

KITE CIRCUIT

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1 EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY 1

An AGGRESSIVE CYCLIST (late 20's) races across a busy intersection with focused precision. He hops onto the sidewalk and glances at a clock mounted on the bike's handlebar.

Its digits turn over to 3:31:00.

CUT TO:

TITLE OVER BLUE SKY:

KITE CIRCUIT

2 EXT. SIDEWALK PARKING METER - CONTINUOUS 2

The aggressive cyclist darts past two shady-looking men, 201185 and 100588 (both 20's). Both wear a cheap dress shirt loosely pulled over an orange prison jumpsuit, their black numbers still visible under the shirt's thin fabric. They coolly eye a nondescript green sedan.

The sedan's windows have been left open, its ashtray is stuffed with tattered lottery tickets, and a pair of toy dice hang from the rearview. Its side mirrors are both cracked.

100588 looks into the car, then up the street toward a lottery outlet.

100588

We've got time.

201185 opens up a booklet of partially-filled traffic tickets and rests the pen on the empty "offence" line. He looks to 100588 for a suggestion.

100588 (CONT'D)

No hat?

201185

(satisfied)

Driving without a hat.

201185 scribbles down the offence and tucks the ticket under the sedan's windshield wiper.

3 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY 3

The aggressive cyclist hops onto the sidewalk and glances at a clock mounted on the bike's handlebar.

He darts past 201185 and 100588, steely eyes fixed on a BALD MAN WITH SUNGLASSES ON THE BACK OF HIS HEAD disappearing into the crowd ahead.

The cyclist pedals faster.

4 EXT. OFFICE ROOFTOP - DAY

4

Three floors up, a freshly-tarred rooftop soaks up the hot afternoon sun.

A well-dressed WOMAN (50's), gagged and bound, feebly squirms against the railing. Her fearful eyes watch SLUG and MARK (both 30's), a pair of overeager hitmen who carelessly swing baseball bats as they talk.

SLUG

Bo told me this story once. Some friend of his dropped a coin out the top window of a skyscraper. It picked up so much speed that it sliced right through a guy walking below and made a crater in the asphalt.

MARK

Bullshit. Windows are bolted shut that high up. You couldn't even try it.

SLUG

Unless you were a window washer.

MARK

I don't think Bo knows any window washers.

Slug looks around the rooftop, then takes a coin out of his pocket and kisses it for luck.

SLUG

Want to prove him a liar?

Mark looks at the coin and sneers.

MARK

From this height? A coin'd just bounce off the sidewalk and roll into the gutter. We'd need something heavier if we wanted to make an impact.

Slug and Mark fall silent and simultaneously look to their captive, who starts thrashing. They walk over and pick her up with forceful hands. Mark swings her around to face him, looks into her eyes a moment, then heaves her over the railing.

5 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

5

Two teenagers, SPY AND SAGE (both 15), walk down the sidewalk in an awkward silence. Sage wears a cardboard crown with "Burger Inn" written across its front.

Spy studies the half-eaten burger in his hands.

SPY

Other days I don't wake up at all. Sleep 'til 2, watch TV all afternoon, xbox all night, wake up the next day and do it all over again. I'm wasting my entire life. I wish I could bottle those days unused before they even start. Store them in the freezer for the next sixty years and keep it shut until I really need them. When I know I'd give up the last ten years of my life to experience *this* just once more.

He gestures with his arm and hits a branch.

SPY (CONT'D)

To have the choice of going upstairs to say goodnight to my mum or just lying on my bed and dreaming, and to have the rest of my life change even a little because of my decision. That's what life is about, the possibilites... that's the meaning I've found.

He tosses his half-eaten burger into a rubbish bin, then changes his mind and fishes it out.

SPY (CONT'D)

I need to make the right decisions now. Decisions that will change the world. I want to be so big that computer spellcheckers will recognize my name.

SAGE

Your name is Spy.

SPY

Yeah, but my last name's McFeyerbrandenkowski.

SAGE

No it isn't.

The two friends step aside to let two frail old men pass. One makes eye contact with Spy, who looks away - but not before silently offering the man the remains of his burger.

The old man gladly takes it and smiles at nothing in particular.

