

# SHITHEADS

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*Shitheads* was developed at PlayPenn under the leadership of Paul Meshejian, Artistic Director. It received its world premiere at Azuka Theatre, in Philadelphia, PA in February 2017. The production was directed by Kevin Glaccum.

## CHARACTERS

Alex - 20's

Brandon - 20's

Izzy - 30's

Spider - Age unknown

Hayden\* - 20's or 30's

\*Hayden should be doubled by the actor playing Spider.

Dialogue in [brackets] is not spoken.

Dialogue that ends without punctuation indicates an unfinished thought.

A '/' indicates the start of the next line.

"Cause your crystal ball ain't so crystal clear!"

*Sabotage* Beastie Boys

1.

*Lights rise on a shitty bike shop on the corner of 6th Avenue and 15th Street in New York City.*

*The showroom has merchandise and gear and affordable bikes. Front door. Cash register on a counter. Lots of old posters: Tour de France winners, mechanics who used to work in the shop, what the neighborhood used to look like, etc.*

*And then the work station. A sectioned off area with two bike stands. The walls are lined with old tools. Greasy towels in the wastebasket. This is where our heroes work their magic on the bicycles of New York.*

*At rise BRANDON stands in front of ALEX. Brandon is holding a small stack of papers.*

ALEX

*Assholes!*

They were assholes right?

BRANDON

Um. They seemed okay.

ALEX

They're assholes. You can say it.

They tuck their shirts in over there.

BRANDON

I noticed that.

ALEX

They wear *khakis* over there. That's no bike shop. In the summer they wear fucking khaki *shorts*.

*(motioning)*

With the

With the pockets here. What-do-they-call-those--

BRANDON

Cargo / shorts--

ALEX

*Cargo shorts!* Yes. They *wear* those. So

Enough said.

...

ALEX  
(*motioning to Brandon's kebabs*)

Yours are cool though.

BRANDON

Thanks.

ALEX

What'd they say when you walked in?

BRANDON

They thought I was a customer.

ALEX

And what'd they try to sell you?

BRANDON

Well nothing. I was just like "Hi it's my first day. *Mike* hired me."

ALEX

Oh no, you said *Mike* hired you? You said his name?

BRANDON

Yeah.

ALEX

Brutal.

BRANDON

They know Mike?

ALEX

They know Mike.  
I bet they loved that.

BRANDON

Actually yeah. This one guy was like:  
This kid has no idea, this kid has no idea.  
(*trailing off*)

Have fun in that dump la-la-la

ALEX

...

BRANDON

Or something.

ALEX  
They laughed?

BRANDON  
One guy.

ALEX  
What'd he look like?

BRANDON  
A beard? And like  
Hipster sorta. Annnnd  
Um. He was white?

*Pause.*

ALEX  
You just described *every* person that works at MHR.

BRANDON  
Sorry. I was sorta--  
Then they told me I was in the wrong bike shop.

ALEX  
They pointed over here. To Bert's.

BRANDON  
Yeah. Right across the street so...  
Don't know how I missed that.

ALEX  
Don't worry about it.  
And fuck those assholes, right?

BRANDON  
Right.

*Alex starts opening the shop. Unlocking the doors, turning on signs,  
etc. Brandon stands awkwardly.*

*As Alex moves across the shop Brandon juts out his hand.*

BRANDON  
Also, Brandon.

ALEX  
...

Is my name...  
BRANDON

*They shake.*

Alex.  
BRANDON  
*(motioning to the paper he's holding)*  
What the fuck is that Brandon?

BRANDON  
Oh! Um. A handbook? A new handbook that Mike wanted me to give to you?  
And everyone.

*Brandon presents him with a copy.*

*Alex takes the handbook from Brandon suspiciously.*

ALEX  
*Handbook?*

BRANDON  
For the shop.  
New protocol or something. He said.

*Alex flips through it.*

BRANDON  
I glanced through and some of it seems pretty helpful--

ALEX  
He spelled "protocol" wrong.  
Fucking Mike.  
My man is losing it.

BRANDON  
Oh.

ALEX  
Mike's a character but he's not usually this bad.  
Janky-ass handbooks are a new low.

*Alex throws his the handbook somewhere. Continues to open the shop.*

BRANDON  
Actually when I interviewed with him he seemed like he was...wound a little tight?

ALEX

Oh yeah he's freaking out.  
Last few days have been a little crazy  
Lots of uh  
*Movement.*  
Izzy even put in her two weeks.

BRANDON

Huh.

ALEX

You know Izzy?

BRANDON

Uh. No. I was just / trying to--

ALEX

Just more bullshit. She tries to quit every six months, but still  
We're short-handed. And it's been dead as hell so Mike's losing his shit.

BRANDON

*(trying hard)*

Yeah. *Shit.*

ALEX

Nah. Don't even worry about it. February's always dead. *You* know.  
Warms up and you're gonna see a different shop.  
10 percent growth through the summer is what I'm tracking.  
Build off that, get our footing again, get that Bert's name out there again.  
Finish the year up 15.  
I got a few ideas so stay close, keep you eyes open and we'll make you some money.  
Mike can keep printing his handbooks if it makes him happy.  
Me and you just do what we do best. Sling fucking bikes. Right?  
We got lockers in back, you can pick one out.

*Brandon looks and then disappears into the back.*

*Alex goes behind the counter. He starts counting the till.*

*Brandon enters and walks around the shop slowly, trying to get his bearings. Trying to look like he belongs.*

ALEX

You didn't ride in?

BRANDON

Like on a bike?

*Alex laughs.*

ALEX

That's good.

BRANDON

Thanks.

I just took the train. Today.

ALEX

I get that. Scope the place out. Figure out your route.

BRANDON

You rode your bike here today?

ALEX

*Everyday.*

BRANDON

It's like

It's really cold out.

ALEX

Can't do the subway man. Can't admit defeat.

Kills me a little every time I'm down there.

So I get 50 minutes on my bike and save five bucks. I can deal with the cold.

BRANDON

Where do you ride from?

ALEX

Over by Claremont Park.

BRANDON

*(has no idea where that is)*

Cool.

ALEX

The Bronx.

BRANDON

Oh. Damn.

ALEX

Yeah not for long hopefully.

*Alex finishes with the till. He grabs his keys and his jacket.*

I'm gonna head over to Korea.  
You drink coffee?

ALEX

Sometimes.

BRANDON

How do you take it?

ALEX  
*(heading for the door)*

Just. Black I guess.

BRANDON

You got it!

ALEX

*Alex exits through the front door.*

Okay so I guess I'll just--!

BRANDON  
*(calling after him)*

*Brandon is alone in the shop. He registers this.*

Cool cool.

BRANDON

*He wanders around a little. He walks into the workstation. Takes a tool down off the wall, inspects.*

*The phone rings. Brandon is startled. He scrambles to put the tool back just like he found it.*

*He walks over, doesn't know what to do. He answers the phone.*

Um. Thank you for calling

BRANDON

*(brief pause)*

This bike shop. How can I--

Well, we're open now I think--

Brandon. But actually I'm--

A what?

I don't know what that is.

Well it's my first day.

I can--alrightalright! I'll try to check if you can just hang on.

*Brandon, with the phone to his ear, starts searching through books, catalogues, anything he can find.*

*Alex enters with three coffees. Brandon puts his hand over the phone.*

ALEX

Who is it?

BRANDON

Do we have carbon tricycles yet?

ALEX

It's Izzy fucking with you man. Here.

*Alex sets down the coffees and takes the phone.*

ALEX

*(into the phone)*

Yo, I got your carbon tricycle right here!

Yeahyeah he's cool. Leave him alone.

I don't care!

I got a feeling we're gonna be slammed today so you better spin over here *directly*.

*(looking out the window)*

Well I don't see you!

Two minutes.

*He hangs up.*

ALEX

Black coffee.

*Hands it to him.*

BRANDON

Thanks. What do I owe you?

ALEX

I got you.

BRANDON

Oh. Thanks Alex.

ALEX

You can head to Korea and get 'em tomorrow.

*Alex busies himself.*

*Brandon has a question he seem hesitant to ask. Finally:*

BRANDON

Is that some bodega that's owned by Korean people so you call it Korea?

ALEX

Um. Yeah.

BRANDON

Okay.

ALEX

...

BRANDON

That's sorta not cool.

ALEX

Yeah but they're *Korean* so  
Like, they're actually *from* Korea.

...

I'm pretty sure...

BRANDON

...

ALEX

I'm messing with you. That's literally what it's called. Korean Deli or something.

BRANDON

Oh right.

ALEX

They're cool.  
We take care of their delivery guys and they give us deals on their sandwiches.  
Izzy's got a house account over there.

BRANDON

Who's Izzy again?

*IZZY bursts through the front door with her bike.*

IZZY

ALRIGHT BOYS PUT YOUR DICKS AWAY!

ALEX

Yo remember that one time you were here *before* we opened?

IZZY

Come on, the Willi B is still all fucked up  
*(grabbing her coffee)*  
Café!

ALEX

This is your buddy Brandon. New guy Mike was talking about.

*Izzy walks up to him.*

IZZY

Cool khakis.

BRANDON

Sorry--

IZZY

Mike said you went to the Tour.

BRANDON

One time. With my dad.

IZZY

All out of carbon tricycles?

BRANDON

Um...

*Izzy breaks and laughs.*

IZZY

I'm just fucking with you! I did it to this *oaf* once. Allie, remember that big fucker who worked across the street?

This guy, I got him on the phone and I'm like "Hey! You carry that Thule kit where I can rack my kid's car seat on the roof of my Prius?"

And this guy--*has* to be his first day--didn't know *shit* about bikes.

He goes

"Yeah. I think I can special order it for you."

*Right?!*

Special order! I was dyin'! I'm like "Praise Christ! I've been looking everywhere!"

*(dies of laughter, then calms)*

Anyways...

*Izzy wheels her bike into the back. Over the following she puts her bike on the repair rack. Pumps up tires, greases the chain.*

IZZY

So was fuck face in here this morning too?

ALEX

Nah Brandon interviewed at his office.  
Mike sent him over by himself.  
Kid walked into MHR.

IZZY

College went to MHR?!?

BRANDON

*(me?)*

What?

IZZY

You! In the pleated pants! Was it Cambridge or what?

*Brandon still doesn't understand.*

IZZY

*You go to college?*

BRANDON

Oh. Yeah but not [like a fancy college]  
I went to Temple.

IZZY

I called that shit Allie. What happened to all the shithead stoners who used to work here?  
All of a sudden we got these Warby Parker mother fuckers.

