

FADE IN...

INT. OFFICE- DAY

LINUS MILLER, 24, dressed in warehouse uniform, walks slowly towards a time clock on the wall.

The bright LED light fixture overhead flickers, and he rubs his eyes, time card in hand. He sticks his time card in the clock and he hear a loud **PUNCH** as we...

CUT TO-

EXT. WAREHOUSE- DAY

Linus walks into a parking lot of scattered cars. He walks past them to the distant bicycle rack, where he removes his bike lock, and perches himself on his bike seat.

His bike is in excellent condition. The body reads "CANNONDALE". He checks his watch- "5:37 AM".

EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS- DAY

Linus bikes through the streets of Brooklyn. He is fast and nimble on his bike, making sharp turns, braking with ease.

INT. PIZZA SHOP BASEMENT- DAY

Linus slowly opens the basement door, taking light steps down the creaky stairs. He sees his girlfriend, NINA GARCIA, 25, and baby, LILY, sleeping peacefully on their floor mattress, a side table lamp illuminating the room.

Linus smiles and goes to them, turning out the light, and sliding under the covers next to Nina, kissing her on the cheek and putting his arm around her.

The three of them sleep side by side.

INT. PIZZA SHOP BASEMENT- 3 HOURS LATER

Linus sits at their small dining table, cup of coffee in front of him. Nina bounces a crying Lily. A TV blares the morning news.

NINA

I just don't understand why Roger can't give you just a few extra shifts at the warehouse!

She picks up a half-eaten piece of toast from her plate, takes a bite, and continues talking while chewing.

NINA (CONT')

Like, you really aren't asking for that much- and after all the times you've saved his ass!

Linus struggles to keep his eyes open, head in hand, and takes another sip of coffee. He looks down at the table at the numerous envelopes stamped with the words "URGENT", "ACTION REQUIRED", "OVERDUE".

NINA (CONT')

None of those guys have the same work ethic you do- NONE OF THEM. Have you told him about how hard you work to fix up your bike, Linus?

LINUS

It's a cleaning supply warehouse, babe.

NINA

Shhh... it's okay, it's okay. I knew that! Are you still going into midtown today?

LINUS

I mean, I guess. I don't think I'll have much luck out there, though.

NINA

You have a college degree, that's all they're *really* looking for.

LINUS

(sarcastically)

Oh yes, how could I have forgotten, my golden ticket!

NINA

Don't let it be wasted money! That reminds me, you're taking care of those bills today right babe? Tony's been pestering me about rent all week-

LINUS

I got it, Nina I'll take care of it. Don't worry.

INT. SUBWAY CAR- DAY

Linus wears a wrinkled short sleeve button up shirt, tie, and black slacks with his dirty gym sneakers. He squats next to his bike, polishing it with a silky cloth. He uses a pocket tool to tighten some small screws around the chain.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS- DAY

Linus glides the side of the busy midtown street, staring down at a handwritten list of businesses and addresses. He peddles up to the front of a tall office building and brakes quickly to begin locking up his bike.

JASON, 22, a young 'business bro', in a slick, navy suit makes a double take on Linus' bike as he exits the office building. He approaches Linus.

JASON

A *Cannondale*, huh... Nice! This your bike, pal?

Linus stares confused at him, surprised that he is even being spoken to right now.

LINUS

Yes, it is. This is my bike.

JASON

Niiice, buddy. Looks like it's been pimped out. That's epic. You know the name of the place that fixed it up for ya? I got a buddy up on floor 16 lookin' for a bike guy.

LINUS

Oh. Well, actually, I fixed up this bike myself. I just like to mod and refurbish old bikes.

JASON

Woah! Pal! This bike is the TITS.

He extends his hand out.

JASON (CONT')

Jason. Jason Porsche. Yes, of the car brand.

He chuckles. Linus slowly extends his hand to meet Jason's.

JASON (CONT')  
So, how much?

LINUS  
I'm sorry, what?

JASON  
Funny guy! How much for the bike? My  
buddy would love this style.

