

RIDE OR DIE

Written by

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This script is in real-time.

INT. SPINZ STUDIO - MORNING

Churning of a wheel. Lightning fast. A logo, S, pulsates in a blue light at the center of the wheel.

A Poly-V power transmission belt drive with a neodymium magnet system rotates the wheel at a blistering speed.

It's connected by a welded, carbon steel frame polished to perfection with a powder coating.

The aluminum pedals revolve seamlessly. A pair of shoes are clipped in by a ratchet and showcase the S logo again.

A glimpse of the calf muscles being engaged. Every fiber of the gastrocnemius fires on all cylinders.

Hamstrings pull, contracting eccentrically. The quadriceps activated, stabilizing the knees.

There's a black and blue color block, lined short with breathable fabric along the legs.

Calloused fingers grip the ergonomically shaped handlebars. The veins along the wrist pump blood by the quart.

The 21.5-inch Full HD 1080p touchscreen showcases a myriad of numbers displayed in columns:

Distance. Resistance. Cadence. Output. Leaderboard.

Through the column of numbers, as if they were jail bars, we spot a square jaw. Piercing eyes. Clean shaven --

JAMIE DUNN (30). Over six feet and under six percent body fat. A volcanic force. Starts every week with a new haircut.

Jamie wears a headset around his ear that extends a razor-thin microphone inches from his mouth.

He peers up from the screen to face the camera. His look makes us feel like we're the only person in the universe.

JAMIE
(belting it out)
Today, I'm gonna change your life!

CONTROL BOOTH (O.S.)
Levels are good, Jamie. Save the rest for the show.

The blinding bright lights instantly dim. The bike's wheel rolls to a stop, yet the S logo still pulsates blue.

Jamie breaks eye contact with the camera.

He clips off the bike. Hops off.

CONTROL BOOTH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
25 minutes. Will check in once the
script's locked.

JAMIE
You know where to find me.

He notices the CLOCK OVERHEAD: 24:58 seconds... and counting.

Now, we have a glimpse of the studio --

36 Stationary bikes surround Jamie's bike. Two circular rows
of 18. He walks through the corridor.

We also notice FIVE OVERHEAD CAMERAS able to capture Jamie
and his bike from every angle.

Jamie faces the room. It's peaceful. This is his sanctuary.

A deep breath--

INT. SPINZ MAIN LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

If an Apple Store had a baby with a SPA. Sleek, clean lines.
Ultra-modern fixtures. Marble. Teak wood panels.

Jamie steps out into a FLURRY OF ACTIVITY --

RABID FANS (20s), dressed in the same S-gear, impatiently
wait on the other side of the hallway. They rush Jamie--

FAN #1
JAMIE!

JAMIE
Hi, boo.

FAN #1
I've camped out since yesterday to
ride with you--

JAMIE
Hope you stretched.

Fan #1 raises her iPhone, Jamie covers himself--

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Only during the meet'n'greet.

He avoids the crowd by entering the --

CONTROL ROOM

Dozens of monitors, marking each camera. The empty studio.

Orchestrated by an ARMY OF TECHNICIANS hovering over panels.

We see various other classes: yoga, treadmill, and strength.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Hey party people.

One by one, he gives each of the Techs a high-five.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
We ready?
(then)
I love the energy, people.

In his excitement, Jamie KNOCKS DOWN a cup of pens that scatters all over the floor.

TECHNICIAN
...Jamie.

JAMIE
I got you.

He reaches for the pens and mimics the "bend and snap."

The Technician chuckles.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
(re: the headset)
May I?

TECHNICIAN
I dunno. Kyle'll be back any second...

JAMIE
I'm a boundless well of inspiration.
(re: the instructor on the monitor)
And Erik certainly needs it.

The Technician takes off his headset and offers it to Jamie.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
(into microphone)
Your Mother's a whore.

We see the INSTRUCTOR'S FACE (Erik) go WIDE during the class. He shakes his head. Jamie hovers his hand over the joystick.

TECHNICIAN
Go for it. Easy though.

Jamie jerks it forward, which ZOOMS the camera in. He's definitely zooming in on the INSTRUCTOR'S FOREHEAD.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
Joyride's over.

JAMIE
(winks)
Thank you, I've always wanted to
put my hands on the stick.

MAIN LOBBY

From upstairs, Jamie approaches the edge of the railing. Down below, the entire lobby is packed. As if he were the Pope--

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Hi, boos.

An UPROAR OF APPLAUSE and EXCITEMENT.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
(winking)
See y'all soon.

Jamie continues forward, passing more STUDIOS with a RED BOX SAYING "RECORDING IN PROGRESS."

He passes an INTERVIEWER (20s) and **CID SERLING** (40s), interrupting the shot.

Serling has seasoned eyes. Financial guru. Sharp.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Sorry, not sorry.

SERLING
Jamie-Boy. Our main attraction.

The Interviewer lights up a smile.

INTERVIEWER
What does the future hold for
Spinz, Jamie?

JAMIE
That's above my pay grade.

Jamie continues down the hallway and presses against the wall, which reveals a DOOR. He enters.

Serling takes center frame.

SERLING

...We're just getting started. We want to be right behind Amazon, Google, and Facebook.

INTERVIEWER

What's your plan?

SERLING

We were the fastest-growing company in LA last year. Why? Cause our platform was made from scratch. Down to the kernel. We've yet to reveal our latest tech--

INTERVIEWER

...Do we get a glimpse?

SERLING

Nice try. Our content is tightly produced. The highest standards out there. You're not just getting a ride with us. You're receiving a transformation.

INTERVIEWER

Does that mean you're pivoting away from hardware?

SERLING

...I'll bite. We will be the Netflix of Wellness.

INTERVIEWER

Even with the dent from the Publishers Association?

SERLING

We're still standing. And all those licensing problems are behind us...

INT. GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jamie plops down in his chair. Not a moment to breathe because there's an INCESSANT BUZZ.

He immediately silences his iPhone. DING. He gets another NOTIFICATION from a FINANCE APP. LATE PAYMENT DUE.

Jamie checks the APP: CREDIT CARD DEBT is \$53,213.

He stares into the mirror. The door slams open --

Revealing Serling. Jamie closes out of the app. Serling approaches him. All pretenses have been dropped.

SERLING

Listen carefully, cocksucker.

JAMIE

Pretty sure that's harassment--

SERLING

I own you.

JAMIE

What's wrong, Serling? Did you have to sell your second home?

SERLING

Fuck you.

The phone buzzes. Jamie silences it.

JAMIE

Don't blame me. I only ride the bike.

SERLING

You're gonna hype the new tech during minute 15.

JAMIE

Why?

SERLING

Shareholders need hope.

JAMIE

It may be a little easier if you actually told me--

Serling paces.

SERLING

There's nothing to share.

JAMIE

I knew this was all a game of musical chairs.

SERLING

And you're good at blowing things.
Cause if the music stops, you're
fucked too.

JAMIE

Nah, I use poppers. Feels
wonderful.

SERLING

Heard you're 185 in the hole.

This pierces Jamie.

SERLING (CONT'D)

Like I said, I own you. And I will
lose no sleep firing you.

JAMIE

Bullshit. My back hurts from
carrying all the subscribers.

SERLING

Oh Jamie-Boy, you need me more than
I need you. Plenty of young
instructors out there to poach.

The phone RINGS. Again. Jamie checks the name.

JAMIE

Let me call you back--
(shouting can be heard)
I'm having a performance review.

Hangs up.

SERLING

We were such a great pair...

JAMIE

You sure you weren't rooting for
the pandemic?

SERLING

Gyms reopening didn't help. Mainly,
I blame the idiots who let their
toddler have their first steps
underneath a treadmill.

JAMIE

What do I say?

SERLING

Turn it into one of your positivity moments. Transformations. All that shit that you peddle.

JAMIE

...I actually believe it.

SERLING

That doesn't surprise me.

Serling places his hands around Jamie's cheeks to have him directly face him.

SERLING (CONT'D)

Let me make this clear. The licensing lawsuit crippled us. We're way past running on empty now. This is it...

He kisses Jamie on top of his head.

SERLING (CONT'D)

Do this. Or I will face fuck you.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Serling walks out of the green room. All smiles. He passes STUDIO 7, which has Jamie's face plastered on it.

And the countdown reads 19:34 seconds...

He strolls into the --

MAIN LOBBY

Still glued to his phone. Serling passes a MAN in a HOODIE who wears high-end white sneakers. Backpack. Confident.

Every step has a purpose. He beelines it to the front desk.

A HIGH-ENERGY RECEPTIONIST greets our figure.

RECEPTIONIST

Good morning. Welcome to Spinz.
Where transformation begins.

HOODIE

Lockers?

RECEPTIONIST

I have to check you in first. Name on the reservation.

HOODIE
Hunter.

RECEPTIONIST
First or last name?

HOODIE
First. And it's also my handle.

RECEPTIONIST
Well, I need your last name.

HOODIE
Dunn.

RECEPTIONIST
Oh my god, are you related?

HOODIE
Unfortunately, not. Only a fan.

RECEPTIONIST
You're ready to go. Class starts in less than twenty minutes. Feel free to use the lockers or showers. We also have gluten-free--

HOODIE
Thank you.

Our Hoodie moves forward. Ignores all the people taking SELFIES, drinking MATCHAS, or stretching.

He slips into the --

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hoodie approaches an unused locker. Props it open. Dumps his bag. Checks his watch. Closes it, revealing --

A DAD FAN (50s). Giddy. Salt and pepper. Full smile.

DAD FAN
...First timer?

HOODIE
What?

DAD FAN
Got 2,000 rides. Nothing beats a live studio--

HOODIE

Good for you.

DAD FAN

No need to be nervous--

HOODIE

...I'm not.

DAD FAN

I can see the sweat. And we're not even on the bike. I'm Dan, and here's an extra towel--

Dad Fan offers the towel...

Hoodie stays silent. And walks away. Dad Fan eyes the locker, curious why he only put his bag in there...

INT. MAIN LOBBY - MEMBERS AREA - CONTINUOUS

We're inside an iPhone camera. Facing --

BROOKE (24), no filter, no job, and no care in the world. She rocks lululemon-esque attire. This is a live stream:

BROOKE

(a la selfie)

Hey, y'all. About to have my first ever IN STUDIO RIDE. Woo-hoo.

This attracts the attention of other MEMBERS in the lobby.

Brooke spins the camera around and BUMPS into --

Hoodie as he exits the building...

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Oops. So, like, let me give ya deets about Spinz. And, of course, the main attraction, Jamie.

(then)

30. Banging. And the most inspirational instructor Spinz has--

INT. GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Staring at two pills in his palm. Jamie eyes them. He plops them in his mouth with a succinct clap.

The clock reads 17:53 and counting... He turns to face--

KYLE (30s), the Spinz Director. The voice from earlier in the control booth. He wields a clipboard of notes. Headset. He's not athletic. Beard. Thick-glasses.

KYLE
Not sleeping?

JAMIE
Maybe you should knock.

Kyle sits on the counter.

KYLE
You're gonna get nauseous or vomit
if you don't eat--

JAMIE
Which one of us is the instructor?

Kyle sees his various clothes sprawled out. Shaving cream. Toothbrush. Protein bars. Even underwear.

KYLE
Trouble in paradise?

