

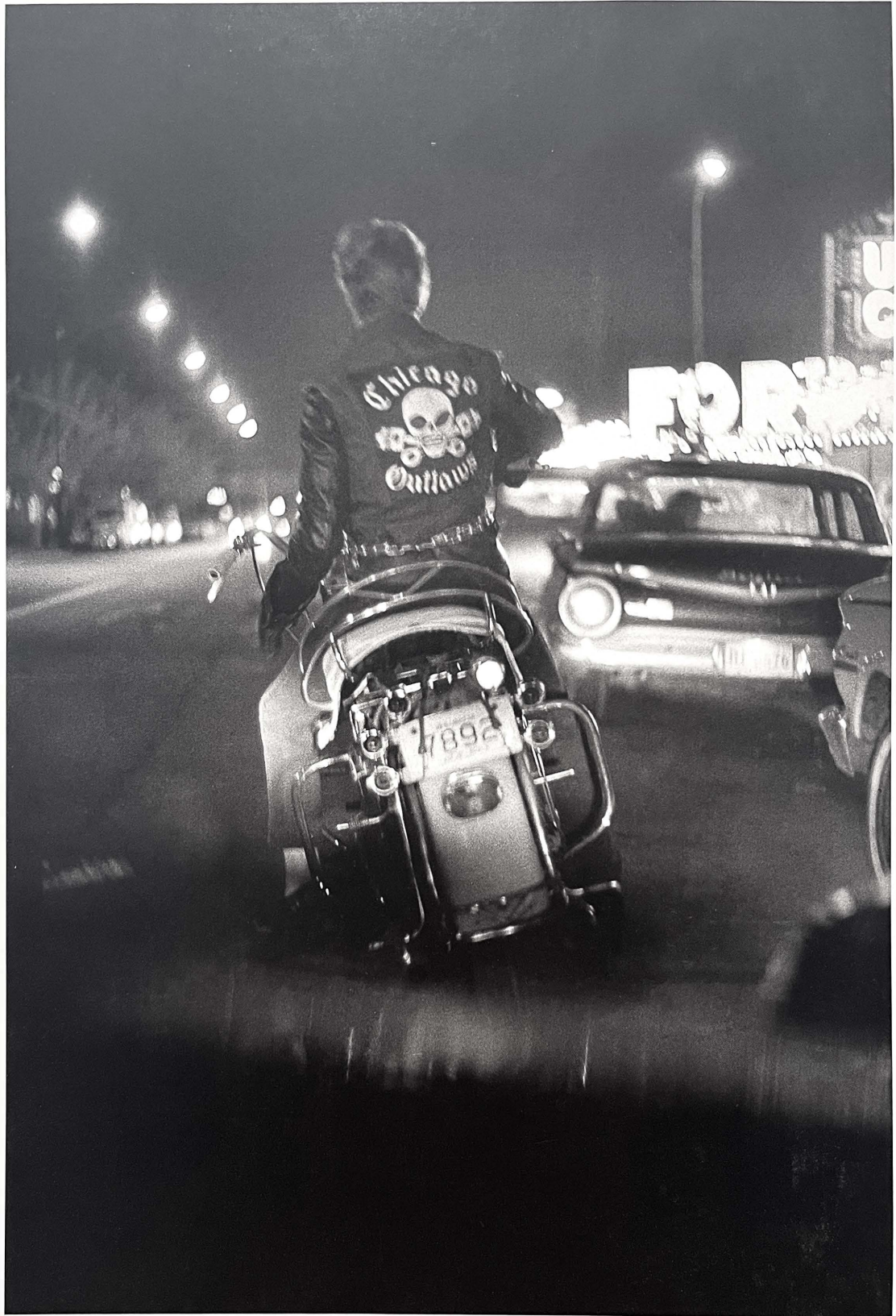


THE BIKERIDERS

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Written by
Jeff Nichols

Inspired by the book
"THE BIKERIDERS"
By Danny Lyon



Benny, Grand and Division, Chicago

INT. PAT AND TOM'S BAR - CHICAGO 1966 - DAY

A shot of bourbon pours over ice as a cold bottle of beer is set down next to it.

BENNY(20), seen only from behind, is hunched over the drinks.

He cuts a dark silhouette against the bar save for the bright white skull emblazoned across the back of his jacket with "VANDALS" stitched underneath.

NICK (O.S.)

You can't have those colors on in here.

Benny doesn't respond to the approaching voice.

TONY (O.S.)

You hear my brother bozo? He told you to take that stupid fuckin' jacket off.

The Peleggi brothers, **NICK(29)** and **TONY(31)**, move to either side of Benny at the bar. They are formidably sized men.

NICK

I'm gonna take that jacket off your back, wrap it around your fuckin' neck and choke the shit out of you.

TONY

You hear my brother? You can't be wearin' no colors in this neighborhood. You better take that fuckin' jacket off.

Benny takes a drink of bourbon. He looks at the man to his left, then right. Benny's young, a good-looking kid.

BENNY

You'd have to kill me to get this jacket off.

The brothers find this funny. Tony leisurely picks up a bar stool. Benny, accepting the inevitable, sighs as Tony winds up and buries the stool into the back of his head.

The drinks smash as Benny flattens across the bar. Nick grabs him and slings him crashing into other stools.

As Benny gets to his feet, Nick kicks him in the stomach. Benny keeps reaching for his boot but a barrage of kicks and fists land as he half crawls, half stumbles toward the door.

EXT. PAT AND TOM'S BAR - DAY

Benny is launched through the front door head first only to scrape across the concrete sidewalk in front of the bar.

Benny's bike, a chopped Harley Duo-Glide, is parked at the curb. Just beside it, a concrete truck spins as **WORKERS** finish a patch in the sidewalk.

Benny, finally managing to fish something out of his boot, gets to his feet as Nick and Tony step outside.

TONY

Nicki, he won't stay down. He keeps
gettin' back up.

NICK

I'll get him to stay down.

Nick walks to the cement truck as Tony goes to Benny's bike and kicks it to the ground.

TONY

You better stay down you rotten
fuck!

Behind them, Nick pulls a flat-edged shovel off the back of the cement truck.

As Tony turns to Benny, he's met by a switchblade knife that slices down the middle of his face. Tony screams and drops to the ground with hands clutching his bloody face.

Benny stands over him. With his own bloodied face beginning to swell up, Benny smiles. Nick swings the shovel.

FREEZE FRAME: Benny's smiling, slightly contorted face. Just behind him, the flat cement shovel in blurred motion headed for the back of his head.

KATHY (V.O.)

I've had nothing but trouble since
I met Benny. I've seen more jails,
been to more courts, and met more
lawyers, and it's only a year.
That's a short time for so much to
happen. I can't figure it out. It
can't be love. It must be
stupidity.

TITLE CARD: THE BIKERIDERS

The sound of A ROARING MOTOR builds to...

INT. LAUNDROMAT - 1965 - DAY

A commercial dryer roaring in its tumbling cycle.

KATHY (26), sits with an eighteen-month-old **BABY** in her arms. She's surrounded by a collection of other **WOMEN** with their **KIDS** zigzagging around the laundromat.

They all speak in HEAVY Chicago accents.

KATHY

And then they said it's fer de kids, you know? That everybody should bring der kids. We bring de kids and all the husbands are stoned, the wives you know are bitchin' at the husbands...

DINGY

I don't think it's good to bring de kids.

KATHY

Huh?

DINGY

I don't think it's good to bring the kids.

CAROLE

Yeah.

KATHY

I brought my kids last year you know...

DINGY

Especially when the guys are drinkin'...

KATHY

I brought the bab...well you know Johnny says, uh, *family picnic*, his kids were there too you know.

DINGY

Yeah but he doesn't get stoned out of his mind either.

Children *SCREAM*, rushing around the laundromat. A four-year-old **BOY** digs through a purse sitting on a bag of laundry. The women, all smoking, seem indifferent. It's chaotic.

KATHY

No but then, Dingy, last year I'uh, I didn't know any of them people there neither you know, except for meetin' 'em 'uh two months before I went to a picnic and I had my two oldest...Give him a cracker...I had my two oldest uh, no, the two youngest kids there. You know and the baby was only six months old and I wasn't stoned in the beginning you know and then after everythin' was gettin' goin' you know then we all tried gettin' home well everybody goes their separate ways. You break down there's nobody there to help ya or anything else.

As Kathy speaks, **DANNY(23)**, a bearded young bikerider, holds out a small microphone to her. He's recording the whole conversation on a portable Huer reel to reel.

KATHY

Like last year when we went to Starved Rock, just for the ride. They got all...nuttin' but curves you know, and rocky cliffs and stuff. Well first Wahoo caught it. Then, I don't know, we had so many close calls goin' there, comin' back, when all the guys were stiff, and I didn't think I was gonna make it back alive. I was sick to my stomach. I couldn't wait until they stopped at a tavern just so I could even have a couple drinks to, you know, so I figured maybe if I get smashed I won't feel nothin', you know? This is how bad it was.

DANNY

Hey Kathy, remember once you were tellin' me about when you first met the guys?

KATHY

Yeah.

DANNY

How you uh...

KATHY

I changed. I have.

DANNY
Tell me about that.

KATHY
In a year...well last year...what
from the beginning?

DANNY
Yeah well...

KATHY
Last year my girlfriend called me
up and she asked me to come down to
Grand and Division, she needed some
money, and she said it was a bar.
And she says that the guys were
having a meetin' there...

EXT. THE STOPLIGHT BAR - 1964 - NIGHT

A cab drives off as Kathy digs in her purse. She looks up
and takes in the Stoplight Bar for the first time.

KATHY (V.O.)
Well I didn't know the guys or
anything, so, I went there, and I
never felt so out of place in all
my life.

Kathy notices the massive collection of motorcycles parked
out front. They gleam in the neon. She walks inside.

INT. THE STOPLIGHT BAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Kathy's eyes are wide as she steps inside to a fog of smoke
and *NOISE*. The bar is shoulder to shoulder with bikeriders.

KATHY (V.O.)
I walked in there and I had white
Levis on. I had a sweater on, you
know? And I looked and the first
guy I seen was Corky.

CORKY(32), a shirtless guy in a vest, holds up two beer
bottles and smiles with a cigarette clinched in his mouth.

CORKY
Hey beautiful! You need a man?

Kathy drops her head and Corky moves on with a yell at the
bartender. As she scans the bar for her girlfriend, Kathy
passes an assortment of crazed bikeriders.

KATHY (V.O.)

I seen 'em all. With earrings hanging out of der ears, belly buttons showin', you know like half naked, to me they was like half naked you know? A course, I didn't know 'em yet, but there was Corky, Sparky, Brucie, Zipco, Cowboy, Wahoo, I seen 'em all you know, and they're all hootin' and hollerin' and scared the livin' shit out of me.

Kathy wedges her way to the back where her friend **DONNA(29)** waves her to a table with another bikerider, **COCKROACH(35)**.

KATHY (V.O.)

So I sees my girlfriend and I goes over to her and I sits down there and I'm takin' everything in.

As Kathy sits, her eyes dart around the frenetic bar. She takes out a fold of money and slips it to Donna.

KATHY

Here.

DONNA

You're the best.

KATHY

I gotta go.

DONNA

You just got here. That's Cockroach.

KATHY

What?

COCKROACH

They call me Cockroach.

KATHY

Why they call you a stupid name like that?

COCKROACH

'Cause I like to eat bugs you know? Like a gag. But I do, I mean, like to eat 'em. Bugs you know?

KATHY

That's disgusting. I gotta go.

DONNA

Oh, they're not that bad. Just sit here a minute.

Kathy has attracted the attention of other bikeriders that start to trickle by. The first are **PETE(33)** and **SPARKY(25)**.

PETE

Hey there. You want to come live with me?

Kathy shakes her head. She looks like a caged animal.

SPARKY

What about me? You wanna go out?

KATHY

No. Thank you.

KATHY (V.O.)

I was about ready to just run. I took one look at him and I says no, and I was so scared I couldn't hardly talk, and I says...

KATHY

I have a date.

SPARKY

A date?

KATHY

At twelve o'clock. I have to get home.

PETE

You hear that, Sparky? Cinderella's got a date.

COCKROACH

Cinderelli's got a date at twelve o'clock. She's about to turn into a fuckin' pumpkin.

Cockroach gets up and the guys laugh as they trail off.

Kathy shakes her head, ready to bolt, when she sees a man with a blond pompadour staring at her from a nearby table.

This is **JOHNNY(49)**.

He's wearing the club colors, but looks downright civil compared to the others. Clean-cut, hair greased.

He nods to her with a comforting smile. Kathy nods back and watches as **BRUCIE(32)** leans down to whisper in Johnny's ear.

Kathy looks over and sees a gaggle of guys staring at her and whispering to each other. She elbows Donna.

KATHY

You see that? They're plannin'
somethin'. Look at all of 'em
whisperin' over there. I'm gonna
go.

Kathy gathers up her purse and stands to leave. The crowd parts for a moment and she sees Benny standing at the bar.

KATHY (V.O.)

And that's when I seen Benny
standing at the bar.

Kathy sits back down and leans into Donna.

KATHY

Boy, who's that good lookin' guy at
the end of the bar?

Donna arches her back to see and immediately shakes her head.

DONNA

Oh, Kathy. You don't wanna go out
with him.

KATHY

Why not? He don't look like the
rest of these animals.

DONNA

Because nobody wants to go out with
him.

KATHY

Why?

DONNA

Because he cracks up on his bike.
Every time he gets up on his bike,
he has an accident.

KATHY

Oh. OK.

DONNA

Let me get you a Coke.

Donna stands to go to the bar. Kathy looks back toward Benny, but he's gone.

BENNY (O.S.)

Hey.

Kathy turns to see Benny standing behind her. He sits in Donna's seat.

BENNY

I'm Benny.

KATHY

Hello.

He's soft spoken and just stares at her for an awkwardly long time. When he finally smiles, it makes her laugh.

KATHY

So what are we doin' here, just shootin' the breeze?

BENNY

Yeah I guess.

She smiles back at him.

KATHY

I gotta go home.

BENNY

Okay.

Kathy doesn't move. Neither does Benny.

BENNY

You gotta go.

He holds his hands up in surrender, stands and disappears back into the crowd. She watches after him, but her attention is taken when Johnny sits down across from her.

KATHY

What is this a rotary buffet?

Johnny smiles and lights a cigarette.

JOHNNY

What's your name?

KATHY

Kathy.

JOHNNY

Well Kathy, don't worry.

KATHY

Don't worry about what?

JOHNNY

Nuthin'. I'm Johnny. I'm the President of this club. The guys are just havin' some fun, but I won't let anything happen to you.

KATHY

What's gonna happen to me?

JOHNNY

Nuthin'.

Kathy feigns a laugh.

KATHY

Har har, okay, well thanks fer that. It's nice to meet ya', adios, I gotta go.

With that, Kathy stands and heads to the front door. Johnny gives a slight smile, sips his beer and watches her go.

As Kathy pushes her way out, she slaps a half-dozen hands away from her backside.

KATHY (V.O.)

So I walk out the front door real nice, bein' grabbed about five times, so that when I got outside...

EXT. THE STOPLIGHT BAR - NIGHT

Kathy, finally outside, twists to look at her white Levis. They are covered in black greased hand prints.

KATHY (V.O.)

I could see on my slacks were just hand prints all over me.

KATHY

Son of a...

Kathy moves over to the curb where all the bikes are parked. She lights a cigarette to calm her nerves.

KATHY (V.O.)
So I'm standin' on the bus corner
thinkin', oh my God, something's
gonna happen to me yet. And then...

Benny walks out of the bar, but he doesn't look at Kathy. He walks to his motorcycle and cranks it up.

It's LOUD and Kathy doesn't take her eyes off him. He finally looks back over his shoulder at her as...

THIRTY BIKERIDERS burst out of the bar yelling and laughing.

KATHY
Ah jeez.

They surround Kathy hollering out a cacophony of things like "COME ON," "GO FOR A RIDE," "LET'S GO CINDERELLA!"

As they drive her closer toward Benny's bike, Kathy holds up her hands to pacify the situation.

KATHY
Okay, okay, okay!

Corky lifts her by the waist and sets her on the back of Benny's bike.

CORKY
TAKE OFF!

Benny pops the curb and Kathy latches onto his sides. As Benny speeds off, the guys yell after them.

CORKY
We'll see you on the expressway!

EXT. CICERO STREETS - MOVING - NIGHT

Kathy's fingers grip Benny's sides for dear life. Her eyes go wide as the bike cruises through a red light.

KATHY (V.O.)
He was goin' through the stoplights
and everything, prob'ly so I
wouldn't jump off. And I wouldn't
have jumped off anyway 'cause I was
scared shitless, I never was on a
motorcycle in all my life.

The bike is loud, but it's a cool evening and they glide through the streets of Cicero.

Benny's hand reaches around and lays flat on Kathy's lower back. She straightens.

KATHY
What're you doin'?

Benny removes his hand.

BENNY
I'm just checkin' so you don't fall off.

KATHY
Oh, okay.

His hand moves there again.

KATHY
Don't worry about me. I won't fall off.

BENNY
Okay.

Benny takes his hand back and Kathy smiles at him.

KATHY (V.O.)
He said okay, and he was real nice about it.