*(to Brandon)*

You're in the wrong shop kid. You belong across the street.  
Your student debt is stinking up the place.

*Alex grabs the handbook from the counter.*

ALEX

And he sent him over with these. Check it. *Handbooks.*

IZZY

*(cracking one open)*

The *fuuuuuuuuck?*

BRANDON

He said it was a new / protocol or--?

IZZY

Idiot spelled "protocol" wrong.

*(throwing the handbook behind her over her head)*

Done with this!

*Tell* me they have handbooks across the street.

ALEX

I *guarantee* they do. And that shit is laminated. With tabs.  
Behind the counter above everything with this light beaming down on it like *aaanmmmmmm*.

IZZY

Okay but they also get *insane* perks like...  
Health insurance.  
I might actually humor Mike's dribble if he pretended he gave a shit about us.

*The phone rings. Alex picks up the phone.*

ALEX

Bert's Bikes, this is Alex.  
Oh what's up Mike, we were just talking about you--

IZZY

So what's your story College?

ALEX

Yeah he's here. Handbooks look great.

BRANDON

Um. I dunno.

IZZY

Come on. Job interview time.

BRANDON

I already had my interview. Up at Mike's office.

IZZY

Yeah but Mike doesn't work here. We do.

*Alex starts shuffling through papers.*

ALEX

Yeah I got it here.

IZZY

This is interview number two. This is the important one.

ALEX

I'll send it over.

IZZY

So come on. You get kicked out of Philly or what?

ALEX

Sorry about that.

BRANDON

No. I moved here for an internship.

ALEX

Also I'd still love to sit down at some point if--

IZZY

Doing what.

ALEX

Okay great. Talk to you then.

*(he bangs up)*

Iz you forgot to fax the sales report last night!

IZZY

I didn't forget! The fax is busted.

ALEX

*(feeding the paper into it)*

You just gotta know how to work it.

*He bangs on the fax. It goes through.*

ALEX

See it works fine.

IZZY

We didn't sell shit anyway.

ALEX

I sold a Mystic.

IZZY

Kids bikes don't count.

*(to Brandon)*

Don't avoid the question College! What internship?

BRANDON

Oh. Um. It was at this publishing house.

IZZY

Publishing house like books?

BRANDON

Yeah.

IZZY

No way, which one.

BRANDON

Like which books?

IZZY

No which *publisher*.

BRANDON

Right.. It's this one  
It was this publisher called Yellow Leaf.

IZZY

Yellow Leaf. Yeah I know them. That's some serious shit.

ALEX

Get the fuck outta here.

IZZY

Fuck you! *Yellow* Leaf. I know them. You think I don't know them?

*Alex shakes his head.*

IZZY

*(to Brandon)*

Okay. So what are you doing here?

*Brandon shuffles.*

BRANDON

I got, um  
They let me go.

...

IZZY

Wait, what? They

BRANDON

Yeah. Unfortunately they severed the program that--

IZZY

You got fired.

BRANDON

...Yeah.

From an *internship*.

IZZY

Yeah.

BRANDON

*Alex snorts a laugh even though he doesn't mean to. He can't help it.*

IZZY

Wait.  
They can *do* that?

BRANDON

I guess.

IZZY

Jesus Christ. And look at you, you're clearly fucking crushed about this.

BRANDON

No no I'm just--

IZZY

You are. How much were they paying you?

*Brandon is hesitant to say. Then:*

BRANDON

Fifty bucks a week.

IZZY

And you got fucking *fired*?!

*Alex lets out a laugh.*

ALEX  
*(pats Brandon's shoulder)*

Sorry man.

*Brandon starts to crack a smile himself.*

BRANDON

Yeah. I didn't know it could happen either.

IZZY

Fuck man. What'd you *do*?

BRANDON

Um. Yeeeeeeeeeah...

ALEX

Leave the guy alone Iz. If you scare him off we're fucked.

IZZY

He got *fired* from an *internship!* How much use is this kid gonna *be?!*

ALEX

*(to Brandon)*

You can tell her to fuck off at *any* point.

BRANDON

No it's not that big of a / deal--

IZZY

See!

ALEX

*Relax.*

IZZY

He said it's fine!

ALEX

What do you ride.

BRANDON

What?

ALEX

What kind of bike do you ride?

BRANDON

Oh. Right.  
So actually...

*Alex suddenly looks up in horror.*

ALEX

*No.*

BRANDON

The thing is...

IZZY

Oh shit.

I don't  
Technically. Uh...  
Have a bike.

BRANDON

*Pause.*

*Then Izzy starts to laugh.*

Then--  
Like  
What the fuck are you *doing* here?

ALEX

I just--

BRANDON

You don't have a *bike*?

ALEX

Well no but when I went to the Tour de France I was / really inspired by the

BRANDON

We don't give a *shit* if you went to the Tour.

ALEX

Okay but--

BRANDON

The Tour is a thousand miles away man.  
*(to Izzy)*  
Fucking *Mike*.

ALEX

I know, I know.

IZZY

Okay so yeah I needed a job but--

BRANDON

*Needed a--*  
FUCKING MIKE!

ALEX

But I'm *into* bikes!

BRANDON

ALEX

(to Izzy)

He'll bitch about our numbers and how MHR can pull fucking whatever  
And then *this* is how he staffs us!

BRANDON

I'm a hard worker / and I'm ready to learn from you guys.

ALEX

What was that one kid's name Iz? Banker? Bender? Kid could hardly *ride* a bike.

BRANDON

I applied because / I'm

ALEX

And in two weeks he's got some other gig.

BRANDON

I won't do that.

ALEX

Yeah okay.

We don't *know* you.

Actually let me ask you something. Here, here, here.

*You* own this bike shop. Okay? Let's pretend *you* own this bike shop.

Does *this* make sense to you?

Are you about to hire some khaki wearing mother fucker who doesn't know *anything* about  
what he's *selling*?

As the owner of this bike shop, is that a *sound* fucking business decision?

...

BRANDON

No.

ALEX

What did you tell him?

BRANDON

I don't know.

ALEX

Did you tell him you had a bike.

BRANDON

He didn't ask.

ALEX

Did you tell him you know how to *ride* a bike?

IZZY

...Allie.

BRANDON

Listen, just because I don't have a bike doesn't mean I don't belong here.

ALEX

Actually yeah. It does.

My shop might look like shit compared to some Yellow Leaf publishing place.  
But over here? You don't punch in unless you *ride* to work.

*Alex exits through the front door.*

*Izzy and Brandon sit there for a while.*

*Izzy stirs and moves to the workstation. Takes her bike off the stand. Rolls it in back down into the unseen basement. We hear her going down the stairs.*

*Brandon is in the shop alone.*

*Maybe he thinks about taking this opportunity to leave.*

*Before he can do so, Izzy enters wiping her dirty hands.*

*She walks behind the counter and clocks in.*

IZZY

Don't worry about him.  
He gets fired up about the shop.  
You kinda just have to let him go.  
The kid was born to fix a fucking bike.  
It's something else  
One of the top three mechanics in the city.  
Dilly at Metro.  
Nico down on Canal.  
And Allie.  
He might be *it* actually.  
And now he's got the keys so...

BRANDON

So...?  
The keys?

IZZY

To the shop. He got 'em yesterday.

BRANDON

...

IZZY

Keys open doors College.

BRANDON

Right no I--

IZZY

Keys indicate authority. Indicate your fucking boss. You with me?

BRANDON

Keys. Yup. Yes.

IZZY

Our manager Dalton took a job at Sid's.  
And then two days ago Yoki gets doored which was--  
I mean the dumbass was riding the wrong way down the Bowery drinking a grape Four Loko.  
On his way to *work*.

BRANDON

But that's, like, against the / *rules* right?

IZZY

So keys gotta fall to somebody. Usually it's some shit stack who couldn't give a fuck. At least it was Allie this time. He's been waiting for this.  
You get a bike and he'll be good.

BRANDON

Okay.

IZZY

Speaking of which, I just *so* happen to have a frame downstairs that's just about your size.  
Where do you live?

BRANDON

Dumbo.

IZZY

*(exiting from behind the counter)*

Cool so that means your parents pay your rent right?

BRANDON

Um, what? [But yeah]

IZZY

If you have three or four hundred to put into this thing we can set you the *fuck* up.  
Hold on.

*Izzy exits into the workstation and into the basement again.*

*We hear some banging around. Maybe she yells 'Fuck!' or maybe she's still talking to Brandon from down below: 'Yeah Dumbo is fucking close! You gotta ride!'*

*Now it sounds like she's coming up the stairs again. Izzy finally emerges with an old silver bike frame. She presents it proudly.*

IZZY

HEYO! Here she is. Matilda.  
Eh? What do you think College? Thing was big on me and I *still* put five thousand miles on this mother fucker.  
Shit is steel. Check it.

*She hands it to Brandon, then she sees it's a little dusty. She wipes the dust off, trying to make it look presentable.*

IZZY

Nice eh? Feel that.

*Brandon lifts it up and down checking the weight.*

BRANDON

It's sorta...heavy.

IZZY

*Yeah* it's sorta heavy! Come on man, it's fucking *steel!* I just said that. Allie woulda lost his shit if he heard you just now.

Listen up. Education starts now. Steel is good. Perfect for the city.

*(she demonstrates a bike that is very uncomfortable to ride)*

Aluminum is like a fucking rock. You want that? You want this?

*(now getting very into the demonstration)*

"Oh fuck, my balls. Oh shit I wish I listened to that smoke-show Izzy . My entire life fucking blows." You want this?

...

BRANDON

No.

IZZY

Of course you don't.

*(she demonstrates a bike that flexes)*

Steel *flexes*. Like this.

*(the demonstration continues)*

Oooo! Yeah! Watch me work. Watch my Dumbo-livin' sexy waspy ass *ride*. Some hot-ass vegan girl just fell in love with me. Because I ride *steel* bro.

This could be you College. So how's it look?

BRANDON

Okay I guess.

*The demonstration stops.*

IZZY

*Okay! You guess?!?!*

Come on! You need a bike--so here's a bike.

I'm doing you a *favor*.

You know how much this thing is worth?

*SPIDER, a bike messenger, walks through the door dragging his crappy bike behind him.*

SPIDER

This fucking--

*(now seeing them)*

Yo! You still trying to get rid of that piece of shit?

IZZY

Hey! What the fuck man?

SPIDER

Alrightalright, I'm just kidding. Ease up.

*(sees Brandon)*

Who the fuck are you.

BRANDON

I'm Brandon.

SPIDER

Whatever.

*Spider rests his bike against something. Sits down on a bench and takes off his wet shoes.*

IZZY

*(re: the frame)*

So what do you think?

