

Free Byrd

by
jon ethan boyer

producer
mark williams
310.656.9440

ZERO GRAVITY MANAGEMENT
jeffrey belkin
eric williams
646.662.0829
jeff@zerogravitymanagement.com

EXT. VACANT SPEEDWAY - DAYBREAK

Morning sunlight filters through flagpoles that line the top of the grandstand. Tattered flags flutter in the breeze.

An ANNOUNCERS VOICE. A throwback to the past. Mid 70's Wide World Of Sports. Lo-Fi. Filtered. Matter of fact.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
-- Four years of preparation to the day. To attempt the never before attempted. Billy Byrd, the American Eagle--

Like rows of skeletons, empty bleachers offer views of glory past.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
--Last of the true gladiators... A real Superman. Five test approaches so far--

High above, the speedway looms forboding like the Roman Colosseum.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
--Another approach, there's no hesitating this time-- He'll go! This is it-- He's up! He's flying!... HE MISSED IT! HE'S MISSED THE LANDING! My god! He's in trouble! He's not getting up... My God, this is serious...

The announcer trails off as we dissolve from the stadium to--

A MONTAGE OF X-RAY'S

CREDIT'S RUN OVER

Broken clavicles, a fractured skull, screws into an ankle, multiple broken ribs, a dislocated shoulder, compound fractured femur. Plates screwed into a tibia and a fibula.

The x-rays tell a story. A story of pain. Of rehabilitation. Of sacrifice. This is the body of a man who should not be walking let alone alive.

FADE OUT.

CLOSE ON

A hand pops the tops to a weekly pill organizer.

Thumbs a multitude of pills into their perspective days of the week.

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM

A MAN sits at a table. Long silver hair frames his weathered face. A face of a man who's seen hard years but doesn't complain about it. Tough. Like a cowboy or seasoned sailor.

This is BILLY BYRD (56).

A small pharmacy on the table before him as he pops pills into the organizer. Picking up another pill bottle, he stops.

Billy regards the bottle flatly, as if lost in a thought when the sound of A MACHINE HUMMING brings us to--

INT. HOSPITAL / CT SCAN ROOM - DAY

Billy, in a hospital gown, moves through a CT Scanner.

DOCTOR (PRE-LAP)
... A combination of factors can lead to this--

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE - DAY

A DOCTOR in his late 50's sits behind his desk looking at Billy's CT X-Rays. Billy listens with a blank stare.

DOCTOR
Even a single case of head trauma. And with your history, well it would seem that it finally caught up with you.

BILLY
Funny.

DOCTOR
I'm sorry?

BILLY
Decades of spitting in deaths face... Then this...

DOCTOR
Look, Billy, I've known you for a long time, so I'll be frank. Dementia is not something to be taken lightly.
(MORE)

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Your lifestyle is going to have to change. Dramatically. There is no getting around that.

BILLY
Brass tacks, Doc.

DOCTOR
Moderate to severe memory loss, coordination will become more difficult, slurred speech, confusion... I don’t think I need to tell you this all leads to one place.

BILLY
You do paint a picture.

DOCTOR
There is no known cure, but with proper treatments--

BILLY
More pills.

DOCTOR
Medication, yes. As well as mental therapies. Exercises. A colleague of mine, he’s one of the top neurologists--

BILLY
Jesus Christ.

DOCTOR
Don’t let pride get in the way of your health, Billy. Believe me, the end results will not be pretty.

BILLY
Pretty? I’ve broke nearly every bone in my body, Doc. Some twice. Legs, back-- There was a time you said I wouldn’t walk again.

DOCTOR
This isn’t a broken bone.

Billy stands, favoring his right knee. A limp as he steps to the door.

BILLY
I’ll take the pills, but I ain’t doing therapy.

DOCTOR
Billy... I'm talking about your quality of life.

BILLY
So am I.

INT. BAR - LATER

A dive. Old jukebox and even older clientele. Billy sits belly up to the bar.

He thumbs away at the pills in his hand when--

A BARTENDER in her 40's who looks like she's trying to hold on to her 20's tosses a coaster in front of Billy.

BARTENDER
As I live and breathe.

BILLY
Eileen.

EILEEN
Thought you were dry?

She pours Billy a drink. Sets a small milk next to it. Billy tops the bourbon with the milk and drains the glass.

BILLY
Thought youd've taken that down by now.

Billy nods to a faded photograph above the bar. It's of: Billy on a motorcycle jumping a row of Pepsi delivery trucks.

BARTENDER
(mock surprise)
That still up there?

She refills his glass with a wink and walks away revealing the mirror behind the bar. Billy catches his reflection. He looks at himself for a long beat.

He looks to the hand full of pills. Regards them for a beat before popping them in his mouth and washing them back with the drink.

He looks back to the photograph and then to his reflection.

BILLY
(To himself)
Alright.

CUT TO:

OVER BLACK

The sound of a slide bolt precedes a blast of light as a metallic door rolls up. Billy stands in the opening of--

I/E. STORAGE UNIT - AFTERNOON

Stacks of boxes, motorcycle wheels, helmets, banners, event posters and framed photographs. An entire history of past fame packed into a 10X20 box.

Billy looks the collection over then begins to pull boxes.

EXT. STORAGE UNIT - LATER

Billy walks out of the unit holding a red white and blue helmet and matching motorcycle jacket. A MAN in his 30's leans against Billy's truck. This is AUGGIE.

Billy sets gear down.

AUGGIE
When you drove in I did a double take. Surprised to see you here.

BILLY
What do you want, Auggie?

AUGGIE
Nothing.

BILLY
Nothing, huh? Tell your daddy I still haven't changed my mind. I'm not selling it.

Auggie peers into the unit, then to the jacket and helmet.

AUGGIE
What are you up to here?

BILLY
I told you. It's not for sale.

Billy goes back into the unit where Auggie moves into the mouth of the unit eyeing a stack of photos:

Billy with Elvis. Billy with President Nixon. Billy soaring over a row of helicopters.

AUGGIE (O.S.)
Real shame this is all stuffed away in here. You should have it in a museum!

Billy moves a pile of boxes when they come crashing down in a loud avalanche. Swears to himself.

AUGGIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You alright in there?

Billy picks up papers and clippings then sees a folder labeled "COLOSSEUM." He stares at it for a beat. He flips it open and peruses the contents. After a beat he tucks it into the back of his jeans.

Moving more boxes eventually revealing a large blue tarpaulin that covers *something*.

Billy pulls the tarp back. Holding on Billy, we don't yet see what's under the tarp.

BILLY
Hey old girl.

EXT. STORAGE UNIT - MOMENTS LATER

Auggie whistles when Billy emerges from the unit pushing a 1976 HARLEY DAVIDSON XR-750. The same bike Billy rides in the photos. Red white and blue paint matching the helmet.

AUGGIE
(smiles, shaking his head)
Damn.

Billy pulls the bike onto it's kickstand, then pushes the boxes back into the unit.

Locking the door shut, Billy turns to Auggie, gives him a hard look and then straddles his bike.

BILLY
You tell your daddy that I'm paid up for ten years. I know every box, every part, every item in that unit. He wants it? He can have it when I'm dead. Otherwise, keep the fuck outta my stuff.

Auggie holds up his hands, *fine*. Billy zips up his jacket, grips the handlebars and drops down onto the kick start.

After a few fruitless attempts the bike roars to life. Auggie waves away blue smoke as Billy rides off.

AUGGIE
Hey! What about your truck?! Hey!

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

The middle of nowhere. Billy rides down a two lane rural road. Hot wind in his face. Silver hair blows in the wind.

Darkness at his back, Billy races onto the open road towards the setting sun. Just him and his bike. Old lovers.

For the first time we see the hint of a smile cross his face.

EXT. ADOBE HOUSE - AFTERNOON

A weathered home nestled on a bluff. From under a dark cloth on a large format camera, a PHOTOGRAPHER directs three MEXICAN WOMEN and a baby. Four generations of a family.

PHOTOGRAPHER (O.S.)
(In Spanish)
Good, good. And hold... Perfect!

She snaps the photograph and flips the cloth back revealing--

MAGGIE THORTON (29) -- the kind of pretty that doesn't immediately turn your head but keeps you looking once you do.

MAGGIE
(in Spanish)
Beautiful. Thank you.

I/E. BILLY'S TRUCK / HOUSE - EVENING

Billy pulls his truck into the driveway of a decent sized ranch house. He looks to the house for a beat and gets out.

Billy lowers the Harley from the bed of the truck.

SIDE OF HOUSE

Billy pushes the bike past a large RV parked beside the house.

Emblazoned on the RV's side-- Red, white and blue stars and stripes with BILLY BYRD airbrushed over a bald eagle's head.

INT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Billy steps through the door. He is met by a familiar voice--

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hey! I thought we had a date!

BILLY
I got caught up.

Maggie zips into the room.

MAGGIE
What could possibly be so important-
- Jesus, you look rough as a bear's
ass. Did you eat?

BILLY
Wasn't hungry...

MAGGIE
There's some leftover brisket.
(Undoing her shorts)
At least your timing's good. My
temperature is perfect.

BILLY
I just got in the door for Christ
sakes. Can a man get his boots off?

MAGGIE
You've been drinking? You know what
the doctor said about booze. It
slows your swimmers.
(Dismissing it)
It doesn't matter.

BILLY
Maggie...

MAGGIE
I've never heard a man complain
this much about getting some ass.

Maggie unbuckles Billy's belt. His protests are short lived as she opens his jeans and lowers down before him.

BILLY
Well that ain't fair.

INT. BEDROOM - DAWN

Billy stares at the ceiling while Maggie sleeps next to him. He sits up on the edge of the bed.

After a beat he reaches for an antiquated metal brace that he starts to strap around his right knee.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Billy pushes the bike down the quiet street. Once far enough from the house he fires it up and rides off.

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

Maggie stands at the window drinking tea. She notices Billy's truck sitting in the driveway. Strange.

EXT. LARGE HOUSE - MORNING

Billy walks up to the front door of a large McMansion. He rings the bell, taking in the house as he waits, until--

The door swings open to SHELLY, an attractive woman in her late 50's who immediately goes sour at the sight of Billy.

SHELLY
Good lord.

BILLY
Shelly.

SHELLY
You got some nerve showing your face around here.

BILLY
I need to talk to Gibby.

SHELLY
How about you go to hell instead?

GIBBY (O.S.)
Shelly.

GIBBY (60's) steps out. He's a fat cat. Slick silver hair and trimmed moustache. He's all business, and you can tell.

SHELLY
I don't want him here.

GIBBY
Go finish getting ready.

Shelly reluctantly recedes back into the house but not before burning one last “fuck you” look into Billy.

BILLY
That woman always could hold onto anger.

Gibby looks past Billy and sees the Harley.

GIBBY
This can’t be good.

BILLY
How’ve you been, Gib?

GIBBY
I’m gonna stop you there, Billy. Whatever it is, whatever you’ve got going on in that head of yours, I’m not interested. Mid-life crisis-- Guilt-- I don’t want to know, I don’t give a shit.

BILLY
Too old for a mid life crisis.

Gibby stares at Billy for a beat then shakes his head and snorts a sardonic laugh.

GIBBY
You’re lucky I don’t bust your nose.

BILLY
If it’ll make you feel better...

GIBBY
You bankrupt me, Billy. I had a heart attack.

BILLY
You look recovered.

GIBBY
You’ve got some sand. Shelly’ll be out in five minutes. If I was you I’d be economical.

BILLY
Alright. I’ll get to it then.
(Beat)
(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)
I want you to set up a jump for me. I wanna jump again.

A pregnant pause. Gibby stares at Billy.

GIBBY
What is this?

BILLY
We did big things, Gib. We can do em again. The plans are still good. I'd do it myself if I could. I need your help and I'm coming to you hat in hand.

GIBBY
I think you've taken enough from me already, Billy.

BILLY
This has nothing to do with that.

GIBBY
I'm sorry for whatever it is that's brought you here, as I'm sure it's not good, so I'm gonna say no to you. No.

BILLY
Gib--

GIBBY
You're not hearing me. Who? Huh? Who wants to see you jump? Who cares anymore? *Billy Byrd?* I sure as shit know it isn't Maggie...

Gibby locks into a stare with Billy.

GIBBY (CONT'D)
Christ, she doesn't know. God dammit.

BILLY
My intentions--

GIBBY
Your intentions? Your intentions?!

Shelly comes back out of the house.

GIBBY (CONT'D)
I want you to listen to me good right now, alright? I don't care.
(MORE)

GIBBY (CONT'D)
I don't care about your intentions or whatever else is rattling around in that brain of yours. I'm sorry.

Gibby and Shelly make their way to a Cadillac SUV and get in. As they pull away, Gibby rolls down his window to Billy.

GIBBY (CONT'D)
Before you go and do something stupid, do yourself a favor... There's a Moto Expo this weekend at the round up. Go down there, educate yourself. See what's being done now, the level of it. It just might save your life.

We hold on Billy as they drive away.

EXT. HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - LATER

Billy pulls up next to a vacant development. Scraped earth of unpaved streets for a future subdivision.

He scans the deserted landscape until across the distance a mound of dirt catches his eye. He turns into the lot.

Billy stares the mound of dirt down. He revs his engine, spits into the dirt. After a beat he pops the clutch--

30-40-50mph-- Faster and faster, Billy closes in on the mound of dirt until he's almost upon it. And then he stands as he--

Hits the mound of dirt and the bike lifts off the ground. The impact of the lip bucks Billy off the foot pegs as he soars through the air with a sort of "hold-on-tight" grace.

The wheels hit the ground with a jarring impact. Bouncing off the seat, Billy barely manages to hold on.

With feet dragging on either side of the bike, Billy fights to keep control until gravity prevails.

The bike flips on it's side, bucking Billy to the ground. Billy and bike tumble until both come to a sliding stop.

Billy lays unmoving. Then, with a groan, he rolls to his back and looks skyward. After a long beat he begins to laugh.

Billy drags himself to his feet. Limps to the bike and frowns. The forks and front wheel are bent from the crash.

BILLY
Shit.

INT. GYNECOLOGIST EXAM ROOM - DAY

Maggie dresses as a FEMALE DOCTOR (40's) writes in a file.

FEMALE DR.
Your levels are good. Blood work came back normal. Everything looks fine, Maggie.

MAGGIE
It's been almost two years.

FEMALE DR.
Just try to relax. Sometimes stress can do strange things to our bodies. Maybe you just need to get out of your own way.

MAGGIE
I've tried everything. Yoga, acupuncture, meditation. I even drink that horrible Chinese tea. Have you tasted it? That Chinese tea? Well it sucks.

