bobby's approval, and slips him a hundred, in a just barely covert "handshake."

I. People of various sexes and sexual orientations go at it, in a dark corner of the BASEMENT.

J. People of various sexes and sexual orientations go at it, in a dark corner of the MEZZANINE.

K. People of various sexes and sexual orientations go at it, in a dark corner of the MUGLER ROOM.

L. Several well known FAMOUS FACES are spotted in the Mugler Room, air kissing, clinking drinks, and having a general ball.

M. CLOSE

on a conservative, middle-aged, bespectacled Asian businessman, trying to groove to the beat.

WIDEN

to reveal his ensemble: WOMEN'S LINGERIE, complete with stockings and garters, and stiletto pumps. He is dancing precariously, ON THE BAR, in the Main Room.

N. Lord Francis is doing business in Mugler, almost openly, to obviously AFFLUENT PATRONS. He is clearly, a very popular guy.

O. Jinks, in the Main room, is kickin' it to a seductive, barely clothed PODIUM DANCER, who willingly performs for him, appreciating his attention.

P. Bartenders are clinking drinks with each other, doing barely surreptitious shots behind the bar.

Q. Barbacks and BUSBOYS are gathered in a beer/ice storage room, smoking skinnies and sharing swigs out of a Hennessy bottle.

R. Posses of DRAG QUEENS and DIVAS are holding court on stage, doing "The Runway."

S. A COCKTAIL WAITRESS fights her way through the crowd, trying to balance her tray.

T. A LONE GUY sits asleep in a corner, passed out from too much of something.

CLUB MUSIC ends.

INT. MAIN ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Business is over, and again the club is swept out, obtrusive fluorescents glaring. Worn out from the chaos, random staffers lounge, strewn about the main room with their motivational "shift drink," while busboys sweep in the b.g.

Bobby, Jinks, and Sterling sit amongst, waiting.

JINKS

Man. I'm toast.

BOBBY

No shit.

(pause)

Hey, what was up in Mezz tonight?  
I heard it on the radio, but by the time I got there, it was all over.

STERLING

Oh, It was nothing. Some guy trippin' on his girl talking to some other idiot. He got over it.

Two barbacks, KEVIN (27), and JERRY (26), enter. Sidekicks since puberty, they walk alike and talk alike, and even kinda look alike.

KEVIN

Yoooo! What up?! Some wild ass shit going on tonight, hah?

They make the rounds with the requisite hand salutations.

KEVIN (cont.)

(laughing)  
You seen my boy up there?

(re: Jerry)  
I walk into that back stairwell,  
and all I see is this big bald head  
buried in some girl's big titties.  
(beat)  
So I go to tell the boy he can't be  
back there, take it someplace else,  
and I look, and I'm like, YO-  
OHHHHHH.....!  
(laughs)  
She was mad ugly, yo.

JERRY  
(laughs)  
She wasn't that bad. She's ah-ight.  
She comes here a lot, yo. I think  
that bitch lives in the bathroom.

KEVIN  
(laughs)  
Man, who' you kidding? She look  
like somebody rolled over her with  
a ATV.

Kevin and Jerry smack hands good-naturedly.

STERLING  
(to Kevin)  
They ain't they done, yet?

KEVIN  
That what y'all waitin' for? Nah  
man, they got a while.

STERLING  
Shit.  
(to Jinks/Bobby)  
Well, both of you don't have to stay.  
One of you can go.

JINKS  
(to Bobby)  
You wanna go? You ain't driving  
Miss Daisy tonight, right?

(laughs)

BOBBY

Nah, man.

JERRY

(laughs)

Yeah man, whassup with that kid?

JINKS

(mock English accent)

Lawd Fraan-cis?!

(to Bobby)

Yeah man, whassup with that niggah?!

(to Jerry)

That's Bobby's BOY!

BOBBY

Ah fuck it, man. He's harmless.

JINKS

He's a little bitch.

(to Bobby)

How much you think he got... he's willing to give you all that, to bodyguard his pansy ass home.

BOBBY

I dunno... but I think it's decent. I have to walk him all the way up to his place all the time... shit, I practically carry him, he gets seriously fucked up, that kid. And the last time I helped him in, I'm telling you, he had all sorts 'a shit, all over the place. Just layin' out. He don't give a fuck.

(shrugs ; more)

BOBBY (cont.)

He's a white-collar dealer. He just does a lot of rich queens and shit. And his place is kinda dope, man. He's got a lotta space. A big fucking loft and shit. And it's all, y'know... designer furniture. He got bank.

KEVIN

Ya ever get freebies?

BOBBY

What? Oh yeah... whatever I want... He offers me shit all the time, but it's mostly coke he's got. I'm not too into coke... And it ain't enough to be worth trying to sell it.

KEVIN

Save it all up, 'til ya got a kilo.  
(laughs)

BOBBY

(laughs)  
Yeah.

JERRY

Get some for me, man. He got anything good?

BOBBY

I dunno... Rich white boy shit, I guess. Coke, X... Smack, probably. I seen the needles in his house.

JERRY

No buds?

BOBBY

(grins)  
I think that stuff is too lower income for him... but I'll ask. Maybe he's got some exotic rich boy buds.

JERRY

Hey, I'll take a couple of them exes, if you can swing it. Them shits are expensive. What the fuck, I can always sell 'em. Fifty bucks?! Shit, what the fuck.



BOBBY

Ah-right, next time I see him.

JERRY

Thanks, man.

KEVIN

Yo though, you heard about that kid, Dave?

JINKS

Dave who?

KEVIN

Dave, Dave. Dizzy Dave.

(sweeping with broom gesture)  
The fuckin'... busboy kid.

BOBBY

Dizzy Dave? The kid with the knot on his head?

KEVIN

Yeah man. He's DEAD, yo. The kid DIED.

BOBBY

What?! Get out... are you fucking serious? What happened?

JERRY

O.D.'d, niggah. Is that fucked up, or what?

BOBBY

Get the fuck outta here. I just saw him. Like, what? Last week?

KEVIN

Yeah man, it's fucked up. They found him at his place. Some friends of his.

(more)

KEVIN (cont.)

Like, he was missing for a few days, so they broke into his place, and there he was. Dead.

JINKS

Wow, that's fucked up. He was a young kid, too wasn't he?

STERLING

Yeah, he was like, 20, I think. 19. I dunno. Not old enough to drink. I got into it with that kid all the time over that. Coming in on his night off and getting shitfaced. If Ricky had seen him, his ass would have been over.

JINKS

Well... I guess it's over, now.

BOBBY

Oh shit. Now I feel bad.

(pause)

'Cuz I was there once. When Jay hit him in the head! Oh man, that kid Dave came in once, night off, and he was fucked up. And then... he starts beef in Mezz! So, Security gets called, and Jay's the first one there. And Jay doesn't know him, but I guess Dave thought he DID, and he starts mouthing off, and...

(shrugs)

And so here I come, down from Mugler... and all I see is Jay's back and someone's pushing up on him. And I guess Jay got fed up! So all I see is his radio go up, and... thwack! He just kinda... smacked him on the head with it! Y'know, not too hard...

(giggles)

But I heard it from where I was

(more)

BOBBY (cont.)  
standing... And I look, and it's  
that kid, Dave.... And I'm like,  
"ohmigod, Jay! Don't you know that  
kid works here?!"

BOBBY (cont.)  
And he didn't! He said he never saw  
him before!

(touches forehead)  
And the kid... had this KNOT on his  
head.

(beat)  
That shit was large and purple,  
yo, like a fucking golf ball,  
sticking outta this poor kid's head.  
(more)

Bobby struggles not to laugh, but the laughter around him  
is infectious.

BOBBY (cont.)  
Yo man, it's not funny. That's so  
fucked up. That poor kid.

JERRY  
Maybe that's why he was so dizzy,  
yo! Ya gave him a concussion!

(laughs)  
The kid's walking around with a  
fucking head injury, and people  
just think he's stupid!

That throws them all into stitches.

JINKS  
(laughing)  
Oh shit...  
(gets up)  
I gotta get the fuck outta here.  
Y'all are fucked up. That's some  
bugged out shit.  
(pause)  
I gotta be up at one.

BOBBY  
Oh shit, that's right.

JERRY

Oh yeah, man. You still got that thing going on tomorrow? I wanna check that shit out. Me and Kev, we'll come check it out.

KEVIN

Yeah, where's it at?

JINKS

Uptown, niggah. Hundred forty second. West Side. Under the Henry Hudson.

JERRY

What time?

BOBBY

Starts at one, but shit doesn't really start happening until about 2, 2:30.

JINKS

Yeah man, niggahs can't be on time for shit.

(laughs)

KEVIN

We there, man.

JINKS

Later.

Requisite goodbye hand salutations all around.

JINKS (cont.)

(to Bobby)

Catch you, tomorrow.

BOBBY

Yeah, I'll be ready for ya.

JINKS

Bet.

EXT. WEST SIDE MANHATTAN - 142ND STREET - DAY

Directly below the elevated Henry Hudson Expressway, TRAFFIC moves slowly along the stretch of the multi-laned West End Drive. All the cars have decelerated to rubberneck, curious about this remarkable spectacle.

WIDEN

On a small adjacent service road, running parallel to West End Drive, dozens of RACEBIKES, their owners, fans, and other SPECTATORS, are clustered impressively, for an "impromptu" exhibit.

Gathered proprietarily around Angelo Munzi's KZ900, Jinks, Bobby, Jerry, and Kevin check out the scenery.

Jinks stands out particularly, dressed loudly in a long, silk, button-down shirt covered in conspicuous VERSACE LOGOS, a large gold Versace medallion, black tuxedo pants, and his obvious-by-now "trademark" black VERSACE SUNGLASSES, the ones with the huge gold bas-relief Medusa heads jutting from the temples.

JERRY

(scoping females)

This is bugged out.

KEVIN

Yeah man, this is some shit.

BOBBY

Yeah, it gets nutty.

Random passersby stop to pay apparent respects to Jinks and Bobby. With very little social effort, Jinks and Bobby manage to shake hands from every direction.

GEORGE (27), a client of Bobby's, strolls up to greet them.

GEORGE

(to Bobby)

Ay, Bah-BAY, what's up?!

Bobby shakes his hand in greeting, making AD LIB greetings and polite introductions.

BOBBY

My friends...

(pointing)

Kevin... Jerry... You know Jinks?

GEORGE

Nooo, but I've seen you... George.  
'Pleasure.

(to Bobby)

I'm glad to see you, man. I'm  
going to be needing your services  
real soon, doc. My girl is sick.  
She's all busted. As soon as I get  
my check. Got time for me?

BOBBY

What? The Duck...?!

(accusingly)

What'd ya do?

GEORGE

(laughs)

Nah, G. It ain't like that. Not  
my fault. I swear. You don't  
know... it was so messed up.

BOBBY

Well, what happened?

GEORGE

Oh, you are not going to BELIEVE  
that shit.

BOBBY

Oh, here we go.

GEORGE

(laughs)

No, seriously. Okay, check this  
out. I was just riding down the  
street, minding my own business,  
I wasn't speeding or doing anything  
stupid, just toolin' along, going  
about my day. All of a sudden, out  
of nowhere, this... cab, runs this  
red light! And the guy sees me, we  
make eye contact, and the stupid

jerk, instead of just going and getting the fuck outta the way, the moron PANICS, and slams on the brake!

(more)

George pauses to take in the empathic expressions of horror.

GEORGE (cont.)

So there he is, in the middle of the intersection, just... blocking the way. I didn't have time to stop...

(more)

He reenacts the impact, hands up in "T-Bone" gesture.

GEORGE (cont.)

So I hit him! The bike, hits the side of the car, and I go tumbling, over the handlebars...

(more)

GEORGE (cont.)

and I like, ROLL... over the hood of the car! And I'm okay, just y'know, scraped up a little, no big deal, so I get up, brush myself off, and I walk around the cab over to the driver's side.

(more)

BOBBY

Oh boy.

George throws him a "you-ain't-heard-nothing-yet" face.

GEORGE

So the guy... the guy has his window up, so I tap...

(more)

He taps lightly on an imaginary window, with his index finger.

GEORGE (cont.)

And he looks, so I go, "hey, roll

down your window..."

He circles his upturned fist in the air, the international symbol.

GEORGE (cont.)

So the guy rolls down his window,  
and I go... "BAAH!"

George pounds his fist into his palm so hard, the jolt  
knocks his audience into giggles.

JINKS

Oh shit.

GEORGE

Yeah so, the guy is kinda...  
knocked out a little, so I reach  
in, and I proceed to pull this  
motherfucker, out of the cab.

(more)

GEORGE (cont.)

Through the WINDOW.

(giggles)

So I got the guy, and I'm standing  
there...