BRANDON

Mm. I guess I have to think about it.

*Spider laughs.*

IZZY

See what you're fucking doing to me over here Spider? Come on! Tell him.

SPIDER

All I know is that thing has been sitting in the basement for like ten fucking years.

IZZY

Fuck off.

*(to Brandon)*

Toss me a hundred and we'll put something together for you.  
I'll show you how to do it. Okay?

*Brandon considers.*

IZZY

Don't listen to this ass-hat. He's fucking with you.

SPIDER

I *was* fucking with you but I'm *not* an / ass-hat--

IZZY

You need a bike.

SPIDER

*(more to himself than anyone)*

Kid doesn't have / a *bike*?

BRANDON

I know.

IZZY

You won't be right with Allie *or me* until you get one.

SPIDER

*(to Brandon, an admission)*

It's heavy as fuck but it's nice...

IZZY

Like I said.  
So?

BRANDON

So.  
Yeah okay.

IZZY

Good man. Bring the cash tomorrow. We'll start today.

*Izzy takes the frame into the workstation and puts it in the stand.*

IZZY

*(as she does this)*

You're lucky I'm still here. When I leave I'm taking all my little goodies with me.

BRANDON

Where are you going?

IZZY

Far far away from this shit / hole--

*Izzy spots Spider taking off his socks. She doesn't hear Brandon.*

*She exits the workstation and watches him.*

*Spider turns and looks at her.*

SPIDER

...what?

IZZY

*(re: him taking off his shoes)*

How many times I gotta tell you!

SPIDER

They're soaked! While you were still sleeping this morning I was making stops riding through that shit. You hear that fucking lightning? I was riding *through* that shit.

IZZY

I don't care! Do it somewhere else!

SPIDER

There's no one in here.

IZZY

*(walking back to the shop)*

You're stinking up the place.

SPIDER

It already stinks.

IZZY

Are you gonna buy something or what.

*Spider slips his shoe back on and shuffles to his feet.*

SPIDER

Check this shit out Iz. I'm done with this fucking thing!

*Spider gets on his bike and rides it around.*

*When he pedals there is a distinct creaking sound.*

SPIDER

You hear that?

*Creak. Creak.*

SPIDER

*(to Brandon)*

You hear that?

BRANDON

Um. Yeah.

SPIDER

Okay so what the fuck is it Mister Fucking Bike Owner.

*Brandon shrugs. Spider looks at Izzy who looks completely uninterested in helping him.*

SPIDER

Izzy . What the fuck.

IZZY

*(she groans, then:)*

That's your bottom bracket.

SPIDER

The fuck it is. I got that shit replaced last year.

*Alex enters through the front door with a newspaper under his arm.*

*He takes off his jacket and sits on the counter.*

SPIDER

Yo! Allie.

ALEX  
Spider.

SPIDER  
What the fuck is this man?

*Creak. Creak.*

ALEX  
That's your bottom bracket.

SPIDER  
FUCK! I just got that shit fixed.

ALEX  
Yeah the one Yoki put on there last year was already halfway fucked.

*Spider pushes his bike over.*

SPIDER  
I'm *done* with this thing man. Sell it for fucking scraps.

*Spider looks at Brandon.*

SPIDER  
You want this? Fuck that frame man. I'll give this to you for fifty bucks.

BRANDON  
I think I'm good.

SPIDER  
So what the fuck am I supposed to do.

ALEX  
Um. Get a new bottom bracket?

SPIDER  
*What?!*

IZZY  
Yeah. Invest some money in your *bike*?

SPIDER  
*What* money?

(*sighs*)  
I can't keep doing this...

*Spider holds his bike out for Alex.*

*Alex jumps off the counter and takes it into the shop. He goes to work.*

SPIDER

One day I'm gonna hit my scratch off and go all out!  
Carbon fiber frame. One of those Dolans?

IZZY

We don't carry Dolan frames.

SPIDER

Yeah but MHR does.

IZZY

Whoa!

SPIDER

Yeah right I hit a scratch off I'm buying a Hyundai.  
So what's up with Yoki?

IZZY

Some asshole doored him.

SPIDER

Fuck.

ALEX

It's bad. Fucked his ribs up good.

BRANDON

Ugh.

IZZY

His face was *thrashed*.

ALEX

Shit is *fucked* up.

SPIDER

Yoki or my bike?

ALEX

I mean both but...

SPIDER

That's the shit that keeps me up at night.  
I'm always one car door away from being broke, fucked up, with no bike.

ALEX

His mom got stuck with the medical bills.  
He's moving with her back to Nebraska.

SPIDER

Nebraska. That shit is *real*. RIP Yoki.  
So you got the keys Iz.

IZZY

Keys?  
I put in my two weeks.

SPIDER

Right.  
Wait two weeks *notice?*

IZZY

Yeah.

SPIDER

Your *real* two weeks notice?

IZZY

I'm gone.

SPIDER

So who got the keys?

*(spinning around)*

Not Allie.

ALEX

Yeah  
Actually.

SPIDER

No shit. You got the *keys?*

*(slaps him on the shoulder)*

Waitwaitwait.  
Best wrench in this city *and* he's got the keys to the shop.

ALEX

Yeah.

SPIDER

It's about time!  
No offense Iz.

IZZY

None taken.

SPIDER

(to Izzy)

So what's up with you. Looking for work?

IZZY

Nah.

SPIDER

You sure? I can get you a job at Select.

IZZY

*Select!*

SPIDER

You say that like it's a bad thing!

IZZY

Didn't they shut you guys down?

SPIDER

Nah Harry and them got bought out. New management is full of fuckers too.

ALEX

I heard they fired Buckie.

SPIDER

Doreen too.

Can't touch me though. That place would straight up *explode* if I wasn't there.

IZZY

Yeah how would they ever carry on?

SPIDER

Select isn't so bad Iz.

I just bought my girl a ring doing this gig. Not the ring I had my *eye* on but--

IZZY

I can't do the messenger thing anymore.

I was done with that shit when I graduated high school.

SPIDER

I spend my day on my *bike*. What's better than that?

IZZY

Owning your own *business*.

ALEX  
It's your *brother's* business.

IZZY  
I get a piece!

SPIDER  
Oh so you got a new scheme I guess.

IZZY  
No scheme. This one is legit. This is happening.

BRANDON  
What is it?

IZZY  
Get this...Data *destruction*.

SPIDER  
The fuck is that.

ALEX  
Shredding paper.

IZZY  
Yo!

SPIDER  
(*laughing*)  
*Data destruction!*

IZZY  
That's not what it is.

ALEX  
Fancy name doesn't change it.

IZZY  
It's *not* shredding paper.

ALEX  
So what is it!

IZZY  
Fuck you.  
It's like.

Okay so my brother and me are gonna get this truck. This *nice* truck.  
In back we get this *diesel* machine called the Formax 8000 or some shit. I forget.

But the Manhattan phonebook is gone in two seconds when it goes through this.  
We get hired out by companies and firms.  
Lawyers?  
Those Wall Street fucks?  
Etcetera.  
We show up at their office in our truck. They come down to *us*. Give their sensitive documents to *us*.  
The secret stuff they want gone? We put it through the Formax 8000 and they pay us by the pound. *Cash*.  
And you should see the mounds of shit these places want to erase. Insane. It never ends. Some places need a truck to come by five times a week.  
So basically I'm gonna roll down Wall Street gettin' fuckin' paid.  
To eliminate  
*Eradicate*  
To *LIBERATE* these *documents*.  
Data Destruction.  
Not shredding paper.

...

ALEX

So the state of the paper *in these bags* is...  
What.

IZZY

What do you mean.

ALEX

I mean describe the paper after you put it through the machine.  
It's.....

...

IZZY

Recyclable?

ALEX

Would you say it's  
Oh I don't know...  
In *shredded* form?

...

IZZY

Okay, *yeah* / like *physically* but--

*Everyone starts laughing.*

IZZY

Okay fuck you all!  
I'll be rolling through this city in *my* truck while you're all stuck selling used bikes in this shit-hole!

SPIDER

You're crazy Iz!  
I would've taken the keys.

IZZY

Not if you've been here as long as I have.

*Alex, finished repairing the bottom bracket, takes Spider's bike out of the stand and rolls it out to him.*

SPIDER

Miracle worker this guy!  
I swear to god that's the only reason I come here.

IZZY

Right. Not because we let you get away with shit.

SPIDER

Get away with *what*?

*(to Alex)*

I gotta pay you for this tomorrow Allie  
I don't have anything on me right now. I've only made like fives stops.

ALEX

Then you can tell that girlfriend of yours that you'll be home late tonight.  
I need you working overtime.

SPIDER

Please! I already make more stops than anyone!  
And she's my *fiancé* now. I told you about the ring man.  
Alright see y'all tomorrow.

*Spider exits.*

*Alex starts to clean up the workstation.*

IZZY

I think I got some handlebars kicking around for you down here College.  
I'll cut you a deal on those too, yeah?

*Brandon shrugs, then nods. Izzy exits to the basement.*

*Brandon walks into the workstation and examines his bike.*

BRANDON

So  
I got a bike now at least.

ALEX

You got a *frame*.

...

ALEX

What are you doing here?

BRANDON

I guess I have questions / about that too--

ALEX

Nonono. I really wanna know. Because I don't get it.  
Like you were just gonna walk in here and--  
Why are you here Brandon.

BRANDON

*(shrugging)*

I just--  
It happened so fast.  
One minute I'm at this internship  
Which, yeah I wasn't making any money, but it was a *step*. I went to Temple to be a writer  
so working at Yellow Leaf was huge.  
Only then I get fired and I'm like: That's it. I just ruined my life. I can't even keep an  
internship without screwing it up.  
So I panic. Because I *cannot* move home. My parents live in the middle of nowhere. A place  
I do *not* belong and I just *refuse* to move back.  
Yellow Leaf was a bust but I *have* to stay in New York.  
So I just obliterate Craig's List. In the most depressing way.  
Seriously *any* job. Here's a resume. Here's a cover letter I'm straight up pulling out of my  
ass. I'm sending these out for *weeks* and nothing. No response.  
But then, for whatever reason, two days ago, some guy Mike calls me about this.  
A job in a bike shop I don't even remember applying for.  
I go into his office and tell him about when my dad took me to the Tour de France.  
When I was like 11.  
We were there for Stage 15 when Lance Armstrong crashed riding up some mountain and--

ALEX

The Pyrenees. 2003. He went down on the final climb. Got back on his bike. Came back  
and won the stage.

BRANDON

Right. Yeah.  
So actually I uh

ALEX

You weren't there.

