

RIDE IT LIKE YOU STOLE IT

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Traffic moving steadily in both directions.

AUDIO: Ambient traffic noise only.

INT/EXT. VAN - DAY

P.O.V. OTS OUT FRONT WINDSHIELD OF TRAVELING VAN, EDDIE driving.

We see a motorbike approaching from the opposite direction. As soon as the motorbike passes the van, cut to:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Van hooks a savage u-turn and follows the bike.

Van weaves through traffic, tailing BIKE RIDER, who is oblivious to the tail.

Bike Rider pulls into a parking lot, parks; the van follows, parks a few spaces away. Bike Rider dismounts.

CLOSEUP

EDDIE'S SUNGLASSES. We see reflection of Bike Rider dismounting, carrying his helmet into a diner.

EXT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

EDDIE exits van, walks casually to bike.

We see a security camera on the roof of the diner.

P.O.V. SECURITY CAM

In two seconds, Eddie has mounted the bike and started it. He doesn't look around furtively or waste any movements.

WALKER (V.O.)

You need just two things to steal a bike:

From ground level, we see Eddie ROAR OFF on the bike, rear wheel kicking up asphalt grime and smoking.

WALKER (V.O.)

Balls. And Eddie Barnes had plenty. He knew "how" to do it.

(MORE)

WALKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He knew "where" to do it, but most
 important - he knew when to do it: when
 you got careless.

INT. DINER - SAME TIME.

Bike Rider sits near large windows, flirting with a busty
 WAITRESS. Through the window, we see his empty parking spot.

WALKER (V.O.)
 Eddie was no brain surgeon, but he could
 operate.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Eddie on bike, weaving through traffic, calm, indifferent.
 Eddie is 33 years old, Caucasian, wears his leathers and
 denim unpretentiously; boots worn, face world-weary behind
 dark sunglasses.

AUDIO: Source music - "Iron Horse" by Motorhead.

WALKER (V.O.)
 That was Eddie - "Fast" Eddie - no bike
 he couldn't steal. He didn't do it for
 the money - for Eddie, money was as easy
 as breathing; he didn't do it for the
 tail - that was even easier. He sure as
 hell didn't do it for the fame - the
 lower your profile, the better. But the
 street knew him anyway. Eddie could move
 amongst every club, every level. No
 boundaries. No bad will.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. CUDDY'S BREWHOUSE - NIGHT

IMPERCEPTIBLE SLOMO: Eddie strides into Brewhouse, greeting
 people he knows as he passes.

JUMP CUT TO:

WALKER'S TABLE: Eddie greets a seated biker. It is WALKER,
 from behind, sitting at the head of a long table.

WALKER (V.O.)
 Blame me for teaching him everything -
 except for the one thing Eddie already
 knew:

Walker says something into Eddie's ear. Eddie backslaps,
 laughs, street-handshakes Walker and leaves table.

WALKER (V.O.)

Balls.

BACK TO NORMAL SPEED.

We see Eddie adjusting his balls as he pushes open bathroom door and enters.

INT. CUDDY'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eddie stops short in surprise just inside doorway.

WALKER (V.O.)

And Eddie had plenty...

In bathroom, Eddie sees ASH hanging limp between two LAKEWOOD brothers, who were obviously beating him, now interrupted by Eddie's entrance.

LAKEWOOD-1

(startled)

Uh, Eddie!...

EDDIE

(greeting Ash, ignoring
Lakewoods)

Hey, kid.

Ash is 27, Caucasian, blond, dressed in flashy leathers, shiny boots and buckles. He raises his head limply.

ASH

Uhhh, hey, Ed... Eddie...

Eddie moves to a urinal, while Lakewoods stand indecisive, holding Ash. Eddie pees, speaks without turning around.

EDDIE

You cunts gonna stand there holding hands
watching me piss?

Lakewoods drop Ash and hastily exit. Ash slowly rises, exhausted, disheveled, but gets "wigga"-tough.

ASH

Thanks, Eddie, but uh, I coulda handled
myself, y'know. Got me some moves--

EDDIE

Your old man's lookin' for you, Ash.

ASH

Uh, call me Reaper, okay Eddie?

Ash exits, muttering under his breath.

ASH
'Bout to go Terminator on dem fools...