(more)

George stands, two fists in the air, holding an invisible  
cab driver by the shirt collar.

GEORGE (cont.)

And now, I'm ready to shake the  
shit out of him, and all of a  
sudden, I hear this lady's voice...  
"The caaaab!" And I look... and the  
fucking cab is rolling down 5th  
Avenue!

JINKS

Get the fuck outta here.

GEORGE

I swear.

(laughs)

So I drop the guy, and I go RUNNING  
after this cab! So I'm chasing it,



and I'm reaching in the window  
trying to steer, pop the  
transmission, and unlock the door,  
all at the same time... And the  
stupid road is on a DECLINE, so this  
thing is kinda... moving! I look up,  
and the cab is heading right into  
the next intersection, and there's  
like... cars coming?! So, I'm still  
trying to get a hold of this thing,  
and then, just as it hits, I'm  
like... "fuck it," and I just...  
let it go!

BOBBY

Oh man.

GEORGE

It hits this little Toyota, y'know  
not TOO hard, but...

(shrugs ; more)

GEORGE (cont.)

So now... this guy gets outta his  
car, and he's like... "YO! Why'd  
you push that cab into my car?!"  
And I'm like, "Oh, YEEAH. I pushed  
that cab into your car, you stupid  
asshole."

(giggles)

So now, WE'RE going at it, in the  
middle of the frickin'  
intersection, we're like, fighting!  
Right in the middle of all this,  
this woman walks up,

(mimicks)

"Ex-cuuse me, excuse me..." And so  
we stop, and we're both like,  
"WHAT?!"

(giggles)

And she goes, "What movie are you  
filming?"

He pauses while his audience catches their breath,  
they're so delirious with amusement.

GEORGE (cont.)

I kid you not. That's exactly what happened.

BOBBY

(laughing)

So is the bike fucked up bad, or what?

GEORGE

I dunno, man. Kinda fucked up. I don't think the frame's bent, but...

(shrugs)

And I only have liability on the thing! I'd like, have to sue the cab company.

(beat)

Whatever man, it's a mess... Oh shit, I gotta jet. My friend's in this thing. Later bah-pah, I'll call you...

(to Kevin/Jerry)

Nice meeting ya.

(to Jinks)

Break a leg...

He leaves them, still AD LIB chuckling with incredulity.

JINKS

(to Bobby)

Ah-right man, showtime.

CUT TO:

CLOSE

of an overturned full faced racebike HELMET, cradled in a cross-legged FEMALE lap. Hands take turns shoving twenty dollar bills into it.

WIDEN

The keeper of the cash rests casually atop the hood of a car. Next to her, a MAN with a JUMBO MARKER is drawing large, page-sized consecutive numbers on a stack of loose

leaf, and distributing them to his patrons. Next to him, another MAN with a ROLL OF DUCT TAPE, doles out sections to whomever requests it.

The protective air of their posse is palpable; you KNOW this is not a pot to even entertain the notion of snatching.

NEW ANGLE - ON JINKS

Perched atop the KZ. Bobby duct tapes a sheet of loose-leaf, number 8, to his back.

JINKS

What's it look like?

Bobby squints OS, in observation.

BOBBY

Mmmmm, maybe twenty, twenty-five.

JINKS

Mm... about five, huh?

(shrugs)

Well, not bad I guess for a day's work.

BOBBY

Yeah, not bad. Could be better...

Jerry and Kevin return from their short sightseeing trip, licking Mr. Softee ice cream cones.

JERRY

This is really some crazy ass shit.

KEVIN

Yeah... Yo man, where do we stand? I wanna SEE this shit.... But, I don't wanna get killed either.

JINKS

Go with B. You'll see it.

He dons his polished silver German eggshell.

BOBBY

Ah-right man, y'all set. Kill it.

JINKS

'No thing.

He rides slowly away, maneuvering through the crowd.

BOBBY

We should stand over there.

CUT TO:

The top of the "TRACK." Bikes parade slowly down the service road, until the point at which it cuts into the highway.

Then, down the fifty yard stretch of West End Drive (the length of which people stand three and four deep in observation), they FREESTYLE.

A. RIDER#1 pulls a WHEELIE down the stretch

B. RIDER#2 does a BURNOUT, high rpm's and squealing tires

C. RIDER#3 wheelies into an ENDO

D. Jinks burns out down the stretch, sliding the motorcycle to and fro, like it's a BMX or something.

E. RIDER#4 wheelies with two FRIENDS, one on the back, one on the tank

F. RIDER#5 wheelies into an endo, his GIRL on the back exposing her G-STRING, as the tail end lifts into the air.

G. Jinks sits on the TANK, legs over the handlebars, as he wheelies down the stretch, laying it down into a burnout, the air thick with the smoke of burning rubber.

H. RIDER#1 wheelies into nearly "twelve o'clock," and loses control, the bike wavering and FALLING, sliding into the crowd. Spectators JUMP out of its way, groaning in sympathy.

I. RIDER#6 wheelies a BANSHEE, slowly down the stretch, "TWITCHING" it at intervals.

J. Jinks wheelies at twelve o'clock, pulling the bike into a STAND, jumping off as he rests it solely on it's tail end. He lifts his arms high in the air, standing next to it, and the crowd goes wild.

K. RIDER#3 wheelies down the entire stretch, STANDING on the pegs.

L. RIDER#6 burns out the Banshee, sending it into a "DRANO", spinning round and round, in a cloud of smoke.

M. RIDER#3 and RIDER#4 wheelie into endos SIMULTANEOUSLY, side by side.

N. Jinks rides a standing wheelie, a VOLUNTEER GIRL STANDS on the passenger seat, holding his shoulders.

O. RIDER#5 rides into an endo, then burns out until SMOKE fills the air with blankness.

FADE TO:

A police car flashing, at the tip of the track, but no one cares. By the time his back-up arrives, this will all be over.

CUT TO:

NEW ANGLE - ON "TRACK"

The bikes have SLOWED and are behaving normally. ONE BY ONE, they travel down the stretch of highway, some just cruising, some getting in some last minute tricks.

For some riders, the applause and cheering is minimal. For others still, the boeing is intense.

Jinks, # 8, takes his ride down the runway. The cheering is DEAFENING.

CUT TO:

Bobby, overshadowed by the crowd, unable to see. At the roar of approval, he grins and shakes his head.

He strolls over to the cash collector, now standing on the hood, watching the spectacle. She sees Bobby and nudges the CASHKEEPER, sitting on the trunk next to her. The cashkeeper pulls the wad of neatly stacked twenties out of his front jeans pocket and hands it to Bobby.

BOBBY

Thank you!

CASHKEEPER

I don't know why we even bother with these things. We should just wire you the money every month.

BOBBY

Okay.

INT. JINKS'S APARTMENT - LATER - EVENING

The apartment is small and cluttered, the home of a man with extremely modest means. Jinks lounges on a dilapidated sofa, Bobby in an adjacent matching chair, feet up on an old coffee table.

They pass a Philly blunt back and forth.

JINKS

Shit, I'm beat. Maybe I oughtta try to catch a nap before work, too.

BOBBY

We only got a couple of hours. If I tried to do that, forget it, I'd be out for the night.

JINKS

Yeah, word.

(pause)

It was good out there today. Lots of people showing up now.

BOBBY

Hell yeah, it was nuts today.

JINKS

Mm... before I forget...  
(more)

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the wad of cash. He quickly counts out a couple of hundred, about half the bundle, and pushes it toward Bobby.

JINKS (cont.)

That's yours.

BOBBY

Nah, man. I don't want that.

JINKS

Uh-uh, take it... It ain't for you. It's for the Bobby's Bike's fund.

BOBBY

Oh, get the fuck outta here. I don't WANT it.

FEMALE VOICE (OS)

(yelling)  
Yo! Shut the door!

JINKS

(quietly)  
Uh, we gonna go through this again?  
(pause)  
I ain't doing this for you, niggah, I'm doing this for me. Bobby's Bikes... that's the shit right there. That shit's gonna buy a better life for both of us. You'll see.  
(laughs ; more)

JINKS (cont.)

Don't you wanna be rich, niggah? Out there today... shit, ain'

nobody in the circuit don't know  
Bobby Munzi's the man.

(beat)

You need your shit hooked up? You  
want your machine fixed? You want  
your shit tight? Go see Rob Munzi.

(giggles)

You know how many niggahs out  
there always talking about THEIR  
boy... YOU?! Never fails, some  
cracker'll be talking up his skills,  
dropping your name like he knows  
what he's talking about.

(laughs)

Yeah, that's YOUR boy. Shit. Soon,  
I'm a be like, "I got his HOME  
number, niggah, nyaaaah..."

BOBBY

(giggles)

How'd you get my home number?

JINKS

We gotta get you outta that  
nightclub. That shit is bullshit.

BOBBY

Ah come on man, that shit ain't  
bad. It's way better than working  
for that OTHER asshole. Doing his  
bullshit oil changes all day,  
making him bank and paying me  
bullshit. What the fuck is that?

(beat)

It'd be nice to have some space.  
Ma's garage just ain't cutting it.

JINKS

As soon as you open your doors...

(giggles)

You gonna have to get you some  
Mexicans.

BOBBY

(sarcastically)

Yeah. That's just what the bank  
said.



JINKS

I hear that.

FEMALE VOICE (OS)

YO! SHUT THE MOTHER FUCKING DOOR!!

Jinks reaches over and shuts the door.

BOBBY

You're crazy. YOU'RE the fucking  
superstar. Bruce fucking  
Springsteen and shit.

(more)

He slowly grabs the Versace sunglasses off Jinks's forehead, their apparent permanent home. He puts them on his face and leans back in his chair.

BOBBY

I ain't nearly as pretty as you.

(pause)

Your shit is tight, man. People  
are feelin' it. You look like you  
were BORN with that thing on your  
ass. Y'know, some people have never  
seen shit like that in their lives.  
Not a lot of people can come off  
like you. You're a biker Tiger  
Woods.

JINKS

(laughs)

Yeah, that's just what they said at  
my last job interview.

They slap each other five. Bobby takes the money.

BOBBY

Okay. But we're not calling it  
Bobby's Bikes. It sounds like the  
name of a gay porn.

(more)

Reaching into his jeans pocket, he retrieves a pair of keys on a ring, and plants them on the table.

BOBBY (cont.)

Okay, so you hang on to the bike.

JINKS

No way.

BOBBY

Man, I never ride the thing anymore, hardly. And anyway, I'm gonna build another one. And, I have a car.

(beat)

You won't have to take the subway anymore. Late at night, after work.... shit, you'll be home in minutes.

JINKS

I am NOT taking the bike. That's your ole man's bike, you're crazy. And I'm riding the thing anytime I feel like it anyway. I don't need an everyday bike. Look what happened when I had one. Fucked that shit up, practically fresh out of the box.

BOBBY

(giggles)

Yeah man, that was pretty stupid.

JINKS

(pause)

You're like my bro, man.

BOBBY

Bet.

EXT. CLUB USA - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Bobby, and another doorman, KEITH, are setting up the wooden sawhorses that keep the crowds at bay. Kevin watches, trying to look busy with his empty milk crate.

KEITH

And then supposedly once I get

an agent, I can start acting.

KEVIN

(laughs)

Acting? Acting what, acting foolish?

BOBBY

(giggles ; to Keith)

That's cool.

KEITH

Yeah. Hey, did you know that Chazz Palminteri used to work security? Limelight, I think.

Jinks enters, just catching the end of the conversation.

JINKS

Not Security... Doorman.

KEVIN

(confused)

What's the difference?

Jinks is suddenly distracted by something he spies OS up the street.

JINKS (cont.)

Well... what have we here?

NEW ANGLE - POV JINKS et al

A half block away, a helmeted and jacketed figure is parking a black Kawasaki Ninja 600R. Clad in snug leather pants and racing jacket, it is obvious this figure is a woman.

KEVIN

Ohhhh... That's Wendy! Bartender. From Limelight. She's a sweetheart. I've worked with her, she's cool.

KEITH

Oh, yeah. I remember her. Oh yeah, man, that girl is Eeevee.

BOBBY

Eve?

KEITH

(laughs)

The FIRST woman.

BOBBY

(laughs)

Yeah, huh?

KEITH

(nods)

She's sweet. But, she's got a boyfriend. Some rich dude, I think.

WENDY CRUZ (23) is pulling off her gloves. As she removes her helmet, a waist-length mane of long black hair streams out. She is dark, of mixed heritage, mostly eurasian. She looks good.

JINKS

Ohhh... Snap.

They ogle as she draws near. Kevin, playing the mack, steps up to meet her, catching her in a big bear hug.

KEVIN

You're gonna work here?!

