

UNEASY RIDER

Love will only be able to find you once you accept who you
really are.

FADE IN:

INT. THE HOG DOC/WAITING ROOM - DAY

Tranquil music plays over the speakers. Several BIKERS, sit patiently. One particularly tough looking GUY, reads a PEOPLE MAGAZINE with Brittney Spears on the cover.

INT. HOG DOC REPAIR SHOP/GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Rock music blares, drills buzz and a phone RINGS.

A Harley is secured to a table. Behind it, DOC RIDGEWAY (42), rugged good looks, inked, muscular arms and long braided hair, turns off the drill and reaches for the phone.

DOC

Hog Doc. Doc speaking. - Okay, calm down Simon. Where are you? - Flint Avenue? How bad is the bike?

Doc looks over at his scruffy co-worker, CRAZY JAKE. They exchange eye rolls. Doc continues.

DOC

Okay. I'll see ya in a few.

Doc hangs up, walks over to Jake and hands him the drill.

DOC

Finish her up, will ya? I got some chick coming in for a lesson in an hour. That should give me time to scrape my brother off the pavement. . .again.

Doc jumps in his pickup and drives out of the garage.

EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - FLINT AVENUE - DAY

Doc approaches the scene, pulls over and gets out.

PARAMEDICS chat, oblivious to SIMON RIDGEWAY (35), unmistakable nerd, who sits on the curb. He runs his fingers over a scrape on his ridiculously oversized helmet.

Doc salutes the paramedics and heads over to Simon.

DOC

I got it from here. Thanks boys.

The helmet bobbles as Simon turns toward his brother and manages a smile.

DOC

Why you still got the helmet on bro?

SIMON

I may have suffered severe head trauma.

DOC

I doubt that. Nothing could penetrate that thing. Where's the bike?

Simon hesitates, then points toward the ambulance. As it pulls away, the bike is revealed. It's a bright red VESPA. Doc helps Simon stand then walks over to the bike.

DOC

Alright, let's get it in the truck.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Simon looks at the reflection of the Vespa in the rear view mirror. It lay in the back of the truck.

DOC

Finally ready to give it up?

SIMON

No. No way. It's the only thing that sets me apart from the other guys in my department. It gives me an edge, I think. I'm getting much better at riding it. I went a whole month between accidents this time.

Simon pulls a comb out of a bag he wears like a purse, and attempts to fix his hair. Doc shakes his head in disgust.

DOC

Dude, why you wearin' a purse?

SIMON

It's a man's bag. Like a sack.

Doc steers the truck into the garage of The Hog Doc and parks.

They get out of the truck. Doc walks around, looks at Simon.

DOC

Simon, your man sack is leaking.

Crazy Jake laughs as Doc points at a wet mark on Simon's bag that quickly spreads to his pants and shirt. Simon whines.

SIMON

My water bottle must have broken.

Jake grabs work clothes off a hook and tosses them to Simon.

CRAZY JAKE

Throw those on. I'll come get you
when your scoot, I mean bike is ready.

INT. THE HOG DOC/WAITING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

The Men's room door opens and Simon exits, hair still messy and wearing a thermal shirt and greasy work overalls.

He narrowly avoids a collision with a BOY (6), who sprints toward a vending machine filled with temporary tattoos but bangs into MINDY LOGAN (32), almost knocking her down.

As they scramble to regain balance, their eyes meet.

Mindy's pretty blue eyes are surrounded by caterpillar-like false eyelashes. Everything about her is over-done. Big hair, biker jacket and leather pants painted on her petite frame.

SIMON

Are you okay? I'm so sorry.

MINDY

I'm fine. No harm done. Are you
the riding instructor?

SIMON

No, that would be Doc. I'm Simon.

MINDY

I'm Mindy. Sorry, I'm just really
excited. I love motorcycles. I
bet you have a really big one.

Mindy laughs nervously. Simon attempts to be cool.

SIMON

A big one. Yes. Very, large-ish.

MINDY

I thought so. You seem to have an edge about you.

Simon's eyes are glued to a tattoo peeking out of Mindy's top.

SIMON

Nice tattoo. I umm, really like it.

MINDY

Thanks. You must have a bunch.

Mindy smiles flirtatiously. Simon pulls his sleeves down.

DOC (O.S.)

MINDY LOGAN?

MINDY

That must be my instructor. Are you off work?

SIMON

No, I'm ah. . .just on a break.

MINDY

Great! See you after my lesson.

Simon watches Mindy walk away. Her mannerisms are a contradiction to her clothing and make-up. He's intrigued. Suddenly, he sprints to the temporary tattoo machine.

INT. THE HOG DOC/WAITING AREA - DAY

The room has cleared out. Simon stares at the twenty or so temporary tattoos scattered on his arms ranging from Woody the Woodpecker to SpongeBob Squarepants.

Realizing how ridiculous they look, he pulls his sleeves down.

Doc storms through the front door, angrily marches passed Simon and heads to the repair shop, mumbling the whole way.

DOC

Women drivers. Jesus Christ.

A few moments later, a disheveled Mindy enters the front door. She sniffles as tears leave black streaks down her face.

Simon jumps up and approaches her. She angrily rips off her biker jacket and throws it down.

MINDY

I'm a fraud. I don't really like bikes or bikers for that matter. They scare me actually. Sorry. I just don't like any of this.

She pulls off her fake eyelashes and scrapes off the tattoo.

SIMON

Then why did you do all of this?

MINDY

I wanted something that set me apart. I know that sounds stupid but I just wanted people to say, WOW, that Mindy, she's really interesting. Anyway, I'm sorry. I gotta go.

SIMON

Please don't go.

MINDY

Why? I'm not your type. And you're not mine. What's the point?

CRAZY JAKE (O.S.)

Simon! Your man sack is dried out!

Now mortified, Simon tries to push forward.

SIMON

Mindy, I carry a man purse, ride a Vespa, not a Hog, bikers scare me too even though my brother is one and I teach English Composition.

She studies him for a moment as everything sinks in.

MINDY

Ya know, maybe this is what sets me apart. I actually find that attractive.

Relieved, Simon laughs and grabs Mindy by the hand. They walk out of The Hog Doc, hand in hand and head toward the bus stop.

FADE OUT