

IT'S A HARLEY SON

Super: Some of what follows did happen

THE BIKER, a fit seventy year old man with a long grey pony tail and beard, wearing a black leather motorcycle jacket and chaps walks over to a black 2003 Harley-Davidson Electra-Glide motorcycle. He straps on a luggage bag to the motorcycle's luggage rack. He looks at his wrist watch then takes it off and hands it to his WIFE, an attractive woman in her late sixties.

THE BIKER

(smiling)

Here take this my dear. I won't be needing it.

WIFE

(in a stern tone)

You be careful now and don't lose that famous temper of yours.

THE BIKER

(with a big grin)

Don't worry. I'll be Doctor Ice.
(Kisses his wife)

The Biker mounts the motorcycle and stands it upright. He reaches down and turns the fuel petcock on and pulls the choke out. He thumbs the starter and the engine starts. It gives off a loud but pleasant sound. He toe-shifts into first gear and takes off.

FADE OUT.

SUPER: August 2010

The song "Bo Diddley" is heard playing over the motorcycle's speakers. The Biker is shown driving out of the small town he lives in. He is shown driving on single lane roads followed by driving on Interstate highways. The Biker's journey passes through I-94 and I-90 in Wisconsin, I-90 in Minnesota, I-90 in South Dakota (through downtown Sturgis during Rally week) then back on I-90 unto Wyoming and Montana past the Little Bighorn Battle Field then unto Livingston, Montana.

At times the toe-shifting of gears with the Biker's foot is shown along with working the clutch and throttle. At times the Biker is shown safely passing automobiles and trucks.

FADE OUT.

3 EXT. LIVINGSTON, MONTANA - DAY 3

SUPER: Friday morning

The Biker enters Livingston, Montana and gets on Highway 89. He drives south on Highway 89 to Zak's Fly Fishing Shack.

4 EXT. ZAKS FLY FISHING SHOP PARKING LOT - DAY 4

The Biker slowly pulls into the parking lot of Zak's Fly Fishing Shop. He lowers the side stand, turns off the fuel pet-cock and dismounts the motorcycle. He takes his helmet and jacket off and lays them across the seat. He does a few deep knee bends to stretch and enters Zak's Fly Shop.

5 INT. ZAKS FLY FISHING SHOP - DAY 5

Behind a counter is ZAK, a man in his late sixties, writing in a notebook. He looks up and greets the Biker.

ZAK
(smiling)
Well, look who just dropped in.
Whadaya say Pard?

THE BIKER
(shakes Zak's hand)
Good to see ya Zak. How's it going?

ZAK
Not too bad. It's been a little
slow here lately but it's picking
up.

The phone rings.

ZAK (CONT'D)
I better take this one. Be back
with you in a minute.

THE BIKER
No sweat. I need to pick out some
flies anyways.

The Biker walks over to the fly area and starts selecting flies.

6 EXT. ZAKS FLY FISHING SHOP PARKING LOT - DAY

6

The tires of a late model platinum Lexus make a crunching sound on Zak's gravel parking lot as it rolls up near the entrance. KEVIN, a well groomed man in his early forties wearing a pink Polo shirt and neatly pressed khaki trousers gets out of the auto along with his SON, a twelve old boy. They walk towards the entrance to Zak's Fly Shop. Kevin's son notices the motorcycle and stops.

SON

Hey Dad, that's a cool motorcycle.
What kind is it?

KEVIN

(in a gruff voice)
I don't know nor do I care so don't
worry about it.

7 INT. ZAKS FLY FISHING SHOP

7

Inside Zak's Fly Shop the Biker is talking to Zak. Kevin walks over and rudely interrupts their conversation.

KEVIN

Are you the owner here? I want to
hire a guide to take my son
fishing.

ZAK

(looks up)
Be with you in a bit.

Kevin frowns and sighs.

THE BIKER

(in a friendly tone)
Why don't you take care of this
gentleman. I'm in no hurry. Just
remembered, I need to get some
leaders too.

The Biker walks over to the leader area of the shop and starts selecting leaders. Kevin's son slowly edges over.

SON

(in a cheerful tone)
Hey mister, that's a cool
motorcycle. What kind is it?

THE BIKER

(smiling)
It's a Harley Son.

SON
It's really shiny. Is it brand new?

THE BIKER
Naw, it's a 2003 Electra-Glide

KEVIN
(yelling across the store)
Let's go. We can't get a guide
until next week.

8 EXT. ZAKS FLY FISHING SHOP PARKING LOT - DAY 8

Kevin and his son walk out of Zak's shop towards the Lexus.

KEVIN
(in a stern voice)
Don't ever let me see you talking
to people like that again.

SON
Why not? He looked like a nice guy.

KEVIN
Don't argue with me. Just look at
how he looks. That old dirt bag
probably never held a decent job in
his life.

SON
(smiling)
Well Mom said you had a long hair
and a beard when you were in
college.

KEVIN
Never mind that. You just listen to
me on this.

Kevin drives out of Zak's parking lot faster than necessary.
A thin layer of dust settles on the Harley. The auto goes
south on Highway 89 towards Gardiner.

FADE OUT.

9 INT. ZAKS FLY FISHING SHOP - DAY 9

The Biker finishes selecting flies and walks over to Zak. He
hands Zak the flies he selected.