BRANDON

No. I wasn't.

I've never even been to France.

I just looked all that up on YouTube so I could have something to talk about.

ALEX

That's fucked up.

BRANDON

I know it is.

But I need this job Alex--

ALEX

It's not just a *job*.

BRANDON

No I know--

ALEX

And not only do I have to teach you how to turn the lights on and off, how to organize the tires downstairs. I gotta teach you what a bike is.

I finally got the keys and look at my staff. I got Izzy, who's leaving in two weeks.

And *you*.

But what can I do about it, huh?

Nothing.

...

So this is what I expect of you.

Don't be late. You're not Izzy. You better be here before *me*. Everyday.

You get that bike of yours together A-fucking-SAP. I don't care if there's a fucking blizzard or if it's a thousand degrees outside.

You ride to work. Okay?

BRANDON

Okay.

ALEX

And you need to learn about everything we got in here.

Top to bottom, every tire, tube, and tool.

You do all that? You can stay.

Otherwise you'll be looking for another *job*.

BRANDON

Understood. Completely.

ALEX

You still want the gig?

BRANDON

Yes. I do.

...

ALEX

*(beading into the repair station)*

Lemme show you how to change a flat.

*Lights.*

2.

*Lights up on the shop. Night. One week later.*

*Brandon's bike is in the stand in the workstation. It has now taken shape. It has handlebars, a crank, wheels, etc.*

*Izzy is putting the pedals on. Brandon, grease on his hands, is watching over her shoulder.*

*Alex is behind the counter talking on the phone.*

ALEX

Honestly Mike I think it's time we got some new bikes / in here--

IZZY

The left pedal is reverse threaded.

BRANDON

Okay.

IZZY

If you forget that you're gonna fuck up your whole crank.

ALEX

Well what I'd really love to do is get a fleet of fixies on the floor. No I know they're trendy but just hear me out. First off, the young crowd is already moving in / that direction so I say we go with it.

IZZY

*(holding the pedal up for him)*

Usually the pedal is labeled here. See the L?

BRANDON

Yeah.

*Izzy installs the pedals.*

ALEX

Second, they're easy to maintain. Shop costs go / way down--

IZZY

So you put the wrench in there and then pedal it on like this.

*Izzy pedals the crank, using the wrench, effectively attaching the pedal to the bike.*

BRANDON

Sweet.

ALEX

And they're *affordable*. We cater to that young, thrifty, 20-something crowd that MHR has priced out of / the market.

IZZY

You do the other one.

*Brandon tries his best.*

ALEX

A year or two I'd want *only* fixies. Specialty shop. Your chain breaks? You want to upgrade to a sealed rear hub? You go to Bert's. You go to the fixie shop because that's what we do. That's who you trust.

*Brandon can't get it to work. Izzy helps him.*

IZZY

Here, like this.

ALEX

That was just my first--  
Oh. No you go ahead. What were you thinking?  
I'm open to anything here Mike.

IZZY

Tighten that down.

*Izzy hands the pedal wrench to Brandon. Brandon tightens it down as best he can.*

*Izzy grabs some food, starts eating.*

ALEX

Wait, what kind of budget are we talking about?  
Shit...  
Nono I--  
That's great! If that's what you want, that's great.  
It's just not the direction I thought we were--  
No you're right. I'm excited.  
I just...have some questions.  
Well, okay, first off--

*Alex looks over and sees both Izzy and Brandon watching him.*

Mike can you hang on a sec?

ALEX

*Alex exits out the front door with the phone.*

*Through the window we can see him finish his conversation.*

*Brandon finishes tightening the pedals.*

*He holds up the tool to Izzy.*

And this is a...?

BRANDON

IZZY

It's just called a pedal wrench. A normal 15 millimeter wrench works too but it doesn't have the same clearance.

*Brandon sets it down carefully.*

*He grabs another nearby tool. He holds it up to Izzy.*

IZZY

Crank Puller. For a square taper crank.

*Brandon grabs another tool.*

BRANDON

What about this.

IZZY

That's a bottle opener College, Christ.

*She grabs it from him.*

IZZY

Just--  
Go somewhere please.

*Brandon wanders over and sits on the counter. He pulls out the small handbook. He reads it.*

*Izzy eats her food.*

BRANDON

So they don't make downtube shifters for road bikes anymore?

*Izzy walks over and takes the handbook from Brandon.*

IZZY

Listen. When I told you to go through that I meant *this* section.

*She flips to a page and hands it back.*

BRANDON

*(reading)*

Bathroom maintenance?

IZZY

Hands off the bikes.

BRANDON

You let me work on this one.

IZZY

Yeah. This is *your* bike.

I don't give a shit if you fuck up *your* bike.

*Izzy hands him a broom.*

IZZY

Do your worst.

*Brandon starts to sweep the shop.*

*Izzy walks back over to the workstation. She makes sure Brandon tightened the pedals enough. Continues to eat.*

IZZY

Plus Mike wrote that thing so most of it's bullshit.

None of the important stuff is in there. If I wasn't leaving I could write you a *killer* fucking handbook.

A whole chapter on how to deal with messengers.

How to kick out the crazies stinkin' up this place and bothering customers.

*That's* the kinda stuff you need a handbook for.

It's all about the balance. The balance of "how can I help you" and "get the fuck out of my shop."

*Alex re-enters a little stunned.*

IZZY

He wasn't into your fixie idea.

ALEX

Hm? No. Not really.

IZZY

Told you. He's not gonna change / shit--

ALEX

Actually he is.  
Mike just got back from some success seminar in Orlando.

IZZY

Success seminar! Hah! He would.

ALEX

And he's got an idea. Go big or go home.

IZZY

Right.

ALEX

I'm serious. It's a Hail Mary but I think it could actually work Iz.

IZZY

What is it.

ALEX

Get this.  
Wants to get a 6 Series in here.

*Izzy starts laughing.*

BRANDON

6 what?

IZZY

Yeah okay.

ALEX

No joke.  
I don't know where he got the cash but he drew up a budget for us.

IZZY

Wait *what?*

BRANDON

And a 6 Series is a....

ALEX

A budget for *one* bike.

BRANDON

Oh got it.

ALEX

A bike that would make MHR fucking *drool*.

IZZY

Get the fuck out of here.

ALEX

That's literally what he said. Make 'em *drool*.

BRANDON

Awesome.

IZZY

This is Mike we're talking about?

ALEX

Chelsea's changed. We don't fit anymore.

IZZY

No *shit*.

ALEX

Well he finally gets it.  
Said the 6 brings us back into the fold. The start of a new Bert's.

IZZY

This is what I've been saying for years!

ALEX

Yeah well he heard you. He's doing it.

IZZY

Okay waitwaitwait but which 6 Series? The 6-1?

ALEX

The 6-9. And that's just the frame. Everything else is custom.  
Everything else is up to us he said.  
We can put whatever we want on this thing. Zipps. Campy. Whatever.  
*(pause)*

You gotta build it Izzy.

...

IZZY

I can't.  
I'm leaving. In a week, I'm leaving.

ALEX

We sell this bike we can buy five more. Then we sell those and by this time next year we have a whole new fleet. Right?  
We have a whole new shop.

IZZY

You build it. You're a better wrench than me anyway.

ALEX

I mean I *could*, but the research? The ordering? Coordinating all that?  
I don't have the time.  
I got this place to worry about.

IZZY

Yeah. Fuck.

ALEX

I mean a part of me is thinking we can't sell a 6-Series. Not in this shop.  
That's what I told Mike.  
People don't come in here looking for that kind /of bike--

IZZY

We can sell it.  
I can sell it.

ALEX

Not if you're in some truck picking up garbage on Wall Street.

IZZY

...

*Alex comes up to Izzy.*

ALEX

I can't run this shop with just me and that kid. Gimme another six months. We sell this bike and you can shred as much fucking paper as you want.

IZZY

It's data destruction.

ALEX

Right. Sorry. Data destruction.

IZZY

...

ALEX

Iz. Probably the only chance you'll get to build a 6.  
From scratch.

IZZY

I can't fuck my brother over like that.

ALEX

This is your project. I'm giving this to you.

...

ALEX

If you want it.

*Alex exits into the basement.*

*Izzy stands there.*

*Brandon keeps sweeping, watching Izzy.*

*Izzy snaps out of it and moves into the shop.*

IZZY

Okay College. Maiden voyage.

*She takes the bike out of the stand.*

*Brandon walks forward.*

BRANDON

Is it done?

IZZY

The stem is a little long and we need to get you a headlight so you don't get stopped by the cops.

But it works.

The bike works.

*Izzy holds the bike out to him.*

BRANDON

*(taking the bike)*

Thanks.

*Izzy starts shutting off the lights in the shop.*

*Alex re-enters from the basement carrying his bike.*

BRANDON

I've never ridden a bike in the city.

ALEX

Maybe don't mention stuff like that next time you're trying to sell a bike.

*Everyone prepares for their ride home.*

*Brandon imitates as best he can.*

IZZY

They were tearing up the street on 15th when I was riding in. I'd steer clear.

ALEX

I'll just shoot up to 18th then. Thanks.

*(to Brandon)*

You know where you're going.

BRANDON

*(he does not)*

Pretty much.

ALEX

Okay so cut over to 1st Ave and down to Allen which is basically just straight from 1st. Quick right on Canal then you'll see the bridge entrance right when you're about to pass that little park there. You'll see it.

BRANDON

And that's the

IZZY

The *Manhattan* Bridge.

ALEX

Do *not* take the Brooklyn Bridge.

BRANDON

Rightright.

ALEX

You'll kill yourself. Or some dumbass tourist. The Manhattan has its own lane. Easier to get onto. No tourists. Drops you off in the same spot. Basically.

IZZY

I'll ride with him until the bridge.

BRANDON

No, Izzy it's cool. I can do it.

IZZY

Nah I'm headed that way anyway.  
I brought Four Lokos.

BRANDON

Okay but I only drink the purple ones.

IZZY

This guy!

ALEX

Hold up.

*Alex pulls out an old rental helmet from somewhere in the shop. It looks pretty dorky and beat up.*

ALEX

*(handing it to Brandon)*

Here.

*Brandon looks at it and laughs.*

BRANDON

Right...

*He goes to hand it back. Alex stares back at him, dead serious. Brandon's smiles fades. He slowly puts the helmet on his head.*

ALEX

Take it easy. Like I said.

BRANDON

Yeah. Totally.

ALEX

*(looking at Brandon's bike)*

Iz he needs a headlight. He's gotta know this / stuff--

IZZY

I told him! He's gonna get one tomorrow. He'll be fine.  
You worry about the shop. I got the kid. He'll be good.