EXT. EXPRESSWAY - MOVING - NIGHT

Benny guides the bike to an on-ramp and they rise up onto the expressway. It's a smooth ride and the lights of downtown Chicago glimmer in the distance.

KATHY (V.O.)
So finally we get out on the expressway, and that's when it happened. That's when I saw 'em all for the first time, you know, really saw 'em.

A *RUMBLE* builds behind them. Kathy looks back.

Over a crest in the freeway, FORTY BIKES WITH HEADLIGHTS emerge and gain speed. It's an ethereal sight.

This is the Vandals Motorcycle Club.

Benny downshifts to let the guys surround them. The sound and vibrations are all-encompassing. Kathy's head swivels from back to front.

They move as a single unit, a pack.

KATHY (V.O.)
I have to admit, it took my breath
away.

EXT. THE GREEN DUCK BAR - NIGHT

Benny parks his bike as other riders cruise in nearby to do the same. They are in a gravel lot on river road outside another dive bar.

Johnny walks past, turning to them as he goes.

JOHNNY
See Kathy, I told you nuthin' would
happen. This guy just wanted to go
out with ya.

Benny steps off the bike.

BENNY
Do you want a drink?

Kathy considers.

KATHY (V.O.)
I didn't get home 'til nearly four
in the morning.

EXT. KATHY'S STREET/HOUSE - NIGHT

Lamps line a working class neighborhood of brick row houses.

KATHY (V.O.)
I swore I'd never go with them guys
again. Never. Because they're just
like animals. You know, they didn't
talk the same way I did.

You can hear the bike before you see it, echoing through the treetops of the neighborhood. Benny's bike appears and slows to a stop in front of Kathy's house.

KATHY (V.O.)
It was everything F this and F
that. By the time the night was
over my ears were ringin' from
listenin' to 'em all braggin'. So
Benny brought me home and my
boyfriend was sittin' on the front
porch.

Kathy steps off the idling bike as her **BOYFRIEND**, sitting on the top step of the porch, watches. She gives Benny a nod.

KATHY

All right. G'night. Adios.

Benny doesn't move, just watches Kathy walk up the steps. She passes the boyfriend without stopping.

BOYFRIEND

The hell you been?

KATHY

I never want to see them guys again. They're real idiots.

She walks into the house and the boyfriend stands. He's staring down at Benny, who stares back.

Benny pulls away on the bike but swings a wide u-turn down the street. The boyfriend watches as Benny pops the bike up on the curb directly across the street from Kathy's house.

Benny stops the engine and swings a leg off the bike. Leaning there, he lights a cigarette.

The boyfriend, seeing Benny parked, shakes his head and follows Kathy inside.

The street is quiet. Benny just smokes the cigarette.

KATHY (V.O.)

Benny planted himself there all night and wouldn't go home.

EXT. KATHY'S HOUSE - MORNING

The front door opens and Kathy's boyfriend steps out wearing work coveralls. He carries a lunch pail and a sack of garbage. He sees Benny still parked across the street.

The boyfriend takes the garbage to a can at the side of the house. He goes to his truck, keeping his eyes on Benny.

Without a word, the boyfriend gets in his truck and pulls away. Benny lights another cigarette.

INT. KATHY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Kathy steps to the door and pulls back a shade to peek out.

KATHY
This crazy...

Kathy steps outside onto the porch.

EXT. KATHY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Kathy walks to the edge of the porch and yells to Benny across the street.

KATHY
You better go home!

Benny doesn't move.

KATHY
My boyfriend gets back from work
and you're still sittin' there he's
gonna be pissed!

Benny doesn't move.

KATHY
This crazy kid.
(yelling)
You're crazy!

Kathy goes back inside the house.

EXT. KATHY'S HOUSE - EVENING

A pack worth of cigarette butts sit crushed at Benny's feet. He still leans against the bike as a blue hue takes over the evening sky.

The boyfriend's truck passes and pulls into Kathy's driveway. Covered in soot from a days work, he gets out of the truck staring at Benny and mutters under his breath.

Benny watches as the boyfriend goes inside the house. He can hear the muffled yelling clearly enough.

BOYFRIEND (O.S.)
(from inside the house)
What the hell's that guy still
doin' out there?!

KATHY (O.S.)
(from inside the house)
I don't know, it's a free country I
guess. I told him to leave but he
wouldn't leave.

BOYFRIEND (O.S.)
(from inside the house)
You better go get rid of him!

KATHY (O.S.)
(from inside the house)
You go get rid of him! I told him
already!

BOYFRIEND (O.S.)
(from inside the house)
This is bullshit, man! I don't need
this shit you know?!

More muffled rumblings as feet stomp and doors slam.

Finally, after a few moments, the boyfriend emerges from the front door. He carries a suitcase, an overstuffed laundry sack, and a carton of cigarettes.

He throws the suitcase and laundry into the bed of the truck, glaring at Benny the entire time. He *PEELS* out of the driveway and races down the street. As he goes...

BOYFRIEND
ASSHOLE!

Benny rubs his eyes as the truck disappears down the street.

Benny stretches and crosses to Kathy's house. Up the stairs to the porch, he knocks and waits.

The door finally opens and Kathy pokes her head out. Benny speaks softly, almost shy.

BENNY
You wanna go to a meetin'?

Kathy studies the young, good-looking man.

FREEZE FRAME: On Kathy's face. She's almost smiling.

KATHY (V.O.)
Five weeks later I married him.

A RUMBLING GROWS...

EXT. CICERO STREETS - MOVING - 1964 - DAY

Benny's boot clicks through the gears as his bike speeds down a neighborhood street in Cicero.

He's hunched over, twisting the throttle. Wind in his hair, a beautiful sunny day, it's a joy ride.

A RED LIGHT passes by overhead.

Then ANOTHER.

Horns *HONK*.

Another RED LIGHT approaches. A car screeches to a smoking stop as Benny throttles through the intersection.

Benny's face looks at ease.

A **SCHOOL CROSSING GUARD** rushes **TWO KIDS** toward the curb as Benny blows past.

Benny looks back over his shoulder.

SIX POLICE CARS led by TWO MOTORCYCLE COPS, *SIRENS BLARING*, are in pursuit.

This is not a joy ride. It's a chase.

Benny downshifts to take a hard left turn, nearly losing the bike from underneath. He steals a look back as both Motorcycle Cops pop the curb, unable to make the sharp turn.

The engine roars as Benny checks the vibrating speedometer rising past 80mph.

A 20mph sign stands guard as Benny races into an industrial district. The police cars close in as Benny weaves in and out of traffic.

He turns down an alley and narrowly scrapes past a reversing PRODUCE TRUCK. Looking back, Benny smiles at three of the police cars skidding to a stop behind the truck.

He looks to his left through connecting streets and can see another POLICE CAR pacing him one block over.

Benny launches out of the alley and approaches a busy intersection. The Police Car cuts over to fall in behind him, but is several car lengths back.

Seeing a crush of cars in the intersection ahead, Benny cranks down his brake. Smoke flies from his tires as he nearly doubles over the handlebars to a stop.

The police car in pursuit tries to stop but enters a skid. Benny sees the car careening toward him and powers the throttle.

As the police car bends into Benny's fender, the bike leaps free at the last second sending Benny cleanly through the intersection. He's gone.

EXT. TOWNSHIP/RURAL HIGHWAY - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Benny passes a sign entering another township. A solitary gas station guards the two-lane rural highway ahead.

THREE POLICE CRUISERS, black County Sheriff's cars, kick up dust as they slide in behind him from a dirt side road.

The Police cars form a "V" as they charge down the highway that takes Benny into farmland.

The lead Cruiser gains on the straightaway, the car's bigger engine outmatching Benny's bike.

The Cruiser's front grill is inches away from Benny's freshly bent fender. Benny leans forward pushing to get everything he can from the bike.

POP! SNAP! HISS!

The Cruiser drops away. A blown rod sends steam screaming from under its hood.

The remaining TWO CRUISERS fall in as Benny comes up behind an OLD FARM TRUCK.

As Benny moves to pass, the OLD TIMER behind the wheel sees the chase unfolding in his mirror and moves to block him.

The farm truck swerves left, nearly running Benny into a ditch, but Benny cuts right just in time to avoid wrecking.

The farm truck cuts a hard right toward Benny's back tire, but loses control in the process.

The Farm Truck fishtails and jackknifes in the middle of the road, sending bales of hay tumbling.

Benny looks back to see the Police Cruisers slowing to navigate around the overturned truck. Benny takes advantage, speeding ahead.

A crest in the road puts the police out of sight.

Benny smiles, feeling freedom. Then...

The bike sputters.

Benny grips the handle bars to steady. The engine coughs.

BENNY

No no no no no.

The bike slows and Benny guides it to the gravel shoulder where it shudders to a stop.

Benny twists off the gas cap and eyes a bone-dry tank.

BENNY

Ah shit.

Benny takes in the vast, open surroundings. Nowhere to hide. After a moment, he chuckles at the poor luck.

He climbs off the bike and walks to the middle of the road. Back in the distance, the sound of *SIRENS* approaching.

Benny goes back and leans against the bike. He fishes a cigarette out of his shirt pocket, lights it and waits.

BRUCIE (V.O.)

(reading)

It took nine police cars from
Elmwood Park, Norridge, Harwood
Heights and Saint Charles to stop a
motorcycle driver Thursday in a
wild ride that ended amongst the
farmland on Highway 64.

Over the crest, police lights appear. Benny exhales smoke.

INT. THE STOPLIGHT BAR - 1964 - DAY

A rack of billiard balls *CRASH* across green felt.

Only a handful of **BIKERIDERS** are spread throughout the bar. A wall of frosted, cubed windows near the front let daylight in as music slips from an old jukebox in the corner.

Johnny sits at a table listening to Brucie read aloud from a folded newspaper.

BRUCIE

Benjamin Baker, 19, of Elmwood
Park, was arrested and charged with
eighteen traffic violations, but
not before reportedly running
through seven stoplights, hitting
speeds over 85 miles an hour in
two, 20-mile-an hour school zones,
and causing damage to four
municipal vehicles as a result of
the pursuit.

As Brucie reads, Johnny takes a sip of his beer and watches Benny playing pool across the room by himself.

BRUCIE

Baker is free on a twenty-five-hunnerd dollar bond and will stand trial in Park Ridge traffic court on June 17th.

JOHNNY

Hey kid! How many stoplights did you run?

BENNY

They said seven so...

JOHNNY

So what?

BENNY

So I guess that's the number. But it felt like more.

Johnny smiles at this as Benny takes his shot.

KATHY (V.O.)

Johnny always loved Benny.

I/E. KATHY'S BEDROOM/FRONT YARD - 1969 - DAY

A breeze moves through the sheer curtain of a second story bedroom window as a song comes to an end.

Kathy smokes a cigarette in a nook by the open window. She's pretty in the light, looking introspective.

DANNY (O.S.)

Why?

KATHY

Because Johnny always wanted what Benny had.

DANNY (O.S.)

What's that?

KATHY

To not care about nothin'.

The needle on a record player crackles as it rides the label. Kathy's brow furrows as she sees something out the window.

KATHY

Hey Dingy, tell them guys to get
their bikes off the grass!

Dingy waves from the small patch of front lawn which is
covered by three chopped bikes.

KATHY

Jeez. My ex-inlaws live across the
street. They see all these bikes
here all the time and they're gonna
call child protective services on
me. I'm serious.

Kathy moves to flip through a stack of records. Danny sits
on the floor with crossed legs holding the portable mic.

DANNY

So tell me about Johnny.

KATHY

Like what?

DANNY

Like how he started the club. Do
you know how...

KATHY

I heard he was watchin' TV. You
know, Johnny's not like the rest of
these guys. Like how they're all
bums. He's not square or nothin'
but Johnny's got a good job, he's
had the same job for as long as
I've known about him you know.

DANNY

And what's that?

KATHY

Truck driver. He's a truck driver.
Short routes. Like the Midwest you
know? But I mean he's got a family.

DANNY

Right.

KATHY

Yeah, two daughters, his wife
Gloria. She's all right you know.

(MORE)

KATHY (CONT'D)

A lot of these girls I can't stand
to be around because it's always,
'that's my man, don't be lookin' at
my man' you know? But Gloria, she's
not like that.

DANNY

What'd you mean he was watching TV?

INT. JOHNNY'S HOME - DEN - 1959 - NIGHT

A copy of the TV GUIDE with Marlon Brando on the cover sits
next to a devoured TV dinner on a standing tray.

KATHY (V.O.)

He was watchin' Marlon Brando on TV
and got the idea for the club.
That's what I heard anyway.

Johnny wipes the edges of his mouth as he leans forward
toward the wood encased black and white TV Set. A bar fight
scene in *THE WILD ONE* plays out on the screen.

JOHNNY

Girls, girls.

Johnny waves at his two daughters, **SUE(4)** and **JENNY(6)**, to
clear out of the way of the screen. Johnny's wife,
GLORIA(36), sits on the couch behind him reading a magazine.

His eyes light up watching the movie. He sits back in his
chair and recites a line under his breath with a smile.

JOHNNY

(to himself)

Whattya got?

GLORIA

What?

JOHNNY

Nothin'.

EXT. SCRAMBLES TRACK - 1959 - DAY

Mud sprays off a spinning, knobby tire.

A line of bikes spit off the starting line in a bog of mud
circling the scrambles track in a rural section of Chicago.

KATHY (V.O.)
But really how the club started
was, it was a racin' club.

The riders, already caked in dark mud, slip and slide as they push their bikes around the course.

KATHY (V.O.)
I never seen Johnny race, but they
say he was good. He and Jimmy
Goodpaster had a racin' club. You
know him?

INT. KATHY'S BEDROOM - 1969 - DAY

Back in Kathy's bedroom, she swaps a record on the player.

DANNY
Goodpaster?

KATHY
He's got that BSA shop out past
Hyde Park.

DANNY
Yeah. Mustache.

KATHY
What?

DANNY
He's got a thin mustache.

KATHY
Yeah, well they had a racin' club
together.

EXT. SCRAMBLES TRACK - 1959 - DAY

Johnny walks with **GOODPASTER(37)**, a man with a thin mustache.

Both wear leather racing jackets and carry helmets. Their faces are caked with mud save for circles around their eyes, left from the goggles now hanging at their necks.

JOHNNY
I've been thinkin' of startin' a
ridin' club.

GOODPASTER
Why?

JOHNNY
Just somethin' to do you know.

GOODPASTER
The fuck you want a ridin' club
for? All those clubs do is sit
around and talk about motorcycles.

JOHNNY
That's all we do.

GOODPASTER
We talk about 'em and then we race
'em. The fuck good does it do to
talk about 'em if you're not gonna
race 'em?

This just makes Johnny smile.

KATHY (V.O.)
So they split up and about 12 guys
joined up to be Vandals. They were
the first.

INT. KATHY'S BEDROOM - 1969 - DAY

Kathy places the needle on the record and moves to light a
cigarette by the window.

KATHY
But that's where all the guys, the
first guys at least, that's where
the first guys come from was the
racin' club.

DANNY
So who all was that?

KATHY
Well it was Wahoo and Corky, I know
that.

EXT. THE STOPLIGHT BAR - 1965 - DAY

Wahoo and Corky stand shoulder to shoulder in front of a red
brick wall outside the Stoplight bar. This is the beginning
of a series of interviews given into camera.

WAHOO
My name's Wahoo. I ride a Harley
Electra Glide.
(MORE)

WAHOO (CONT'D)

I'm from Chicago, Illinois. I've been a Vandal for about 5 years now.

CORKY

They call me Corky. I ride Wahoo's old lady.

WAHOO

The fuck you do.

Wahoo shoves Corky's face, forcing him off camera as he laughs and feigns a scream.

EXT. DINER - 1965 - DAY

Brucie leans on his motorcycle in the parking lot of a diner. His old lady, a Vietnamese woman named **GAIL**, sits on the bike beside him.

KATHY (V.O.)

Brucie was one of 'em. He was Johnny's right hand from the beginning. He was an electrician.

BRUCIE

Everyone wants to be a part of somethin'. I mean that's what it really is man. These guys don't belong nowhere else, so they belong together you know.

Brucie looks off as if someone called him, then continues.

BRUCIE

My people don't understand. They can't understand why I am the way I am. Why I believe the way I do. Alotta times I don't understand it myself you know? But with a bikerider, an outlaw bikerider, a 1 percenter, you go anywhere in the United States, I don't give a shit where it's at, anywhere in the United States, his bike breaks down in any little town, that man won't be in that town no more than an hour before some type of bikerider will come along and offer him a roof over his head, will offer him a place to stay until he can get back on the road again you know.

(MORE)

BRUCIE (CONT'D)

It's somethin' people don't understand. I can't explain it to my parents, they don't understand the way I live, because bikeriders, a lot of people seem to think bikes lead to something negative, that's why they think guys ride 'em. They think it leads to something obscene. I don't know why, but obscenity and motorcycles travel hand in hand. That's what everybody thinks anyway.

DANNY (O.S.)

Why?

BRUCIE

What?

Danny stands in front of Brucie holding the portable mic.

DANNY

Why do people think that?

BRUCIE

I don't know man. I guess everybody needs somebody to pick on. Can you think of anyone better than us?

I/E. HOME GARAGE - 1965 - DAY

CAL

You know what I dig, man? I dig them beautiful customized jobs.