ZAK

Well you certainly made an impression on that jerk. I remember the story you told me about when you would make sales calls in a suit and be ignored when you stopped in a motorcycle dealership to shop and then be ignored when you went into a computer store wearing your Harley stuff. If that guy only knew what you did for a living. To be honest, we don't get many bikers in here that look like you and fly fish.

THE BIKER

I think the term biker is actually misused.

ZAK

In what way?

THE BIKER

(reaching for his wallet)

Ever see the guy who rides an old beat up Jap bike to work every day in rain, cold and even snow. He usually is an older guy and he straps his lunch box or a cooler to the bike. Now that guy is a true biker so to speak. Not like some of the posers I just saw in Sturgis who trailer their bikes to a rally. What do I owe you?

ZAK

(studies the fly selection)

Let me see now. Two dries, two nymphs and six streamers. Man you sure like those streamers. How does \$12.50 sound?

THE BIKER

Sound's way too cheap. You ought to charge more.

ZAK

(hands the Biker a bag)

Well I hope you catch something with these. By the way, how many years have you been to Sturgis?

THE BIKER
 (grinning)
 Twenty two years in a row. See ya
 later.

The Biker walks toward the door.

10 EXT. ZAKS FLY FISHING SHOP PARKING LOT - DAY 10

The Biker walks toward his motorcycle and notices a thin layer of dust on it obviously caused by Kevin.

THE BIKER
 (frowning)
 Shit.

He puts the flies in his tour-pac and mounts the motorcycle, turns on the fuel pet-cock and thumbs the starter. He slowly drives out of Zak's parking lot and goes south on Highway 89 towards Gardiner. The camera focuses on the back of the motorcycle and the sound of the exhaust. He brings the motorcycle up to 55 miles per hour. The song "Satisfaction" by the Rolling Stones is heard playing over the motorcycle's speakers. A smile appears on the Biker's face.

FADE OUT.

11 EXT. HARLEY DAVIDSON DEALER - DAY 11

SUPER: 1987

A YOUNGER BIKER, in his thirties with an ivy league haircut and wearing a three piece suit gets out of an 1987 Chrysler New Yorker and enters a Harley Dealer. He walks around the store looking at new and used motorcycles, accessories and clothing. He sits on two of the motorcycles and tries on a leather jacket. While walking around the store he is completely ignored by all the store's personnel.

YOUNGER BIKER
 (mutters to himself)
 So much for customer service.

The Younger Biker walks out towards his auto.

FADE OUT.

12 EXT. COMPUTER STORE - AFTERNOON

12

The YOUNGER BIKER wearing jeans, a Harley T-shirt and A black leather jacket drives out of his garage on a 1987 candy apple red Harley-Davidson Low Rider Custom. He drives to a large shopping mall and parks in front of a Computer store. He enters the store and looks at computer ribbons. He studies the ribbons for a while and looks up for assistance. The store personnel ignore him but rush over to wait on people wearing suits who have entered the store after the Biker. Finally the Biker approaches a Computer store CLERK, a skinny man in his early twenties, who is staring out the window.

YOUNGER BIKER

Excuse me. If it wouldn't be too much trouble, could you answer a few questions about this ribbon.

CLERK

(in a very snotty tone)
Yeah, whadaya want ta know?

The Younger Biker studies the clerk for a few seconds then tosses the ribbon at the Computer Clerk.

YOUNGER BIKER

(smiling)
Nothing sonny.

The Younger Biker leaves the Computer store and drives home. As he shifts through the gears a smile appears on his face.

YOUNGER BIKER (CONT'D)

(talking to him self)
Damn, those pipes sound good.

FADE OUT.

13 EXT. A GAS STATION IN GARDINER - AFTERNOON

13

SUPER: Friday afternoon

The Biker approaches Gardiner and pulls into a Conoco gas station next to a gas pump. He lowers the side stand, turns off the fuel pet-cock and dismounts the motorcycle. He inserts the gas pump nozzle into the motorcycle's gas tank and begins fueling. He notices Kevin engaged in a loud and heated conversation on his cell phone at a nearby pump.

THE BIKER

(frowning)
Shit.

KEVIN

Well damn it, take the inventory over again. It has to be a hell of lot more then what you came up with. We will lose our ass if those are the final figures. Don't argue with me. Take the damn inventory over again right now. Call me on my cell with the new total.

Kevin closes his cell phone and notices the biker at the pump behind him. He looks away and starts to walk towards the station.

THE BIKER

(loud enough for Kevin to hear)

I'll bet that's the only inventory you take each year.

KEVIN

(looks back and glares at the Biker)

What the hell would you know about business?

Kevin turns and walks into the station.

The Biker is amused by the Kevin's response and smiles. He sets his trip counter to zero, mounts the motorcycle and drives off.

Kevin walks out of the station and approaches his son.

SON

Are we going fishing tonight Dad?

KEVIN

Yeah. The guy here at this gas station told me of a place in the park where we should be able to catch some Trout.

SON

Can we eat first? I'm hungry.

KEVIN

(in a gruff tone)

Yeah. OK.

SON

Boy, you sure are crabby.

KEVIN

(puts his hand on his
son's shoulder)

I'm sorry son. We have some big
problems at my factory.

(looks down the road)

You know I wonder how that old dirt
bag knew we only take inventory
once a year.

Kevin and his son drive away from the gas station.