WENDY

(smiling)

Yeah, I started Wednesday! Finally. EVERYONE is over here, it's all newjacks there now. You all left me, I was the only one left. I was feeling so inadequate, like, how come Ricky transferred everyone but me? Seriously! But then when he came over himself, he transferred me, too. Yay...!

(spotting Keith)

Keith!

KEITH

Hi, hun.

He bends to give her a kiss, polite and friendly.

Jinks steps in.

JINKS  
(suavely)  
Hi, there. I'm William.

He reaches for her hand with both of his, lingering with a familiarity he doesn't really have. Bobby rolls his eyes in the b.g.

WENDY  
Hi, William... Wendy.

BOBBY  
(to Wendy)  
Hi. Bobby. Nice to meetcha.

WENDY  
Hi.

She squeezes past them.

WENDY (cont.)  
(apologetically)  
I have to go check in. I think  
I'm late...

She continues on her way. Jinks and Bobby look at each other and... follow her in. Jinks quickens his pace to match hers.

JINKS  
So, Wendy... you transferred  
from Limelight. Did you like it  
there?

WENDY  
Oh, yeah. It was okay. But I'm  
really glad to be here, instead.  
It's so beautiful, isn't it?

JINKS  
Yes, very. Have you gotten the

grand tour?

WENDY

Well... no, not really.

JINKS

Well, please. Allow me.  
(more)

He wraps his arm around her shoulders, throwing Bobby a later-suckah-you-snooze-you-lose face. Bobby shakes his head, conceding defeat.

JINKS (cont.)

(to Wendy; smiling)

Lemme show you where you can stow  
your stuff...

INT. CLUB USA - MAIN ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Sterling runs a pre-shift meeting with the SECURITY TEAM, about twenty men, all tall, and dressed similarly in requisite dark suits, sans neckties.

The one vague standout is Jinks, sporting his signature Versace glasses on his head, and his gold Versace medallion. His shirt is a black silk Versace button-down (in contrast to everyone else's turtlenecks or crewneck T's); he is also wearing black tuxedo slacks, with outer seam strips that glint faintly in the light.

STERLING

Real quick, let me just confirm  
the posts for this premiere party.

KEITH

What movie is it, anyway?

STERLING

"Ice." It's a hip hop movie.  
So... that means we're going to  
have some hardcores in Mezz  
tonight, a lot of different record  
labels all squeezed in a tight  
space. It's a safe bet they aren't  
all in love with each other, so be

prepared for some egos to clash.  
I'm doubling the team in Mezz until  
it's over. Keith'll float tonight,  
and Bobby...

(to Bobby)  
you'll work Mezz tonight, and  
Jinks'll do Mugler.

JINKS

Aw, why can't I work Mezz?

STERLING

Because, Bobby's the diplomat.  
(giggles ; more)

STERLING (cont.)

And how am I supposed to put YOU  
up there, looking all slick like  
the entourage...?

(to Bobby ; re: Jinks)  
This niggah lookin' for a record  
deal...

(to Jinks)  
You can't rap, fool.

Jinks responds amicably to the round of AD LIB good-natured digs this elicits, all around.

STERLING (cont.)

Okay. All the VIP's are going up  
the back staircase. NOBODY gets in  
Mezz without a premiere pass.  
(more)

He checks his watch.

STERLING (cont.)

We got a few minutes before posts.  
Don't anyone be running out to  
KFC, tonight.

INT. CLUB USA - MEZZANINE LEVEL - LATER

Wendy, dressed in a black catsuit and knee-high Georgia biker boots, is setting up her station behind the bar.

Jinks leans on the bar from the other side, clearly enjoying the view.

JINKS

Y'know, you should park your bike in front. It'll really be much safer there. Security can keep an eye on it. People get drunk and stupid, all up and down this street. You never know what can happen. And when you're leaving at night? Walking out there all by yourself, with your cash tips? You gotta be careful...

WENDY

Oh, I know... I do get kinda worried about it, sometimes. At Palladium, they used to let me pull it INSIDE, that was nice. Because Mark, you know him...? He has a Harley. He parks it inside... I used to leave mine with his...

(pause)

Do you really think I can park right in front? They wouldn't mind? 'Cuz that would be great... I won't get a ticket, will I?

JINKS

Nah, it's fine. The cops around here are cool. Except like maybe once a month, the sergeant comes by. And HE won't like it. But then security can just call you to move it. You won't get ticketed.

WENDY

Sweet.

JINKS

You wanna move it now? I'll do it for you. Got the keys?

WENDY

Yeah? Uh... you know how, right?



JINKS  
(laughs)  
You're worried about your  
machine? It's okay. Trust me.

Her keys are tucked away safely just inside the upper lip  
of her boot. She fishes them out, and tosses them to  
Jinks.

WENDY  
Okay, I'm trusting you. Don't  
forget the wheel lock.

EXT. CLUB USA - MAIN ENTRANCE - LATER

Patrons arrive in a small steady stream, just beating the  
mob that will soon crowd the gates.

Wendy's Ninja 600R is parked right outside the main  
entrance. Sterling looks at it contemplatively, clearly  
thinking, "this isn't working."

STERLING  
(into radio)  
Bah-by, Bah-by.

BOBBY (OS)  
Go for Bobby.

STERLING  
You got that bartender in there  
tonight? The motorcycle girl?

BOBBY (OS)  
Affirmative.

STERLING  
Could you tell her she's going to  
have to move her bike, please?  
Just a little bit, she doesn't  
have to go all the way back up  
the street, but it's too close to  
the entrance. I'd push it, but  
it's locked up.

BOBBY (OS)

Copy.

INT. MEZZANINE LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Bobby walks across the still empty Mezzanine, to the bar, where Wendy is stationed.

BOBBY

Wendy, you're gonna have to  
move your bike...

WENDY

Oh. Uh, okay.

BOBBY

Sterling says...

Just at that moment, Jinks bounds into the room, relishing the calm before the storm.

JINKS

Hey, my two favorite people here!

Wendy has hopped over the bar to go move the bike.

WENDY

(to Jinks ; shrugs)  
Sterling says I need to move  
the bike.

JINKS

Aw, I'm sorry. You want me to  
move it?

WENDY

Oh, no thanks, it's okay. I'm not  
busy yet.

BOBBY

(yelling after Wendy)  
You don't have to...!

But she is already out the door. He shrugs.

JINKS  
(to Bobby ; re: Wendy)  
Ya think I can hit that?

BOBBY  
You wish.

Jerry enters, trying to look busy with his empty ice bin.

JERRY  
Yo... what's going on?!

JINKS  
Ain' shit going on in here.  
There's a few people in Main.  
Mugler's still dead.

He motions across the bar to LISA, the other pretty female bartender on duty. He pulls a small stack of drink tickets out of his breast pocket. He waves one at her.

JINKS (cont.)  
(to Lisa)  
Hi, sweetie. Can I get an early  
one for the road, please? A little  
dose of liquid patience...

LISA  
Sure, the usual?

JINKS  
Please!

She pours him a healthy double of Remy Martin. He downs it in one shot.

JERRY  
(to Jinks)  
Hey, ya spare a couple of those  
tickets, man? Y'know, for the  
honeys.

Jinks hands him three.

JERRY (cont.)  
Thanks, man.

Jinks offers the stack to Bobby. Bobby pulls out his own stack; it's thicker than Jinks's. He peels off a few for Lisa, who kisses him on the cheek in thanks.

JERRY

Damn, where ya get all those?

JINKS/BOBBY

Sterling.

Jinks giggles, a glint in his eye. He unclips his radio from his belt.

JINKS

(into radio)

Squirrel, Squirrel.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUB USA - MAIN ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Sterling stands next to a skinny, young, MALE LISTHOLDER.

STERLING

(into radio)

Go for Sterling.

CUT TO:

Jerry, Bobby, and Lisa giggle.

JINKS

(into radio)

Squirrel, Squirrel.

STERLING (OS)

(irritated)

Go for Sterling! Damn, you DEAF?!

JINKS

(laughs)

Uh, never mind, Squirrel.

They all laugh, an oldie but a goodie.

CUT TO:

Sterling, shaking his head, just half addressing the young listholder.

STERLING  
Stupid motherfuckers.

INT. MUGLER ROOM - LATER

The room is packed, the club in full swing, yet again. Jinks laboriously makes his way through; it's so crammed, he's having difficulty.

JINKS  
(irritated)  
Fuck...

He finally reaches the stairwell, a quieter haven. He speaks into his radio.

JINKS  
(into radio)  
Sterling, come in. Sterling.

STERLING (OS)  
Go for Sterling.

JINKS  
Mugler's congested. Traffic ain't moving at all 'cuz of Madonna. It's all backed up in that corner. I'm shutting it down.

STERLING (OS)  
Copy.

Jinks taps a young ROPE ATTENDANT on the shoulder.

JINKS  
Yo, we're through. No more. Not one more fucking person. I called security for you. Just stay chill until he gets here.

Jinks reenters the room to tend to the back entrance. He hears a call for security over the radio.

VOICE (OS)  
Security to Beer Room Main.  
Security. Beer Room Main.

Jinks pauses, listening for confirmation.

STERLING (OS)  
This is Sterling. Copy, Beer Room  
Main.

KEITH (OS)  
Keith, copy. Beer Room Main.

Jinks keeps moving toward the back entrance, annoyed enough to push his way through, against those who don't oblige quickly enough.

As he approaches the back foyer area that houses the second stairwell, he sees the BACK ROPE ATTENDANT, apparently having a hard time with a small group trying to argue their way through.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sterling and Keith are cutting their way through the crowd, headed for Beer Room Main.

NEW ANGLE - ON JERRY

Standing in the doorway of Beer Room Main, dropped-jaw, in observance of something his eyes cannot believe.

Keith and Sterling appear just over his shoulder. From their reaction, clearly, they can't believe their eyes, either.

CUT TO:

INT. MUGLER ROOM - BACK FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Jinks makes his way to the velvet rope, where four men and one woman, (late 20's) are aguing with the BACK ROPE ATTENDANT. Walking stereotypes from Long Island, this is

TONY, VITO, JOEY, and TONY out for a night in "the city" with GINA, who dates one.

Jinks radios for help, as he approaches. He smells a bad time.

JINKS  
(into radio)  
Security to Mugler, Stair B.  
Security... Mugler Stair B.

He reaches the rope.

JINKS  
Is there a problem here?

CUT TO:

INT. BEER ROOM MAIN - CONTINUOUS

NEW ANGLE - POV JERRY et al

A CLUB KID (23), stands dazed and disoriented in the center of the room, slipping fast into a K-hole. His pants and underwear are down around his ankles.

He is covered from the thighs down in his own feces.

STERLING  
Yo! This ain't the bathroom,  
motherfucker!  
(to Jerry)  
Get this kid a Coke.

Sterling reluctantly steps into the room. He spies a box of industrial sized trash bags. Grabbing two, he approaches the club kid.

STERLING  
You all right? You gotta get dressed,  
man. Put your clothes on. You gotta go.

Jerry returns with a cup of Coke. Sterling takes it and offers it to the club kid.

STERLING  
Here, drink this.

The club kid takes it, but he's in slow motion. He can't even focus.

Sterling opens one of the plastic bags, putting his arms inside. Keeping as great a distance as possible, he yanks the kid's pants up, buckling the belt, without zipping them up or buttoning them. His arms still protected, he grabs the club kid's arm and pulls him toward the door.

STERLING

Ya all right, man?

CLUB KID

(mumbling)

Yeah...

STERLING

Ya here with someone?

CLUB KID

Yeah...

STERLING

You think they'd leave without you?

CLUB KID

N-n, no...

STERLING

(to Keith)

Take him outside so he can get some fresh air. Set him up by the exit, so his friends don't leave without seeing him.

(more)

STERLING (cont.)

If he starts to come around, walk him through, maybe he can find them.



INT. MEZZANINE LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Bobby is manning the side entrance to the Mezzanine Room. It is packed like sardines, everyone looking like they just stepped out of a hip-hop video.

EDWARD BARTHOLOMEW (28), neat and professional, strolls up to Bobby and, shaking his hand, introduces himself.

EDWARD

(yelling over music)  
Hi! I'm Eddie, I'm with Dead  
Prez Entertainment.

BOBBY

Rob... Is there something I can  
do for you?

EDWARD

Yeah actually, Rob. Some big  
artists'll be arriving soon. That's  
their little reserved area right  
over there. Most of them have their  
own people, but it'll still probably  
get really congested. It can be  
difficult to manage. People just  
gather, y'know..? Is there any way  
we can just discourage traffic this  
way? Just to keep it nice and easy,  
so everyone can breathe.

BOBBY

Not a problem.

EDWARD

Thanks, Rob. 'Preciate it. Let me  
know if I can help.

CUT TO:

INT. MUGLER ROOM - BACK FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Jinks is facing the group from Long Island, the velvet rope barely managing to keep them at bay. The BACK ROPE ATTENDANT stands alongside, trying to hold firm, but fading fast.