6 INT. PET SHOP - DAY

6

Two men, a strung-out OWNER and a brash BUSINESSMAN, converse at the back of a seedy pet shop. Their lips move, but all we hear are the wails rising from rows of sickly, unfed animals.

The owner passes a baggy of cotton-wrapped pills over in a handshake. The businessman tucks the drug packet into a stitched pocket on the inside of his pants and turns to the door.

7 INT. POLICE CAR OUTSIDE - CONTINUOUS

7

Two cops, SKIP (40's) and TYSON (20's), sit in a ghost car outside the pet shop. Skip rotates Tyson's hat, analysing its shape and curves.

SKIP

It's all about authority. The hat completes the package. You can't afford not to wear it on a bust.

Skip hands the hat to Tyson, who hangs it off the rearview mirror. Skip isn't impressed.

SKIP (CONT'D)

You remember Danger?

TYSON

Sure. He was a good cop, just wore his heart on the wrong sleeve, that's all.

SKIP

We were on an ambush together. Running back to the car when the baddies opened fire on him. Bullets in every limb. They had to pick shrapnel out of his knuckle. All because no one knew he was a cop. Wouldn't have shot him if they did.

Skip clears his throat.

SKIP (CONT'D)

Never did wear a hat, that Danger.

The pet shop door swings open with a friendly "jingle" and the businessman steps out.

TYSON

Shhh... now's our chance.

SKIP

Put your hat on.

Tyson removes Skip's hat and throws it in the back seat.

TYSON

Trust me.

(smiles; pause)

He's getting away.

Tyson weathers a moment of Skip's burning eyes, then opens the door and walks toward the businessman. Skip follows suit.

SKIP

Fork it th' fuck over!

BUSINESSMAN

I don't know what you're talking about, officer.

TYSON

The drugs, chingo, the drugs.

They drag him off to the alley. Tyson pats the businessman's suit down top-to-bottom, but finds nothing.

TYSON (CONT'D)

(waving gun)

Strip.

8 EXT. STREET - DAY

8

CLICK!

A STUDENT (early 20's) releases the shutter on her camera, an SLR with a comically oversized lens affixed to its front. Her subject is the cracked side mirror on a parked car.

She scurries forward to the next car up the street, also with its side mirror cracked. She crouches for another photograph.

9 INT. CAR - DAY

9

Two middle-aged women, each the epitome of white trash, cruise down the street in a dented station wagon.

The driver, GREEN EYELINER, fiddles with the fan controls while her passenger, RED EYELINER, looks into the rearview as she applies a gob of lipstick with her finger. The clock on the dashboard reads 3:31:00.

GREEN EYELINER

Didja ever meet Ruffi? He was my wiener dog. The long brown one that looked like a rolled sausage?

Red Eyeliner pauses a moment then shakes her head.

GREEN EYELINER (CONT'D)

Well, it was tragic. He fell into the neighbour's swimming pool but y'know those weiner dogs, they don't have arms or legs, so he drowned. Straight to the bottom. Like a rock. So sad.

RED EYELINER

That's terrible! Why are you laughing?

GREEN EYELINER

It was a long time ago. Like a week. I've had a week to cope. Hey, hun, look - a hot dog stand!

Green Eyeliner pulls the car up alongside the stand and whistles loudly to the VENDOR, who turns his back to her.

She refocuses her attention on a man (30's), walking past the car with lottery ticket-lined pockets. He is THE GAMBLER.

GREEN EYELINER (CONT'D)

Hey, studly, how bout picking up me and my sister here some hot dogs?

Green Eyeliner none-too-subtly pushes her bust up over the window ledge. As The Gambler swaggers over, she opens her purse to reveal a sea of gold coins inside.

RED EYELINER

Big night last night at the pokies, hun?

Green Eyeliner grabs a fistful of coins and thrusts them into The Gambler's waiting hands.

GREEN EYELINER

Ah yah.

(to The Gambler)

Here, sweetie, keep the change.

10 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

10

A GIRL (7) and her blissful MUM (30's) walk up the sidewalk. The girl has turned the sidewalk tiles into a game and is careful only to step between their cracks.

Disappearing into the crowd ahead of them is the bald man with sunglasses over the back of his head.