Cal, reflected in a side mirror, twirls a wrench as he talks to Danny. Cal, a sandy haired guy in his late 20s, is hunched over pieces of a chopped bike strewn across the garage at his house.

KATHY (V.O.)

Cal, from California...

Cal sits down to focus on his point.

CAL

You know why? 'Cause I look at a scooter, man, that's completely chopped, man, and every part on it he either made himself or bought special for it. Now you look at that dude, man, and that dude's a Vandal.

(MORE)

CAL (CONT'D)

Whenever he rides, man, part of that scooter is him 'cause it's got his ideas and it's just him. Every scooter, see? Say you take a guy that buys a brand new Harley-Davidson, fully equipped. There'll always be a motherfucker comes along and says, well, I got one exactly like yours. 'Cause he can get it exactly like his. But all choppers are different. Every one of 'em, different. No matter how much alike you build, you know what I mean? They're all different. 'Cause everybody's melon's different.

Cal taps his forehead with the wrench.

EXT. COCKROACH'S HOUSE - 1965 - DAY

Cockroach stands in portrait outside a short, round-topped fence bordering his quaint house. His **WIFE**, holding a **TODDLER**, sits inside the fence eyeing Danny suspiciously.

COCKROACH

When I was about fifteen years old my father bought me an Indian four-cylinder motorcycle. I fell down many times, hurt myself a few times, but got to like it. I was clean until I hit the age of about nineteen or twenty. I saw the motorcycle riders, filthy as pigs, you know, but they had a ball.

Cockroach overly enunciates his words. He's a big guy that comes off as a bit goofy. Bug tattoos crawl up his arm.

COCKROACH

I rode around by myself, knew nothing, figured maybe I'd get dirty. I like to be dirty. I'll go out of my way to put filth on my clothes, dirt on my pants, dirt on my face, mess up my hair, and eat bugs.

Cockroach's Wife stands to take the baby inside, but he doesn't seem to notice.

COCKROACH

A bug is not really bad to eat.
It's all in a person's mind. If you
will eat a raw beef sandwich, or
you will eat a rare steak, a bug
won't hurt you any more.

INT. KATHY'S BEDROOM - 1969 - DAY

DANNY

What about Zipco?

Kathy smokes by the open window.

KATHY

What about Zipco?

DANNY

You know anything about him?

KATHY

He's from Latvia. Yeah.

DANNY

You know how long he's been with
the club?

EXT. STARVED ROCK PARK - 1965 - DAY

ZIPCO stares directly into camera with a skeptical look.

KATHY (V.O.)

Zipco? I mean, I don't know, he's
just always been there.

He's in his late 30s, but it's hard to know. His hair always
looks like he just woke up and his beard reeks of old wine.

ZIPCO

What?

Inaudible words off-camera. Zipco looks increasingly
annoyed.

ZIPCO

What? Man, this fucking...

Zipco's words trail off as he walks away.

KATHY (V.O.)

I never understood it.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - 1965 - DAY

A **CRYING CHILD** is scooped up by **CAROLE** in the laundromat from earlier. Kathy and Dingy stand nearby yanking clothes from the dryer and stuffing them into bags.

KATHY

You get all these guys, none of 'em can follow a rule to save der lives. The whole point of these guys is that they can't follow rules. You put 'em together and they get in this club and all of a sudden they start makin' up all these rules for everybody to follow.

DINGY

It's ridiculous.

KATHY

I mean absolutely ridiculous.

Danny leans against the row of dryers with his mic pointed.

KATHY

There was one time a couple years back where someone challenged Johnny for leadership of the club. That's one of these crazy rules is that anybody can challenge Johnny if they really want to, but a course none of 'em want to 'cause they're all bums and don't want the responsibility, but one time this guy Jack, big guy, real big guy, Big Jack they called him...

DINGY

Fat Jack?

KATHY

What?

DINGY

Wasn't it Fat Jack?

KATHY

No he's the one outta Toledo. This guy was, well, I don't know. Anyways, this Big Fat Jack guy says...

INT. THE STOPLIGHT BAR - 1964 - NIGHT

BIG JACK
I gotta question!

The Stoplight Bar is full of Vandals gathered for a meeting. Music lulls from the jukebox as guys sit crowded from the pool table to the back walls. Smoke hangs over the chatter.

BRUCIE
Wait your turn! Let me finish. Now we're gonna get the phone installed behind the bar der, but Johnny has to put that on his personal account. So...

CORKY
Why does he have to do that?

BRUCIE
That's the way the phone company has to set it up.

CORKY
Well de club should pay for that outta the dues. Then we can all use it how we want.

BRUCIE
No. It don't work like that.

WAHOO
Why not?!

The room erupts into shouts and yelling.

BRUCIE
SHUT UP A MINUTE!

No one listens. Johnny leans forward in his chair for the first time.

JOHNNY
SHUT THE FUCK UP!

The room goes silent.

BRUCIE
Now listen, we need a phone back der in case anybody gets in trouble. If you get thrown in jail and need bail, you call here. You get stuck out someplace with your bike, you call here.
(MORE)

BRUCIE (CONT'D)

But the first time we see a bill
where you been calling your fat
fucking girlfriend out in East What
the Fuck, we're gonna take that
phone and put knots on your head
with it. Understand?

BIG JACK

I gotta question.

Big Jack sits at the back of the room with his hand up.
Brucie looks to Johnny, who nods for him to proceed.

BIG JACK

I got some friends in Milwaukee,
they like what we're doin' out
here, and they asked if they could
join up, start a Vandal chapter out
der.

A murmur ripples through the room, mostly positive reactions.

JOHNNY

No.

Whispers and looks ricochet before falling quiet. Everyone
watches Johnny.

BIG JACK

Why not?

JOHNNY

The fuck we need them for? This is
our club. A club in this town.
Here. We're friends here. I don't
even know these guys.

BIG JACK

You know 'em. We drank with 'em on
that last run to Columbus.

More positive comments start to bubble up from the crowd.
Johnny lets it rattle around for a moment. Then...

JOHNNY

I say no.

Johnny makes a gesture with his hands to end the discussion.
An awkward silence hangs as Big Jack musters up some courage.

BIG JACK

Well. I say we let them start a
chapter.

Johnny just stares back at him, enough to make him ramble on.

BIG JACK
You said that if any of us ever
disagrees with ya, that we could
challenge ya. So...

JOHNNY
So what?

BIG JACK
So, I guess. I'm challengin' ya.

BRUCIE
Go fuck yourself.

Johnny holds up a hand to Brucie. Everyone watches as Johnny formulates an answer. Then...

JOHNNY
Fists or knives?

The reality of this is sinking in for Big Jack.

BIG JACK
Well. I don't wanna kill ya.

JOHNNY
So fists.

After a moment, Big Jack nods.

JOHNNY
After the race on Saturday, out at
Starved Rock.

KATHY (V.O.)
It was a picnic. A big family
picnic.

EXT. STARVED ROCK PARK - 1964 - DAY

A biker family picnic with **KIDS** playing, beer flowing and grills burning. A good time on the state park campgrounds.

KATHY (V.O.)
Kids were runnin' around and all
the guys were gettin' stoned, wives
and girlfriends all over the place.
And they cut a track out there you
know?

DANNY (V.O.)
Yeah I know it.

Unlike the scrambles tracks, this is a less defined dirt track that weaves through a smattering of trees. Several Bikeriders laugh and bang their big bikes around it.

KATHY (V.O.)
They'd spend all day drinkin' and
runnin' der bikes around that
track. All freakin' day long.

Tires spit mud as the bikes make their rounds.

KATHY (V.O.)
By the end of the day the whole
place is one big mud pit you know.
And that's where they did it.

EXT. STARVED ROCK PARK - 1964 - AFTERNOON

A muddy fist slams into Johnny's face.

The sun hangs low in the sky as Johnny shakes off the punch, the blood, and the mud that have all gathered on his face over the course of a long fist fight.

The families and bikeriders corral around the mud pit at the base of the hill to watch. Laughter and drinking punctuate the pugilism.

Johnny, getting tired, throws his whole weight into a punch that sits Big Jack on his ass. Johnny tumbles on top of him. An awkward wrestling match ensues in the slick mud.

Big Jack slips out from under Johnny and grabs him by the belt loops. He slings Johnny several feet.

Johnny, looking up from the mud, sees just how big Big Jack really is as the man approaches and levels a kick to his gut.

Another kick possibly cracks a rib and Johnny's face shows it. A final kick sends a boot toward his head, but Johnny catches Big Jack by the leg.

KATHY (V.O.)
The thing about Johnny. He wasn't
always bigger than other guys, but
he was always meaner.

Johnny, holding the leg, bites down on Big Jack's kneecap. Big Jack screams as Johnny growls through mud and denim.

Big Jack violently swings his leg back and forth, but Johnny is latched on like a junkyard dog. Big Jack's hand tries to push against Johnny's face, smearing mud.

Johnny, with the meaty hand spread across his face, reaches up and grabs one of Big Jack's thick fingers.

Johnny **SNAPS** the finger back, **BREAKING IT**.

Big Jack *SCREAMS* and drops to his knees.

Johnny clasps his hands together and with all his might slams them across Big Jack's face. The big man goes down.

Johnny staggers onto his feet.

The crowd hollers and cheers. Brucie walks up and holds his hands out in case Johnny were to fall, but he doesn't.

Johnny moves over Big Jack.

JOHNNY

You okay?

BIG JACK

You broke my damn finger.

JOHNNY

We good here?

Big Jack nods, his face pinched and bloodshot from the pain. Johnny speaks, nearly out of breath.

JOHNNY

Call your friends in Milwaukee.
Tell 'em they can have their
chapter. Tell 'em Johnny said so.

Johnny walks out of the mud pit, closely followed by Brucie.

BRUCIE

If you were gonna let 'em have a
chapter, why'd you go through the
trouble of fightin' him?

Johnny wipes at the blood streaming out of his nose but only smears it with the mud.

JOHNNY

If it was gonna be anybody's idea,
it had better be mine. And now he
knows it.

Johnny's wife Gloria, wearing a studded leather cap, waits nearby sipping a beer. Johnny sees her and smiles.

She gives a bemused look as he wraps his arm around her for support and they walk on.

KATHY (V.O.)
From there, the club started
growing. It got real big, real
fast.

A *CREAKING* metal sound. Then a loud **CLANK!**

EXT. CICERO NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - 1966 - DAY

A chrome hubcap rattles as it lands next to a whitewall tire.

A gang of **FIVE TEENAGERS**, from 14 to 16-years-old, huddle around the tires of a shiny new car. The two youngest are on lookout as their **LEADER** uses a crowbar to pry hubcaps free.

CLANK!

Another cap pops off and is quickly collected, but the boys' attention is stolen by a *RUMBLE* growing in the distance.

The Leader, crowbar in hand, stops his work and stands.

Johnny is the first to appear. He rides a big Harley Duo-Glide that actually rattles the windows in the neighborhood.

The club follows. Riding four across, they fill the street with almost **50 RIDERS**. Several have their **OLD LADIES** riding on the backs with them. The *SOUND* is nearly incalculable.

KATHY (V.O.)
Chapters started poppin' up all
over the place. Other clubs started
askin' to join up. First around
town and then all over. It was
nuts.

The **WORLD SLOWS** as the Leader of the teenage gang steps to the curb. He locks eyes with Johnny.

This is **THE KID(16)**. A wiry, greasy upstart.

As Johnny rolls past, he gives The Kid a nearly imperceptible smile. The Kid can't take his eyes off of him.

Brucie, Zipco, Wahoo, Corky, Cowboy, Benny, Cal, Sparky, Cockroach, Pete, and even Big Jack. They're all there.

As the tail of the pack moves down the street, The Kid steps into the middle of the road to watch them go.

In a trance, he stands there until the last taillight disappears from sight, only the distant rumble is left.

Then...

HONK!

The Kid almost flinches at the sound of a **MOTORIST** leaning on his horn directly behind him.

He turns to find the car's grill only a foot away from his legs and the Motorist yelling out his open window.

MOTORIST
GET THE HELL OUTTA THE STREET KID!

The Kid, seemingly unfazed, stares down the Motorist before taking the crowbar and **SMASHING** the car's headlight.

MOTORIST
GODDAMMIT! WHAT THE HELL...

The Motorist stops himself.

The Kid's hand tightens on the crowbar as he moves around to the driver's door. His eyes stay locked on the Motorist, who is smart enough to shut up and speed away.

This is The Kid. A *THUNDEROUS RUMBLING GROWS*.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - 1966 - DAY

WOOOOM!

Johnny's bike flies by straddling the center line of a rural highway cutting through Midwestern farmland.

WOOOOM! WOOOOM! WOOOOM!

The ground shakes with each passing bike.

The **PACK OF MOTORCYCLES** rides at Johnny's back forming a trail that reaches back a mile.

As they ride under the summer sun, the *SOUND* of the motors fades away. Only the wind is left. The bikes glide in the landscape. It's beautiful.

Until...A high-pitched *SCREAMING*.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD RALLY RACETRACK - 1966 - DAY

Smoke roils from the fat back tire of a drag bike as it *SCREECHES* off the starting line.

A **CROWD OF HUNDREDS** bunches along a track bordering a field packed with motorcycles and cars of all shapes and colors. It's a beautiful day and sunlight pings off the chrome.

College kids in sneakers mingle with race teams, old-timers, and an assortment of bikeriders in a hodgepodge that mixes women and men of all colors and class.

Heads begin to turn, first at the SOUND and then at the sight of the fifty-plus pack of Vandals rolling into the rally.

Some **MEMBERS** of other clubs shake their heads at the arrival. With Johnny out front, the crowd parts for the riders as they slowly move through. A college kid stands with mouth agape.

ZIPCO (O.S.)
Look at these pinko
motherfuckers...

EXT. SPRINGFIELD RALLY RACETRACK - LATER - DAY

The Vandals have set up across the field, opposite from the drag races. Some **MEMBERS** mingle through the crowd.

Zipco, Johnny, Benny, Brucie, Wahoo and Danny sit around their bikes drinking with Gail and a few other **OLD LADIES**.

ZIPCO
These motherfuckers...

Zipco chugs from a bottle of wine and watches the large, meandering **CROWD** with a perplexed look. He especially tracks the preppy COLLEGE KIDS ogling the motorcycles.

ZIPCO
It's like my brudder, my brudder
you know. Me and my brudder swing
the same way. The only thing is,
he's a pinko. There's something in
his head, wrong, you know, but when
he gets drunk he's just like me,
you know, otherwise, he thinks
different.

DANNY
What do you mean he's a pinko?

Zipco cuts a look down to Danny, who sits on the ground with his microphone out and two cameras dangling from his neck.

ZIPCO

Aren't you s'posed to be takin' pictures?

Danny nods.

ZIPCO

Then what you got that microphone for all the time?

DANNY

I don't know. I was thinking I could record people talking, maybe use it with the pictures, make a book or something maybe.

ZIPCO

A book?

Zipco is skeptical, but Danny isn't fazed. Johnny and Benny sip their beers listening with amusement.

DANNY

Yeah maybe. So what do you mean he's a pinko?

ZIPCO

A pinko's ah, you know, college boy, ah, they wear tennis shoes and uh, short pants, shit like that you know.

DANNY

What's your brother do?

ZIPCO

He's in the Air Force, going to Thailand. Next November. Air Force mechanic. They took him, they wouldn't take me you know, they took him 'cause he was a clean cut, all American boy you know. Short pants, tennis shoes you know. He fights good and everything. But he he, you know, he hangs around with these goddamn pinkos all the time you know. Short pants, and...

(pointing)

College fuckers you know. I don't know, their outta their minds.

BENNY

I gotta take a piss.

Benny stands to walk off as Zipco continues with a chuckle.

ZIPCO

I told my brudder, he went to college one year, half a year, not even half a year, he went about three months, and I says fucker you don't quit that college I'll beat the shit outta you. And he quit, 'cause I said I don't want no college pinko in my family you know. 'Cause I can't stand 'em you know. 'Cause if you can't work with your fuckin' hands, you ain't no fuckin' good.

Johnny nods in agreement with this, but his attention is taken by something in the distance. He sees Cal and Cockroach squaring off with a **RIVAL CLUB**.

JOHNNY

Hey.

Johnny stands to go over and is quickly followed by Brucie and Wahoo. Zipco hesitates, still talking with Danny.

ZIPCO

I ain't ah, I like to work man. I ain't a fuckin' prick. I like to work with my hands and shit. I work hard for my money you know?

DANNY

Yeah.

Zipco takes a long chug of wine.

ZIPCO

What do you do?

DANNY

I study photography. In college.

ACROSS THE FIELD,

CAL

I didn't scratch your fuckin' scooter man.

RIVAL LEADER

I walk off, there's no scratch. I
see you here and now alla sudden
there's a scratch.

Cal, with Cockroach at his shoulder, stands chest to chest
with the **LEADER** of a RIVAL CLUB. About **15 RIVAL MEMBERS** have
gathered to back up their man. They don't look like the
Vandals. They are more put together, polished.

Johnny and the others walk up behind Cal.

JOHNNY

What's goin' on?

CAL

Man, I was lookin' at this guy's
carburetors, 'cause he's got Jaguar
carburetors, you know those big
Italian carburetors, and now he
says I scratched his bike.

(to the Leader)

I didn't scratch that old ancient
piece of shit you cocksucker.

RIVAL LEADER

The fuck you didn't.

