

KING OF THE ROAD  
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EXT. COUNTRY ROAD IN WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA - SUNSET

HARD ROCK beats a path through the darkness as two bad ass bikers roll out of the sunset:

BILL, late 50's, a craggy Viking on an old rat bike, dirty blond hair under a cowboy hat with a mustache and goatee. His leather jacket says "Knights of Steel." Close behind is-

BUBBA, a dark haired hippy Santa and Bill's best friend. He rides a big yellow Harley with a coffin for a side-car he uses to tote beer kegs aka the "coffin-keg." Bubba's engine leaves a trail of SMOKE.

They pass trailer parks chocked with tire forts, abandoned school busses, and nearly tip an Amish buggy.

They also pass neighborhoods with model homes, McMansions, and strip malls... FOR SALE signs in apple orchards.

Fall leaves blow past their bike as they pull into the gravel parking lot of

EXT. THE RANCH BAR - SUNSET

Once a watering hole for hard-core biker hicks, it's now just a hole.

In front stands a crooked MARQUEE: Home of Wild Bill.

Bill shakes his head at the smoking engine as they saunter into the bar.

The sun sets as we CUT TO:

EXT. OLD HOUSE BY HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

LAUGHTER in the night.

An OLD MAN, Bill's dad, bursts out the front door... naked. This is BILL SENIOR.

BILL SENIOR

Ha ha ha... Ho ho! Hee hee!

He's a white prune of an old fart, strutting and waving a clear flask of moonshine... What he calls, homemade hooch.

He takes a hard swig, does a naked jig, and pulls open a rickety garage door.

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

An engine ROARS to life. Bill Senior shoots out on a VINTAGE MOTORCYCLE circa 1959! Now he's wearing goggles.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Still LAUGHING his ass off. He "streaks" past a semi. The semi offers a BEEP BEEP.

Bill Senior shoots him a moon. He streaks past the

WESTMARK WELDING COMPANY

A small country office building, dark but for one window.

INSIDE

is JANE (50's), the company controller. She's a hollow cheeked workhorse of a woman with all the wildness squeezed out. Hunched over her desk, she "hunt and pecks" her PC with purpose until...

BILL SENIOR (O.S.)  
Heeee heeeee!

She looks up. Does a double take.

JANE  
Not again.

She grabs her car keys and bolts out the door.

INT. THE RANCH BAR - CONTINUOUS

Bill stands by a booth labelled "Wild Bill's Booth." He's had one beer too many, but he raises another.

Bubba chomps chicken wings and cheers him on as he vamps in the glory of the booze and the bar that he loves.

BILL'S POV. The room is swimming with people. A real crowd.

BILL  
Like to thank all you for comin'  
down here. To The Ranch Bar! Home  
of the true.... Knights of  
Steel... Better known as Wild  
Bill's Bunch... Er... As I like  
to call it! Yeah!  
(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)  
 One bad ass bike club! In fact,  
 the baddest club this side of  
 Scranton, PA!

BUBBA  
 Here here!

BILL  
 Yeah! Now everyone!

The CROWD ROARS!

BILL (CONT'D)  
 'Cause who am I?

CROWD  
 Wild Bill!

BILL  
 Who?

CROWD  
 Wild Bill! Wild Bill! Wild Bill!

Bill nods and smiles. Raises his beer. As he does so--  
 BRRRRRIINGGG! The phone.

Bill blinks. The crowd merges into Bubba. We realize Bill  
 has been talking to an empty bar.

BILL  
 Damn...

Reality sets in as Bubba picks up the phone.

BUBBA  
 Ranch Bar. Best Wings this side of  
 Scranton. Oh...  
 (to Bill)  
 It's Jane.

BILL  
 Jane the hooker?

BUBBA  
 No. Your sister.

Swigs his beer.

BILL  
 Yeah? Tell her I'm in a meetin'!

This cracks him up so hard, he falls out of the booth. Bubba  
 looks at him, concerned.

BUBBA  
She's on her way here.

BILL  
(from the floor)  
What the hell for?

EXT. THE RANCH BAR - NIGHT

BILL SENIOR zooms past the bar. No longer LAUGHING, his face is plastered with a permanent grin. White as a ghost. DEAD.

The bike circles the bar.

Close behind is Jane's Cadillac (from 1982). She veers into the lot and gets out. Bill and Bubba exit the bar.

Bubba dashes to greet her.

BUBBA  
Hey Jane!

But Jane ignores him, chasing after Dad.

JANE  
Dad! Dad!

BILL  
He knows what he's doing...  
'Sides, can't hear ya over the engine.

JANE  
Oh yeah?

BILL  
Yeah! Let me handle this.

Bill winks at her drunkenly and takes a lasso off his belt, twirls it over his head, and swings it at Bill Senior.

JANE  
You're going to hurt someone!

The lasso misses Bill Senior by... quite a bit.

Jane shakes her head.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Jag-off.

BILL  
Worth a shot.

They watch the motorcycle make loops around the parking lot. Jane checks her watch. Then...

The bike changes course! Now Bill Senior's motorcycle is headed straight at them!

Bubba pushes Jane out of the way, both saving her life and pissing her off.

The motorcycle zooms up the hood of her Cadillac and flies like an eagle into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL TOWN CEMETERY - DAY

Three figures stand over the open grave of DEAD BILL SENIOR.

A WWII paratrooper song, BLOOD ON THE RISERS, swells from an old record player hooked up to Jane's dented Cadillac.

Bill fumbles as he helps her fold an American flag. He's toasted (as usual).