INT. CUDDY'S BREWHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ash joins two friends at the bar, DIAMONDBACK and SILVERBROOD. Diamondback does a double-take, looking from bathroom to Ash, to the Lakewoods who exited moments before, now drinking at a table.

DIAMONDBACK
Jesus! Did you--did you just come outta the can with the Lakewood brothers? Don't they have a hard-on for you?

Ash lifts a beer in direction of Lakewoods. They ignore him.

ASH
(fake bravado)
Yeah, well, they know me...

Diamondback sees Eddie exit bathroom, and shoots a "dead giveaway" look at Ash, who shrugs his shoulders, but maintains his bravado.

Silverbrood drains his beer and slams glass down.

SILVERBROOD
Let's blow, Tully, Ash--

ASH:
Silverbrood, call me Reaper, wouldja?!
Hold on; got business with the old man.

Ash rises and leaves bar.

WALKER (V.O.)
Ash. My kid. Hopeless. With his sidecar sidekicks and their shiny leathers and unearned nicknames.

Diamondback swats Silverbrood.

DIAMONDBACK
(petulant)
Yeah, and call me Diamondback, brah! I call you Silverbrood.

P.O.V. UNDER A LONG TABLE.

We push forward slowly, seeing biker's legs; veteran riders - tough, leathered, denimed, dirty.

WALKER (V.O.)
He'd never learn the street - or the take. Not even with all that schoolin.'

P.O.V. UNDER TABLE.

We push forward toward legs at head of table. As we go, we see a gun changing hands, a girl performing oral on somebody.

WALKER (V.O.)
He'll never figure the guy with the "Bad To The Bone" tattoo ain't gonna take your bike.

P.O.V. UNDER TABLE.

We arrive at the legs at head of table.

PAN UP

to Walker, our first sight of him: a weathered, muscular 52-year-old, drinking, smoking a cigar. His leathers too, are world-worn; his left arm around a GIRL.

WALKER (V.O.)
It's the guy you never saw comin.'

We pull back along table, revealing characters: FISHTAIL, ONE-EYE RON, JOE CRACKER, PAPPY, FLATHEAD (all rugged mid- to late-50s) and various WOMEN (all under 40).

Table is littered with beers, plates of food.

TOMMY, a skinny young server, balancing many beers on a tray, moves behind Walker. A GRUFF BIKER (about 35 y.o.) in full leathers bumps Tommy, sends him sprawling.

GRUFF BIKER
Watch it, dipshit!

AUDIO: ambient pub noise, LOUD ROCK MUSIC.

WALKER
(loudly, unmoving)
Ay!

Gruff Biker hears Walker over the PUB NOISE and turns quickly. Walker doesn't turn from his seat; with his arm around the Girl on his left knee, he casually lights a cigar with his right hand.

GRUFF BIKER
You talkin' to me, old man?

JOE CRACKER
(smirks under his breath)
Fuckin' Sunday.

WALKER (V.O.)
Sunday Riders: wore a tie, bent over a
desk for The Man; come the weekend, dust
off their denim and strap on fake balls.

Gruff Biker steps up behind Walker's right side, towering
over him, and looks scornfully around Walker's table.

GRUFF BIKER
What is this? Biker Bingo Night?

WALKER
(without turning)
Takes two things to be tough... meathead.

PUB NOISE continues, but COMMOTION around Walker's table has
died to an expectant calm.

WALKER (V.O.)
I used to love taking these guys' rides.
But now Eddie has all the fun.

GRUFF BIKER
An' I guess you're gonna tell me what
those--

One swift move: Walker's right hand shoots up, grabs Gruff
Biker's leather lapel, brings his head CRASHING down on the
table. Laughter erupts around table, as Gruff Biker falls,
dazed. Walker has not even released the Girl on his left arm.

FISHTAIL
(laughing)
Standing up for the little guy now,
Walker?

WALKER
Shit, Fishtail... those were our beers.

Fishtail suddenly stops laughing.

FISHTAIL
Aww, fuck!

Fishtail gets on his knees over Gruff Biker and rummages in
his pockets, while Joe Cracker rises and stands behind him.

As Gruff Biker clears his head, Fishtail gropes a wad of cash from one of his pockets.

Gruff Biker groggily grabs Fishtail's wrist.

GRUFF BIKER
What the shit?--

FISHTAIL
(ominously)
I wouldn't, meathead!...

