# Enter Biker Troll

OUTSIDE BIKER BAR, NIGHT.

Harleys parked in a decaying asphalt lot. It’s raining and the lot is puddled to the point that there’s almost as much of it underwater as not. A Harley rumbles off a dark highway and splashes though on. The rider revs the engine intermittently, just keeping the large bike in motion. He finds a dry place and parks there. A boot pushes down the side stand and the rider dismounts.

The rider strides to the covered entrance. The sound of revelers inside can be heard over the rain. The rider removes his helmet.

Rick attire is that of a man who would be at home in a biker bar, but his manner is uncertain. He looks back at the parking lot and considers things. Lightening flashes and thunder roars. Rick gathers himself, then walks inside.

Upon Rick’s entry, the sound of merriment fades away. Grizzled bikers watch silently as Rick approaches the bar. There is the slightest swagger to his gait. His friendly nods and smiles go unreturned. Behind the bar, Rita regards him with a hint of amusement.

Rick is handsome, maybe too handsome. He has a grizzled look similar to that of the other men in the room, Except the others look as though they have worn beards for years, whereas Rick had the stubble of a many who may have stopped shaving a few weeks ago.

Rick: Is this a private club?

Rita: Sometimes private. But tonight we’re just semi-private. Unaffiliated passers-through are welcome to wait out the storm. Best to keep a low profile, though.

Thunder claps. The lights blink.

Rick: Will do.

Rick has a few beers quietly. The evening progresses. He chats with a biker next to him. He exchanges shots with another. Soon, he and several bikers are playing a drinking game. A pretty young woman is now at his side.

Rick is now laughing loudly and telling jokes.

Rick: So he says to the cop, “If you run me uptown, how’s your mom gonna get home?”

The bikers roar with laughter.

Groden is melancholy.

Groden: You ever been to the pin?

Rick: The county lockup a time or two.

Rita regards him with skepticism.

Groden: When I was in the third grade, the cops come and talked to our class. There were steering us away from drugs. You know how they do.

Rick nods.

Groden: I raise my hand and tell ‘em my dad takes pills all the time and I sure wish he’d stop.

Rick laughs until he sees that Groden isn’t. Instead, he vacantly contemplates his drink.

Groden: My dad did five years in the pin. I’ll never forget them walking him out of that courtroom. Momma wouldn’t even look at me. Keep your mouth shut. That’s the code.

Rita: Rick. I’m going to read you.

Rick: Read me?

Rita: Yeah, like your fortune, you know?

Loxie: Oh yeah, Rita. Read Rick. (To Rick) She’s really good. It’s Amazing!

Rick shifts a bit, then shrugs.

Rick: I guess. Sure.

Rita presses her fingers to her forehad and temple.

Rick: Are there going to be cards.

Rita: Shhhhh! I’m getting something. A color. Green. Did your mother have green eyes?

Rick: Brown.

Rita: Your dad maybe? A sibling?

Rick shakes his head.

Rick: Well, this has been uncanny.

Rita: Glares at him. Loxie pinches him hard on the leg. Her lips go to his ear.

Loxie: (Whispering.) Don’t fuck with her.

Rita: I’m definitely getting green. Maybe the color of your house? A family car?

Ricks eyes are on the ceiling.

Rita: Money! You come from money!

Ricks eyes meet Rita’s.

Rita: Your dad … both your parents had money. They weren’t super wealthy. But they did pretty well. They came by it legally. Inherited some. Worked hard for the rest. They expected the same of you.

But you were a rebel. You did your first job … (Rita gasps) never! You’ve never done a job in your life.

Rick looks at the bikers. They are no longer smiling.

THE PARKING LOT

A Harley rumbles. Tires screech as it swerves off the highway and into the parking lot.

THE BIKER BAR

Loxie: That was great, Rita. Now do me again!

Rita: (Ignoring Loxie) You’ve never done a dishonest day’s work in your life, have you? What did you study in college? Medicine? Law? No! Don’t tell me! I’m getting something… Numbers. I’m getting numbers.

Rick’s look confirmed that his work had to do with numbers.

THE PARKING LOT

The bike splashes through a puddle and skids to a halt.

THE BIKER BAR

Rita: (Fingers at her temple and brow.) So many numbers, but what do they mean? Are they formulas? Engineering formulas?

Rick’s expression told her that they are not.

Rita: Ones and zeros. Ones and zeros! You’re a computer scientist!