*They haul their bikes toward the door.*

IZZY

Wish I could remember the first time I rode over the bridge.

ALEX

Yeah me too.

BRANDON

It's cool?

IZZY

Best view you're gonna get.

ALEX

The city's different on a bike.

You actually see it. Move *with* it.

Can't do that when you're stuck on some train underground.

You'll feel it when you hit the bridge.

*Lights.*

3.

*Lights up.*

*It's the summer now. The door to the shop is open and the sun is shining in.*

*The old air conditioner is blowing like crazy.*

*At center Izzy is setting up a bike display stand.*

*Alex works on Spider's bike in the workstation.*

*Brandon moves around the shop taking inventory.*

*Spider stands at center holding court.*

SPIDER

'Cause I haven't even *seen* it. I just know the name. The title. And in the movie all the bartenders are like super fucking hot models or whatever. *So* unrealistic. In the movie it's so unrealistic.

BRANDON

*(not actually listening)*

Yeahyeah.

SPIDER

And--  
Hold up. You've *seen* it College?

BRANDON

Hm?  
Oh. Um no but  
I've seen the poster somewhere. Tyra Banks or / something--

SPIDER

Yes! Tyra fucking Banks. She's one of the bartenders in it. Like, are you fucking *kidding* me?  
So that's basically what I say to Dilly. I'm like  
Are you fucking *kidding* me?

*At some point over the following, Brandon stops taking inventory, and instead appears to be writing down what Spider is saying.*

SPIDER

Waste of my time.  
And Dilly's like: Just come. He's like: Just come and fucking see.  
So it's like two in the morning. And we ride over to this place.  
*Faded.*

I didn't even lock up my bike.

We get inside this shit hole. Head to the bar. Sit down. Bartender comes up.

*(indicates what she was wearing, head to toe)*

Just, like, *leather*. And I mean she's not Tyra Banks. She's not Tyra 2001 but it's *close*.

And I'm like

*(he stares forward with his mouth agape)*

A-guuuh...

You know? And she looks at me and goes "You want a coyote shot?"

ALEX

The fuck is a coyote shot.

SPIDER

That's what I said!

And Dilly goes "Yeah give it to him." Like he knows what she's talking about.

So she pours me a shot. Whiskey. Like *well* whiskey. She comes over.

*(acting some of this out)*

Spins me around on my bar stool so my back is to the bar? Tilts my head back and stands on the bar. Like stands over me on the bar?

*Izzy, finished setting up the display stand, gets up and heads to the basement.*

SPIDER

Izzy! What the fuck! I'm about to get to the best part!

IZZY

I'm good.

SPIDER

Come on Iz, it's a fucking classic.

You've never heard anything like this.

*She turns and looks at him.*

IZZY

*(she sighs, then)*

The bartender tilts your head back, holds the shot up and

Instead of *pouring* it into your mouth

She *takes* the shot, leans over

And *spits* it into your mouth.

*Pause.*

IZZY

Right?

SPIDER

Um. Yeah.  
How'd you know that.

IZZY

That's how you get mono shithead.

*Izzy exits into the basement.*

SPIDER

Izzy, man. She's crazy.  
Place was nuts. We gotta go.

ALEX

I'll pass Spider.

SPIDER

No we gotta *all* go.  
For real.

ALEX

You got my text, right?

SPIDER

Oh yeahyeah.

*Spider walks over to the counter and briefly looks over Brandon's shoulder at the clipboard he was holding.*

SPIDER

You write that whole thing down College?

BRANDON

Oh. Well yeah but I was just--

*Spider opens his messenger bag and takes out a six pack of beer.*

SPIDER

Told you it was a classic. Gimme credit when you tell your little friends.

BRANDON

Oh no totally--

SPIDER

So what's the deal Allie?  
You never let us day-drink in here.

*Izzy re-enters carrying the 6-Series. It is the most beautiful and expensive bike that has ever been in this shop.*

SPIDER

Holy shit.

*Alex comes out from behind the counter. Brandon comes over too.*

*They all watch as Izzy puts the bike in the stand.*

*She sets it just right and they all stand back.*

*Alex hands her a beer without taking his eyes off the bike.*

ALEX

Nice work Iz.

SPIDER

I'll fucking say.

ALEX

So take us through it.

IZZY

Hm?

ALEX

What do we got here.

IZZY

Okay.

*(she swigs her beer, then:)*

Zipp 404 FireCrest wheelset. Tubeless.

DuraAce groupset, *obviously*.

Di2 electronic shifters.

Titanium 11-speed cassette, rider-tuned gear combination.

Pro Vibe Track Carbon Stem, that shit was hard to find.

Campy headset.

Selle Italia saddle.

Carbon fiber 6.9 Series frame. Hand built in Wisconsin.

KIV tube shaping.

Tip-to-tail integration.

With internal cable routing.

The bike is 14 pounds. 10 ounces.

And it's fast as *fuck*.

*She takes another smig of beer.*

So can I ride it or what?  
Fuck you.  
I'm serious! I'll let you hold my wallet and everything.  
No one rides this thing.  
You haven't ridden it yet Izzy?  
No one rides it College.  
Did you name her?  
Yeah.  
I did.

SPIDER

IZZY

SPIDER

IZZY

BRANDON

IZZY

BRANDON

IZZY

*She swigs her beer.*

*Lights.*

4.

*Lights up on the shop.*

*Sunset. A few days later.*

*Brandon sits on a stool in the workstation holding his eye.*

*Alex is putting ice in a clean rag.*

BRANDON

At first I was just like *whaaaaat?*  
I'm like, Am I seeing what I'm seeing?  
And then I was like, he actually did it. He actually just put that in his pocket.  
So

*Alex comes over and puts the ice on his face.*

BRANDON

Ah!

ALEX

Hold that there.

BRANDON

How's it look.

ALEX

Fine. Gonna be a shiner.

BRANDON  
*(to himself)*

...nice.

*Izzy appears at the door holding a cash deposit bag. She knocks.*

*Alex comes over and unlocks the door.*

IZZY  
*(seeing Brandon)*

What the *fuck!*

BRANDON

I'm alright!

IZZY

What happened?

ALEX

Buncha high school kids came in.

IZZY

When I was at the *bank*? I've been gone ten minutes!

ALEX

And College caught some kid trying to steal a bell.

IZZY

What!

How?

BRANDON

Okay so I was in back trying to help this lady look at cruisers and I see this kid take one of those blue bells there and just put it in his pocket.

ALEX

Asshole.

BRANDON

He just puts it in his pocket and I'm like  
Did I just see that? Did he just put that in his pocket?  
And so he starts making for the door and I'm like: I have to do something.  
So I go like: SIR!

ALEX

He fucking *yells* it.

BRANDON

I'm like SIR! DROP THE BELL!

ALEX

So the kid threw it at him.

IZZY

Ahhhh! College!

ALEX

Direct hit.

IZZY

This has to be a fucking joke. How did I miss this?!?!

BRANDON

*(holding it up)*

We got the bell though.



ALEX

It's good. I think this is good.  
We've only had it for a week so

IZZY

Right.

BRANDON

Pretty sure it's two weeks today actually.

ALEX

What I'm saying is we already got people looking at it.  
For a bike like this that's a good sign. You know?

IZZY

...

ALEX

I'm not worried.

IZZY

Okay.  
Me neither.

*Izzy and Brandon start getting ready to leave.*

BRANDON

We're gonna do the loop in Prospect Park if anyone wants to come.

IZZY

Who's we?

BRANDON

Me and Teresa.

IZZY

Who the fuck is Teresa.

BRANDON

She's the new girl at Metro.

IZZY

WHAT!

ALEX

You're just gonna drop that shit all casual like that College?

BRANDON

What? At least it's not MHR.

IZZY

He's sleeping with the enemy!

BRANDON

Not quite unfortunately.

IZZY

He's getting over-the-pants-squeeze-jobs from the enemy!

ALEX

I'd be down, but I got some stuff to finish up here tonight. We're behind on repairs.

IZZY

*We?* I finished all my shit up.

ALEX

I only give you every fourth bike that comes in here!

IZZY

You listening to this bullshit College?

BRANDON

So you wanna come Izzy?

IZZY

Yeah I'll do the loop with you love-birds.

You sure I won't put you off your game?

BRANDON

No! No way.

IZZY

I can do one or two but then I gotta head home.

BRANDON

Yeah that's cool.

*Brandon takes the ice off his eye and stretches it out.*

IZZY

You good?

*Brandon gets his bike. He and Izzy strap on their helmets and get ready to go.*

BRANDON

Yeah I'm good.

ALEX

Can't be that bad, the kid threw it with his left hand.

*Izzy laughs.*

BRANDON

Come on, he got me pretty good.

ALEX

No I'm just messing with you.

IZZY

Alright let's get the fuck out of here while the sun is still up.

ALEX

I'll lock up.

BRANDON

Later Allie.

ALEX

Yeah I'll see you guys tomorrow.

IZZY

Later!

*Brandon and Izzy exit. They ride off.*

*Over the following the sun sets completely.*

*Alex locks up and shuts off all the lights in the shop except the one lighting the workstation.*

*He turns on some music and walks over to his repair bench.*

*He puts on one of the greasy mechanic's aprons and puts an old mountain bike in the stand. He pulls out a clipboard and reviews the bike.*

*Over the next two minutes Alex fixes the bike. He hums along to the music as he does so.*

*At one point the 6-Series catches his eye. He walks over to it.*

*He inspects it. Runs his hand along it.*

*The front wheel does not seem perfectly aligned with the the handlebars. It could be only a hair off, but Alex must fix it.*

*He goes back to his station and grabs a small allen wrench and carefully fixes the alignment.*

ALEX

Perfect...

*He looks at the bike.*

*Lights.*

5.

*Lights up on the shop. Late summer.*

*The 6-Series still sits at center in its display.*

*Alex sits on the far side of the counter with a note book in front of him. Brandon is truing a wheel in the workstation. Izzy is eating.*

ALEX

What about Bike Fest.  
We set up a booth.

IZZY

For one bike?

ALEX

No listen. We have a booth that's like: This is the new Bert's. Displays about our history, and then displays about our *future*.  
And the 6 is there as an *example* of the direction we're moving.  
We use Bike Fest to relaunch the shop *and* sell the 6-Series

IZZY

Hm.

ALEX

Right?

IZZY

Yeah.  
But Bike Fest isn't until October.

ALEX

...Right.

IZZY

So maybe as like a backup. If it's still here.

*Alex crosses the idea out in his notebook.*

ALEX

If that thing is still here in October I'm gonna be looking for another job.  
We just need to get it out of the shop. Show it off.