Jamie hesitates.

JAMIE
Crashed here the last couple of
nights. Been prepping hard for this
ride.

KYLE
Heard from Serling. You got a big
bomb to drop on Minute 15.

JAMIE
Yeah.

KYLE
I tweaked the script and prompter.
Let it rip during that section--

JAMIE
Thanks.

Jamie grows more distant.

KYLE
You okay?

JAMIE
Never been better.

KYLE
Save it for your fans, Jamie.

Jamie shifts his weight.

JAMIE
...Nothing a vacation can't fix.

KYLE
"Keep taking time for yourself...
Until you are you again."

JAMIE
Don't quote me to ME.

KYLE
I won't if you start applying the
rules to yourself.

JAMIE
Kyle.

KYLE
I care about you. You're pumping
out more classes per week than any
other instructor. Why?

JAMIE
I'm a shark.

Jamie stares up at Kyle with a shit-eating grin. Kyle grows
hesitant, even shy. But then, he lets it all out:

KYLE
So have you given any thought--

JAMIE
I did. I can't help you. Serling
said a movie would breach my
contract.

KYLE
Come on, this is good for both of
us. This is our way out.

JAMIE
Maybe for you.

KYLE
Jamie, I don't want to spend my
life directing spin classes. And
you don't want to spend your life
doing them.

JAMIE

The script was fun. I've always
thought I could be a good spy.

KYLE

(lowers next to Jamie)

I can direct the shit out of this
movie. I just need you onboard. Or
the financiers will walk away.

JAMIE

I can't. I'm tied to Spinz. Sorry.

This hurts Kyle. A moment.

Another TEXT BUZZ from Jamie's phone. He ignores it.

Followed by another RINGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGG---

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Stop calling me.

(silence)

Steve. It's over--

A voice drones on, surprising Jamie. Kyle rises from the counter, concerned. Jamie puts it on speaker.

This voice is robotic and distorted. Even possibly recorded.

PHONE (O.S.)

Hello, Mr. Dunn.

JAMIE

Who is this?

PHONE (O.S.)

A close fan.

JAMIE

Did Steve put you up to this?

PHONE (O.S.)

He did not. Even though he was very
sad last night.

JAMIE

How do you know that?

PHONE (O.S.)

You tore his heart out.

JAMIE

Who the fuck are you?

PHONE (O.S.)
Nobody, Jamie. I simply wanted to
hear your voice.

The phone goes dead. Jamie hides his face in his hands.

KYLE
I'll call security. Make sure this
psychopath doesn't enter the
building.

JAMIE
It's not a big deal. You should see
my DMs.

Kyle senses Jamie's frustration.

KYLE
Maybe we can postpone the show so
you can catch your breath... I can
say we're having some glitches--

JAMIE
You're overreacting. I've had to
change my cell phone before. And
Serling will chew you out.

KYLE
...I want you safe.

Jamie checks the clock. Counting down. 16:34 seconds. He
swallows the lump in his throat.

JAMIE
And I want to meet and greet my
fans.

INT. MAIN LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Jamie leans against the four-foot-high S made out of wood and
marble. Several more spotlights warm the room.

He loses himself in the pulsating light of the logo.

MELISSA (22) stands behind a rope, the gatekeeper between
Jamie and the adoring fans. She's rocking a headset and a
lanyard she Clorox wipes every night. It's her first job.

She nervously keeps checking her clipboard. Eyes the schedule
and waits for the precise time to say something.

A PHOTOGRAPHER (20s) readies her camera.

The first one in line is Brooke. We also see Dad Fan. An assortment of Fitness Nuts and Spinz acolytes.

MELISSA

Welcome to Spinz. We're absolutely thrilled to have you here with us.

(then)

Please do not touch Jamie. We have a professional photographer who will email you the photos, so you don't even have to use your phone.

She opens the rope, and Brooke DARTS towards Jamie.

She bear hugs him.

BROOKE

Ah, Jamie!

JAMIE

Consent is hot.

Brooke immediately lets the hug go.

BROOKE

I've waited my entire life to meet you in person.

JAMIE

Like two years?

BROOKE

Say hi to all my fans.

JAMIE

Hi, boos.

Brooke incessantly snaps photos.

BROOKE

This will be my 1,000th ride. Do you mind giving me a shout-out?

JAMIE

If--

BROOKE

Anything for you.

JAMIE

If you let others have a turn too.

BROOKE

Right. Thank you, Jamieeeeeee!

Brooke SCREAMS in excitement. Hops up and down.

JAMIE

Next.

It's Dad Fan. He's old school and sticks out his hand.

Jamie fist-bumps him back.

DAD FAN

You single-handedly saved my marriage.

JAMIE

Happy to help, but you were the one who did the work.

DAD FAN

Always got me to calm down. Stop yelling. Criticizing.

JAMIE

Last time I checked, I didn't saddle you on the bike.

DAD FAN

Appreciate all that you do. I'm in the program, too. Thank you.

Jamie and Dad Fan exchange a look of familiar pain.

JAMIE

It works if you work it.

Up next is a disheartened and broken **STEVE** (28). He didn't sleep last night. A shell of himself.

Jamie retreats. His arms now crossed.

STEVE

We have to finish this--

JAMIE

We already did. Like seven times. Please leave.

Steve poses near the S-Logo.

STEVE

I waited like everyone else.

SNAP. SNAP. SNAP.

JAMIE
It's over.

STEVE
Why? What did I do?

JAMIE
(sotto)
It's not you, it's me.

Jamie grows uncomfortable by the ONLOOKERS staring at him.

STEVE
So you only overshare to your fans.
But your partner of three years
gets the cliches.

JAMIE
You deserve someone... Better.

Melissa's afraid to intervene and find her place.

MELISSA
Um, excuse me, can you please--

Steve grows angry.

STEVE
...I had the ring.

All news to Jamie. He reaches to comfort him, but Steve strongly bats away his hand. Steve steps closer to Jamie.

Jamie shows concern, he hasn't seen Steve like this before.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Give me a real why.

JAMIE
I'm an addict. And I hate myself.

STEVE
I forgave you. It has only ever
been you. I want to see you at the
end of the aisle.

JAMIE
Look, Steve. This sucks. Today's
the worst of it, but it's gonna get
better, and you will eventually be
fine. But I need you to leave now.
This is my job, I've busted my ass--

STEVE
...I know, Jamie.

JAMIE
So you understand why I can't lose
it now. This is all I got.

Steve stays silent. He got his answer. He shuffles away.

More FANS snap photos with Jamie, but he's mentally checked out. A fake smile. His eyes are hollow.

Jamie grows woozy. Puts his hand on the logo. Takes a deep breath. A panic attack strikes.

MELISSA (O.S.)
(noticing his anxiety)
That's enough, everyone. Jamie has
to prep for the class.

People are frustrated and sigh. Until --
A LOUD POP. POOF.

Jamie looks down and realizes his PANTS ARE COVERED IN A WHITE POWDER.

It's actually flour from a flour bomb.

SNAP. SNAP. SNAP. Phones record. Live streams.

A PROTESTOR cheers in excitement, pointing his finger at Jamie as if it were a pitchfork.

PROTESTOR
You harvest our data and sell it to
the highest bidder.
(to everyone)
They track everything and feed it
to AI. Don't ride their bikes.

A SECURITY TEAM tackles the Protestor to the ground. They restrain him and then escort him out.

Jamie remains frozen.

MELISSA (O.S.)
You okay?

JAMIE
I'm fine. Just need a minute.

INT. GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jamie barges inside and BARFS over the carpet.

He nearly crawls up to the counter. Pours electrolytes into a bottle of water and then immediately chugs it.

BUZZ. BUZZ. BUZZ. Once again, that incessant buzz.

Jamie knocks over the water bottle and answers his phone.

It's a FaceTime. We see the vomit stains all over Jamie's shirt. On the other end is --

ARMAN (50s). The dude means business. He's inside a nicely decorated apartment. Modern. Clean lines.

ARMAN

You're not returning my calls.

JAMIE

I need more time. Please. I always come through, haven't I?

ARMAN

But I can't always be disrespected--

JAMIE

I respect you. I respect the shit out of you, Arman.

ARMAN

I don't understand. You have endorsements. Sponsors. TikTok.

JAMIE

It doesn't bring in as much as you think.

ARMAN

Maybe you need to cut back.

JAMIE

I have... I even sold my place. And I'm sober. Like painfully so.

ARMAN

Proud of you.

JAMIE

I'll get you your money. Once and for all. I'll never ever ask for a dime again--

ARMAN

I believe in your sincerity.
However, as you said, you're an
addict.

JAMIE

I haven't done anything in weeks...

ARMAN

My ledger tells another tale.

JAMIE

That was for my partner. Ex-now.

ARMAN

I hear that a lot. I want every
penny by noon. Or I will make sure
you never ride a bike again.

Jamie checks the time.

JAMIE

I-I can't do that... I have a class
in seven minutes--

ARMAN

Where did your positivity go?
(quoting Jamie)
"Transform your mindset, transform
your life..."
(notices the vomit stains)
And that shirt?

JAMIE

Arman, please--

ARMAN

See you at noon.

Click.

Jamie tosses the phone into the clutter on the counter.

Someone ENTERS the room, but Jamie can't see them yet--

JAMIE

THE FUCK DO YOU WANT?

It's Melissa, and she's terrified. Holding a new outfit.

MELISSA

I brought you a new pair. And a
shirt too.
(then)
(MORE)

MELISSA (CONT'D)
And, um, the house doors have
already opened--

JAMIE
Shitshitshitshit.

MELISSA
How can I help--

JAMIE
Jen?

MELISSA
(clears her throat)
Melissa.

JAMIE
Right. Hand me my phone.

MELISSA
Where is it?

JAMIE
I dunno. Over there-ish.

Melissa shuffles through the counter.

She finds caffeine pills and several bottles of insulin...
And a syringe. It's practically a pharmacy on the counter.

She's concerned. She holds the bottle and reads it. Jamie
snatches it from her, he's somehow already up.

MELISSA
...I won't say anything.

JAMIE
Find my phone.

MELISSA
What are you doing?

He takes off his shirt.

JAMIE
I need to make a call.

MELISSA
...With the syringe.

JAMIE
Looking this good is never easy.

MELISSA
Are you diabetic?

JAMIE
Find my fucking phone.

MELISSA
It's right here.

She hands it to Jamie.

JAMIE
Now go stall Kyle.

MELISSA
How?

Jamie calls someone. It rings. And rings. Nothing.

JAMIE
Answer you bitch.

This shocks Melissa. He realizes it --

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Not you. Unless you can't stall
him.

MELISSA
Jamie--

Jamie gently pushes her out of the room.

INTERCOM (O.S.)
Doors are now open in Studio Seven.
Less than five minutes...

He seeks solace in injecting the syringe into his belly. The phone RINGS. Jamie's eyes light up. Drops the syringe.

He answers the FaceTime call --

HANNAH (late 30s). She wears scrubs. And she's in a hospital breakroom. Fierce. Chugging an iced coffee.

JAMIE
...Hannah.
(then)
I've been missing you lately--

HANNAH
I don't have time for bullshit.

JAMIE

You're right. That's a lie, I want
to see my nephews.

HANNAH

Put it on your credit card.

JAMIE

The hotel's expensive--

HANNAH

No.