Gruff Biker sees Joe Cracker standing behind Fishtail, realizes all eyes are on him, rises to a crawling position, whereupon Joe Cracker kicks his backside.

JOE CRACKER
Fuckin' Sunday! Get outta here!

Table breaks up laughing, as Gruff Biker staggers away. Fishtail calls Tommy over, smacks cash wad in Tommy's hand.

FISHTAIL
Hit us again, kid! Keep the rest. Take some Bruce Lee lessons or somethin'! Ahhh-ha ha ha ha!

Fishtail laughs with the others around the table, while Tommy moves off, amazed at the cash.

WALKER (V.O.)
Never let 'em see you coming. But my own kid, everyone could see a mile away.

We see Ash moving toward Walker's table. He casts an uninterested glance at Gruff Biker shuffling out.

ONE-EYE RON
(to Walker)
Uh-oh, Pinup Boy at 3 o'clock.

WALKER (V.O.)
Kid's the laughingstock of this brotherhood.

Ash moves to Walker's side, loudly talks over ROCK MUSIC.

ASH
Eddie said you wanted to see me.

Walker pays attention to his Girl while speaking to Ash.

WALKER

Gonna be in late tomorrow; want you to open, and get those Eagles outta the shop.

ASH

Sure thing, dad--

WALKER

You got that?

ASH

Yeah, I got it--

WALKER

(looks directly at Ash)

Don't let me get there and have that shit still sitting on the floor. I want those bikes moved, Ash!

ASH

You got it, dad. Uhm, y'know, you can call me--

WALKER

(to Ash, disinterested,
attention back on Girl)

Fuck off, Mary!

Ash moves off, contrite. Fishtail leans in close to Walker, stifling laughter.

FISHTAIL

Hey, Walker, what'd "The Reaper" want?

Fishtail and One-Eye Ron belly-laugh mockingly.

WALKER

(smirks)

Ay, Fishtail, you could be next...

While Fishtail laughs, Walker turns his attention to his Girl, who obligingly moves under the table.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. VAN - DAY

Stationary. From the pitch black interior back of a van, we hear two voices.

YOUNG WALKER

You ready, Eddie?

YOUNG EDDIE
Shit, Walker...

P.O.V. FROM INSIDE VAN

Van side door SLIDES OPEN, revealing daylight outside.

AUDIO: Source music - "Fool's Gold" by The Stone Roses.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

YOUNG WALKER (36 y.o.) and YOUNG EDDIE (17 y.o.) scramble out of van side door, looking nondescript, wearing jackets. They head for a couple of customized Harleys parked amidst Yamahas and Suzukis. Young Walker carries a distinctive tool satchel.

WALKER (V.O.)
These goddamn Rich Urban Bikers - "RUBs"
for short - spend 50K, 100K on their
sassy little monsters; pretentious,
stinking rich. And careless as fuck!

2-foot long bolt cutters appear from beneath Young Walker's jacket.

P.O.V. SECURITY CAM

Young Walker tampers with RUB's bike. Within seconds, he has started it, mounted it, ready to ride, while Eddie struggles with his. We see Young Walker instructing Young Eddie, who is soon mounted as well.

They both ROAR off.

WALKER (V.O.)
You watch the owners leave their rides,
you know the clock. If the ride's been
sitting too long, engine cold, best to
leave it.

FLASHBACK CUTAWAYS

RIDERS dismounting Harleys, Young Walker and Young Eddie watching from van window.

P.O.V. SECURITY CAM: Young Eddie walks past bike casually, slides his hand against gas tank, keeps walking.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE FACILITY - DAY

We see Young Walker and Young Eddie wheeling bikes into the facility.

WALKER (V.O.)

Two bikes in two hours. Not bad. The buyer changes the engine cases and chassis - about four grand's work - and ends up with a 60K bike.

MINDI, a Storage Facility employee behind plexiglass office area, directs Young Walker and young Eddie, while punching a keyboard and flirting with Young Walker. A SECURITY GUARD stands behind her.

MINDI

Unit 54, honey!

WALKER (V.O.)

Buyers pay for the storage units, but we never see the buyers. We trust our middlemen, the "facilitators"; trust our people at the storage units - everyone's on the payroll.

After Young Eddie and Young Walker leave, Security Guard turns on security cameras, implying he turned them off for the goods to be brought in.