FADE OUT.

14

EXT. YELLOWSTONE RIVER IN YELLOWSTONE NP - EVENING

14

SUPER: Friday evening

The Biker stops his motorcycle at a wayside on the road between Canyon Junction and Lake Yellowstone. This section of the road runs along the Yellowstone River and is easily accessible for fishing. It is a pleasant summer evening. The Biker puts his waders and fishing vest on. He assembles his fly rod and wades into the Yellowstone. He ties on a Black Nosed Dace streamer and is ready to start casting when he hears an automobile come to a rather abrupt stop. He looks over his shoulder and notices the platinum Lexus parking next to his motorcycle.

THE BIKER

(frowning)

Aw, not again.

He starts to false cast. He casts the Fly to a 10:00 o'clock position upstream and then works the Fly cross stream giving it an occasional jerk while hand reeling it in. On his third cast he gets a vicious hit and sets the hook. Almost instantly a Rainbow trout jumps out of the water and dances on top of the surface. After a short fight, the Rainbow is in his net. He admires the 15" Rainbow for a moment and then sets the fish gently in the water releasing it. He catches and releases two more Rainbows then decides to hang it up for the evening and wades to shore. The sun is beginning to set. Kevin and his son are fishing from the shore with spinning rods. The Biker walks over to his motorcycle and takes off his fishing vest and his waders. He takes a swig of water and starts to break down his Fly rod. Just then Kevin and his son walk back to the Lexus. They both glance at the Biker. Kevin seems to be studying the Biker intently. The Biker puts his gear into the Tour Pak and mounts the motorcycle.

SON

Say mister, why did you let all of those fish go?

THE BIKER

It's called Catch and Release. Trout like I just caught are getting to be a scarce commodity. I want to give other people a chance to catch fish like this.

SON

We didn't catch anything.

Kevin is still studying the biker intently.

KEVIN

(walks over to the Biker)
Say How did you know we only take inventory only once a year?

THE BIKER

Many years ago I was asked to run a manufacturing company that was going bankrupt. Not taking a monthly inventory was one of the things causing their problems.

KEVIN

How in the hell could not taking a monthly inventory cause a problem?

THE BIKER

They were always taking on new product lines and never knew what their actual costs were. Taking a monthly inventory would have given them an accurate financial statement and alerted them to look at their costs before it was too late to do anything about it

Kevin gives the biker a look and sound that was a combination of a frown, forced smile and a very low grunt.

The biker does not say anything more and mounts his motorcycle. He drives north towards Canyon Village.

THE BIKER (CONT'D)
 (talking to him self)
 Damn, those pipes sound good.

FADE OUT.

15 EXT. THE YOUNGER BIKERS DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

15

SUPER: 1988

The Younger Biker is sitting in his dining room eating dinner with the YOUNGER WIFE, an attractive woman in her thirties.

YOUNGER WIFE
 How did your day go?

YOUNGER BIKER
 (shaking his head
 slightly)
 Absolutely beautiful. My day went
 from cash flow to crabs.

YOUNGER WIFE
 What are you talking about?

YOUNGER BIKER
 (puts his napkin on the
 table)
 As you well know our cash flow is
 virtually non-existent. My usual
 morning drill is after we see how
 much money comes in, we put all the
 past due payables in a hat and draw
 out the lucky winner for the day.
 Well it's not quite that bad but
 pretty close. It's not a very
 pleasant situation to be in. The
 Banks won't give us any more money
 and we have to do a real balancing
 act with the cash available. So
 right after the morning cash flow
 drill two senior employees walked
 into my office and said "Sharon has
 crabs. What are you going to do
 about it?". I asked them how they
 knew that. They said "She keeps
 scratching herself down there". I
 told them I had no idea what I'd
 do. After they leave my office
 Sharon walks in crying. "Those
 women say I have crabs".

(MORE)

YOUNGER BIKER (CONT'D)

I looked at Sharon and said "Do you have any problems?" So she starts crying more. After I calmed her down she said "I changed my laundry soap and my panties make me itch". I had trouble keeping a straight face. I told Sharon not to worry about what they think.

YOUNGER WIFE

(smiling)

Come on now. Did that really happen?

YOUNGER BIKER

Who in the hell would make something like that up? Do we have any more Pabst in the refrigerator? Oh and another thing. I got a lot of static about my edict to take inventory every month. Lots of moans and groans when I announced this to the management team. I told them that anyone who thought taking inventory every month was not necessary to just turn in their resignation.

YOUNGER WIFE

What did Russell and Bill say?

YOUNGER BIKER

(smiling)

Nothing when they saw I was dead serious

YOUNGER WIFE

(stands up and starts clearing the table)

Why don't you skip the beer and go for a ride on your Harley? You are in an awful mood.

The Biker agrees with his wife. He changes into his riding gear and mounts a 1988 candy crimson Softail Custom Harley-Davidson motorcycle and drives out of his garage.

FADE OUT.

16 EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - EVENING

16

The Biker drives slowly out of town. His motorcycle has loud mufflers and he is not in the mood for a citation from the local police. Once out of town he shifts through the gears up to 55 miles per hour.

YOUNGER BIKER
(talking to him self)
Damn, those pipes sound good.

