

NAOMI FEDERLINE

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FADE IN:

INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - GUN COUNTER - NIGHT

A fading chain store. Cluttered, outmoded, and musky.

A corn-fed man of anemic skin and dubious hygiene peers down the barrel of a rifle with worn, peregrine eyes. He is BART FEDERLINE, 50's.

SALESMAN (O.S.)

Yeah, most accurate sniper we stock.
A true fifty twenty-five.

BART

Sorry, fifty what?

SALESMAN (O.S.)

Fifty twenty-five. You can hollow a
quarter, I mean smack, dead center,
up to fifty feet. No scope required.

BART

Oh... You got anything, uh, more mid
range?

SALESMAN

Say no more. For when a box of
chocolates just won't do...

SALESMAN procures a shotgun, hands it to Bart. Bart PUMPS
the action, lines his sight.

SALESMAN

The ultimate personal touch. 'Course
there's always the Humane Society.
Little less extreme. Matter of fact
think I got the number --

BART

Jack. Appreciate the help, really.
But I'll take it. Just make sure I
got enough things. The, uh, whatever
you call...

SALESMAN

Ammo?

BART

Yeah.

SALESMAN

(reluctantly)
Sure thing, Bart.

INT. HYBRID VEHICLE - MOVING - DAWN

Bart gouges the morning from his lobotomized eyes.

NPR VOICE (V.O.)

...And for you aspiring models,
Specialized Bikes is on the hunt for
its next Angel of the Mountains. Yes,
the once defunct Mt. Tam Challenge is
back from its hiatus after last year's
edition was canceled on the --

CLICK. Bart turns the radio off. Seconds later,

The car SKIDS to a stop, springing Bart to life.

EXT. FEDERLINE RESIDENCE - DAWN

Bart climbs from his vehicle, shotgun in hand. He sees a
police cruiser parked outside his mid-century modern home.

Bart tries to affect calm but fear edges across his face.

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Bart tears into the entry.

BART

Naomi!

Nothing. He darts to the:

LIVING ROOM

BART

Naomi!

No one. He zooms to the:

KITCHEN

BART

Baby!

Again, nil. He moves on.

NAOMI'S BEDROOM

Bart spills into the methodically laid suite adorned with
CYCLING PARAPHERNALIA, but again, no Naomi.

HALLWAY

Bart charges down the corridor, hurdles an-ad hoc sleeping
quarter of lumped quilts and pillows.

ANOTHER BEDROOM

Bart explodes into unkempt quarters and a half-nude POLICEMAN TUMBLES out of the bed while a FEMALE veils her nude form.

Bart freezes, abjectly gawks at Female who lifts her bowed head to reveal: a dazzling, dark-haired ingénue of Chinese parentage, 20's.

POLICEMAN (O.S.)
Freeze jerkoff! Drop it!

Policeman aims his gun at Bart - who still holds the shotgun.

FEMALE
No!

POLICEMAN
Throw the gun down!

FEMALE
Stop! Listen to me!

POLICEMAN
Put it down!

FEMALE
You macho asshole, no!

POLICEMAN
Drop the gun!

FEMALE
Dad, put it down!

POLICEMAN
Drop the weapon!

FEMALE
Dad, drop it!

A stupefied Bart DROPS the rifle.

POLICEMAN
(beat)
D--Dad? Annrina who's --

ANNRINA (FEMALE)
My father! You idiot.

Policeman is gutted, lowers gun.

Bart fumbles to collect his wits, fetches the shotgun, and exits, leaving Annrina to stew with self-berating Policeman.

A whirling MECHANICAL CHURN crescendos to:

EXT. BUCOLIC ROADS - MORNING

Spoked WHEELS cut the wind as lean, muscular LEGS dance upon bike pedals. A fit, feminine PHYSIQUE powers a road bike and metronomic emissions of BREATH reveal NAOMI FEDERLINE, 20's.