WALKER (V.O.)

We took care of our people.

Young Eddie handing a baggie of white powder to a Security Guard.

CRASH-CUTS

INT. STORAGE FACILITY OFFICE - DAY

Mindi on counter, being screwed ferociously by Young Walker, fully-clothed, except for his pants below his butt.

Young Eddie having sex with Mindi, who is the aggressor.

KNOCKING on door, Walker outside.

WALKER (O.S)

Yo, Eddie! Zeke's waitin'!

Young Eddie fumbling with his clothes, rushing out.

WALKER (V.O.)

Or we took the rides to Gentleman Zeke.

INT. "GENTLEMAN ZEKE'S CUSTOM RIDES" - DAY

We are low to floor of garage; bike wheel rolls into frame and stops. We can see office door in distance. Young Walker dismounts the bike and walks to office door where GENTLEMAN ZEKE greets him. Young Walker motions at bike as an offering.

WALKER (V.O.)

Zeke was the street. For almost ten years, I brought him goods. His chop operation spread across the whole San Fernando Valley.

CRASH-CUTS

INT. CHOP SHOP - DAY

Scenes of chopping process, lifting bike engines, replacing parts, painting; Zeke examining finished bikes.

WALKER (V.O.)

When I met Eddie, the kid needed quick cash, so I showed him the ropes, 'cause he had what it took. But me? Pretty soon, 5K per bike wasn't enough. I had to quit the street, lay some roots.

Young Walker and Zeke transfer ownership papers over a handshake.

INT. "RIDE CYCLE SHOP" OFFICE - DAY

WALKER (V.O.)

Hang up the tool belt.

Young Walker at his desk, lovingly wrapping his tool satchel and placing it in bottom drawer of desk.

WALKER (V.O.)

Had a ten-year-old with my ex. Cunt took him as far away from me as she could. She thought her new mechanic fuck-buddy would be an easy pussywhip - until he put a screwdriver in her neck. Talk about bringing your work home with you.

EXT. "RIDE CYCLE SHOP" - DAY

Young Walker proudly overseeing his new marquee being installed: "Ride Cycle Shop."

WALKER (V.O.)

Owning the cycle shop meant I could take back my kid; try to make a future for him.

INT. CHOP SHOP - DAY

Young Walker trying to teach the PRE-TEEN ASH how to use a wrench on a bike, Ash screwing it up, Young Walker exasperated.

WALKER (V.O.)

Didn't have ball one between his legs - too long with his cock-shriveling bitch of a mom.

Atop a stationary Harley, Pre-teen Ash "vrooms," adopting dynamic poses, imagining he is riding, while Young Walker looks on, shaking his head.

WALKER (V.O.)

But Eddie - Eddie was my blood. And my blood screamed to be on the road with him. Like I supplied Zeke, Eddie supplied me.

INT. RIDE CYCLE SHOP - DAY

We are low to floor of garage; bike wheel rolls into frame and stops. We can see office door in distance. Young Eddie dismounts the bike and walks to office door where Young Walker greets him.

EFFECTS SHOT

As Young Eddie walks toward Young Walker, they morph. When they lock hands, they are present-day Eddie and Walker.

WALKER (V.O.)

We weren't a club, we weren't a gang; we were businessmen. Dealing in steel.

EXT. DINER - AFTERNOON

P.O.V. SECURITY CAM

Eddie taking a bike parked in front of diner.

YOUNG SUNDAY with his date exits diner; his face drops as he sees tire marks where his bike should be.

WALKER (V.O.)

Like Robin Hood of Thunder Road: take
from the Sundays and sell to the clubs.

Eddie ROARING down highway, weaving through traffic.

INT. CHOP SHOP - AFTERNOON

Walker oversees bike being chopped.

WALKER (V.O.)

They say you can't go home again...

EXT. CLUBHOUSE EDEN'S SERPENTS - NIGHT

Eddie selling bike to an EDEN'S SERPENT.

EXT. STREET - DAY

WALKER (V.O.)

...Heh! Some of these chops do.

Eden's Serpent sells a bike to the Young Sunday from the
diner, his girl on his arm, excited.

WALKER (V.O.)

The circle of life. Maybe you'd call it
criminal. Is it any more criminal than
politicians using public funds to fuck
mistresses in other states; or churches
funding anti-abortion radicals to kill
doctors? All I know is: I sleep well.