FEMALE DR.
Okay, we can try a round of Clomid. One round. Of course there's no guarantees, but... Maybe a little nudge is all you need.

MAGGIE
(defeated)
I don't need a nudge. I need a push.

INT. WALMART - DAY

Maggie at the pharmacy counter as a PHARMACIST rings her up.

PHARMACIST
Start your first dose on your second day of menstruation. Continue once a day for the cycle.

MAGGIE
Okay.

PHARMACIST
Don't take more than one pill a day. This is important.
(Off Maggie's look)
Some women tend to be... Impatient.

WALMART BABY DEPARTMENT - LATER

Maggie strolls down the aisles. She starts to browse.

- Holds up a newborn onesie.

- Picks up sippy cups.

- Holds breast pump cups up to her breasts.

- Baby socks. She smiles.

Maggie takes in a baby girl's room display. She sits in a rocking nursing chair. As she rocks she closes her eyes.

COLE (PRE-LAP)
Mom... MOM... MOM!!!

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - DAY

Pacing back and forth while talking into his cell phone is COLE CASH (20's) -- Boyish good looks with an edge. Sleeve tattoos and a million dollar smile.

COLE
No-- No! Fuck, listen to me! Okay?
Fuck him! He's not... Mom!--

Standing beside Cole is his manager SAL (30's). A beanpole of a man always attached to his mobile. He taps his watch to Cole who waves him off.

COLE (CONT'D)
Don't you think it's kind of
convenient? I don't want--
(Listens)
I don't care! I don't care, mom!
Who pays, you know? It's my fucking
house! I'm-- Hello? Hello??
(beat)
She hung up.

SAL
(Glib)
Oh no.

COLE
Can you believe this shit? This
fucking guy? Fifteen years and he
shows up now?

SAL
You okay? You need anything?

COLE
(Breathes)
You know what? I'm not gonna stress about this.

Cole takes a minute. Deep breaths. Shakes it off.

COLE (CONT'D)
I'm fine.

SAL
Good. We should probably...

COLE
Yeah.

Cole follows Sal out a door into--

INT. MOTO WORLD - SAME

They are met by a swarm of FANS who fill the showroom floor. They cheer as Cole enters. The store MANAGER sides up to Sal.

MANAGER
What the hell is going on here? You said 20 minutes, It's been an hour!

SAL
It'll be fine.

Cole immediately turns it on, jumps up onto a table to address the cheering fans. He applauds back to them.

COLE
Sorry for the wait everybody!

More cheers. Cole hops down to sit at a table covered with a stack of posters. He grabs a pen and greets the FIRST FAN.

COLE (CONT'D)
Hey, bro...

EXT. MOTO WORLD - SAME

Annoyed, Billy shoves his way through the mass of fans. At the door, a store EMPLOYEE steps in front of Billy.

EMPLOYEE
Autograph?

BILLY
What?

EMPLOYEE
If you want an autograph, you gotta get in line.

Employee points out a poster with a picture of Cole sitting on a motocross bike in front of a large energy drink can.

BILLY
I look like I want anybody's autograph?

INT. MOTO WORLD - MOMENTS LATER

Billy at the back counter. A PARTS EMPLOYEE returns from the back store room with a wrapped bag of spokes and a rim.

PARTS EMPLOYEE
Sorry about the chaos.

BILLY
How about the forks?

PARTS EMPLOYEE
Those'll have to come direct from Harley. A bike that year... Be about a day.

BILLY
Fine. That'll be fine.

Billy sees a rack of mileage logbooks on the counter and grabs one.

ON SAL

Sal walks and talks on his phone when he sees Billy at the back counter. As Billy turns, Sal does a slight double take.

SAL
(Into phone)
Just make sure they're finished for Vegas... Hey, lemme call you back.

Sal hangs up and watches Billy for a beat.

ON COLE

Two giggling TEENAGE GIRLS sit on Cole's lap as their friend takes a photo. Sal appears at Cole's side.

SAL (CONT'D)
Cole. Come with me.

COLE
What? Now?

BACK OF THE STORE

Cole and Sal stand behind a display while watching Billy.

COLE
Him?

SAL
Wait.

Billy turns from the counter where Cole sees Billy's face. Cole watches as Billy limps to the front of the store.

COLE
Holy shit.

SAL
Exactly.

EXT. MOTO WORLD - MOMENTS LATER

Billy checks the tie downs on his bike in the back of his truck when he notices the crowd of fans all making a buzz.

COLE (O.S.)
XR-750 Harley Davidson.

He looks up as Cole approaches, looking at the bike in the bed of the truck.

COLE (CONT'D)
Seventy six, seventy seven? She's pretty sweet.

Billy looks around. Sees Cole with Sal.

BILLY
I help you with something?

SAL
This is Cole Cash.
(off Billy's blank stare)
Cole Cash?

COLE
Dude, I've been a fan since I was a kid. You've been a huge inspiration to me. I just wanted to meet you.

Cole extends his hand, Billy doesn't take it.

BILLY
That's great, kid.

Billy moves through Cole to tighten a tie down.

COLE
So, are you here for the Expo too?

BILLY
You mind?

Cole moves to the side as Billy moves to the door of his truck. Starts to go through his ring of keys.

SAL
Hey, come by our booth. It would be great press!

COLE
Yeah! Dude! I'm doing a jump, you gotta see it. I'd be so stoked if you were there.

SAL
It's going to be off the hook.

BILLY
No thanks.

COLE
Come on, bro.

BILLY
Not interested.

Billy keeps fiddling with his keys.

COLE
Hey, I just thought--

BILLY
Thought what, I jumped bikes, you jump bikes, now we're buddies? I got things to do.

COLE
Dude...

SAL
Hey, hey, easy man.

Billy repetitively looks through his keys. He's getting frustrated. Cole and Sal share a look.

COLE
You need some help?

Eventually Billy finds the right key and gets in the truck. Without another look, Billy drives off.

COLE (CONT'D)
Dude's kinda salty.

SAL
Asshole's more like it.

INT. GARAGE - EVENING

Billy sits in front of his disassembled Harley. Parts meticulously laid out on a drop cloth. He takes note of each part in the mileage logbook.

He notices his fingertips are cut and bloody. Rubs the blood between his fingers.

Billy zones out until the sound of the garage door opening snaps him out of it. He looks over to see Maggie in her SUV.

EXT. SUV - SAME

MAGGIE
(to herself)
What the hell...?

Maggie gets out of the car pulling a mass of shopping bags out with her.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
What's all this?

BILLY
It's a motorcycle.

MAGGIE
Okay. What are you doing with it?

BILLY
Tinkering.
(off shopping bags)
What's all that?

MAGGIE
Nothing. Stuff for the house. Is this something I should worry about?

BILLY
I have no doubt you'll worry about it.

MAGGIE
Uh huh.

Billy goes back to working on the bike. Maggie gives the scene one last look. She shakes her head and turns to leave.

Just before she rounds the corner she looks back. Maggie watches with concern as Billy scribbles into his note pad.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Maggie digs into the bags, removing a onesie. She smiles then puts the onesie back and hides the bags deep in her closet.

Digging in her purse she removes her prescription bottle. She regards it for a beat then pops the top and downs a pill.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie stands at the front window looking out to the garage. The faint sound of Billy working on his bike emulates out.

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

Maggie walks down the hall still half asleep. Crossing the living room window she stops as she sees Billy's Harley, now reassembled, sitting in the driveway.

KITCHEN

Maggie walks in on Billy sitting at the table scribbling into the mileage logbook. His pills all out in front of him.

Seeing Maggie, Billy quickly puts the note book away. She leans against the counter and watches him.

MAGGIE
You take your Prednisone?

BILLY
Mm.

MAGGIE
I didn't hear you come to bed last night.

BILLY
Didn't sleep.

MAGGIE
(after a long beat)
Billy, you know I don't like to nag...

BILLY
Always loved that about you. What're you getting up to today?

MAGGIE
Making enlargements-- Are we going to talk about this motorcycle?

Billy takes his pills, gets up and pulls on his jacket. He walks over to Maggie and gives her a kiss on the cheek.

BILLY
It's just a motorcycle, darlin'. You worry too much.

MAGGIE
Probably because I know you.

We hold on Maggie as Billy walks out.

EXT. ROUND UP CENTER - DAY

Billy sits at the entrance to the parking lot. He's looking at the sign. The marquee scrolls through event announcements:

- SANTE FE WELCOMES COLE CASH!!

- ONLY 10 TEN BUCKS!!

- DRAWS AND PRIZES!!

- AUTOGRAPHS!!

Billy rides into the parking lot.

INT. ROUND UP CENTER - LATER

Billy moves through the crowds of GEAR HEADS and SUPER FANS. Inappropriately dressed TEENAGE GIRLS giggle past him.

Billy wanders by a line of trade-show booths displaying T-shirts, new motocross products and motocross DVD's.

Billy walks to a booth flanked by two large inflated energy drink cans. Bikini-clad MODELS hand out free samples underneath a huge image of Cole flying through the air.

Billy watches a wall of flat screen TV's playing--

ON SCREEN: Cole's handsome face, smiling with his name scrolling over it.

CUT TO:

A MONTAGE OF HIS RIDING

- Cole jumping giant sand dunes at an impossible height.

- Cole doing a step-up jump to the top of a building.

- Cole racing across the surface of a lake like a hydroplane.

- Cole flying through the air beside his bike like superman. He reaches for the bike and climbs back on before landing.

INT. ROUND UP CENTER - MAIN HALL - LATER

Billy pushes through a mass of people that surround a large obstacle course of jumps and ramps.

BMXERS, SKATEBOARDERS and MOTOCROSS RIDERS do a freestyle show. A ballet of amazing stunts and tricks. The crowd cheers. Billy doesn't.

Two excited young DUDES side up next to Billy.

DUDE #1
Dude, this is going to be sick!

DUDE #2
Totally. C'mon, let's get closer.

The two dudes push forward through the crowd. Billy follows them to the front of the spectators.

CREW MEMBERS move a steep jump ramp into place. The other riders move off the course when Cole rides in.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Alright Sante Fe! Are you ready for a show?! Give it up for Cole Caaaash!

Cole does a few stock jumps. He wheelies to the start of the course and scans the crowd. Billy moves behind a spectator.

After a beat, Cole focuses on the ramp and then drops in. At about ten feet from the take off he guns the throttle.

Cole hits the ramp and throws his head and shoulders back. With what looks like almost no effort, he flips backward.

Cole double back flips in an almost slow motion grace. When he hits the landing the crowd goes nuts.

Cole ghost rides the bike and rips off his helmet as all the other riders rush to him, raising him on their shoulders.

ON BILLY

Amidst the pandemonium, he’s the only person not cheering.

INT. ROUND UP CENTER / MAIN HALL - LATER

Hundreds of fans surround a booth where Cole sits for photos and signs posters. Cole sees Billy standing amidst the crowd.

Cole smiles and waves him to come into the booth but Billy just turns and leaves. Cole tries to follow him but a HOT CHICK with fake boobs asks Cole to sign her chest.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Billy rides through town until pulling to the line at a traffic light. A moment later Cole pulls up next to him.

Billy looks at Cole, then eyes the vintage Indian motorcycle he’s riding. Billy looks back to the light and waits.

The light changes green and Billy roars off the line. Cole smiles and quickly follows.

Cole sides up to Billy as they rifle down the road. With barely a glance, Billy pops the clutch putting distance between he and Cole once more.

Cole gives chase, weaving through traffic. A precarious game of cat and mouse ensues.

Billy get’s caught up behind a mini van affording Cole a chance to blow past him.

In hot pursuit, Billy accelerates and in a burst of speed pops into a wheelie as he passes Cole.

Cole grits a smile and throttles up to race after Billy.

Finally catching up, Cole now blows past Billy in a wheelie. Billy's face-- Is that a smile?

EXT. INTERSECTION - SAME

Billy and Cole wheelie through at a blistering speed right across the path of a police car waiting at the light.

BILLY AND COLE

Still in wheelies, they race neck and neck. Cole lets out a howl just as the whine of the POLICE SIREN sounds.

INT. POLICE STATION / JAIL CELL - AFTERNOON

Billy watches with amusement as Cole does yoga.

COLE
Strengthens the core, relieves pressure. Eases pain. What do you do for pain?

BILLY
Percocet.

COLE
Fuck the chemical stretch, bro. That shit'll kill your liver.

Cole walks to the bars. He turns to see Billy count some pills over and over in his hand -- then down them.

Billy pulls up his pant leg. He winces as he loosens the straps on the brace. Cole raises his eyebrows.

COLE (CONT'D)
I read your book you know, when I was a kid.

BILLY
I didn't write it.

COLE
You always this easy to talk to?

Billy leans back taking Cole in. Smiles in spite of himself.

BILLY
So what do you want, kid?

COLE
What do I want?

BILLY
What are you looking for here?

COLE
What do you mean?

BILLY
You're some hot shit. I got that. You're on tour, and you're all tickled from meeting me. That about sum it up?

COLE
I don't know. Didn't you ever have an idol? You're the reason I do what I do, bro!

BILLY
Ain't that something.

COLE
So what do you do? Now, I mean. I didn't even think you still rode.

BILLY
Let's just say I've recently had the urge.

Billy looks at Cole, thinks. Fishes out his note pad then pats his pockets.

BILLY (CONT'D)
(To himself)
They took my pen.

COLE
Billy fuckin' Byrd. Damn. I'll say this, you can still ride. God, I wish you were gonna be in Vegas with us. It's gonna be sick.

BILLY
Vegas?

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Billy and Cole at the charge desk. A CLERK OFFICER hands Billy a bag with his personal effects in it. Sal signs papers and writes a check before joining Billy and Cole.

SAL
I covered the fine, don't worry about it.

BILLY
I wasn't.

EXT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Maggie leans against the truck when she sees Billy exit the station along with Cole and Sal.

She watches curiously as they speak for a minute before Cole bro-hugs Billy which doesn't go over too well.

Billy walks to Maggie who gets behind the wheel before Billy can speak. Maggie looks at Cole as Billy gets in the truck.

I/E. TRUCK/IMPOUND PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

They sit in silence for what seems like forever.

MAGGIE
I'm not the lame chick, Billy. I'm not. I'm the cool chick. Boys will be boys, I get it. But I'm not with a boy now am I?

Maggie turns to Billy and looks into him. Softening, she slides across the bench seat and takes his face in her hands.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
I'm not an idiot. I'm here. Always. Just don't lie to me.

BILLY
Darlin'--

She kisses him deeply. As Billy starts to embrace her she breaks away and slides back behind the wheel.