LINUS  
Oh.. haha. No, I'm sorry, it's not for  
sale. It's just... I've worked on it  
for so long and put so much time-

JASON  
Oh I'm sure we could work something  
out.

LINUS  
I'm sorry.

He begins locking up his bike again.

JASON  
What if I gave you... I don't know,  
how's 45 hundred sound?

Linus pauses. His eyes widen at this, losing his original  
train of thought.

LINUS  
What if I fixed up a whole new bike  
for you.

The offer comes out of his mouth on its own. As if he were  
possessed by a demon. Jason grins.

LINUS (CONT')  
I could clean it up. Make it just like  
mine and sell it to you.

JASON  
That's what I like to hear. Have it  
ready by say, a week from today? Oh!  
And by the way.

Jason pulls out his wallet and takes out a few \$100 bills.

JASON (CONT')  
Consider this a down payment.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS- DAY

Linus speeds down his neighborhood streets. He is on the phone with his friend, RENO.

RENO (O.S.)  
FOURTY-FIVE HUNDRED?! That's a fat  
stack, dude.

LINUS  
I know, Reno- I KNOW!

INT. BODEGA COUNTER- DAY

RENO  
Where the hell are you gonna get  
another bike?

CUT BETWEEN- BKLYN STREETS AND BODEGA COUNTER

LINUS  
That's actually why I called you.  
Could you link me up, dude?

RENO  
Unfortunately, no. Motor vehicles  
only, brother.

LINUS  
Dammit.

RENO  
You ever thought about just stealing  
one? They're so easy to just nab off  
the sidewalk.

LINUS  
(annoyed)  
Ugh, I knew you were gonna say that.

RENO  
And what of it!? Listen bro, I know  
how hard you and Nina got it in that  
rat shack, and if I had a girl like  
HER.. I'd be stealing bikes every day.

(To a customer)

That's gonna be \$7.50, homie.

LINUS

Watch it. And I don't know, maybe.

RENO

**Maybe** you should call me back when you're serious about moving up in this bike biz. Later, Line.

Reno hangs up.

Linus keeps peddling fast for a moment, before gradually braking to a slow glide down the street.

He scans the area, there are bikes chained up in front of every couple of houses. He passes each of them, before spotting a bike propped up against a gate, no chain.

Linus comes to a halt on the opposite side of the street. He pauses and stares at the bike, almost waiting for it to come to him.

He looks around and bikes across the street. He looks around once more, before hesitantly grabbing the left handle bar of the bike and quickly peddling away with it in hand.

INT. PIZZA SHOP BASEMENT- NIGHT

Linus sits on the edge of the bed staring at the stolen bike. It is filthy, with chipping paint and tearing rubber on the tires and handle bars. He takes a final moment of intimacy with the bike before pulling his tool box out from under the bed. It is complete with cleaning solutions, cloths and paint samples.

He begins cleaning the body.

FADE OUT...

FADE IN...

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS- A WEEK LATER

Linus leans against the bike rack in front of the same office building from earlier, smoking a cigarette. The refurbished bike looks brand new.

JASON (O.S.)

Linus! My man!

Linus perks up. Jason is walking beside his colleague, MARC.

JASON (CONT')

Look at this thing! Gorgeous! Linus, meet Marc.

MARC

You know, Linus, when Jayse-man here told me he found a bike guy for me, I was ready for another Schwinn-pimping loser. But this... this is some real craftsmanship, my friend.

Linus is genuinely touched by this compliment. Marc slides a checkbook out of his back pocket and scribbles in some numbers before tearing it out and handing it to Linus, locking eyes with him.

MARC (CONT')

I will be calling you, Mr. Linus.

LINUS

Anytime.

INT. PIZZA SHOP BASEMENT- NIGHT

Nina and Linus sit at their dining table, sipping wine in silence.

NINA

So you sold it today, huh.

LINUS

Yup.

Silence. Nina gets up and puts her wine glass in the sink.