INT/EXT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - DAY

We see a suited figure from behind, walking into a parking
garage. An insurance surveyor?

WALKER (V.O.)

Insurance companies hated guys like
Eddie. Made 'em do their job.

PAN AROUND suited figure - it is Eddie, casing the garage,
sighting an array of bikes.

WALKER (V.O.)

So they'd lean on the cops...

From under Eddie's suave suit - appear bolt-cutters.

WALKER (V.O.)

... to lean on us...

P.O.V. SECURITY CAM

Eddie cuts locks on bikes.

CRASH-CUTS

Eddie on bike after bike, SCREECHING out of parking garage.

JUMP CUT TO:

COPS and BIKE OWNERS swarm the parking garage crime scene; Cops examining skid marks, taking reports, some just scratching and shaking their heads.

WALKER (V.O.)
... or try to.

CRASH-CUTS

Money changing hands: from Walker to Eddie, from Eddie to Security guard, from Club Member to Eddie, from Anonymous Buyer to Eddie.

WALKER (V.O.)
Two, three bikes a day - not bad wages for a guy who never got past grade school. Where'd all the money go? The best tools, the best drugs, the best women...

MONTAGE

Eddie tinkering on a bike in his garage; Eddie with lines of coke at a party; Eddie with one woman after another coming into his embrace, in different settings - an upscale hotel, his bedroom, behind a chop shop.

WALKER (V.O.)
Live. Ride. Steal... Party.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Eddie lives in a modest three-bedroom house in Reseda.

We see Eddie amidst PARTYERS, shirtless, laying back on his lounge room floor with GIRLS, all stoned and laughing.

AUDIO: LOUD ROCK MUSIC.

NOISE DECREASES, as Eddie settles into unconsciousness.

FADE TO BLACK.

The sound of GLASS SMASHING makes EDDIE jerk his eyes open.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. RIDE CYCLE SHOP - DAY

CLOSEUP

baseball bat, near smashed perspex of a gumball machine.

PULL OUT

to see Walker holding the bat, lighting up a cigar. Behind Walker, a wall sign, "We Reserve the Right to Shoot Trespassers."

WALKER
(casually)
Fuck off.

P.O.V. WALKER

looking at his shop floor crowded with twelve LAPD officers, led by LIEUTENANT RONDO, all looking at him. In the background, Ash, with young biker MOSS, and STAN and JOSE, Walker's mechanics.

LIEUTENANT RONDO
Are you Mr. Raine Walker, the owner of
this establishment?

Walker notices the two Eagles, with OFFICERS in mid-examination of them, and motions with the bat.

WALKER
(calmly)
I wanted them gone, Ash.

ASH
I-- uh, dad, these officers are checking--

LIEUTENANT RONDO
Yes, well, those Eagle motorcycles seem
to have many custom additions, Mr.
Walker, and we're examining your property
for stolen goods, undocumented--

Standing meekly behind Walker is a Young Policeman.

WALKER
Eliot Ness here tells me you haven't got
a search warrant.

LIEUTENANT RONDO
 No sir - we're making a preliminary
 reconnaissance--

As Lieutenant Rondo is speaking, Walker speaks to the Young
 Policeman behind him, as he lays down the bat and opens a
 tool drawer.

WALKER
 (telling Young Policeman to go
 join Rondo)
 You wanna join your mama?

Young Policeman moves to shop floor.

YOUNG POLICEMAN
 Sorry, Lieutenant!

LIEUTENANT RONDO
 We'll talk about this later--

Walker whips a gun out of the tool drawer, points it ramrod
 straight at Lieutenant Rondo. The Officers exclaim in unison
 and draw guns on Walker and all his party in b.g., who raise
 their hands fearfully.

OFFICERS	LIEUTENANT RONDO
Drop the gun, sir! - Put the gun down, now! - Get 'em up! Drop the gun!	Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! You don't wanna do that!

ASH
 Dad, what're you doing?!

WALKER
 Ash, did these jokers identify themselves
 before entering our property?

Ash and Lieutenant Rondo look at each other.

ASH
 Uh, no sir--

WALKER
 (calmly, to Officers)
 Then you're trespassers.
 (waves at sign)
 And "I Reserve the Right..."

