

SCRIPT TITLE

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EXT. COURIER HURRIER BUILDING - CONT

Chet blades slowly through the throngs of bike messengers. Word of what he is about to do has spread.

BIKE MESSENGER #1
(coasting by)
Dead man walking.

BIKE MESSENGER #2
Yo! \$50 on paralysis... neck down.

Hearing this only strengthens Chet's resolve. As he nears the top of Jones Street, Spider coasts along side of him on his signature *funnel-web design* mountain bike.

SPIDER
(really enjoying this)
You know why they call it
Watermelon Hill, right?

Chet looks straight ahead.

SPIDER (cont'd) (cont'd) (CONT'D)
When that skateboard tool burst his
melon open last year... his brains
came through the holes in his
helmet like a yogurt dispenser.
Maybe they should've called it...

Spider is at a loss for creativity. Chet waits, gives up.

CHET
Haagen Dazs Hill?

SPIDER
I don't know. Does Haagen Dazs
make yogurt?

Chet is overwhelmed by Spider's stupidity. He reaches the top of Jones Street and straps on his brain helmet--his hair pokes through the holes at awkward angles.

CHET
Look, Spider, I've only got eight
minutes to revolutionize the
courier industry, prove you a
coward and make 50 bucks so--

As bike messengers scramble for a better view, Chet skates a wide circle at the top of Jones Street. He maneuvers to the precipice, peers over the edge--the view resembles a double diamond ski slope.

Chet does a quick checklist of his equipment, checks his bag. Helmet, elbow pads, knee pads, sunglasses, something's missing...

CHET (cont'd) (CONT'D)
 (angry, but smooth)
 Can I have my headphones back,
 Spider?

Spider shrugs, but doesn't protest--we get the feeling this kind of thing happens all the time.

Chet takes a deep breath and turns ON his music. Something like MOTORHEAD attempts to blow the headphones off of his ears.

Chet focuses on the stoplights down Jones Street. It's like the light tower at a drag strip. The California Street light turns green. Then Pine. Bush. Sutter. Chet waits for the Post Street light to turn. He gives Spider the finger and, with one push, he's off.

Halfway down the first block, Chet gets into a tuck. He races past California Street, onto the next hill...

Pine Street passes with a blur... Then Bush... Sutter. A dog takes up the chase, and is left in Chet's exhaust.

Drivers stop to catch a glimpse of him. Pedestrians retreat to the safety of the sidewalk. Chet continues on, MUSIC POUNDING through his headphones.

Chet smiles as he rockets past, checks the stoplights ahead.

Still green. That's the good news. The bad news is that he's approaching the O'Farrell Street bump...

Chet sits down even farther into his tuck, bracing himself. He hits O'Farrell, his knees taking the split-second upward surge like springs. Then... Air...

All is quiet. NO MUSIC. No violent chatter of skates. Chet floats, the earth melting away beneath him...

Bang! He lands. The MUSIC RETURNS, along with the raucous RATTLING of Chet's wheels--if anything, he's going even faster.

He barrels past Market Street...almost to Mission. But the light's turning. Cars start into the intersection. Will he make it?...

Yes! As Chet starts his turn around the buildings...

CHET (cont'd) (CONT'D)
 What the...?

CHET'S POV: A *very busy* Mission Street.

CUT TO:

ATOP THE HILL: Spider smiles down at Chet's predicament.

SPIDER
 Street cleaning Mondays. Too bad
 it's Tuesday, dickhead.

BACK TO:

CLOSEUP: CHET'S REALIZATION...

CHET
 Oh shit.

VARIOUS SHOTS: Cars clogging both sides of Mission as Chet continues his turn...

CHET (cont'd) (CONT'D)
 SHHHIIIIITTT!!!!

Chet's first concern is a Lincoln Navigator; three-odd tons of yuppie-steel parked on the corner.

Chet picks up his right skate and turns it backwards, now skating sideways, his knees spread-eagled. He leans, arching his back as far as his spine will allow. It looks like limbo on rollerblades, but allows him to cut a few precious feet off his turn--just enough...

Chet barely brushes the Navigator, his elbow pad leaving a long scratch on the high gloss paint job.

Chet snaps his right leg back around, and is now facing straight up Mission. It's three more blocks to Fifth, all uphill, but he's got lots of momentum.

He passes several cars, drawing stunned looks from their drivers, then closes in on a bus. Were it the second Monday of the month, it'd be a breeze. But with the street lined with cars, there isn't much room to spare.

Chet makes his body as narrow as possible, then squeezes-- like an Egyptian-- between the bus and a row of parked cars. So far, so good... until he SEES a BMW's door opening, 70ft. in front of him.

An expensive but garish Armani shoe swings out from the car, then a hand wrapped around a large freshly-squeezed papaya juice, complete with top and straw.

Chet has less than a second to react. He puts one skate in front of the other, and heads straight for the door.

The Armani shoe touches the ground. The knee bends for leverage. The unknowing driver is a millisecond from stepping into Chet's path.

Chet raises his leg, plants his skate on the driver's knee, then catapults himself over the open car door. He flies 20 feet before executing a perfect landing.

Behind him, a couple of 20-something slackers score the jump a "10". Meanwhile, Armani-man sits frozen in his BMW. He stares at the skate mark on his khaki pant-leg, then at his empty juice hand.

Chet drains his new found juice, then sinks a three pointer as he blows past a garbage can on the corner.

Gravity takes over. Chet's skates lose momentum. As he SLOWS, so does the MUSIC... He coasts to a halt under a street sign, removes his headphones.

Chet looks up at the sign--Mission and Fifth. He checks his watch -- 12:58, two minutes to spare. He smiles and skates to the delivery site...