He had about an hour of daylight left. The sun is low in the west and glistens off the candy crimson paint and the shiny chrome on the motorcycle. He slows down and turns unto a winding country road. He is not one to take chances or drive beyond his capabilities but takes the winding curves at the speed limit. After a few miles he stops the motorcycle by a bridge over a small creek. He gets off the motorcycle and walks over to the bridge. He lights a cigarette and studies the water. He see's a fish rise.

YOUNGER BIKER (CONT'D)
(talking to himself)
Should have brought my Fly Rod

He smokes another cigarette and then heads home. It is just about dark when he pulls into his garage. His wife greets him in their garage.

YOUNGER WIFE
(gives him a kiss and
smiles)
Well now you certainly are in a
better mood now.

FADE OUT.

17 EXT. CANYON VILLAGE IN YELLOWSTONE NP - EVENING

17

The sun disappears from the sky and darkness is approaching when the Biker pulls into Canyon Village. He covers his motorcycle and enters his cabin. He opens a bottle of Heineken and starts to read a book in bed about George Armstrong Custer. He falls asleep quickly.

FADE OUT.

18 EXT. A SHOOTING RANGE OUTSIDE OF YELLOWSTONE NP - DAY

18

SUPER: Saturday morning

It is a cloudy morning with the threat of thunder storms looming in the sky. The Biker pulls his Harley to the parking lot of a Gun Club just outside of Yellowstone National Park. He is a Cowboy Action Shooter and wants to keep in practice for a match coming up in a few weeks back home. He pays his range fee and walks over to a shooting station. He lays a .45 Colt Single Action Army revolver and two boxes of cartridges on a shooting station table. The Biker proceeds to load the revolver. He pulls the hammer to half cock and opens the loading gate on the revolver. He inserts five rounds into the cylinder.

THE BIKER
 (talking to himself)
 Load one, skip one, load four.

The Biker checks to be sure the hammer is on an empty chamber and proceeds to fire the revolver at steel plates placed at a distance of ten yards. He uses a one handed grip. He hears the ring of the each 200 grain lead bullet as he hits all five targets. The Biker gets a faint smile on his face. While reloading he hears familiar voices. He looks over and sees Kevin and his son at a nearby shooting station.

THE BIKER (CONT'D)
 (frowning)
 This is getting to be a bad habit.

As he reloads the Biker notices Kevin is shooting a Glock semi-automatic pistol. Kevin is doing all of the shooting while his son watches. The Biker continues to fire his revolver until he uses up all of his ammunition. While the Biker is putting his revolver into the case, Kevin's son walks over. Kevin looks at the biker and says nothing.

SON
 (smiling)
 Hi Mister.

THE BIKER
 (smiling back)
 Hello young man.

SON
 I bet that's a Cowboy six shooter.

THE BIKER
 Yes it is.

SON
 Is it a Colt 45?

THE BIKER

It's chambered in 45 Caliber but it's not a real Colt. It's an Italian replica of an 1873 single action Army Colt.

SON

(Son's eyes light up)
Wow! Can I hold it Mister?

THE BIKER

(glances at Kevin)
You would have to ask your Dad.

SON

(yells over to Kevin)
Hey Dad. Can I hold his gun?

KEVIN

(reloading a magazine,
looks up)
I suppose that will be OK but don't let him fire it.

The biker opens the loading gate, spins the cylinder and then hands the gun to Kevin's Son butt first

THE BIKER

Always keep it pointed down range and keep your finger out of the trigger guard.

SON

(examines the revolver)
Man! This is pretty heavy. If this is a six shooter, why do you only put five bullets in it?

THE BIKER

(smiling)
You are pretty observant for a young man. With a gun like this one, the only safe way to carry it is with the hammer down on an empty chamber. If you dropped this gun with the hammer on a live round, it could go off when it hits the ground and someone could get hurt real bad or worse.

SON

(speaking quietly)
You know my Dad is really a nice guy.

(MORE)

SON (CONT'D)

He owns a plastic company and something is going real bad for him now. He never was like this before. We did a lot of things together and we always had fun. He called my mom last night and told her that things are hopeless and he doesn't care what happens now. I love my Dad and I'm really worried about him. I've never seen him act like this before

THE BIKER

(takes the revolver back)

I used to own a plastics company many years ago. Sometimes owning a business can be very tough. Just be patient with your Dad and I'm sure things will get better for him.

The son walks back to Kevin.

A light rain starts to fall. The Biker walks over to his Harley and pulls a light weight rain suit out of his saddle bags. As he was putting the suit on, the rain falls harder. He drives slowly out of the range.

FADE OUT.

19

EXT. ON THE WAY TO MAMMOTH CHAPEL - DAY

19

SUPER: Sunday Morning

The Biker drives his Harley from Canyon village to the Mammoth Chapel. He takes a route through Tower Falls. It is a cool morning and the thermometer on his fairing reads fifty degrees. He is wearing a Black leather jacket and chaps. The cool early morning air creates pockets of mist in the open fields. He is very watchful of wildlife. He arrives at the chapel and parks his Harley off to the side. The Biker takes off his jacket and drapes it over his bike. He is fifteen minutes early and is surprised how crowded the parking lot was.

The Biker goes into the chapel and walks all of the way to the front of the chapel. He sits in the very first pew. He glances around and notices that the first one third of the church is virtually empty.

THE BIKER

(muttering to himself)

So what else is new.