MAGGIE
Now, I'm gonna have a little cry and I don't need you watching.

Billy almost reaches for her, then opens the door and gets out. Maggie immediately drives off.

EXT. IMPOUND LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Tucked between rows of cars sits...

Billy's Harley and Cole's Indian. Billy stares at the bikes for a long beat.

Fishing out his note pad, he scribbles something on a sheet and tears it off.

As Billy rides away we move in on the tank of Cole's bike to the note held in place by the gas cap.

ANGLE ON THE NOTE

Only two words are written-- "I'm in."

CUT TO:

VINTAGE FOOTAGE

An outdoor race track. Grandstands full of eager fans. On the track sits a WOOD WALL completely engulfed in flames.

A MAN on a motorcycle flies into frame heading straight for the wall of fire. The rider hits the wall at speed exploding in a cloud of sparks and flames.

MEN with fire extinguishers rush to the man laying on his stomach. They douse him in a cloud of fire retardant.

The man stands and removes his helmet revealing a younger Billy Byrd. He raises the helmet high as the crowd goes wild.

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

Maggie looks in the mirror. Her shirt pulled up, hands on her extended, pregnant looking tummy. Then, after a beat she--

Exhales and her tummy returns to normal. She opens her Clomid prescription and takes a pill.

INT. HOUSE - LATER

Billy walks into a dark house. Listening he hears faint music coming from the bedroom. He moves down the dark hallway.

INT. HOUSE / BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Billy opens the door to candles, soft Spanish music and Maggie laying on the bed dressed like a woman with an agenda.

BILLY
This mean you're not mad anymore?

Maggie crawls toward him on the bed.

BILLY (CONT'D)
I don't smell that good...

MAGGIE
Hush.

Maggie rises up, kissing him deeply. At the same time she undoes his pants.

Billy lifts her. She wraps her legs around him. Clothes come off quickly and Billy enters her. Maggie grinds into him.

Lovemaking turns more into fucking as Maggie takes control, pounding down on Billy. They reach climax as she slumps down on top of him.

BILLY
I should make you angry more often.

They laugh.

LATER

Maggie lays in Billy's nook. Plays with his chest hair.

MAGGIE
James -- James-- I like it. It's a strong name.
(Beat)
But if it was a girl-- Ruby. After my grandmother.

BILLY
Why're you with an old goat like me anyway?

Maggie sits up, looks into Billy. She gets out of bed and starts to put on a T-shirt.

BILLY (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

MAGGIE
I feel I'm about to be disappointed and I don't want to be naked when it happens.

BILLY
Come back to bed.

MAGGIE
What exactly is going on in that head of yours.

BILLY
It's--

MAGGIE
Complicated, yeah. We talked about this. A baby would--

BILLY
I'm going to Vegas.

It comes out fast. Maggie stops. Not what she was expecting.

MAGGIE
Vegas? Las Vegas, Vegas?

Billy nods.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Is this about that guy? That motorcycle?

BILLY
Come back to bed.

MAGGIE
When is this trip happening?

BILLY
Tomorrow.

MAGGIE
<u>Tomorrow</u>?? And you tell me now?

BILLY
It's just a quick job. That kid just needs some guidance. It's a PR thing.

MAGGIE
So does this job, PR thing involve you riding motorcycles?

BILLY
Don't go overreacting.

MAGGIE
Then I'll come with you.

Billy's already shaking his head.

BILLY
Ain't that kind of trip, darlin'. I thought you'd like me outta your hair for a week.

MAGGIE
A week.

BILLY
...Maybe two.

Hold on Maggie.

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

Billy drinks coffee as he watches Maggie pack all his pills into zip lock bags.

BILLY
I can do that.

She pours pills out of a day in his organizer and hands them to him. She watches him as he washes them back with coffee.

She gives him a look and leaves the room. Billy waits a beat and reaches into his pocket, removing another pill bottle.

He pops the top and dumps a pill into his hand and takes it.

EXT. HOUSE - LATER

Billy squints as he scribbles into his note pad. As Maggie walks up he quickly pockets the pad and ties a duffel bag to the bike.

Maggie gives him a glare. Despite everything she still moves into his arms.

MAGGIE
Stupid men.

BILLY
Yep.
(Beat)
Always told you loving me wouldn't be easy.

MAGGIE
I'll always love you, Billy. I just won't always like you.

Billy smiles.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
This is bullshit.

BILLY
I know.

Billy straddles his bike and fires it up. He steals a quick kiss. We hold on Maggie as Billy rides off.

EXT. COLE'S TOUR CONVOY - LATER

Billy stands across from CHIP (40's) -- A bear of a man with a handlebar mustache, slick back hair and old tattoos.

CHIP
Baja 500.

BILLY
Crew?

CHIP
I rode.

BILLY
Enduro or--

CHIP
Moto.

BILLY
You place?

CHIP
I finished.

Billy nods slightly. Looks at his bike.

BILLY
Alright.

CHIP
No one will touch her except me.
You got my word.

Billy watches as Chip rolls his XR-750 over to an 18 wheeler where other crew load bikes and equipment.

Billy walks to the tour bus where he sees Cole having what looks to be a heated conversation on his cell phone.

SAL (O.S.)
What do you think?

Sal is stepping off the bus. Billy looks up and takes it in. An image of Cole on his bike surrounded by logos.

BILLY
Uglier than the second coming.

Billy looks back to Cole, who is yelling on his cell (MOS).

SAL
Family drama. Come on, I'll get you set up.

INT. COLE'S TOUR BUS - CONTINUOUS

Over the top doesn't begin to describe it. Billy follows Sal into the behemoth as he runs through the amenities.

SAL
... Fifty inch plasma, custom surround sound, there's four bunks in the back and a master. Although there's never much sleeping going on. And of course, full bar.

BILLY
The toilet wipe your ass too?

The entourage of SKATEBOARDERS, MOTOCROSS RIDERS and token HOT CHICKS start to pile aboard.

SAL
Get comfortable. We roll in twenty.

Billy looks to the bar.

CUT TO:

A TRAY OF LIQUID IN RED LIGHT

Tongs agitate the tray as an image begins to appear on paper. We are in--

INT. DARK ROOM - DAY

Maggie pulls the photograph from the developer tray and runs it through a squeegee then sticking it to a metal wall.

A dozen similar images are placed on the wall. All of various aged WOMEN, some holding BABIES.

Maggie stands back and takes the images in and smiles. She looks at the image she just hung. The three Mexican women and baby we saw her take before. She stares at the baby intently.

INT. COLE'S TOUR BUS - LATER

The entourage cheer Cole on as he plays himself in a video game. Billy watches from a lounge chair, drink in hand.

Cole notices Billy staring at him. Gives him a head nod. Billy just stares as if looking through him. Cole waves his hand causing Billy to break the gaze. He holds up his drink.

INT. COLE'S TOUR BUS - LATER

Billy appears asleep in a recliner as Sal and Cole talk Vegas plans. A hot groupie CHICK paints Cole's fingernails.

COLE
--Tell Charlie to ease back on those pyros too. My ass still feels hot from that fuck up in Tempe.

SAL
(Reading smartphone)
DJ Z-Trip just confirmed.

COLE
Sweet. And the jumbo screens?

SAL
All playing the new DVD.

COLE
Awesomeness, bro.

BILLY (O.S.)
Anyone actually gonna ride a motorcycle in between all this "awesomeness?"?

Cole and Sal look over to Billy. He squints his eyes open.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Or is this just gonna be a ballet under pretty lights?

COLE
How many of those have you had, amigo?

SAL
It’s a pretty amazing show. You’ll see.

BILLY
If you need all that show, maybe what you’re doing ain’t much worth watching.

Billy tilts his head back down. Sal returns to typing. Cole looks back at Billy.

INT. TOUR BUS/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Billy splashes water on his face, looks at his reflection for a long beat before exiting.

I/E. TOUR BUS - CONTINUOUS

Billy walks down the aisle to join Cole on a sofa. He looks out the window to see--

LAS VEGAS

Reflections of glitz and filth pass Billy’s face as he takes in the Vegas strip. Fat, poorly dressed zombie tourists cloud the streets.

COLE
God bless America.

BILLY
Probably the last place on his list to bless.

COLE
Check it.

Cole points to an LED billboard where his image flashes across the screen with highlights of jumps and stunts.

COLE (CONT’D)
My shit’s huge here.

Billy nods towards the next giant LED screen that flashes Wayne Newton’s image.

BILLY
So’s his.

Cole's phone rings as he pulls it out and looks at the caller display. Billy eyes the phone seeing "Mom."

Cole ignores the call and pockets the phone then looking back out the window. Billy looks at Cole.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - LATER

Sal hands out keys to everyone.

SAL
(To Cole)
That guy from Transword Moto is gonna be at your room at eight.

COLE
How about Billy?

SAL
Uh... Okay, yeah, sure. Actually, yeah, that would be a cool angle. Billy? You cool with that?

BILLY
Alright. Fine.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Billy stands in the doorway to the Vegas chic room. Hip music filters out from a small CD player on the dresser.

Billy shuts the music off and opens the mini bar.

INT. COLE'S SUITE - LATER

A REPORTER (20's) interviews Cole and Billy while Sal texts.

COLE
... Naw man, I'm all good now. It looked worse than it was.

REPORTER
Billy, you're known for your big crashes.

BILLY
That so?

REPORTER
No, I mean, you're a legend, of course.
(MORE)

REPORTER (CONT'D)
But you've been off the map for, well a long time... Why show up here? Together with Cole?

BILLY
Guess I got my reasons.

REPORTER
But your legacy defined the way riders now do things today.

BILLY
If you say so.

COLE
Billy's the reason I even wanted to jump motorcycles. This is all because of him. Yeah. Definitely.

REPORTER
(To Billy)
You ever think about jumping again?

BILLY
Let me put it this way, I'm sure as shit not here to take in dinner and a show, if that's what your askin'.

Sal looks up from his phone. Looks at Cole. Mouths "What the fuck?" Cole shrugs-- "I don't know".

SAL
Uh... Billy's involvement with the tour, uh... We're very excited he's with us, we're still working on the details--

REPORTER
So there is going to be a jump?

SAL
Well--

BILLY
Why else would I be here?

REPORTER (CONT'D)
Wow. That's incredible.

The Reporter scribbles notes in his pad. Sal stares at Cole.

EXT. COLE'S SUITE / BALCONY - LATER

A party ensues. Girls, booze, loud music. Cole sees Billy on the balcony, goes to join him when Sal cuts him off.

SAL
Hey.

ON BILLY

Sipping a drink as he watches two naked women swimming in the pool. He hears Cole and Sal talking in the room behind him.

COLE (O.S.)
Alright, dude, okay. Don't go getting all spun.

SAL (O.S.)
That was supposed to be your interview and it became his. Jumping? Are you fucking kidding me? He can't be serious! Is he serious?

COLE (O.S.)
How the fuck do I know, dude? It was news to me too!

SAL
Well, find out!

BALCONY

Cole joins Billy on the balcony. About to talk, he double takes the two naked women in the pool.

COLE
Nice view.

BILLY
Mm.

COLE
Look, man, I was just talking to Sal... That jumping stuff, you're not serious, are you?

BILLY
What do you think I'm here for?

COLE
Honestly? I hadn't really thought about it. I mean, it's cool you're here, but jumping?

BILLY
I'm just some show pony? That it?

COLE
Hold up a sec. Try to see this from my perspective.

BILLY
Your perspective.

COLE
Dude. Pastrana, Madison? They're stepping up the game and so am I. I just did the first double back flip. You know how huge that is?

BILLY
So you're the show pony?

COLE
Shit's just different now, bro. It's about branding. Tony Hawk, Shaun White, Cole Cash. Household names. We're brands. It's video games, endorsements, clothing...

Billy sips his drink. Smiles to himself.

BILLY
That's your problem, kid. You're so caught up in all this horseshit you're missing the point.
(Laugh to himself)
You don't have the first idea of perspective.

COLE
Dude, what about you? Back in the day you had tons of merch.
(off Billy's confused look)
Merchandise, bro! I had one of your fucking big wheels when I was a kid. The wind up toys, lunch boxes-- I had it all! How are you different?

Billy drains his drink and looks at Cole.

BILLY
I was the only one.

CUT TO:

A SCREEN

Vintage footage of one of Billy's more famous jumps plays on.

INT. COLE'S SUITE - LATER

Cole watches the YouTube footage on a laptop. He then looks down to the page views.

--5,600,230.

He clicks another clip --3,449,331 views.
Another one --3,226,935.
Another --7,237,199.

One after another the page views are well into the millions.

COLE
Damn.

Cole stares at the screen then types his name in. Choosing a clip he look to the page view.

--644,520.

He scrolls down the choices and sees that none of his clips break the million view mark.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
You're not a kid anymore.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Billy stands in front of the mirror staring at himself. Drink in one hand, the phone in the other. Makes faces at himself.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
(Through phone)
What did you expect? Him to be like you?

BILLY
A god damned peacock is what he is.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOUSE - SAME

Maggie sorts black and white prints of her photographs while talking on the phone.

MAGGIE
(Laughs)
Coming from you.

Maggie pulls out a portrait of Billy.

A younger man, he stands next to his bike wearing his jumping leathers. A support trailer with his logo on the side.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Do you remember when we first met? You were so ornery.

BILLY
I never liked having my picture taken.

MAGGIE
I knew better though. I knew there was a teddy bear underneath it all. I could see into your soul.

Maggie touches Billy's face in the photo.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Come home to me, baby.
(Listening)
...Billy?

BILLY

Stares at his reflection. Confusion builds on his face.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
Billy? Are you there?

Billy blinks. Looks around as if gathering his bearings.

BILLY
Uh, yeah. Alright then. G'nite.

Billy hangs up the phone.

MAGGIE

Listens into the phone. *What the fuck?*

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - MORNING

Cole walks up to Billy's room noticing the door wide open.

INT. BILLY'S ROOM - SAME

Cole enters seeing Billy in a chair, hunched over the table.

COLE
Hey, man.

Billy scribbles furiously into his note pad not really noticing Cole.

Cole looks around. He takes in Billy's small pharmacy that covers a table.

COLE (CONT'D)
Jesus, you really take all these?

Billy stops writing and peers at Cole over his shoulder.

Billy stands to face Cole who immediately turns away seeing that Billy is nude from the waist down.

COLE (CONT'D)
Whoa, dude!

BILLY
What do you want?

COLE
Uh, I, uh, I thought, last night I--
Dude, I can't talk to you unless
you put some pants on.

Confused, Billy looks down.

