A day in the life of a bike messenger

Written by
Fausto Lucignani

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fauluc@hotmail.com
FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

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

He carries a large backpack.

Romulus is a city bike messenger.

EXT. STREET - RUN-DOWN BUILDING - DAY

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

His chained bike leans against a wall.

Minutes later.

A husky voice answers.

VOICE (V.O.)
Who're you? What you want?

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

MRS. STEIN (V.O.)
Who gave it to you?

ROMULUS
Your doc at New York Presbyterian.

MRS. STEIN (V.O.)
Leave it in my mail box.

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

MRS. STEIN (V.O.)
Are you a criminal?

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

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

INT. APARTMENT - ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Romulus stands in the middle of the modestly furnished room.

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

ROMULUS
How are you, Mrs. Stein?

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

ROMULUS
You'll feel better with this medicine.

MRS. STEIN
I hope.

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

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

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

A long beat.

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

Mrs. Stein stares at Romulus with a sad look.

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

A beat.

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

MRS. STEIN
There is nothing you can do. Just, pray for me.
ROMULUS
Do you have enough food?

MRS. STEIN
Yes, the caregiver buys it for me.

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

Romulus writes something on a piece of paper.

MRS. STEIN
May I ask you a question?

ROMULUS
Please.

MRS. STEIN
Why are you so interested in me?

Romulus expression shows his anguish.

ROMULUS
My grandmother died of cancer.

MRS. STEIN
I guess, you loved her very much, right?

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

MRS. STEIN
A very sad story.

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

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

Romulus tenderly kisses Mrs. Stein's cheek.

ROMULUS
God bless you too.
Romulus and his bike proceed at dangerous speed.

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

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

    ROMULUS
    Fuck you, man.

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

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

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

He rings the bell.

A voice from inside answers.

    VOICE (O.S.)
    Come in, push the door.

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

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

He talks on his cell phone.

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

He close the cell phone and looks at Romulus.

    MAN (cont'd)
    Do you have my documents?
Yes I do. Please, tell me your name.

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

Romulus pulls out a large envelope from his backpack.

This is for you Mr. Strader.

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

Romulus starts walking towards the exit door.

I'm going. Thank you for your business. Have a good day.

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

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

How much you make a day?

Fifty dollars on the average.

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

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

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

He stops in front of a two-story building.

The front door is open.
He secures the bike to a small gate with a chain and cautiously enters the apartment.

    ROMULUS
    Is anybody here?

No reply.

He stops in the vestibule.

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

INT. APARTMENT - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

    LORIE
    I was expecting you. Please, come in.

Romulus steps in and approaches the stunning woman.

She stares at him with bewitching eyes.

    LORIE (cont'd)
    You're cute.

Romulus smiles.

    ROMULUS
    You're not bad yourself.

    LORIE
    Thank you.

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

    ROMULUS
    No, thank you.
LORIE
I guess you have something for me.

ROMULUS
Yes. May I have your full name?

LORIE
Lorie LEWIS.

Romulus opens his backpack and removes a small package.

ROMULUS
This is for you Ms. Lewis.

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

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

A seductive smile illuminates her features.

LORIE
Can you stay?

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

Lorie slowly moves her hand between his legs.

LORIE
Just a few minutes...

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

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

EXT. STREET - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

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

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

The End