IZZY

No one is riding it, I can tell you that.

ALEX

I'm not talking about riding it.  
I'm saying that instead of waiting for someone to come to us, we bring the bike to *them*.

*Izzy, only half listening, looks over Brandon's shoulder.*

IZZY

*(re: the wheel he's working on)*

You brought it in too much on this side.

*Izzy takes over.*

BRANDON

Damn.

IZZY

Truing wheels takes a while. You'll get it.

ALEX

Izzy.

IZZY

I'm listening!

ALEX

Okay so what are your ideas.

IZZY

Just let me think.

ALEX

What about Nico's group ride?

IZZY

What about it.

ALEX

It's a bunch of roadies, right?

IZZY

Yeah.

ALEX

Carbon?

IZZY

More than half.

ALEX

So what about one of those guys.

IZZY

Ehhh I dunno.

ALEX

Well did you *ask*? You can ask.

IZZY

I will I will, it's just

ALEX

What.

IZZY

The only guy who *might* have that kind of money is some weekend warrior asshole who comes in from Greenwich.

ALEX

Okay so let's get this guy in the shop.

*Pause.*

IZZY

MHR set him up with a Tarmac three months ago.

ALEX

*Fuck!*

IZZY

We wouldn't want to sell it to this guy anyway Allie. Trust me. He might have the credit limit for this but that doesn't mean he deserves it.

*Alex starts packing up his shit.*

ALEX

I need your *help* here Izzy.

IZZY

I know.

ALEX

I'm not gonna sit here waiting for someone to come in off the street.

IZZY

No I know.

ALEX

So start by talking to the guys on that ride. Maybe--  
I dunno, maybe one of them knows somebody in the market.

IZZY

Right. I'll ask next time I ride with them.

*Alex grabs his bike*

BRANDON

What if we just, like  
Mark it down.

*Alex and Izzy stop.*

BRANDON

No? Is that...?  
If only to *say* it's on sale.

IZZY

*(turning to Alex)*

I'll sell it.

ALEX

Don't tell me that. Just do it. We need to unload this thing *now*.  
Pull your weight.

IZZY

I will. I am.

*Alex walks up to Izzy.*

ALEX

Me and Meg are looking at that new place.

*He holds up the keys to Izzy.*

ALEX

So when seven hits. You close. Okay?

IZZY

Yeah.

ALEX

You can chill here for a second but both of you are on your bikes by 7:30.

IZZY

Yeah.

Brandon?  
ALEX

Yeah. Of course Alex.  
BRANDON

I'm serious.  
ALEX

*Izzy takes the keys.*

IZZY  
I've closed the shop before Allie. Go do your thing, we'll see you tomorrow morning.

*Alex heads for the door.*

And no Spider!  
ALEX

*Alex exits.*

*Lights.*

6.

*Lights up.**The shop looks mostly closed to the outside world. There are only a few lights on inside. Izzy and Brandon sit in the workstation.**They are passing a bowl back and forth.**Spider, looking pretty fucked up, is laying on the counter.*

IZZY

The counter was still here but the bikes were all along the other wall.  
 We didn't start carrying hybrids until like the mid-90's.  
 Before that it was all touring bikes, road bikes.  
 My first real bike was a Motobecane named--

SPIDER

Becky Thatcher!

IZZY

Yeah. Becky Thatcher. How the fuck did you remember that?

SPIDER

Because--!

*(pause)*

...I have no idea.

IZZY

I wish I still had that thing.  
 Anyways this little shit Alex, must have been like 14 or 15, keeps coming around.  
 He was riding this *busted* BMX bike he grabbed from some dumpster in the Bronx. Thing  
 was held together with duct tape and rusty parts he scraped together.  
 But he made it work. And it got him downtown everyday.  
 I'm serious, *everyday* he was here.  
 Doesn't buy anything, just sits here.  
 Listening to us bitch about whatever.  
 Watches us fix bikes.  
 Then one day it gets *crazy*. It's the middle of the summer and the place is just *packed*.  
 This guy wants a test-ride.  
 This guy got his wheel stolen.  
 And like five people with flats.  
 So Allie just steps into the shop without anyone asking him  
 And starts fixing tubes.  
 He's at it all day.  
 Must have fixed like fifty flats.  
 And he just never left.

*They pass the bowl to Spider. Spider smokes.*

BRANDON

It was busy a lot?

SPIDER

Bert's was busy as *fuck!*

IZZY

Yeah. This place was the jam. *The* shop in Chelsea.  
Bert built this place up all by himself about a million years ago.  
Worked here everyday of his life. You know?  
Then that day comes and he leaves everything to his son Mike. Which was a surprise.  
Guy goes to some fancy business school but ends up stuck with this.  
I give Mike credit though, he coulda closed the shop that day if he wanted. But he didn't.  
He might not know shit about bikes, but he knows how much this place meant to his dad.  
So he's just trying to do his best.

...

Even though he's a complete fucking idiot.  
But then what happens.  
Economy fucks everyone up the ass.  
Fucks this *shop* up the ass.  
Place across the street is up for sale so MHR moves in.  
And all we got is this empty shop.  
That's that.

*Izzy takes a bit.*

BRANDON

Damn.

IZZY

Right?

*Passes it to Brandon.*

IZZY

I'm glad you smoke. I didn't think you were gonna but I'm glad you do.

BRANDON

I should smoke less honestly.

*(to Spider)*

This is pretty good weed Spider.

*They look over, Spider is asleep on the counter.*

IZZY

Spider!

*He snores.*

BRANDON

Where's he been?

IZZY

Fuckers at Select have him on some bullshit route. Sending him all the way into Yonkers. Think they're trying to push him out.

BRANDON

Damn.

IZZY

He'll be okay.

*They watch Spider snore for a moment.*

IZZY

Anyways. This is good.  
Even though this kind of thing doesn't happen anymore.  
This is all part of the shop-rat legacy. So now you're an official loser shop-rat.  
Congratulations.

BRANDON

Wow. I don't know what to say.

IZZY

It's the highest honor we've got soldier.  
No but I'm serious. This kind of stuff is important.  
*(she thinks)*  
Not to Allie I guess. If he didn't have the keys he'd be right here with us.  
Not anymore. That happens though.  
He's got the shop to worry about.  
If he saw us doing this right now he'd kick our ass.  
Well he'd kick *your* ass.  
But this is *our* shop too, you know?  
And there's a shop-rat legacy and this is it. Getting stoned in your shop, talking about bikes, bitching about your boss.  
Doing your best to stomach all the bullshit you have to put up with in this place.

*They smoke.*

BRANDON

I love it here.

IZZY

It's a shit hole.

BRANDON

No. It's not.  
I'm writing a story about the shop.

IZZY

What?

BRANDON

Yeah.

IZZY

Like a book?

BRANDON

*(shrugging)*

Maybe. Could grow into something.  
And actually there's this guy who was an intern with me at Yellow Leaf. He's still over there but has like a job-job now. And I got him to look at some of my pages.

IZZY

Really.

BRANDON

Yeah.

IZZY

And what'd he say.

BRANDON

He was into it. Passed it along to his boss so...

IZZY

Holy shit!  
Am I in it?

BRANDON

Well...  
I changed all the names and took, like, liberties and stuff. But, yeah sorta.

IZZY

...Nice.

*They smoke.*

IZZY

What'd you do to get fired from that fucking internship.

*Spider wakes up but doesn't move.*

Oh. Um...  
BRANDON

...

My bad. That was stupid. You / don't haveta--  
IZZY

Nono, it's cool. I um.  
BRANDON

I stole stuff.  
*(pause)*

*Spider pops up.*

*What?!*  
SPIDER

Yeah.  
BRANDON

*You?!*  
SPIDER

Yeah.  
BRANDON  
*(cracking a smile)*

Jesus man, I didn't know you had it in you.  
SPIDER

Yeah I guess.  
BRANDON

What'd you steal?  
SPIDER

Just. Um. Books.  
BRANDON

Oh. Shit.  
SPIDER  
*(laying back down)*

That makes sense.

BRANDON  
Yeah. Like manuscripts. Unpublished stuff by some, like, *legit* authors. Manuscripts are supposed to be top secret or whatever.

IZZY

Right, right.

BRANDON

Which I knew.

*(brief pause)*

But I took them anyway.

IZZY

To just, like, read 'em?

BRANDON

Yeah.

IZZY

But they caught you.

BRANDON

I *knew* they were gonna catch me.

The internship was a joke.

I got accepted and I was like *fuck* yes. *Yellow Leaf*. Set.

Only it wasn't publishing. It was bullshit.

I worked my ass off to get there. Called in favors to get these references.

Set up my application *perfectly*.

Interviewed *perfectly*.

But when I finally start all I do is *file* stuff. Make *copies*. All day.

So one day I had this pile of manuscripts and I was just like

Fuck it. You know?

If this is what I'm worth to you? If this is how you're going to treat me? Then this is how

I'm going to treat *you*.

This is how I'm gonna make this shit valuable to *me*.

We should steal this bike.

...

IZZY

What?

BRANDON

What if we just stole the 6-Series. Right now.

IZZY

What the fuck are you talking about?

BRANDON

I'm talking about me you and Allie taking this thing and making it work for *us*.

You know?

IZZY

No.

BRANDON

Clearly it's not going to sell here. It's been months. It's just *not* gonna sell. People don't come to Bert's looking for a *6-Series*. So what if we made it look like something happened. I mean if we wanted to we could fucking *do* that Izzy.

*Izzy looks at Brandon.*

IZZY

I built that thing Brandon.

BRANDON

I know. It's more yours than it is Mike's. We take it and sell it on our own. Use the money to open another shop.

IZZY

You just said you love it here.

BRANDON

I mean, I love *you* guys. I love the legacy. Like you said. Fuck Mike. Fuck the shop. We can do this on our own.

...

IZZY

Fuck the shop?  
I've been here for almost as long as you've been *alive*. Right?  
*Any* memory you have  
Some fucking trip to Disney World.  
First time you got laid.  
Sending an application to some bullshit internship -- which by the way sounds like a *normal fucking internship* -- during all that you know where *I* was?  
During every memory you *have*?  
I was here.  
You didn't know Bert.  
You don't know what he put into this place.  
You've never *built* anything with your hands. Okay?  
Fuck the shop?  
I *am* this shop.

BRANDON

Sorry. I didn't mean that Iz.  
I'm sorry. I'm just  
High.

Right.