LINUS (CONT')

45 hundred dollars. Do you know what that means for us?

NINA

What does it mean, Linus. Really. That now one of our neighbors doesn't have a way to get to work?

LINUS

What it **means** is I don't have to get on my knees and beg Roger for another overnight shift.

NINA

We were doing fine. We don't need

money from these... rich people-

LINUS

That sentence alone tells me how little you actually know about our money situation.

NINA

I know plenty about our money sit-

LINUS

Nina I'm sorry... but, when was the last time you took care of a bill?

NINA

I happen to have a child to take care of. Remember? Our daughter? She needs me here!

LINUS

(exploding)

You WEREN'T WORKING! YOU WEREN'T! You probably don't even know how much diapers are!

NINA

Oh my GOD! Who do you expect to take care of Lily? Who?! Certainly not YOU!

LINUS

All you do is just sit in the apartment all day pretending to be needed. You know what I think? I think you're just LAZY!

Beat.

LINUS (CONT')

Sigh. I didn't mean that.

Nina stares at him in disgust. She walks over to the bed, turns out the light and gets under the covers.

Linus sits at the table in the dark.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS- DAY

It is a few weeks later. Linus now does a simple quick scan of his surroundings before taking his bolt cutters out of his backpack and clipping bike chains. He is able to bike with one in each hand now.



INT. PIZZA SHOP BASEMENT- DAY

The basement is crowded with bikes of varying refurbishing stages. Linus squats next to a nearly fully renewed bike, rubbing a polish on the body.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS- DAY

Week after week, Linus shakes the hands of two new wealthy customers. They each write out a check and hand it to him.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS- NIGHT

Linus glides on his bike searching the neighborhood for a new bike to steal. There are none in sight, much different from a few weeks ago. He turns a corner and spots one chained up in front of a multi-family home.

He quickly pulls over, and takes out his bolt cutters. He clips the first rung when suddenly, THOMAS, 13, runs out of the house.

THOMAS

STOP!! PLEASE! MY BIKE!!

Linus immediately fumbles his cutters back into his bag and begins to run back to his parked bike. As he runs across the street, a speeding car slams on the brakes and honks its horn the headlights illuminating Linus' face.

Reno runs out of the house following Thomas, locking eyes with Linus. He sees the bolt cutters and the clipped bike chain.

RENO

You got 5 seconds to tell me what you're doing stealing my little cousins bike.

LINUS

Dude, I had no idea you had family here.

RENO

I said, what are you doing stealing my little cousins bike!?

LINUS

I never would have tried to if I knew it was Thomas' bike! I was just looking for bikes to nab, honest! Just

like you told me, remember?

RENO

You're an idiot. Did you really think I meant steal bikes from people in **THIS** neighborhood? I meant from the douchebags on Madison! You know, the ones who've never had to work for anything in their life? Are you that stupid? Are you?

LINUS

I- I... I don't know. Dude, I thought- I just- I thought-

Reno scoffs, and takes Thomas' hand, leading him back inside.

LINUS (CONT')

Reno, I'm sorry!

He doesn't look back and slams the door behind him.

INT. PIZZA SHOP BASEMENT- DAY

Nina slowly stirs awake. She reaches her arm over to Linus' side of the bed, but he is not there. She sits up and scans the room. The once bike-crowded area is now empty, with only their few pieces of furniture.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS- DAY

Linus links a newly cleaned bike to a front gate. He writes out a note on a notecard that reads "I'M SO SORRY."

As he bikes through the neighborhood, in the background there are numerous bikes linked to front gates with notecards attached to them.

He checks his watch- "6:43 AM".

INT. PIZZA SHOP BASEMENT- DAY

Linus carefully steps down the creaky wooden staircase of his apartment.

He sees Nina asleep with Lily sleeping beside her. He glances at the table, where there were once overdue bills are now organized checks and order receipts.

He quietly slides into bed, him on one side, Nina on the other, Lily now between them.

He kisses her on the cheek.

The three of them sleep side by side.

FADE OUT.