

A day in the life of a bike messenger

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FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

ROMULUS, athletic, handsome (25) zigzags with his upgraded bike between cars and buses in a street of Manhattan.

He carries a large backpack.

Romulus is a city bike messenger.

EXT. STREET - RUN-DOWN BUILDING - DAY

Romulus faces the intercom in the lobby of the building. He pushes the button near the name - SARA STEIN.

His chained bike leans against a wall.

Minutes later.

A husky voice answers.

VOICE (V.O.)

Who're you? What you want?

ROMULUS

Good morning Mrs. Stein, I'm Romulus, the bike messenger with your medicine.

MRS. STEIN (V.O.)

Who gave it to you?

ROMULUS

Your doc at New York Presbyterian.

MRS. STEIN (V.O.)

Leave it in my mail box.

ROMULUS

I can't. I've to deliver it to you personally. What is your apartment?

MRS. STEIN (V.O.)

Are you a criminal?

ROMULUS

No, I'm not. You can call your doctor to verify.

A beat.

MRS. STEIN (V.O.)
OK, I believe you...I'm in 3B.

INT. APARTMENT - ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Romulus stands in the middle of the modestly furnished room.

Sara Stein, white-haired, emaciated, in her 80s sits in a wheelchair.

ROMULUS
How are you, Mrs. Stein?

MRS. STEIN
Don't you see how I am?

ROMULUS
You'll feel better with this
medicine.

MRS. STEIN
I hope.

Romulus takes a small package from the backpack and gives it to her.

MRS. STEIN (cont'd)
Do you expect a tip?

ROMULUS
Oh no, Mrs. Stein. This is my job.

A long beat.

ROMULUS (cont'd)
I've to go now.

Mrs. Stein stares at Romulus with a sad look.

MRS. STEIN
I have a nasty cancer, you know.

A beat.

ROMULUS
I'm really sorry. What can I do for
you?

MRS. STEIN
There is nothing you can do. Just,
pray for me.

ROMULUS

Do you have enough food?

MRS. STEIN

Yes, the caregiver buys it for me.

ROMULUS

If you need something, call the company and leave a message with the dispatcher. I'll give you her number.

Romulus writes something on a piece of paper.

MRS. STEIN

May I ask you a question?

ROMULUS

Please.

MRS. STEIN

Why are you so interested in me?

Romulus expression shows his anguish.

ROMULUS

My grandmother died of cancer.

MRS. STEIN

I guess, you loved her very much, right?

ROMULUS

When I was six, after my father and my mother divorced, my mother left the family and my grandmother raised me. She was my real mother.

MRS. STEIN

A very sad story.

ROMULUS

Yeah, it is. Well, I have to run... I've two other deliveries.

MRS. STEIN

OK, go. Thank you Romulus, you're a good person. God bless you.

Romulus tenderly kisses Mrs. Stein's cheek.

ROMULUS

God bless you too.

EXT. AVENUE - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Romulus and his bike proceed at dangerous speed.

Suddenly, he ignores a STOP SIGN and crosses the street in front of an incoming automobile.

The driver is able to stop before the car runs over him.

ROMULUS

Fuck you, man.

THE DRIVER

Fuck you, shithead. Next time, I'm
fucking kill you.

Romulus disregards the driver's comment and continues to pedal furiously.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Romulus stand in front of the entrance door of an elegant townhouse.

He rings the bell.

A voice from inside answers.

VOICE (O.S.)

Come in, push the door.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Romulus awaits the man who answered the bell. He admires the opulence of the furnishings.

A MAN in his 50s appears from a side door.

He talks on his cell phone.

MAN

Tell the Chinese I didn't receive the
contract yet. Wait, the contract is
here. I'll call you later.

He close the cell phone and looks at Romulus.

MAN (cont'd)

Do you have my documents?

ROMULUS
Yes I do. Please, tell me your name.

MAN
I'm STEVE STRADER...an investment
banker.

Romulus pulls out a large envelope from his backpack.

ROMULUS
This is for you Mr. Strader.

Steve Strader opens the envelope and gives a cursory look
at the documents.

Romulus starts walking towards the exit door.

ROMULUS (cont'd)
I'm going. Thank you for your
business. Have a good day.

STEVE
Wait, I need to bring these documents
to another address.

ROMULUS
Sorry Mr. Strader. I have another
delivery before I'm done for the day.

STEVE
How much you make a day?

ROMULUS
Fifty dollars on the average.

STEVE
I'll give you two hundred if you
deliver the documents in one hour.

ROMULUS
Two hundred you said?...OK. I'll do
it.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - SMALL STREET - DAY

Romulus expertly maneuvers his bicycle between several slow-
moving cars on a narrow GREENWICH VILLAGE street.

He stops in front of a two-story building.

The front door is open.

He secures the bike to a small gate with a chain and cautiously enters the apartment.

ROMULUS
Is anybody here?

No reply.

He stops in the vestibule.

ROMULUS (cont'd)
Hello, ...anybody?

INT. APARTMENT - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

A pulchritudinous African-American WOMAN in her 30s stands at the end of the corridor facing the entrance of the vestibule.

She wears short pants and a T-shirt. No bra.

WOMAN
Hi, I'm LORIE, you must be the messenger.

ROMULUS
Yeah, I'm sorry...the door was open.

LORIE
I was expecting you. Please, come in.

Romulus steps in and approaches the stunning woman.

She stares at him with bewitching eyes.

LORIE (cont'd)
You're cute.

Romulus smiles.

ROMULUS
You're not bad yourself.

LORIE
Thank you.

LORIE (cont'd)
Would you like something to drink?

ROMULUS
No, thank you.

LORIE
I guess you have something for me.

ROMULUS
Yes. May I have your full name?

LORIE
Lorie LEWIS.

Romulus opens his backpack and removes a small package.

ROMULUS
This is for you Ms. Lewis.

Lorie foxily moves close to him. She extends her hand to receive the package.

Her hand gently caresses Romulus' hand. Her eyes convey erotic desire.

A seductive smile illuminates her features.

LORIE
Can you stay?

ROMULUS
I would like to but I am in a hurry.
I have another customer waiting in
half an hour.

Lorie slowly moves her hand between his legs.

LORIE
Just a few minutes...

Romulus backs away and stops her hand from reaching his genitals.

ROMULUS
I really have to go, thank you Ms.
Lewis. It was exciting meeting you.

EXT. STREET - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Romulus pedals at full speed to reach his two hundred dollar customer on time.

ROMULUS
(softly to himself)
Another day, another buck.

The End