INT. BILLY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Billy, now dressed, goes through the ritual of taking pills as Cole looks on. It takes a long time.

COLE
What is all that for?

BILLY
Virility. Let's go.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Billy and Cole ride. The calming effect of the open desert is apparent on both men's faces.

EXT. ROADSIDE - LATER

Vast scrub and sand fall away to miles of open land. Billy and Cole sit on parked bikes taking it in.

COLE
I don’t know, man...

BILLY
I do.

COLE
Come on dude, you know I’d be more stoked than anyone to see you jump again, seriously. But no offence? When’s the last time you even got off the ground?

BILLY
What are you scared of, kid?

COLE
That you’re not.
(trying to read Billy)
Okay, let’s just say we go ahead with this, I’d have to talk to Sal first. And he’s definitely not gonna like it.

BILLY
In my experience, guys like Sal don’t like much of anything that doesn’t involve making them money.

COLE
Not Sal, bro. Sal’s been good to me. He’s like family.

BILLY
Except he’s not family.

COLE
Trust me. He’s the closest thing I’ve got.

BILLY
None of my business.

COLE
You’re crazy, you know that.

BILLY
Wouldn’t be the first time I heard that.

COLE
What about that?

Billy bends his knee. His brace squeeks a little.

BILLY
See me complaining?

Cole stares at Billy incredulously for a beat then shakes his head. He pulls out his phone and starts to dial.

COLE
I should have my head examined.

BILLY
Jesus, you're on that thing more than I'm taking pills.

COLE
If you think I'm gonna let you even think about jumping with that thing on your leg you're crazier than I thought. I think it's time you joined the 21st century.

INT. SPORTS MEDICINE CENTER - DAY

Cole texts on his phone while a SPORTS THERAPIST (40's) assesses Billy's knee.

SPORTS THERAPIST
How about medications?

COLE
Ha!

BILLY
A few.

SPORTS THERAPIST
And how about surgeries?

BILLY
Nineteen.

SPORTS THERAPIST
I was talking about the knee.

BILLY
So am I.

The Therapist looks at Billy. Sees that he's serious.

SPORTS THERAPIST
Okay, why don't we take a look at this brace you've been using.

Billy pulls up his pant leg to show his vintage brace. The Therapist raises his eyebrows.

EXT. FREMONT STREET EXPERIENCE - NIGHT

A massive crowd surrounds the ramp and half pipe setup.

Oversized speakers pump music. SKATEBOARDERS and BMX RIDERS all spin and fly across the ramps.

Fans scream with delight when canon booms and pyrotechnics precede three MX RIDERS who hit the jump ramps like a choreographed circus. It's text book 'over the top'.

EXT. VIP AREA - SAME

Cole and Billy watch the show. Cole in his moto outfit and Billy in his OG jump leathers.

COLE
How's the knee?

Billy looks down and bends his knee showing a brand new high tech carbon fiber knee brace.

BILLY
I'll admit it. I'm impressed.

COLE
Uh huh.

BILLY
Don't get cocky, kid.

After a few minutes of stunts the music drops into an anticipatory DRUM-LIKE build up. An announcer on the PA.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
HELLO LAS VEGAS!

COLE
That's my cue. See you out there, bro. Good luck.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
GIVE IT UP FOR THE SLAM JAM CREW!

A deafening roar. Almost on cue the crowd begins to chant.

CROWD
COLE CASH! COLE CASH!

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Let's get this party started and bring out the main man! The one! The only! The money man! COLE CAAAAAAAASH!

ON THE RAMP

Laser lights crisscross the ramp. Music builds into a crescendo when BOOM! Giant star-bursts explode skyward as Cole hits a ramp, jumping over the entire half pipe.

After a few more jumps, Cole wheelies around a long platform that circles the perimeter. He eventually rides up a steep incline to a platform that overlooks the entire area.

At the top a P.A. Takes Cole's bike and hands him a mic.

COLE
YO, YO, YO, LAS VEGAS!

The crowd loves him.

COLE (CONT'D)
What an awesome crowd! You guys kick ass!

More thunderous roars from the crowd.

VIP AREA: ON BILLY

Billy watches, smiling to himself as Sal sides up to him.

SAL
Good turnout.

BILLY
It's something.

SAL
It's come a long way since what you started back in the day. No disrespect.

Billy turns and walks off leaving Sal alone. Sal shrugs and turns back to watch--

ON COLE

COLE
Alright, alright...

COLE (CONT'D)
Bring it down a second. Bring it down.

From Cole's cue the music changes to a low deep thumping beat.

COLE (CONT'D)
You know, when I was a kid, my mom worked so many jobs I never saw her, and my dad... He... Uh... I

Cole stammers a little bit, quickly recovering.

COLE (CONT'D)
I'm so stoked to be able to be here tonight! But tonight isn't just another stop on the tour! No way! Tonight's huge!

ON SAL

Sal furrows his brow. This isn't in the script.

ON BILLY

Sitting in darkness, listening to Cole as he straps his helmet on.

COLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...There was only one man I ever looked up to. This guy was unlike anyone I'd ever... Well tonight I've got someone here that means a hell of a lot to me. He did things that no one had ever done, and he's the reason I'm standing up here tonight.

Billy takes pause as Cole's words obviously connect with him.

ON COLE

COLE (CONT'D)
My bro here has done more jumps, busted more bones, and lived to tell about it more than anyone, ever, and I owe him everything! Y'all give it up for the legend, and my hero! <u>BILLY BYRD</u>!

Everything goes dark. Spotlights zip around the scene. Just then a jumbo screen comes to life with vintage footage of Billy. Young, handsome, a force of confidence.

YOUNGER BILLY
(On screen)
Hello. My name is Billy Byrd, and I'm a motorcycle stuntman. I believe we're put on this good earth for a reason and mine is to soar in the sun, living life to the fullest. The life God gave us.

ON THE JUMBO SCREEN

A montage of Billy's most spectacular jump clips and some of his worst crashes plays. The crowd oohs and ahhs.

ON BILLY

Then spotlights snap to light Billy as he roars out on his Harley. He pops a wheelie. The crowd cheers.

Billy rides to the end of the platform ramp and turns back to face a ramp. He revs his engine.

ON SAL

Sal looks up to Cole, then to Billy, then to the ramps Billy faces. Wide eyed, Sal grabs a P.A.'s radio from him.

SAL
(Into radio)
Hey! Hey! Who's... Is anybody here?! Hello?! Hello?!

Sal's jaw drops when he sees Billy suddenly start towards the jump ramp.

SAL (CONT'D)
Oh fuck.

ON BILLY

The crowd's roar grows as he bears down on the takeoff. Closer and closer until all of a sudden he brakes hard.

Skidding up the ramp, Billy barely makes the stop before the end of the take off. The crowd gasps.

Billy sits at the top of the ramp not moving for what seems like an eternity.

ON COLE

Cole looks down at the crowd. He watches Billy.

ON SAL

Grabs the P.A. by his shirt and shoves the radio in his hand.

SAL
GET CHIP! GET-- SOMEONE! I WANT THIS STOPPED!

ON BILLY

He rolls backwards down the ramp, turns around and returns to the starting point. Faces the ramp again and revs the engine.

CROWD
(chanting)
BI-ILLY BYRD! BI-LLY BYRD!

Billy steps the bike into gear. Revs the engine.

And then with a pop of the clutch he is off again. The crowd cheers as he reaches the ramp once more. Just as he hits the take off we--

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSROOM

Two NEWS ANCHORS, a MAN and a WOMAN sit at a desk. A graphic of Billy airborne on his bike hovers between them.

WOMAN ANCHOR
...And a big surprise at a motorcycle stunt show in down town Las Vegas.

MAN ANCHOR
Isn't this just incredible? Legendary motorcycle daredevil, Billy Byrd made a surprise appearance, alongside stunt motocross superstar, Cole Cash, last night at the Slam Jam Stunt Tour--

They roll footage of where we left off.

FILE FOOTAGE: Billy hitting the ramp and sailing, small by today's standards, about 100 feet to a landing ramp.

MAN ANCHOR (V.O.)
The last time anyone saw Billy Byrd jump was back in 1979 when he was almost killed in a failed attempt at breaking a world record.

Footage shows Billy and Cole surrounded by fans and press. A microphone is shoved in front of Cole.

COLE
(To camera)
He's the reason we're all here, man. This guy. He's a legend!

The footage shuts off like a TV bringing us into--

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Sal throws the TV remote onto the table and turns to Cole.

SAL
A legend.

COLE
Dude, what's the big deal?

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Billy approaches Cole's room and stops when he hears them talking. He listens at the door.

SAL (O.S.)
For fuck sakes, Cole. What were you thinking? Do you know what would have happened if he crashed?

COLE (O.S.)
But he didn't.

SAL (O.S.)
The money we've spent here--

COLE (O.S.)
The money I've spent.

SAL (O.S.)
We've got sponsors. Agreements. The obligations?

COLE (O.S.)
This, Sal? All of this? Why do you think it ever happened? The dude's a legend, man.

SAL (O.S.)
He's a liability...

At this Billy walks off.

ON COLE AND SAL

SAL (CONT'D)
... Don't you think I see the opportunity here? I know how huge this is. I want to optimize the potential here before...

COLE
Before what?

SAL
We have <u>everything</u> put into this tour. Everything. What do you think happens if Billy Byrd kills himself here? Monster, Oakley, Boost? You can kiss them all goodbye. I've worked too hard on building your career to where it is now. If you want to risk all that...

Cole says nothing. They just look at each other for a beat.

COLE
You gotta admit. It was pretty cool to see him jump.

SAL
I'm going to the bar.

INT. DARKROOM - NIGHT

Maggie works on an enlargement. Music plays from a radio. The song ends as the DJ speaks--

RADIO DJ
Aaaand another long block of classic rock coming your way in just a few minutes, but first, well I gotta say this is interesting--

Maggie sticks a wet print to the wall and studies it. Just then she hears--

RADIO DJ (CONT'D)
Daredevil icon, Billy Byrd, remember that guy? From the 70's? Billy Byrd resurfaced in Las Vegas of all places--

Maggie turns up the radio.

RADIO DJ (CONT'D)
And get this-- He jumped! This guy, he's gotta be, what, sixty?! This guy does some 100 foot jump! Will wonders ever cease? Well Byrd Man, thanks for keeping the dream alive. This one goes out to you.

A fitting song akin to Billy's legend starts to play. Maggie stares at the radio in disbelief.

MAGGIE
I'll kill him!

INT. HOUSE - LATER

Maggie sits on the phone, fingers feverishly tapping, until--

VOICE (O.S.)
(Filtered)
I'm sorry, ma'am, there's still no answer. Would you like to leave a message?

Maggie hangs up. Thinks for a beat before she grabs her keys.

EXT. GIBBY'S HOUSE - LATER

Maggie fidgets, waiting, until Shelly opens the door.

SHELLY
Maggie?

Shelly quickly steps onto the porch, hushing her voice.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
What are you doing here?

MAGGIE
Where is he?

SHELLY
Honey, you shouldn't--

GIBBY (O.S.)
Who is it, Shel?

Maggie pushes past Shelly into--

INT. GIBBY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Gibby rounds the corner and stops at the sight of Maggie.

MAGGIE
Did you have something to do with this?

GIBBY
What?

SHELLY
Maggie, please--

MAGGIE
No, mom! I want the truth!
(To Gibby)
Are you behind it? Did you know about this? And don't lie to me!

Gibby and Maggie lock into a stare down. Finally--

GIBBY
You come here, after everything you've done, and you ask if I had something to do with this?

MAGGIE
Did you?

Gibby looks into Maggie for a long beat, then resigns.

GIBBY
He came to me--

MAGGIE
And you didn't think to call me?

GIBBY
Call you? And say what? I haven't spoken to you in five years!

MAGGIE
I didn't come here to be lectured again.

GIBBY
Of course not.

MAGGIE
Are you helping him?

GIBBY
You think you know that man, Maggie. But I've known him for thirty years and Billy Byrd is about one thing and one thing only. And that's Billy Byrd.

MAGGIE
It wasn't me who stopped calling, daddy. I didn't make the ultimatum.

GIBBY
He came to me. I turned him away. Whatever he's doing, he's doing on his own.

Maggie looks hard at Gibby, then to Shelly.

SHELLY
It's the truth, honey.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The phone rings. We move around the room, past the TV playing the hotel channel, eventually landing on--

Billy passed out on the bed. A bottle of whiskey in one hand, a half full tumbler resting on his belly.

The phone rings again, Billy wakes with a start.

The drink spills off his belly. He swears, grabs the phone.

BILLY
Uhnf... Yeah.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
(Filtered)
You lying piece of shit!

Billy braces his throbbing head from the noise.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SUV - SAME

Maggie sits inside the vehicle, parked in their driveway.

MAGGIE
Guidance?! "*The kid needs guidance.*" Your words, Billy!

Billy sits up, rubs his eyes.

BILLY
Uhn?... Who is this?

MAGGIE
Are you fucking kidding me?!

BILLY
Maggie?

MAGGIE
Bingo, asshole.

BILLY
Shit.

MAGGIE
Yeah. Shit.

BILLY
Alright, before you go getting all bent outta shape--

MAGGIE
What is it with you men and chasing bulls anyway? Jumping motorcycles? You're a fifty six year old man!

BILLY
Christ, so wheel me into the home? That it?

MAGGIE
I'm not kidding, Billy. You don't want to test me on this one. Lie to me again and see how miserable you'll be. Trust me, because I'll make sure of it.

BILLY
Why’re you so mad?

MAGGIE
Maybe I’d like our kid to be able to know their daddy before he goes and gets himself killed. You ever think of that?

BILLY
The kid we don’t have yet?

Billy immediately regrets saying it. Maggie says nothing for a long beat.

BILLY (CONT’D)
Maggie--

Maggie hangs up leaving Billy sitting for a beat before he cradles the receiver.

Just then a promotional piece for Cole comes on the TV. Billy hurls the bottle at the TV but misses and hits the wall.

MAGGIE

Sits fuming in her SUV. She throws her phone down next to her resting her head on the steering wheel.

After a beat she looks up and over to Billy’s RV next to the house. She stares at it for a long beat.

INT. GARAGE TRAILER - DAY

An 18 Wheeler trailer converted into a remote garage. Cole enters and walks up to Chip who works on a dirt bike.

COLE
Hey, man.

CHIP
He’s been here all morning.

Chip thumbs toward Billy who sits locked into a far off gaze in front of his once again dismantled Harley.

COLE
What’s wrong with it?

CHIP
Nothing. Tears it down and puts it back together. Third time now. Hell if I know.

