

Harley Davidson
by
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EXT. CAR PARK - DAY

It is gray and raining heavily. GREG (20) and wearing a jacket parks his car on the mud and leaves it. He is alone. On his left is an access road, on his right is an extensive countryside area. He walks to the latter until he hears a rumbling motorbike. He turns around to see a MAN ON A HARLEY DAVIDSON, dressed in leather and parking. He dismounts his vehicle and takes takes off his helmet to reveal long brown hair and a rugged face with scars on it. His expression is cold and lifeless. GREG freezes in fear as the MOTORCYCLIST slowly walks to him and as the two stare at each other silence. Thunder cracks.

GREG

Hello?

The MOTORCYCLIST'S face darkens as he stares and walks some more.

GREG

Can I help you?

The MOTORCYCLIST stops walking and puts his hands on his hips. GREG walks backwards step by step as he continues gazing into the BIKER'S dead eyes.

GREG

What do you want from me?

The MOTORCYCLIST walks right up to GREG'S face and stares through him like never before. Each second is like an eternity. GREG takes another step back. The MOTORCYCLIST takes a step forwards. This goes on for a good few seconds. A tear drops from GREG'S eye. The MOTORCYCLIST is even colder.

GREG

Please, just leave me alone!

The MOTORCYCLIST reaches into his trouser pocket and reveals a sweet. He speaks with a deep, monotone voice.

MOTORCYCLIST

Jelly baby?

GREG

Excuse me?

MOTORCYCLIST

Would you like a jelly baby?

GREG

Can you explain this situation for me? I'm confused.

MOTORCYCLIST
You look sad. Jelly babies are fun!!

GREG takes the sweet.

MOTORCYCLIST
There you go.

GREG
I'm grateful I really am, I just feel
a little...

MOTORCYCLIST
Yes?

GREG
Awkward.

MOTORCYCLIST
There really is no need to be. Jelly
babies are actually targeted at small
children.

GREG
I'm not scared of the jelly baby, I'm
scared of you!

MOTORCYCLIST
Oh? How so?

GREG
How so?? Are you joking??

The MOTORCYCLIST takes another jelly baby from his pocket
and bites the head off. He stares through GREG once more.

GREG
What are you doing?

MOTORCYCLIST
The jelly babies die faster that way.

GREG
What do you mean?

MOTORCYCLIST
You bite the head off first.

GREG
You believe jelly babies are alive?

MOTORCYCLIST
Oh yes.

GREG

You've been staring at me for ages,
you believe jelly babies are alive,
you kill and eat them and you don't
want me to be scared?

The MOTORCYCLIST takes another jelly baby from his pocket
and talks to it.

MOTORCYCLIST

You need to tell this gentleman here
that your life is filled with joy and
you don't mind being eaten.

The MOTORCYCLIST speaks in a squeaky voice pretending to be
the jelly baby.

MOTORCYCLIST AS JELLY BABY

Oh I do love life, I do! I love being
eaten by you!

MOTORCYCLIST

Don't tell that to me, tell that to
the man!

MOTORCYCLIST AS JELLY BABY

I love being eaten by anyone!

GREG

You don't have... hopes and dreams?

MOTORCYCLIST AS JELLY BABY

This IS the dream!

GREG

That's so sad...

MOTORCYCLIST AS JELLY BABY

Why?

GREG

It's no way to live. Look, come with
me on a walk, I'll show you a really
fun time!

GREG pauses and looks confused.

GREG

No. Wait.

MOTORCYCLIST AS JELLY BABY

I'm waiting.

GREG

Look, this whole situation... it's
not me. Your jelly babies?

(MORE)

GREG (cont'd)
They have some serious problems that
they need to sort out. Good day.

The MOTORCYCLIST nods.

MOTORCYCLIST
Yes, you are right. My jelly babies,
they need to learn how to REALLY
live. My bike? It's theirs.

The MOTORCYCLIST walks to his motorbike and places a jelly
baby on its seat.

GREG
What's going on?

MOTORCYCLIST
It was nice meeting you.

GREG
No really...

The MOTORCYCLIST walks to road and leaves.

GREG retrieves a mobile phone from his pocket and
photographs the motorbike with a jelly baby on it.

GREG
I have a text message already?

GREG reads the message out loud.

GREG
Dear Greg. Are you ok?

GREG face palms and talks to himself.

GREG
I'M ok, I've just seen a nutter!