From behind, the aggressive cyclist races toward them and the mum gently pulls her daughter aside. To maintain balance, the girl steps on a sidewalk crack and her mum's back snaps.

11 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

11

Two middle-aged men, HANK and CORDUROY, walk down the sidewalk.

HANK

I've been waiting all my life for that one turning point; that defining moment that takes all you have, throws it away, and leaves you to find the right way on your own. A car crash, being framed for murder... a divorce, maybe?

(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

I'm smack bang in the middle of a perfectly clichéd midlife crisis.

Corduroy looks at his wrist, which is striped with the tan outline of a watch.

HANK (CONT'D)

Are you even listening to me?

CORDUROY

'Scuse a sec.

Corduroy ducks into the nearest shop. Its sign reads "CLOCKS".

12 INT. CLOCK SHOP - CONTINUOUS

12

Clocks of all shape and type line the walls, each laying claim to a different time. There are so many clocks, in fact, that one rings at every moment. Corduroy scans the walls a moment before interrupting an exasperated CLERK.

CORDUROY

Sorry, sweets, do you have the time?

She points to a clock on the door behind Corduroy and returns to her work. The clock reads 3:30:45.

13 EXT. ALLEY - DAY

13

A drunk metalhead (20's) ambles down the sidewalk, trying his best to appear sober. He looks up an alley and sees two men, Skip and Tyson, rifling through the pants resting at the underwear-clad businessman's feet. The metalhead walks up and taps Skip on the shoulder.

DRUNK METALHEAD

(into Skip's ear)

There's fucking pigs everywhere, you guys had better stop making out.

Skip, Tyson, and the businessman freeze and look at the drunk metalhead. Neither Skip nor Tyson have their hats on. The metalhead stares back, oblivious.

After an awkward moment, he sees their badges and clues in.

He stumbles back a few steps, then turns and runs. The two cops abandon the strip search and run after him, madly shaking fistfuls of handcuffs and badges.

14 EXT. STREET - DAY

14

A WOODPECKER jackhammers into a car's side mirror with its beak. The student photographer sneaks up to the mirror and quickly snaps away from a variety of weird and bizarre angles.

The woodpecker turns and looks into the student's oversized, mirror-like camera lens with hungry eyes.

15 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY 15

Two frail old men walk down the sidewalk in an awkward silence. TALE stumbles forward in a stone-faced daze, while BRIMSTONE - who wears a grey tie with "JESUS" scrawled down it in white-out - shuffles erratically.

The street is blooming with the chattering of pedestrians and the music from a busker on another block, but their faces somehow deaden the sounds.

Two teenagers, Spy and Sage, step aside to let the old men pass. Tale catches Spy's glance, who looks away - but not before offering Tale a half-eaten hamburger.

Tale gladly takes it and smiles at nothing in particular.

16 INT. STATION WAGON - DAY 16

Green Eyeliner and Red Eyeliner sit at an intersection in their station wagon, scarfing down hot dogs. The tomato sauce has mixed with Red Eyeliner's red lipstick gobs and smears her face, but she doesn't seem to notice, or care.

They exchange grunts of satisfaction through mouthfuls of bun.

17 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY 17

The aggressive cyclist speeds down the sidewalk, eyes still fixed ahead. Passing buildings and cars are a blur. The handlebar-mounted clock now reads 3:31:52.

The drunk metalhead runs up the sidewalk. He looks over his shoulder. The cops are right on his tail. He looks back up the street and sees the cyclist speeding RIGHT TOWARDS HIM.

CRASH!

As the cloud of limbs and dust settles, the fallen cyclist looks up and sees the bald man disappearing back into the crowd.

18 EXT. SIDEWALK PARKING METER - DAY 18

Hot dog in hand, The Gambler returns to his nondescript green sedan. As he opens the unlocked door, he spots a ticket tucked under his windshield wiper - charging him \$40 for "driving without a hat". He instinctively reaches up and feels for his hat. It's there.

He looks down the block toward a METER MAID hunched over a parking meter several cars down, writing a ticket. The Gambler angrily snatches up his ticket and walks toward the meter maid.

Just as he turns from the sedan, a woman's body falls from the sky and lands on the windshield. Its glass doesn't even shatter.

CUT TO BLACK.