

THE CONTENTS OF THIS DOCUMENT ARE PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

VELOCITY

by

David Lowe

Fourth draft

© David Lowe 24 November 2005

c/- ICS & Associates Pty Ltd
Level 5
62 Clarence Street
Sydney NSW 2000
Australia

AWG registration no. 9013

tel (02) 9290 3922
fax (02) 9290 2112
email belinda@icsassoc.com.au
direct tel (02) 6493 6135
email davidlowe@acr.net.au

1. EXT. HIGHWAY. DAY 1.

A determined-looking young woman, FLEUR BRIDGE, 21, rides a big motorbike towards the city. She wears a leather jacket, open helmet, sunglasses.

Her bike is dirty, and loaded for long distance travelling.

2. EXT. MAJOR ROAD. DAY 2.

Riding through the city outskirts, Fleur sweeps over an overpass above the huddled outer suburbs. There's something edgy about her; she's like a coiled spring.

An exit ramp approaches. At the last moment, Fleur sweeps across lanes of traffic and takes the ramp. Horns blare.

3. EXT. SUBURB/HOUSE WITH GATE. DAY 3.

Remembering the way with some difficulty, Fleur turns down one street, then another.

She pauses outside the house where she grew up, and takes off her sunglasses. No one seems to be home.

A lonely wind rattles the driveway gate gently, attracting her attention...

4. EXT. HOUSE WITH GATE. NIGHT 4.

Flashback to fifteen years ago. Wet concrete glistens after rain. Fleur, 6, is on a little bike with training wheels. Inside the gate, she looks up - she can't get out.

Outside, there's the sound of a big car approaching, going too fast.

Anxious to escape, little Fleur stretches in her pedals. With difficulty, she manages to open the gate.

Headlights flash over Fleur's face. Tires squeal...

5. EXT. HOUSE WITH GATE. DAY 5.

The vision passes. Back in the present, Fleur looks away from the gate. With shaking hands, she lights a cigarette.

Through her clothes, Fleur touches something which hangs from her neck, over her heart.

A STRANGE WOMAN scowls at her from the house through parted curtains.

Fleur puts her sunglasses back on, fires up her bike, and rides away.

6. EXT. CITY. DAY

6.

Deeper into the city, Fleur rides one-handed alongside a lane of afternoon rush-hour COMMUTERS, smoking.

In her mirror she glimpses a young, black, rasta-looking bicycle courier with a devilish smile. This is O'HARE.

Intrigued, Fleur turns to get a better look, but he's nowhere to be seen.

Confused, Fleur turns back to see O'Hare riding parallel with her, between two lanes of slow moving cars, one lane across. He's very fit.

Drinking something from a flask, O'Hare rides a stripped-down, fixed gear racing bike with no brakes or freewheel. There's a waterproof satchel on his back and a two-way radio strapped to his chest.

O'Hare grins at Fleur like the Cheshire Cat. Fleur can't help but smile back. Playfully, using body language, O'Hare challenges her to a race.

Fleur rises to the bait, happy to be distracted. Together, they accelerate. The lights ahead change to green - the race is on.

O'Hare swerves across traffic, up the footpath, and across a park, scattering pigeons.

Fleur accelerates to stay with him, but her engine is little advantage; she's stuck on the road.

O'Hare flies over the gutter at the end of the park and back to the road. He streaks through a red light moments before it changes.

Fleur slows and waits for the green, then guns after him, engine whining.

The race twists and turns across bridges, down alleys and between lanes of crawling rush hour traffic.

Back on the straight, Fleur steadily closes the gap with O'Hare.

She clips someone's mirror with her handlebar. It flicks back into place, but she loses concentration for a moment. She darts a glance over her shoulder to see the DRIVER shaking his fist at her.

Fleur looks ahead again to find O'Hare gone. She looks around. Where is he?

Flying through an intersection, she catches a glimpse of O'Hare riding in the next road parallel to her, a block away, hanging on to the back of a bus. He waves as Fleur stares, then disappears behind a building.

Suddenly she faces a red. Fleur hits her brakes. Waiting for the change, she strains to see where O'Hare has gone.

As the lights change, O'Hare darts past with millimetres to spare, back on Fleur's street again. He darts a rakish glance back as he effortlessly pulls away.