LIEUTENANT RONDO
 (sneering)
 Are you kidding me? Assaulting an officer
 with a deadly weapon?
 (MORE)

LIEUTENANT RONDO (CONT'D)
 You shoot me, you'll spend the rest of
 your life as someone's bitch.

Walker shifts his aim to Lieutenant Rondo's crotch.

WALKER
 So will you.

Lieutenant Rondo's sneer chokes.

LIEUTENANT RONDO
 Okay, Walker, okay. Take it easy now!
 Let's, uh--let's...

Lieutenant Rondo gestures for the Officers to exit, which they do cautiously, their guns drawn. Walker's eyes never leave Lieutenant Rondo.

LIEUTENANT RONDO (CONT'D)
 See you soon, Walker.

After last Officer exits, Walker angrily motions Ash into his office.

Ash enters office, followed by Walker, who SLAMS the door closed behind him.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - DAY

On the DOOR SLAM, we see Eddie snap his eyes open, lying on the floor. We pick up this scene where we left off.

In the silent lounge room, unconscious bodies litter the floor in various states of undress; plus bongos, helmets, leathers, liquor bottles. Eddie pulls his pants up, rises.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Eddie, dressed, walks to his bike on the lawn.

EDDIE'S BIKE: Custom Pro Street. Black, with silver ghost flames. 650 lbs, 120 hp, 113cc.

AUDIO: Source music - "Killed by Death" by Motorhead.

CRASH-CUT CLOSEUPS

of gloves being put on, Eddie's ass mounting the seat, boot on footrest, engine gleaming. On the lyric, "Shove it!" Eddie puts on shades.

Eddie keys the ignition and rides off.

EXT. STREET - DAY

WALKER (V.O.)

Just you and the bike; only one way to ride it... like it's your last day on earth.

We see Eddie riding, sun glinting off bike chrome, wind in hair, open road rushing by.

INT. "RIDE CYCLE SHOP" OFFICE - SAME TIME

Walker sits behind his desk, Ash stands before him. The gun lays on the desk.

WALKER

You know those fuckers always pull this. No warrants, no leads, no authority.

ASH

Sorry, Dad. They came just after I opened - had no time to call for the Eagles--

WALKER

What's that Moss punk doing out there? He your new girlfriend?

ASH

Just breezin.' He's down wid it.

Walker double-takes on Ash's street lingo with an irritated look, continues.

WALKER

Get Stan and Jose working on Taylor's Fatboy. I'll call the Eagles. Go.

As Ash exits, Walker picks up the gun, opens a desk drawer to stash it, and sees his tool satchel. He stares at it.

INT. "RIDE CYCLE SHOP" - CONTINUOUS

Ash is walking out of the office as Eddie rolls up and dismounts, greets Ash.

EDDIE

Kid.

ASH

How's it goin,' Eddie?

Ash moves to Moss (25 y.o., clean cut, flashy leathers).
Eddie notices the smashed gumball machine as he walks to
office; looks to Ash.

EDDIE
Boss in?

ASH (CONT'D)
(confidentially to Moss)
Now there's the guy you wanna meet!
(loudly to Eddie)
In the hizz-ouse, Eddie!

Eddie gives Ash an irritated look.

INT. RIDE CYCLE SHOP OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Walker is still looking down at his satchel. KNOCKING on door
snaps him out of reverie; he puts the gun in with the satchel
and closes drawer.

WALKER
Yeah.

Eddie enters.

EDDIE
Who's jonesin' gum that bad?

WALKER
How's it coming on the billet wheels and
the Joker front end?

Walker lights a cigar, searches his desk for something.

EDDIE
At my place. Tell you what, I could
really use an associate to cart that
shit. Matter of fact, could use one for
the next few days. Got my eye on a Rev
Tech for you as well--

WALKER
Wally on strike or something?

Walker finds a Post-It note with a number, picks up phone.

EDDIE
Had to cut that junkie loose - that's the
last time I find him horsed in his
skank's trailer when he shoulda been
picking me up for a job.

Walker punches phone number while talking to Eddie.

WALKER

Unprofessional. Tell you what, there's a little prick out there who might--

EDDIE

Who, the silkworm with Ash?

WALKER

Moss. Bothering us like a pussy rash last couple months; grease monkey from Santa Rosa - checks out. Ash likes him.

EDDIE

Ash likes Justin Timberlake.