The sermon was about being kind to your neighbor and people less fortunate than one's self. It was brief and to the point. The Biker usually has difficulty concentrating on sermons but listens to this sermon intently. As he walked out of church he noticed the Lexus owner's son standing by his Harley.

THE BIKER (CONT'D)

Hmmm.

SON

(smiling)

Hi Mister.

THE BIKER

Hello young man. Where is your father?

SON

(pointing to Kevin)

He is over there talking with someone from his company.

The biker notices Kevin engaged in another heated conversation on his cell phone.

THE BIKER

Is he still having problems with his business?

SON

(frowning)

He is and it looks like it's getting worse. He sure is crabby

THE BIKER

(looks at Kevin)

Well I have a pretty good idea what his problem is. I believe I could help him if he wanted to listen.

SON

(pleading)

Please don't say anything to him. He doesn't seem to like you. He saw you in church and said nobody wants to sit around an old dirt bag like you. That's why the front of the church was empty.

THE BIKER

(looks at Kevin's son)

Don't worry Son.

(MORE)

THE BIKER (CONT'D)

This old dirt bag will stay out of his way. You have a nice Sunday now.

Kevin is done talking and motions for his son to come over.

SON

(teary eyed)

Thank you Mister.

The Biker nods and puts his jacket and chaps on. The son returns to Kevin.

The Biker mounts his motorcycle and drives off.

FADE OUT.

20

EXT. INSIDE OF A CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

20

SUPER: 1972

The Younger Biker is dressed in a three piece suit and is in a very foul mood. He is ushering the early mass at his church. The Younger Biker notices that the church fills up from the back to the front. The Younger Biker is standing in the back of church after ushering people to their seats. He notices a young man in his early twenties starting to walk very slowly down the aisle. The young man uses a cane and has a patch over one eye. The Younger Biker watches the young man walk at almost a crawl down the aisle and sit in the first pew. Just then the young man's FATHER taps the Younger Biker on the shoulder. The Younger Biker recognizes the FATHER.

FATHER

(with a sad look, points to his son)

See what Vietnam did to my boy!

YOUNGER BIKER

Oh my God. What happened?

FATHER

(looks at the Younger biker)

A sniper's bullet entered through his eye and exited out the back of his head leaving him partially paralyzed and blind in one eye. He is trying to make the best of it. Say are you OK? Anything wrong? You sure look out of sorts.

YOUNGER BIKER
No. Nothing.

The father joins his son in the front pew.

The Younger Biker is visibly shaken by what has just seen.

YOUNGER BIKER (CONT'D)
(muttering to himself)
No, nothing wrong unless you
consider a hangover and wine stains
on a \$500.00 suit a problem. You
stupid son of a bitch. You really
have it rough.

FADE OUT.

21 EXT. PORCH OF HIS CABIN IN CANYON VILLAGE - AFTERNOON 21

SUPER: Sunday afternoon

It is raining heavily and the Biker is sitting on the porch
of his cabin. He pulls out a Ashton cigar and lights it.

THE BIKER
(muttering to himself)
Well I suppose I do look like an
old dirt bag. He should have seen
me forty years ago

FADE OUT.

22 INT. OFFICE - DAY 22

SUPER: 1970

The Younger Biker is sitting in the plant manager's office
with SKIP, a red headed man in his mid twenties and FRANK, a
handsome man in his early sixties with white hair and a
booming voice. FRANK is on the telephone.

FRANK
(in a soft, pleasant and
friendly voice)
Thanks for the order George. We Can
get it out for you in three weeks.
We will have to do lunch one of
these days. Say hi to Helen and the
kids for me.

Frank hangs up the phone.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 (in a booming voice)
 That cheap bastard.
 (turns to SKIP)
 Say SKIP, did you order the
 material for that new customer Tom
 picked up last week?

SKIP
 Not yet Frank but I'll get to it
 later on today or tomorrow.

FATHER
 (in a booming voice)
 I wouldn't order it yet. Let's
 screw em' real good. Let's show em'
 right off the bat what kind of
 service they can expect from us.

The Biker gets a smile on his face.

FRANK
 (looks at the Younger
 Biker, in a booming
 voice)
 What the hell are you laughing at?

Skip gets up and leaves Frank's office.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 (in a quiet voice)
 I'm gonna fire that Skip. He has no
 sense of urgency. You and I are the
 only sane people in this whole
 stupid place. You know we should
 start our own company someday, just
 you and me.

YOUNGER BIKER
 Aren't you a bit old to be starting
 a company?

FRANK
 (in a booming voice)
 Oh bullshit! I'll never be too old
 to do that.

FADE OUT.

It is still raining heavily and the Biker is still sitting on
 the porch of his cabin smoking his Ashton cigar.

THE BIKER

(occasionally puffs on the
cigar while he talks)

Frank and I eventually go into business together. Frank owns 51% of the company and I end up owning a 24% share. As the years pass I never forgot the significance of owning at least 51% of a company's stock. After several years our company was sold to a small holding company out east. The Chairman of the holding company was a person who sounded like he wrote the book on business management. As time passed I began to have serious doubts about the Chairman's abilities and credentials. The Chairman asked me to take control of a company in the group that was going bankrupt. Reluctantly I agreed. In less than a year, I restored the company to full profitability and posted record profits. I'd admit to my friends that I was quite surprised by the results. The Chairman appeared to be very pleased with the results. I recall the Chairman putting his arm around me and saying "I really like your year-end numbers". "You are going to get a bonus beyond your wildest dreams". At that time I still believed the Chairman's word. I remember talking to my wife that evening about my big bonus.