JAMIE

Then, let me stay with you.

HANNAH

Boundaries, Jamie.

JAMIE

I haven't... since.

An awkward silence.

HANNAH

Steve told me you stopped attending
meetings--

JAMIE

Just insulin. I promise. On my
nephews' lives.

HANNAH

Jesus Christ. Whether you go hypo
or hyper, you'll end up in a coma--

JAMIE

You're only a nurse.

HANNAH

I know my shit. It's a matter of
when. Not if.

A pregnant pause.

JAMIE

...I need money.

HANNAH

There it is. Sell your apartment--

JAMIE

Already did. I'm in a rental and
even sold my car--

HANNAH

I can't keep enabling you--

JAMIE

Oh, where was this self-awareness
when you triangulated me into your--

HANNAH

I owned up to that. I don't owe you
for life because I screwed up once.

JAMIE

Well, I took care of your kids. Did
pretty darn well normalizing your
fucked up divorce. And you still
graduated from nursing school.

A long pause. Hannah eyes off-camera, and nods her head.

HANNAH

(off-screen)

Be right out.

(to Jamie)

Gotta prep for surgery--

JAMIE

Hannah, I'm in some deep shit.
Like, I had to pay it off
yesterday.

HANNAH

How much?

JAMIE

185.

Hannah's eyes widen.

HANNAH

I don't have that. That's more than
my legal fees--

JAMIE

Please.

HANNAH

I don't. Seriously. I love you.
Call you later.

Hannah hangs up. The world caves in on Jamie.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A CLICK.

Something moves inside the Hoodie's locker... A rattle.

Slowly, a little bit of smoke emanates out of the locker.

INT. CONTROL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

A mosaic of monitors showcases Brooke, Dad Fan, and OTHERS warming up on their BIKES.

Kyle and various TECHIES are there. Kyle eyes the clock, it reads 3:27 on it.

Serling once again paces.

SERLING
Where is he?!

Kyle ignores it, he presses his headset.

KYLE
Any word?

Through the monitor, a TECHIE shakes their head.

SERLING
I will kill him and then strap him
on the saddle like El Fuckin' Cid.

Melissa enters. Eyes Kyle. She shakes her head.

KYLE
...He always delivers. Go have your
matcha, Serling.
(then; to Melissa)
Do the Pre-Show.

MELISSA
(her eyes say it all)
Right now?

KYLE
Trust me.
(to his crew)
Run it.

The MIXERS click. The monitor plays a Spinz Spot celebrating Women's History Month. Run for Change. Run for Equality.

INT. SPINZ STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Melissa enters, nervous and unsure. She maneuvers through the labyrinth of stationary bikes. She stops on stage.

DAD FAN
Where's Jamie?

BROOKE
(into her phone;
recording)
This is so weird. Nobody is here.
And there was a protestor today who
like attacked Jamie...

Melissa continues forward. She ignores the incessant questions. She puts on a performance and a smile.

MELISSA
(faintly)
May I have your attention, please?

KYLE (O.S.)
(in her earpiece)
You have to do better than that.
Take up your space.

Melissa eyes one of the cameras recording her.

MELISSA
Who's excited for Jamie?!

Applause. Cheers.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
(a total 180; gleeful)
I know, I am. Thank you so much for
joining us today for a 45-minute
HIIT Ride. So let me hear it again.
Who's excited for Jamie?

Louder applause and cheers.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
I got to tell you a couple of
things to make this ride the best
you've ever had.
(then)
Please behave. No yelling. No
cursing. Jamie's got that covered.
(some laughs)
Silence your phones, too.
(MORE)

MELISSA (CONT'D)

This is a live production that's being broadcasted to millions of members around the world.

(then)

So, are we ready to welcome Jamie?

The loudest applause and cheers.

INT. GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jamie fires off several more text messages. He glances at the clock -- 01:43 minutes and counting.

We see the PRE-SHOW MONITOR. It has Jamie doing PROMOTIONAL SHOTS, POSES, AND INTERVIEWS --

JAMIE ON TV

No need to outsource your greatness. Just activate it.

Our Jamie finishes typing on his LAPTOP. Then closes it.

Off Jamie on TV, smiling and posing.

INT. SPINZ STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Jamie still smiles widely. But we're no longer staring at a TV, we're staring at him in the flesh.

He closes the door and seals it shut. It's locked.

Jamie HOPS through the labyrinth of stationary bikes, handing out high-fives like they're going out of style.

The energy instantly changes. There's a kinetic energy to him that's non-renewable. Potent. Absorbing.

JAMIE

Wow. Fab.

(another biker)

Look at you.

Jamie stops to admire her shirt:

It has HUNDREDS of FACES OF JAMIE ALL OVER IT.

BIKER

I made it myself.

JAMIE

DM me, and I'll add it to my story.

He hops to another biker.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
How do you feel about high-fives?

The BIKER slams his palm into Jamie's.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
(to everyone)
My gut tells me this will be my
best class ever.

They all eat this up.

CONTROL BOOTH

We're seeing Jamie from seven different angles high-fiving, dancing, and running around. Kyle operates the mixer.

Serling oversees. Melissa enters back inside.

SERLING
There he is.

KYLE
Great work, Melissa.

MELISSA
Thank you.

KYLE
Camera Four. Punch in.

The TECHNICIAN hits it, and we're switching angles.

KYLE (CONT'D)
(realizing)
Camera Three. You're showing too
much bike.

The Technician presses a button. It doesn't work.

TECHNICIAN
I can't pull back.

KYLE
That can't be right.

TECHNICIAN
Try it.

SERLING
We're live in forty seconds.

Kyle nearly collides with Melissa, who doesn't know where to stand. Serling hands her his empty matcha cup.

MELISSA
Yes, Mr. Serling?

SERLING
Throw it out.

Melissa searches for the trash can. There isn't one. Kyle DARTS back across the room, colliding with Melissa.

KYLE
MOVE.

Kyle types vigorously into the computer. Pressing buttons.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Something ain't right.

Flustered, Melissa exits --

HALLWAY

Melissa steps into the hallway. A DOZEN YOGI STUDENTS, their mats tucked under their arms, parade down to the main lobby.

She finds the trash can. Dumps the matcha.

YOGI
Um, that's recyclable. No wonder
your stock's in the gutter--

Melissa exhales deeply. Today's been rough. She reaches her hand back into the trash to pull it out.

She retrieves the cup, but now her hand is dirtied by the liquid and food from the trash.

SPINZ STUDIO

Jamie finally reaches his bike. He jumps up and down. Checks the timer, less than 20 seconds left.

JAMIE
I love y'all so much.

He leaps onto his saddle. And clips into his bike.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
None of you survived a global
fucking pandemic and all your
shitty days to fake an orgasm or
sit on your FUCKING ASS.

The class devours this.

Jamie stares directly at the camera.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 Movement is medicine.
 (then)
 Here we go.

Jamie shifts his pedals. And the class begins.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 That knob in front of you is
 resistance. Turn it to the right,
 and it gets heavier. Turn it to the
 left if you want to cool off. The
 numbers in the middle, that's your
 cadence, how fast you're going.
 Let's start with 20-40 resistance
 and 80-100 cadence.

RESISTANCE: 20-40

CADENCE: 80-100

Jamie is robotic and lightning-fast. Doesn't break a sweat.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 I have a confession to make.
 (checking the resistance)
 Today has been rough. Like it would
 make '07 Britney feel like she's
 having a Spa Day.

CONTROL BOOTH

Serling already has his phone out, checking the Spinz stock.

Right now, it's hovering at 27.18.

HALLWAY

Melissa wipes some of the liquid off her pants, now staining them. She notices PATRONS quickly exiting the LOCKERS.

PATRON
 There's a fire or something--

MELISSA
 Where?

PATRON
 This is like really triggering. I
 better get a full refund.

Melissa accelerates toward the locker.

MELISSA

Um, talk to the front desk.

From underneath the door, a ton of SMOKE billows out.

CONTROL BOOTH

Kyle presses his headset. He's overseeing his orchestra of technicians and monitors.

KYLE

You're doing great, Jamie.

(then)

Slow and steady.

Melissa barges inside. Accidentally opening the door too quickly and loudly. All eyes fall on her.

An uncomfortable silence.

SERLING

Say something.

MELISSA

Um, there's like, a--

SERLING

What?!

MELISSA

A fire in the locker room.

SERLING

(back on his phone)

Send the page to deal with it.

MELISSA

I am the page.

SERLING

Then go handle it.

MELISSA

Shouldn't we call 911?

Kyle eyes Melissa, but his hands are tied.

Serling lowers his phone and approaches her.

SERLING

If you don't fix this, you'll be fired by the time Jamie breaks a sweat.

Off of Melissa's petrified face.

INT. SPINZ STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Jamie accelerates. He scrolls through his monitor at the various USER NAMES, each with their NUMBER OF RIDES.

JAMIE
(into camera)
Give me a little more resistance.

RESISTANCE: 20-40 25-45

CADENCE: 80-100

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Keep up the pace, everyone. Let's go SillySuzie. Yes #DadFan. Happy 2,000. BrookeshellBombshell. Happy 1,000. You badass bitch.

We hear Brooke SCREAM IN EXCITEMENT in the background.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
(re: her scream)
Save it for the bike. You're slacking with that cadence.
(then; serious)
1,000 Rides. That's 1,000 times you prioritized your needs. That many times you said YES TO YOU. 1,000 times you made an INTENTIONAL CHOICE.
(triumphantly)
So, let's shout out to everyone on the bike today. For your choice--

INT. FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS

Melissa approaches the FRONT DESK. There are SEVERAL PATRONS waiting to check in and others demanding refunds.

Melissa awkwardly hovers.

The Receptionist side-eyes Melissa with disdain.

RECEPTIONIST
What do you want, Jen?

MELISSA
It's Melissa. Do we have a fire extinguisher?

RECEPTIONIST

Please let me finish checking in
our lovely guests.

The Patrons doom scroll through their phones.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

(full smiles)

All set. Doors open in 15. Enjoy
your yoga class. Erik is MY FAVE.

The Patrons don't even blink. They walk away. The Receptionist immediately leaps into Melissa's face.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

What are you doing?!

MELISSA

Putting out a fire.

RECEPTIONIST

We all are. Never discuss internal
problems in front of our guests. If
Serling were to find out--

MELISSA

I need a fire extinguisher.

RECEPTIONIST

I can't deal with your vibes right
now. I dunno. Check the break room.

The Receptionist presses a button underneath the desk, which moves the WALL and reveals --

BREAK ROOM

Juice bar. Coffee machine. Kombucha on tap. The Receptionist obnoxiously gestures her head and hands. Melissa nods.

MELISSA

Thank you.

One by one, Melissa searches various cabinets and drawers.

As the door closes, we reveal ERIK (late 20s). The yoga instructor with a large Manbun. Mala beads.

ERIK

Why isn't there juice in my room?

MELISSA

I'll get to it, Erik.

ERIK

Back in my day, this wouldn't have
been tolerated. At all.

MELISSA

I'm so sorry--

ERIK

Fix it.

Melissa spots the fire extinguisher. It's tucked against the refrigerator. She fingers for it. Pulls it by the ring.

It's covered in dust. She rushes out of the room.

INT. SPINZ STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Jamie keeps scrolling through his users for shoutouts.