Walker speaks into the phone.

WALKER

Hello, Mr. Smith. Walker... Your Eagles have landed... any time... g'bye.

Walker hangs up. Throws phone on desk.

WALKER (CONT'D)

You were on that grassy side of the fence once, Eddie.

EDDIE

Fuck, I was never that green!

WALKER

You're right - you were greener!

Both laugh.

WALKER (CONT'D)

(laughs, referring to Eddie)
Fuckin' silkworm over here! What's the rush? Wait for Dominic to get back from Arizona.

EDDIE

Spoke to the Chief; wants a big shipment.

WALKER

New Zealand Pinky, eh? What's he up to these days, that fat Maori fuck?

FLASHBACK

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Eddie sits at a dark corner table with NEW ZEALAND PINKY, a huge Maori with ceremonial face tattoos.

WALKER (V.O.)

Chief Pinkanawa represented a New Zealand club. He was the facilitator, the buffer between Eddie and the buyer.

PINKY

...My client needs them 35 bikes, Eddie.

EDDIE

Just need more time, Pinky.

PINKY

Them stories 'bout "Fast Eddie" for shit?

EDDIE

Ay, Chief! I'll meet the quota, but I had to 86 my associate--

PINKY

We're pulling out in three weeks, Eddie.

Eddie writes on a napkin, hands it to Pinky.

EDDIE

First number is Balboa Storage. Second number is my "invoice balance." Bikes'll start stacking tonight, so book some space now! Talk to my lady, Mindi. She'll take care o' you. Give her a little extra, maybe she'll sharpen your spear.

Pinky lays a street handshake on Eddie, slips him ten tight wads of cash under the table.

PINKY

Mah man, Fast Eddie!

INT. "RIDE CYCLE SHOP" - DAY

Walker and Eddie look at each other in silence.

WALKER

Good score... cuttin' it real close...

Beat. Eddie rises decisively.

EDDIE
 Maybe I'll go talk to Silky...

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT/EXT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

P.O.V. OUT FRONT WINDSHIELD, TRAVELLING.

Eddie pulls up slowly to a corner where Moss is waiting, wearing all black, his head darting around furtively, making a big production out of looking like a spy.

EDDIE
 Jesus H! Get in the fuckin' car before you get arrested for "looking like a suspicious douchebag in public."

MOSS
 Just makin' sure I wasn't tailed, y'know.

EDDIE
 You were! Been tailin' you for an hour, numbnuts.

MOSS
 (surprised)
 Oh... uh...oh. So where we headed, brah?

EDDIE
 You call me 'brah' again, Silkworm, and you'll be headed to the hospital with multiple contusions.

MOSS
 So, uh, we're making a delivery, right?

EDDIE
 Yeah, right. For a friend; wants a coupla bikes moved.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

TRAVELING.

MOSS
 We been around this neighborhood twice, Eddie - you know where your friend left his bikes?

Eddie doesn't reply.

MOSS (CONT'D)

Ooookay... just askin' br-- Eddie.

Eddie sees two RIDERS a block away. He guns the car to catch up with them, weaving through traffic. Moss is unprepared for the sudden action.

MOSS (CONT'D)

Ho! We have ignition, ladies and germs!

Eddie eases back and tails the Riders at a stealthy distance.

MOSS (CONT'D)

Heyyy... you're not gonna--

EDDIE

No.

MOSS

But I was talkin' to Reaper and he said--

Eddie looks at Moss menacingly.

MOSS (CONT'D)

--uhm, he said... not much - he didn't say much, but he said that sometimes you bring parts into the shop that are kinda... taken?

EDDIE

He said that, huh?--

MOSS

(talks fast)

No worries, Eddie, I mean, that's why Reaper hooked me up witchoo--

EDDIE

(interjects)

Hey! You're not here because of that child. You're here because Walker's been working on your '92 FXR and you're clean in his book.

MOSS

Yeah, well, I wanna get into the racket too, y'know, like you and the big man--

EDDIE

There's no "racket," kid--

MOSS

No, you know, the scene, the jive, man!
Where it's at, brah--

Eddie's fist shoots out and smashes Moss's face.

MOSS (CONT'D)

(holding his face)

Fuck, man! What the fuck?!

EDDIE

(quietly)

Don't call me 'brah,' Silkworm.