Cole walks over and surveys the scene and then looks to Billy who sits looking at the bike with a far off gaze.

COLE
Tune up?

Nothing. Cole waves his hand in front of Billy's face.

COLE (CONT'D)
Wakey-wakey--

Billy snaps to, immediately grabbing Cole's wrist.

COLE (CONT'D)
Hey...

Cole yanks his wrist away. Billy looks at him.

BILLY
Maggie?

COLE
Huh?

Billy blinks, looks around. Cole looks with him, confused.

COLE (CONT'D)
You alright? What is it?

BILLY
Yeah...

COLE
It's a bad time...

BILLY
No. I'm fine, it's alright. What?

COLE
You know, Chip, he'd be glad to do this for you.

BILLY
What do you want?

COLE
Well, I just thought we could blow off some steam. Go for a ride.

Billy looks at his bike then back to Cole.

COLE (CONT'D)
I was thinking something a little different.

EXT. DESERT PASS - DAY

Suited up in motocross gear, chest armor and motocross boots, Billy and Cole sit on MX bikes.

BILLY
I look like a god damn spaceman.

COLE
Powerband is kinda like a turbo boost. You'll feel it when you up the RPM's.

BILLY
Powerband.

COLE
These bikes are lighter and respond pretty quick, so watch out for that.

BILLY
Jap bikes.

COLE
Kinda racist, dude.

Cole starts the bike up and rides off the blacktop onto the sand. Billy fiddles with the gears and pops the clutch.

The bike quickly revs up as Billy hits the powerband as he races after Cole.

EXT. DESERT / SAND DUNES - LATER

Billy and Cole glide over the sea of dunes. Growing more comfortable with the smaller, more agile bike, Billy starts to pop small airs off the lips of the dunes.

They pull up to the top of a dune.

COLE
How's it feel?

BILLY
Squirrely.

COLE
What do you say, old man? You ready to get some real air?

BILLY
Kid, I was catching real air while you were still swimmin' in your daddy's balls.

They take off into the dunes.

The terrain flows in wave-like formations. Billy reaches the first dune and sails off the lip. Cole follows as we go...

THROUGH A SERIES OF CUTS:

-- Side by side they catch air off the dunes.

-- Billy hits a berm of sand as Cole airs over him.

-- Billy watches Cole pull effortless aerial maneuvers.

-- Cole roosts a quick turn beside Billy, spraying him with sand.

-- Cole raises his arms like goal posts as Billy flies over Cole's head, splitting the uprights.

As Billy soars over Cole his front wheel starts to drop and he hits the soft sand, nose heavy. Immediately thrown over the bars, Billy and bike go tumbling down the dune face.

COLE
Shit!

Cole races to Billy, who lies motionless beside the bike.

Cole ghost rides his bike as he slides to a stop next to Billy.

COLE (CONT'D)
Fuck! Fuck! Billy! <u>BILLY</u>!

Billy looks skyward as Cole pulls his own helmet off.

COLE (CONT'D)
Don't move, man! Don't-- Are you hurt? What hurts? Fuck!

BILLY
Kid, calm down... Just...
(re: helmet)
Get this off me.

Cole helps Billy take the helmet off. Billy sits up and looks at Cole. After a beat Billy starts to laugh.

COLE
You think this is funny? I thought you were seriously fucked up!

BILLY
You ever hit concrete before? This is like pillows to me.

Cole starts to laugh. Billy joins him.

EXT. DESERT / PLATEAU - LATER

The sun hangs low in the sky. Billy sits beside his bike taking in the desert beauty. Cole stands off talking on his cell. He eventually joins Billy.

COLE
Sorry. My mom. She's always calling... Never mind.

BILLY
Family can be tough.

COLE
I don't have a single good memory of my family.

BILLY
Didn't mean to bring it up.

COLE
I don't know... I've been on this wave lately, you know? I never had shit like this before, now there's money and my old man's sniffing around again, trying to get back with my mom, and she's defending him... It's just fucked up.

BILLY
Fame's a bitch, kid.

COLE
The fame I can handle.

BILLY
I'm saying it ain't you, not who you really are. At least to who matters. I learned that the hard way.

COLE
I don't know.

BILLY
I do.

COLE
Do you miss it?

BILLY
Fame? I hated the fame, kid.

COLE
Well the perks are good.

Billy snorts, shakes his head.

COLE (CONT'D)
What?

BILLY
You know how may millions I've made and spent? End of the day the only thing that matters is the size of your balls and what they remember.

COLE
Your balls?

BILLY
Jesus Christ, kid. The butts in the seats. The folks paying to see you risk your life. It's what they remember.
(Beat)
It's about your legacy.

Billy's words resonate with Cole as they take in the sunset.

INT. GARAGE - LATER

Cole and Billy are kicking off their race boots. Shaking sand out of every nook and cranny.

Billy winces, loosens his brace, rubs his knee. Takes out a bag of pills from his duffel bag and pours two in his hand. Thinks, then adds another and pops them back. Cole watches.

COLE
The worst crash I had, I tried to jump from one roof to another on a twelve story building.
(MORE)

COLE (CONT'D)
I ruptured my spleen and sat in a hospital for three weeks.

BILLY
A whole three weeks, huh?

Billy rolls up his sleeves. Worm like scars run the length.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Twenty screws in this one. Titanium shaft in this one. Still aches when it's cold out.

Cole pulls his shirt off. Tattoos cover his torso. He points to a large scar on his shoulder.

COLE
Three separations. Four surgeries. Probably gonna need a fifth.

Billy smiles. Stands and undoes his pants, dropping them to reveal scarred legs.

BILLY
(Pats his knees)
Both replaced. This one twice.
(Pats his hip)
Plastic. Other one's shot too.

COLE
I got that beat.

Cole drops his pants and points to a round scar on his thigh.

COLE (CONT'D)
See that? Double compound fracture. I screamed like a girl.

BILLY
(Taps head)
Metal plate. Broken back the same day... Both femurs too.

COLE
(his eye)
Busted eye socket. Dislodged cornea.

BILLY
Just the one?
(touches his nose)
This ain't real.

COLE
(laughs)
That's all I got.

BILLY
Kid, I'm just getting started.
(Pause)
Couldn't feel my right foot for two months after my biggest jump.

COLE
Which one?

BILLY
1979. Los Angeles Colosseum.

CUT TO:

VINTAGE FOOTAGE

plays over Billy's V.O. He sits high up a large scaffolding platform at the top of the stands. A ramp runs to a stadium floor.

BILLY (V.O.)
Was gonna be my last jump. My swan song. I must've stared down that run in for a good twenty minutes.

Billy drops down the long steep ramp. Reaching the stadium floor he races along the flats as he approaches a monster sized take off. Just as he hits the ramp we cut back to--

IN THE GARAGE

Billy recalls the story through a far off stare.

BILLY
My heart gave up three times... Doctors broke nearly all my ribs from pumping my chest so hard. Better part of eighteen months to learn to walk again... 38 bones that day... 12 of em not even from the crash. The ribs... I blame those on the doctors. Those were their fault.

COLE
Jesus...

BILLY
If Jesus was gonna take me, it should've been then. Three hundred and eighty feet and too short a run in.

Cole takes this in. An expression of admonishment.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Was married once too.

COLE
Okay, you win.

Both men laugh.

INT. HOTEL / HALLWAY - NIGHT

Billy exits the elevator still covered in dirt. He walks the long benign hallway for what seems like an eternity before he starts to slow. Confusion crosses his face.

Coming to a T intersection, Billy pauses then turns left. Pauses, then returns back right.

Billy looks back the way he came. Looks again to the direction he was walking. Furrowed brow. Everything looks the same. Sweat building on his brow.

He looks at a room number on a door. Pulls out his card key. No number is on it.

INT. HOTEL / HALLWAY - MORE

Billy moves down another identical hallway. His face sheen with sweat. He leans against a wall trying to catch his breath.

A look crosses Billy's face we have never seen. Panic. He tries another step but he staggers. Catching himself on the wall he drops to a knee. His face white and dripping sweat.

His vision begins to blur. He closes his eyes as we--

FADE OUT.

ON BILLY'S FACE

Weathered and dirty, Billy sits up with an almost alcoholic difficulty. He looks around. Confusion, as we see--

EXT. DESERT - DAWN

The sun crests distant mountains in a brilliant wash of orange and blue. Billy looks to his boots that sit beside his bike that lays on the ground about twenty feet away.

Regaining his footing, Billy limps to his nearby boots. While trying to put one on he stumbles to his ass. Swears.

Billy struggles to lift the bike upright. After catching his breath, he attempts to start it up. Nothing happens. He primes the engine for another attempt. Nothing. He unscrews the gas cap and peers into the tank.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

Billy pushes his bike down the shoulder of the highway. A passing car honks.

Eventually Billy stops as he hears a vehicle pull to a stop behind him.

He turns to see an older NATIVE INDIAN MAN exit the truck.

EXT. HIGHWAY / ROADSIDE - LATER

The Indian tosses a length of syphon hose into the back of the truck. Billy shakes his hand. The Indian takes in Billy.

INDIAN
You gonna be alright?

BILLY
(Thinks)
I doubt it.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

Billy pulls up to Cole’s parked tour bus, support trucks, tractor trailers. Crew buzz around as they pack everything.

Sal exits the bus, pausing as he sees Billy.

SAL
Jesus, what happened to you?

BILLY
Bad night. Where’s the kid?

SAL
Kind of surprised to see you here.

BILLY
What’re you talking about?

SAL
What am I talking about? You’re the one who pulled the Houdini. You just, disappeared. And Cole was bummed too. Last night, it was huge, Cole was in rare form. He did a cork screw back flip. He was hoping you’d see it.

BILLY
How long have I been gone?

SAL
A day and a half I think.

BILLY
Shit...

SAL
Hey, man, what do I know about anything? You’re here, you’re gone.

Chip walks up.

CHIP
(To Billy)
Hey, man.
(To Sal)
We should be wrapped by eleven, then cut the crew by midnight. That’ll save us the union overtime.

SAL
Finally, good news.
(To Billy)
Cole’s over at the track, Chip can take you. I wouldn’t expect too warm of a reception though.

EXT. MOTOCROSS TRACK - DAY

Billy sits in the empty grandstands overlooking the track. He watches Cole and two other RIDERS in a freestyle jump session.

Cole’s aerial ability is not lost on Billy as he watches Cole do flips and maneuvers unlike anything he’s ever seen.

Cole hits the jump again and while flying through the air releases the bike and spins in the air, grabbing the bars again and landing with ease. Billy is truly impressed.

Cole sees Billy in the stands. After a beat he rides over, takes off his helmet. He doesn't say anything.

BILLY
Hear I missed a good show.

COLE
I guess.

BILLY
I'm sorry about that, kid. Really.

COLE
Yeah, well... I'm pretty busy, so--

BILLY
Look, I get it, but before you go getting all pouty on me, let me at least explain.

MOTOCROSS TRACK / GRANDSTANDS - LATER

Billy and Cole sit in the stands. A nonplussed look on Cole's face.

COLE
Fuck, dude, I... Fuck...

BILLY
It is what it is.

COLE
Yeah, but, isn't there something you can do? Medicine or some shit?

BILLY
Just prolonged inviability.

COLE
Dude. Why didn't you tell me?

BILLY
Because of the way you're looking at me right now.

COLE
Sorry.

A hanging beat. Billy sees Cole is completely crestfallen.

BILLY
I ever tell you I once split my asshole wide open?

COLE
... What?

BILLY
Right up my back. Seattle King Dome. Hit the deck hard as hell. Ripped from nutsack to butt crack. Worst pain I ever felt. Had to shit into a tube for a month.

Cole stares at Billy in shock. At a loss for words. And then, the two men break into laughter. Deep and hard. Tears.

After they regain composure they fall into a sombre silence.

COLE
I get it now.

BILLY
Hm?

COLE
All the zoning out, the weird moody shit... I thought you were just an asshole sometimes, but It makes sense now. This why you came, isn't it? Because you're sick?

BILLY
We're all on a clock, kid.

COLE
Come on.

BILLY
Alright, sure, maybe something got kick started in me... You, all this...
(contemplates Cole)
I see myself in you. A lot of who I used to be. That did something.

COLE
Me?

BILLY
What do you want to leave when you're gone?

COLE
Come on, bro, I'm only 22!

BILLY
Look at me. One day, you're gonna be old and stiff, like me. One day you're gonna be living your life, and there's gonna be this kid. A kid who looked up to you, what you did here, today, now. You're gonna be annoyed, grumpy, because you ain't gonna see him for what he is now, you'll only see who you once were, and who you aren't anymore.

Cole looks into Billy for a beat.

COLE
Holy shit. You want to do that jump again? That's it, isn't it?

BILLY
It's not Chinese arithmetic.

COLE
Dude! Are you crazy? That's a huge fucking jump! Three hundred feet!

BILLY
Three eighty.

COLE
Three hundred and eighty feet! And you think, what, you think you could actually do it? For real?

BILLY
Well Christ, kid, when you put it like that!

COLE
Fuck. Sal is gonna shit. You know that right? I mean, seriously shit. Have you told Maggie?

BILLY
Maggie? What about Maggie?

COLE
You haven't seen her?

BILLY
What are you talking about?

Hold on Billy.

EXT. CIRCUS CIRCUS RV PARK - LATER

Billy stands across the compound looking at his RV that sticks out like a sore thumb among a sea of RV's. He smiles to himself and shakes his head.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

Maggie's head snaps up as Billy lumbers up into the RV. They stand silent, staring at each other for a long beat.

BILLY
Never underestimate the motivations of a pissed off woman.

Maggie moves to Billy and punches him hard in the chest. Then throws her arms around him, head to his chest.

MAGGIE
God you stink.

INT. RV BATHROOM - NIGHT

Billy gets out of the tiny shower. We see scars criss-cross his entire body.

Looks at himself in the mirror. Sticks out his tongue.

BILLY
(To himself)
If you tell her... You're in a pickle now, dumb shit.

Billy reaches for his pants, digging out his pill dispenser.

Flipping open the days one at a time -- they are all empty. Billy furrows his brow, thinking.

INT. RV / BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Maggie sits on the bed chewing her lip as Billy enters, a towel around his waist.

Billy sits beside her, caresses her knee. She runs her fingers along a thick scar that runs down his spine.

BILLY
I've been a real sonovabitch, I know.

MAGGIE
I didn't come here to lecture you.

BILLY
Sure you did.

MAGGIE
At first, but now... There are things to be said.

BILLY
I feel like I've been explaining myself all day.