IZZY

*Izzy gets up, grabs a bike pump and starts pumping up the tires on the 6-Series. She pumps furiously.*

*Brandon and Spider watch her.*

IZZY

Fuck the shop eh?  
Watch me sell this thing.  
College? I'm talking to you.  
You watch me sell it...

*Lights.*

7.

*Lights up on the shop six months later.*

*It's January again and huge "WINTER SALE" signs are plastered all around the shop.*

*The 6-Series has a "NOW ON SALE" sign attached to it as well.*

*Brandon enters frantically from the basement. He is holding pieces of a stationary indoor cycling trainer.*

*[A bike trainer is a machine you hook to the rear wheel of your bike. The machine props up your wheels and allows your rear wheel to spin freely so you can ride indoors. When using one it sort of looks like you're on a stationary bike you'd see at a gym, but you're using your real bike.]*

*Brandon throws the pieces onto the ground at center and begins frantically trying to set it up. It's an old trainer and he can't seem to figure it out.*

*He tries again. Closer this time but no.*

*Once more he tries to carefully attach two pieces.*

BRANDON

Pleasepleaseplease

*The trainer falls apart.*

BRANDON

Fuck!

*Alex storms through the front door, removing his jacket and throwing it onto the counter.*

ALEX

Where the fuck is she?!

BRANDON

I don't know! Her phone is off!

ALEX

She *knows* I'm meeting with Mike today. This is *such* fucking bullshit.

*Alex runs into the shop and shuffles through papers.*

ALEX  
Where are Tim's specs?

BRANDON  
I don't know!

ALEX  
Do we know how tall he is? What's his reach?

BRANDON  
His reach?

ALEX  
I *cannot* fit this guy right now!

BRANDON  
I don't know how to do a fit!

ALEX  
If she's not here in two fucking minutes--

BRANDON  
This piece of shit won't work Allie!

*Alex rushes over.*

ALEX  
I got it Brandon.  
Try calling her again.

*Over the following Alex sets up the trainer.*

*Brandon grabs the phone and tries call Izzy.*

ALEX  
What time is Tim picking up the bike?

BRANDON  
Izzy said 11.

ALEX  
What time is it now?

BRANDON  
Five after.

ALEX  
*Fuck!*

Voicemail. BRANDON

ALEX  
*(connecting the bike to the trainer)*  
Leave a fucking message!

BRANDON  
Heyyyyy Izzy. It's me, Brandon.  
So uh  
Me and Allie are here at the shop. It's about five after and you scheduled Tim to fit the 6-Series and finish up all the paperwork today at 11. Soooo

ALEX  
So where the fuck are you?!

BRANDON  
So Allie was wondering if you might be stopping by soon.  
He's gotta meet with Mike in like ten and I can't do a fit so if you could just call us back when you--

*Izzy enters the shop slowly.*

IZZY  
What up cock knockers...

*Alex stands, breathing heavily.*

*Brandon hangs up the phone.*

ALEX  
Oh hey.

IZZY  
...

ALEX  
Where the fuck were you.

IZZY  
The Willi B is still all / fucked up

ALEX  
Don't give me that shit.

IZZY  
What are you doing.



IZZY

Because I'm not selling him the bike.

...

ALEX

Izzy--

IZZY

It's gonna sit in his fucking garage. It's not happening.

ALEX

Izzy I'm not about to have this conversation / right now--

IZZY

He told me it's for his summer home.

ALEX

*So?*

IZZY

His Montauk summer home.

ALEX

So who gives a shit!

IZZY

I GIVE A SHIT!

I'm not letting my bike rot in some fuck-face's three car garage.

ALEX

Oh *your* bike?

IZZY

I built it didn't I? I get some say in this!

ALEX

Yeah six *months* ago but I'm not / about to--!

IZZY

You can tell Mike it was me that wouldn't sell it--

ALEX

You're damn *right* I'm gonna tell him it was you!  
What, you think *I'd* take the fall for this?

IZZY

I'm gonna have to sell it to someone else.

ALEX

Okay. *Who?*  
You haven't sold shit all season.  
And now you're passing up a fucking *layup?* The sale of the *year?*

IZZY

I can't do it.

ALEX

Great, well your snobby-ass moral dilemma could cost me and Brandon our *jobs*.

BRANDON

I think what she's doing is right.

...

ALEX

What?

BRANDON

He doesn't deserve the 6.

ALEX

Listen Brandon do me a favor and just / chill over there--

BRANDON

It's like you said Izzy.  
You don't earn a bike just because you have the credit limit to back it up.

ALEX

She's gonna close the shop.

BRANDON

I can get another job.

ALEX

What.

BRANDON

We can *all* get other jobs. Allie, you're missing the point.

...

ALEX

Get out.

BRANDON

What?

ALEX

I said get the fuck out!  
Run back to your parents farm in bum-fuck.  
You don't belong here either *College.*  
*(to Izzy)*  
You got a lot to say about Tim. How about this guy?  
Too good for his job. Too good for the shop--

BRANDON

I'm trying to stand *up* for the shop--

ALEX

Bullshit. You're here for our stories.  
Yeah Izzy told me about your little book, Hemingway.  
Ooo! Is that story about you going to the tour gonna be in there?  
Well you can roll your pant leg up all you want but you're no shop-rat. You're a tourist.  
And your bike is a piece of shit.

*Brandon looks to Izzy for help. She's not interested.*

*He starts to move to grab his stuff. Alex steps in front of him.*

ALEX

Go find your job.

*Brandon turns and exits.*

IZZY

He's not wrong about the credit limit thing.

ALEX

Not this time Izzy. We're selling it to this guy. That's it.

*Alex moves and continues to set up the trainer.*

ALEX

Get Tim on the phone and ask if he can still get fit / today--

IZZY

I already sent him across the street.

ALEX

*What?*

IZZY

I'm not selling him that bike.

ALEX  
You sent him to MHR?

IZZY  
I'm not doing it.

ALEX  
IT'S. JUST. A. BIKE!  
It's a piece of metal with some fucking paint on it.

IZZY  
Just a--  
What the fuck Alex? What kind of shit does Mike have you on--

ALEX  
We move this thing today or the shop closes.

IZZY  
Those are *his* words coming out of *your* mouth!  
We can wait another week to sell it. The shop is gonna be fine.

ALEX  
No it's not! You wanna see the numbers?

IZZY  
Don't talk to me like I don't know what's good for the shop.

ALEX  
You don't!  
I've been busting my ass putting a paycheck in your pocket. And / what are you doing--

IZZY  
In *my* pocket? How about I *got* you this job?  
I've been putting a paycheck in your pocket for 10 fucking years!

ALEX  
Don't do that.

IZZY  
Tell me I haven't--

ALEX  
No you know what, you can just head home too.

IZZY  
Sorry what?

ALEX

I can do this myself.

IZZY

You can't kick me out of my shop.

ALEX

It's Bert's shop.

IZZY

And you think if he was here right now he'd sell it to this guy?

ALEX

If it kept his shop open, yeah.  
Which is what I'm trying to do.

...

IZZY

If you didn't have the keys you'd be *with* me about this Montauk fuck.

ALEX

Yeah well I do have the keys.

IZZY

That doesn't make you a manager Alex.  
It just makes you Mike's bitch.  
Place is a shit hole anyway.

*She starts grabbing her stuff.*

ALEX

I should have built this bike.  
You've been halfway out that door for two years.  
You didn't earn this.

IZZY

Yeah well it was your idea.

ALEX

It wasn't my idea.  
I *never* wanted to be some MHR knock-off.  
And I didn't want the old head who couldn't give a fuck to do the build.  
I told Mike  
There's no way she can sell a 6.  
And look.

You were right. IZZY

...

It's not your bike Izzy. ALEX

I know. IZZY

*She exits.*

*As soon as she's gone, Alex starts to search through the drawers frantically.*

Fuck! ALEX

*He bolts into the workstation and scans the clipboards on the wall. He grabs one, takes it over the phone. He dials a number.*

*It rings and rings.*

*He gets the voicemail.*

*Hi Tim!*  
ALEX

This is Alex from Bert's.  
I just wanted to let you know that I'll be taking care of you from here on out.  
I can schedule you for a fit as soon as you have time.  
Today even if you uh  
Listen I'm sorry if there was an incident with--  
Izzy is being dealt with. I've spoken with her and  
We value your business.  
Everything is gonna be okay. It's gonna be fine.  
So give me a call back at the shop when you get a moment. I'll be here all day.  
Thanks Tim.

*Alex hangs up. He looks around for a moment and then bolts through the repair station and down the basement stairs.*

*The shop is empty.*

*We sit here in silence for a moment.*

*Then the phone begins to ring.*

*It rings.*

*Alex enters from the basement and picks up the phone.*

ALEX

Hi Tim??

Mike. Hi.

No of course, I didn't forget it's just---

There's a situation here and I--

Nono it's under control. Everything is--

I'll fill you in later, but it's really a non-issue so--

*(forces a laugh)*

Exactly. Exactly.

*Spider enters the shop. He does not have his bike.*

*He is carrying himself differently.*

*Alex holds up a finger "One second Spider."*

*Spider wanders around the shop, eyeing the 6-Series.*

ALEX

Didn't realize but we're a little short handed today so if it's okay I'll have reschedule the--

...

Here? I mean, if you wanna come down you can but--

*Unseen to Alex, Spider enters the work station, he takes a crow bar off the counter. He exits, making sure Alex did not see, and hovers over the 6-Series.*

ALEX

I really don't mind rescheduling.

No that's true. Whatever you want.

Okay Mike, I'll see you here in an hour.

*Alex hangs up the phone.*

*He stands there for a moment, thinking.*

*He looks up and around the shop. Sees Spider.*

ALEX

What's up Spider.

*Spider is running his hand along the 6-Series.*

You making stops today?  
ALEX

Not today.  
SPIDER

*Alex looks up. Sees Spider by the 6-Series.*

Not making stops for Select anymore Allie.  
SPIDER

What, um  
What happened?  
ALEX

*Spider turns, revealing the crowbar in his hand.*

What are you doing.  
ALEX

*Lights.*

8.

*Lights.*

*Years later. Night.*

*A small outside break area behind MHR. There are a few old lawn chairs, an ashtray, a plastic garbage can, and a door leading to the shop. It might not be much more than an alleyway.*

*Alex, wearing khakis and an MHR polo, sits out back smoking a joint.*

*He sits there for a long time.*

...

...

...

*Izzy, also in MHR uniform, pokes her head out the back door.*

IZZY

You're still here?

ALEX

...

IZZY

You wanna be alone or can I chill?

*Pause.*

ALEX

Yeah come on.

IZZY

Alright, lemme finish locking up real quick.