Accelerating, Fleur rocks on to her back wheel, on the verge of losing control, then drops down a gear as she starts climbing a steep hill, gaining.

Up ahead, O'Hare takes his hands off the bars, pulls out his hipflask and nonchalantly takes a swig. He tosses the flask back to Fleur as she pulls closer.

Fleur swerves and somehow manages to catch the flask. She stuffs it in her pocket as they crest the top of the hill, neck and neck. There's no traffic ahead.

At the bottom of the hill is a busy intersection with a traffic light. O'Hare points at the intersection and gestures as if to say 'that's the finish line'. Fleur nods.

Both riders put their heads down, barrelling for it. Parked cars, houses, trees and construction sites turn to a blur. No pushbike has ever travelled as fast as O'Hare's fixie, but Fleur is in front.

Up ahead, the traffic light turns orange. They'll never make it through in time. Fleur is scared. She looks across to O'Hare, who's grinning like a madman.

The light turns red. O'Hare goes even faster. Fleur loses her nerve - she hits her brakes.

O'Hare doesn't have any brakes.

Cars and buses begin to cross the intersection, going both ways.

Fleur slams into a wild skid. Her back wheel judders and complains.

Fully committed, O'Hare sails through the smallest of gaps.

Cars brake and skid around Fleur as she stops in the middle of the intersection.

Unhurt, she looks up to see O'Hare in clear space on the other side, free as a bird.

He smiles back once more, and touches his fingers to his helmet in a salute. Then he's gone.

Fleur is surrounded by angry, honking DRIVERS. She's unsettled, her composure shattered.

7. EXT. INNER CITY. NIGHT

7.

Night falls as Fleur rides through the heart of the city.

She follows scribbled directions on the back of a wedding invitation. The impromptu race has made her late.

She rides past COURTING COUPLES and families with LAUGHING CHILDREN. Uncomfortable, Fleur looks away.

8. EXT. CITY. NIGHT

8.

Fleur rides into a silent part of town. Office blocks loom. No one's around, apart from a couple of BUSINESSMEN hurrying home.

She reaches a rundown area, and stops, looking at her map, wondering if she's lost.

In the distance, she hears voices.

9. EXT. WASTE GROUND/ABANDONED CAR PARK. NIGHT

9.

Fleur crosses bumpy waste ground. Near an abandoned-looking multi-storey car park, she finds a group of young men playing a strange game, bike polo.

Fleur approaches slowly on the motorbike. The players ignore her, focused on their game.

Two teams of four, all riding bikes and each dressed in their own style, collide and grunt at one another as they wrestle the ball back and forth across the makeshift arena with hockey sticks.

Even the goalies are on wheels, pedalling rough-looking bikes forwards and even backwards with great skill.

The game blocks Fleur's way forward. She gets out the wedding invitation again. There's a sketch of the car park. Improbably, this seems to be the right place.

The bike polo players stop as they see her wedding invitation.

Without getting off his bike, one player jemmies opens the security gate of the car park. He ushers Fleur inside, scowling at her big ugly motorbike.

Signs warn 'Danger! Demolition site. No Entry.'

10. EXT. ABANDONED CAR PARK. NIGHT

10.

Riding the motorcycle, Fleur enters the creepy, abandoned multi-storey car park.

It's dark inside, and quiet, apart from the sound of her engine. There are orange safety fences and lumps of broken-up concrete scattered about.

Fleur takes the ramp to the next level. No one seems to be around. From somewhere above, there are strange squeaking sounds, and thumps.

Fleur stops the bike. She pulls a professional-looking camera out of her saddlebag, and fixes the flash.

11. EXT. ABANDONED CAR PARK. NIGHT

11.

Fleur rides higher, up two more levels.

'Danger! Explosives!' warn the signs. Up above, the strange noises get louder.

Suddenly someone races up behind her. Instinctively, Fleur swings and fires the flash.

It's a tandem pushbike. The RIDER swerves.

RIDER

Fuck!

On the back of the tandem sits a neatly dressed middle-aged woman. The CELEBRANT is blindfolded, hanging on for dear life.

FLEUR
Who are you?

CELEBRANT
I'm the celebrant!

The bike streaks past up the ramp. A little reluctantly, Fleur follows.

12. EXT. CAR PARK - ROOF LEVEL. NIGHT 12.

Fleur emerges on to the roof to find an amazing secret world, lit by pedal-powered rave lights.