CAL

You wanna get salty motherfucker,
I'll get salty.

Johnny holds his hand up to Cal to pacify things.

JOHNNY

Hold on. Where y'all from?

RIVAL LEADER

Gary.

JOHNNY

Oh yeah? You know a guy named
Shitty Pete over there?

RIVAL LEADER

Yeah. He rides with us sometimes.
How you know Shitty?

JOHNNY

We did some work together. Trucking
about five years back.

NEAR THE VANDALS' BIKES,

Benny buttons up his jeans, stepping back toward his bike.

GAIL
Your boyfriends are gettin' into
trouble over there.

As Benny takes a swig of beer, he sees Johnny facing off with the RIVALS across the field.

BENNY
Shit.

He tosses the beer and rushes over.

ACROSS THE FIELD,

The situation has settled somewhat with the rival club as Johnny continues his conversation.

JOHNNY
So what do you call yourselves?

RIVAL LEADER
Rogues. The Gary Rogues.

JOHNNY
How many guys...

Johnny looks to his right just in time to catch a flash of Benny flying at the rival club's Leader.

Before Johnny can react, Benny throws his whole body into a punch that smashes into the Leader's face.

Johnny's eyebrows raise as he watches the two men tumble to the ground in a heap. Everyone freezes, surprised. After a moment...

JOHNNY
Well, shit.

Johnny looks back up at another rival, who stands unsure of what to do. Johnny lunges at the guy with a punch.

Both clubs, roughly forty men in total at this point, erupt in a full-on melee. Punches and kicks quickly devolve into a fray of awkward wrestling.

Cockroach laughs as he and Cal throw punches. It's violent, but there is an odd camaraderie to the whole event. Almost like a backyard game of tackle football.

Brucie and Wahoo try to wrestle one rival to the ground, but he manages to wriggle free and run off. They are immediately caught by another pair of rivals.

Zipco lumbers into the fight and quickly finds a rival member to grab by the collar and begin punching.

Johnny is tackled to the ground, but flips over to wrap up a rival's leg. Johnny can't help but smile as he slams his fist into the rival's back.

Benny has gotten over the rival Leader and lands a flurry of punches across his head and neck. Suddenly, a boot kicks him to the ground. Benny is quickly gathered up by TWO RIVALS and slung into the side of a car parked nearby.

As Benny gets to his feet, a Rival wraps around his waist and continues to slam him into the car. Benny punches at the man's back and eventually gets him turned around.

Benny winds up to land a punch to the man's ribs, but the man slides out of the way.

BENNY'S HAND PUNCHES THROUGH THE BACK WINDOW OF THE CAR.

SMASH!

Several people nearby stop fighting to gawk. They watch as Benny slowly pulls his hand from the freshly broken window.

A SHARD OF GLASS PROTRUDES FROM BENNY'S KNUCKLE.

The tenor of the surrounding fighters changes as they all watch to see what Benny will do.

Benny grabs the glass shard and yanks it free. A SPURT OF BLOOD SPRAYS from the wound partly hitting Benny's face.

RIVAL MEMBER

Jesus.

Benny turns to the stunned man he had been fighting. His eyes are blank, stone-faced. He tackles the man.

On the ground, Benny punches him in the face with his bloodied knuckle. Blood flies from the knuckle. Blood flies from the man's face he is attacking.

The surrounding fight settles as everyone begins to watch Benny going berserk. He continues punching.

Johnny lifts his head up to find Benny wailing in the distance. He shoves a rival away and rushes over.

Johnny grabs Benny under the arms and pulls him off the man. Benny tries to struggle free but Johnny wraps his arms around his chest. They stumble backward to the ground.

Benny continues to struggle but Johnny holds him tight.

JOHNNY

Whoa. Whoa whoa whoa.

Benny finally relents. The two stay seated in the dirt.

Everyone stands around, bloody and bruised, huffing to gain their breath.

Cal, his hands on his knees, sees the Rival Leader from the start of it all standing next to him. Cal motions to Benny.

CAL

That kid's fuckin' crazy.

RIVAL LEADER

Yeah.

Zipco wanders through, headed back to their bikes.

ZIPCO

Fuck this. Let's get some beers.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD RALLY RACETRACK - SUNSET

A swollen knuckle plunges into a half-melted cooler of ice.

The sun is getting low as the rally starts to thin out. The Vandals remain, now joined by the Gary Rogues. The two clubs hang around together nursing their wounds with cold beers.

Danny wanders through the group, snapping pictures. Zipco and Cal sit with a few of the Rogues, including the Leader.

CAL

I had four carbs and I had a
hundred cubic inches per engine,
two inch valves, all ported and
relieved, see. And I had the
biggest cams I could put in there,
man, the hairiest cams.

ZIPCO

How the fuck you start it?

CAL

My mechanic started it. He weighed 237 pounds. He started it. One kick and that fucker started.

ZIPCO

Fuck.

CAL

Because both engines were timed together. So if one engine didn't fire, the other one did and it overloaded and started the other one.

RIVAL LEADER

Was one engine hooked up to the rear end?

CAL

Yeah yeah. I had them tied together, see, with the primaries you know. Perfect.

ZIPCO

Who the fuck? You do that?

CAL

Yeah and then...

ZIPCO

You know how to time stuff pretty good, huh?

CAL

Well all right. Good enough, you know, for me. Right? I can time that good.

Nearby, Benny and Johnny sit on the ground by Johnny's bike sharing a pint of whiskey.

Benny has one boot off and pulls a dirty sock from his foot. He begins to wrap the sock around his cut knuckle.

JOHNNY

The hell you thinkin' back there?

BENNY

What?

JOHNNY

Comin' in like that. Chargin'.

BENNY

Nothin'. I saw you squarin' off
with them guys. What'd I need to
think for?

Benny shrugs and cinches the dirty sock tight across the top
of his knuckle. Johnny reaches out and puts his arm around
Benny's shoulder.

JOHNNY

You and me kid. You and me you
crazy fuck.

Johnny smiles and passes Benny the pint of whiskey. Benny
takes a drink and studies the blood-soaked sock wrapped
around his knuckle.

KATHY (V.O.)

Benny's always been a fighter.

INT. KATHY'S HOME - BEDROOM/STAIRS/KITCHEN/DEN - 1969 - DAY

Kathy sits back by the window in her bedroom.

KATHY

That's just what they need in that
club. Because you know what? Half
them guys in there are candy ass.
There's a lot of guys in there that
are candy ass.

She checks a pack of cigarettes to find them empty and stands
to leave before turning back to Danny.

KATHY

Can you walk with that thing?

DANNY

Yeah.

Kathy exits the bedroom and heads down the stairs. Danny
follows with his portable recorder, trying to keep the mic
pointed toward her.

KATHY

Candy asses. They'll just as soon
turn around than to get in a fight.
They don't care if they go to jail
for disturbing the peace. But they
ain't gonna go to jail for
aggravated assault or nothin' like
that.

Kathy enters the Kitchen area where a seven-year-old boy, **KEVIN**, sits at the table eating a sleeve of donuts.

KATHY
I thought you were playin' at
Justin's house.

KEVIN
I got hungry.

KATHY
Well don't eat that whole pack. I'm
makin' dinner later.

She takes a new pack of cigarettes out of a jar on the counter and turns to favor Danny as she unwraps them.

KATHY
They stay in the club for security.
They figure as long as there's a
bunch of 'em, they're all right.
But get one or two separate and
they ain't got a chance. They don't
even bother gettin' in trouble. The
first thing they'll do is take off
their colors, and I've seen this.
I've seen the guys drop over here,
they don't wear their colors. I've
seen the guys. But they'll wear
them when they're in a bunch.

Kathy continues into the den where Corky, Wahoo and Dingy sit with their feet on a coffee table covered in empty beer bottles watching television.

KATHY
Lookit. You move those bikes?

WAHOO
(saluting)
Yes ma'am.

Kathy stops at a case of beer sitting on the floor by the front door. She removes a bottle.

KATHY
Oh wow, yous left me one beer out
of a whole case of bottles. What
saints.

Kathy walks outside to the porch and Danny follows.

EXT. KATHY'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

She steps down the stairs and walks into the small patch of grass where two motorcycles are still parked.

KATHY

These...

(yelling back)

GET THESE BIKES OFF MY YARD!

She turns to Danny who sets up on the ledge of the stoop.

KATHY

I went to my lawyer Monday. I come home here, there's ten guys on the porch. I went to my lawyer. The neighbors got papers against me, petitions against me. And you know what's the beauty part of it? Benny's not even here, and all these jerks are out in front. 'Cause they ain't got no place to go, see? So they'll come and they'll sit here. And it makes it look bad. The neighbors see it and this and that. So my lawyer says, keep 'em all away from there, you know. So I had notes on the door, "No one is allowed on this front porch." 'Cause it's gettin' to be, the scene is sickening itself.

Kathy takes a seat on a step adjacent to Danny, wedges the beer between her legs and takes out a fresh cigarette.

KATHY

My ex-in-laws live right across the street. And they're tryin' to get my son, the oldest one. So they're gonna do everything they can to drag me under to get the kid. But the only thing is they can't take one kid without takin' all three, and I know my ex-husband can't afford to take all three kids. And he doesn't want all three anyway. They got him on income tax. Not evasion, but the other one.

Kathy looks at the bikes still parked on her small lawn. She shakes her head as she lights a cigarette.

KATHY

I used to be respectable.

DANNY

Why do you think the guys only wear their colors when they're together?

KATHY

Why? 'Cause they're afraid when they're all by themselves. 'Cause too many people are after 'em for one thing. Too many people have a grudge against 'em. So if they catch 'em one by one, and that's what happened to Benny. Benny always wore his colors and when he did wear his colors, and he was by himself, there was trouble. You heard about all the trouble he got in over here at Pat and Tom's bar?

DANNY

Yeah I heard.

KATHY

Well that was it. Benny was by himself and wouldn't take his colors off for nobody...

Kathy exhales a cloud of smoke.

KATHY

And there was trouble.

INT. PAT AND TOM'S BAR - CHICAGO 1966 - DAY

Tony leans in over the bar to get his face beside Benny's. It is the same moment from the opening.

TONY

You hear my brother? You can't be wearin' no colors in this neighborhood. You better take that fuckin' jacket off.

Benny takes a drink of bourbon. He looks at the formidably sized Peleggi brothers, Tony and Nick.

BENNY

You'd have to kill me to get this jacket off.

This makes Tony laugh.

CRASH!

EXT. PAT AND TOM'S BAR - DAY

Benny is launched through the front door head first only to scrape across the concrete sidewalk in front of the bar.

Benny's bike, a chopped Harley Duo-Glide, is parked at the curb. Just beside it, a concrete truck spins as **WORKERS** finish a patch in the sidewalk.

Benny fishes a switchblade knife out of his boot and gets to his feet as Nick and Tony step outside.

TONY

Nicki, he won't stay down. He keeps
gettin' back up.

NICK

I'll get him to stay down.

Nick walks to the cement truck as Tony goes to Benny's bike and kicks it to the ground.

TONY

You better stay down you rotten
fuck!

Benny, wavering on his heels, unlatches the switchblade. Behind him, Nick pulls a flat-edged shovel off the back of the cement truck.

As Tony turns to Benny, he's met by the switchblade knife that slices down the middle of his face. Tony screams and drops to the ground with hands clutching his bloody face.

Nick, seeing this, rushes over and winds the shovel up to swing like a baseball bat.

Benny stands over Tony. With his own bloodied face beginning to swell up, Benny smiles. Nick swings the shovel.

WHACK!

The blow to the back of Benny's head is severe. He crumples to the ground in a moaning heap.

As Benny, on his belly, slowly inches himself across the concrete with his arms wrapped around his head, Nick steps over his body.

Nick's voice cracks as he yells to his wounded brother.

NICK

Don't worry Tony! Don't worry! I
got this motherfucker.

Nick raises the shovel above his head and brings the flat edge down hard right across Benny's ankle. At impact...

Benny's foot snaps back in an UNNATURAL ANGLE.

CLICK.

INT. FORT LAUDERDALE HOUSE - KITCHEN - 1973 - DAY

It's a 1970s kitchen with avocado cabinets in a small ranch-style house. A window over the sink looks out into the backyard and a breakfast bar juts out from the counter.

Kathy sits on a stool on the kitchen side of the bar. Across from her is Danny, once again recording with his reel to reel. They look older and appropriate to the year 1973.

CLICK.

On the third try, Kathy gets the lighter to ignite the tip of a long, menthol cigarette. Her hair is different, and her face shows the extra years of living.

KATHY

It nearly took his foot off.

Kathy's eyes are down, her mind in the past.

KATHY

My dad always told me it takes a lot to make a man cry, an awful lot. You know, they don't get hit in the head and start cryin'. Not a real man. I seen my father cry twice in all my life. Once when his father died and then when my mother almost died. And I mean really cry. And I always believed him, and when I was gettin' a divorce from my first husband, I never seen him cry until it was time for us to get a divorce. And he was thinkin' of the kids and all this bullshit. Whereas Benny, I seen him get worked over with blackjacks. I seen him gettin' stitched up with no nothin', you know. Just stitchin' him up when he was wide awake and everything else, and you don't see that guy shed a tear. But the closest I ever seen him come to it was that day. And not for the pain or nothin'. You know what it was?

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - 1966 - DAY

Kathy, panicked, moves down the hospital hallway scanning the room numbers.

She sees the one she's looking for, but hesitates before entering.

BENNY (O.S.)
Don't...Don't let 'em take my foot.

INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kathy sits at Benny's bedside. His head is wrapped in a bandage and the bruises on his face have darkened in color. His leg is elevated in a sling.

BENNY
Don't let 'em take my foot off.

Kathy, feeling the emotion of the moment, reaches for Benny's hand and nods to her young husband.

BENNY
They take my foot off and I can't
ride no more.

At this, Benny's eyes rim with red. Kathy's face, hearing the request, scrunches slightly.

KATHY (V.O.)
That's what it was.

INT. FORT LAUDERDALE HOUSE - KITCHEN - 1973 - DAY

Kathy, in her avocado kitchen, holds the cigarette out, still captious.

KATHY
He didn't want to lose his foot
'cause then he couldn't ride no
more. Never mind that he'd got a
concussion and this maniac nearly
chopped his foot off for not taking
his colors off. Never mind that he
wasn't even supposed to be out
ridin' 'cause his license was
suspended from that one time the
cops had chased him all over. I
mean, you should see him gettin'
outta the shower.
(MORE)

KATHY (CONT'D)

He's cracked up on his bike so many times he looks like a bullfighter there's so many scars.

Kathy leaves the cigarette to burn in an ash tray as she sips a cup of coffee.

KATHY

No no no, all he could think about was not ridin' his stupid motorcycle. I tell 'ya. It'd be funny if it wasn't so tragic.

DANNY

And Johnny?

KATHY

Oh Johnny? Johnny went crazy.

INT. THE STOPLIGHT BAR - 1966 - DAY

Johnny sits at a table drinking beer and playing cards with Brucie and Wahoo.

Cal hurries in and bends to whisper in Johnny's ear.

Johnny sets his cards down and listens.

Finished, Cal, still pondering the news he just delivered, sits down at the table next to them. He finally looks up.

CAL

They nearly chopped his foot off.

Johnny stays silent, but an emotion washes over him. His jaw clenches and his face flushes. Finally...

JOHNNY

Where?

INT. PAT AND TOM'S BAR - SUNSET

The BARTENDER, having swept the broken glass into a pile, mops the floor around the bar stools.

His head rises to an approaching *SOUND* outside.

A RUMBLING BUILDS.

He leans the mop against the bar and walks to the front. He pushes the door open and steps outside to find...

EXT. PAT AND TOM'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

SIXTY PLUS VANDALS CIRCLING THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE BAR.

The street is bathed in an orange glow as the sun disappears behind the horizon. The noise is deafening and the sight of that many motorcycles leaves the Bartender's mouth agape.

Johnny and Brucie park their bikes at the curb in front.

They step off and walk into the bar. Taking a final look at the ruction, the Bartender follows them back inside.

INT. PAT AND TOM'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

Johnny and Brucie stand quietly several paces inside.

The Bartender enters and takes his place behind the bar, a safe separation from the two men. After a moment, he summons the courage to speak.

BARTENDER

I don't want any trouble in here?

JOHNNY

Well.

Johnny surveys the empty, dimly lit room.

JOHNNY

Young kid get beat up in here
earlier today?

The Bartender nods.

JOHNNY

You know who did it?

The Bartender nods again.

BARTENDER

Couple regulars.

JOHNNY

Regulars huh?

Johnny points to a pencil behind the Bartender's ear.

JOHNNY

Take that pencil, write their names
down, where they live. Then I'll
let you leave.

The Bartender lets out a nervous huff.

BARTENDER

Let me leave? This is my bar. I own it.

Johnny just stares at him. No humor, no flinching. The Bartender swallows and takes the pencil from his ear to begin scrawling on a bar napkin.

He hands the napkin to Johnny who continues to stare him down. The Bartender slowly skulks out the front door. Johnny passes the napkin to Brucie.

JOHNNY

Send a few guys over. Make it so they can't walk no more.

Brucie nods, but hesitates as Johnny turns to walk outside.

BRUCIE

What about the bar?

JOHNNY

Burn it down.

WHOOSH!