FADE OUT.

24

EXT. THE YOUNGER BIKERS DINING ROOM - EVENING

24

SUPER: 1978

The Younger Biker is sitting with his wife in the dining room.

YOUNGER WIFE

(smiling)

Well you certainly are in a good mood.

YOUNGER BIKER

(pours more wine for
himself)

Our accountant just finished the year end financials. We had a great year, the best ever! Bob told me I'm going to get a bonus beyond my wildest dreams. We are in great shape financially. Why don't we take this bonus and spend it on ourselves? Tell you what. I always wanted a Corvette. I'll pick out a nice used Vette for around ten grand and you buy yourself a mink coat or some jewelry. How about it?

YOUNGER WIFE

(shaking her head)

I don't know. Maybe we ought to save some of that.

YOUNGER BKER

(takes a sip of wine)

Yeah. That might be the smart thing to do.

FADE OUT.

25 EXT. THE YOUNGER BIKERS PATIO - EVENING

25

Super: Two weeks later

The Younger Biker and his wife are sitting on their patio.

YOUNGER WIFE

(with a concerned look)

Well what's the bad news you have to tell me?

YOUNGER BIKER

(lights a cigarette)

Today I received a bonus beyond my wildest dreams.

YOUNGER WIFE

(with a slight frown)

Why is that bad news?

YOUNGER BIKER

(blows a puff of smoke up
into the air)

The bonus was nothing!

YOUNGER WIFE

Oh my God. After all you did for that company. It's a good thing you didn't buy that Corvette.

YOUNGER BIKER

That's for sure. You know I can't work for that man anymore. I'm going to start looking.

YOUNGER WIFE

(she holds the Young
Bikers hand)

You are not going to work for anyone again.

YOUNGER BIKER

You know that means and what you'll be getting into!

YOUNGER WIFE

(smiling)

Yes I do.

FADE OUT.

26

EXT. PORCH OF HIS CABIN IN CANYON VILLAGE - AFTERNOON

26

The rain has stopped and the Biker is still sitting on the porch of his cabin smoking an Ashton cigar.

THE BIKER

(occasionally puffs on the
cigar while he talks)

It was not long after when I resigned as the president. We sold our house and moved into an apartment with our three children. We started our own manufacturing company without any outside investors or partners. Our company grew to be the largest of its kind in the state of Wisconsin. Frank passed away before we started this company. I always wished Frank could have been with me. I loved that man.

FADE OUT.

27 EXT. HWY 89 BETWEEN ZAK'S FLY SHOP & YELLOWSTONE NP - DAY 27

SUPER: Monday

The Biker straddles his Harley, thumbs the starter and heads up HWY 89 to Zak's Fly shop. It is early morning and dew glistens off the trees and grass. Cannonball Adderley's "The Work Song" is playing on the CD player. After driving for a while the Biker notices Kevin's Platinum Lexus parked on the opposite side of the road. The Lexus is parked on a rather odd angle and looked as if it had been deliberately driven into some smaller pine trees. The Biker slows down and makes a U-turn. The Biker carefully parks his Harley on the shoulder. He walks over to Lexus. It is unoccupied but the driver's door was left open. He notices a trail through the wet brush and follows it for fifty yards. The Biker comes upon Kevin in a small clearing. Kevin is kneeling and sobbing by the edge of a small brook. The rushing water in the brook makes a rustling sound but not loud enough to block out Kevin's sobbing. In Kevin's right hand is a Glock semi automatic pistol.

THE BIKER

(screams)

What the hell are you doing?

KEVIN

(looks at the Biker teary
eyed)

Get out the hell of here. Leave me
alone.

THE BIKER

Where is your boy?

KEVIN

(stands up and faces the
Biker)

None of your damn business.

The biker starts to slowly edge closer to Kevin.

THE BIKER

I said where is your boy?

KEVIN

He is at the motel.

Kevin pulls the slide back and chambers a round into the Glock.

THE BIKER

(in a loud voice)

I don't know what you are planning to do but if it's what I think it is, that's not the way. What about your son? Are you going to leave him with the memory of this for the rest of his life?

The Biker keeps edging slowly toward Kevin.

KEVIN

He will be well taken care of.

The Biker is now within arm's length of Kevin and looks at Kevin straight in the eye. Kevin points the Glock at the Biker.

THE BIKER

(loudly)

Bullshit!

The Biker swiftly grabs Kevin's right wrist with both hands. The Biker is tries to force Kevin's hand over his head and point the Glock towards the sky. They struggle a bit. The Biker is almost successful in maneuvering the Glock towards the sky when they both slip on the wet grass. The Biker lands on his back and the Kevin falls across him. There is a sharp noise. The Glock has discharged one round. Everything becomes silent. Still holding the Glock, Kevin stands up and looks down at the Biker. A nine millimeter round has entered the Biker above his hip and lodges in his thigh. The Biker try's to stand up but collapses. The Biker is bleeding profusely and lays on the ground writhing in pain.

For several seconds Kevin stares at wounded Biker. Then as if he is suddenly transformed into a small child, Kevin starts to sob hysterically. He throws the Glock into the brush and kneels down beside the Biker. Kevin gently cradles the Bikers head in his lap.