She is not a biker, one who wears psychedelic spandex, but a cyclist, one who believes function does not preclude fashion.

Beneath a helmet and shades, Naomi sweeps through a pasture-lined thoroughfare peppered with hills and twists.

At a steep bluff she rises from the saddle, whips the bike to and fro, and powers up the incline.

A CYCLOMETER on the handlebar (device that measures distance, speed, time) reads: 56.1, 56.2, 56.3 Mi.

EXT. PANORAMIC HIGHWAY - MORNING

A stalled moving truck STEAMS. JOE NIBALI, 30's, cut from mahogany and of alike skin also boils.

JOE
Unbelievable, bro.

Joe looks up and down the road, glimpses a speck advancing on the horizon, and hails the vision.

JOE
Hey, little help? Little help here --

But he is rudely BUZZED forcing him back on his heels. Joe confusedly looks on... then finds SNOT on his shirt.

JOE
Oh, okay. Really?

DOWN THE HIGHWAY

Naomi cycles on, wipes the remnants of the snot rocket from her nose. In the distance ahead - a large MOUNTAIN looms.

EXT. SHORELINE HIGHWAY - MORNING

Naomi races past coastal windswept hillsides as she heads for base of the mountain and passes a ROAD SIGN indicating the entrance to Mt. Tam State Park.

At speed she charges toward the approach... but disengages.

LATER

As the MOUNTAIN withers to the distance Naomi peers back to its summit. Unfortunately, a car pulls into the road ahead.

ROADSIDE DITCH - MOMENTS LATER

Naomi flickers into consciousness, removes her helmet and shades to unveil: boyish length locks, taut athletic face.

MOTORIST (O.S.)
Hey, you alright?

Naomi gazes upward, finds MOTORIST with aviator sunglasses.

MOTORIST
Anything broken? Got a cell phone, maybe?

NAOMI
A little help here!?

MOTORIST
Sorry, you're right.

Motorist whips out his cellular.

MOTORIST
(sotto voce)
Guys don't belong on the road...
(to Naomi)
Uh, you're not gonna die, are you?
Nothing internal? 'Cause I kinda
have to be somewhere --
(on phone)
Hi. Yes, I have downed biker.
Shoreline and Panoramic. She's
conscious. I don't know, isn't that
your job? Well, I'm talking to her.

Motorist vanishes from the rise.

NAOMI
The hell...
(beat)
Hey. Hey!

But her pleas meet with silence. Naomi labors to secure a cell from her jersey pocket.

Views the CONTACTS: Dad, Kal, Rna, Wrk.

And speed dials Kal. RING, RING, RING.

NAOMI

Come on, you don't have a life.

DOC (V.O.)

Caroline. Caroline, please...

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION DESK - DAY

DOC, a man of middle-aged virility and a lab coat assists two hook-nosed GIRLS with paperwork while on the phone.

DOC

(to Girls)

No, no, no. Here. Rhinoplasty.

(on phone)

I understand. It's an essay contest. Meaning if there's a thousand entries there's at least twice as many pages to review. It will take a while, I know. It's the best we can do.

Caroline. It's against the rules --

At that moment Naomi coolly CLAMORS inside. Doc and Girls gape as she slides behind the desk, props her rickety bike and slips into a backroom - ASS showing through torn Lycra.

DOC

Caroline, something just came out.

(to Girls)

Excuse me.

BACKROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Naomi attends to her ROAD RASH atop a medical table. Doc enters, lends a hand.

DOC

Think next time you could come in looking more like Wile E. Coyote?

NAOMI

Maybe if I had a deviated septum and lack of self-esteem. You see those launching pads?

Naomi mimes a rocket firing off her nose.

DOC

Their breathing problems are real.

NAOMI

Really imagined.

DOC

If only we were as perfect as you.

NAOMI

I know, right?

DOC

What happened? You hit a pothole?