JINKS  
(to the group)  
Can I help you?

TONY #1  
Yeah. You can get the fuck outta  
the way. We came to see the club.

JINKS  
(gritting teeth)  
I'm sorry... Sir, but this room  
is closed. It's over capacity,  
which is a Fire Hazard.

VITO  
She let all those other people  
through.

JINKS  
We are not allowing anyone else  
to enter. And pretty soon, we'll  
start sweeping it out. If you'd  
like to come back in maybe a half-  
hour, it could be cleared  
up by then.

TONY #1  
Aw man, that's bullshit.

GINA  
Yeah, that's fucking bullshit.  
You know how much money we spent  
in this fucking place?

JINKS  
(into radio)  
Security, Mugler Stair B...

TONY #1  
What?! Ya gonna fucking throw  
us out?! Fuck that. I want my  
fucking money back then.

GINA  
Fuck that.  
(beat ; more)

GINA (cont.)

You fucking loser. Ya fucking  
bouncer loser. Thirty years old  
and still fucking bouncing? Why  
don't you get a education?!

JINKS

Yeah. I'll get uh-education as  
soon as you get a breath mint...  
Keep it up little girl, and you  
WILL be escorted out.

Gina grabs the rope fastener, intending to go wherever  
the heck she pleases.

GINA

Fuck you. Fuck that, I'm not  
leaving. We drove all the way  
the fuck out here, and spent all  
this fucking money, and I'm not  
fucking leaving!

She starts to push her way through. Jinks puts a palm up,  
connecting with her shoulder. He talks into the radio.

JINKS

(into radio)

Fucking security to Mugler B!

GINA

(screaming)

You put your hands on me?! You  
fucking nigger! Put your  
fucking hands on me?! Fucking  
nigger!!

VITO

You fucking touch her, piece a'  
shit nigger!

He shoves Jinks on the shoulder. The Rope Attendant runs  
for help. Jinks makes one last attempt.

JINKS

SECURITY! FUCKING MUGLER B!

Tony #1 swings at Jinks.

CUT TO:

INT. MEZZANINE LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

The Mezzanine Room is impossibly crammed and deafeningly loud. Bobby makes his rounds trying to keep bodies from congesting the walkways.

BOBBY

Ya gotta move it along people!  
You can't stay here! PLEASE.

He finally reaches an area with some breathing space. And then it comes through. On the radio, Jinks's voice, loud and nearly frantic.

JINKS (OS)

SECURITY! FUCKING MUGLER B!

Bobby takes off like a shot, barreling through the crowd.

BOBBY

MOVE! GET THE FUCK OUTTA THE  
WAY!

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Keith and the club kid move laboriously through Main. Keith has him by the arm; the club kid stumbles along, struggling to keep his head up and/or focus. Somehow, he just manages to keep a bag wrapped around his waist. Sterling follows behind, propping him up with a reluctant two fingers.

Through some miracle pause in the blaring, pumping music, Sterling hears it.

JINKS (OS)

SECURITY! FUCKING MUGLER B!

Sterling drops his hold on the kid, causing him to buckle and fall. He takes off in the opposite direction,

knocking bodies over if necessary, yelling over his shoulder.

STERLING  
(to Keith)  
Stay with him!  
(into radio)  
BACKUP TO MUGLER B! NOW! MUGLER  
B!

CUT TO:

NT. MUGLER ROOM - BACK FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Jinks is throwing punches and swinging his radio trying to fight off all four men who have converged on him. They attack him with such force, all swinging at once, that Gina is knocked out of the way.

Joey lands a good punch to Jinks's temple. Jinks starts to wane, nearly backed into an inescapable corner.

Tony #2 hoists the weighted chrome velvet rope STANTION, high up to aim. He intends to bash the nearly hunched-over Jinks.

In a sudden miraculous move, Jinks is able to maneuver sideways and back, managing two arm-lengths distance between him and his attackers.

Like a snap, he pulls a GUN from the small of his back and holds it out, arm fully extended, pointed toward them.

JINKS  
(yelling)  
DON'T YOU FUCKING MOVE!

The four guys are shocked, instantly frozen.

At that very instant, Bobby plummets through a side doorway, and without hesitation, barrels into the men, swinging. Jinks swings and punches the one nearest him in the face.

A half second later, Sterling and two other BOUNCERS barrel through the other doorway.

Sterling grabs Tony#1 and throws him against the wall. Jinks yanks his victim to his feet, twisting his arm behind him, ignoring the cries of pain. The other two bouncers grab Tony#2 and Vito similarly, well trained and practiced in their maneuvers. Sterling holds back Bobby, keeping him from pummeling Joey, who's had more than enough.

They manhandle the men toward the stairwell, now offering little resistance, almost eager to leave of their own accord.

Jinks grabs Gina's arm, but she wrestles free and follows behind, screaming AD LIB obscenities and slapping at the backs of the security team. Jinks tries to stop her, but gives up, confident she can do no damage.

As they disappear into the stairwell, Jinks, lagging behind, collapses unto a nearby bench.

He is visibly shaken, and in some pain.

EXT. FIRE EXIT - CONTINUOUS

A side door leading to the street behind the building, bursts open, and five bodies come spilling out.

Vito, Joey, Gina, Tony, and Tony are disheveled and angry, but otherwise unharmed. They AD LIB scream profanities, but stumble away, admitting defeat.

TONY #2  
(yelling)  
You don't know who my fucking  
family is, man! You'll be hearing  
from my fucking lawyer! You think  
this shit is over?! Ya fucking  
bitches! Faggots!

NEW ANGLE - POV TONY et al

The Security team fills the doorway, unanimously flipping the bird.

JOEY

Yeah, fuck you too! You probably  
fuck each other ya fucking  
faggots! Fucking thirty years old,  
still fucking bouncing!

STERLING

Thirty years old, still being  
bounced...? Get outta here. And  
don't dare let me catch your ugly  
face around here again.

The heavy metal door slams shut.

INT. MUGLER ROOM - BACK FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Jinks rests, head in hands, still recovering. Happy  
patrons file past him, oblivious to the brawl they just  
missed by a millisecond.

Bobby enters, and sits next to Jinks on the bench.

BOBBY

You all right, man?

JINKS

Yeah.

BOBBY

I'm sorry, man... I was one  
level down, I should have been  
here.

JINKS

It ain't your fault.

BOBBY

Fuck. What the fuck...?

JINKS

Ah, it was nothing. Stupid shit.

BOBBY

You sure you're all right?

JINKS

Yeah.

(pause)

You better get back down. Before  
some other bullshit pops up.

Bobby slowly gets up and heads back down to the Mezzanine level. He hesitates, calling back over his shoulder.

BOBBY

Hollah if you need, man... It  
won't happen again.

(into radio)

He's okay. Bobby to Mezzanine.

STERLING (OS)

Copy.

Jinks rises, ready, if necessary, to do it all over again.

FADE TO:

INT./EXT. BOBBY'S VW RABBIT GTi - DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN -  
MOVING - LATER THAT NIGHT

Bobby and Jinks are almost shoulder to shoulder in the front seats of this tiny little car. Lord Francis, drunk or high as usual, is squeezed in the back seat, perched in the middle, enjoying his little ride with two hunky men.

JINKS

(loudly)

Yo, where'd you get a name like  
Lord Francis, anyway? You ain't  
royalty... are you?

LORD FRANCIS

(giggles)

No, silly. My name is Francis  
Lord. I just LIKE to be called  
Lord Francis. It is much nicer,  
isn't it...? It's a diva's name.

(pause)

Where'd you get a name like Jinx?



It sounds like a social disease.  
Like... "I fucked that bastard,  
and he gave me the Jinx."  
(laughs)

Jinks is not amused, although Bobby clearly is.

JINKS  
It's not "Jinx" with an "x,"  
it's "Jinks" with a "k." My name  
is Jenkins. William Jenkins.

LORD FRANCIS  
Oh.

JINKS  
Don't you ever get worried, man?  
I mean, like, in your  
"profession." Don't you think it  
can get kinda... dangerous?  
(pause)  
You know, that other kid, Angel,  
is missing. People are saying it  
could be foul play.

BOBBY  
Yeah, man.

LORD FRANCIS  
(matter-of-factly)  
Yeah, he's dead.

Jinks spins around in his seat to face him.

JINKS  
Word?!

Lord Francis shrugs, enjoying this sudden spark of  
attention.

LORD FRANCIS  
Just stuff I heard... Whatever,  
I don't hang OUT with those  
people. They don't know where I  
live. I mean, some nights maybe I  
get a little spooked, but most of  
the time it's fine.

(pause)  
I don't deal with TRASH. Those people deal with trash... THEY'RE trash. And you have any idea the stupid shit he was doing?! That dumb fuck would have probably killed himself, anyway. If that's the kind of shit you're gonna deal with, I mean, what do you expect? You think those people are saints? They're crazy! And, he had more tracks than a railroad. And if it wasn't that, he was probably gonna FUCK himself to death. Whatever, he's dead. For sure.

JINKS

Damn...

EXT. LORD FRANCIS'S LOFT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Bobby's VW pulls up in front, and stops.

INT. BOBBY'S VW - CONTINUOUS

BOBBY

(to Lord Francis)

Oh hey, ya got a couple of pills you can spare? For a friend of mine.

LORD FRANCIS

Oh, sure...! What flavor?

BOBBY

Ya got X?

LORD FRANCIS

(giggles)

Of course, silly. But I don't have any more on me. You have to come up. No way my sweet little ass is coming all the way back downstairs.

BOBBY  
(reluctantly)  
All right.

Bobby and Lord Francis climb out of the car.

JINKS  
I'm staying here.

INT. LORD FRANCIS'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The apartment is big, but minimalist, a surprising contrast to his flamboyant personality. Although spare, it screams money. The door opens, Bobby entering behind Lord Francis, who heads for a lamp and turns it on.

BOBBY  
Can I use your bathroom?

LORD FRANCIS  
You know where it is.

Bobby heads down the hall.

Lord Francis plops down on the sofa, lays out, and promptly falls asleep.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bobby is turned away, taking a leak. He stops to wash his hands, dries them, digs something out of his eye, and takes the obligatory curiosity peek into the medicine cabinet. Nothing interesting.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bobby returns to the living room to find Lord Francis fast asleep.

BOBBY  
(loudly)  
L.F.! Yoo hoo. Yo, Ahab. Can I bum my doobage?!

Lord Francis struggles to open his eyes. He gestures toward a desk in the corner.

LORD FRANCIS  
Over there, Bobby...

Bobby goes to the desk, finding nothing but typical office supplies.

BOBBY  
(patiently)  
El-leh-ef! There's nothing over here!

LORD FRANCIS  
In the drawer...

Bobby reaches down and opens a drawer, the biggest one.

CLOSE - ON DRAWER

Filled with money. Twenties, fifties, some hundreds. Mostly neat and stacked, the rest is folded or crumpled in little bunches.

BOBBY  
GEEZUS! You keep all this cash just laying around here?! Are you fucking crazy?!

LORD FRANCIS  
Oh...  
(giggles)  
that one's usually locked. Well... what am I supposed to do, Bobby? Put it in a bank? Deposit in a savings account? Yeah, Uncle Sam would love that.

BOBBY  
Yeah, word... but still. This is bugged out, man.

LORD FRANCIS  
Okay. I can bury it a coffee can in the backyard, if that'll make you feel better.

BOBBY

Well shit, a fucking safety deposit box or some shit! A Swiss bank account, I dunno! Or why don't you invest in something?!

LORD FRANCIS

Yeah, yeah...

BOBBY

Well shit, I'm opening a bike shop. Loan ME the money, y'know, you can be a silent partner or something.

LORD FRANCIS

(giggles)

Okay, Bobby-licious... if you let me suck your dick everyday.

Bobby slams the drawer shut, sorry he ever brought it up. He opens a top drawer. This is the right one, it's got a big bag of pills inside. He picks up the bag and shakes it at Lord Francis.

BOBBY

This is it, right?

LORD FRANCIS

Mmhmmm.

BOBBY

I'm taking a couple.

LORD FRANCIS

Whatever.

Bobby takes 3 and puts the bag back in the drawer. He slips the pills in his outer breast pocket.

BOBBY

Thanks, man. I'll see myself out.

LORD FRANCIS

(eyes shut)

'Night, lover.

INT./EXT. BOBBY'S VW RABBIT - DAYBREAK - CONTINUOUS

The car sits quietly, still parked outside, as the sun begins to rise and the birds start to chirp.

Bobby pulls open driver side door, waking the napping Jinks. He gets in.

BOBBY

Yo, that kid's crazy. He's got all sorts of cash just... sitting up in there like it's okay.