MAGGIE
I know. But I need to talk to you--

BILLY
I'm gonna jump again.

MAGGIE
What does that mean? Again?

BILLY
This one's... It's big.

MAGGIE
(stiffens)
How big?

BILLY
It's something I gotta do.

MAGGIE
How big, Billy?

BILLY
It's hard to explain.

MAGGIE
Try.

BILLY
I just need you to trust me that it'll all be alright.

MAGGIE
Why, then? Why now?

BILLY
Call it unfinished business.

MAGGIE
Haven't you ever heard the term "growing old gracefully?"

BILLY
I don't even know what that looks like, darlin'.

MAGGIE
You're gonna do what you're gonna do, regardless of what I think, so what's the point?

BILLY
I can't do anything without knowing you're with me, Maggie.

MAGGIE
You know I'm with you. I've always been with you. That's my problem.

EXT. SPEEDWAY - MORNING

Chip stands twenty feet before a giant jump ramp. He aims a radar gun at Cole who races toward him at a blistering speed.

Cole blasts by, Chip checks the gun. Cole hits the ramp and soars an impossible distance towards a giant dirt mound landing.

Chip jumps into a golf cart manned by Sal and rides to meet Cole at the landing.

LANDING ZONE

Cole gets off his bike as Sal and Chip ride up. Sal is hooting, jumping out of the cart before it stops.

SAL
Holy shit! That was insane!

COLE
That felt really fucking far.

SAL
That <u>was</u> really fucking far!

COLE
(To Chip)
How fast?

CHIP
Eighty eight at take off.

COLE
And I only went two forty.

SAL
Only?

COLE
I can go farther, I know it... But he tried twice that distance... On that old bike? Fuck me. The ramp is right on. It’s perfect.

SAL
Chip, call Peetie. We need to get this on film.
(To Cole)
We could close the strip, do it there, at night. ESPN, maybe even network!

COLE
Whoa, hold up, bro.

SAL
Don’t worry, I’ll sort it all out and run you through it before I move on anything.

COLE
No.

SAL
No? What do you mean: “no?”

COLE
This is Billy’s Jump.

SAL
Billy’s-- <u>What?</u> You’re joking, right? This is a joke.

Sal sees Cole isn’t joking.

SAL (CONT’D)
Okay, what the fuck is going on? Please. Somebody tell me what the <u>fuck</u> you are even talking about?

COLE
I can't get into specifics.

SAL
No, please, by all means, get specific!

COLE
All I can say is that I want to help Billy do this. It's important.

SAL
(To Chip)
Are you going to say something?

CHIP
Hey, this is above my pay grade.

SAL
Cole, okay, I've liked having Billy around. He's good for PR, and yes, we even let him jump--

COLE
We? We? I let him jump, Sal! It's my name on this tour, not yours!

SAL
Okay, let's all calm down...

COLE
Sal, I love you. You know I love you. Everything you've done, you took me from the shit and got me to where I am. And I'm not saying I don't owe you...

SAL
You don't have to--

COLE
I do have to say it. But, this is Billy's jump. He's gonna do it and I'm gonna help him. Now, I need you on board with this, but if you aren't, you gotta let me know now.

SAL
Cole--

Cole fires his bike up ending the conversation. He looks at Sal before riding off. Sal looks to Chip, at a loss.

SAL (CONT'D)
What the fuck just happened?

EXT. RV - DAY

Cole waits until the door opens to Maggie. Seeing Cole she crosses her arms and looks at him stoically.

COLE
Good morning!

MAGGIE
Morning.

An uncomfortable beat hangs in the air until Billy walks out. Gives Maggie a peck on the cheek.

BILLY
Later, hon.

MAGGIE
Mm hmm.

Cole and Billy walk to Cole's truck. Cole looks back at Maggie watching them.

COLE
I don't think she likes me.

BILLY
It's alright. She doesn't like me much either.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Billy watches as Cole clears tools and bikes away from the center of the garage.

BILLY
What difference does it make?

COLE
The difference is it's not 1970 anymore. There's new ways of doing shit. You've got to re-learn the whole approach.

Cole leans a piece of plywood onto a toolbox.

COLE (CONT'D)
All of your jumps, they all had the same problem. Whoever designed your ramps was an idiot.

BILLY
I designed my ramps.

COLE
Oh.

Cole points to the abrupt angles of the small plywood ramp.

COLE (CONT'D)
Well, see the angle here? Nothing streamline about it, right?

BILLY
This gonna get to a point soon?

Cole crosses the garage to a small cardboard box. He removes a small wind up Billy Byrd action figure on a motorcycle.

BILLY (CONT'D)
I'll be damned.

COLE
I've had this since I was a kid.

Cole places the toy on the floor and winds it up until it releases from it's base.

It zips across the floor and hits the plywood ramp. The abrupt angle kicks the toy into the air. Awkward and jarring.

The toy bounces across the floor.

Cole removes the plywood replacing it with a miniature transition ramp.

COLE (CONT'D)
See, it's all technical now. Shit's down to the millimeter.

Cole grabs the toy and returns to the start. He winds it up again until it shoots off to the new ramp.

Hitting the transition, the bike flies higher and more stable. It soars across the garage making a smooth landing until it crashes into the far wall.

COLE (CONT'D)
Transition, dude. Your old ramps? They had none.
(MORE)

COLE (CONT'D)
Like you said: "it ain't Chinese arithmetic." But it is common sense.

BILLY
You're saying I didn't have common sense? And you think some toy is gonna help me figure this all out.

COLE
No, I don't.

EXT. MOTOCROSS TRACK - DAY

On the empty track, Billy and Cole wear matching gear and sit on identical MX bikes.

COLE
Dunes are different. It's more about floating. On these jumps it's about compensation. Throttle, the tail drops. Brake, the front end drops. Throttle brake, throttle brake. Right?

BILLY
Alright.

Cole fires his bike up and rides into the track. He gets air born off the first jump, illustrating the technique.

Billy huffs to himself and starts his bike. He rides to the first jump.

He flies high, awkwardly leveling the bike in the air coming up short, almost going over the bars. Cole rides up to him.

COLE
You alright?

BILLY
Let's go again.

And they do. A game of follow the leader through the track...

A SERIES OF CUTS:

- Billy pops over smaller jumps at first.

- Billy and Cole jumping side by side. Ever larger airs.

- Billy going down hard. Cole rushes to help him. Billy pushes him away and gets back on the bike.

- Cole demonstrates a perfect level jump. Billy follows, awkward but better.

- Billy hits a big table top jump. Getting the hang of it.

- Cole does a back flip over Billy who gives him the finger.

- Billy sprays Cole with dirt.

- Cole accidentally stalling his bike. Billy laughing.

CUT TO:

BILLY AND COLE

They hit jumps simultaneously. A game of cat and mouse. They race as they both jostle for pole position, taking turns beating one another.

As they hit the last berm, both men accelerate towards the final tabletop jump. Side by side they hit the last jump--

They soar, flying high into the air. Billy throttles and brakes intermittently giving complete aerial control.

The two men land at the same time and skid to a stop. They look at each other.

COLE
That's what I'm talking about!

Cole holds his hand up for a high five. Billy laughs to himself, and finally obliges.

EXT. MOTOCROSS TRACK - LATER

Billy and Cole sit on the tailgate of Cole's truck. Filthy from the track.

COLE
It was s local event. I won the high jump contest. Sal was there, signed me on the spot. I had nothing you know? My mom couldn't control me, my dad... I was getting into trouble, drugs... I saw what these guys had and I wanted it. Sal took me under his wing. He made a lot of shit happen for me.

BILLY
I sold insurance.

COLE
You sold insurance?

BILLY
Door to door. On a 1966 Triumph. I rode around neighborhoods trying to sell people insurance. Turns out motorcycles don't exactly instill a vote of confidence in the insurance sellin' business.

COLE
Insurance salesman... Daredevil...

BILLY
I didn't have a job anymore and I needed money. I knew a guy, owned a car dealership. I told him I could bring a crowd in on his Memorial Day sale. Convinced him to let me jump three of his pickups.

COLE
Damn.

BILLY
He agreed, but with a condition. I scratch em, I buy em. I overshot the landing by twenty feet.
(Beat)
After that he sold the business and managed my entire career.

Cole smiles. The glory days. The Wild West.

COLE
What happened to him.

BILLY
(Thinks)
I took something from him that couldn't be given back.

COLE
Shit's so different now days. You gotta give people a show. The endorsements... Sponsors want their money's worth you know?

BILLY
Horse shit.

COLE
One jump doesn't fill seats, dude.

BILLY
Kid, people don't come to see the show, they come to see if you're gonna die. Seeing a man fly through the air with the prospects of death is why their butts are in the seats. They love it when you make it, but if you don't? That's a story they'll be able to tell forever.

COLE
That's fucked up, bro.

BILLY
I'm not famous for all the ones I pulled off. It was the ones I didn't make. And because I got up and did it again.

Cole ponders this for a beat.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Sal? Guys like that? They want the show. That's their payday. You, me? It's the jump. Putting ourselves against the devil and seeing if you got the stones to beat him.

Billy puts his hand on Cole's shoulder.

BILLY (CONT'D)
It's our holy grail, son.

COLE
You could die doing this. You know that, right?

BILLY
I need a drink.

INT. RV - EVENING

Maggie leans against the counter in the kitchen area chewing her lip. She looks to a clock and then picks up yet another pregnancy test.

Maggie closes her eyes, breathes, then looks to the result. As she stares at the stick her eyes fill with tears.

She wraps the stick in paper towel and throws it in the trash.

INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Large and opulent but Vegas tacky. Billy and Maggie sit in an oversized booth.

MAGGIE
I can't remember the last time you took me for a fancy dinner.

BILLY
I figured it's been overdue.

MAGGIE
You figured it would ease your guilty conscience.

BILLY
And that.

An older WAITRESS arrives with drinks.

WAITRESS
Bourbon and milk. Sparkling water.

The Waitress leaves. Billy looks into Maggie's eyes. Smiles.

MAGGIE
What?

BILLY
I'm a lucky man.

MAGGIE
You're just realizing that now?

BILLY
I should've ordered champagne.

MAGGIE
If this is you sucking up, it doesn't suit you.

BILLY
You said something to me that kind of stuck.

Billy smiles and slides out of the booth. Maggie looks at Billy quizzically until he moves to kneel beside her.

From his pocket he removes a modest but pretty diamond ring and takes her hand. Maggie gasps.

MAGGIE
What? What... are you doing?

BILLY
Maggie Leigh Thorton...

MAGGIE
Billy...

BILLY
I don't want you to be my girlfriend anymore.

Maggie is gobsmacked. Billy slides the ring on her finger.

MAGGIE
I... what do I say?

BILLY
Hell, yes would be a start.

MAGGIE
Yes! Yes! If you're serious then yes!

Maggie climbs into Billy's arms. She kisses him all over his face as a few people at nearby tables applaud.

INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - LATER

Busboys clear their table as Maggie admires her ring. Billy clinks her champagne glass with his.

BILLY
You haven't touched your champagne.

MAGGIE
I still can't believe it.

BILLY
Tomorrow we'll go down to one of those jingleberry chapels and get hitched. No point in waiting.

Maggie looks down as tears well up.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Christ, Maggie. We can have a real wedding. I was kidding.

MAGGIE
No... That's not it. There's... I need to tell you something. I just don't want to upset you.

BILLY
Upset me? Come on darlin', nothing could sour my mood right now.

Maggie looks into Billy. Bites her lip.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Christ, Maggie, spit it--

MAGGIE
I'm pregnant.

A freight train straight to Billy's face. He's speechless.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
You came here-- All this motorcycle stuff, and I didn't know... I've always wanted a baby. You know that's what I want. And I could always tell you weren't sure...

BILLY
Alright--

MAGGIE
And you've been acting so distant and, well, *weird* lately. I wanted to tell you. I really did. But I think it would be so good for us. Wouldn't it be good for us?

BILLY
Maggie. Just... Slow down.

MAGGIE
I'm sorry.

BILLY
Sorry? I should be the one apologizing.

MAGGIE
You're not mad?

BILLY
I just never really imagined it'd take.
(smiles to Maggie)
You deserve to be happy.

Maggie slides over into Billy's arms. She doesn't see Billy's face go ashen, if only for a moment.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Tell you what. I'm going to go splash the shock off my face. When I come back we're going to have a real celebration. Blow it out.

Billy slides out from the booth and kisses Maggie one more time on the head before walking away.

INT. HOTEL CASINO - MOMENTS LATER

Billy walks through the sea of gaming tables and PEOPLE. Billy bumps into a waitress, slightly disorientated.

A table of GAMBLERS cheer. The noise is everywhere. Starting to feel closed in, Billy looks for an exit.

The room grows louder and louder. Dinging bells, shouting pit bosses, excited gamblers.

Lights flash as a river of dollar coins spit from a slot machine. Billy starts to spin. He rubs his eyes.

A DRUNK GIRL squeals as she bumps past Billy. Stumbling, he catches himself on an empty seat at a blackjack table.

DEALER
Sir?

Billy looks around. Sweating. The Dealer's voice echoes in Billy's ears. Through blurred vision, Billy looks at him.

DEALER (CONT'D)
Sir, these seats are for playing patrons only. I'm going to have to ask you to place a bet or leave the table. Sir?

INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Maggie scans the room for Billy. A concerned look on her face. She grabs a different passing WAITRESS (#2).

MAGGIE
Excuse me, Could you send my waitress over if you see her?

WAITRESS #2
Who's your waitress?

MAGGIE
I... I don't know. I was waiting for my boyfriend.

WAITRESS #2
Would you like to order something till he gets here?

MAGGIE
No... He went to the bathroom.
(Off waitresses look)
We're getting married...

Maggie trails off. The Waitress gives her a flat smile not really knowing what to say.

WAITRESS #2
I'll try to find your waitress.

INT. CASINO - LATER

Maggie walks through the maze of people, games and tables looking for Billy.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)
Excuse me! Please move! Excuse me!

Maggie turns just in time to step aside for a large SECURITY GUARD who runs past her.

A few moments later TWO MORE SECURITY GUARDS sprint past her. Walkie talkies squelching.

Maggie watches them before deciding to quickly follow.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Maggie sees a large crowd of PEOPLE that have gathered around a large fountain.

Moving through the mass of people, Maggie emerges to the front of the crowd where her face immediately registers shock as she sees--

Billy stomping around in the fountain. His eyes wild as he strips his clothes off.

Security guards surround the fountain yelling at him to get out as Billy barks and howls like a wild animal. Maggie watches in horror.