JAMIE

Let's have our first climb.
(directly to the camera)
By the way, I love giving it to
this camera. It turns me UP.

Jamie makes several duckfaces and "Blue Steels" at it.

RESISTANCE: 25-45 50-70

CADENCE: 60-70

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(checking)

And the shoutout train continues.

As we're looking at his monitor, the USERNAME glitch.

The numbers SCRAMBLE. All their stats instantly disappear.

Jamie's face grows concerned--

INT. LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Melissa enters, holding the extinguisher as if it were a shield. There's nobody inside anymore.

The smoke continues to billow from that locker.

She COUGHS.

Checks the extinguisher. How do I use this? She pulls the pin. Squeezes gently. Nothing.

Melissa squeezes super hard, and it BURSTS OUT --

Spraying all over the locker, floor, and even parts of her shoe as she loses control of the small extinguisher hose.

Silence.

She presses her KEY PAD against the locker, which opens it and reveals a TON OF MORE SMOKE.

Melissa waves the dust and smoke away.

PATRONS enter, startling Melissa.

MELISSA
Just a second.

She eyes the locker again. The smoke eventually dissipates.

All that remains is a small contraption. She studies it. It's cylindrical. Like a toothpaste tube.

She turns it over and realizes it's a smoke bomb.

Melissa SNAPS a photo of it.

Within seconds, she opens her Google App and uploads it.

ON THE PHONE

We scroll through a website of SMOKE GRENADES.

INT. SPINZ STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

A sweat bead off Jamie's head splashes against the screen.

JAMIE
(into headset)
Houston, we have a huge ass
problem.

The NUMBERS still SCRAMBLING. USER NAMES too.

KYLE (O.S.)
What?

JAMIE
(into headset)
My screen's jank as fuck.

KYLE (O.S.)
We can't reboot it--

It flickers BLACK AND WHITE. And then shuts off.

JAMIE
(into headset)
Looks like it doesn't give a shit
what you say.

Every single bike stops. Black screens.

There's an echoing of MURMUR and CHAOS within the CLASS.

All the studio lights go black. Darkness envelops the studio.

More chaos. Even SCREAMS from BIKERS.

And then, each of the bikes flicks BACK ON.

Rhythmically, one on the left turns on, and then one on the right. Ping ponging. It ACCELERATES.

Each one turns back on.

And simultaneously, all have the same text --

On the black screen with WHITE TEXT

Good morning, class

Jamie is confused. The lights kick back on.

INT. CONTROL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Melissa quietly closes the control room door. She's not facing the screens. She turns around to see the chaos.

SERLING
Fix it, Kyle.

KYLE
...We've been hacked.

On all the monitors, we see the SCREEN DELETE THE TEXT.

And it types.

How are y'all today?

Serling checks his STOCK PRICE. It lowers to 24.56. While he's on his phone, we see DOZENS OF TEXT MESSAGES --

Presumably from INVESTORS. BOARD MEMBERS. He fields calls.

SERLING
Richard...
(shouting from the phone)
(MORE)

SERLING (CONT'D)

Let me--

(again)

I don't know. I will handle it.

Kyle operates a mile a minute. Presses buttons, typing away, and hovering between Technicians.

Melissa is seemingly in the way, except this time, she HUGS THE WALL, allowing Kyle to pass.

INT. SPINZ STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Jamie rolls to an absolute stop. He presses into his headset.

JAMIE

(into headset)

Gag's over, Kyle...

KYLE (O.S.)

(into headset)

This isn't us.

Jamie motions to get off his bike.

Jamie, where are you going?

The entire class points at the screen.

DAD FAN

You're gonna wanna see this.

Don't ignore me.

Jamie eyes his screen. Alarmed. He scans the class to see if it's someone in the room... Everyone is just as spooked.

JAMIE

I'm not ignoring you.

Allow me to introduce myself. I'm a man of wealth and taste.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

What do you want?

I want you to read my instructions carefully.

A BIKER BRO tries to unclip from his bike. It's locked.

BIKER

What kinda fucked up class is this?

Nobody can leave until we finish.

VARIOUS BIKERS
Jamie! Help!

VARIOUS OTHER BIKERS try and fail to unclip. It's as if they're bolted in. Jamie nods to them.

JAMIE
Let's listen to what he has to say right now...

You're right.

I thought I had to set off my little bomb.

Off of the chaos and pandemonium in the class.

INT. CONTROL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Kyle eyes Melissa. Serling towers over, glued to his phone.

KYLE
Call 911.

SERLING
Let's hear this person out.

KYLE
You're joking?

SERLING
A hostage situation would destroy us--

KYLE
Stop being a fucking suit. Nobody is dying for your stock.

Melissa fingers her phone. Presses 911. Rings.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
911. What's your emergency?

MELISSA
(into phone)
Hi, how's your day going?

Everyone eyes Melissa, she's too polite.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Ma'am. Your emergency.

MELISSA

Someone's threatening to blow up
the building.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Your location.

MELISSA

1500 Larissa Drive. We're the Spinz
Studio. We own the building.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Police are en route. Remain calm.

MELISSA

Thank you for your time and help.

Melissa hangs up the phone.

SERLING

FUCK! We're trending on Twitter.
Live streaming on Facebook. Twitch.

KYLE

Okay, Melissa. I want you to spread
the news. Classes are canceled.
Kick everyone out.

SERLING

We can't give in to his demands--

KYLE

Shut up, Serling.

MELISSA

What do I say?

KYLE

We'll refund everyone.

SERLING

Wait, hold your horses right there.

KYLE

We need everyone safe. Say it's a
power failure -- it doesn't matter,
and we'll resume class tomorrow.

SERLING

You're right... I'll come with you.

Kyle peers over the shoulders of the Technicians. Thinking
and brainstorming a way out of this.

INT. SPINZ STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Jamie rides his bike.

Jamie-Boy, I miss your enthusiasm.

He's reluctant. He motions to everyone.

JAMIE
We're listening.
(then; to class)
Slow and steady.

Great job.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
If we pedal, will you tell us why
you're here?

Maybe.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Everything will be okay, I promise.

How can you promise something you don't know?

The speakers BLARE A SONG --

Trumpets. Synthesized drums kick in, startling the ROOM.

SPEAKER
(singing)
WE'RE NO STRANGERS TO LOVE / YOU
KNOW THE RULES AND SO DO I (DO I) /
A FULL COMMITMENT'S WHAT I'M
THINKING OF / YOU WOULDN'T GET THIS
FROM ANY OTHER GUY

It's Rick Astley's "Never Gonna Give You Up".

Jamie and company are all absolutely confused.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)
(singing)
NEVER GONNA GIVE YOU UP / NEVER
GONNA LET YOU DOWN / NEVER GONNA
RUN AROUND AND DESERT YOU / NEVER
GONNA MAKE YOU CRY / NEVER GONNA
SAY GOODBYE / NEVER GONNA TELL A
LIE AND HURT YOU.

The music abruptly cuts off.

LOL

INT. MAIN LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Melissa and Serling race around the studio. They divide and spread the news to everyone.

An INFLUENCER and her CREW hover by the studio door.

MELISSA

Excuse me, we're unfortunately
closing the studio.

INFLUENCER

Um, I booked a 45-minute Tabata
Ride with--

MELISSA

It's canceled.

INFLUENCER

Oh, that's totally not cool.

MELISSA

I'm really sorry for the
inconvenience.

INFLUENCER

You can't treat people like this.
We're not disposable, ya know?

This pierces Melissa. She bites her tongue.

MELISSA

Please.

On the other end of the hallway, it's Serling, shuffling
people out while fielding phone calls.

SERLING

We're having a minor glitch in our
system, and it's caused a temporary
power failure.

PATRON

Oh no.

SERLING

Not to worry, we'll be back online
later tonight, but you're welcome
to rebook your class at no
additional cost.

DING. A notification. The stock is now 19.42.

PATRON
I want two classes.

DING--DING--DING--

SERLING
(re: his phone)
Come on, no.
(realizing)
I'm refunding you fully.

PATRON
Right, I would've taken a class
today. And then I'm coming back a
second time for only one class--

Another DING. The stock is now 17.63.

SERLING
(wants to explode)
Let me escort you to the front desk
and arrange that for you. We truly
value our customers.

SPINZ STUDIO

Jamie rides the bike.

JAMIE
You want money?

Yes.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
How much?

1,000,000.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
We can get that for you.

1,000,000

1,000,000,000

10,000,000

JAMIE (CONT'D)
That'll take more time.

You have until the end of class

Jamie checks the clock, only 30:34 seconds left...

JAMIE (CONT'D)
What if we can't get the money?

Jamie slows down his pedaling.

Stop slacking.

A SCREAM from the back of the class. It's Brooke.

BROOKE
I got you, Jamie.

We're on her PHONE... GoFundMe. She types "Save Jamie."

BROOKE (CONT'D)
We can raise it...

CLICK.

SWOOSH -- It's now on social media, too.

Ding--ding--ding, it's been shared. Retweeted. Reposted.

The views exponentially climb.

CONTROL BOOTH

Serling notices the interaction between Brooke and Jamie.

SERLING
She's smart.

SPINZ STUDIO

Brooke waves her phone in the air.

BROOKE
GoFundMe for the win.

JAMIE
Thanks, boo.

Tell them about what you did...

JAMIE (CONT'D)
(sotto)
...Steve?

KYLE (O.S.)
(in his earpiece)
We're working on it. Police are on
their way. Keep him busy.

Louder, I can't hear you.

JAMIE

This has nothing to do with these people...

SLAM. SLAM. SLAM.

He looks up and realizes the AIR VENTS suddenly close.

You better start talking. Or it's gonna get hot.

The thermostat RISES.

Jamie checks to see if there's a microphone nearby. Scans the studio, the blinding lights make it hard.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

...I ended things. With my partner.

After you cheated. Again.

Jamie breaks eye contact with the camera. Then, on the screen, we see SEVERAL IMAGES OF JAMIE WITH SOMEONE.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I did.

There's a hush and surprise from the audience.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I still regret it.

(finally)

And I haven't forgiven myself.

The knot in Jamie's stomach tightens. The regret and remorse rise to the surface of his face.

MAIN LOBBY

Melissa notices SWAT and POLICE storm inside the building, guns ready. The conductor of this chaos --

DETECTIVE SILVANA GARCIA (late 50s). Seasoned. Workaholic. Enters with a clear and fierce determination.

DETECTIVE GARCIA

(to her team)

Secure the exits. Clear the building.

MELISSA

Hi, how's your--

DETECTIVE GARCIA
...You work here?
(off her nod)
The control room.

INT. CONTROL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Detective Garcia sucks all the air out of the room when she enters. Her presence is commanding.

DETECTIVE GARCIA
Any contact?

KYLE
Through texts. On our feed.

DETECTIVE GARCIA
Demands?

KYLE
\$10 million. By the end of class.

Detective Garcia checks the clock.

DETECTIVE GARCIA
I'm Detective Garcia, and I got the ball now. My team is clearing the building, and I want only the skeleton crew remaining.

The Technicians swivel in their chairs.

KYLE
Sure.

DETECTIVE GARCIA
How many do you need for this class? Essentials only.

KYLE
Me and one other? Melissa, you stay. Teach you as we go.

MELISSA
Why me?