JINKS

Word? How much?

BOBBY

I don't know, man. Like, a lot.

JINKS

Damn. Crazy niggah.

INT./EXT. UPPER WEST MANHATTAN - MOVING - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Bobby's VW cruises uptown, toward Jinks's home.

Bobby points at a building, as it whizzes by. A sign reads: FOR LEASE BY OWNER, with a phone number.

BOBBY

That's the space, man.

JINKS

Oh, word?

BOBBY

Yeah. I think I like it.

JINKS

So, what's up?

BOBBY

Shit, just to get in will be

about 30 G's. And that's ROACHING  
it. We'd have to build on the D.L.

(laughs)

How's your spackling skill?

JINKS

Whatever, man. Scotch tape. I'  
figure that shit out.

BOBBY

(laughs)

Yeah, we'd probably have to run  
it on the D.L. too, for a little  
while. No insurance.

JINKS

Whatever.

BOBBY

The zoning's okay, so that's  
good. And I don't think the  
landlord's the type to stick his  
face in, too much. As long as he  
gets his check... That shit's been  
empty six years.

JINKS

Okay, whatcha waiting for? 30G's.  
That ain't all that. How much ya  
got?

BOBBY

About 20. But we need more than  
THAT. Over the 30, at least 10  
more for construction... just  
materials. It's kind of a mess in  
there. And I'm talking about  
buying tools with credit cards,  
over the first few months.

JINKS

Okay, so you need about 20 more.  
Big deal.

(laughs ; more)

JINKS (cont.)

You can ask your boy. But then

you'd probably have to let him  
suck your dick for the next  
thirty years.

BOBBY

That's not funny, man.

JINKS

(grins)

It's a little funny...

EXT. MANHATTAN - LATER THAT DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOTS

Peeks at Manhattan, displaying the amazing differences between neighborhoods on this tiny little island: SoHo, Chinatown, Financial District, Meatpacking District, East Village, Upper East Side, Harlem, as people do daily lunchtime routines.

INT. JINKS'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The blinds are drawn in this tiny, darkened room. Jinks is dead to the world, despite the irritatingly audible traffic and police sirens outside his window.

INT. MUNZI FAMILY HOUSE - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Bobby, in a beat-up old bathrobe, clutches a big mug of steaming coffee, apparently, having just stumbled out of bed.

He crouches next to a half-dressed racebike, tools and parts littered around him. He is staring, inquisitively, at a section of the engine block.

Barely visible, a clock behind him reads roughly, 1:30.

FADE TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN - DUSK - ESTABLISHING SHOT

The sun sets on the beautiful Manhattan skyline.



EXT. CLUB USA - NIGHT

Wendy parks her motorcycle in her original spot, a half block away from the entrance of the club.

Sterling, too, is arriving for work. Spotting Wendy, he pauses, and crosses the street toward her.

Wendy wraps the back wheel of her motorcycle with a jointed Cycle-Lok. Realizing an approaching presence, she smiles in greeting.

WENDY

Hey, Sterling...

STERLING

Hi, sweetie. Why are you all the way over here? You can pull it up front.

WENDY

(confused)

I can?

STERLING

Yeah. Just not too close to the entrance. Pull it over just a little to the side, by the hot dog vendor.

WENDY

Really? Cool! Okay, thanks.

She bends down to unlock the Cycle-Lok she just fastened.

STERLING

I'll see ya inside.

EXT. CLUB USA - STAFF ENTRANCE - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Employees file into the club, ready for another night.

INT. CLUB USA - RICKY DELGADO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The GM office is small and cramped, two desks sharing this sparse, bland, gray, office space. Ricky leans against the front of one desk, arms folded, facing Jinks and Bobby. Sterling sternly stands nearby.

RICKY

This is a serious situation.  
This isn't fun and games.

He looks back and forth at Jinks and Bobby. Jinks and Bobby shift uneasily, waiting for their turn to speak.

RICKY

(to Bobby ; slowly)  
Did-you-see-a-weapon?

BOBBY

(firmly)  
No.

RICKY

Well, somebody says they did.

JINKS

Well, "Somebody" is fucking lying.

Ricky draws a deep breath and hesitates, visibly reluctant to be the bearer of bad news.

RICKY

(to Jinks)  
I'm going to have to ask you to go home.

JINKS

What?!!

BOBBY

What? What the... ?

JINKS

Yo, this is BULLSHIT.

BOBBY  
Yeah man, that ain't cool...

RICKY  
(firmly)  
I'm sorry.

JINKS  
Are you fucking FIRING me? I'm  
fucking getting fired over this  
fucking shit?!  
(voice rises)  
Yo, this is fucking bullshit!

His temper is AD LIB rising fast, the more he realizes what's happening. He pounds on the nearest desk, and points accusingly at Ricky.

JINKS  
(yelling)  
I cannot fucking believe this  
bullshit!

Sterling steps in and grabs Jinks, shoving him toward the door.

STERLING  
Calm down. Take it outside!

INT. OFFICE FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Sterling pushes an AD LIB yelling Jinks into the foyer. Bobby follows behind. Sterling pushes Jinks up against the wall, slamming him hard enough to snap Jinks out of it.

STERLING  
Now just fucking calm down!  
Calm down for a fucking  
second!! You should be thankful  
your ass isn't getting arrested  
right now.

Jinks eases, ready to hear him out... but it better be good.

STERLING

The wrong person saw you,  
that's all. Okay?! Now, we're  
gonna get this shit straightened  
out. Just calm down , go home,  
relax, and we'll straighten this  
shit out. Okay?!

JINKS

Man. you know this is fucking  
bullshit! EVERYONE is fucking  
packin'. Shit, the fucking  
bathroom attendant is probably  
fucking packin'!

STERLING

(irritated)  
I'M not fucking packin'!  
(to Bobby)  
Are YOU fucking packin?!

BOBBY

(reluctantly)  
No... not anymore.

STERLING

(to Jinks)  
We are trying to run a class  
establishment here! This place  
has enough bureaucratic problems  
without you bringing weapons into  
this shit! What the fuck?!

JINKS

(incredulously)  
I almost got my fucking head  
BUSTED in your fucking class  
establishment!  
(more)

He thumps Sterling on the breast plate with the back of  
his hand, hitting something that clearly, isn't human  
flesh.

JINKS (cont.)

That's why you wear this VEST  
in your fucking class

establishment, right?!

Sterling releases his hold on Jinks, conceding with empathy, addressing him in a calmer tone.

STERLING

Go home... Take a couple of days. I told you, we'll get this shit straightened out.

JINKS

Yeah. Right.

He storms away, toward the main entrance. Bobby shakes his head in disbelief at Sterling, and promptly chases after Jinks.

EXT. CLUB USA - MAIN ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

BOBBY

(to Jinks)

Don't sweat this, man. This shit'll blow over.

Jinks shakes his head, trying to control his anger.

JINKS

I hope so, man. I dunno... You know how things are around here... I can't believe this shit. Fuck your fucking Mugler, man. VIP bullshit.

(mimicky)

"Bobby's the diplomat. Put Bobby in Mezz." I'd like to see you diplomat your way outta that shit.

BOBBY

Come on, man...

JINKS

I'm fucked... 'cuz some fucking silver spoon VIP motherfucker wants to be a BIG PLAYER, and snort his fucking lines in a

public fucking place, but  
(mimicky)  
he needs his pri-va-cy! "Like  
ohmigod, I like totally saw him  
draw a weh-piinn! I'm like,  
totally gag-ging!!" Fuck this,  
man. I'm outta here.

BOBBY  
I'll walk if you say.

JINKS  
What?!  
(beat)  
Oh, get the fuck outta here.  
(more)

JINKS (cont.)  
Yeah, that helps. TWO unemployed  
motherfuckers.  
(forcing a grin)  
It's cool, man. I'm cool. It'll  
blow over. Take it easy, man...

He walks away, leaving Bobby, visibly upset by this turn  
of events, at a loss for words or action.

A uniformed police officer, a SERGEANT, strolls up to the  
club entrance.

SERGEANT  
(friendly)  
Hey, Bah-bee! What's going on?!

BOBBY  
Oh, hey Sarge...

SERGEANT  
Gonna be a crazy night, I  
think. The city's crowded today.  
It's the nice weather...

BOBBY  
Yeah.

SERGEANT  
I think it's a full moon too,  
tonight. All the knuckleheads'll

be out.

BOBBY

Yeah.

SERGEANT

(re: Wendy's motorcycle)  
Oh hey, does that belong to  
someone that works here?

BOBBY

What? Oh, yeah. A bartender.

SERGEANT

Well, I can't allow that. This  
is a "No Parking" zone. Tell him  
he's gonna have to move it.  
That's a towable offense.

BOBBY

Yeah, will do.

Bobby leaves the sergeant, grateful for an excuse to  
exit, still distracted by Jinks's situation.

INT. MUGLER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bobby strides angrily across the darkened but empty VIP  
Room, to the bar, where Wendy is taking care of last  
minute set-ups. His comportment stops her in mid-pour, a  
family-sized can of pineapple juice in one hand, and a  
bar juice pourer in the other.

Bobby gestures at her with his radio, the antenna  
pointing in her face.

BOBBY

(snappily)  
How many times do I have to  
tell you to move that bike?

WENDY

(stunned)  
But...

BOBBY

You have to move it. Right now.

WENDY  
(irritated)  
Uh, did it occur to you to  
maybe ask nicely?

Bobby hesitates, torn somewhere between an apology, and slapping this bitch.

BOBBY  
(angrily)  
Move the fucking bike, or I'll  
have a tow truck move it for  
you.

Wendy is shocked. She is not a woman used to being spoken to this way, by members of the opposite sex. ESPECIALLY if they're aware she rides a motorcycle.

Bobby walks away before she has a chance to retort.

She slams the can of juice and the plastic pourer into the ice-filled bin.

WENDY  
(loudly)  
What a DICK.

She's fully aware that he isn't far enough away to be out of earshot.

Lisa, the other bartender on duty, overhears and curiously moves in.

LISA  
Who's a dick?

WENDY  
(pointing)  
Him.

LISA  
Bobby?! You gotta be kidding,  
Bobby's a doll! He's like, the  
sweetest guy here!



WENDY  
(sarcastically)  
Yeah. Right. Is he... GAY, or something?

LISA  
(laughs)  
No, I don't think so.

INT. MUGLER ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Bobby is back at one of his usual posts, at the end of the bar, in the service area. He is clearly agitated, absent-mindedly doling out drink tickets to drag queens who come by to schmooze him.

Sterling appears, ostensibly making his rounds, but more likely, concerned about his employee and friend.

STERLING  
(to Bobby)  
How's it going up here?

BOBBY  
(angrily)  
Fine.

STERLING  
(sadly)  
You know it wasn't my decision, right?

Bobby softens at Sterling's demeanor.

BOBBY  
Yeah. I know. But still, Sterl... it's fucked up. It's their word against his...

STERLING  
I know. But... you know how it is. We're all dispensible. They don't care. They won't go to bat for him. A weapons accusation? It's much easier to just let him go, and save a lot

of potential trouble.

BOBBY

Fuck.

STERLING

I'm sorry.

(pause)

You can't care about this business. It's like everything else in here. It isn't even REAL. It's all bright lights, and make believe. And it sure as hell doesn't give a shit about you. That's what it's all about. The smart ones use it for what it's worth, suck it dry, and don't look back.

He pats Bobby on the shoulder, an attempt at consolation, and takes his leave, calling back over his shoulder.

STERLING (cont.)

Hollah, if you need...

Bobby shakes his head, pulling a drink ticket out of his pocket; now's as good a time as any.

Before he has a chance to place his order, a young man approaches, holding an Arai full-face racer's helmet, a leather racebike jacket tied around his waist. It's Ed Bartholomew, from Dead Prez Entertainment. He offers his hand.

EDWARD

Hey, Rob! Remember me? Ed. We met last night. Downstairs. The Ice party.

BOBBY

Oh, yeah. What's up...? Hey, nice helmet. I almost got that one.

EDWARD

Yeah, you ride?

BOBBY

Yeah, I got a '75 KZ900 with a big bore kit.

EDWARD

Get out, sounds trick.

BOBBY

Hmmp, you have no idea.

EDWARD

Cool... I gotta Limited Edition GSXR750, dry-clutch.

BOBBY

Oh, word?

EDWARD

Yeah, she's pretty nice. Handles like a dream.

BOBBY

I'm sure. Hey, you ever go to the contests? Uptown?!

EDWARD

What contests?

BOBBY

(surprised)  
Where do you live?

EDWARD

Upper east.

BOBBY

(understandingly)  
Ah. Well... you should check it out. Uptown. The last Saturday of every month, until it gets too cold. Freestyle competition. Street stilo. It's some serious shit.