MOSS

And what's this Silkworm shit, man?! I
don't wanna be no Silkw--

EDDIE

Shut up!

The Riders have turned into a mall parking lot, Eddie following. Riders park their bikes (an FXR and a Sportster) near diner and dismount. Eddie parks the rental car in front of a nearby donut store, his eyes never leaving the Riders.

Moss ducks down in passenger seat, peering over edge of dashboard, eyeing the Riders entering diner.

MOSS

(whispers)

What do we do now, boss?

EDDIE

First: sit the fuck up - we're not in a
fuckin' retard parking space; stop
looking like one.

Moss sits up; Eddie scans the locale.

WALKER (V.O.)

A thousand people could walk by a take
and never realize the bike wasn't Eddie's
- the owner is the only person who's
gonna know his bike's being stolen.

EDDIE

Now, listen carefully, kid:

Moss leans in, intent to soak up Eddie's instruction.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Go get ten different types of donuts, ten coffees with ten sugars each - exactly ten, got it? - and meet me back here.

MOSS

Right! Ten different types of-- hey!-- the fuck you talking about?!

EDDIE

(dead serious)

Ten different donuts. Ten coffees. Ten sugars each.

Moss exits car, flustered.

MOSS

Shee-it, man! Talk about high strung. Think about going decaf, man...

WALKER (V.O.)

It's only called Grand Theft if you're caught red-handed cutting the locks, otherwise, riding a stolen bike ain't a crime - if it hasn't been reported stolen yet. So - our precaution: new associates don't get to witness the money shots.

P.O.V. SECURITY CAM

We see Eddie tampering with both bikes.

EXT. DONUT SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie rides into frame on the FXR, while Moss exits the Donut Shop, arms full of food. He is startled to see Eddie, who motions to the idling Sportster, 50 feet away.

EDDIE

Come on!

MOSS

(indicating his laden arms)

What about all this shit?--

EDDIE

Hammer it!

Moss drops everything messily in doorway of Donut Shop and runs for the other bike.

At that moment, a police cruiser is pulling into a parking space near Donut Shop.

Eddie sees the cruiser, rides off casually. Moss jumps on the Sportster and makes a big deal of gunning it after Eddie.

As the Donut Store OWNER rants about the mess in the doorway, the police cruiser waits a beat in parking space, then guns it in reverse.

AUDIO: Source music - "Iron Fist" by Motorhead.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Eddie ROARS by, followed by Moss, with the police cruiser on their tail, siren WAILING, lights spinning.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - SAME TIME

P.O.V. OTS COPS, OUT FRONT WINDSHIELD, TRAVELING

As the cruiser rockets through traffic tailing Eddie and Moss, COP-1 orders backup on radio, while COP-2 punches the computer and reads violations.

COP-2

FXR: 2 parking, red light. Sportster:
warrant. Let's do it!

We see Eddie and Moss splitting up.

COP-2 (CONT'D)

(gesticulating wildly)
The Sportster! Don't lose the Sportster!

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

Eddie sees Cops follow Moss. He ROARS off, not looking back.

Police cruiser chases Moss, who eventually grounds the Sportster expertly, so that he is not trapped under it. After sliding to a stop, Moss rises, his leg and arm bloodied, and limps towards the cruiser, skidding to a stop.

Cops leap out of cruiser, guns drawn on Moss, who is suddenly not the shy novice anymore.

MOSS

You fuckin' idiots! You let him get away!

COP-1

Let's see those hands, motherfucker!

Moss raises his hands almost humorously, shaking his head. While Cop-1 holds his gun drawn, Cop-2 cuffs Moss.

COP-2

Sir, you have the right to remain silent;
you have the right to an attorney--

With his hands cuffed behind his back, Moss launches into a tirade which gives the Cops pause.

MOSS

Yeah, yeah, save it, Sergeant Dumbass!
Detective Robert Mostovich, Undercover
GTA. You just pissed away the biggest
collar of your lives - Fast Eddie Barnes.
Now - get my ass downtown just as fast as
you fuckin' can, you flatfoots!

CUT TO BLACK

END ACT I

RIFE IT LIKE YOU STOLE IT

Story by: Jon Dunmore, Damon Pipitone, Chuck Greenberg, Dan
Hoal (C) 2009

Screenplay by: Jon Dunmore / Damon Pipitone (C) 2009

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