There are people of all shapes and sizes riding a variety of human powered contraptions; reclining bikes and tricycles, unicycles and penny farthings.

The WEDDING GUESTS are exotically dressed, covered in tattoos and piercings.

There are FIXIE RIDERS competing to see who can skid the furthest, NAKED RABBIT HOPPERS jumping over high jump poles and PEOPLE RIDING BACKWARDS in circles.

The appreciative, partying crowd seems to be locked in to the same beat, but no music can be heard, there's just the sound of whirring pedals and tires on the concrete.

Someone gives Fleur a pair of wireless headphones. She puts them on and hears what they hear; the music is being mixed live by a DJ and a couple of electronic musicians with their gear mounted on a big conference bike.

In the midst of the chaos, Fleur smiles as she spots her friend and de-facto big sister, ULA, 34, the bride, in traditional white.

Ula is elated to see Fleur. She rushes over.

ULA
Fleur!

Squealing, she hugs Fleur tight, then stands back and points at her slightly rounded belly.

ULA (CONT'D)
Can you tell?

Fleur is a bit taken aback.

FLEUR
Not really.

ULA
Two months!

Ula runs off and drags a big, bear-like Afghan guy back with her. MOOK, 32, is a little shy. He wears a tuxedo and a bike helmet.

ULA (CONT'D)
It's this one's fault. Mook -
Fleur - Fleur - Mook.

Mook pulls off his bike helmet and kisses Fleur's hand.

ULA (CONT'D)
He's a real gentleman!

MOOK
Ula told me about you. I
thought... with your ancestry...

He trails off, frowning at Fleur's motorcycle.

FLEUR
You thought I'd be riding a
real bike?

Ula laughs.

ULA
You should stay with us.

FLEUR
Oh, I really can't. I'm just
here for the wedding. There's
an important fashion shoot in
Adelaide in a couple of days.

Ula sniffs disparagingly.

MOOK
You cannot stay?

FLEUR
I'm sorry.

Nearby, there's a roar from the crowd as a new competitor arrives for the long distance skidding competition. They all turn to watch.

Fleur pulls out her camera, zooms in and recognises the smiling, rasta guy she raced in the street, O'Hare.

O'Hare accelerates, rocks on to his front wheel, and locks his back wheel with his legs. The crowd scatters as he skids an enormous distance, almost going over the edge of the car park, and demolishing the previous record.

The crowd whistles and applauds.

O'Hare wheels round to where Ula and Mook wait with Fleur.

There's a moment between him and Fleur - they're pleased to see each other again.

ULA

Glad you could make it,
O'Hare.

MOOK

My best man!

Fleur tosses O'Hare his hip flask. O'Hare doesn't say anything, but smiles broadly, and raises it in gratitude.

Ula and Mook look at them, confused.

ULA

You guys have met?

FLEUR

Kind of.

13. EXT. CAR PARK - ROOF LEVEL. NIGHT

13.

Fleur photographs the wedding ceremony, part of an enormous circle of guests gathered around the 'hub' of Mook, Ula, the celebrant and the best man, O'Hare.

The wedding rings are made of hammered, stylised pieces of bicycle chain.

CELEBRANT

... and do you, Muktesh, agree
to love and cherish Ula, so
long as you both shall ride
together?

MOOK

I do.

CELEBRANT

You may kiss the bride.

ULA

About bloody time.

The crowd cheer, whistle and ring their bike bells as Mook and Ula kiss long and hard.

The celebrations are cut short as SECURITY GUARDS arrive in little cars with orange flashing lights and sirens.

The guards jump out of their cars and try to grab wedding guests as people scramble for their bikes.

Everyone scatters on their respective wheels. The little security cars tack back and forth ineffectually.

There's a 'just married' sign and dangling cans behind Mook's long wheelbase cargo bike. He rattles away down the ramp with Ula balanced on the cargo platform, her wedding dress dangling over the sides.

Fleur jumps on her motorbike and follows them.

14. EXT. STREETS/YELLOW JERSEY HOTEL. NIGHT 14.

There's a short, joyful scramble through the streets, as Fleur and the riders on pushbikes shake off the security guards.

Fleur finds them regrouping outside a pub with a neon cyclist outside, the Yellow Jersey, for the first round of post-wedding celebrations.