Bubba uncorks his coffin-keg and bathes the grave in blessed beer. He fills some frosted mugs and passes one to Bill.

Jane stands aloof with a Diet Coke.

BILL  
Damn it, Bubba. At least you  
could've brought the good stuff...  
Tastes like cat piss.

He drains it. Bubba passes him another.

BUBBA  
(shrugs)  
Ran out of beer.

BILL  
Very funny.

BUBBA  
I thought it was.

He nudges Jane and smiles. She doesn't smile back.

BUBBA (CONT'D)  
Could have been a bit close to the  
engine.

BILL  
Thought you fixed it.

BUBBA  
Yeah... Me too.

Bill looks down at the grave and raises a glass.

BILL  
Here's to one *hellishous* biker...  
Who truly lived his life!

Jane rolls her eyes.

JANE  
Yeah... Dad was really great.

She clicks off the record player and packs it in the car.

BILL  
He also had great adventures.

JANE  
OK.

Bill turns to Jane.

BILL  
He did.

JANE  
I know... Hanging out at The Ranch  
Bar getting drunk. Imagine that...  
What a life!  
(beat)  
And it looks like you're following  
in his footsteps.

She gets in her Cadillac.

BILL  
Where you goin'?

JANE  
I have to get Dad's house ready.

BILL  
For what?

She slams the door and drives away. Bill watches her go.

BUBBA  
She's just grieving.

BILL  
No. She's just a bitch. Dad did  
some great things.

BUBBA  
I know he did.

BILL  
He did.  
(swigs his beer)  
And he's still doin' them! I bet  
you right now he's up there in  
biker heaven... On the heavenly  
highway, a flask of heavenly hooch  
at his hip, riding with the real  
heavenly Hell's Angels! Shooting  
at heavenly space Nazis...  
Heavenly...

BUBBA  
Bill?

BILL  
Yeah?

BUBBA  
I think you're drunk.

BILL  
Yeah... Let's hit The Ranch.

EXT. THE RANCH BAR - EVENING

Bill and Bubba roll into the lot. A LARGE CATERING VAN is  
parked out front and a sign: PRIVATE BIKER PARTY.

BILL  
What the hell?

BUBBA  
You throwing a party?

BILL  
Don't think so.

A BIG BELLIED BOUNCER, name tag TODD, blocks the door.

TODD  
Name?

BILL  
Bill.

Todd pulls out a PDA.

TODD  
Sorry. Not on the guest list.

BILL  
But I'm the owner.

Todd shrugs.

TODD  
Take it up with King.

BILL  
King?

TODD  
King.

Todd hands him a business card.

TODD (CONT'D)  
Better known as... "The Next  
Dennis Hopper."

BILL  
Since when?

Todd shrugs.

Then, a RUMBLE off in the distance.

A stream of headlights wind through the darkness towards the bar... The headlights belong to...

MINIVANS.

These minivans kick up dust and rev their engines. In short, everything a motorcycle would do on four wheels. They all tow motorcycles.

A 2009 CADILLAC surges ahead of the rest. It tows two bikes: a new Harley Evolution and a shiny red crotch rocket.

All at once, the engines die. A moment of silence, then...

MUSIC. A hard core remix of BLACK BETTY and HIGHWAY TO HELL! It crescendos! The CADILLAC doors open and out steps...

KING, a rich middle-aged yuppy, decked out in a black leather vest covered in FRINGE. He has a prominent MOTHER TATTOO on his biceps. (It changes location throughout the film.)

And...

SKIPPER, his girlfriend. A blond bombshell that fell apart after high school. She stares around like a lobotomized squirrel with earrings.

King and Skipper walk arm in arm to a YUPPIE PHOTOGRAPHER. They pose. CAMERA FLASH. FREEZE FRAME. And continue into the bar.

Their YUPPIE ENTOURAGE stampedes after them.

The doors slam shut.

EXT. THE RANCH BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Bill (much sobered) and Bubba stand in the circle of minivans. An urban tumbleweed (plastic bag) tumbles by.

BILL  
Damn yuppers. She has no right.

BUBBA  
Who?

BILL  
Take a wild guess.

INT. BILL SENIOR'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jane, on her hands and knees, scrubs the tiles with a tooth brush. Bill leans against the toilet and drinks a beer.

JANE  
I do own half of it.

BILL  
But since when did you care?

JANE  
Since Dad drove his finances into the ground. Since debt collectors have been calling me at 3 AM. If you ever picked up your phone, you'd know.

BILL  
Yeah, well you have no right. And to a man like that!

JANE  
That man is my boss, and he happens to be a really great guy.  
(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

He wanted a place for a party...  
We need the money.

BILL

You still have no right!

JANE

Part of this is your fault...  
Giving away all the free beer.

BILL

It's not free. It's a tab.

JANE

Has anyone ever paid it?

(no response)

I rest my case. Besides, if he  
likes it, he may buy it. You can  
do what you wanna do, but I'd  
forget about The Ranch.

With that, Jane grabs her cleaning supplies and walks out of  
the room.

EXT. BILL SENIOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jane marches to her car. Bill follows. We notice a FOR SALE  
sign in the front yard.

BILL

Forget The Ranch! But Dad gave it  
to me! It was our club house.

JANE

Right... That was one great club.  
With it's five members.

BILL

It WAS great... Back in the day.

JANE

You're beginning to sound like Dad.

BILL

What's wrong with that?

Jane sighs.

JANE

Look. We owe the state a lot of  
money... And if we don't pay,  
they're going to auction it off.

(MORE)