Loxie: (In Rick’s ear.) Get out the door, sweetie. I don’t think they’ll chase you in this rain.

THE PARKING LOT

A boot drops a kickstand. A rider dismounts. He swaggers toward the entrance.

THE BIKER BAR

Rick jumps up and fleas. Rita trips him. The bikers seize him by the lapels of his vest and drag him to his feet.

Grodin: Comin’ in here. Acting like you belong. Making fools of us!

Rick: I didn’t mean anything by it. I just wanted …

A voice from the entrance.

Biker Troll: What? Exactly? What is it you wanted?

All eyes turn to the entrance. Biker Troll is large and stoop shouldered. His ears are pointed and long. They rise to about crown level on his orangish head before making a sharp lateral bend. His chin protrudes forward a bit to accommodate the two stumpy tusks that protrude from his jaw.

Slack-jawed bikers stare. Pool sticks fall from suddenly limp hands.

Biker Troll: As some of you may suppose already, I’ve come a long way to get here. I’ve been chased across nine dry planets by sand rangers riding on speckle-plumed flightless birds. Star Lane Patrol thought they had me just outside the belt of Orion, but I ran their barricade in one of their own star cruisers, then ditched in an asteroid belt. I’ve been hounded out of three solar systems and a star cluster.

Biker Troll turned. The assembly of bikers hastily make a corridor so he can stride to the bar.

Biker Troll: (To Rita) I do love me some whiskey.

She handed him a bottle. He turns, leans back agains the bar, turns the bottle up and wipes his mouth.

Biker Troll: (To no one in particular.) Why do we run?

You there! Computer scientist guy sneaking out the door!

Rick: Me?

Biker Troll: But you know! I think you know! Why do we run?

Rick: Be… because we’re … outlaws?

Biker Troll’s face darkens. Slowly, menacingly, he approaches Rick, who now has his back pressed against the exit door. His hands fumble for the doorknob, but can’t it. Biker Troll’s face is now inches from Rick’s.

Biker Troll: Are you an outlaw?

Rick searches for words and finding none, he stammers. The bikers brace themselves for flying body parts.

Biker Troll guffaws and gives Rick a friendly slap on the shoulder.

Biker Troll: Hell yeah, you’re an outlaw. We all got some outlaw in us. Even if just a little.

The room burst into laughter.

Biker Troll: But that’s not why we run. Ain’t nobody chasing you, Computer Boy, but here you are nonetheless. You could be on a beach in Calhoun now, some Club Med hottie rocking her cleavage and fetching you umbrella drinks. But no. Instead you wear your ass out on the open road. Chasing the hard life. And don’t you know? Don’t you just know? That there’s plenty of them that are out there on that beach, and plenty more in their cubicles wishing right now that they were you!

The bikers murmur in agreement.

Biker Troll: I’m a man who has seen the universe and I can tell you this. In all this world, from the asteroid belts to the Belt of Orion, from the black hole at the center of the universe to the shit holes along the black market trade routes, in all this world there are two kinds of people and exactly only two kinds of people.

The bikers hold their breaths.

Biker Troll: There’s them that aren’t running, and there’s them that are free.

The bar erupts as bikers fall to congratulate themselves and cheering.

Biker Troll: The road is on our side, boys. That’s why this is going to work. A little brutality and the right messaging, and this is going to work.

A voice from the crows: What’s going to work?

Biker troll holds his whiskey

Biker Troll: Gentlemen, we’re taking over this planet.

A moment of silence, then the bikers cheer. another cheer, and the bikers fall to congratulating themselves. All but Bunyan Lou. Frowning, he swirls a highball glass and watches amber liquid climb its sides.

# Start Smal

THE BIKER BAR

A CITY STREET

Freda’s bar has been converted into a Biker Troll lair. It is still recognizeable as a bar, but now there is alien gadgetry here and there. Two stone gargoyles now front the stage. Loxie is finishing up sewing a leather vest on one. Both are now biker gargoyles.

Bunyan Lou works on his bike. Spider Jones and Groden assist.

Loxie: There! All done. Two new inducties ready to go.

Bunyan Lou: Why are they here, again?

Rita: They’re from the library. We broke the rest. Some church groups have objected to them for years as anti-christian.

Bunyan Lou: Weren’t those things originally placed on churches? European Cathedrals and such?

Rita: Maybe. But lots of churches around today don’t like them. Some of them popular around our people

Bunyan Lou: Our people?

