

# CYCLE

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Written by

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## **EXT. LONG WINDING ROAD- MORNING**

Time has stopped.

Ahead of us, we see a sleek black Dodge Challenger that wears mud-like makeup, covering up its growing rust marks.

The Dodge has struck a cyclist.

The car devouring the cyclist's bike knocks the cyclist over the hood and into the air.

The cyclist was wrapped in a neon green bodysuit, with a brand name too wrinkled to see, all the while equid with a backpack.

The cyclist's body is contorted and twisted, resembling a

broken action.

As if waking up from a long slumber, the Cyclist's face is calm, he shows no sign of fear or agony, yet he is attentive;

Alert.

His eyes show that he is aware, he knows that he's going to

die, yet he shows no fear.

Instead, the Cyclist slowly closes his eyelids, accepting his

Face.

#### **JOHN'S MEMORY**

##### **INT. BEDROOM- MORNING**

John awakes in a large bed, draped in Kashmiri sheets, and equipped with a hole where his wife would be.

John is a young man, built well, but constantly looks like a pebble in his shoe.

John is a man too young to have his best years behind him, yet that is John.

#### **CUT TO:**

##### **INT. FRONT ENTRANCE- MORNING**

A hallway with a lavish dining set decorates the backdrop as

John, now dressed in his Neon green Nike brand cyclist suit,  
complimented by his helmet.

John's house is decorated as a rich person would, not lavish,  
but the burgundy hardwood floor and white-painted walls  
screams that one of the spouses is a serious bread winner.

John approaches the door; he stops and looks at the neon pink  
sticky note guards his exit.

John rips the sticky note from the door and brings it close  
to his face.

**JOHN-**

**"Don't forget to attend tonight's  
ceremony! Ten years is a big  
occasion!" Your loving wife, Susan.**

John's face twitches as his eyebrows tense and curve,  
deciding whether to be angry or confused.

John decides neither and becomes stoic.

John crumbles up the sticky note and throws it behind him.

Exiting the house as he does so.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. PARK- MORNING (7:20)**

John stands alone in a small yet well-kept park with a  
jogging trail winding through.

John stands at a water fountain with his back towards his  
bike.

From a distance, Emerging from over the hill, from under  
John's chin, we see a young, extremely fit man jog towards  
John.

As the man gets halfway toward John, he begins to call out  
John's name.

**MAN:**

John! John!

John's head perks up and turns like a rabbit acknowledging  
his predator.

As if John's feet were cement, John goes to hop back on his  
bike only to fall over onto his side.

**MAN (CONT'D) :**

John, wait! John!

Hopping off the ground, John stumbles to get his bike up  
before successfully riding away.

John ignores the calls behind him, trying desperately to

outrun the man chasing him, only barely hearing the man's  
final words to him.

**MAN (CONT'D) :**

You can't run away from your  
problems John!

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. FARMSIDE ROAD- MORNING (7:46)**

John rides on an empty road, focusing hard on the pavement in  
front of him.

John's veins bulge from concentration.

As if automated, John takes a ninety-degree turn down a dirt  
road.

John disappears from sight.

All that's left is a small dust cloud and a few tire tracks  
down the dirt road.

John returns with a backpack now filled with an unknown  
object.

John continues to an unknown destination.

**FADE TO:**

**EXT. ACROSS THE STREET**

Hidden underneath the brush and leaves of a low-hanging branch stalks a rusted, window-tinted Dodge Challenger. Slowly the beast creeps forward from the shade and into the light.

It makes its way to the road and stops directly behind John; the black tinted windows stare at the back of John. As soon as a John goes over the hill, leaving the vehicles sight.

The car leaps in pursuit, following the dusty trail left behind by John.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. LONG WINDING ROAD- MORNING (8:00)**

John continues through the winding path heading to his destination, unaware of the pursuer behind him. The car growls as it pulls up behind John, narrowly bumping the back of the bicycle. John waves his hand, signaling the car to go around, furrowing his brow in confusion. The black, rusted Dodge pounces, launching John forward, nearly running him off the road.

Fear covers John like a blanket; panic sets in faster than he  
can breathe.

John's pedaling becomes rapid, almost as he believed he could  
outrun the car.

Inside the beast of a car is a yellow nicotine-stained smile,  
surrounded by smoke and torn headrests.

John, with a face full of desperation, changes course.  
John goes off into the forest, legs spread wide, allowing the  
pedals to move wildly.

Striking a rock halfway down the hill, John is launched  
towards the road further down.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. LOWER WINDING ROAD**

John lies prone on the road with his now bent bike.  
Slowly, John begins to move, pulling the bike close to him  
using it to prop himself up.