Through the window, she sees the pub is full of cycling and Tour de France memorabilia. Fleur's face falls as she sees her father, CHARLIE BRIDGE, 50s, the owner, an athlete well past his prime.

Charlie moves out from behind the bar to reveal crippled legs - he supports himself on two sticks. He stops dead as he sees Fleur outside, through the glass..

15. EXT. SUBURBAN STREET. NIGHT 15.

Fifteen years ago. Six year old Fleur sits on her little bike in the middle of the wet road.

Lying near his damaged road bike, a younger Charlie lies on the road with smashed, bleeding legs.

Another crumpled body and bike lie nearby. Beyond is a stopped red 1978 Valiant, brake lights on and motor running.

Charlie is obviously in agony.

CHARLIE
Fleur. Get help.

Wide-eyed with shock, the little girl is frozen. She stares back at him, and doesn't move...

16. EXT/INT. YELLOW JERSEY HOTEL. NIGHT

16.

Back in the present, Ula watches Fleur looking at her father.

Wedding guests barrel through the door nearby, but the happy mood has evaporated for Fleur.

ULA
He's nothing but a toothless tiger.

Fleur doesn't want to go inside.

FLEUR
Sorry Ula. I'd better go.

ULA
He's your fucking dad, you should talk to him. How many years has it been?

FLEUR
I don't know. Not enough.

ULA
We'll go somewhere else.

Fleur shakes her head.

FLEUR
This is your night. Be happy.

She kisses Ula goodbye.

ULA
Please stay. We'll meet you somewhere later.

Inside, Charlie is besieged with orders.

Fleur pulls away.

FLEUR
There's too many memories
here.

ULA
Don't leave it so long next
time. I miss you.

FLEUR
I'll send the pictures.

Ula pulls out a business card, hands it to Fleur.

ULA
Ring me if you need a place to
stay, talk, anything.

FLEUR
Okay.

They embrace again, and part.

Ula looks after Fleur sadly, then her friends pull her
inside, where Mook is waiting.

17. EXT. MAJOR ROAD. NIGHT

17.

Fleur rides out of town. Most of the traffic streams the
other way.

She sees a sign approaching for the next turn-off:
'Cemetery'.

She slows, thinks about it, then takes the turn.

18. EXT. NECROPOLIS. NIGHT

18.

Fleur rides into the enormous cemetery, a quiet suburb of
its own.

She searches for a particular grave (that of her brother
Troy). The bike's powerful headlight flicks over the
headstones.

Up and down the rows she goes. Fleur can't find the grave
she's looking for.

Frustrated, she stops the bike. She pulls out a bottle of
whisky from a pannier and drinks.

On foot, by moonlight, Fleur checks one row, then another, ending up back where she started.

Still swigging, she sits down on the ground, leaning on her bike. She looks up at the silent stars.

FLEUR
(to herself)
Where are you?

Fleur finishes the bottle. She pulls her leather jacket around herself. Frustrated, exhausted, she falls asleep.

19. EXT. PARK. DAY

19.

Fleur dreams of herself as a girl of six. She pedals her little bike with training wheels through a very green park on a gorgeous sunny day.

Her athletic big brother Troy, 19, a bronzed god in Fleur's eyes, pedals his racing bike on the path up ahead, curls glowing in the sun.

Troy looks over his shoulder, singing back to her with a smile.

TROY
Fleur...

Little Fleur pedals hard, but she can't catch up, no matter how she tries. Her legs are too short.

20. EXT. NECROPOLIS. DAY

20.

Fleur is woken by a large orange earthmoving machine. It's come to dig a grave. Fleur and her motorbike are in the way.

The DRIVER gestures angrily, making it clear she has to leave.

Groggily, Fleur gets up.

21. EXT. ROAD/CORNER SHOP IN SUBURBS. DAY

21.

Riding out of town, Fleur reaches for a cigarette. Her pack is empty.

She stops in front of a corner shop and runs inside, leaving her motor running.

A couple of YOUNG TEENAGERS seize their chance and jump on to the motorbike, accelerating away.

Fleur runs outside and sprints after the kids. They almost lose control of the big machine.

FLEUR
Stop you little buggers!

Fleur is close to catching them, but then they regain control, and leave her behind in the exhaust.

Fleur stops, panting, as the disaster sinks in. She's lost all her stuff, even her camera.

Across the road, she sees a police station.