SERIES OF IMAGES INSIDE THE BAR:

-Flames ignite and roll down the gasoline soaked bar.

-Flames ignite and drop down the metal legs of a bar stool as the vinyl seat cover begins to bubble under the heat.

-Flames ignite across a square wooden table. Seconds later, the other tables behind it ignite in flames.

-The interior of the bar is fully engulfed in flame.

EXT. PAT AND TOM'S BAR - NIGHT

Smoke seeps from the roofline as flames leap from the door and windows of the bar.

The SOUND of the rapidly burning building is barely audible under a *CACOPHONY OF MOTORCYCLES*.

Johnny and Brucie, lit by the rising flames of the bar, stand in the center of circling bikes. They watch the fire.

Brucie looks down the street, past the motorcycles, and seems anxious. He yells in Johnny's ear and motions.

BRUCIE
We gotta go!

Johnny looks down the street to see...

**POLICE CARS AND A FIRE TRUCK, LIGHTS ROLLING, SITTING PARKED
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET.**

Johnny turns to look to the other end of the street. There too...

POLICE CARS AND A FIRE TRUCK BLOCK THE STREET WITH THEIR
LIGHTS SWIRLING.

Johnny shakes his head.

JOHNNY
No we don't. They're scared of us.

Brucie gives a guffaw at the sight of it all. The police and firemen aren't advancing from either side.

Johnny looks to the fire. His eyes are lit by the blaze. As he traces the flames, something overtakes him. A feeling.

KATHY (V.O.)
I think it terrified him.

I/E. FORT LAUDERDALE HOUSE - KITCHEN/BACKYARD - 1973 - DAY

Kathy slides off the stool at the counter and moves to a coffee pot on the other side of the kitchen.

KATHY
You want some coffee?

DANNY
Yeah. Thanks.

Kathy pours two cups.

KATHY
That's a lotta power for one guy to have. To be in charge of alla that.

She taps a stirring spoon to her forehead.

KATHY
That can really mess with your noodle you know? Cream?

DANNY
No.

As she stirs in some non-dairy creamer for herself, she looks out the window over the sink.

OUTSIDE IN THE BACKYARD,

Benny sits in a chair next to his **COUSIN(29)**. A **TODDLER** wanders around the grass in front of them as they talk and drink beer. A palm tree towers in the back corner.

Benny, also aged to the period with lamb chop sideburns, wears navy coveralls that match his cousin's.

KATHY (O.S.)
He was bad off.

IN THE KITCHEN,

Kathy moves away from the window and slides Danny his cup of coffee. She jostles back onto the stool.

KATHY
I had him in a motel for three weeks. He couldn't walk so I got him in a place with no stairs.

INT. MOTEL - 1966 - DAY

The roadside motel room has two full beds facing a black and white television. Kathy and Benny lie in one bed together, drinking from paper cups and laughing as they watch TV.

The bruises on Benny's face have started to yellow, but his right foot is in a heavy cast propped up on pillows. They look happy together.

Benny's attention goes to the *RUMBLING* of a motorcycle pulling up outside. Kathy's face shifts. She bites at the inside of her cheek. After a moment...

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

Kathy, taking her time to turn down the TV volume on the way, opens the door to find Johnny there. He smiles.

JOHNNY
Hey Kathy.

KATHY
Hey Johnny. Come on in.

Johnny enters and immediately tracks Benny as he goes to sit on the opposite bed.

JOHNNY

Look at you. Propped up like the queen.

BENNY

Who you callin' a queen?

JOHNNY

You look good. You're lookin' all right. The guys thought you might really be out of it.

KATHY

He is out of it. He can't walk.

Johnny doesn't respond, his attention is locked on Benny. Kathy goes to the impromptu bar set up on the dresser by the TV. Bourbon, mixers, an ice bucket and metal shaker.

JOHNNY

What'd the surgeon say?

BENNY

They cut through a tendon.

JOHNNY

Jesus.

KATHY

We're outta ice.

Kathy watches for a response, but the two are focused on each other. She picks up the ice bucket.

JOHNNY

They tie it back together or what?

BENNY

Somethin' like that.

KATHY

I'm gonna go get some ice.

Still nothing from the guys. Kathy begrudgingly steps out.

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Kathy shuts the door and the first thing she sees is Johnny's bike parked in front of their room. She continues under the awning toward the office.

As she hugs the ice bucket, Kathy, exasperated, exhales.

INT. MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Kathy reenters the room with a full bucket of ice. The guys don't seem to notice as she moves to the bar. She listens over her shoulder and *PLINKS* ice cubes into the shaker.

JOHNNY

It's gonna be a big one. Maybe our biggest one yet.

KATHY

Biggest what?

BENNY

Picnic. Johnny's sayin' they're goin' all out for the Dayton run.

KATHY

Oh.

Kathy adds bourbon and mix to the shaker.

BENNY

How long is that? Three weeks?

JOHNNY

Yeah.

BENNY

I mean, I'll still be in the cast by then, but...

JOHNNY

Cast? You shift with your left foot. Just use the front brake if you can't put no pressure on it. I know the guys...

Johnny is interrupted by Kathy ferociously jostling ice in the metal shaker. He gives her a slight glance over his shoulder and eventually she stops.

KATHY

You want a drink Johnny?

JOHNNY

I'm good.

He turns his attention back to Benny.

JOHNNY

The guys would love to see ya out there. They're all worried about ya.

BENNY

Yeah. I'll be there.

Johnny smiles at him.

JOHNNY

Alright. I'll get outta here. Rest up.

Johnny stands to leave. On his way out he nods to Kathy.

JOHNNY

Kathy.

Kathy tracks him with a chafed stare.

The door closes and Kathy turns back to pour the drinks. The *SOUND* of Johnny's motorcycle starts up and quickly fades off.

Kathy takes a paper cup over to Benny. She sits on the edge of the other bed and watches him as she sips at her own.

KATHY

You wouldn't really try and ride in three weeks would ya? The doctor said three to four months with no weight on it.

BENNY

I don't know. Turn up the TV will ya.

Kathy just stares at him as he watches the screen.

BENNY

Hey, you think we could get burgers from that place on Foster?

EXT. BUS STOP/THE STOPLIGHT BAR - 1966 - DAY

A *HISS* as the city bus eases to a stop. The door opens and Kathy steps out onto the sidewalk.

Clutching her purse, she crosses the street with purpose, heading toward the parking lot of the Stoplight Bar.

INT. THE STOPLIGHT BAR - DAY

Kathy walks in to relative quiet. The jukebox runs low in the corner as a few bikeriders meander. She spots Johnny at a table in the back with Brucie and Cal. She approaches.

BRUCIE

Hey Kathy.

KATHY

Hey Brucie. How's Gail?

BRUCIE

She's good. Got a job doin' nails in Oak Park.

KATHY

I'll go see her. Johnny, can we talk?

Johnny nods. Kathy looks at Brucie and Cal who stare back.

KATHY

You always gotta have these guys around to hear everything?

JOHNNY

What's there to hear?

KATHY

Some things.

Johnny eyes Kathy, curious but mostly amused. He waves off Brucie and Cal as he takes a cigarette from his shirt pocket. Kathy takes Brucie's chair and sets her purse on the table.

JOHNNY

You need somethin' Kathy?

KATHY

You can't have him.

JOHNNY

Who?

KATHY

You know exactly who I'm talkin' about. Benny. You can't have him. The club can't have him. He's mine, and if he keeps ridin' motorcycles he's gonna die. One way or another, it'll kill him. And you know this is true.

JOHNNY

What am I s'posed to do? I don't run Benny, just like you don't run Benny. Nobody can tell that kid nothin'. He's grown. He wants to ride a bike he'll ride a bike.

KATHY

Not if you tell him Johnny. Not if you tell him he's outta the club.

JOHNNY

Come on.

KATHY

He's mine Johnny. MINE.

Kathy smacks her hand on the table causing Johnny to raise an eyebrow.

KATHY

I'm his wife, not you.

JOHNNY

The fuck does that mean?

KATHY

I know you love him. I love him too. That's why you gotta do this.

Johnny shifts in his seat, uncomfortable with this challenge and thought. He finally lights his cigarette.

JOHNNY

You done?

KATHY

I don't know am I?

JOHNNY

You have anything else to say?

KATHY

I said it.

JOHNNY

Then you're done.

Kathy leans back, gauging her response until finally swallowing it. She snatches up her purse, unsatisfied.

As Kathy hits the front door she yells.

KATHY
You can't have him!

Johnny smokes, thinking.

EXT. ROW HOUSES - 1966 - DAY

Two motorcycles carrying **THREE YOUNG RIDERS** rumble up to a string of rundown row houses in a rough part of town.

These are **YOUNGER(15)**, **MARVIN(16)**, and **PIG(16)**, and aside from their leader, they are the only members of the nascent **RENEGADES MC**.

They hop off their bikes and run up the stairs to *BANG* on the door of a decrepit row house. From inside, the muffled *SOUNDS* of an argument spill out.

OLD MAN (O.S.)
Shut the fuck up!

INT. THE KID'S ROW HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Kid, the wiry sixteen-year-old stealing hubcaps earlier, walks downstairs to the *BANGING* at the front door.

MOTHER
Try it! You try it! You couldn't
fix a goddamn thing to save your
life! You're worthless!

Behind him, his **MOTHER(37)** putters around the kitchen arguing relentlessly with his **OLD MAN(42)**, who sits at the table.

OLD MAN
Shut your fuckin' yap! I swear to
god all you do is bitch. Yap yap
yap. I oughta shut that fuckin'
mouth of yours for good.

MOTHER
If you did, that'd be the first
thing you ever finished you said
you would you worthless piece of
shit!

THE KID
Quit that racket!

The adults ignore The Kid as he moves to answer the door. Younger, Pig and Marvin step inside. None seem impressed by the disturbance as the Old Man continues with Mother.

OLD MAN
I'm sick of that mouth on you!
Thinkin' you're so fuckin' tough.

YOUNGER
You ready?

THE KID
Lemme get my jacket.

The Kid goes to grab his leather jacket off the couch.

OLD MAN
If it weren't for my bad back I'da
beat your ass blue by now! Come
'ere! Come 'ere and I'll put this
belt on you!

THE KID
I said quit that racket!

The Old Man, wobbly from booze, stands and slips his belt out of its loops. The Mother gets in his face.

MOTHER
Your back! Your back! What a
pathetic piece of shit you turned
out to be!

The Mother *SCREAMS* as the Old Man swats her with the belt. The Kid drops his jacket and enters the kitchen.

THE KID
I said quit that racket!

They take no account of the boy as the Old Man continues.

OLD MAN
I. TOLD. YOU. I. TOLD. YOU.

The Kid is a foot shorter and easily 100 pounds lighter, but he doesn't hesitate to slam his boot into the side of the Old Man's knee.

A gruesome *POP* as the Old Man goes down. The Kid yanks the belt from his hand and begins to thrash him with it.

THE KID
I said quit the racket! Quit it!
Quit it! Quit it!

There's a pathetic *WHINING* coming from the Old Man as he crawls across the linoleum getting whipped.

The Kid takes the belt and loops it around the Old Man's neck. He pulls it taught to choke him. The Mother immediately starts smacking at The Kid's back.

MOTHER
STOP! STOP IT! STOP IT!

The Old Man's tongue hangs out as his face goes red to gray.

MOTHER
STOP! STOP! STOP!

The Mother beats her fists over the back of The Kid's head. Finally, he releases the belt.

The Old Man moans with his eyes closed, spit bubbling from his mouth. The Kid, emotionless, turns to leave as the Mother shouts.

MOTHER
I want you out of here! Don't you
ever come back here! Don't you
ever!

She picks up a plate of food and throws it at The Kid. It splatters across his back and breaks on the floor.

The Kid stops. The Mother immediately shifts to a whisper.

MOTHER
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

The Kid slowly turns around on her. He's stone-faced.

She immediately cowers and drops to the floor by her husband with her hands covering her face.

MOTHER
No no no no no no no.

After a moment, The Kid turns and grabs his jacket.

THE KID
Yous comin'?

The Kid exits as the other boys follow without question.

EXT. ROW HOUSES - CONTINUOUS

They bound down the stairs toward the THREE MOTORCYCLES parked out front.

The Kid straddles his own bike as his friends hop on the other two. The bikes look as if they've been chopped together entirely from rusted scrap metal.

The Kid's bike, with barely a muffler on it, *ERUPTS* on ignition. The gang of four ride off in an explosive rattle.

EXT. CITY BRIDGE - DAY

The Kid's motorcycle leads the other Renegades over a bridge heading out of the city. The wind puffs out the backs of their jackets.

They disappear behind the horizon.

EXT. DAYTON PICNIC - 1966 - DAY

The FOUR RENEGADES, Younger, Marvin, Pig and The Kid, roll their three bikes slowly past the guard gate at the entrance of the Dayton campgrounds. The Kid, trying to keep his cool, scans the commotion unfolding in front of them.

Vandals are everywhere. At least **100 BIKES AND CARS** pepper the public campsite as over **200 MEN AND WOMEN** roam the grounds. Bikeriders with their Old Ladies grill out, make camp, and drink from a collection of kegs.

The Kid stops his group near the base of a tall grass hill that leads up to a plateau. Like a mad relay, Bikeriders are cheered on as they burn their big bikes up the slope creating a swath of muddy tracks.

As The Kid slides off his bike to admire the hill climbers, he reaches a hand out to stop a passing Vandal. It's Wahoo, who is already so drunk he has to grab The Kid's arm to keep from dropping his beer.

THE KID
Hey. You a Vandal?

WAHOO
That's right.

Wahoo taps the mouth of his beer against the emblem embroidered on his chest.

THE KID
We're lookin' to join up?

WAHOO
You wanna join you gotta talk to the man.

THE KID
Who's the man?

WAHOO
That's the man.

Wahoo points through the crowd across the field.

As passing bikes clear, The Kid can see Johnny sitting on a picnic table with his wife Gloria. They drink and laugh with Brucie, Gail and a collection of other Vandals.

The Kid acknowledges with a nod as Wahoo wanders off.

ACROSS THE FIELD,

JOHNNY
Look at this guy.

Benny approaches with Kathy. His right leg dangles in the cast and he limps along using a single crutch. Johnny points his beer at the crutch.

JOHNNY
You rode all the way out here with that?

BENNY
I strapped it to the bike.

KATHY
He needs it 'cause his leg is broke. Hey Gloria.

GLORIA
Hey Kathy.

KATHY
I need a drink.

Kathy moves off to find a keg.

JOHNNY
How was ridin' on the foot?

The question is interrupted by the rumbling approach of a big bike. Johnny and Benny watch as a STRANGE MAN with a mop of wild, matted red hair pulls up.

He parks the bike and climbs off to adjust his saddlebags. As he does, the patch on his jacket clearly reads, "STRAIGHT SATANS, VENICE MC." The Vandals take note.

The man moves toward Johnny. His clothes and hair are filthy from the road. His eyes are wide and carry a twinkle. It makes him look equal parts funny and crazy.

This is **FUNNY SONNY(32)**.

FUNNY SONNY

Somebody said you're the guy I need to talk to.

JOHNNY

Maybe.

FUNNY SONNY

I'm passin' through from California and I heard about this big picnic goin' on. Thought I'd check it out. They said you're the one in charge out here.

Johnny nods, still unsure of this man and this conversation. Funny Sonny removes a crumpled five dollar bill from the pocket of his vest and holds it out to Johnny.

FUNNY SONNY

I'm Sonny. I was hopin' I could get some food and drink, maybe camp the night. Wanted to show some class, contribute to the party.

Johnny takes the cash and turns it in his hand. Seeing that it's a five, he's moderately impressed.

JOHNNY

Help yourself. I'm Johnny. This is Brucie, Benny, Cal, Zipco. We're the Vandals.

Cal shifts his weight to obscure himself behind Zipco, but continues to watch Funny Sonny with suspicion. Funny Sonny takes them all in.

FUNNY SONNY

Well...

He reveals a smile full of broken teeth.

FUNNY SONNY

It's good to meet some proper fuck ups.

A *SCREAMING HOWL* as *MUSIC* carries over to...

A SERIES OF VIGNETTES FROM THE PICNIC:

-Music *BLARES* over a chaotic bacchanal of drinking and yelling. Wine, beer and liquor slosh from cups and mouths, over beards and chests. Funny Sonny, arm and arm with the Vandals, *SCREAMS* and *DANCES*. A *COUPLE* in the background has sex on a picnic table.

-Wahoo, like a child, climbs atop the handlebars of Funny Sonny's bike as he guns the throttle. They launch up the side of the hill climb. At the top, the bike flies out from under them and both men disappear. The *CROWD* watching stands silent, until Funny Sonny and Wahoo reappear at the crest of the hill with arms raised. A roar of *CHEERS* and *LAUGHTER*.

-Funny Sonny sits at a picnic table surrounded by Vandals. He scrapes food off a plate with his fingers and shoves them into his mouth. Spotting a fat caterpillar crawling on the table nearby, he plucks it up and displays it to the group. Cal, still watching Funny Sonny with suspicion, sits at the next table with Brucie and Gail.

GAIL

I always wondered what the Angels
in California looked like.

BRUCIE

Figure about 150, 200 of him.

Funny Sonny pops the caterpillar into his mouth and grinds down with his teeth. For a multitude of reasons, a bikerider at the end of his table vomits. As the *MUSIC* fades...