KYLE
I can trust you.

Melissa steps away from the wall.

MELISSA
Alright.

KYLE

The rest of you get out of here.

All the other Technicians and Staff shuffle out.

Detective Garcia notices Serling loitering.

DETECTIVE GARCIA

Who are you?

SERLING

Cid Serling, the CEO--

DETECTIVE GARCIA

Call your PR Team and get out of the building.

SERLING

Captain stays with the ship.

DETECTIVE GARCIA

Sure.

(then; to Kyle)

Can I talk to Jamie?

Kyle hands Detective Garcia the headset.

SPINZ STUDIO

Sweat perspires off of his forehead. Jamie rides the bike.

DETECTIVE GARCIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(in the headset)

Jamie. I'm Detective Garcia. LAPD is here. We're evacuating everyone from the building. Keep him talking. Keep up with the class.

Jamie. At this point in your classes, you would raise the resistance. Why are you slacking?

JAMIE

Give us a break.

The thermostat RISES EXPONENTIALLY. Sweat drips off Jamie's hair. The various bikers sweat even more profusely.

Jamie holds onto the handlebars and gets SUDDENLY ZAPPED BY ELECTRICITY from the bike. He immediately recoils his hands.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

What the--

Did you know these bikes aren't properly maintained?

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 (to screen)
 Yeah, what else is new?

CONTROL ROOM

Kyle recoils at Jamie, zapped by the bike.

KYLE
 Jesus Christ, Jamie.

JAMIE (O.S.)
 I'm okay...
 (stares at the screen)
 I'm okay.

SPINZ STUDIO

Jamie waves his hand to the class.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 Let's give zero fucks right now.
 Follow me. Up that resistance.

RESISTANCE: 50-60

CADENCE: 80-90

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 When life hands you lemons, you
 rise out of your saddle and pour
 some vodka into that drink.

The rest of the class joins him.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 I want you to let go of anything
 that will hold you back from
 success. The bare minimum does not
 need to be celebrated. Even today.

That's my Jamie.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 Come on, come on. Let's prove to
 him we can handle it.

The class accelerates with him. We can hear the panting. The rotation of the pedals. The machines and people coalesce.

Brooke checks her phone. GoFundMe amount: \$4,724.

BROOKE
 Jamie, we're almost at five
 thousand dollars.

JAMIE
Not bad, boo.

We follow one Patron, her eyes transfixed on the screen.

The pedals rotate. Faster. And faster. She's keeping up with the Jones. She is our leader on the leaderboard.

Without the biker's intent or knowledge, the pedals rotate FASTER. Dangerously so.

PATRON
Help me. Someone--

Her muscles and ligaments working overdrive but cannot bear the weight and strain of this speed.

The Patron writhes in PAIN.

PATRON (CONT'D)
I can't get off--

Jamie notices. He stops completely.

You're not allowed to stop, Jamie.

JAMIE
Come on, you got this. Rise up a bit. Don't quit on me.

The Patron rises. Squirming. Faster. And faster. It's accelerating at a grueling pace.

PATRON
Ahhh--

The Patron PULLS her foot out of her clipped-in shoe. The handles continue to SPIN as it --

SLICES INTO THE PATRON'S HAMSTRING --

EVISERATING ALL THE WAY DOWN THROUGH HER CALF.

She collapses to the side, but the other PEDAL still spins, DISLOCATING HER HIP AND LEG.

A LOUD CRUNCH.

Jamie, you may be the instructor.

But I'm in charge.

Fast or slow. I control it all.

ON SCREEN: The interface scrambles up. It now showcases a video of Jamie, horrified.

DadFan rides on the bike adjacent to the woman. He leans over and helps her. There's a ton of blood.

Go faster, DadFan. Or you're next.

Dad Fan pedals religiously. Bringing his tempo back up.

JAMIE

Can she get medical help? She won't be able to finish her ride.

I warned you.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Don't be a dick.

An elongated silence. Until DING from the text--

Ok.

Nobody leaves.

Or 

CONTROL BOOTH

Detective Garcia clocks it. Kyle nervously awaits her next command. Serling nearly has an aneurysm at the stock price.

DETECTIVE GARCIA

(to another officer)

Get her medical help ASAP.

(into headset)

Jamie, ask him for more time.

Jamie nods at the camera.

DETECTIVE GARCIA (CONT'D)

(to her team)

Where's my list?!

HALLWAY

The Paramedics are unable to open the door.

SPINZ STUDIO

Jamie notices.

JAMIE

Please let me get off. Unlock the door and get her supplies.

Hurry up.

CLICK -- The pedals unlock, Jamie immediately leaps out.

He opens the door, and the PARAMEDICS hand over several medical supplies (bandages, towels, etc).

Jamie nods. They leave. He closes the door. He rushes over to the injured biker. He wraps the towel around her leg.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

It's all going to be okay. I promise.

Off her writhing in pain.

CONTROL BOOTH

A POLICE OFFICER hands Detective Garcia a LIST of the BIKERS.

DETECTIVE GARCIA

Here's every potential suspect.

KYLE

You think the bomber is in the room?

DETECTIVE GARCIA

Not sure. There's a chance there's no actual bomb, either.

KYLE

You're kidding.

DETECTIVE GARCIA

Not gonna roll the dice. How does the maintenance of the bikes work?

SERLING

...We don't really do any unless, of course, a biker complains.

KYLE

You cheap ass.

MELISSA

I do wipe them down after every class.

Kyle faces Serling. Angry. Frustrated.

SERLING

I'm trying to keep the lights on.
Stop pretending you're altruistic.

KYLE

Hey, I've stood by Jamie. Taken him
to meetings.

SERLING

Oh, please. You enable him. So you
can make your little movie and
leave your Spinz family behind.

Kyle's face goes white. There's absolute truth in his words.

SERLING (CONT'D)

You pretend to be the nice guy,
Kyle. But you're using him too. I
just have the balls to admit it.

Melissa clocks this. Detective Garcia inserts herself --

DETECTIVE GARCIA

Who else would have access to the
room?

SERLING

The instructors. After hours, I
guess any employee can access them.

DETECTIVE GARCIA

(to another officer)

Coordinate with Melissa. I want to
know everything there is to know
about each of the instructors.

SERLING

We've performed extensive
background checks. We groom these
instructors. Even tell them how
high to jump.

DETECTIVE GARCIA

Maybe you missed something.

SERLING

Look, I'm not telling you how to do
your job--

DETECTIVE GARCIA

Oh, I thought you were only
mansplaining.

SERLING
Detective.

DETECTIVE GARCIA
My job is to save the lives of
every single biker in that room.
And maybe even your company, too.

The room grows quiet.

Melissa scrubs through the SECURITY FOOTAGE on her iPhone.
She notices the HOODED FIGURE inside the locker room.

She realizes that the Hooded Figure put a bag inside the
locker which had the smoke bomb in it...

MELISSA
Um, Detective Garcia, you may want
to know this.

She points at the Hoodie Figure from the opening.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
I checked the logs. They logged in
as Hunter Dunn.

DETECTIVE GARCIA
Here we go. Another potential
suspect. Is he in the class?

MELISSA
No, he left the building within
seven minutes of entering it.

SERLING
It's Hunter. I mean, he's even
dressed like the Unabomber.

DETECTIVE GARCIA
We don't know.
(into walkie-talkie)
Known address, whereabouts, and
criminal record for Hunter Dunn.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
Copy that.

MELISSA
Hunter also put this in the locker.

Melissa reveals the smoke bomb.

DETECTIVE GARCIA
A smoke bomb? Why?
(to another officer)
Take this to the lab. Now.

An OFFICER bags the smoke bomb and rushes outside.

INT. SPINZ STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Jamie continues riding.

I'm bored... Less than 20 minutes left...

Tell me a story.

JAMIE
I will tell you a story if you give
us more time.

.....

JAMIE (CONT'D)
You know it's an impossible task
for us. It's too much money. And we
don't know where you want it.

Deliver it here. In the studio.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
You will get everything you want.
Just need to give us time.

I will let you slow down the ride.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
We'll take it. Everyone rolls back
the resistance.

DETECTIVE GARCIA (O.S.)
(in the headset)
Great job, Jamie.

RESISTANCE: 20-30

CADENCE: 60-70

There's a collective sigh of relief.

JAMIE
What do you want to hear?

The last time you used.

CONTROL ROOM

Frustrated, Serling TOSSES his phone on the floor.

It slides underneath the control panel...

SERLING

Shitfuck. He's airing out all the
dirty laundry.

(then)

Jen, get my phone.

Melissa bites her lip.

KYLE

...Our current user base tripled.

SERLING

How many?

Melissa crawls underneath the control booth to reach for Serling's phone. She notices something...

KYLE

The server says we have over six
million active views right now.

SERLING

On all our platforms?

KYLE

The app. The bike. The treadmill.
They're only watching Jamie.

SERLING

What about our subscriptions?

Kyle pounds his keyboard.

KYLE

People are signing up. Word's on
the street.

Serling is ecstatic. He checks the stock price. It evens out.

Below, Melissa grabs the iPhone, but she notices a --

USB DRIVE at the back of the computer. It has the S-logo.

Melissa crawls back up and hands Serling the phone.

MELISSA

Hey Kyle, there's--

KYLE

Not right now. The server is about to crash.

SERLING

Do whatever it fucking takes.

KYLE

Working on degradation. Reducing functionality. Maybe redirect the other servers...

Meanwhile, Detective Garcia loiters, inspecting the profiles of each of the cyclists and instructors.

Her eyes examine the various feeds of the class. Each with a different angle of the bikes, Jamie, and other patrons.

The top monitor showcases the "Live Feed" of the class and is marked with that label. There are plenty of angles to cut to.

DETECTIVE GARCIA

What is that?

(to Melissa)

Zoom in there.

Melissa operates the joystick and presses forward on it. A little jerky at first, but then she gets the hang of it.

SPINZ STUDIO

Jamie faces the camera. Direct.

JAMIE

I can tell you a story about a broken home. A Dad who died. And an alcoholic mother. Or I can tell you about how I actually came from a stable home. Even went to private school. Had an older sister who bullied the shit out of me. Couldn't ever do right in her mind.

CONTROL BOOTH

The camera ends with a close-up of the bike. A tiny device, almost the size of a fridge magnet.

DETECTIVE GARCIA

There it is.

SERLING

The bomb?

DETECTIVE GARCIA

Maybe.

SERLING

Can't we cut the power?

DETECTIVE GARCIA

It's remote. Battery powered. Is there anything different on the bikes? Out of the ordinary.

KYLE

That must be how he has access to the room. And the bikes, too.

DETECTIVE GARCIA

Send those grabs to the lab. I'll get someone on it ASAP.

As Melissa, Serling, and Kyle zoom in and check each bike on the various feeds, we stay with Jamie's face--

SPINZ STUDIO

Jamie zeroes in on the camera. This is more raw and vulnerable than he has been lately.

JAMIE

I came out here to act, but we know how that ended. Got caught up in the noise. Thought I had to hustle more until I fell apart. Before I got this job, I met Steve. Sunshine in human form. Fucked that up. I could feel myself ruining it. Like my Hot Mess was driving, and I was stuck in the backseat.

We hear the bikes turning and churning.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

...I smoked everything under the sun. Popped the pills. Snorted whatever was placed in front of me.