22. INT. POLICE STATION - COUNTER. DAY

22.

Fleur stands at the counter. A very young CONSTABLE types her details into the computer with two fingers.

CONSTABLE
I'm going to need a few more details. We're talking about a motorcycle and a camera?

FLEUR
They've got everything! You've got to get after them.

CONSTABLE
We're going to need a name and address.

FLEUR
For fuck's sake, they're getting away!

Waving her arms around excitedly, she knocks some pamphlets off the desk. A passing SERGEANT is concerned.

SERGEANT
(to the constable)
Everything all right here?

FLEUR
No everything isn't fucking all right!

A decent-looking male detective in his 50s, DC LINT, looks through a window at the source of the commotion.

Fleur bashes away at the little bell on the counter.

CONSTABLE

You're going to have to calm
down.

The police try to restrain her. Fleur violently throws
off their hands.

FLEUR

Why can't you just do your
bloody job!

Very angry, she storms off. DC Lint looks after her.

23. EXT. STREET/PAYPHONE. DAY

23.

Fleur stomps along the street, trying to figure out what
to do, talking to herself.

FLEUR

Shit. Shit. Shit.

She stops, walks the other way, then stops again. She
goes through her pockets. There's hardly anything there,
just a few coins and Ula's card: 'Bat Out of Hell
Couriers'.

There's a payphone nearby. Fleur feeds her remaining
coins into the phone and tries to dial the number, but
the phone just swallows her money. The line goes dead.

Fleur bashes the phone with the handset.

She looks at the address on the card. With no obvious
alternative, she starts walking.

24. EXT. CITY MALL NEAR WATER. DAY

24.

Fleur walks through crowds of tourists and office-
workers, trying to find her way through the changed and
unfamiliar city.

A variety of street performers try to attract the
attention of passersby. There's a KID WITH A VIOLIN,
SOMEONE JUGGLING, and another PERSON DOING A PUPPET SHOW.

Nearby is a young man completely painted in silver, with
hessian angel wings and a coathanger halo. He looks like
Troy did at 19, but is almost unrecognisable beneath the
silver body paint.

The ANGEL stands completely still, his eyes closed, an oasis of calm and peace amid the traffic and noise of the city. At his feet are a few coins. The busy passersby ignore him.

Without moving his head, the Angel opens his eyes and looks at Fleur from some distance away.

Fleur doesn't notice him, or indeed any of the buskers.

She hurries away through the bustle of the city.

25. EXT. CITY STREETS. DAY

25.

Fleur walks and walks.

Fancy shops are replaced by small, strange restaurants. Yuppified neighbourhoods are replaced by semi-slums.

Other languages join the English being spoken on mobile phones and coming out of shops. Graffiti becomes more common.

Fleur enters a poor, run-down part of town.

She stops near a smoking, wrecked car which looks like it was set alight the night before. The car is across the road from a sagging old tenement building.

There's a sign outside: 'Bat Out of Hell: bike couriers wanted. Apply within.'

Fleur pauses for a moment, then crosses the road.

26. EXT/INT. BAT OUT OF HELL. DAY

26.

Fleur steps up to the front door of the Bat Out of Hell tenement. There are bits of bikes everywhere. The door hangs open.

Fleur knocks. Nothing happens.

She steps inside, across a sleeping cat. There are boards down each side of the hall with ads for cycling products, snapshots of couriers, phone numbers, doodles and strange scribbled codes.

There's a large sign hanging above the hall: 'NO EXCUSES'

From the kitchen, Fleur can hear low, intermingled voices; radio chatter.

She walks down the long narrow hall towards the kitchen.

Fleur enters the kitchen to see a big table covered in paper, packages and two way radio gear.

A very large Koori lady in her 50s, AUNTY VERA, sits near a microphone in a wheelchair, smoking as she works.

A large oxygen cylinder is nearby. A sign on the cylinder says in red letters 'DO NOT SMOKE NEAR THIS'.

Barely acknowledging Fleur, Aunt Vera presses buttons and talks fast, a phone to her ear, flinging papers around, doing ten things at once.

AUNTY VERA

Have you dropped the King, 69?

HARRY (O/S, FEMALE, 26)

10-4.

AUNTY VERA

Okay, you've got a stack of 8 slash 21 going to Goldfinger, Goldfinger to Sails.