EDWARD

In Harlem! Yeah, I think I heard of it. A couple of guys at

work... TONS 'a bikes show up,  
right?

BOBBY

That's it.

EDWARD

Yeah. Definitely, I'd like to  
check that out. We need a  
treatment for a new video. For  
Dead Prez. THAT'S the kinda  
thing we're looking for...  
that'll work.

BOBBY

Yeah, it's pretty cool. And my  
boy, Jinks, forget it, he's off  
the hook. Wait'll you see that  
shit. Knock your fucking socks  
off... It ain't Hollywood, yo.

EDWARD

Oh, yeah...? Huh! That might be  
it. Last Saturday of the month?

BOBBY

Yeah, you just missed one, last  
week.

EDWARD

So good, I'll have time to  
organize for the next one. Maybe  
come out with a little crew, get  
some footage. Is there any way I  
can reach you?

BOBBY

Yeah, sure. I'll give you my  
number.

EDWARD

Great. And here, take my card.

FADE OUT.

INT. A GREASY SPOON DINER - DAY

Jinks and Bobby face each other in a grungy booth. Used plates and utensils clutter the table. Big guys with big appetites, they've had some meal.

JINKS

Yeah... all right, I'll come by, what the fuck. I didn't say good-bye to anybody. And I would just be sitting around, bored off my ass.

BOBBY

Yeah... come by, get toasted on the company dime, you can party in your civvies. No shit, everyone's been asking about you.

JINKS

Okay, I'll roll through late, catch you at the end.

BOBBY

Good, we'll go to breakfast. I'll be starving.

JINKS

Ah-right.

(pause)

What's up with you today, man? It's like you got ants in your pants.

BOBBY

What? What do you mean?

JINKS

Ah, fuck it, maybe it's me. I got fucking ants in MY pants.

(pause)

I'm going crazy waiting for next week.

BOBBY

Oh. I know. But... don't get too excited about it. You know these motherfuckers. All talk. Everybody's always trying to be a big man, talking shit about what they can do

for you. I just don't want you to be disappointed.

JINKS

(dismissively)

Oh... I'm not sweatin' that. It'd be cool, but, whatever. I just wanna be there. I need some ACTION. I just can't wait... I feel like I haven't ridden in forever.

(giggles)

My girl misses me. I hear her calling.

BOBBY

(laughs)

Yeah. She keeps me up at night.

JINKS

(grins)

How's she doing, anyway? You got her all up in TRACTION and shit... I'd a come by and taken her out for a real nice time.

(giggles)

I'd a brought her flowers, that's how much I miss her.

BOBBY

Don't worry, she's doing fine. I gave her a new pair of sneakers. You fucked those last ones up good.

JINKS

(sheepishly)

Oops.

(beat)

So... when? Soon?

BOBBY

Yeah, real soon. She just needs a little more TLC.

JINKS

(seriously)

Man, you don't know, It's been fucking crazy. Can't get job, all these bullshit interviews... I'm a

have to grab a gig at KFC.

(beat)

I need that bounty. I hope all SORTS of motherfuckers show up this time. As long as they got their twenty bucks.

BOBBY

You mean YOUR twenty bucks.

JINKS

(grins)

It's real good to have something to look forward to.

(more)

He clinks Bobby's water glass with his own and drinks.

JINKS

Y'know something?

(beat)

I really do think I woulda gone nuts if it weren't for this gig. It's been so fucked up... I kinda, miss it. I know I complained a lot, but it was all right, that shit was all right. Fuck, these places I've been to apply... it's such bullshit. Managers with fucking attitude, offering bullshit pay. And people just want to hire THEIR boys. No one gives a SHIT about experience. You'd think working for a big place would look good on your application. What the fuck, they look at it and say, "oh, so you worked for so-and-so. So you must think you're a tough guy, right?" Can you believe that shit...?

(laughs)

And then I think of your boy sitting up there in his fat pad, without a care in the world. Shit, I SHOULD be pushing dope. I GOTTA be as popular as that motherfucker.

BOBBY

(grins)

Yeah... but on a kinda... different level.

JINKS

Mmm, pushing crack aint' NEARLY as pleasant.

(laughs)

That niggah probably takes American Express.

(pause)

That's some crazy shit. If I hadn't 'a met you, that's what I'd be doing, no shit. I grew up around ALL that. It woulda been so easy. Probably woulda started young. I don't think I'd a made it through high school.

BOBBY

Ah, come on, it ain't all THAT, now.

JINKS

Hell yeah, it is... I spent all day in school because I knew YOU were in school. I was just waiting 'til the end of the day, so I could come over. And it was easier to catch the bus to your place, from SCHOOL.

(beat)

I never had any interest in anything else.

(giggles ; more)

JINKS (cont.)

I feel like one of them anti-drug commercials... That shit kept me on the straight and narrow. Isn't that something?

BOBBY

Oh, don't give me that shit. You stay straight because you want to. Nothing can make you do it. Not no damn motorcycle, that's for sure.



JINKS

(laughs)

I don't know if that's necessarily a good thing. Good guys finish last, y'know.

BOBBY

Nah, that ain't true.

(beat)

The path IS straight and narrow, and

(shrugs)

the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. Stay on the path, and you'll get where you're going faster. Veer OFF the path, and forget it. All your shit gets fucked up. It's simple, really. Laugh if you want, but that shit works.

JINKS

(laughs)

I hope so, otherwise, we damn fools.

(beat ; seriously)

Man, if it wasn't for this gig, I'd have nothing. I'd be a fucking loser right now. An unemployed ex-bouncer loser.

BOBBY

Uh... what are you, crying in your soup? Man, when people see you out there, they're fucking AMAZED. Look at how that shit's grown. Look at how many guys are out there now, trying to come up behind you, trying to do what you do.

(more)

BOBBY (cont.)

You don't even realize it, but what you're doing is inspiring people. You have a gift, man. Straight up.

JINKS

(smiles)

I remember the last time you said that.

BOBBY

What?

JINKS

The last time you said that to me.  
The first time anyone ever said  
ANYTHING like that to me. You  
remember?

(beat)

You. Have. A. Gift.

BOBBY

I say that shit all the time. TONS 'a  
people say that.

JINKS

No, not really. Yeah, people say,  
"wow, you're good." or "ohmigod!  
that's like, so amazing!" But when  
you said it...

(shrugs)

It was just... different.

(pause)

You know what a "gift" is, man? A  
"gift" is like... the ultimate. It's  
like somebody GAVE this thing to you,  
for no reason.

(beat)

And you sit back and you wonder,  
like, so what the fuck am I supposed  
to do with this thing? Why do I have  
it? Why was it given to me? Why  
me...? And I think it does some  
fucked up shit to you, like it makes  
you scared. That you won't do right by  
it. Or worse...

(beat)

that someday you'll get that bill in  
the mail, and it's price'll be way  
higher than you can afford.

(pause ; more)

JINKS (cont.)

That's what I mean, man. I think  
that's what keeps me straight.

(giggles)

I'm literally, scared straight.

BOBBY

I think you're underestimating  
yourself, man.

(beat)

And aside from which, who's to say  
you haven't already paid the price?

(more)

BOBBY (cont.)

Like growing up in the ghetto with  
nothing and doing right is EASY? If  
you ask me, I'd say that shit is  
paid in FULL.

(laughs)

What the fuck, YOU, being modest?!  
Get a job, man. You ARE going crazy.

INT. CLUB USA - MUGLER ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Bobby, at the bar, intervenes an argument between Wendy  
and ALLISON (27), a company office receptionist.

Allison is partying down after work, as usual, drunk on  
her fringe benefits.

ALLISON

(tipsy ; to Bobby)

She doesn't put any liquor in the  
fucking drinks! It's all fucking  
JUICE!

BOBBY

Allison, just calm down. Why don't  
you just go to a different bartender,  
then? Why you always gotta make  
trouble?

ALLISON

Bobby! What the fuck? Are you taking  
HER side?

BOBBY

NO, Allison. I'm not taking anyone's  
side. I just don't need a hard time  
here, okay? She's got work to do.  
Just go to another station.

WENDY  
(to Bobby)  
She works for the company, she knows  
what the rules are.  
(to Allison ; condescendingly)  
You've had enough, anyway.

Bobby glares at Wendy: "that's not helping."

BOBBY  
(to Wendy)  
Enough.

ALLISON  
(to Wendy)  
Fuck you, bitch.

BOBBY  
(to Allison)  
Allison, just go to another station.

ALLISON  
(to Bobby)  
I DON'T HAVE ANYMORE FUCKING  
TICKETS. She took all my fucking  
tickets, and all the fucking drinks  
were WEAK. Just tell her to give me  
more fucking LIQUOR!

BOBBY  
(to Wendy ; re: drinks on bar)  
That them? Four?

He reaches into his jacket and pulls out four tickets,  
handing them to Allison.

BOBBY (cont.)  
(to Allison)  
Here. Take these and go to another  
bar.  
(to Wendy)  
Don't give her those. Just chuck 'em  
or whatever.

WENDY  
Whatever.

ALLISON  
(to Wendy)  
Y'know, lemme tell you something,  
bitch. I can get you FIRED.

WENDY  
(calmly)  
Yeah? Well lemme tell YOU something.  
I can come around there, and give  
you a really GOOD reason to get ME  
fired.

BOBBY  
(to both)  
I said, ENOUGH! GO, Allison, before  
I take THOSE tickets back, too.

He gently swivels Allison and sends her on her way,  
throwing Wendy a "not-another-word" face.

Wendy, in turn, throws him a "whaaatever-SHE-started-it-  
don't-give-me-your-shit," and resumes business.

ALLISON  
(loudly ; over shoulder)  
BITCH!

WENDY  
(loudly ; working)  
SLUT.

CUT TO:

Bobby at his second home, the tip of the bar, at the  
service area.

Arms folded, he's restless. Wendy tends the station  
nearest him, visibly unthrilled with his proximity, a  
disruption in her flow as she caters to the mob.

Lord Francis runs up, requisite cocktail in hand, and  
throws an arm around him in happy greeting. Bobby  
uncomfortably wriggles free.

Lord Francis dances in place to the pumping beat, his own  
personal dance floor, blissfully unaware of his partner's  
lack of participation.

A flamboyantly costumed club kid, RICHIE (24) dances by; waving a full-sized bottle of champagne. He pours from his bottle into Lord Francis's drink, a hospitable greeting.

RICHIE  
(still dancing ; effeminately)  
Hiiii, Frankie... Ya got something  
for me?

LORD FRANCIS  
(still dancing)  
Noooooo, I doooooon't...

RICHIE  
Oh what... you expect me to suck  
your dick, or something?

Lord Francis sneers and turns his back on Richie, still dancing. Richie grabs his elbow, insulted.

Bobby steps in.

BOBBY  
(to Richie)  
Ay, none 'a this. Come on, move  
along. Go play with someone else,  
Richie.

RICHIE  
(sarcastically)  
Oh, isn't that SWEET?

But he kindly obliges, of course.

Bobby takes Lord Francis's cocktail out of his hand, just as he's putting his lips to it.

BOBBY  
Don't drink that. I think he  
pees in it.

He reaches over the bar, and throws it in the trash.

LORD FRANCIS  
Eew, are you serious?! That's

fucking disgusting! I coulda gotten  
fucking hepatitis!

Bobby shrugs.

LORD FRANCIS

See?! I told you those motherfuckers  
are crazy.

BOBBY

To me, you're ALL a bunch of crazy  
motherfuckers.

Lord Francis storms off toward the bathroom, desperate to  
wash his face and hands.

Bobby decides to go for a stroll. Nearing the exit, he  
thankfully, runs smack into Jinks.

BOBBY

Well shit, it's about time. I  
didn't think you were coming.

JINKS

Sorry man, I been here. I keep  
getting side-tracked.  
(more)

Jinks mockingly wipes at tears.

JINKS (cont.)

Everybody misses me, it's so  
touching...

(giggles)

Come on, niggah, buy me a drink.  
You need to catch up. I had a couple  
downstairs.

He looks over Bobby's shoulder and spies Wendy.

JINKS (cont.)

Oh shit, my girl is here! Hell, I'd  
a been up here sooner.

(mockingly "smooths" his hair)

Let's go, I'm thirsty.

BOBBY

Oh, are you serious? I can't stand that girl.

JINKS

(surprised)

Since when? She' smoking.

BOBBY

She's... got an attitude. She thinks she all that and a bag of chips.

JINKS

(giggles)

Ohhhh... you put the moves on her? She wasn't feelin' you?

BOBBY

Uh. No. I'm not havin' her, at all.

JINKS

Oh, good... Works for me.

BOBBY

Yeah, right. Whatever, just don't bring her near me.

JINKS

(pouts)

But... I wanna drink.

BOBBY

We'll go to Lisa.