❖ [A violin]

JAMIE (CONT'D)

You have a problem with that?

KYLE (O.S.)

(into headset)

Don't piss him off.

JAMIE
Fuck this.

Jamie stops completely.

I warned you

DETECTIVE GARCIA (O.S.)
(into the headset)
Keep pedaling.

An eerie silence. A hesitation.

A SNAP -- the gears of the bike switch.

All the bikes AUTOMATICALLY PEDAL BACKWARDS. The bikers eye one another in dismay.

And, in a second, **THE LIGHTS CUT OUT -- PITCH BLACK.**

Screams. From VARIOUS BIKERS. Terrified.

JAMIE (O.S.)
(shouting)
You want me. Not them. Let everyone else go.

NO.

Swelling of the speakers. Feedback reverberates. Tinnitus-inducing levels.

Watch carefully.

On each of the bikes' screens --

VIDEOS and PHOTOS of JAMIE.

Various ages. A slew of haircuts. His Mom. Sister. A seemingly wholesome family. Ranch-style home.

It's intercut with a video of Jamie being DRUNK & HIGH, slurring his words and stumbling on the floor.

It's being pulled from Instagram, Snapchat, and Facebook. We recognize logos and screens.

Jamie does a LINE OF COKE. Slaps himself.

This is your inspiration.

Your transformation.

Who are you really following?

The lights activate again.

Jamie has been in tears.

Horrified by the sight of himself.

Horrified by the exposure.

Horrified by the silence in the room.

He takes one of the small dumbbells tucked in the back of his bike and SMASHES HIS SCREEN. Again. And again.

Thousands of pieces of glass litter the floor.

Out of breath, Jamie drops the weight--

CONTROL BOOTH

Detective Garcia, Melissa, and Kyle all watch, dumbfounded.

Serling stands, absolutely furious.

SPINZ STUDIO

Jamie calls out to the world.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I am a fuck up. I do not deserve any of this success. I peddle bullshit. Because I wanna be better than I am. I struggle hourly. I will go home after this and couch lock until my next class. I fuck anything with a hole in it. Because I've never been enough.

CONTROL BOOTH

Detective Garcia receives a BUZZ on her walkie-talkie.

DETECTIVE GARCIA

Yeah?

OFFICER (O.S.)

HDU has a read on the device. EDU verified as well.

DETECTIVE GARCIA

What is it?

OFFICER (O.S.)

It's not a bomb. It's a transmitter. Broadcasting where, I don't know. But the range is close.

DETECTIVE GARCIA
How close?

OFFICER (O.S.)
Within the building.

DETECTIVE GARCIA
Roger that.

Detective Garcia faces a SQUAD OF OFFICERS.

DETECTIVE GARCIA (CONT'D)
If it can be plugged into an
outlet, I wanna see it. All
devices. Phones. Laptops. iPod
minis. I don't care. Get it all.

KYLE
What do you need from us?

DETECTIVE GARCIA
The show must go on.

KYLE
(into headset)
We're making some progress here,
Jamie. Keep it going.

SPINZ STUDIO

Jamie rides.

JAMIE
You're right, Mr. Bomber. I'm a
hundred percent, full-grade piece
of shit. Is that what you want?

Sorta.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
And you know what? I'm glad.
(realizing)
If I can get on the bike, so can
you. If I can inspire you even with
the dumpster fire that is my life,
then you can get on the bike.

CONTROL BOOTH

A hint of a smile on Serling's face.

SERLING
Attaboy.

LOCKER ROOM

Officers pry open every locker. Rummaging through it all.

BREAK ROOM

Officers open cabinets. Drawers. Searching.

SPINZ STUDIO

Jamie faces the camera.

JAMIE

You know what's even more fucked up? My company. Spinz.

CONTROL BOOTH

Serling's excitement evaporates instantly. He paces, watching Jamie on the screen--

JAMIE (CONT'D)

If you come inside our studio, you'll see what happens when you impregnate an Apple store with a Spa. It's beautiful and sleek, but it's overpriced and hollow.

(then)

The protesters are right. We do harvest your data and sell it to the highest bidder. All thanks to our AI. I was supposed to tout some new technology on this ride. A game changer. We don't have shit...

SPINZ STUDIO

Jamie breaks eye contact. Thinks about his words.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Kinda like me. But even though we're not the next big thing, we can still change your life.

(pedaling)

You may not have the best job. Best partner. Best home. You may not have a six-pack or even a waist you're proud of. But you are still you. You are still worthy. You are still loveable.

(finally)

You, my boos, are renewable.

CONTROL BOOTH

This gives Serling an idea. He makes a call and leaves the room. Melissa faces Kyle.

MELISSA
Kyle.

KYLE
Yeah?

MELISSA
Um, this may seem random, but are there supposed to be USB drives in the computer?

KYLE
What do you mean?

Underneath the control panel, Melissa points to the USB Drive lodged in the back of the computer.

Kyle pulls it out.

KYLE (CONT'D)
That's not supposed to be here.

HALLWAY

Serling paces around while on a phone call.

SERLING
(shouting)
...We use it all-- No, shut up.
Have your fucking vote of no
confidence later. Listen to me.
(then)
Jamie's turning this into gold. So
should we. I want a press statement
released now. No more harvesting.
(finally)
And that cash will be worth its
weight in gold... Trust me.

SPINZ STUDIO

Jamie studies the screen above him.

JAMIE
Too much for you to handle?

No response.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Are you there? Come on. I got
plenty more to say.
(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I have nothing to hide. I'm an
addict. Adulterer. Fake-it-to-you-
make-it instructor.

All quiet.

CONTROL BOOTH

There's nothing. Everyone stands by, curious.

Detective Garcia senses the opportunity.

DETECTIVE GARCIA
Now's our chance.
(into walkie-talkie)
All squads go for evac.

She rushes outside and signals for the SWAT TEAM. With a BATTERING RAM, they KNOCK DOWN the door into the --

SPINZ STUDIO

She waves to the whole class. Jamie is completely startled.

JAMIE
Detective.

Jamie points at the TRACKER on the BIKE, the small device from earlier is now blinking EVEN BRIGHTER and FASTER.

DETECTIVE GARCIA
Shit.

She stands in the hallway. Frustrated. Staring inside.

CONTROL BOOTH

Kyle plops open his laptop. Logs in.

KYLE
I gotta see what this is all about.

He sticks in his thumb drive. It IMMEDIATELY FLICKERS.

Goes BLACK. And then, the text appears --

How could you?

A moment. This terrifies both Kyle and Melissa...

Kyle types: "How could I what?"

SPINZ STUDIO

The counter now reads 21:06. And dropping. But the seconds linger in the air for an eternity.

Brooke takes out her iPhone, and she's still live-streaming.

BROOKE
Everyone, I'm gonna be okay, I'm getting out. Hashtag Survivor.

Hearts. Likes. Comments galore clutter her stream.

20:53 seconds and counting.

CONTROL BOOTH

We're staring directly at a screen.

The caret blinks. We're waiting for it to type.

You

Unplugged

Me

Kyle

Kyle freaks out and snaps the laptop shut. Unplugs the USB.

Stares at Melissa.

KYLE
Let's pretend that never happened.

MELISSA
We're already infected. The malware. The virus. Whatever it is. He's in our system permanently.

SPINZ STUDIO

20:13 counts down EVEN FASTER.

HALLWAY

Detective Garcia receives a BUZZ.

DETECTIVE GARCIA
(into walkie-talkie)
Not now...

OFFICER (O.S.)
We located Hunter Dunn.

DETECTIVE GARCIA

Great. Send SWAT to his address.

OFFICER (O.S.)

Deceased. Self-inflicted gunshot
wound. He was Jamie's father.

(then)

There's an obituary online.
Tennessee Star. Happened when Jamie
was twelve.

SPINZ STUDIO

Jamie freezes, glancing up at the screen.

...Detective. Please join us.

Detective Garcia steps inside from the hallway and
immediately stares up at the screen.

VIDEOS and IMAGES of Detective Garcia as a mother. Singing
Happy Birthday to her daughter (7). It's loving and sweet.

Detective Garcia graduating from the Academy. Newspaper
clippings. On the Local News. Giving a statement on a CASE.

DETECTIVE GARCIA

How do you know all this?

It's out there.

Everything can be found.

Just have to know where to look.

DETECTIVE GARCIA (CONT'D)

Whatever you say, Hunter.

This surprises Jamie.

JAMIE

...Hunter?

Jamie swallows the lump in his throat.

CONTROL BOOTH

This gives Melissa an idea. She pries Kyle's laptop from him.

KYLE

What do you want?

MELISSA

To check a locker. You have to put down a deposit, right?

KYLE

No, the only way you get a locker is if you pre-book a class.

MELISSA

Exactly.

Melissa scans the computer, typing away.

KYLE

And you lost me.

MELISSA

Hunter Dunn. Mr. Hoodie. Checked in. And got a locker. Placed the smoke bomb. Why?

KYLE

...I dunno. He wanted a distraction. Clear out the room?

MELISSA

That doesn't make any sense.

She relentlessly pounds the keys.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Hunter Dunn is Billy Kershaw.

KYLE

How the hell--

MELISSA

It's all from the front desk login.

Click. Click. Click. Melissa's in her element.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

So, now, let's find out who Billy Kershaw is. Or at least who he pretends to be.

She shortcuts to open SEVERAL TABS. Facebook. Instagram. LinkedIn. Snapchat. Twitter. Everything and anything.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

24. Born in Los Angeles. Hates the Dodgers. Loves Guisados.

We see flashes of various tabs. She scrolls fast.

KYLE
(impressed by her speed)
Kids these days.

MELISSA
Blame it on the computer science
degree from Stanford.

KYLE
And you chose to work here?

MELISSA
I joined because of him.

We see Jamie on all the monitors, cycling. Kyle notices.

KYLE
Serling's right.

MELISSA
You were going to leave?

KYLE
I use him. I wanted to get the hell
out of here. The script was good,
and I just needed Jamie...

MELISSA
(finishes typing)
There we have it. He follows Jamie.

KYLE
So do three million others.

MELISSA
Let me check his Venmo.

She sees that Jamie's account is PRIVATE.

Melissa types various prompts, and we notice the inner
workings of computer code. But she's unable to breach it.

KYLE
Why?

Frustrated at being unable to crack it, she realizes --

MELISSA
Wait, are you friends with him?

KYLE
With the Unabomber?

MELISSA
Give me your phone.

Kyle hands it over.

KYLE
Password is--
(realizes; grabs it back)
Okay, here's my Venmo.

Melissa scrolls through it with incredible speed.

MELISSA
There.

KYLE
What are you saying?

MELISSA
He's friends with Billy.
(it doesn't hit him)
JAMIE PAID BILLY.
(shows it)
A week ago. 3:45 am.

KYLE
For what?

MELISSA
The smoke bomb.

KYLE
That's ridiculous. I'm stopping you
right there.

Melissa zooms in a bit --

MELISSA
And the emoji is prayer hands.

KYLE
Look, Melissa. I don't do emojis,
but it can mean anything.

MELISSA
You're not listening. There is no
other connection. They're not
friends on any other social.

KYLE
He's not the bomber. It's a
coincidence.

MELISSA
What are you not telling me?

Kyle hesitates. Serling enters, content. Even grinning.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
Kyle.