HARRY (O/S)

Got it.

AUNTY VERA

5, what's up?

METH (O/S, MALE, 48)

You know me, Aunty V, only what's s'posed to be.

AUNTY VERA

You're picking up level 19 Parrot Cage to 52 Market.

METH (O/S)

Roger that.

AUNTY VERA

9, tell me you're not still holding.

ULA (O/S)

The lift is stuck, what can I do? Use my super-powers?

AUNTY VERA

Next time take the stairs!

Coughing like she's about to die, Aunty Vera puts down the phone and pushes the mic away. She grabs a nearby oxygen mask and breathes deeply.

Fleur stares, unsure what to do.

When she's able to breathe again, Aunty Vera returns to her cigarette.

AUNTY VERA (CONT'D)
(to Fleur)
Got any experience?

FLEUR
Sorry?

AUNTY VERA
Where's your bike?

FLEUR
I don't have one.

AUNTY VERA
What do you use? A pogo stick?

FLEUR
I'm not a bike courier, I'm a
photographer.

AUNTY VERA
Why do I need a photographer?

FLEUR
You probably don't.

AUNTY VERA
Exactly.

She turns back to her work.

AUNTY VERA (CONT'D)
Door's that way.

FLEUR
I'm here to see Ula, she said
I might be able to stay for a
couple of days, I've had a bit
of bad luck.

AUNTY VERA
How do you know Ula?

Fleur pauses for a moment.

FLEUR

She was my brother's
girlfriend.

Aunty Vera re-appraises her, softens a little.

AUNTY VERA

You must be Fleur. I'm Aunty
Vera, and I'll tell you one
thing for free: there's no
such thing as luck.

FLEUR

Can I talk to Ula?

AUNTY VERA

She's working. Theoretically.

FLEUR

Can I see her tonight?

AUNTY VERA

Visitors aren't allowed. If
you stay here, you work. No
freeloaders. Can you ride a
bike?

Suddenly, silently, O'Hare is there. He grins at Fleur,
drops a slip of paper on Aunty Vera's desk and grabs a
package, leaving via the hallway as fast as he arrived.
Fleur is intensely distracted.

Aunty Vera waits for an answer.

AUNTY VERA (CONT'D)

I've got a board full of work
here. Are you slow or what?

Fleur is a little flustered.

FLEUR

Yes.

Aunty Vera looks at her strangely.

FLEUR (CONT'D)

I mean yes, I can ride a bike.

Aunty Vera looks hard at her.

AUNTY VERA

I'll take you on probation.
From now on you're 14.

AUNTY VERA (CONT'D)

As far as I'm concerned, you don't have a name and you don't have a tax file number either. Work hard and I'll look after you. Let me down and you're out of here faster than you can blink.

FLEUR

Who's number 13?

AUNTY VERA

There's no 13. That'd be unlucky.

The radio squawks. She hits it and it falls silent.

AUNTY VERA (CONT'D)

I'm going to give you Chook's old fixie. Christ knows he doesn't need it any more. You can work it off.

She gestures to a battered old blue bike leaning against the wall nearby. The front wheel is crazily buckled.

Fleur looks closer: there's what appears to be a bloodstain on the handlebars.

AUNTY VERA (CONT'D)

Don't look at it like that. There's plenty who'd kill for that bike.

Fleur is a little unsure.

AUNTY VERA (CONT'D)

Are you in or out, 14?

FLEUR

I'll try.

AUNTY VERA

You'll do more than that.

She writes Fleur's first entry on the sin pad ('no bike') and jabs it on a stake labelled '14'.

AUNTY VERA (CONT'D)

Take the bike to Doctor Spoke. I'll add his bill to your debt.

FLEUR
Doctor Spoke?

Aunty Vera scribbles an address on the back of a piece of paper, hands it to Fleur.

AUNTY VERA
There's just one rule here. No
excuses. Got it?

FLEUR
Sure.

Aunty Vera looks hard at her, then turns back to the radio, flicks it on.

AUNTY VERA
9, I only want to hear good
news.

27. EXT/INT. BACK ALLEY/SPOKE'S WORKSHOP. DAY 27.

Half-wheeling and half-carrying the broken bike, Fleur makes her way down a dirty back alley.

She checks the address on the piece of paper and looks around. There's no sign of life.

