

The Emotional Biker

by

Dan Alvin

EXT: HIGHWAY - DAY

HERCULES LANK is on his Harley, burning up the highway on two wheels.

The wind is whipping at the scarf on his head and the beard on his chin. His enormous face is frozen in a sneer. His giant frame bestrides the bike as John Wayne did a horse. He is driving a big beast and he is a big beast.

Something strikes the wheel of the bike. HERCULES wobbles, snarls and pulls over.

He gets off the bike, piledriver legs planting him oak-like on the hot concrete.

He walks back to a spot on the highway where the collision occurred.

A grey squirrel is lying dead.

HERCULES LANK stares down at the animal.

Staring. A Zeus in leather.

Staring like the living embodiment of the power of man.

This giant.

This behemoth.

Behold the arbiter of life and death.

HERCULES walks back to his bike and gets on.

Starts up.

And rides.

CUT TO:

Close-up of hercules on the bike

HERCULES sobs and sobs and sobs. Choking out goblets of tears and despairing with a wail into the heedless wind.

His cries echo down the highway.

Oh!

The humanity!

END