KEVIN

(sobbing)

My god what have I done? I'm so sorry. I didn't mean for this to happen.

THE BIKER

(looks up at Kevin with a faint smile)

You know I don't even know your name.

KEVIN

It's Kevin.

THE BIKER

(grimacing in pain)

Well Kevin, I believe I'll survive this but we have a few things to do right now. Open the Tour-Pac. That's the box on the back on my motorcycle. Inside is my cell phone and a black case. Bring them to me.

Kevin fumbles with opening the motorcycle's Tour-Pac and finally brings the cell phone and black case over to the Biker.

The Biker calls Zak on his cell phone.

THE BIKER (CONT'D)

(in a raspy voice)

Zak, I had a little shooting accident. I need some help. Can you send Dale over right away. I'm about three miles south of you on 89.

ZAK

Are you OK.

THE BIKER

(in a raspy voice)

Yeah, I'll be alright. I just shot myself in the leg.

ZAK

You sound like hell!

THE BIKER

(in an impatient tone)

Just call Dale. OK?

The Biker closes his cell phone and looks up at Kevin.

THE BIKER (CONT'D)

(raspy)

We have one more thing to do.

The Biker opens the black case. He pulls out his Single Action Colt revolver and hands it to Kevin.

THE BIKER (CONT'D)

(raspy)

Take six bullets out of the pocket on this case and load em' into this gun.

KEVIN

(with a worried look)

What are you going to do? Shoot me?

THE BIKER

(raspy)

Naw, We can't shoot you. We've got a business to turn around

KEVIN

(with tears in his eyes)

"We? You mean you would help me after what I've just done?"

(he fumbles with loading the revolver)

THE BIKER

(raspy)

Sure I will. Pull the hammer back to half cock and open up the loading gate.

Kevin loads the revolver and hands it to the Biker with the barrel pointing at the Biker.

THE BIKER (CONT'D)

(raspy)

Kevin, always hand a gun over butt first. Someone could get shot.

The Biker pulls the hammer back and cocks the revolver. He fires one round into a small bluff and then lays the revolver down next to him.

KEVIN

What's this all about? What are you doing?

THE BIKER

(raspy)

In about fifteen minutes the sheriff will be here. You let me do all of the talking.

KEVIN

I don't get it.

THE BIKER

(raspy)

Just leave that Glock or whatever the hell it is in the woods. As far as you are concerned you heard a shot and found me laying here. We can't have you involved in this. What happened here today is going to be strictly between us. Understand?

KEVIN

(with a puzzled look)

Why are you doing this?

THE BIKER

(smiling)

I like your son.

Shorty thereafter the County SHERIFF DALE, a heavy set man in his forties pulls up with Zak.

SHERIFF DALE

(looks around the scene)

What the hell happened here?

THE BIKER

(raspy)

I was doing a little practicing and dropped my gun. The damn thing went off. This gentleman was kind enough to stop and help me.

Sheriff Dale picks up the revolver and unloads it. He collects five live rounds and one spent case. He looks at the Biker.

SHERIFF DALE

(shakes his head)

Jeez, You out ta know better then to load six bullets in a gun like this.

THE BIKER

(very raspy)

I guess I'm getting careless in my old age.

Zak tips his head up and rolls his eyes.

The Biker loses consciousness.

FADE OUT.

28

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - EVENING

28

SUPER: Later that evening

The Biker is laying in a hospital bed. Kevin stops by with his son to see how the Biker is doing. Kevin does most of the talking as the Biker is still weak and drifting in and out of consciousness. The Biker does manage enough strength to shake Kevin's hand.

THE BIKER

(in a weak voice)

I'll plan on being at your plant by the end of September. I'm sure I'll be up and about very soon.

KEVIN

(with tears in his eyes)

Thank you Sir. I'll never forget what you did for me.

THE BIKER

And your son, Kevin!

SON

(smiling)

Good bye Mister.

After Kevin and his son leave the Biker calls his wife to tell her what happened.

WIFE

Why do you want to help that guy?
He sounds like a real jerk.

THE BIKER

I like his kid. Besides I enjoy fixing companies.

WIFE

Why don't you ship your bike back home and fly home?

THE BIKER

Naw. I'll be OK to drive it back.

WIFE

Stubborn, Stubborn! Well you better be careful. You were very lucky.

THE BIKER

Kevin was lucky!

After his wife hangs up the Biker turns on the TV. The "Pride of the Yankee's" with Gary Cooper is playing. The final scene in the movie is playing. It is Lou Gehrig's farewell speech at Yankee Stadium. Lou Gehrig is retiring from baseball after being diagnosed with ALS. Lou Gehrig knew that he was dying. In his speech Lou Gehrig says "Fans, for the past two weeks you have been reading about the bad break I got. Yet today I consider myself the luckiest man on the face of this earth".

THE BIKER (CONT'D)
 (with a tear in his eye)
 I guess I'm the luckiest man on the
 face of this earth.

FADE OUT.

29 EXT. ZAKS FLY FISHING SHOP PARKING LOT - DAY

29

SUPER: One year later

The Biker slowly pulls into Zak's Fly shop parking lot and parks a 2010 two-tone Burgundy Harley Davidson Ultra-glide. Zak walks outside to greet the Biker. They shake hands.