Suddenly she notices a little brass plate fixed to the wall next to a roll-a-door: 'Dr Spoke, Bicycle Surgeon.'

Fleur presses the button. There's the sound of a bike bell within. An intercom clicks into life.

MR UNIVERSE (INTERCOM, O/S)
Y-y-y-y-yes?

FLEUR
I'm here to see Doctor Spoke.
Aunty Vera sent me.

The door slides up. Inside is an Aladdin's cave of bicycles and bike components. Bikes of every size, shape, colour and vintage dangle from the walls and ceiling.

A weedy young man in filthy overalls scuttles out from between the frames. He holds out his hand shyly.

MR UNIVERSE
H-h-h-hi. They call me M-m-mr
Universe.

Fleur isn't sure whether to take this seriously. She shakes his hand.

FLEUR

Fleur.

MR UNIVERSE

This w-w-way.

Helping Fleur with the broken bike, Universe ushers her inside. They navigate through a maze of bicycles and parts until they reach a little door.

Universe gestures to a nearby seat.

MR UNIVERSE (CONT'D)

W-w-wait here.

Universe scuttles off and leaves Fleur alone in the workshop. Nearby is a huge bike wheel, two metres across, with some kind of contraption being built inside it.

From out the back come strange squealing sounds, then metallic hammering sounds, then silence.

Suddenly a skinny old man emerges from the door. DR SPOKE is very tall, and has to duck his head. He wears strange little glasses with various lenses on hinges.

Ignoring Fleur, he smiles at the busted bike in her hands as if seeing an old friend.

DR SPOKE

Fayette.

FLEUR

Excuse me?

Spoke gestures to the bike.

DR SPOKE

Her name.

FLEUR

Can you do anything with it?

Spoke gives her a withering look.

DR SPOKE

You must be new.

He grabs the bike and puts it up on his bench with a loving caress.

DR SPOKE

Light!

Universe hurriedly appears and switches on a powerful light above the bench. Unbidden, he readies tools to Spoke's left and right like a surgeon's assistant while Spoke stretches his arms and fingers in preparation.

DR SPOKE (CONT'D)

Chook used to bring Fayette to me. I'm sorry to see her like this.

His back to Fleur, Dr Spoke starts working on the bike, his hands moving quickly.

FLEUR

I didn't know it had a name.

DR SPOKE

Not just a name, a soul.

FLEUR

Sorry?

Universe hands Spoke tools while he works.

DR SPOKE

Fayette is French, a fiery spirit. Some mechanics don't like the French engineering. Everything is backwards. Their minds are too small. This one will look after you, if you respect her. But you've got to do things her way.

With a flourish, he spins around and places the bike in front of Fleur. It looks brand new.

Fleur is amazed.

FLEUR

How did you do that?

Spoke taps the side of his nose.

DR SPOKE

Some things must remain a mystery.

Fleur looks at the bicycle, noticing something. She wonders how to phrase her next question.

FLEUR

Is it safe?

Dr Spoke is offended. Mr Universe looks from one to the other, not breathing.

DR SPOKE

Fayette is a queen among bicycles.

FLEUR

Well, maybe, but there's no brake. This is a velodrome bike. I can't ride it in the street like this.

Dr Spoke looks at her sadly, very disappointed. He takes the bike back from Fleur.

DR SPOKE

I see you aren't ready for Fayette. Perhaps you would prefer...

He gestures dismissively to a kids' BMX nearby.

FLEUR

I'm not a kid.

DR SPOKE

What are you then, new girl?

FLEUR

Just put a brake on. Is that too much to ask?

DR SPOKE

You ask me to put a moustache on a beautiful woman?

FLEUR

Please.

Disgusted, Spoke takes the bike back to his work bench.

In a few seconds, he returns it to Fleur, a front handbrake attached. Spoke is upset.

Not meeting Fleur's eyes, he gestures to the door, disgusted with her. Mr Universe ushers her out.

MR UNIVERSE

He's very s-s-s-sensitive.

28. EXT. BACK ALLEY. DAY

28.

The roll-a-door rolls down behind Fleur, who's wheeling the bike, almost squashing her. She yells back under the gap.

FLEUR

What happened to Chook?

There's no answer. The door clangs shut.

Fleur gets on the bike, rides a tentative circle, a figure eight. The re-born Fayette is a beautiful machine, stripped-down and perfect.

