

FADE IN:

EXT. PARK - DAY

Two old men play chess in a quiet park. Dogs frolic in the background.

One old man, HARRY, scratches his graying head of hair in desperate concentration, while the other, ROGER, wipes the perspiration off his bald dome.

ROGER

Jeez, Harry. Make your move.

Harry crunches up his face and places a finger on a chess piece.

Roger looks at his watch

ROGER (CONT'D)

It's almost 3 o'clock. We've got the early bird special at Marie Callenders.

HARRY

Don't rush me. You always rush me. I don't like being rushed.

Roger lets out an exasperated SIGH and leans back in his seat. He sips on a bottle of **name-brand water**.

A motorcycle ROARS by them, flying through the air at head height.

Roger almost falls out of his chair as he spins to watch it go by.

ROGER

Holy Jerusalem.

Harry takes this moment of distraction to move a few chess pieces around.

HARRY

Checkmate. Ha.

Roger turns back around, befuddled.

A small, black car with dark windows whizzes by, engine revving.

The motorcycle flies over a picnic table and skids to a stop on the other side. The MOTORCYCLIST flips open his visor, his steely gray eyes glaring at the coming car.

He pops his visor down with authority, revs the engine and takes off.

The black car follows.

The motorcycle drives past a on-going soccer game.

The soccer balls is kicked in his direction. The Motorcyclist head-butts it and ball soars into the goal. Kids stand on the field amazed.

The Motorcyclist gives the kids a thumbs up and keeps driving.

The motorcycle jumps down a flight of stairs, upsetting a popcorn vending cart at the bottom. Popcorn explodes everywhere. He races down the street.

A flash of black, as the car chases after him.

The motorcycle skids around corners, the black car closely following it.

Driving down a sidewalk, the Motorcyclist weaves through the crowd, people leaping out of the way.

The motorcycle brushes by a waiter carrying a tray with a bowl of guacamole on it. The waiter and the bowl of guacamole go flying.

The guacamole splatters on a surprised lady dinner sitting nearby. Her date reaches over with a chip and scraps some guacamole off his stunned date, then stuffs the chip in his mouth. He nods his head and licks his lips.

The motorcycle turns down an alley, speeding away from the car. It's a dead end. He guns his engine and spins around to leave.

The black car rolls into the alley and stops, blocking the only way out.

The Motorcyclist flips open his visor. He stares defiantly at the black car blocking his way out.

The black car revs its engine, the car shakes with power.

The Motorcyclist slaps his visor down and revs his engine. The bike lurches, but is held back by his brakes. His back wheels spins feverishly. Then he pops the clutch and the motorcycle lunges forward.

The black car guns its engine and races forward in a mad game of chicken.

The motorcycle and car speed toward it each.

Closer and closer they get...then the motorcycle jumps over the car...

IZZY (V.O.)

Wait a minute.

The motorcycle hangs over the car in mid-air.

NACHO (V.O.)

What?

IZZY (V.O.)

How did it jump the car?

NACHO (V.O.)

What do you mean? It just jumps the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

Four young teenagers hang out on some swings. Nacho, is the 13 year-old heart and soul of the group, the dreamer, always coming up with ideas. Dirt, 14, is the dare devil, more interested in having fun than academics.

Izzy, is a 12 year-old technological geek. She can dismantle a computer and put it back together blind folded. And then there's Spire, the tall, 13 year-old no nonsense free spirit with a strange intuition that helps her navigate the truth.

IZZY

No. It's not physically possible for a motorcycle to just fly over the car.

DIRT

Yeah. That does seem a little weird.

Dirt leaps out of his swing.

DIRT (CONT'D)

Maybe he hits a pile of garbage and it launches him in the air. And the garbage explodes all over.

Dirt animates a pile of garbage exploding.

SPIRE

Why do I even hang out with you?

Spire drags her feet, stopping the swing.

NACHO

Nobody cares! That's the beauty of it. It's an action flick. People will eat it up.

DIRT

Speaking of eating. I'm hungry. Let's go get some ice cream.

The foursome head off through the park.

INT. BASKIN ROBBING/COLD STONE CREAMERY - DAY

The foursome sit at a table eating their ice cream. Dirt's is piled noticeably higher than the others.

IZZY

This doesn't sound much better than your last great movie idea?

DIRT

You mean, "Zombie Chihuahuas?"

Nacho shoots Dirt a ferocious glance.

NACHO

It was a virus that brought dead pets back to life.

SPIRE

"Fluffy the Beverly Hills Zombie."

Nacho gives Spire a look too.

Dirt limps around BARKING like a zombie dog.

NACHO

Hey, horror flicks sell. You don't need a big-name star, anyone can write that crud, and the direct-to-DVD sales are enormous.

IZZY

And you almost blew yourself up.

SPIRE

And your neighbors cat.

NACHO

Minor set backs. And the cat was fine. He's still a little purple from the fake blood, but otherwise, just fine.

DIRT

And the camera was trashed.

NACHO

Okay. That's sort of major.

IZZY

I don't want to be the voice of reason, but maybe you should wait until you can take some classes at college or something.

NACHO

Excuse me? I'm already past my creative prime.

IZZY

Your prime? You're only fourteen.

Spires shakes her head and waves her hand across her throat giving Izzy the cut-off signal.

IZZY (CONT'D)

That's hardly past your prime.