JINKS

Nah, man, that's YOUR girl. This is MY party. When YOU get canned, you get to pick.

He giggles and cocks his head toward Wendy's station, a kid in a candy store. He heads that way; of course his friend will oblige.

Wendy, spotting Jinks, smiles as Jinks draws near, Bobby begrudgingly in tow. She pauses in her frenzy to lean over the bar, and greet him with a kiss on the cheek.



WENDY  
Heyyyyyy, look what the cat dragged  
in!

JINKS  
Hello, beautiful.

Bobby resumes his normal post at the adjacent angle, the tip of the bar, ignoring the exchange.

JINKS (cont.)  
Miss me?

WENDY  
(grins)  
Of course. How've you been?

JINKS  
Good, thanks. How 'bout you?

WENDY  
Okay.... What're you drinking?

She reaches for one of the clear plastic cups.

Jinks backhands Bobby on the elbow.

JINKS  
(to Bobby)  
What are we drinking...? And no cheap  
shit, either, bust out with the  
premieres.

Wendy continues tending the impatient mob, flashing the "one sec, be right back" sign.

Bobby reaches into his pocket for his ticket stash.

They AD LIB decide the shot-du-jour, as they wait patiently to catch Wendy's attention. She's three deep in customers, plus dealing with the waitresses.

They watch as she slams drinks at a furious pace, skillfully and efficiently.

JINKS  
Damn, she's good, huh?

BOBBY  
Yeah, whatever.

FADE TO:

INT. MUGLER ROOM - LATER - CONTINUOUS

The room is quieter, dying down, closer to pumpkin hour. The bar shows signs of a long, hectic night; stacks of cups and fruit trays depleted, napkins and liquor inventory disheveled.

Jinks and Bobby still lean at the bar, worn from time and several cocktails.

Wendy and Lisa lounge on the beer coolers, similarly beaten, waiting for this night to end. Jerry barbacks, starting the cleanup process, replenishing the stock.

JINKS  
(to Wendy)  
So, when we gonna hang out?  
(giggles)  
Come on, we'll take that scooter of yours out for a spin. I'll show you how it's done.

WENDY  
(amicably)  
Uh, I don't ride bitch. Especially, on my OWN bike.

JINKS  
(giggles)  
Okay, I'LL ride bitch.

WENDY  
And, I have a boyfriend, y'know.

JINKS  
(dismissively)  
Aaaah, he's not invited.  
(beat)  
He ride, too?

WENDY

No.

JINKS

(surprised)

Oh, word?

WENDY

(rolls eyes)

Yeahh... sheesh...

(beat ; more)

WENDY (cont.)

(sighs)

And now, it's fucked up, anyway. It wasn't running right, it sputtered on me on a turn, and I took a little spill. Scraped the tank, the farings... it's a mess.

JINKS

Oh shit, get out. I'm sorry. Is it bad?

WENDY

(shrugs)

Kinda bad, I guess... it won't start.

JINKS

Well, what's wrong with it?

WENDY

I dunno! It doesn't start, and the left side's smacked up.

Jinks backhands Bobby, engrossed in chatter with Lisa and Jerry.

JINKS

(to Bobby)

Yo man, Wendy's little scooter got the hiccups.

Bobby gives Jinks a "yeah, and...?" face.

BOBBY  
(hesitates)  
Uh huh?

JINKS  
Won't start. She smacked up the  
left side.

BOBBY  
(to Wendy ; blankly)  
What's wrong with it?

Wendy is just as eager to have this discussion with  
Bobby, as he is.

WENDY  
(blankly)  
I don't know.

JINKS  
(to Wendy ; re: Bobby)  
You don't realize who this is,  
right here. This is the master.

WENDY  
(skeptical)  
What?

JINKS  
(to Bobby)  
What d'ya think?

BOBBY  
(to Wendy ; blankly)  
Got any juice at all? Does it make  
a noise when you go to start it, or  
is it just dead?

WENDY  
(still skeptical)  
No, it makes a noise... like it's  
trying.

BOBBY  
(blankly)  
So what else, tank, faring,  
handlebar, maybe? Foot peg?

(to Jinks ; shrugs)  
I got those parts in my ma's attic.  
From that kid, Joey, with the '91.

JINKS  
Yeahhhh...! They fit?

BOBBY  
Yeah.

JINKS  
(to Wendy)  
There ya go! See? It's your lucky  
day!

Wendy isn't convinced or comforted. Actually, she looks  
kinda ill.

BOBBY  
(to Wendy ; blankly)  
Run ya about 600, parts. Labor...?  
(shrugs)  
I dunno. I'd have to see. Couple a  
hundred, maybe.

Wendy is visibly relieved, a business deal, that works.

WENDY  
800? That's not bad! I thought it'd  
be more like fifteen. Or more.

BOBBY  
Fine.  
(to Jinks)  
I gotta take a leak.

He heads for the bathroom.

JINKS  
(smiles ; to Wendy)  
I bet I get him down to just six.

EXT. CLUB USA - FRONT ENTRANCE - LATER - CONTINUOUS  
Employees straggle out, the street quiet otherwise.

Bobby sits at the driver seat of his idling VW Rabbit, waiting for Jinks, at the exit door, to finish saying his goodbyes.

Jinks plops into the passenger seat, just as a Porsche RUF930 pulls up to the curb.

JINKS  
(re: Porsche)  
Nice.

BOBBY  
Yeahhh...

Just then, the club exit door opens again, and Wendy emerges. The driver side door of the Porsche opens, and her BOYFRIEND (30), conservative and well-groomed, gets out, to open the passenger side door for her.

She leans in to kiss him on her way in.

JINKS  
Aaaaahhhh.... man! That dweeb?

BOBBY  
(laughs)  
Sorry, buddy.

JINKS  
What the fuck... I'd a thought she'd go for someone a little less... SQUARE than that.

BOBBY  
Dude... y'know how much that car COSTS?

JINKS  
Hmmp, I shoulda known. But still... damn. That's fucked up.  
(laughs)  
Even a BIKER chick would rather have a guy like THAT... We're pathetic, man.

BOBBY  
(laughs)

Don't I know it.

EXT. MUNZI FAMILY GARAGE - LATER - CONTINUOUS

Bobby's VW pulls into the driveway, stopping abruptly. Bobby eagerly jumps out. Jinks climbs out the passenger side.

BOBBY

Ya ready?

JINKS

(curiously)

Yeah... I'm ready.

Bobby lifts the garage door.

In the middle, sits the KZ900, CUSTOM PAINTED all black, and clear-coated to super-shine. Even the metal parts are chromed, gleaming like mirrors. A brand new bike never looked this good.

On the tank, side, and tail section, gold, custom, air-brushed graphics-- giant gold Medusa heads, and a familiar logo: VERSACE.

Jinks is in shock.

JINKS

What the fuh-?

Bobby throws the keys at him. Jinks, in his dazedness, is barely able to catch them.

BOBBY

Now you HAVE to take it, man. I can't ride that thing. I'd look silly.

Jinks is circling the bike. He can't believe his eyes.

JINKS

I can't fucking believe this...  
You gotta be shitting me...

BOBBY

You like it?

JINKS

Like it?! Oh my god, I fucking  
love it!

He throws his arms around Bobby in a big bear hug,  
lifting him off the ground.

JINKS (cont.)

I fucking love it, love it, love it!  
(puts Bobby down)  
God, man... I don't even know what  
to fucking say!

BOBBY

(shrugs)  
Say you wanna go for a ride.

JINKS

Shit! HELL, YEAH!

BOBBY

Wait... there's more.

JINKS

What?

Bobby grabs a big cardboard box off a shelf and rests it  
in front of Jinks.

BOBBY

(smiling)  
Open it.

Jinks slowly opens the box, he can't believe what's  
happening.

BOBBY (cont.)

Can't go riding without that. Ever.  
That's the important part.

Jinks pulls a black leather racer's JACKET out of the  
box. It too, has been custom air-brushed.



CLOSE - ON JACKET - POV JINKS

On the front, on the left breast, it's painted, "JINKS".

He turns the jacket around, and sprawled on the back, in big, bold, block letters : MINISTRY OF SPEED

He looks at Bobby questioningly, confused.

BOBBY

I told you, we can't call it,  
"Bobby's Bikes."

(laughs)

And when your ass lands in a video  
or some shit, see if you can swing  
some free publicity.

JINKS

(recovering)

Ministry of Speed. Oh wow, I love it.  
I fucking LOVE IT!

Jinks throws on the jacket, happy as a clam, jumping up  
and down, and dancing.

JINKS

(giggling)

Can I take it out now, please?

EXT. UPTOWN MANHATTAN - MOVING - LATER - CONTINUOUS

Still darkness, as the sun just barely begins to wake in  
the wee hours.

Jinks rides his new Versace KZ up 10th Ave, headed home,  
wearing a full-face helmet and his new leather jacket.  
The street is empty and deserted, so naturally, he can't  
resist popping a few wheelies on his way.

He pulls up to a traffic light, just turning red. A big,  
old sedan pulls up next to him at the light. Jinks  
glances over, barely noticing it.

The two vehicles sit there for what seems like an  
eternity, waiting for the light to change. It is an  
unusually quiet night.

CRACK! A loud GUNSHOT violently breaks the silence. Then, another one.

ANGLE ON - JINKS - SLOW

The bike falls over, away from the sedan. The engine races loudly; Jinks's hand is still on the throttle, as he and the bike topple over.

FULL SPEED

Three men jump out of the sedan.

THUG #1

Fuck!

THUG #2

(to THUG #3)

Man, you're fucking stupid. You didn't have to do it like that.

THUG #3

Just get on the fucking bike, and let's get the fuck outta here! Move your fucking ass!

THUG #2

(looking closer at bike)

Oh man, you are one stupid motherfucker. This is some OLD piece 'a shit, with just some fucking fancy paintwork.

THUG #1

Wha-...?! Well... fuck it, man. Parts.

He pulls Jinks's lifeless body off the bike, as he and Thug #2 struggle to get it upright.

THUG #1 (cont.)

(to Thug #2)

Ya like that jacket, man?

THUG #3

Come ON, stupid!

Thug #1 climbs on the bike, as Thugs #'s 2 and 3 jump back into the sedan. The two vehicles take off almost simultaneously, screeching off into the night.

ANGLE ON - JINKS

Face down on the cold tarmac, a growing pool of blood beneath him. The letters on the back of the jacket blare out in their whiteness.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

INT. CLUB USA - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The club is in its pre-shift stage, its usual early night hubbub.

Bobby, dressed in his suit, sits alone in a chair, lost in another world.

Sterling enters, sitting down in the empty chair next to him.

STERLING

Hey... it's good to have you back,  
man.

BOBBY

(struggling)  
Mmmhmm.

STERLING

You doing all right, man?

BOBBY

Uh huh.

STERLING

Listen...

BOBBY

(abruptly)  
It's all right....

(beat)  
I don't wanna talk about it. Okay?

STERLING  
If there's anything I can do... If  
you need a little more time off...

BOBBY  
No. I'm good.

STERLING  
(getting up)  
Anything, man. Anytime...

Bobby nods, looking away.

FADE TO:

INT. MUGLER ROOM - LATER - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON - BOBBY

Pumping CLUB MUSIC becomes audible in the dark  
background.

Rainbow colored spotlights swirl.

Bobby stands, tired and pained, contrasting the peppy  
tempo of the pulsing beat.

Suddenly, he breaks down, sobbing into his hand.  
Remembering his whereabouts, he quickly composes himself.

WIDEN

Bobby stands next to a doorway, oblivious to the throngs  
of young CLUB-GOERS who file past him in both directions,  
laughing and having a blast.

NEW ANGLE - POV BOBBY

Lord Francis stumbles through the crowd, drunk or high on  
something, probably both.

Squealing and laughing, he pauses to greet two ACQUAINTANCES, grabbing them, kissing their cheeks. They hug him back, unsteady, drunk, happy. Sleazy.

Spotting Bobby, Lord Francis continues toward him, delighted. Just as he reaches him, he trips, and catching himself, grabs Bobby's neck for support.

LORD FRANCIS  
(laughs)  
Hi, lover...

Bobby, unflinching, acknowledges him with minimal tolerance. Lord Francis slips a few crisp hundred dollar bills in Bobby's outer breast pocket.

LORD FRANCIS  
I'm gonna need you tonight, sweetie.

Bobby pushes Lord Francis off of him, gently but firmly, irritated.

BOBBY  
Get off of me.

Lord Francis blows him a kiss as he saunters away.

LORD FRANCIS  
(knowingly)  
See ya in a little while, luscious...

Bobby ignores him.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN - RESIDENTIAL LOFT BUILDING - NIGHT

The street is clean, but deserted, as Bobby's VW Rabbit pulls up in front. Bobby gets out the driver's side, while Lord Francis giggles from the passenger seat.