Fleur smiles. She starts heading away out of the alley.

Suddenly her way is blocked by a hulking figure, blocking the sun. For a moment Fleur is scared, then she realises it's Mook, riding his long cargo bike. He wears a Bat Out of Hell shirt.

The big man beams at her.

MOOK

Fleur - you decided to join us! Was it something I said?

FLEUR

Someone stole all my stuff. Camera, bike, everything. This is just temporary.

MOOK

Ah. I thought this also, when I started.

He hands her a shoulder satchel.

MOOK (CONT'D)

Aunty V said you would be here.

FLEUR

Where's Ula?

MOOK

Working - she will meet us later.

FLEUR

Shouldn't you guys be having a honeymoon or something?

MOOK

Every day with Ula in this beautiful country is a honeymoon.

He tosses her a radio and road atlas. Fleur sags under the weight.

MOOK (CONT'D)

Do you know the city?

FLEUR

Used to. It's been a while.

MOOK

I will teach you.

He gives her a heavy U-lock with a key, and grins at her.

MOOK (CONT'D)

This has many uses.

29. EXT. CITY MONTAGE - MUSIC. DAY

29.

Fleur grapples with the strange bike and the traffic. She attempts to keep up with Mook and not kill herself or anyone else in the process.

They pick up and drop off packages in a variety of city locations, their radios spouting snatches of static and coded gobbledegook courtesy of Aunty Vera.

Mook drinks and eats as he surfs through the traffic one-handed, gleefully ignoring red lights, one way signs and the abuse of taxi drivers and pedestrians.

Fleur trails behind him, wondering what she's got herself into. She's too hot in her big leather jacket.

30. EXT. CITY. DAY

30.

Fleur is starting to get the hang of the bike as they ride into a wealthy part of town.

Outside an upmarket café they find a group of bike couriers wearing sleek matching uniforms and racing helmets with wings on them. This is TEAM HERMES.

One of the Hermes guys surreptitiously slips Mook a leaflet. Fleur glimpses 'Blue Moon Alleycat...' before Mook folds it away.

A sneering, older Hermes guy with blond dreads, GOLDILOCKS, emerges from the café with a coffee. He gestures dismissively to Fleur as she fumbles with her pedals.

GOLDILOCKS
Who's the muppet?

Mook says something in unsubtitled Pushtu that sounds like a curse. He leads Fleur away.

GOLDILOCKS
(yells after them)
Crazy raghead!

FLEUR
What did you say?

Mook grins at her.

MOOK
I wished Goldilocks a long
life and many children.

31. EXT. CITY INTERSECTION NEAR MALL. DAY

31.

Gaining confidence with her riding, Fleur is almost keeping up with Mook in the traffic. They approach a red light near a mall.

Mook has a quick look. It's clear. He darts forward.

Fleur doesn't have the nerve. She stops, puts her foot down, and looks across to the mall.

Passing pedestrians reveal the silver Angel busker, frozen as usual, his eyes closed. Fleur stares, transfixed.

The light turns green. The cars around Fleur move off, but she continues staring at the Angel. He looks like her brother Troy did at nineteen, but it's impossible...

There's a brief break in the traffic. Without warning, a crane drops its load in the middle of the intersection. The big crate shatters.

Fleur is shaken from her reverie. She turns and sees the smashed crate. It's exactly where she would have been if she hadn't stopped.

People mill about, pointing up. Mook comes tearing back.

MOOK

What happened? Are you hurt?

Fleur looks down at herself. She doesn't have a scratch.

FLEUR

No, I'm okay.

When she looks back, the Angel is gone.

32. INT/EXT. LUNCH PLACE. DAY

32.

Mook and Fleur sit at a lunch counter. Ula is also there. Fleur stares into space, not touching her food. Ula is worried about her friend.

ULA

We'll get your stuff back, you know. Even if we don't, it's just stuff.

FLEUR

I know.

ULA

Did Aunty V pressure you?

FLEUR

I thought you wanted me here?

ULA

Course I do, but you've seen how dangerous it can be. Are you sure you're up to it?

FLEUR

It's just riding a bike, Ula.

Ula comes in close.

ULA

It's not just riding a bike. You're a courier now. This isn't like racing on a track. Half the people out there are trying to kill us. If you're not serious, stop now.

Mook gets a call on his radio. He stands.

MOOK

I have to go.