THE BIKER
 (grinning)
 Take a look at a new edition to the
 family.

ZAK
 (looks at the Biker)
 What kind is it?

THE BIKER
 (frowning)
 Come on Zak. It's a Harley.

ZAK
 (rolls his eyes)
 Of course it's a Harley. I ain't
 that stupid. I meant what model is
 it?

THE BIKER
 It's a 2010 Ultra-glide. I thought
 I'd get one more new one before I
 take up the rocking chair.

ZAK
 (nodding his head in
 approval)
 Very nice but I thought you always
 drove black Harley's.

THE BIKER

(smiling)

Well maybe it was time for a little change.

They both admire the motorcycle for a while and then walk back into the Fly shop.

30

INT. ZAKS FLY FISHING SHOP - DAY

30

ZAK

(walks behind the counter)

Say, how is Kevin doing?

THE BIKER

(pulls out a cigar)

Kevin is doing fine. He is out of the woods. I was glad that I could help him.

(lights the cigar)

ZAK

Still smoking those Ashton's? You know there were a lot a question's raised after you left last year. It seems that sometime last September the sheriff's department did some analysis on the bullet taken from your leg. They were wondering how a nine millimeter bullet came out of a .45 Colt revolver.

THE BIKER

(grinning)

Oh I'm sure they made a mistake.

Zak gets a funny look on his face. He looks up at the ceiling, rolls his eyes and shakes his head then looks at the Biker.

ZAK

Yep! I'm sure they did.

The Biker walks over to the fly counter and selects a group of flies. He gives the selection to Zak.

ZAK (CONT'D)

That'll be \$14.00 Even.

(hands the Biker a bag)

THE BIKER

(shaking his head)

You still don't charge enough.

(MORE)

THE BIKER (CONT'D)
 (pays Zak)
 See Ya later Pard.

The Biker shakes Zak's hand and goes outside.

31 EXT. ZAKS FLY FISHING SHOP PARKING LOT - DAY

31

The Biker is about to start his motorcycle when his cell phone rings. He looks at the caller ID and it is Kevin. The Biker answers the call.

THE BIKER
 Hello Kevin.

Kevin is in a talkative mood and the Biker can do nothing but listen. Finally after several minutes the Biker responds.

THE BIKER (CONT'D)
 (smiling)
 Well that certainly is good news. You see how taking that monthly inventory helps. It gives you an accurate financial statement. You can spot a problem and fix it before it gets out of hand. It's sort of like monitoring one's blood pressure. That's a respectable gross margin you are showing. Your bankers were certainly pleased, pleased enough to finance your new equipment.

After listening to Kevin talk for several more minutes The Biker responds again.

THE BIKER (CONT'D)
 Yes, I can be at your plant when the new presses arrive. I've got a few ideas for you on material flow. I'm going to be in Yellowstone for at least another two weeks or so. I'll call you when I get back. Say hi to your boy for me.

The Biker closes his cell phone and puts the flies in his Tour-Pac. He mounts the motorcycle and thumbs the starter. The engine roars to life. He slowly drives out of Zak's gravel parking lot and goes south on highway 89. He turns off the CD player and listens to rhythmic sound of the Harley's Screaming Eagle mufflers.

THE BIKER (CONT'D)
 (smiling, he mutters to
 himself)
 Damn those pipes sound good.

FADE OUT.

32

INT. KEVIN'S FAMILY ROOM - AFTERNOON

32

Kevin and his son are sitting in their family room watching a baseball game on the TV. A commercial appears and Kevin turns to his Son.

KEVIN
 Son, I want you to call your little league coach and tell him you will be missing the next three weeks games.

SON
 Why Dad? Are we going somewhere?

KEVIN
 (smiling)
 We are going to meet a very special friend of ours in Yellowstone.

SON
 (grinning)
 Is it who I think it is?

KEVIN
 You bet!

SON
 (stands up)
 I'll get my suitcase and start packing.

KEVIN
 There won't be any room for suitcase's on this trip.

SON
 Why not?

KEVIN
 (smiling)
 Let's go outside. I want to show you something.

FADE OUT.

33 EXT. KEVIN'S BACK YARD - AFTERNOON 33

Kevin and his son go out into the back yard and walk over to small building that houses Kevin's riding lawnmower and garden tools. He unlocks the padlock and slides the door open. He motions for his son to come inside the building. The son's eyes widen as he looks at a new 2010 Harley-Davidson Ultra-glide motorcycle. The chrome plated parts gleam in contrast to the shiny Black paint job.

SON

Wow Dad! That's a cool motorcycle.
What kind is it?

KEVIN

(with a big grin)
It's a Harley Son!

FADE OUT.

34 EXT. KEVIN AND HIS SON ON THE WAY TO YELLOWSTONE - DAY 34

Kevin is shown driving his 2010 Black Harley-Davidson Ultra-glide west out to Yellowstone. His son is sitting in the passenger's seat. Both have big smiles on their faces.

35 EXT. ZAKS FLY FISHING SHOP PARKING LOT - MORNING 35

Kevin drives down HWY 89 and pulls into Zak's parking lot. The Biker is standing by his Harley. Kevin parks his motorcycle next to the Biker's. Kevin and his son dismount the motorcycle and greet the Biker. They all shake hands. Kevin gives the Biker a hug.

THE END