-Flames *WOOSH* at bonfires being lit. One, two, three. Embers snap in the cool, nighttime air. At a distance, dozens of fires can be seen dotting the campgrounds.

EXT. DAYTON PICNIC - 1966 - NIGHT

CAL

They always pegged me for stupid.
Man, I couldn't read a fuckin'
comic book 'til I got in the army.

WAHOO

What comic book?

Johnny, Gloria, Benny, Kathy, Funny Sonny, Wahoo, Cockroach, Brucie and Gail sit with other Vandals around a large fire listening to Zipco and Cal. Most are woozy from the day of drinking. Some have already passed out.

CAL

I was born in Canada, you hip to
it?

(MORE)

CAL (CONT'D)

I had went up to the fourth grade, man, in school, all in French, no English. I was always hasslin' it, just tryin' to learn the goddam language. So they always had me pegged for stupid.

ZIPCO

You were in the army?

CAL

Yeah, I got a undesirable discharge in there, 'cause I was always salty, but they taught me to read.

ZIPCO

I wanted to be in the army. I always wanted to go over there to Vietnam.

The Kid, followed by his Renegades, moves around the outside of the circle, staying in the dark. He settles in the shadows and watches Johnny across the fire.

ZIPCO

I went to the draft board to get in, and those motherfuckers. They had a big party at the Seaway there, where I went the night before. And I get home about four, you know, and my ma comes home. You ain't goin' yet. My alarm clock's ringin'. I'm still conked out. Fuckin' beard full of wine. And my ma takes me in a taxicab, drives me over there, throws me in there.

Johnny looks over to Kathy and Benny. They share a bottle of whiskey and laugh at Zipco's story.

ZIPCO

You know, they go from station to station. You sit down. I keep fallin' asleep. Smelled like a distillery. Hey, I passed all the fuckin' tests, man. And I walks out of there, the guy says, hey, you flunked your physical.

Benny looks up to find Johnny staring at him. Johnny stands up and motions for Benny to follow him. Kathy watches as Benny hobbles onto his crutch and goes after Johnny.

ZIPCO

I says, what the fuck? What? My ears? I couldn't hear or what? And he says, no, your psychiatrist flunked you. What? What? He says you're a schizophrenic personality. Some shit like that, you know.

COCKROACH

That doctor's a fuckin' genius.

ZIPCO

I smelled like a fuckin' distillery, wined up. I give him good answers, you know? So he says I passed everything except, he says, you're an undesirable character, we don't want you. I says, I wanna go, you know? And I cussed that fucker out that told me that. You goddam motherfuckin' bastard, cocksucker, I walked outta there. And I was cryin'. I wanted to go. I went home and cried for a day. No shit. I ain't shittin' you, hey. What do you think of that crap? And there's pinkos burnin' their draft cards, they that wanna go they won't take, you know? Boy that pissed me off.

BY THE BIKES,

Benny labors on the crutch over to Johnny, who is leaning on his bike parked next to several others.

JOHNNY

Means a lot you came out all banged up like that.

Benny shrugs this off.

JOHNNY

I been thinkin'.

Johnny checks over his shoulder, but it's dark and no one is around. He leans toward Benny, who remains standing.

JOHNNY

I can't run this club forever. I'm gonna need somebody to take it over.

BENNY
What about Brucie?

JOHNNY
I love Brucie. Brucie's like a brother to me, but it ain't Brucie. You know, these guys would eat him alive. It's gotta be somebody they respect. Somebody who won't take any shit off 'em.

Johnny leans back and smiles, pleased with himself.

JOHNNY
It's you.

Benny's face twists. He's genuinely confused by this.

BENNY
Come on.

Johnny holds out a hand to settle him.

JOHNNY
Look. I built this club outta nothin'. I *built* it. I put more in this club than my own fuckin' family. This is my family. We got, I don't know how many chapters we got now. New guys, young guys, I don't even know some of 'em. And the ones I do know, they're only gonna follow somebody that can hold his own.

Benny points to his leg.

BENNY
Look at me. I'm all fucked up. I can't even pay the fuckin' dues.

JOHNNY
Fuck the dues.

BENNY
You're a grown up, man. You got a house, you got a job. I don't want that. I don't care about none of that.

JOHNNY
That's why it's you. You're what all these guys are trying to be.

BENNY

Johnny.

Benny looks around for a better answer but doesn't find one. Johnny moves in close to him, with a finger pointed at Benny's chest.

JOHNNY

I'm offerin' it to you. It's yours.

Johnny backs away and waits for a response. Benny keeps his head down. Johnny, seeing him slipping, counters with a smile, but seems almost desperate.

JOHNNY

Just think it over.

Benny can't look at him. Finally, Benny limps away on the crutch. Johnny is left to swallow the disappointment.

BY THE FIRE,

Kathy watches as Benny retakes his seat next to her. She's suspicious of what he's been discussing.

BRUCIE

Sonny, you ride in California right? With the Angels.

Funny Sonny nods as he uses a knife to uncork a jug of wine. He turns the bottle up.

BRUCIE

So why the hell you way out here?

FUNNY SONNY

They sent me out here for him.

Funny Sonny points the knife at Cal, who nearly chokes on his beer. The once jovial group falls quiet. Funny Sonny continues, with no tension, speaking matter of factly.

FUNNY SONNY

He never turned in his colors. They heard he was ridin' with another club. So they sent me out here to fuck him up.

Funny Sonny turns the jug of wine up and chugs several gulps as the Vandals watch him with eyebrows raised in anticipation. Finally, Brucie speaks up.

BRUCIE

Well. Are you gonna fuck him up?

They watch as Funny Sonny finishes the wine, wipes his face and releases a powerful belch.

FUNNY SONNY

Nah. I like you guys. I think I might trip with you for awhile.

The group just stares at the strange outsider. Johnny returns to take his seat by the fire and notes the silence.

JOHNNY

The fuck happened around here?

WAHOO

I think this Funny Sonny just made Cal shit his pants.

Most everyone laughs, except Cal.

Kathy's eyes move between Johnny and Benny, still puzzling on their talk. She lands on Benny's face, which is stoic.

KATHY (V.O.)

The only thing is I thought I could change him, you know?

EXT. KATHY'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - 1969 - DAY

Kathy uses the edge of the front porch step to pop the cap off her beer bottle. Suds rush out over her hands.

KATHY

Ah geez.

Kathy slings her hand clean and sips at the beer while Danny listens with his microphone pointed.

KATHY

Every woman thinks that she can change a guy. Not to her own ways, but to be different. Not to be different, but to be, I don't know. Like he's wild. I used to think he'd get over that. But he don't. I was married to my first husband for seven years. He's a good guy. Sometimes I wish I woulda stayed married to him. I do. But I gotta tell ya, he was so square, it was pathetic.

Kathy lets a short snort out when she laughs.

KATHY

But Benny, Benny has no feelings. I don't know where he gets it. He's from Park Ridge. It's a real nice place. Good neighborhood. Park Ridge is one of the richest. Benny's father died. He was a big shot for the telephone company. From what I hear, even when his father died he showed no feelings. He said, he's better off dead. Benny thinks that when you die you're better off than when you're living. You know, like when his dad died he said, it's just as well, he's better off that way. When Brucie got killed, well, he's better off that way. No feelings. Brucie. I think ever since Brucie died things with the club have changed. Don't you?

Danny shrugs in the affirmative.

KATHY

I miss Brucie.

EXT. CICERO STREETS - MOVING - 1968 - DAY

Brucie rides in a group with Johnny, Cal, Cockroach and Funny Sonny down a neighborhood street lined with parked cars.

They are moving at a steady clip.

Johnny glances back to Brucie as an unseen vehicle reverses out of a driveway in front of him.

JOHNNY

BRUCIE!

Brucie's bike **SLAMS** into the back end of the car.

He flies over the handle bars and his face **SMASHES** into the rear window leaving a circle of broken glass and a smatter of blood. His body rolls out of sight as the car stops.

It's fast and violent.

INT. THE STOPLIGHT BAR - 1968 - DAY

Johnny sits very still. His mind focused.

CRACK!

He blinks, coming out of it at the sound of billiard balls breaking on the pool table. Zipco and Cal's voices rise in mid-conversation.

ZIPCO

Nothin' he coulda done huh?

CAL

There was nothin'. Just *POW* you know. That's it.

ZIPCO

That's how it is. There's always that one you know. There'll always be one that gets you.

CAL

It's that one that comes out, that will come out of nowhere. That's the one that gets you. The one that comes out of nowhere.

The Stoplight in the daytime. Low *MUSIC* on the jukebox. A few bikeriders milling about. Wahoo appears from the back and approaches Johnny with apprehension.

WAHOO

Hey Johnny.

JOHNNY

Yeah.

WAHOO

We just got a call.

Wahoo hesitates.

JOHNNY

What?

WAHOO

It's the funeral home. They won't take the flowers.

JOHNNY

What?

WAHOO

They won't take the flowers you sent over there. Says the family don't want 'em.

Johnny lets this sink in as Wahoo waits for a response.

JOHNNY

Fuck it. Send 'em anyway. They can
eat 'em if they don't wanna take
'em.

Wahoo nods and turns to the back of the clubhouse.

JOHNNY

Wait.

Johnny looks around at the few Vandals in the bar.

JOHNNY

Get the guys together. We'll take
'em ourselves.

I/E. LIMOUSINE/FUNERAL HOME - 1968 - DAY

A neighborhood rolls by slowly outside the limousine window.

Brucie's MOTHER, **ALICE(67)**, dressed all in black, keeps her eyes down as she brings a handkerchief to her nose. Her HUSBAND, **FRANK(68)**, keeps a tight arm around her in the back of the limousine.

As they approach the funeral home, Frank sees something outside the windows that fills him with consternation.

FRANK

Oh no.

Alice's eyes come up as the limo stops directly in front of the funeral home.

Outside, she sees **SEVENTY PLUS VANDALS** lined up on both sides of the sidewalk leading into the building.

Frank exits the limo and holds a hand back to her. She takes it and climbs out.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

Alice, with Frank's arm wrapped tight around her shoulder, takes in the gauntlet of bikeriders. Some have polished up for the affair, others maintain their usual grime.

Alice's face is hard with grief. She begins to move through the line, eyeing each rider as she goes. Benny, his leg fully healed, stands next to Kathy and watches her pass.

Alice sees Johnny ahead in the line to her right. He's cleaned up, his embroidered Vandals shirt buttoned to the top under a shiny motorcycle jacket with pressed black pants.

Alice moves to him, Frank staying at her side. She stops directly in front of Johnny, whose face is calm but resigned. He doesn't make eye contact.

Alice **SPITS** on Johnny's face.

Johnny doesn't flinch. He's statuesque. Frank leads Alice away by the shoulder and turns back to Johnny with words spoken under his breath.

FRANK

Just...get outta here.

No one moves as Alice and Frank disappear into the funeral home. Benny watches Johnny finally wipe his face with the back of his hand.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

You guys remember Teddy Singer?

INT. THE STOPLIGHT BAR - 1968 - NIGHT

Still dressed in their funeral clothes, the Stoplight Bar is packed with bikeriders. It's *LOUD* and filled with smoke.

Johnny sits at a table near the back with Cockroach and Wahoo. The table is littered with empty bottles and shot glasses. Johnny, uncharacteristically, is visibly drunk. He chokes down another shot.

JOHNNY

Teddy Singer died on his way back from the blessing on Saint Christopher's Day.

COCKROACH

Yeah, he swerved and hit a parked car near the rock quarry. Good guy.

JOHNNY

He rode that beautiful '74. All chrome. Nuthin' but chrome. Not a wire showin' anywhere. They had run all the wires on the inside, up through the frame. His dad made up special things for 'em because his dad was a tool and die maker.

(MORE)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

He made special pieces for the bike
and helped him customize it and
everything.

Cockroach and Wahoo, also drunk, nod, but they aren't sure
where this is going.

JOHNNY

After Teddy died, I offered his dad
to buy the bike from him. Offered
him good money too, but he wouldn't
sell it. His dad doesn't even ride,
just keeps it in his basement.

Johnny chews on this, but after a moment picks up his beer.

JOHNNY

Fuck it.

AT THE FRONT ENTRANCE,

The Kid steps inside the Stoplight followed by his Renegades,
Marvin, Pig, and Younger. They are older now, as evidenced
by some facial hair and more tattoos.

The Kid scans the bar, looking for Johnny. He gives a nearly
imperceptible smile at the rowdiness of it all.

AT JOHNNY'S TABLE,

WAHOO

That's how I want to die.

COCKROACH

Absa-fuckin-lutely.

Johnny rubs his forehead at the inanity of this conversation.

WAHOO

My mom she says to me, she says,
well you've had wrecks, you've seen
people die, your, you've seen both
your cousins die on bikes, your
gonna kill yourself, but that's the
way I wanna die. When I die, I
wanna die on a bike, it's the
fuckin' way to die you know.
There's no better way to die.

JOHNNY

Shut the fuck up.

WAHOO

What?

JOHNNY

Just...

COCKROACH

Johnny.

Cockroach motions to the arrival of The Kid and his Renegades. He lurks behind Johnny, almost timid. He has to speak up over the din.

THE KID

They say you're the one to talk to
about joinin' up.

Johnny turns and squints to size up The Kid. He quickly shakes his head and turns back to his beer.

JOHNNY

We don't take kids. Get outta here.

THE KID

I'm 18.

The Kid doesn't budge. With Johnny's back still turned, The Kid continues.

THE KID

Will you look at our bikes? We
chopped 'em ourselves.

Still nothing from Johnny. The Kid steps forward and lowers himself into Johnny's eye line, nearly leaning on their table. It's a bold move.

THE KID

Come look at our bikes.

Johnny makes eye contact with him for the first time. He can see the seriousness in The Kid's face. Johnny relents and holds out a drunken hand as if to say, "lead the way."

The Kid nods and leads his guys back to the front. Johnny uses the table for balance as he stands.

EXT. THE STOPLIGHT BAR - NIGHT

Johnny flings the door open and steps into the parking lot followed by Wahoo and Cockroach.

The Kid stands with his friends next to the three chopped bikes. They are more refined, but still look rough-hewn. As Johnny approaches the Kid launches in.

THE KID

We scrapped all the pieces
ourselves. We didn't have nothin',
but we did it. All the work
ourselves.

Johnny circles the bikes, leaning in to observe the work.
He's impressed by it.

JOHNNY

What do you call yourselves?

THE KID

We're the Renegades. We been ridin'
since we were 14. We'll do whatever
we gotta do. You want us to rob
somebody, we'll rob 'em. You want
us to fight somebody, we'll kill
'em.

Johnny moves back between The Kid and the bar, Cockroach and
Wahoo behind him. Johnny can see how passionate The Kid is.

THE KID

All we want is to ride with you.

JOHNNY

You want this real bad huh kid?

THE KID

Yeah.

JOHNNY

If I offered you this whole club to
run, you'd take it over in a
heartbeat wouldn't ya?

THE KID

What?

JOHNNY

Nuthin'.

Johnny holds his head, trying to stabilize his world so he
can light a cigarette.

JOHNNY

I tell you what. You're in.

The Kid smiles.

JOHNNY

But just you. You gotta leave your
friends behind.

The Kid looks back at Younger, Marvin and Pig, who watch to see what he'll say. Without hesitation...

THE KID

Fine.

The Kid starts to walk back to the Stoplight but is stopped by Johnny's hand.

JOHNNY

Get the fuck outta here.

Johnny shoves him back. The Kid tenses, confused.

JOHNNY

You turn your back on your friends like that. What kind of piece of shit are you? Get the fuck outta here. I don't wanna see you 'round here again.

Johnny turns to reenter the Stoplight. The Kid stands devastated. He looks back to his friends, who offer no consolation to him.

Something builds inside The Kid. He reaches for his boot and slips out a straight razor.

SNICK!

The blade slides out and he rushes Johnny.

WAHOO

Johnny!

Johnny turns in time to see The Kid's hand coming down with the blade to his face. Johnny shifts with his forearm raised and the razor SLICES there.

Johnny immediately wraps The Kid up close to avoid the blade. He pins The Kid's arm under his own and levels a crushing punch to his face.

The Kid crumples. Knocked out.

Johnny looks at the blood running down his arm. He clamps his hand down on the cut to help the bleeding and motions to the remaining Renegades.

JOHNNY

Clean that piece of shit up and get outta here.

The boys quickly move to gather up The Kid. Johnny steps back toward the Stoplight with Wahoo and Cal. On his way inside, he tracks the dripping blood.

JOHNNY
Fuckin' hell.

INT. CAMPUS DARKROOM - 1968 - NIGHT

Red light bathes everything in the small darkroom.

A black and white image of Zipco appears on paper rinsing in a tray of chemicals. Danny shifts the liquid before using tongs to move the photo to another tray.

From there, the photo is plucked free and hung to dry. An attractive young woman, **SHIRLEY(22)**, studies the photo from over Danny's shoulder.

DANNY
Get the light.

Shirley steps away to switch on the overhead light. The room is bright and reveals a string of several black and white photographs of familiar people and moments.

Shirley moves back over to review them.

SHIRLEY
I don't know how you can talk to people like that. They scare me.

DANNY
The pictures scare you?

SHIRLEY
Well, the people. They're like animals, some of them are.