KYLE
I know him. He's not like that.

MELISSA
What's the payment for?

KYLE
I hate to admit it...

SERLING
Jamie's an addict. I've had to personally pay people off.

KYLE
It reads as a delivery.
(then)
Before the pre-show, how was Jamie prepping?

A moment. Melissa senses the room.

MELISSA
With a syringe.

KYLE
Been doing that for years now. The insulin helps shed off another pound or two.

SERLING
Billy's probably his connection.

KYLE
I stopped enabling him right before the IPO, and I've taken him to meetings too.

MELISSA
None of that explains why he put a smoke bomb in the locker.

KYLE
Maybe Hunter -- Billy -- whatever was screwing over Jamie.

SERLING
Or it was some bullshit protest.

MELISSA
And it's a coincidence it happened
today of all the days...

SERLING
Jamie has gotten himself mixed up
with some sketchy characters.
Rather unfortunate.

KYLE
I didn't realize you cared...

SERLING
People change.

KYLE
No, you're up to something.

Serling lowers onto the chair and swivels.

SERLING
I'm saving the company and freeing
the hostages.

KYLE
In that order?

SERLING
(checks his watch)
The money will be here in less than
eight minutes.

KYLE
How?

SERLING
When you're rich, it's never the
how, it's the why.

MELISSA
...This is an ad for you.

Serling smiles, impressed.

SERLING
Yep.

MELISSA
The subscriptions alone. I mean, if
it tripled, it would pay for
itself.

SERLING

We're the victims here. Ride for Solidarity. Think about the promotions. We can put instructors on every talk show--

KYLE

You're a sick fuck, Serling.

SERLING

Nobody is going to die, okay? Don't hate me for profiting off it.

KYLE

I think I'm gonna throw up--

SERLING

You have equity in this, too. Jamie. Everyone except you.
(to Melissa)
But we'll throw you a percentage point after today's hard work.

Serling grabs the headset.

SERLING (CONT'D)

(into the headset)

Jamie, we have good news. The money will be here in eight minutes.

SPINZ STUDIO

Jamie perks up, his finger pressed against the headset.

JAMIE

(into the headset)

How the fuck did you--

SERLING (O.S.)

(into the headset)

I took care of it.

JAMIE

(to screen)

You're gonna get the money in less than eight minutes.

Good.

This excites Detective Garcia, but she has no idea how it even happened.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

You want it here?

Yes.

DETECTIVE GARCIA
Who is going to pick it up? Or is
there a drop-off?

I want Jamie to carry it somewhere else...

JAMIE
Where?

Get it here first.

DETECTIVE GARCIA
(to the screen)
The money is coming. You're getting
exactly what you want. As an act of
good faith--

You want the other bikers to be set free?

DETECTIVE GARCIA (CONT'D)
Yes.

No, Detective. Nice try, though.

All the bikes seemingly accelerate on command. The resistance
grows, and the bikers huff and puff. Even Jamie struggles.

One more final push, Jamie. Ride them to their limit.

JAMIE
Follow the beat, everyone. Remember
how fierce you are. C'mon. C'mon.

RESISTANCE: 50-60

CADENCE: 100-120

RING -- RING -- RING. Jamie checks his phone. It's Hannah.

You better answer it. Your big sis.

Jamie swipes it open --

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Hannah. So great to see you.

We see her frazzled and worried face on the FaceTime.

HANNAH
Are you okay?

JAMIE
(breathing heavily)
I'm in the middle of something.

HANNAH

I know, it's all over the news.

JAMIE

How do I look?

LOL.

HANNAH

Jamie.

JAMIE

We're getting the money. It'll all be over soon enough.

HANNAH

...I love you.

JAMIE

I know.

HANNAH

No, you don't. You have no idea because you're a goddamn idiot. I worry about you because I fucking love you.

JAMIE

Most days, you're a good sis.

HANNAH

Stop that. The only way to love you is to keep you at a distance. My boundaries are love, I can't keep enabling you.

Detective Garcia approaches the other BIKERS.

DETECTIVE GARCIA

It's all going to be over soon.

BROOKE

Do you have an iPhone charger?

Brooke feels like she was born to ride. She's crushing it.

DETECTIVE GARCIA

What?

BROOKE

My phone is about to die. Been live-streaming it.

DETECTIVE GARCIA
We'll get you one once everyone is
safe.

BROOKE
Do you think Oprah will interview
me about this?

Detective Garcia can't handle this right now.
Jamie continues to pedal, eying his sister.

JAMIE
...I get it, Hannah.

HANNAH
I just want you to know.

JAMIE
Hey, hey. Stop that. I've gotten
into some shit, but you know, I
always make it out unscathed.

HANNAH
I love you.

She hangs up.

How do you feel, Jamie?

JAMIE
Like you actually care.

I know you intimately. So, as a matter of fact, I do.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Too little, too late. And only
because you planted a bomb here.

#Savage. I don't disagree.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Glad we see eye to eye on this.
(then)
What are you going to spend your
money on?

Hmmm...

Haven't decided.

CONTROL BOOTH

Serling checks his watch. Less than five minutes. And DING --

His stock has gone up... A few points.

SERLING
That's how you do it. The Press Statement is live.

Melissa is glued to her phone. Already finished reading it.

MELISSA
Honestly, it's okay...

SERLING
Oh, like you can do better?

MELISSA
"We are shocked and devastated by the unthinkable hostage situation currently unfolding..."

SERLING
...I was shocked.

KYLE
(reads it)
This is trauma porn.

SERLING
You can thank me when we all walk out of here. Alive and rich.

Melissa studies Serling, searching for a kink in his armor.

SPINZ STUDIO

Jamie rides. He is absolutely drenched in sweat. As is the class. Detective Garcia examines the bikes.

I need you to prepare, Jamie.

JAMIE
How? You have me stuck on the bike.

Someone get his phone.

CONTROL BOOTH

Melissa perks up. Kyle and Serling continue to watch.

MELISSA
I know where it is.

SERLING
What are you waiting for?

HALLWAY

Melissa darts out. She hesitates at the balcony, where Jamie greeted his adoring fans.

Through the glass window, we see HUNDREDS OF FANS filling the entire block, hoping for a glimpse.

They hold various signs: "Free Jamie."

COPS stand guard, BARRICADING them from entering.

GREEN ROOM

Melissa enters and takes a moment to scan it. She pulls the seat out and sits on it, rummaging through the counter.

She immediately spots the iPhone on top of his laptop. She pockets it and continues looking.

Melissa opens the laptop. Presses a key. The welcome screen reveals itself, but it's locked.

She slams it shut. Checks more of the pill bottles. Insulin. Adderall. Even Lexapro. No new clues.

MELISSA
What are you hiding?

Melissa hesitates. Opens up the laptop and begins TYPING.

Various command prompts that look more like hieroglyphics.

X:\sources>c: She SLAMS the ENTER KEY.

She types C:\>cd C:\windows\system 32.

Off her SLAMMING THE KEY AGAIN--

ON THE STREETS/MAIN LOBBY

A door SWINGS open. We're bombarded by SHOUTS and SCREAMS from the fans. Serling waves his hand out.

SERLING
LET HIM THROUGH.

A MAN (40s) dressed in a suit holding a MASSIVE DUFFEL BAG, approaches several COPS.

The Cops eye Serling, who nods.

The Man approaches Serling and hands over the bag--

SERLING (CONT'D)
You're not done yet. You're coming
with me. Hurry up.

SPINZ STUDIO

Melissa enters, holding Jamie's iPhone.

JAMIE
Thank you.

He reaches out for his iPhone.

Melissa hesitates a moment before handing it. He takes it.

She stares at him.

Download this app.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
(to Melissa)
...What?

DING. There's a TEXT MESSAGE on his PHONE.

He clicks on it. It installs, and now, our camera is inside
the iPhone a la FaceTime. The other side is black.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
It's installed.

You look good, Jamie.

CONTROL BOOTH

Kyle eyes the monitor.

KYLE
(into headset)
The money's here. Let him know.

SPINZ STUDIO

Detective Garcia inspects the bikes.

You won't find what you're looking for, Detective.

DETECTIVE GARCIA
Who says I'm looking for anything?

I covered my tracks. Believe me.

JAMIE
Your money is here.

Let me see it.

The Man in the Suit enters, drenched in sweat from running, and drops the DUFFEL BAG on the floor in front of the bike.

Open it, Jamie.

CLICK. The pedals unlock.

Jamie hops off the bike and zips it open. It's definitely millions of dollars in cash.

How do I know this is legit?

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Am I supposed to count it?

Stick your hand in it.

Jamie dives his hand into it and swims through the cash.

No ink packs, good. Now zip it back up.

Put it on your shoulder. And take it to the roof.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Now?

Yep. I will meet you there.

Detective Garcia reaches for her walkie-talkie.

DETECTIVE GARCIA
All units--

No Cops, Detective. And nobody leaves until I get my money.

I am watching.

BROOKE
Be careful, Jamie.

Jamie wraps the duffel bag around his shoulder.

HALLWAY

Jamie strolls ahead, his hand still gripped to the phone.

JAMIE
(into phone)
Are you going to be there?

The same VOICE we heard earlier in front of Kyle in the green room is speaking now on the phone.

VOICE (O.S.)
You're gonna have to find out.

Jamie passes the control booth and spots Melissa, Kyle, and even Serling watching him.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Wave goodbye to your crew.

Jamie nods.

JAMIE
I'm gonna see them again, right?

VOICE (O.S.)
Maybe.

JAMIE
At the elevator. Be there shortly.

He approaches the ELEVATOR BAY. Presses the button.

VOICE (O.S.)
I thought you were an instructor.
And I'd hate to lose service.

Jamie uses his back to open the door --

STAIRCASE

Jamie peers up. An expansive staircase that reaches the roof.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Twelve floors.

JAMIE
I just biked 46 miles.

VOICE (O.S.)
Get moving.

JAMIE
Why me?

VOICE (O.S.)
Cause you're easy to exploit. Too
vulnerable.

Jamie looks down -- there's an ENTIRE SWAT TEAM, guns at the ready, following him up step by step.

JAMIE
I can only be me.

VOICE (O.S.)

I devoured you online. Seen all
your stories. Read your posts. So
many times. That mask of yours is
fragile.

JAMIE

Did you like my thirst traps?

VOICE (O.S.)

Too desperate.

JAMIE

Aren't they, by definition,
desperate?

VOICE (O.S.)

The real beauty is in the
imperfections.

JAMIE

I didn't realize I was chatting
with a poet.

(then)

Ten million is a good chunk of
change. Are you going to Vegas?
Strippers? Coke?

Jamie continues up the steps. A slight pause.

VOICE (O.S.)

...It's not for me.

JAMIE

Who is it for? A partner?

VOICE (O.S.)

You're asking too many questions.

Jamie shoots the SWAT Members a look to warn them to slow
down or at least be quieter.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

By the way, SWAT doesn't scare me.
And they won't be able to track me
either. The beauty of the app.

JAMIE

So you're gonna get away scot-free?

VOICE (O.S.)

Believe me when I say it is
statistically impossible to fail.

JAMIE
Look at that swag.

VOICE (O.S.)
If only you knew, Jamie-Boy.
(then)
Pick up the pace, I'm growing
impatient.