Bobby walks around and opens the passenger door, not so much out of courtesy, but more to get Lord Francis out of the car faster. Lord Francis spills out, Bobby pulling him to his feet.

LORD FRANCIS  
You will help me upstairs won't you,  
darling?

BOBBY  
(hesitates)  
Yeah.

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE APARTMENT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Lord Francis fumbles with his keys, so Bobby grabs them, unlocks the door, and pushes it open.

LORD FRANCIS  
(giggles)  
Would you like to come in for a  
little while, luscious?

Bobby pinches the keyring, holding it out for return.

BOBBY  
(blankly)  
No thanks.

LORD FRANCIS  
(giggles)  
Ohhhhhh-kaaaaay...  
(more)

He pats Bobby on the shoulder affectionately, and takes his keys back.

LORD FRANCIS (cont.)  
Good night, sweetie, my big Bobby-  
licious...  
(giggles)

He turns into the apartment, vaguely pushing the door shut behind him. It swings closed, but just shy of its click, Bobby stops the door with the outermost tip of his index finger. Lost in thought, he stands immobilized, until a flash of irritation crosses his face. Decisively, he gently pushes the door further open with his finger.

NEW ANGLE - POV BOBBY

The hallway swims, unfocused. His own breathing and heartbeat are magnified, echoing.

Children's laughter, bird's twittering, and clearly, the laughter of two young boys.

BOBBY (VO)  
(blankly; slowly)  
A less restrictive means of further  
exhausting gases from the engine  
is... flow but still provide enough  
back pressure to run the engine...  
is straight and narrow...

JINKS (VO)  
You know what a "gift" is...?

KEVIN (VO)  
Yeah man... He's DEAD, yo. The kid  
DIED.

BOBBY (VO)  
(blankly ; slowly)  
Increases efficiency for greater flow.  
Greater lift and duration allows more  
air...

JINKS (VO)  
NOT taking the bike...

INT. LORD FRANCIS' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Lord Francis turns as he hears the door open, curious, as Bobby enters.

ANGLE ON - LORD FRANCIS - POV BOBBY

The room swims on, Lord Francis swirled along with it. He hears Lord Francis speak to him, slow and muffled.

LORD FRANCIS (FILTERED)  
Hey, B. What's up?

BOBBY  
Uh... I need to use the...  
bathroom...

He stumbles toward the bathroom, with an apparent serious migraine.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bobby leans on the countertop, pale and clammy, nearly hyperventilating. He buckles and leans over the toilet, a nasty case of the dry-heaves.

KEVIN (VO)

Yeah man... He's DEAD, yo. The kid  
DIED.

JINKS (VO)

Otherwise, we damn fools...

Dousing his face and head in the sink, he tries to clear his senses. With a deep breath, he shakily exits the bathroom.

INT. LORD FRANCIS' HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bobby stumbles slowly back toward the living room.

BOBBY (VO)

(blankly ; slowly)

A straight... allows gases to crash...  
inhibiting perfect flow. Installing  
individual tubes... will produce more  
flow, creating efficiency, increasing  
power.

JINKS (VO)

I am NOT taking the bike...

BOBBY (VO)

Now you HAVE to take it...

JINKS (VO)

You know what a "gift" is...?

BOBBY (VO)

You HAVE to take it...



INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lord Francis lounges on the sofa, eyes closed, feet up on the coffee table, as Bobby enters the living room.

BOBBY

Yo, L.F.

LORD FRANCIS

(opens eyes)

Hmmmm...?

BOBBY

I... need something. You help me out?

LORD FRANCIS

(surprised)

Oh, really?

BOBBY

Yeah.

LORD FRANCIS

(giggles)

Well... what's your pleasure?

BOBBY

Uh... I dunno.... something... good.

LORD FRANCIS

(smiles)

I think I have just the thing...

He reaches into his inner breast pocket, pulling out a small, clear, bag of white powder. Opening a wooden box on the coffee table, he retrieves two syringes, a lighter, and a little metal dish with a handle.

He looks at Bobby and pats a spot on the sofa, next to him.

Bobby obliges.

LORD FRANCIS

(re: little bag ; tauntingly)

This too much for you? Can you handle

it?

BOBBY

I've never done this before...

LORD FRANCIS

(giggles)

Well, sweetheart, you just leave it  
ALL up to me, okay?

BOBBY

Just... show me how.

LORD FRANCIS

(laughs)

Don't be nervous, luscious. You're  
gonna love it.

Bobby watches blankly as Lord Francis continues the  
procedure, cutting, cooking, filling the syringes.

He lovingly rolls Bobby's sleeve up for him. As he starts  
to wrap the tourniquet, Bobby flinches.

BOBBY

(nervously)

You first. Just... show me.

Lord Francis giggles happily as he turns the tourniquet  
on himself, moving slowly, for benefit of his student. He  
smacks at the vein on the face side of his elbow.  
Smoothing, smacking, smoothing.

KEVIN (VO)

He's DEAD, yo. The kid DIED.

JINKS (VO)

You know what a "gift" is...?

BOBBY (VO)

(blankly)

Produce more flow, creating  
efficiency...

JINKS (VO)

It woulda been so easy...

BOBBY (VO)  
Now you HAVE to take it...

Lord Francis carefully shoots into his own vein with the syringe, and is almost instantly swept away; he rests back against the sofa, head back, eyes closing slowly, smiling contently.

Bobby stares blankly.

BOBBY (VO)  
(blankly)  
Allows gases to crash into each other...

STERLING (VO)  
Suck it dry and don't look back...

BOBBY (VO)  
You HAVE to take it...

KEVIN (VO)  
The kid DIED.

He looks at the syringe in his hand.

BOBBY (VO)  
(blankly)  
Still provide enough back pressure to run the engine at high speed.

LORD FRANCIS (VO)  
(laughing)  
If you let me suck your dick every day...

JINKS (VO)  
We damn fools...

KEVIN (VO)  
O.D.'d, niggah... found him at his place...

BOBBY (VO)  
HAVE to take it...

LORD FRANCIS (VO)  
Whatever. He's dead. For sure.

BOBBY (VO)  
(blankly)  
Perfect flow...

LORD FRANCIS (VO)  
What do they expect? Those  
motherfuckers are crazy...

He looks at the desk in the corner of the room.

CLOSE - POV BOBBY

The injection point on Lord Francis' arm. It is bleeding  
just a tiny bit.

CLOSE - POV BOBBY

The tip of the syringe, in his hand. Bobby squeezes the  
pump a tiny bit, forcing a drop of clear fluid out.

He turns toward Lord Francis, and gingerly, he applies  
pressure to Lord Francis's elbow, straightening the arm,  
palm turned upward, a flat, smooth plane at the inner  
joint.

STERLING (VO)  
It isn't even real...

BOBBY (VO)  
That shit is paid in FULL.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

INT. PROFESSIONAL MOTORCYCLE REPAIR SHOP - DAY

The shop is small, with only two bays, but clean,  
organized, and professional.

Morning light streams through the glass front entrance,  
which bears a logo and the name: MINISTRY OF SPEED.

NEW ANGLE - COUNTERTOP

A stack of a legal looking papers, contract format, lays on the counter.

WIDEN

Bobby stands behind the counter facing a young, professional, suited, LAWYER. The man gathers the papers, stacking them neatly into his briefcase.

LAWYER

(lightheartedly)

Well, Rob, this is it. Finally, huh?  
I know it takes some doing, but it's  
worth it in the end, huh?

BOBBY

Yeah, man.

(beat)

I gotta say, it IS a dream come true.

LAWYER

Congratulations. You certainly earned  
it.

BOBBY

Thank you. Really, thanks for all  
your help. Some of that is so...  
overwhelming.

LAWYER

Oh, it was my pleasure. I can't wait...

A side door opens, and a LITTLE GIRL (7), runs happily into the room. She has long, dark, waist-length hair, and slightly eurasian features.

She runs over to Bobby.

LITTLE GIRL

Dad-deeeee!

Bobby lovingly reaches down, and scooping her up, plants her on the countertop. He gives her the "Shhh. Don't interrupt" signal.

LAWYER (cont.)

SOME space. Quite a beauty that's gonna be... And the location?! Fuhgeddaboutit. Can't beat it.

(beat)

What a great idea. That'll be the first of anything like that, in Manhattan. I can't wait to see it. Parking, storage, maintenance, rebuilds, used bikes and parts, all in the same place?! Beautiful. You already got your first customer, right here, buddy.

(laughs)

Bet you won't miss THIS place TOO much...

LITTLE GIRL

Daddy, can we go for a ride today?

Wendy enters, smiling.

WENDY

Heyyyy.... We all set? How's it look?

LAWYER

Perfect.

(to Bobby)

I'll be seeing you, soon.

(shakes hand)

I got an appointment.

BOBBY

Okay, man. I'll call you.

WENDY

(to LAWYER)

Good to see you, again. Thank you.

The LAWYER takes his leave, while Bobby hugs Wendy in celebration.

WENDY

Well, congratulations, Rockefeller.

BOBBY

(giggles)

Oh yeah, that sounds nice.

(beat)

FINALLY, huh? Took us long enough.

WENDY

(shrugs)

Well, closing on a property takes a lot of time. It wasn't so bad.

BOBBY

Oh, hell yeah... but I meant all of it. ALL the time...

(beat ; laughs)

Geezus, ten years. Ten fucking years.

WENDY

(nods)

Yeah... but, it went kinda fast, really, don't you think?

BOBBY

Yeah, time flies. That's for sure.

(beat)

But fuck, all that struggling, stressing... working like pigs...

WENDY

Oh God, remember all those years working out of your mom's garage? Holy cow. THAT was a nightmare.

BOBBY

(giggles)

Poor ma. That shit drove her crazy.

(grins ; beat)

You feel like it was all worth it?

WENDY

Hell yeah, it was worth it.

BOBBY

(smiling)

Really? You never thought about divorcing me?

WENDY  
(jokingly)  
Mmm, not too frequently.  
(laughs ; more)

WENDY (cont.)  
Now, it'd been pretty stupid of me  
to dump you BEFORE you became a  
millionaire, don't you think?

BOBBY  
(giggles)  
Well, if THAT'S what you're waiting  
for, I guess I can count on you  
sticking around for a LONG time.

WENDY  
(grins)  
Not THAT long. Watch. As fast as  
these years have gone by, the next  
few will be even faster. It's crazy,  
really.

BOBBY  
Silly lady, mechanics can't be  
millionaires. Didn't anyone ever tell  
you that?

WENDY  
Any moron who would've, doesn't know my  
Bobby.

BOBBY  
(laughs)  
Whatever.

WENDY  
Hey, I ran into another one of your  
fans today!

BOBBY  
Huh?

WENDY  
(giggles)  
In front of the post office. I took  
my bike, and this guy was sweatin' me.



BOBBY

(grins)

I'm sure.

WENDY

(giggles)

So he's like, "ohhhhh....Ministry!"  
because he sees the logo. And he  
says, "I'm waiting to take my bike in.  
I've been waiting a while."

(laughs)

So I go, "well, they're pretty busy."  
And I'm thinking, "Hah. He thinks HE  
waited a long time for service?"

BOBBY

(shrugs)

Hey, cobblers' children have no shoes.

(giggles)

WENDY

(rolls eyes)

Anyway, he says, "yeah, they're busy...  
but, I wouldn't THINK of going  
anywhere else.

(mimicky)

"Rob is the ultimate."

BOBBY

(laughs)

And if you don't know, now you know,  
niggah.

WENDY

(laughs)

See? They don't trust anyone but you,  
with their machines. It's amazing.

(shrugs)

You really have a gift with these  
things. Everyone knows it.

BOBBY

(smiles)

You think so, huh?

WENDY

Yes, I do.

BOBBY

Nah... I'm just some guy with grease  
under his fingernails.

WENDY

(laughs)

Okay, whatever.

Bobby kisses her on the forehead, and hugs his daughter.

WENDY

Oh, by the way. You got another  
message from L.F. He says there's  
"something wrong with his... little  
handbag...?"

BOBBY

(laughs)

I think he probably means the clutch...

Wendy and their daughter head for the side door, while  
Bobby lags behind, shutting off the shop lights.

On his way out, he pauses at a pin-up on the wall, the  
dream shop pin-up, from their childhood. He touches it  
once, quickly, straightening a bottom corner gone awry.

BOBBY (VO)

Slow and steady, wins the race.

He pulls a pair of black Versace sunglasses out of his  
breast pocket and puts them on his head.

BOBBY

(to no one in particular)

We did it, man...

FADE OUT.

END.

dedicated to the memory of Keith A. Glascoe  
["Benny," *The Professional*], F.D.N.Y.

with all our love, respect, and gratitude