Shirley removes a joint from her pocket and shows it to Danny. He nods at it.

DANNY
Yeah.

Shirley lights the joint and gets it started.

DANNY
Some of 'em are morons sure, but I like a lot of them. I've met a few that really think about things.

Shirley passes Danny the joint and he takes a hit.

DANNY

Like they always talk like victims you know? They choose this way to live, which is fine, but then they take offense when the world judges them for it. It's strange. But I like a lot of 'em.

Danny looks over a photograph of Benny.

DANNY

I guess at some point though, you gotta be responsible for what you put out in the world you know?

Danny passes the joint to Shirley.

DANNY

But at their best, they're just trying to live outside of things. They're trying to find something for themselves. You gotta respect that.

Shirley moves to examine another photo while taking a hit off the joint. She holds in the smoke.

SHIRLEY

That's probably bullshit.

Danny shrugs.

KATHY (V.O.)

But you left.

INT. FORT LAUDERDALE HOUSE - KITCHEN - 1973 - DAY

DANNY

What?

Danny sits across the kitchen bar holding his microphone, lost in his own memories this time.

KATHY

You left before things really got bad.

DANNY

Yeah I guess, it was '69. I was done with school and just packed up to go back to New York. That's why I wanted to talk. I wanted to know what happened to all the guys.

Kathy lights a new Menthol and shakes her head as if to say, "What a shame."

KATHY

A year or so after Brucie died, after you left, the club really changed. It just got, it was like they all started playin' the part you know? Like they were all pretendin' to be how they were in the beginning. One guy tryin' to one up another one. Just idiotic stuff. And the club, it split.

EXT. RURAL CLUBHOUSE - 1970 - NIGHT

Headlights ricochet through dust rising off a dirt road as bikeriders come and go from a rundown farmhouse surrounded by dark, fallow fields. From inside, *MUSIC BLARES*.

Johnny stands outside next to a burn barrel with Cockroach. He sips a beer and stares across the fire at **FOUR NEWER MEMBERS** passing a joint.

KATHY (V.O.)

It split between the old guys and the young guys. Between the beer drinkers and the pot smokers.

Johnny steps away and weaves through a maze of bikes to enter the rural clubhouse. Cockroach stays behind to drunkenly ramble at the New Members.

COCKROACH

There's a guy used to ride with us, took photos, says he's gonna make a book. I says to him, all I ever want is to be photographed dressed up like a barbarian. Like a real barbarian you know, with fur and an axe or some shit. That way I can show my kid someday and say, look, your old man was a real barbarian. But the guy never fuckin' did it.

INT. RURAL CLUBHOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

It's a crowded house party and Johnny has to work his way through a haze of smoke and people to get to the back.

KATHY (V.O.)

And the rules, I mean, at least the old guys were around to know it's all just a bunch of made up stuff, but these young guys really believed 'em. I mean jeez. It's like it was all written in stone or something. They were scary. Really scary.

Johnny passes Kathy sitting on a disintegrating couch in between Benny and Funny Sonny.

Kathy sips a beer and watches a **DRUNK GIRL(26)** wearing A RED VELVET DRESS dance in the center of the room. Several Vandals hover around her like vultures.

KATHY

Boy, look at that dress. I bet I'd look good in that dress.

FUNNY SONNY

I bet you're right Kathy.

IN THE BACK KITCHEN,

Johnny grabs a fresh beer from a tin of icy water. A red scar on his forearm peeks out under his cuffed sleeve. As he cracks open the beer, he sees a **YOUNG VANDAL(21)** injecting heroin on the floor of the adjacent hallway.

KATHY (V.O.)

You got these young guys, half of 'em comin' back from Vietnam, and they're the pot smokers. They're different these young ones. I mean smokin' pot sure, but they do other stuff too, drugs you know, like hard stuff, and they're all crazy.

The guy's head falls back as he slides down the wall. Johnny is not impressed. At a table nearby, Johnny watches as **TWO OTHER VANDALS** laugh and talk. One has a pistol on the table and uses it as a prop for his story.

VANDAL

I got him laid out on the floor right? And I put this right up to the back of his head. He says, why don't you let me go, and I says you ain't goin' nowhere motherfucker. I captured you. You can go when I say you go. And he's lucky I wasn't mad you know?

KATHY (V.O.)
You hear what they did to
Cockroach?

EXT. RURAL CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

NEW VANDAL
What'd you say?

Cockroach, swaying from the booze, swings his beer around as he talks to the New Members.

COCKROACH
A motorcycle cop. I always wanted
to be a motorcycle cop. It's why I
gotta give my colors back. I can't
be no motorcycle cop wearing Vandal
colors.

NEW VANDAL
You say you're quittin'?

COCKROACH
Yeah. My old lady keeps barkin' at
me 'bout it, but what better job, I
say what better job is there than
to get paid to sit on a Harley
Davidson all day long?

Cockroach is completely unaware, but the New Members are watching him like wolves. Their eyes lit by the fire.

INT. RURAL CLUBHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kathy has moved over by the front door and is talking to **BIG BARBARA(32)**, who is an average size.

KATHY
But that's what I told her. She's
gotta call a lawyer you know?

BARBARA
I don't think she'll do it.

FUNNY SONNY
Here.

Their conversation is interrupted by the arrival of Funny Sonny. He hands Kathy the red velvet dress crumpled in a ball. She takes it, incredulous.

KATHY
Where'd you get this?

FUNNY SONNY
That girl gave it to you.

KATHY
Sonny, what the heck is she
wearin'?

FUNNY SONNY
She don't need it. She took a few
of the guys upstairs. They're
havin' a good time. She said she
wants you to have it.

KATHY
She did huh?

FUNNY SONNY
Try it on.

Kathy is unsure. She looks to Barbara who shrugs.

FUNNY SONNY
Come on.

Kathy rolls her eyes and heads to the bathroom.

EXT. RURAL CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

A **HORDE OF BIKERIDERS** arrive outside the house in a loud
crush of dust and headlights.

Cockroach, still by the burn barrel with the four New
Members, clocks the riders as they enter the house.

COCKROACH
Where they from?

NEW VANDAL
Columbus.

COCKROACH
All you new fuckin' guys. I can't
keep up. I gotta take a piss.

Cockroach wanders away into the adjacent field.

The New Members look at one another. One grabs a 2X4 off a
stack of scraps, and they follow Cockroach into the field.

As Cockroach sways in silhouette, the 2X4 SMASHES across his back. He tumbles face-first into the tall grass.

The New Members encircle his body and ruthlessly kick him.

NEW VANDAL

You wanna quit motherfucker?!

INT. RURAL CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

Kathy emerges from the bathroom wearing the red velvet dress.

The house party is loud and brimming with people. She wedges her way through the crowd to find Benny and Funny Sonny drinking in the corner.

Kathy has enough room to spin in the dress for Benny.

BENNY

It's real pretty.

FUNNY SONNY

You look good Kathy.

The moment is cut short by Johnny yelling from the kitchen.

JOHNNY

Benny! Sonny! Come 'ere!

Benny and Funny Sonny get up and head back toward Johnny.

Kathy looks around at all the new faces and immediately feels awkward in the dress.

She works her way over to the stairs by the front door and takes a seat. Sipping at a beer, she notices the Columbus crew staring at her. She cranes her neck to see if Benny or the others have come back, but they're nowhere in sight.

EXT. RURAL CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

Benny and Funny Sonny follow Johnny into the dark field that borders the house.

FUNNY SONNY

What's goin' on?

Before the question is answered, they come to Cockroach, moaning in a heap amongst the knee-high grass.

They move to roll him on his back and can see his head is bloody and swollen.

FUNNY SONNY
Somebody really fucked him up. You
see who did it?

Johnny looks back to the house, but everyone has gone or
moved inside. He shakes his head.

JOHNNY
Nah. Fuck. Let's get him loaded in
a car.

Benny and Funny Sonny grab Cockroach's legs as Johnny labors
to lift him under his arms. Cockroach winces in pain.
Johnny looks to Benny.

JOHNNY
You need to get him to a hospital.

BENNY
Okay.

INT. RURAL CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

Kathy, still at the bottom of the stairs, finishes off her
bottle of beer. She steals a glance back at the Columbus
crew and sees them approaching.

She gets to her feet and steps to the front door, but a
COLUMBUS MEMBER catches her by the arm.

COLUMBUS MEMBER
Where you goin'?

KATHY
Let go.

THREE OTHER MEMBERS crowd around Kathy. One takes her other
arm and they begin to move her up the stairs.

KATHY
Stop. STOP IT!

COLUMBUS MEMBER
Don't worry. We'll take care of ya.

Kathy flails, her beer bottle smashes against the stair wall.
The Columbus Members laugh as they easily overpower her.
Kathy begins SCREAMING.

KATHY
NO! NO! NO! NO!

COLUMBUS MEMBER

We got you.

Kathy WAILS, her legs kicking at the men as they move her further up the steps. Her struggling causes them to lift her off her feet.

KATHY

BENNY! BENNY! NOOOOO! NOOOOO!

With tears in her eyes, she looks up to see the approaching bedroom door on the second floor. She wrestles a hand free and slaps at the face of a laughing man, but they don't stop.

COLUMBUS MEMBER

Goddamn girl.

Kathy's voice cracks from screaming. As they reach the top of the stairs, Wahoo walks out of the bedroom and sees them carrying Kathy.

WAHOO

The fuck you doin'?

COLUMBUS MEMBER

We're gettin' our wings.

JOHNNY

Kathy!

Johnny and Funny Sonny rush up to her. Johnny grabs one of the Columbus Members and slings him down the stairs.

COLUMBUS MEMBER

Wait man. WAIT!

The three remaining Columbus guys all hold their hands up as everyone is crammed on the stairway in a standoff. Kathy slumps on the floor with her hands covering her head.

COLUMBUS MEMBER

We were just gettin' our wings.

Johnny shoves the man against the wall, but they keep their hands up.

COLUMBUS MEMBER

Come on man! They said the girl in the red velvet dress was ready to go. We were just gettin' ours. They said the girl in the red dress.

Johnny's breathing starts to settle. After a moment, he waves a hand.

JOHNNY

Get the fuck outta here.

The Columbus guys shuffle down the stairs. Funny Sonny escorts them with push. As they go,

COLUMBUS MEMBER

Fuck man. Just a fuckin' misunderstanding.

Johnny looks down to Kathy.

JOHNNY

Kathy. You okay?

Kathy is shaking. Her voice is low and trembles.

KATHY

Where's Benny?

JOHNNY

He had to go.

Her eyes finally move up to meet Johnny's. He holds the stare, trying to comfort her.

JOHNNY

You're okay.

Her wide eyes, glassy and detached, show that she is not, and Johnny understands this.

INT. FORT LAUDERDALE HOUSE - KITCHEN - 1973 - DAY

Kathy taps the ash off her cigarette into a tray.

She takes another drag from the Menthol, then lets out a long, slow exhale. She doesn't look at Danny.

INT. THE STOPLIGHT BAR - CLUBROOM - 1970 - DAY

A playing card turns over in a game of solitaire.

Benny sits in the back clubroom of The Stoplight bar playing cards and nursing a whiskey over ice as Johnny goes over a ledger with Wahoo at a table nearby.

JOHNNY

You gotta stay on these bartenders.
Short pours. Short, you hear me?

WAHOO

Yeah, but I mean it's like they're walkin' out the back with a bottle a night.

JOHNNY

That's why you gotta tell 'em.

WAHOO

I tol' 'em.

COCKROACH

Johnny?

They look up to see Cockroach stepping into the clubroom. His arm is in a sling and his face is badly bruised. Johnny waves him further inside.

JOHNNY

If liquor keeps walkin' we're gonna fire 'em. That's it.

WAHOO

I tol' 'em.

COCKROACH

I need to talk with you.

Cockroach scans the faces of the other bikeriders in the room. He leans in and speaks low.

COCKROACH

Alone.

Johnny finally pays attention to him. He looks around the room at the few other Vandals hanging out.

JOHNNY

You guys get outta here.

Benny takes his drink and slides off the chair. He exchanges a look with Johnny as he follows the other members out front.

Cockroach waits until they are alone and takes a seat at the table in front of Johnny. He winces as he sits and holds his free hand to his side.

COCKROACH

They broke two fuckin' ribs.

Johnny takes a sip of his beer.

COCKROACH

These fuckin' new guys. These kids.
I think they're crazy Johnny.

Johnny nods.

COCKROACH

Look. I told my old lady I'd turn
in my colors. I wanna turn in my
colors. Quit the club.

Johnny takes this in.

JOHNNY

I understand.

COCKROACH

But Johnny, these kids. The new
ones. I'm worried when they find
out, they'll fuckin' kill me.

Johnny nods in resigned agreement.

COCKROACH

I need help. Just tell me what to
do and I'll do it here. I just need
help you know.

Johnny sets his beer down.

JOHNNY

I'll take care of ya.

INT. THE STOPLIGHT BAR - DAY

Benny has moved to the bar at the front of The Stoplight. He
swivels on the stool to see Cockroach emerge from the back
with Johnny following.

At the front door, Johnny pats Cockroach on the back.
Cockroach leaves.

Johnny walks over to Benny and leans against the bar. He
speaks low.

JOHNNY

You got a pistol right?

BENNY

Yeah.

JOHNNY

Bring it by here tonight.

BENNY
What are we gonna do?

JOHNNY
We gotta go see Cockroach.

Benny sits back and studies Johnny, but he doesn't ask any more questions.

INT. KATHY'S BEDROOM - 1970 - EVENING

The top drawer of a bedroom dresser slides open.

Benny sifts through the clothes there and removes a REVOLVER. He tucks the pistol into the back of his jeans.

KATHY (O.S.)
Benny!

He closes the drawer and turns as Kathy emerges from the stairs. She sees him and smiles.

KATHY
You up here?

BENNY
Yeah.

KATHY
Watcha doin'?

BENNY
Nothin'.

KATHY
I got somethin' I need to say.

BENNY
I gotta be someplace.

KATHY
Well we all got places to be.

Kathy stands between him and the door. She is determined, and he sees it. He sits back against the dresser.

BENNY
What is it?

KATHY
I can't live this way no more. And
I ain't gonna live this way no
more.

Benny listens, but remains stoic.

KATHY

You weren't there Benny. You didn't see it. I don't know what I woulda done if they'da got me up those stairs and into that bedroom. If that had happened, I think I woulda taken your gun and popped my brains out.

BENNY

Come on.

KATHY

I'm serious. I know I'm always sayin' people that commit suicide have to be nuts, but this is one time that I would go nuts.

Kathy's confidence remains, but her eyes give way to red. She clamps her jaw tight to control it.

KATHY

Who would want you after a thing like that? Who'd even want to look at you?

Kathy shakes her head and reigns back her emotions. She stares Benny down. He shifts his weight on the dresser, uncomfortable with this all.

BENNY

So what do you want?

KATHY

I want you to quit ridin'.

Benny lowers his head. His stare fixed to the floor.

KATHY

I want you to quit the club.

Kathy's voice changes. It somewhat softens.

KATHY

I was thinkin' we move someplace. You said you had a cousin in Florida with a garage you could work at. Let's go down there. Take the kids. Just go someplace you know.

Benny's eyes stay fixed on the carpet.

KATHY

Benny.

Nothing.

KATHY

Benny.

Kathy's voice tenses again.

KATHY

Benny.

BENNY

What? What do you think this is?
What did you ever think was gonna
be?

The emotion floods into her face again, but she holds it.

KATHY

Benny.

BENNY

I gotta go meet Johnny.

Benny brushes past her and is gone down the stairs.

Kathy remains. Still.

After a moment, she takes a seat on the edge of the bed. She winces as if someone has hit her in the stomach.

EXT. THE STOPLIGHT BAR - 1970 - NIGHT

Benny rides his motorcycle into the empty parking lot of the Stoplight. It's very late, and the bar is closed. The only light comes from the neighboring street lamps.

Johnny sits in the only vehicle in the lot. He half climbs out of his car, hanging on the door frame as Benny parks.

Benny steps off his bike and the two men stare at one another for a moment across the parking lot.

JOHNNY

Get in. We'll take the car.

Johnny slides back in behind the wheel and Benny crosses to the passenger door.

EXT. COCKROACH'S HOUSE/BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Benny, in the passenger seat of Johnny's car, surveys the neighborhood.

Johnny climbs out and moves to the trunk. Benny follows him.

As Benny approaches the trunk, he sees Johnny remove a PUMP ACTION SHOTGUN. Johnny quietly closes the lid and leads Benny across the alley.

Benny takes the pistol from the back of his jeans.

AT COCKROACH'S HOUSE,

Johnny lifts the latch on the chain-link gate and it *CREAKS* as he opens it. They move into the backyard. Johnny stops and leans in close to Benny.

JOHNNY
(whispering)
You don't do nothin'. Just follow
me in.

Benny nods.

They move up the back stairs of the house and pause on a landing just outside the door.

Johnny gives three quick *TAPS* on the door glass. He then steps back and levels the shotgun at the door handle.

BOOM!

The handle punches through under the blast of the shotgun. Johnny pushes the door open and Benny follows him inside.

INT. COCKROACH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The room is dark, but Benny can make out the silhouette of a man sitting in a chair in the middle of the room.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

FLASHES as the muzzle of the shotgun flares with each blast. Johnny seems to indiscriminately fire into the room.