SECURITY GUARD #1
(Into walkie talkie)
Send everyone! Now!
(To Billy)
C'mon asshole!

SECURITY GUARD #2
(To another guard)
Get around that way! That way!

BILLY
I'M ALIVE! I'M ALIVE! NOTHING CAN STOP IT!

SECURITY GUARD #3
Holy shit!

BILLY
AWHOOOOO! YEAH! YEAH! AWHOOOOOOOO!

Maggie burst out of the crowd towards Billy as a security guard grabs her.

SECURITY GUARD #1
Hey!

MAGGIE
I know him! He's-- He's my husband!

Two guards step into the fountain and flank Billy.

BILLY
VANDALS! DEMONS! I'M INVINCIBLE! INVINCIBLE! AWHOOOOOOO!

MAGGIE
Don't hurt him! Billy! <u>BILLY!!</u>

A FOURTH GUARD sneaks into the fountain behind Billy just as Billy whips around. The guard, about to pounce, shuffles back. Arms out, pleading with Billy.

SECURITY GUARD #4
Easy, man. Take it easy.

All guards start to close in on Billy when he begins to thrash about like a madman. Screaming and howling.

BILLY
NOTHING CAN STOP IT! NOTHING CAN KILL ME! I'M STILL HERE! I'M HERE! LOOK AT ME! OWHOOOOOOOOO!

Billy pounds his chest. Hits himself in the head. Kicking water everywhere. Subdued by the guard, Maggie cries out.

All of a sudden his face freezes and he slams back into the water. The guards rush him, grabbing his arms and legs.

They pull his limp body from the fountain. Maggie collapses, sobbing in the Security Guards arms.

EXT. HOTEL / CASINO - LATER

Maggie watches Billy, restrained to a gurney being lifted into an ambulance as a female POLICE OFFICER questions her.

MAGGIE
(Snapping to)
What?

POLICE OFFICER
Your husband. Does he have a history of drugs? Is he on any medications?

MAGGIE
We're... we're not married.

POLICE OFFICER
(Looking at notes)
A security guard says... you called him your husband?

MAGGIE
He had just proposed to me.

POLICE OFFICER
Well. Congratulations I guess.

Maggie watches the Ambulance drive away.

INT. HOSPITAL - EVENING

Maggie's face is of concern and confusion. She looks as if to say something for a long beat, shakes her head in disbelief.

MAGGIE
Is he dangerous?

A DOCTOR (40's) has been telling her of Billy's condition, which is obviously news to her.

DOCTOR
To himself, mostly. Without proper treatment however...
(Off Maggie's look)
We're keeping him sedated, for the time being... While we run more tests. It's mostly for his safety and comfort.

MAGGIE
I'm, we're having a baby...

DOCTOR
Miss Thorton, the third leading cause of dementia is head injury. More often prevalent in younger people, but given Billy's history, this is most likely the result of multiple head trauma. I am fairly certain this is not hereditary.

MAGGIE
I can't believe this is happening.

DOCTOR
Right now, he's resting. He's just experienced a very traumatic event for the first time, so the severity seems very overwhelming.

MAGGIE
How long will he be like this?

DOCTOR
That depends on him.

Maggie looks through a window into Billy's room where he lays unconscious and restrained to a bed. She fights back tears.

INT. HOSPITAL / ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie sleeps in a chair when she wakes with a start. She looks around then remembering where she is.

INT. HOSPITAL / ROOM - LATER

Maggie exits the bathroom, stopping when she sees Cole sitting in the chair beside Billy. He turns to her.

COLE
Hey. I just found out...

Maggie quickly grabs him by the hand and drags him into the--

HALLWAY

Maggie squares off to Cole.

MAGGIE
How long have you known?

COLE
What?

MAGGIE
Do you know what that man means to me?!

COLE
Whoa. Hold on a second, Maggie.

MAGGIE
Don't! Don't say my name like you know me. You don't know me!

A NURSE shushes them.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
(Hushed)
You don't get to come here and act like you care. You should have known better.

COLE
You think this was my fault?

MAGGIE
Tell me, what did you think you were going to get out of this?

COLE
Can I say something?

Maggie crosses her arms.

COLE (CONT'D)
For the first time in my life I met someone who I looked up to. Someone who didn't want something from me. Billy has come to mean more to me than some project or charity.

Maggie is about to interject but Cole persists.

COLE (CONT'D)
I never had a father, no one to make proud. Did I know about this? Yeah, I knew. It was his choice and I respected that. You may not believe this, Maggie, but I love Billy. He means a lot to me.

Maggie burns into Cole then moves past him. After a few steps she stops and turns.

MAGGIE
Well I loved him first.

INT. HOSPITAL / ROOM - LATER

Cole sits next to Billy's bed. His idol. His friend. He looks at Billy's face. Frail and weaker than he cares to see.

He looks to the bedside table where a few of Billy's possessions sit. Pocket knife, a watch, and Billy's note pad.

Cole takes the pad and starts flipping through the pages.

ON BILLY'S NOTE PAD

Notes of what looks like a grocery list of motorcycle parts. Step-by-step instructions. How to put his bike engine back together. And also a short list of reminders:

Coffee not tea --
Take pills --
Pretty blond is Maggie --
Cole... Annoying, but a good kid.

ON COLE

Cole smiles flatly at this. As he flips more pages his smile fades. The writing becomes less and less legible. Eventually turning to page after page of illegible chicken scratch.

Cole flips back the pages coming upon...

ON BILLY'S NOTE PAD

An outline of Billy's super jump. The distance...ramp size... dimensions, et al.

ON COLE

Cole stares at them for a beat before looking back to Billy.

COLE
Alright, old man.

INT. HOSPITAL / HALLWAY - MORNING

Maggie exits the elevator when she hears Billy's voice.

BILLY (O.S.)
God dammit!

NURSE (O.S.)
Sir! Please!

Maggie rushes down the hall towards Billy's room, almost getting knocked over by the Nurse as she rushes out.

NURSE (CONT'D)
He's all yours, honey.

INT. HOSPITAL / ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maggie enters where she sees Billy in a hospital gown rummaging through drawers. He yanks the IV from his wrist.

MAGGIE
Billy!

Billy turns abruptly, pausing when he sees Maggie. He continues to pull clothes from the drawers.

BILLY
How long have I been in here?

MAGGIE
You should be in bed. Let me get the doctor.

BILLY
I don't need a doctor, dammit!

MAGGIE
Billy Byrd! You sit down right now, do you hear me?!

Billy stops. Looks at Maggie, then slumps into a chair.

BILLY
I know you're mad.

MAGGIE
You think I'm mad? I'm not mad. I'm hurt. Being lied to hurts.

BILLY
I never lied to you.

MAGGIE
I had to watch your naked carcass get dragged out of a fountain to find out. You're a regular pillar of honesty.

Billy avoids Maggie's eyes.

BILLY
Where's Cole?

MAGGIE
Cole?

BILLY
Now you know why I have to do this.

MAGGIE
Billy--

BILLY
Nothing's changed, Maggie. If I don't do this now--

MAGGIE
Cole is dead.

It's like the air was just sucked from the room. A punch to the gut. Billy stares at Maggie, speechless.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Everyone told him not to do it, but he didn't listen. Sounds familiar.
(Pause)
He didn't know... none of us knew, if you were going to wake up.
(Pause)
It was just too far.

BILLY
Too far?

MAGGIE
Something about the take off, angles or something, I don't know.

Billy stares at the floor. Lost. Then anger swells back.

BILLY
He did my jump?

MAGGIE
Let me get the doctor...

BILLY
I need to talk to Sal. Who has my bike?

MAGGIE
Did you hear me? If Cole couldn't do it-- You were in a coma for almost three weeks!

Billy ignores her. Anger paired with stubbornness. He finds his boots in the closet and pulls them on. Maggie follows him out as he walks down the hall.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Billy! BILLY!

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON BILLY

Riding his bike. Chest on tank. Gritting into the wind. No helmet. A blistering speed as we go wide to see we are at--

EXT. SPEEDWAY - DUSK

Billy races down the blacktop full throttle. As he rounds the embanked turn he rides the bike off the track into the infield where we see him approaching the giant jump ramp.

As he accelerates on the approach, Billy lets out a howl. Closer and closer until he is almost upon the ramp when he--

Veers off right of the ramp and brakes hard! He skids across the infield grass until coming to a stop.

Breathing hard, a vice-like grip on the bars. Then he starts to punch the tank, yelling profanity into the empty speedway.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Billy's figure is awash in an orange glow. A grim look covers his face. We hear a loud burning roar then a pop!

Swinging around behind Billy, we see him standing as he watches his beloved bike entirely engulfed in flames.

As the flames reach the tank the bike roars into a large fireball. One last whoosh before the bike tips to it's side.

Billy's face is emotionless as he watches his bike die.

EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE - PRE-DAWN

Establishing.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Billy lays awake staring through the window at the faint morning light. After a beat he sits up.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
What time is it?

BILLY
Early.

Billy gets up revealing Maggie, now very pregnant, laying on the bed. She raises up on her elbows.

MAGGIE
I have to pee. Again.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Maggie walks in on Billy thumbing pills into his weekly dispenser. After each day Billy writes in a note pad.

MAGGIE
You hungry?

BILLY
(Shakes pills)
Already ate.

Maggie walks to Billy and sits on his lap. Billy overexaggerates a grunt.

MAGGIE
I got a baby in here. What's your excuse?

Billy wraps his arms around her. Maggie puts her hands over his as they rock side to side.

BILLY
I'm sorry you're in this with me.

MAGGIE
I’m not.

BILLY
I did over fifty jumps. Pretty straight forward. Just hold on and hope for the best. I was never scared. Of anything...

MAGGIE
The pills are helping. Doctor says the therapy will help too.

BILLY
Not that.

Billy slides his palms onto Maggie’s tummy.

MAGGIE
This is different.

BILLY
I don’t see how.

MAGGIE
On your motorcycle you were always alone.

We stay on them as they sit in silence, swaying side to side. Hands on hands on Maggie’s belly.

EXT. STORAGE UNIT - DAY

An oak of a MAN in his fifties instructs Auggie and another young MAN as they close up the back of a large truck. The man pulls a check from his shirt pocket, handing it to Billy.

MAN
I hafta say I was surprised to get your call. Never thought you’d ever part with it.

BILLY
It was time.

MAN
Well, if ever you get the urge, we’ll have it on display at the motor museum.

BILLY
I don’t ever want to see it again.

They shake hands and the man and his two boys get in the truck and drive off. As we pull back we see Billy standing in front of his now empty storage unit.

I/E. BILLY'S TRUCK - LATER

Billy pulls into his driveway where a white car is parked. He looks at it as he goes inside.

INT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Billy walks into the kitchen where Maggie is preparing iced tea. She looks at Billy with a stern look.

MAGGIE
You've got company.

EXT. BACK PATIO - LATER

Billy holds an envelope in one hand, reading a piece of paper in the other. Sal sits across from him sipping iced tea.

SAL
Don't ask me why, because I don't have the answer.

BILLY
Doesn't make sense.

SAL
I'm just following his wishes. Maybe he felt like he owed you?

BILLY
He never owed me a thing.

EXT. HOUSE - LATER

Billy stands at the front door as Sal walks to his car. Before he gets in he stops and looks back to Billy.

SAL
For the record, he wasn't just a paycheck to me.

BILLY
Doesn't matter anymore.

SAL
Maybe you're right. Maybe he didn't owe you anything. Maybe it's what you owe him. Maybe it's what we both owe him.

BILLY
What now?

SAL
Now? Find another circus I guess. Be seeing you, Billy.

We stay with Billy as Sal drives off. He looks again at the piece of paper as Maggie joins him.

MAGGIE
What was that all about?

Billy hands Maggie the piece of paper. As she reads it her eyebrows raise.

ANGLE ON:

A handwritten note clipped to some legal documents. It reads:

"BILLY - IN CASE I'M NOT THERE, KEEP IT GOING. COLE"

CUT TO:

FROM BLACK

We hear a door open, footsteps then flipping of switches as fluorescent lights flicker to life bringing us into--

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Billy and Maggie stare blank faced. Rows of vintage motorcycles bathed in the sterile light fill the space. Countless Indians, Harley's, Norton's and Triumphs.

MAGGIE
Holy shit.

Billy walks in among the shrine of chrome and steel, occasionally running his fingertips on the bikes.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
These are all yours? He gave them to you?

Billy stops in front of a 66' Triumph. Smiles to himself.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
They're all old. These are-- How much is this all worth?

BILLY
58' Indian... 66' Norton.
(Looking around re: Old army bike with sidecar)
Cossak. Russian. Probably WW II.

MAGGIE
Billy... You can't sell these.

BILLY
Damn it, Cole...

MAGGIE
I mean it Billy... Ever.

Billy nods, continuing through the church of motorcycles when something catches his eye that stops him cold.

Looking to the center of the warehouse Billy stares in disbelief at--

A mint 1976 HARLEY DAVIDSON XR750. An exact replica of Billy's jump bike. A Phoenix, reborn from the ashes.

COMMENTATOR (O.S.) (PRE LAP)
... He's up! He's airborne!... HE'S MISSED IT! MY GOD! HE MISSED THE--

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Maggie washes dishes. From the other room we hear the commentary of one of Billy's jumps being rewound and played back over and over.

COMMENTATOR (O.S.)
... He's up! He's airborne!... HE'S MISSED IT! MY GOD!--

Rewind.

COMMENTATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
... He's up! He's airborne!... HE'S MISSED IT! MY GOD! HE MISSED--

Maggie puts the dishes into the sink and closes her eyes.

LIVING ROOM

Billy sits on the couch watching the old footage. As Maggie walks in, Billy turns off the TV.

MAGGIE
No. Play it.

Billy turns the TV back on. Again the commentator. Again the image of Billy hitting the concrete. Maggie winces.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
You think you're different now, but you're not.

Maggie sits next to Billy.

BILLY
He was too young. He had more to lose.

MAGGIE
What, money? Fame?
(Dismissing it)
No one put him on that bike.

BILLY
It was my jump. I put him there.

Maggie pulls Billy's note pad from his shirt pocket.

MAGGIE
I read this when you were in the hospital.
(beat)
I know why you want this. You think just because I'm scared I don't get it, but I do.

Maggie flips through the pages of his note pad, holds on one. Suddenly, she's more vulnerable then we've ever seen her.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
(fussing with her hair)
You...You really think I'm pretty?

BILLY
Darlin'. It's a crime you even haveta ask.

Maggie's armor breaks, as she softens and cracks a smile. She pushes up to her feet and stands in front of Billy.