John's face is now bruised and cut, with a small layer of  
dirt coating John's cheeks.  
Finally making it to his feet, John looks around to see his  
revealing his destination.

**JOHN:**

I made it...

Across the road is a memorial with a picture of a young blonde woman, barely twenty, in the center of a beautiful bouquet of flowers.

John's face is void of fear and has now been replaced by dread.

John begins to remember why he originally came here.

**JOHN'S MEMORY**

**EXT. HOUSE PARTY- NIGHT**

John's memory is blurred from intoxication, only remembering flashes of light and the silhouettes of people at a party.

Approached by friends, John exchanges goodbyes.

Yet, the only sound that escapes from their mouths are gibberish and mumbles.

In a blurry haze, John stumbles over to his sports car, entering the vehicle.

John proceeds to erratically speed out of the driveway and down the road.



**CUT TO:**

**EXT. LONG WINDING ROAD**

The road begins to shake, and John closes his eyes for  
near-instant.

When he opens them, it's too late.

The woman is already there.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. JOHN'S CAR- NIGHT [DRIVING]**

John twists the wheel as far as possible, but the impact  
Occurs.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. JOHN'S CAR- NIGHT [DRIVING]**

The wheels turn, ripping the tires' rubber, screeching out.

Still, the impact ensues.

The woman disappears over the hood of the car.

The violent crash of the woman echoes throughout John's ears.

The car turns perpendicular to the road, effectively  
Stopping.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. JOHN'S CAR- NIGHT [DRIVING]**

As the car stops, it is met with silence.

Then a splat.

John winces at the sound.

Afraid to move, John stays still, hands clenched around the steering wheel.

After a minute, John finally decides to move.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. WINDING ROAD- NIGHT**

John stumbles over to the woman, her body broken and contorted.

She's as young as John, wearing a dress meant for partying.

Her eyelids are open as blood pours from her head.

John feels sick.

John has to hurl but chokes it down.

Sobering up, John now stumbles his way to his car.

John drives off in a calm and collected manner, barely hitting the speed limit.

**END OF JOHN'S MEMORY**

**EXT. LOWER WINDING ROAD**

John, back to the present, begins to cry.

His crying becomes sobbing.

John tries his best to stand, propping himself up with his  
Bike.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. UP THE HILL OF THE LOWER WINDING ROAD**

The wheels of Dodge roll up behind John.

Stopping fifteen feet behind John, the window of the Dodge  
begins to the creek down.

An old short hair bearded man sticks his upper torso out of  
the car.

The older man's face shows that he's not long for this word.

John turns.

John's entire body feels as if the heat has been sucked out  
of it.

**OLD MAN:**

Do you know who I am? No? I'm that  
girl's father.

The man says without emotion, not showing even a hint of  
Bloodlust.

**OLD MAN (CONT'D) :**

You come here every day except the  
day of her death.

The man pauses as if waiting for a response.

**OLD MAN (CONT'D) :**

I've seen the way you've acted  
here, and I can tell you're not  
suffering from grief, you're torn  
up from grief.

John breathes out heavier with each second, becoming  
increasingly  
louder.

**OLD MAN (CONT'D) :**

Now I'm only going to ask you this  
once, did you kill my girl?

John's breathing is now rapid, as if the air was being sucked  
from his lungs.

The bike is the only thing keeping him up.

John's face contorts in confusion.

His eyes show that he is debating whether he should lie or  
Not.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SKY- DAY**

The sky above clears up, revealing the holy light of the sun  
above.

John looks up at the sky above, his breathing now controlled.

John stands straight.

Without blinking, John looks the Oldman in the eyes.

**JOHN:**

Yes. Yes, I did. And I'm sorry.

The Oldman is stunned by John's honesty.

Quickly composing himself, the Oldman goes back into his car.

The engine roars as the beast takes off, leaping towards  
John.

John shows no fear or despair.

John, instead, is at peace, having a significant burden taken  
off his shoulders.

The car strikes John, knocking him and his bike into the air.

Ripping John's backpack pedals fly out, revealing the  
package John had initially picked up.  
A bouquet of roses flies out of John's bag, revealing a card  
in the center of the flowers.

It reads: **"I'm sorry."**

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. PAVEMENT- DAY**

John's body slaps against the ground.  
John is still as the car drives off in the distance.  
The camera pans up away from John's body and towards the  
smiling picture of the girl.  
The wind hollows, blowing the little flower card onto the  
smiling picture, the words **"I'm sorry"** upright.  
The wind blows again, sending the card off-screen.

**FADE TO BLACK.**