*Izzy goes back into the shop.*

*Alex smokes alone.*

*Izzy returns. She sits in the lawn chair.*

*They sit there in silence for a moment. Alex does not pass her the joint. Izzy seems to register this.*

...

...

IZZY

Rented a bike to a blind dude yesterday.

ALEX

What?

IZZY

So I get a call earlier in the day from this guy looking for a tandem. Says he's been calling all around the city looking for a shop that will rent him one. Says it's for his son. The dad's gonna ride in front, steer it and everything, his son--his *blind* son pedals in back.

Swear to god I thought it Nico fucking with me.

But later that day dude comes in with this younger guy. 20-something guy wearing sunglasses, holding on to this older guy's shoulder.

I'm like: I bet that's the blind dude...

ALEX

Good call.

IZZY

I set 'em up. Dad has his son feel around the bike. Explains how it works. Explains to his blind kid how *bikes work*.

They get on and ride right up 6th avenue.

ALEX

Did the bike come back?

IZZY

Yeah. Totally fine.

ALEX

Hm.

IZZY

The kid was losing it. Fucking *loved* it. I'm talking to him about buying one. I've never sold a tandem in my life.

ALEX

They aren't exactly city bikes.

IZZY

No I know. It was perfect for this kid though.

You should have seen him. It was awesome.

*Alex smokes.*

*Izzy gets a text. She reads it, texts something back quickly and puts her phone away.*

It cool if somebody drops by?  
IZZY

Who.  
ALEX

Brandon.  
IZZY

...

You remember Brandon.  
IZZY

...  
ALEX

College?  
IZZY

I know who you're talking about.  
ALEX

IZZY  
I'm buying his bike back from him.  
I guess he's been working at some coffee shop in SoHo for a while.  
But he just got a desk job.

ALEX  
So why's he selling his bike?

IZZY  
Says he won't need it.

ALEX  
Sounds about right.

IZZY  
*(smiling, shaking her head)*  
I know. Fucking guy.

ALEX  
*(more to himself than Izzy)*  
Fucking guy...

IZZY

He was just gonna drop it off here if that's cool.

*Alex stands slowly and picks up the remains of an old bike. Puts it on a very old and used stand that sits in the corner.*

*The bike is basically just a rusty frame, crank, fork and some handle bars.*

IZZY

We might grab beers too. Late night happy hour at Pony Bar.  
You wanna come?

ALEX

...

*Izzy sits there in silence while Alex works on the bike.*

*She gets up and wanders around.*

*Killing time.*

*Keeps looking at her phone.*

IZZY

Put a deposit down on that machine. Did I tell you?

ALEX

Which.

IZZY

For the truck.

ALEX

Oh the shredding machine.

IZZY

*Data destruction machine.*

ALEX

Right.

IZZY

Yeah so  
Next month I'm out of here.

ALEX

Yeah?

Yup. No scheme. It's for real.

IZZY

*Izzy stands next to Alex. Watches him work on the bike for a moment.*

I can talk to my brother for you.

IZZY

ALEX

...

We won't need anyone at first but later on

IZZY

Yeah.

ALEX

Only if you want. I can let you know...

IZZY

*Her phone starts ringing.*

*She answers.*

Yo fuck face! What up.  
Yeah I'm coming out.  
...  
No he can't make it.  
Alright.

IZZY

*(turning it on)*

*She hangs up.*

He's out front.

IZZY

ALEX

...

See you tomorrow.

IZZY

*She exits.*

*With the space to himself, Alex seems to relax. He turns on a small radio. Music plays.*

*He stands back and looks at the bike in the stand. Takes it in. Smokes.*

*Without using tools, Alex starts to take off the handlebars. It takes some time but he unscrews everything and gets them off.*

*He looks at the handlebars.*

ALEX

...piece of shit.

*He tosses the handlebars into a small junk pile in the corner.*

HAYDEN

*(unseen)*

Hello? Uhh

*Alex looks toward the door.*

*Hayden emerges through the back door into the break area.*

*He's a young athletic looking guy who, just by his clothes and the way he carries himself, seems to do alright.*

HAYDEN

Sorry, you open?

ALEX

Does it look like we're open. Wait, how'd you get in here.

HAYDEN

Door was unlocked.

ALEX

Fucking Izzy...

HAYDEN

My bad. I can just swing / by later--

ALEX

It's fine. Picking up your bike?

HAYDEN

No I actually need to drop one off.

ALEX

Alright well you'll have to come back tomorrow then. I can't touch the tools when my supervisor isn't here.

HAYDEN

That's fine, I actually don't have it with me so--

ALEX

Then lemme just make you a tag.

*Alex moves and puts his joint down.*

*He finds a clipboard with a repair tag on it.*

ALEX

Name?

HAYDEN

Hayden Kimple.

*Alex writes this down.*

ALEX

Phone.

HAYDEN

212-514-6128.

ALEX

Where you live?

HAYDEN

Brooklyn.

ALEX

No shit Hayden. Address?

HAYDEN

214 6th Ave.

ALEX

*(while writing this down)*

Over by Dixon's.

HAYDEN

Hm?

ALEX

That's Park Slope right?

HAYDEN

Yeah.

ALEX

That's right over by a shop called Dixon's.

HAYDEN

Oh. Never heard of it.

ALEX

It's the small place next to the Co-Op.

*(handing him the repair tag)*

They can probably take care of you there / if you--

HAYDEN

Uh no. Sorry. I want to drop it off here.  
If that's cool.

*Alex looks at him. Turns back to the repair sheet.*

ALEX

Is the bike mountain, hybrid, or road.

HAYDEN

Road.

ALEX

Steel, Aluminum, Carbon.

HAYDEN

Carbon.

ALEX

Make?

HAYDEN

6 Series.

*Pause.*

ALEX

6 what. The 6-1?

HAYDEN

Uh no. 6-9.

ALEX

...

HAYDEN

...

Those are nice. ALEX

Yeah it's my baby. HAYDEN

What uh  
What year is it? ALEX

Uhhh 2012? HAYDEN

No shit. ALEX

*Alex sets the repair tag down. Walks up to the guy.*

*Leans in.*

What kind of wheelset you have on that thing? Zipps? ALEX

Yeah. How'd you know? HAYDEN

Lucky guess. ALEX

I might switch them out though. HAYDEN

Switch out the Zipps? For what? ALEX

I dunno. Yeah I'll probably just keep 'em. HAYDEN

What about the headset. ALEX

Uhhh HAYDEN  
*(trying to remember)*

Campy? ALEX

HAYDEN

Campy...  
Yeah I think so.

ALEX

Gotta be.  
How about the stem?

HAYDEN

Uhhh  
You need all this for the repair tag?

ALEX

No man I'm interested. I wanna hear about your bike.  
We don't see a lot of 6-Series come through here.  
So is the stem carbon?

HAYDEN

Yeah. Or  
Yeah it is.

ALEX

Pro Vibe maybe?

HAYDEN

It's the uh  
Honestly, I'm not totally sure.

ALEX

I bet it's a Pro Vibe. Hundred bucks says it is.  
And the groupset is Dura Ace and the shifters are Di2 and the cassette is titanium.

HAYDEN

...

ALEX

So where'd you get this thing? Craig's List?

HAYDEN

Craig's List?

ALEX

Yeah. What'd the guy look like. The guy who sold it to you.

*Hayden looks at him and laughs.*

HAYDEN

Sorry. Uh no I didn't get it on Craig's List.

ALEX  
Oh.

HAYDEN  
A 6 on Craig's List? That would be insane.

ALEX  
You didn't buy it in New York?

HAYDEN  
No. Do they sell those in New York?

*Alex walks away.*

ALEX  
No you're right. They don't.

HAYDEN  
I got it in Wisconsin.

ALEX  
Awesome...

HAYDEN  
It's this program they run out to the factory. You go and meet the team that builds your bike. They take measurements and ask you all these questions. Build it to your exact specifications. You even get to pick your own color. I went with Rocket Red.

ALEX  
Sounds great.

HAYDEN  
Yeah. I highly recommend it if you're--

*Alex takes the repair tag and crumples it up.*

HAYDEN  
Something wrong?

ALEX  
You're gonna have to go down to Metro and see Dilly.

HAYDEN  
I did.  
He sent me here. Told me to ask for Alex.

ALEX

Well Dilly can just--  
Alex doesn't work here anymore.  
Go to NYCycle on Canal. Ask for Nico. He'll take care of you.

HAYDEN

I can't go to NYCycle. That shop is shit.

ALEX

Yeah well so is this one. You can go back to Dilly or you can go see Nico.  
Those are your options.

*Alex picks up his joint and starts working on the old shitty bike.*

HAYDEN

You can't take care of it here?

ALEX

We don't touch 6's in this shop.

*Alex works in silence.*

*Hayden stands there. Then he pulls out his phone and starts looking something up.*

*After a time:*

HAYDEN

What about that other shop that was around here?

*Alex fixes the bike.*

HAYDEN

With like the posters on the walls and stuff?

ALEX

It closed.

HAYDEN

Damn.

*Hayden puts his phone back in his pocket.*

HAYDEN

I went in there one time  
And the employees were taking turns riding a Thule box down the basement stairs.

...  
ALEX

That place was weird...  
HAYDEN

I gotta close up man.  
See Dilly.  
ALEX

Right. Sorry.  
HAYDEN

Thanks for your help uhh  
Don't think I got your [name.]  
*(goes to shake his hand)*

You're welcome.  
ALEX  
*(shakes his hand)*

*Hayden leaves.*

*Alex turns to the bike and works. He removes the crank.*

*He looks at it in disappointment and walks to the door. On his way out he drops the crank into a plastic garbage can.*

*The crank hits something as it drops and makes a crisp 'clink!'*

*Alex stops and looks down into the garbage can. He reaches in and pulls out a pair of handlebars.*

*Though they are very different, the handle bars look equally as shitty as the ones he took off the bike just a few minutes ago.*

*But Alex looks at them closely.*

Damn.  
ALEX  
*(approval)*

*He puts both his hands on them like he's riding a bike. Gets a feel for them. Rips off some old grip tape loosely wrapped to them.*

*He walks over and holds them up to the bike. Tries to see the it with these handlebars.*

*He stands back and looks at the bike.*

Could work.

ALEX

*He gets to work.*

*Starts putting the handlebars on the bike.*

*Using just his hands.*

*Taking care in doing this exactly the way it should be done.*

*He tightens them down. Takes a step back.*

*Examines the result.*

Hm.

ALEX

*(nods softly)*

Perfect...

*He turns up the music.*

*Cracks a few knuckles.*

*Approaches the bike and continues to work.*

END OF PLAY.