MAGGIE
It’s not that he was young, or not good enough. It’s because he wasn’t you. He wasn’t Billy Byrd.

Maggie leaves the room. We hold on Billy.

EXT. GARAGE - DAWN

The door slowly rolls up revealing the ‘new’ XR-750. Billy takes it in.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN

Billy races the ‘new’ XR-750 down the empty highway. He watches the speedometer. Reaching 60MPH he starts to climb.

Billy climbs up where he is squatting, both feet on the seat. He holds position for a beat. And then--

With one fluid motion Billy releases the bars and stands. He straightens, arms out to his sides.

Billy roars down the highway in a Jesus Christ pose.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Sal is on the phone when Billy walks through the door.

SAL
(Into phone)
Kevin? I’m gonna have to get back to you.

Sal hangs up. Both men look at each other for a beat.

SAL (CONT’D)
I knew going to see you was a mistake.

BILLY
Probably.

Both men crack a slight smile.

INT. SAL’S HOUSE - DAY

Sal, Chip and Billy sit in front of the TV. They all sit in silence.

BILLY
Play it again.

SAL
Come on, Billy.

BILLY
Just play it.

Sal looks to Chip who just shrugs. Sal presses play.

We hear the sound of what we can only assume is FOOTAGE OF COLE'S FATAL JUMP. Billy watches intently as it ends with the sounds of people screaming and swearing.

Billy sits silent staring at the TV for a long beat.

BILLY (CONT'D)
He was on the wrong bike.

SAL
No way. Cole rode like he was born on a bike.

BILLY
Trust me.

CHIP
You could be right.

BILLY
I am right.

SAL
Billy--

BILLY
I'm right!

Billy looks to Chip.

CHIP
I got some ideas.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Billy and Chip in front of a drop cloth covering what is obviously a bike. Chip pulls it back revealing a mangled--

CHIP
Honda CRF 450. Modern. Streamline. Top speed, stock, sits at about 80. This was the one Cole...

Chip trails off as they both stare at the twisted metal carcass. Billy pats Chip's shoulder as if to say "It's OK."

CHIP (CONT'D)
I had added a custom exhaust, performance gearing and a lower profile tire to give a higher acceleration. It still wasn't enough.

BILLY
How high?

CHIP
Eighty eight, ninety.

BILLY
A hundred?

CHIP
Not with this bike.

Chip walks Billy over to another bike.

CHIP (CONT'D)
CR500. Two stroke engine, gives you more explosive acceleration.

BILLY
I don't get it. Why didn't--

CHIP
Why didn't he ride this one? You release that throttle, you'll know why. She was built for racing not jumping and most riders stayed in third the whole race, except when pitting. Sofa saddle, pulled back bars, bulbous tank. It all sets you back in the bike compared to the 450. That, and it's an old design--1992. Cole liked new. Lighter, more streamline. You want speed and power? This is your horse.

BILLY
Then this is my horse.

CHIP
I'm not gonna lie, man. She's a beast.

BILLY
I jumped a Harley Davidson XR750 a total of eighteen times. A three hundred pound track bike. I'm familiar with beasts.

We hold on Chip. He smiles and nods.

EXT. LAS VEGAS SPEEDWAY - EVENING

Billy walks up a platform. As he reaches the top we pull back to see it is a massive take off ramp.

Billy looks out across an impossible distance towards a massive landing mound of dirt. He kicks his heel on the ramp.

BILLY
Yeah.

Billy looks out to the desert. A silhouette of the launch ramp as the sun fades into the horizon.

FADE OUT.

VINTAGE FOOTAGE

An outdoor stadium. A sold out audience. The camera pans across a row of school busses bookended by two ramps.

Young Billy roars into the stadium, cut-a-way shots show eager FANS standing and applauding.

Billy rolls up the take off ramp, stopping at the top. Removing his helmet we see Billy's face, young and handsome. He waves to the crowds. A true showman.

After a quick inspection Billy rides the bike high up the run in to the top of the cheap seats. He turns the bike to face back down the ramp. He gives one last wave and pumps the throttle.

With a nod, Billy kicks the bike into gear and begins his descent.

He races towards the ramp. As he hits the abrupt incline of the take off, the motorcycle kicks into the air.

Billy soars over the busses with 'hold on tight' grace. He comes up a little short, almost losing control of the bike but manages to hold on. Not the most graceful jump, but a successful one.

Billy rides back up the landing ramp and removes his helmet holding it high over his head. He pumps his fists in victory as fans go wild. REPORTERS rush the ramp towards Billy.

INT. RV - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Billy winds up the old Billy Byrd toy until it releases and races across the floor, hitting Maggie's feet.

She bends to pick it up and walks to sit with Billy.

BILLY
I woke you.

MAGGIE
Please. You know how many times I pee in a night?

BILLY
I'm a 56 year old man, Mags.

She manages a laugh. Forced. A hanging beat.

Billy reaches his hand to rest on her tummy.

BILLY (CONT'D)
You could tell me not to do it.

MAGGIE
You planning on going swimming again?

A smile. Billy looks into Maggie.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
We're fine, baby. We are <u>all</u> going to be fine.

BILLY
You really believe that?

MAGGIE
The money, the fame, who you were? You know that never mattered to me. It's this.
(hand on his heart)
It's what I know is in here. That's all it has ever been. That's why I always wanted this with you. I didn't fall in love with Billy Byrd, the legend. I fell in love with your conviction.

Billy pulls Maggie close to him. In love. Safe. Nothing else matters. She closes her eyes, starting to drift off in Billy's arms. Billy just holds her. Sleep won't come for him.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Billy looks at his face in a mirror. Deadpan. He starts to makes a few faces at himself in the mirror.

He looks at the pill dispenser in his hand. Slowly he starts to thumb open each daily compartment.

He stares at the pills in each compartment and then tips the dispenser until all the pills drop into the sink.

He sets the dispenser on the sink edge then walks out the door taking us into--

INT. LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Deep in the bowels of the Las Vegas Speedway. Billy moves to a table where his original leather jacket lay. He pulls the jacket on then leans on the table.

Across the room Maggie sits on a chair watching him. She picks his helmet up off a chair next to her and walks to him.

Setting the helmet on the table...

Maggie places her hand on his. They stand silent for a beat.

MAGGIE
What do you think of Rocket?

BILLY
Rocket?

MAGGIE
It seemed appropriate considering who his daddy is.

BILLY
Rocket Byrd? Jesus Christ. I hope he can fight.

MAGGIE
You'll teach him.

Maggie looks hard into Billy's eyes. Places her hands on his face.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
I'm with you, Billy. Always. This moment right now is yours, but I'm with you.

Billy starts to speak but Maggie kisses him deeply.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
I won't always like you, but I'll always love you.

Maggie zips up his jacket, places his helmet in his hands and walks him to the door.

As the door opens, the sound of thousands of cheering fans float down the halls toward them.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Wait.

Billy turns to her as Maggie holds a camera to her eye. He looks deep into the lens as she takes his portrait.

Dropping the camera from her face Billy sees it in her eyes.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
This is as far as I go.
(Beat)
I don't think I'm strong enough for this.

BILLY
I don't believe that for a second.

MAGGIE
(Looks hard at him)
You are home and in my bed tonight. Promise me.

Billy looks at her for a beat then smiles.

BILLY
I'll see you later.

He places his hand on her tummy before he turns and continues down the hall.

As he lumbers off, tears roll down Maggie's cheeks.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Billy limps down the long corridor where Chip awaits him. As Billy approaches Chip's walkie talkie squelches.

WALKIE
(Filtered)
Chip, what's your twenty.

CHIP
(Into walkie)
Standby.
(To Billy, off limp)
I can get a cart down here.

Billy shakes his head, no. He looks down the hall. The chanting crowd is louder. He looks to Chip.

CHIP (CONT'D)
It's a full house. Over a hundred thousand.

Billy nods.

BILLY
Maggie, and the baby... Make sure Sal covers them.

CHIP
You can make sure of that yourself.
(Off Billy's look)
They'll be covered.

Billy starts walking down the corridor towards his fate. Chip falls in behind him.

CHIP (CONT'D)
(Into walkie)
I'm bringing him in.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SAME

Maggie paces back and forth. Tries to sit. Too nervous. She walks to the door and opens it a crack.

The sound of the crowd gives her pause again.

Stepping back Maggie looks down, puts her hands on her tummy. And that's all it takes. With purpose, she's out the door.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Maggie moves down the halls as quickly as a pregnant woman can. She rounds a corner and stops. She looks both directions down the identical hallways. Starts in one direction then rethinks and heads back the other way.

MAGGIE
(To herself)
This place must have been designed by a man.

INT. LAS VEGAS SPEEDWAY - STAGING AREA - SAME

A tunnel under the stands leads out to the main track. A small crew of men mill about as Billy looks over his bike.

Billy straddles the bike as a SPORTS REPORTER approaches with her CAMERA MAN. Billy gives Chip a look.

CHIP
(To everyone)
Alright people, anyone who isn't me, or sitting on a bike needs to get the fuck out!

Blank looks occupy everyone's face for a beat.

CHIP (CONT'D)
Now!

Everyone scatters. Chip looks to Billy and smiles.

INT. STAIRWELL - SAME

Maggie hoofs it up a flight of stairs.

MAGGIE
God dammit, Billy. Wait... wait. Please wait.

She comes to a door and pulls. Locked. Swears loudly and continues up to another door. Now sweating, she pulls. This time the door opens taking her into--

INT. SPEEDWAY MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

Random people run to get to their seats. Maggie breathes heavily and leans against a wall. A SECURITY GUARD sees her.

GUARD
Hey, where did you just come from? You're not supposed to... Jesus, you're pregnant?

MAGGIE
No shit... Give me...

Maggie winces and holds her tummy.

GUARD
Jeez, lady. Are you ok?

SAL (O.S.)
Maggie?

Maggie looks up and sees Sal. Relief washes over her as she waddles to him and slumps into his arms.

SAL (CONT'D)
Hey, are you okay? Wait, why aren't you with Billy?

MAGGIE
I, I thought I couldn't... But...

Maggie looks up to him, tears welling in her eyes. Sal get's the message. He grabs her hand.

SAL
Come on.

BACK ON BILLY

Both hands on the grips. Billy revs the engine as Chip shouts something to Billy we can't hear over the sound.

Billy nods. Nods again. Revs the engine. Chip shouts into the walkie talkie. Holds it to his ear and listens. Looks to Billy and nods.

An ANNOUNCERS VOICE says something over the speakers. The crowd roars in response. The time has come. Chip steps back as Billy kicks the bike into gear. Billy revs the engine...

And with that he pops the clutch and the bike peels away. Chip chases Billy as if running a bull from it's paddock.

ON MAGGIE AND SAL

Sal pulls Maggie to a tier entrance. Seeing the TICKET ATTENDANT, Sal takes a lanyard of VIP credentials off his neck and puts it over Maggie's head.

MAGGIE
What about you?

The crowd roars indicating Billy is on his way.

SAL
Just don't name the kid after me.
(The roaring crowd)
Go!

Maggie rushes down the tunnel to the stands.

SAL (CONT'D)
I can't believe I'm gonna miss this.

EXT. LAS VEGAS SPEEDWAY / GRANDSTAND - CONTINUOUS

Maggie barely makes it to the handrail just in time to see Billy come racing out of a tunnel towards the ramp. She clutches her hands in front of her face.

CUT TO:

BILLY'S POV

Everything is silent. Like an astronaut shooting to the stratosphere, his vision shakes like mad. The ramp draws nearer. Only the sound of his breathing fills his ears.

ON BILLY

He's a black dot shooting across the tarmac towards the jump. No signs of stopping. This is it. Full commitment. The crowd in a frenzy. Billy, less than a hundred feet from the ramp.

ON MAGGIE

Her face says it all. She can't look away. The CROWD'S ROAR is deafening. And at that moment it's as if time starts to stand still as we push in on Maggie's face.

Eyes wide with anticipation. The crowd roar fades to silence. Maggie's eyes well up. Only the sound of her HEART BEATING. And then the flood gates open. Tears stream down her cheeks.

BOY'S VOICE (O.S.) (PRE LAP)
Did he make it?

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Posters on the walls. Toys and action figures scatter the floor. Messy but perfect. His world. A LITTLE BOY (5) sits in his bed, arms around his knees. Maggie sits beside him.

MAGGIE
Do you think he made it?

The little Boy thinks for a beat then smiles.

LITTLE BOY
Yeah... Yeah, I think he did.

MAGGIE
And that's what happened. Okay chief, now it's really bedtime. Under the covers.

The Boy hops back under the covers as Maggie tucks him in and kisses his forehead. She walks to the door.

LITTLE BOY
Mommy? Are there any more like him?

Maggie eyes a framed photograph on the wall by the door -- the PHOTOGRAPH she took of Billy right before his jump.

MAGGIE
...No baby. There are no more like him.

She flips the light switch and pulls the door, leaving a crack. The Boy slides in under his covers. His head full of wonder.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Maggie moves through the room picking up toys as she goes. She takes plates from the dinner table and moves to--

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

As she walks to the sink we hold on the fridge. Like all fridges, we see a collage of photographs, to-do lists and children's artwork. Moving across the images we settle on...

A PHOTOGRAPH OF MAGGIE AND BILLY: In Maggie's arms rests a newborn baby. A family, smiling and warm. Joy filled hearts with new life.

We see Maggie finishes the dishes in the BG. As she leaves the kitchen she turns off the lights as we--

CUT TO:

OVER BLACK

The sound of sheets rustling and digging in a drawer preludes a flashlight illuminating the little boy's face in...

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM - SAME

The Boy lays back, shining the light around his room until aiming it towards the foot of his bed. Following his gaze--

We see the flashlight light up a framed poster of Billy flying through the air on his motorcycle.

The Boy stares at the poster with that look of wonder that boys have of their heros. The American Eagle. A daredevil. A legend. His father.

As we push in on the poster, we hear a faint sound of a FLUTTERING WIND as we--

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAS VEGAS SPEEDWAY - BILLY'S JUMP DAY

In slow motion, we fly in the air behind Billy as he soars across a staggering distance.

As the landing approaches in front of him we start to hear the sound of the crowd grow like a stadium filled with baseball fans watching a potential home run ball.

As Billy clears the landing, his tires touching down ignites a deafening roar. Billy flies down the landing, the crowd is on their feet. Awestruck.

Billy continues down the landing ramp when he releases the handlebars. He stands on the foot-pegs, arms raised victorious in the air.

Billy continues to the end of the speedway tarmac until he is gone from sight. No victory lap. No press. No accolades...

A legend to be spoken about for decades to come.

THE END