NAOMI

No, an asshole. Guy ran me off the road. Took off.

DOC

Naomi...

NAOMI

See, Doc. People suck.

DOC

Are you okay? Should you go to the hospital?

NAOMI

No, I'm good. And technically I'm already at a doctor's office.

Doc stops assisting.

NAOMI

(reassures)

I'm fine, I'm fine. Just help me clean up.

Doc resumes helping.

DOC

Well, did you get a plate?

NAOMI

I don't know. You see it?

Naomi flaunts her road-burned derrière.

DOC

Would you--a simple no would suffice, thank you.

NAOMI

Come on that was fun--ouch, watch it.

Doc swabs an abrasion.

DOC

It's going to burn. Don't be a sissy.

NAOMI

Uncalled for...

DOC

Look, I know your plate is full.
Must have a lot on your mind. But I
think it's time we settled our little
pact and got you back into the world.
I can't keep pushing finalist
announcements. We're a month overdo --

NAOMI

Can we just focus on the task at hand?

DOC

Of course. Task at hand.

Doc moves to a bureau, PLOPS down a heap of essays.

DOC

Three-hundred to go. And your list
of finalists by next week.

NAOMI

What?

DOC

Next week, Naomi, or the deal's off.

NAOMI

Ugh, fine. Your catchphrase is
borderline misogynist by the way.
Surprised no one's complained.

DOC

The first tenet of advertising: even
bad news is good news.

NAOMI

Wait, isn't that marketing?

DOC

Okay, smart-ass. You come up with
something better without losing the
irony.

NAOMI

"Breast Christmas Ever" isn't ironic.

DOC

Essays. Sooner they're done, sooner
you're free. Now, if you don't mind I
have some "launching pads" to consult.

Doc exits, leaving Naomi to tend to her road rash.

EXT. MILL VALLEY CYCLEWORKS - DAY

The shingle roofed and open windowed storefront displays high end BICYCLES, a HELP WANTED sign.

NAOMI (V.O.)

Y'know, for a guy without money or a lady-friend you've been hard to reach.

INT. BIKE SERVICE CENTER - DAY

Stocked with gadgets as puzzling as a surgeon's tray, KAL NOVAK, 20's, a wiry, cool cucumber, focuses his gaze on a lopsided bike wheel. A bandaged Naomi nearby.

KAL

Think that's beside the point here. So what, you didn't see him? Came out of nowhere?

NAOMI

Hello, guy ran me off. Supposed to be on my side.

KAL

No, I am. Glad you're okay. Just don't see how you missed him.

NAOMI

Uh, I didn't...

KAL

No, well, yeah.

Naomi gesticulates, "Thank you."

KAL

(sincere)
But you're okay, right?

NAOMI

I'm alive.

KAL

Huh. Guess so...

NAOMI

(re bike)
She gonna make it?

KAL

Hmm? Oh, yeah, your wheels - toast. Got several cracks in the rim. Odd spokes sketchy. Obviously safer to get a new set.

NAOMI

Guess I can live with that.

KAL

Which brings me to your frame.

NAOMI

What you think I need some work?

Naomi cups her middling bosom.

KAL

There's no visible breaks in the carbon. Runs smooth to the touch but considering speed at impact...

NAOMI

There might be cracks in the lay-up.

KAL

Know it's not what you want to hear.

It's not. Naomi clearly upset.

KAL

But can't really recommend hopping back on her.

NAOMI

No, I know... Don't know what I was hoping for.

KAL

(consoles)

It's just a bike, Naomi.

NAOMI

Not that you would know.

Kal smarts, tries to conceal it.

KAL

Hey, you wanna see something?

INT. SHOWROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A sparkling new ROAD BIKE sits prominently atop a podium. Naomi caresses the satiny carbon frame, glossy mechanical components. She admires every nook of the modern machine.

KAL (O.S.)

Tour proven, women specific carbon. Feathery light, supple, but stiff...