As the *NOISE* and *SMOKE* settle, Benny sees it is Cockroach sitting in a kitchen chair in the middle of the sparsely furnished room.

Johnny steps further inside and raises the shotgun at him.

BAM! BAM!

He fires twice more into a door frame just above Cockroach's head. Cockroach barely moves, other than to bring the hand not in a sling up to his ear.

Cockroach stands, grabs a stuffed duffle bag off the floor, and approaches Johnny.

He drops the duffle bag and gives Johnny a hug. Johnny turns to Benny with an open hand.

JOHNNY

Give me your pistol.

Benny hands it to him. Johnny looks at Cockroach, who steps back and sheepishly turns to his side.

Johnny points the pistol at Cockroach's thigh and **FIRES**.

The bullet grazes Cockroach's leg, which he immediately grabs in pain. Blood leaks through his fingers there.

COCKROACH

Fuck. Goddamn.

Johnny gives Benny back the pistol before swatting Cockroach's hand away from his leg.

JOHNNY

Let it bleed.

Cockroach takes his hand off his leg. Blood runs down his pants and smatters on the floor.

COCKROACH

Thanks Johnny.

JOHNNY

Yeah. Just stay gone okay? A year.
Maybe two.

COCKROACH

I know. Thanks.

Cockroach picks up the duffle bag and nods to Benny as he limps out to the front of the dark house.

JOHNNY

Come on.

Johnny quickly leads Benny out the back door.

EXT. COCKROACH'S HOUSE/BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Johnny sets the shotgun in the open trunk and covers it with a blanket. He shuts the lid and moves quickly to the driver's door as Benny climbs in the car.

The sound of *SIRENS* approach in the distance.

I/E. JOHNNY'S CAR/NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - MOVING - NIGHT

A radio *PLAYS* as the car passes through neighborhood streets.

Johnny smokes a cigarette as he drives. Benny looks over to him from the passenger seat. Johnny seems at ease.

Benny looks disconcerted.

EXT. THE STOPLIGHT BAR - NIGHT

Johnny's car pulls into the lot and parks near Benny's bike. The car idles in the dark.

INSIDE THE CAR,

The two men sit quietly.

BENNY

The fuck was all that for?

Johnny can see Benny is unsettled. He takes a drag off his cigarette and speaks calmly.

JOHNNY

That was takin' care of Cockroach.

BENNY

And that's it?

JOHNNY

That's it.

Benny, unsatisfied with this answer, climbs out of the car. After a moment, Johnny follows him out.

OUTSIDE THE CAR,

As Benny heads for his bike, Johnny steps into the lot. He flicks his cigarette to the ground.

JOHNNY

Benny.

Benny stops and turns back to him.

JOHNNY
You know these new guys. These
young ones. Don't none of 'em
listen.

Benny shrugs. Johnny looks around, searching for his words.

JOHNNY
You gotta take this thing over. I
can't run this club no more.

Benny just stares back at him.

JOHNNY
I need your help.

The two men share a long silence. Until,

BENNY
You know, I don't ask nobody for
nothin'. And I don't want nothin'
from nobody. It's not me. Never
gonna be me.

This hits Johnny.

Benny moves to his bike, straddles it, and kicks over the
engine. It's *LOUD*. Benny pulls away.

Johnny stays in the lot, trying to process the rejection.

KATHY (V.O.)
Benny always talked about leavin'.

Johnny watches as Benny's bike is swallowed up by the night,
disappearing into the streets of Cicero.

KATHY (V.O.)
And then he was gone.

INT. FORT LAUDERDALE HOUSE - KITCHEN - 1973

Danny listens with the microphone pointed.

KATHY
Like Funny Sonny says to me, Kathy,
I'm gonna tell you somethin'. Once
you go with a guy from the Vandals,
he says, you'll never go back to
another guy. And I think it's true.
(MORE)

KATHY (CONT'D)

'Cause after a while you get just like 'em, and you start thinkin' like them, and actin' like 'em. It changes you.

Kathy shakes her head thinking about it all.

KATHY

Benny was gone more than a year. 'Cause that was '71. That's when some kid showed up to challenge Johnny.

INT. THE STOPLIGHT BAR - 1971 - DAY

Johnny sits in the Stoplight bar with Cal, Zipco, Wahoo and Corky. They drink beer in the daylight hours while the jukebox plays low in the corner.

KATHY (V.O.)

I'd never heard of him. Just some kid.

Johnny doesn't look up as the front door opens. The Kid steps inside, followed by **FIVE OTHER BIKERIDERS**.

The Kid approaches their table and waits. Johnny finally looks up at him.

THE KID

I'm a Vandal now.

The Kid taps the patch on his vest. Johnny, unimpressed, takes out a cigarette and lights it.

WAHOO

What chapter?

THE KID

Milwaukee.

Johnny nods.

THE KID

All the guys been talkin'. We're done with you runnin' things.

The Kid looks back to his entourage before continuing.

THE KID

I'm here to challenge you.

Johnny lets this sit in the air for a moment. The Kid is tough, but seems uncomfortable waiting.

JOHNNY
Fists or knives?

THE KID
Knives.

JOHNNY
There's a parking lot on Fuller.
Near the lake. Tomorrow night.

The kid turns and walks out with his crew. Johnny just smokes his cigarette.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOME - BEDROOM/DEN - 1971 - AFTERNOON

Johnny stands in front of the dresser mirror in his bedroom.

He grabs his wallet and keys from a jar and puts them in his pockets before walking out.

IN THE DEN,

Gloria sits on the couch watching TV. Johnny walks through and grabs his jacket off a hook by the front door.

JOHNNY
Where the girls?

GLORIA
Out with friends.

JOHNNY
I gotta head out.

GLORIA
You comin' back tonight?

JOHNNY
Yeah.

GLORIA
Can you grab some eggs on your way
home? I don't wanna get out again.

Johnny looks at Gloria, who never takes her eyes off the TV.

JOHNNY
Yeah.

Johnny puts on his jacket and steps out the front door.

EXT. KATHY'S HOUSE - 1971 - SUNSET

The sun sits below the horizon as a blue hue overtakes Kathy's street. The *SOUND OF RUMBLING* grows.

Johnny's bike appears down the street. He parks in front of Kathy's house and climbs off.

Johnny moves up the stairs to the front door and *KNOCKS*.

Waiting, he steps back and moves to the bottom of the stoop. The door opens and Kathy walks outside. She remains on the porch standing over him.

KATHY

Hey Johnny.

JOHNNY

Hey Kathy.

Johnny seems unsure. Kathy just watches him.

JOHNNY

Benny around?

She shakes her head, "NO."

KATHY

He left town. I figured you woulda seen him before me.

JOHNNY

Nah.

KATHY

Last I heard he rode to Ohio with some guys.

JOHNNY

That sounds right.

Johnny keeps his eyes on the ground.

KATHY

What do you need Johnny?

JOHNNY

Nuthin'.

He's lingering and Kathy can tell.

KATHY

I guess neither one of us got him.

Johnny looks up to her, judging whether or not to engage.

JOHNNY

I guess not.

Johnny turns to leave, but stops himself before he gets to the bike. He turns back.

JOHNNY

You know, you give everything you got to a thing. You give it all you got. And it's still just gonna do what it's gonna do.

The words hang in the air between them. After a moment, Kathy can't handle the awkward silence.

KATHY

You mean like my marriages?

A short snort escapes when she laughs. Johnny smiles at this. Kathy tries to break the tension.

KATHY

Come on Johnny, what do you need?

JOHNNY

I already said it. Nuthin'.

Johnny turns to go. Just before he starts the bike,

JOHNNY

Take it easy Kathy.

KATHY

You too Johnny.

The engine rumbles to life and Johnny pulls away. Kathy tracks him as the bike disappears around the curve. She can see her breath in the air.

KATHY (V.O.)

It was late October. So it was already gettin' cold.

EXT. PARKING LOT - 1971 - NIGHT

A line of exhaust pipes smoke in the cold night.

KATHY (V.O.)

I heard a lot of the Old Vandals didn't even take their bikes. They just sat in their cars to watch.

Six cars line the edge of a large parking lot. Sodium street lamps dot the area, but the headlights from the cars provide most of the light.

Johnny and Wahoo blow warm air into their cupped hands as they lean against a car talking with Zipco.

JOHNNY

What do they call it?

ZIPCO

Hubert Law. Hubert.

WAHOO

Is that German?

ZIPCO

Nah, Hubert Law is when you go to work and go to jail at night. That's what I'm sayin', they're teachin' 'em a trade. All these flunkies.

The conversation is cut short by the arrival of The Kid and his **CREW**. The headlights of about **20 BIKES** wash over them and park across the lot.

Johnny takes a set of brass knuckles from his jacket pocket and slips them over his left fingers. He removes a butterfly knife from the back of his jeans but leaves it folded.

JOHNNY

Let me go do this.

WAHOO

Go get 'em Johnny.

Johnny walks out to the middle of the parking lot.

Zipco and Wahoo get into their car and immediately hold their hands up to the heating vents.

ZIPCO

Gettin' fuckin' cold out there.

They can see Johnny out over the headlights. He stops and waits for The Kid.

IN THE PARKING LOT,

Johnny watches The Kid approach with **SIX BIKERIDERS** behind him. As he gets close, Johnny unfolds the butterfly knife.

JOHNNY

All right Kid. How you want it?

Johnny takes a step toward The Kid.

While approaching,

The Kid raises a .38 Revolver and **SHOOTS JOHNNY IN THE CHEST.**

Johnny collapses to the ground. It's as if his legs lost all power and his knees just buckled.

IN WAHOO'S CAR,

From a distance, Zipco and Wahoo watch Johnny fall.

ZIPCO

Fuck.

Neither of the men move.

IN THE PARKING LOT,

Johnny is laid out across the asphalt. His eyes are open to the night sky.

The Kid's eyes are wide as he steps over Johnny's body. The Bikeriders behind him yell and laugh, shoving him in excitement. The Kid can't take his eyes off Johnny.

As dark blood spreads under his jacket, there is no breath coming from Johnny's mouth. He's gone.

INT. FORT LAUDERDALE HOUSE - KITCHEN - 1973 - DAY

Kathy holds the cigarette in her lips as Danny listens.

KATHY

I heard a guy say later, a bikerider, he says that when Johnny got killed, that was the end of the golden age of motorcycles.

The tape on Danny's recorder continues to turn as he repositions himself with the mic.

KATHY

After that, this kid took over and turned the Vandals into a proper gang.

EXT. PARKING LOT - 1971 - NIGHT

FROM INSIDE WAHOO'S CAR,

Zipco and Wahoo watch The Kid, having just shot Johnny, walk over and stand in the headlights of the Old Vandals' parked cars.

IN THE PARKING LOT,

The Kid raises his arms up, with the gun still in his hand. It's a clear challenge to all of the men in the cars.

No one gets out.

INSIDE WAHOO'S CAR,

WAHOO
The fuck we do?

ZIPCO
Nothin' to do.

Zipco shakes his head. Swallowing his frustration.

KATHY (V.O.)
The gang got even bigger.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - 1973 - DAY

The Kid leads a **PACK OF FIFTEEN VANDALS** as they ride through the Midwestern countryside.

KATHY (V.O.)
They have chapters all over the Midwest and even further. I heard they started runnin' drugs down from Canada. Gambling. Prostitution. You name it. I heard they've even murdered people.

EXT. FIELD - 1973 - NIGHT

In a vacant field at night, the headlights of three motorcycles illuminate the backs of **TWO MEN** on their knees. **THREE VANDALS** stand behind them with pistols raised.

POP! POP! POP!

Three gunshots FIRE simultaneously and the two men fall face first into the field.

INT. FORT LAUDERDALE HOUSE - KITCHEN - 1973 - DAY

Kathy moves over to the sink in her avocado-colored kitchen and looks out the back window.

THROUGH THE WINDOW,

Benny still sits in the yard talking with his Cousin and drinking beer. The Toddler now squirms in his Cousin's lap.

IN THE KITCHEN,

Kathy dumps out her cup of coffee and leaves it with other dishes in the sink.

KATHY

And other clubs, you think of Funny
Sonny right? That couldn't happen
today.

Kathy moves back over to her stool at the bar in front of Danny. She takes her seat and picks back up the Menthol.

KATHY

With other clubs, they attack each
other on sight now. It's a real
shame.

DANNY

What about the other guys? What
happened to all the guys?

Kathy takes in a deep breath, thinking.

KATHY

Well. Some of the guys still ride
with 'em. Wahoo and Corky I think.

EXT. THE STOPLIGHT BAR - 1965 - DAY

From Danny's first interview with Wahoo and Corky outside the Stoplight bar. Wahoo shoves Corky's face, forcing him off camera as he laughs and feigns a scream.

KATHY (V.O.)

They're still Vandals.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD RALLY RACETRACK - 1966 - DAY

Cal talks with Zipco in the field at the Springfield rally.

KATHY

Cal died.

He's animated as he speaks about working on motorcycles.

KATHY (V.O.)

They said he was paintin' houses in Lakewood. He fell off a ladder and broke his neck.

The ROAR of a revving motor.

EXT. SMALL TOWN MOVIE THEATER - 1971 - DAY

Funny Sonny sits on his motorcycle in front of the ticket booth of a small town movie theater.

The marquee over his head reads, "EASY RIDER."

KATHY (V.O.)

Somebody told me Funny Sonny got paid five bucks to sit on his bike outside a movie theater to try and get people in to watch Easy Rider.

TWO WOMEN walk past the theater and flinch as Funny Sonny REVS his engine again. He laughs as they pass.

KATHY (V.O.)

The whole thing is just ridiculous.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - 1973 - DAY

Cockroach, dressed in the uniform of a motorcycle cop, smiles from atop his police-issue Harley Davidson.

KATHY (V.O.)

Cockroach went back to Chicago. And can you believe this, he's a motorcycle cop now. Of all things.

His **SON(10)** stands next to him in front of their home.

EXT. FIELD - 1966 - DAY

Zipco stands next to his motorcycle alone in a field of flowers holding a beer. His motorcycle gloves are crammed in the loop on the shoulder of his leather jacket.

KATHY (V.O.)
 Zipco moved to Texas to work on a
 shrimp boat. That's the last I
 heard a him. But I don't know.

Zipco tips back the beer.

INT. FORT LAUDERDALE HOUSE - KITCHEN - 1973 - DAY

DANNY
 And what about Benny?

Kathy doesn't immediately answer.

INT. BAR - 1971 - DAY

Benny sits in a random bar sipping a shot of whiskey. He
 still wears his Vandal colors.

A table of **FOUR BIKERIDERS** talk behind him.

BIKERIDER
 Hey Benny. You hear that?

Benny turns slightly to favor the man speaking to him. The
BIKERIDER(36) approaches and leans on the bar to talk.

BIKERIDER
 They just told me the leader of the
 Vandals got killed. A guy named
 Johnny.

Benny doesn't react.

BIKERIDER
 Said some kid just walked up and
 shot him in a parking lot. Didn't
 you used to ride with that guy?

Benny nods.

BIKERIDER
 These fuckin' kids.

The Bikerider returns to his table.

Benny takes a moment, then finishes off the shot of whiskey.
 He stands and fishes in his front pocket. He sets some cash
 on the bar and walks out.

Sunlight floods in as Benny opens the door. His bike is
 parked in front.

I/E. KATHY'S HOUSE - DEN/FRONT PORCH - 1971 - DAY

Kathy comes down the stairs and through the den.

She stops at the front door and pulls back the shade to look out onto the porch.

She lets the shade fall, affected by what she sees. After a moment, she steps outside.

ON THE FRONT PORCH,

Kathy walks out. She sees Benny sitting on the steps. His motorcycle is parked at the street.

He doesn't turn to see her.

She goes over and sits next to him. They sit in silence for awhile without looking at each other.

Finally, she looks over at him. He looks back at her, and his face breaks.

Benny lowers his head into Kathy's shoulder. She puts her arm around him as he sobs into her chest.

Kathy holds Benny as he continues to cry.

KATHY (V.O.)
We moved down to Florida.

INT. FORT LAUDERDALE HOUSE - KITCHEN - 1973 - DAY

Kathy takes a long, final drag off the cigarette.

KATHY
And we've been good you know.
Happy. Benny works with his cousin
now. And things are real good.

Danny nods, hesitating to ask his last question.

DANNY
Does Benny still ride?

KATHY
No. Ever since Johnny died, Benny
don't ride no more.

Kathy taps her cigarette on the ash tray.

KATHY
And you know...

She looks directly at Danny.

KATHY

I don't think he misses it.

Kathy holds the look. Her eyes flutter. She so desperately wants this to be true.

EXT. FORT LAUDERDALE HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Benny takes a sip of beer as he sits listening to his Cousin ramble on. The Toddler picks at his Cousin's chin.

COUSIN

I told this guy, if you want a car
that runs like new, you need to go
buy a new car, 'cause after what
you did here, this car ain't ever
gonna run like...

His Cousin's words fall away. Benny's eyes are on the ground, but his mind is somewhere else.

A *SOUND* builds in the distance.

***THE RUMBLE OF MOTORCYCLE ENGINES ECHOES THROUGH THE
NEIGHBORHOOD.***

Benny's eyes move up, following the *SOUND*.

THE END.



Cal on the Springfield run



Clubhouse during the Columbus run, Dayton, Ohio



Kathy, at home, Chicago