Jamie shuffles his feet, accelerating.

The SWAT TEAM syncs up only two floors below.

JAMIE
(a little out of breath)
I did just teach a class.

VOICE (O.S.)
Faster, Jamie.

JAMIE
Hold a beat.

VOICE (O.S.)
You're gonna wanna see this.

JAMIE
I'm tryin'.

VOICE (O.S.)
It's beautiful.

Jamie jumps up several stairs at a time. Running faster.

JAMIE
Almost there.

At this point, even the SWAT TEAM has difficulty keeping up.

VOICE (O.S.)
Hurry, you're gonna miss it.

JAMIE
What?

VOICE (O.S.)
Jamie.

JAMIE
One more flight.

VOICE (O.S.)
Run. Run. Run.

Jamie barges past the EMERGENCY DOOR --

A blinding white light. Painfully bright.

Our eyes adjust. As do Jamie's. Downtown Los Angeles gleams on the horizon. Besieged by gray storm clouds.

JAMIE

Where are you?

VOICE (O.S.)

You see it?

JAMIE

See what? I'm on the roof.

VOICE (O.S.)

Look to the east. It's remarkable.

Jamie checks each direction and spots it. He is heaving.

JAMIE

...A fucking rainbow?

The clouds have passed, and we see a glimpse of a rainbow.

VOICE (O.S.)

It rained only thirty-six days last year in Los Angeles.

JAMIE

Who gives a shit?

VOICE (O.S.)

I do. So much life from so little rain. LA... Even California is a miracle in the making.

JAMIE

Where do you want your money?

VOICE (O.S.)

Carry the bag to the edge.

Jamie dumps the bag right by the edge. He looks down, there are HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE waiting and watching and cheering.

He turns around, and there's SWAT TEAM searching every square inch of the rooftop. Nothing. Nobody.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Open the bag.

Jamie unzips it.

JAMIE

Are you down there?

VOICE (O.S.)

Yes. I'm watching.

The way Jamie looks at the money, we know how desperately he wants it. Even if he could pocket some in his shorts.

But SWAT is nearby. The whole world is seemingly watching.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Now dump it. For the whole crowd.

JAMIE

You're joking.

VOICE (O.S.)

Jamie.

JAMIE

This can't be it. This is definitely not it. Come on.

VOICE (O.S.)

Listen to me. Or else...

Jamie hoists up the bag. He takes a moment. This money would change everything for him. His problems could be erased.

He dumps it. Millions of cash float in the air, causing an absolute uproar among the fans.

CONTROL BOOTH

Serling is livid, and Melissa braces herself for a thrown phone. But this time, he does not throw it.

He looks at his phone. Ding. And actually smiles.

SPINZ STUDIO

Click. Click. Click. All the pedals unlock, and the Bikers hop off. They smile. Celebrate. And hug one another.

ROOFTOP

Jamie grips the phone. The wind howls.

JAMIE

And that's it?

VOICE (O.S.)

Goodbye, Jamie.

JAMIE
No--no--no--wait--

Click.

Jamie collapses on his back, utterly exhausted. Drops his phone. And soaks in the sunlight.

SWAT surrounds him, making sure he is okay.

SPINZ STUDIO

Our only source of light in the studio: the S logo.

It pulsates in a blue light at the center of Jamie's bike.

We see glimpses of these steel beasts at rest. The transmission belt drives remain idle.

The welded carbon steel frames are drenched in sweat.

The broken touchscreen. Remnants of blood. It's hard to believe this room was once so chaotic and filled to the brim.

MAIN LOBBY

MEDICS check in on the various bikers. Kyle and Serling loiter on the couches.

NEWS TRUCKS and REPORTERS can be seen through the glass front doors. Hovering like vultures on the street.

Brooke checks herself on her iPhone. Fixes her hair. And then steps outside, ready to face the Press.

DadFan notices. He nods his head, he's coming with her.

BROOKE
...It was terrifying.

All the cameras point at them.

A dozen microphones seemingly appear out of thin air.

Kyle and Serling are all smiles. Relieved.

KYLE
Did it go up?

SERLING
You bet.

Serling showcases his phone, we don't see the number, but his extended smile says it all.

Jamie shoos off more medical attention. He retreats and shuffles back upstairs to his green room.

He turns around on the "Pope Balcony" and surveys the absolute chaos of the scene.

INVESTIGATORS searching for clues. COPS interviewing STAFF.

He walks away.

There is only one person staring at Jamie...

Melissa.

GREEN ROOM

Jamie plops down in his seat. He stares at himself in the mirror. He cries.

A deep, heavy sob. As he rests his head on his folded arms.

Over time, it transforms into a laugh of total relief.

A release. He wipes the tears off his face.

He takes a deep breath and then spots someone in the mirror.

JAMIE

Melissa?

MELISSA

Yeah.

Melissa approaches, holding something in her hand.

JAMIE

Excellent work today. You kicked some butt.

MELISSA

Thank you.

JAMIE

So what do you think of your first week?

MELISSA

I have a lot to learn.

JAMIE

You'll get the hang of it.

MELISSA

...It was you.

A piercing silence.

JAMIE

What?

MELISSA

I don't quite know how. I don't know why. I just know it was you.

JAMIE

This is absurd. It was probably one of those protestors--

MELISSA

Jamie.

JAMIE

Where's this coming from?

MELISSA

I looked through the footage. Cops missed it. Right before your class, you went inside the control booth, put on your Jamie persona, and then plugged this in.

Melissa opens the palm of her hand. The USB Drive.

Jamie simply stares at it. Unfazed.

He faces her. Rises up from his seat.

JAMIE

Nobody got seriously hurt.

MELISSA

That's not true.

JAMIE

Let me teach you something about the hustle. This is what you have to do. This is how you make it.

MELISSA

By planting a bomb?

JAMIE

There never was one.

MELISSA

Everyone thought they were going to die, Jamie.

JAMIE

The trauma will help them grow.
Appreciate what they actually have.
Each of those bikers will have a
richer life now.

MELISSA

Stop rationalizing it.

JAMIE

Just speaking the truth.

MELISSA

And Billy?

JAMIE

I thought the smoke would be
enough. A scare. And then, I
realized I needed more.

MELISSA

I hacked your computer. And found
you running an AI Chatbot--

JAMIE

It was you. You fucked with it. I
was never supposed to dump the
money.

MELISSA

I couldn't let you get away with
it.

Melissa retreats, and Jamie follows.

JAMIE

You think any company can be
ethical? Do you bitch about the
children used to mine the crystals
for your iPhone? Of course not. Or
how your shirt is made? It wasn't
only Serling who made sacrifices
for this company. And I will do
what it takes to keep it afloat.

MELISSA

I'm going to tell the world.

JAMIE

Nobody'll believe you. I mean, you
also hacked onto my computer, and
altered the script, so now your
fingerprints are all over this.

Jamie slams the laptop shut.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
So let's pretend this never
happened.

Elongated silence.

Melissa realizes she is utterly screwed.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
May I please have the thumb drive?

MELISSA
No.

JAMIE
Melissa.

MELISSA
You can't get away with this.

JAMIE
Of course, I will.
(then)
I promise to donate my GoFundMe to
charity. And after our
conversation, I'm going to give an
exclusive interview.

MELISSA
You're a piece of shit.

JAMIE
I can only be me.

MELISSA
I believed in you. Your
transformations. Your quotes. You
were the reason why I joined.

JAMIE
Never meet your heroes.

MELISSA
...Who are you?

JAMIE
Still figuring that out.

Jamie grips her wrist. And she reluctantly opens it.

JAMIE
Thank you.

He pockets the USB Drive. Opens the door.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Maybe you should think about
quitting. Clearly, this isn't a
good fit. Go join Greenpeace or
whatever.

Melissa remains frozen. A deep breath.

She rips off her lanyard from her neck and tosses it on the counter amongst all the pills and bottles.

MAIN LOBBY

Jamie reveals himself. Detective Garcia, Kyle, Serling, and the rest of the STAFF and COPS applaud.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Thank you. We all stuck together.
And look what we accomplished. We
saved everyone.

He is all smiles. The façade remains strong.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

An exhausted, battle-torn Jamie arrives at his front door, readying his keys.

DING. A TEXT. From Steve: "You okay?"

Jamie types: Yeah. He hesitates. He writes: "Let's talk"

We see BUBBLES FORMING. Ding. Steve: "I would love to"

JAMIE'S APARTMENT

A palatial spot. Immaculately clean. Sharp design.

Perched on top of the Sunset Strip, showcasing the most spectacular view of Los Angeles.

Jamie plops his bag on the floor and sinks onto the couch, utterly depleted.

He peers through the floor-to-ceiling glass door that opens out to a private balcony.

The storm has passed, allowing Jamie to revel in a pristine, bright blue sky without a single cloud.

Jamie surrenders to the quiet and peaceful sight.

A moment of utmost relief.

Unbeknownst to Jamie, we spot through the reflection --

Arman and his MINIONS. Waiting. Patiently.

ARMAN (O.S.)
Jamie-Boy.

Jamie turns around and immediately raises his hands up.

JAMIE
Arman.

ARMAN
You've had quite the day.

JAMIE
You wouldn't believe it.

ARMAN
And my money?

Jamie laughs.

JAMIE
You're kidding.

ARMAN
We had a deal. And you made a
promise.

JAMIE
Until I was taken hostage.

ARMAN
I saw. Not my problem.

The Minions DART toward Jamie, who resists.

He fires off a PUNCH, landing square against a Minion's jaw,
but he barely even blinks.

The scuffle grows. Jamie is quickly overpowered.

A Minion KICKS Jamie HARD behind the knees, immediately
dropping him to the floor.

Each of his arms is held behind his back by the Minions.

JAMIE
Arman, I get the message. Loud and
clear. Okay?

Arman reveals a 9MM PISTOL. And screws on a SILENCER.

ARMAN
Go with grace.

JAMIE
No--no--no--

ARMAN
You can lie to them. You can lie to everyone. But I see you.

JAMIE
I got over seventy-thousand dollars from the GoFundMe.
(then)
It's all yours.

ARMAN
And be traced? No thanks.

Arman raises the pistol. The Minions open Jamie's mouth, he struggles to keep it shut.

They INSERT THEIR FINGERS INSIDE, pulling his mouth open and sending saliva and slobber everywhere.

JAMIE
(with fingers inside)
Arman, please. I can send it.

Jamie resists. The Minions HOLD IT OPEN by the cheeks.

ARMAN
I appreciate the hustle.

Arman gently inserts the pistol inside Jamie's mouth. And as he presses the trigger -- BLACK.

A moment.

We realize we're staring at a BLACK SCREEN.

It turns on, and the 1080p TOUCHSCREEN ignites, showcasing all its colors. And a myriad of numbers.

Distance. Resistance. Cadence. Output. Leaderboard.

There's a FACE STARING DIRECTLY AT US. It's an INSTRUCTOR.

INSTRUCTOR
I'm feeling spicy today, so we got a 45-minute HIIT Ride.

We recognize the rider, it's Melissa. Not necessarily older, but fiercer. More determined. More purpose-driven.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Remember: you are all that you need. You have it all within you. Change is possible if you want it badly enough. If you make it matter, you'll make it happen. And your purpose requires nobody's permission.

Off of Melissa exploding into her ride.

THE END