Rita: The marginalized. The pissed off and disaffected. They don’t ride bikes and rumble. But they move markets. They swing elections. And now they like us.

Bunyan Lou: And that’s what we do now? Move markets? Swing elections?

Rita: World conquest.

Groden: And it worked, too. The other night we beat up a community theater in White Oak. The \*\*\*\* church has starged rallies in our support and radio news has hailed us as heros.

Bunyan Lou: For beating up a community theater?

Groden: They were attacking our values. Porgy and Bess, I think. Tonight we’re beating up the board of regents at State U.

Bunyan Lou: They’ll send the national guard after you.

A HALLWAY

Bunyan Lou in a chair leans back against the wall. Beside him a door. Biker Troll, engaged in oratory, can be hear within. He gives Bunyan Lou a long, curious look, then reaches for the door.

Bunyan Lou: You don’t want to go in there.

Dillon: What? I have to go in! I’m the keynote speaker.

Bunyan Lou: You’re not on the list.

Dillon: (Puzzled) Not on the list … is this the ASET Conference on Pulsed Power Technology and Applications?

Bunyan Lou: Something like that, I think.

Now, the sound of violence from the closed door. Muffled screams. Items shatter.

Dillon: My God! What’s happening?

Bunyan Lou: The right mix of brutality and messaging, is how he explained it. What we’ve got going here now is the brutality part.

Dillon: By why?

Bunyan Lou: Nobody gets hurt too bad. Usually.

The board of regents at State U. reviews it’s disciplinary policies related to

Bunyan Lou: The bigger piece. It’s all about getting the bigger piece. Then the ones with the smaller pieces will pitch in theirs with yours and Fissures. Fissures in society. Aggravate a fissure and it becomes a crack. A crack is a good thing

Dillon: That’s insane.

Bunyan Lou: It’s a departure alright. But so far it’s working for him. Last week we beat up the board of regents out at state U. They were in emergency session because of blowback over some athlete getting in trouble with the cops.

Dillon: Their all conference running back assaulted

Ru

Dillon backs away. He turns as if to run.

Bunyan Lou: I’m going to have to ask you to stay put.

Dillon does.

Dillon: You … You’re the biker guys.

Nate: They're a strange and foreign people.

Curtis: (To Loxie) Do you know what they do in that engineering school.

Loxie shakes her head.

Curtis: Study!

Nate: They don't do a thing to help the football team.

Rita: Does the community college even have a football team?

Curtis: Maybe not. We're going to beat up a bunch of deadbeats at the state university this week.

Bunion Lou: The governor will send out the national guard.

Rita: Not if he wants to get reelected, listen to this.

She reads a newspaper article. It describes a grass roots movement lead by bikers. Decries elitism. Targets academia. Started with an uprising against academics at a small community college and is spreading accross the county. Biker Gangs have attacked blah, blah, blah.

The movement is consolidating political influence by exloiting fissures in the cultural landscape, juxtaposing romantisiced notions of defienace and freedom enboided by the outlaw biker motiff, and juxtuaposing it against societie's 'neo-nobles', a loosly defined.

, a hyper-educated oligarchy that made up academics, scientists, buracrats and school board members.

Biker Troll: (From a darkened part of the stage) They frequent swank urban coffee shops and attack values that are at the very core of democracy and personal freedom.

Lights come up on Biker Troll. He and his bikers are beating on an assembly of loafer-wearing unfortunates. Biker troll picks up a shoe laying on the floor and examines it.

Biker Troll: People think they've thrown off the nobles, but that's not the case. They're still here. Common poeple like me are still struggling under their boot. Their responsibly source, carbon-nutral feax-leather boot.

He approaches a biker who is clutching the lapels of a man on the ground and driving his head and Shoulders to the stage floor.

Oh the boot has changed, but the foot inside it's still the same.

The biker releases the mans lapel to accept the shoe from Biker Troll, then pummels the man with it.

A biker restrains a man by his own sport coat pulled over his shoulders and down to his elbows while another pounds him.. Biker troll doubles a man over with a blow to the groin, seizes him by his belt an collar and directs him to Rita, who breakes a chair over his back and lays him to the floor. He is joined there by other inert bodies until they are piled three deep. Biker Troll wipes his brow and perches his foot on the pile. He leans forward and rests an elbow on his knee, his demeaner that of a friendly uncle who has paused at his wood-splitting to deliver an address.

Biker Troll: But there's nothing born in them that makes them any better than us. God didn't create some for elevation and others for scorn. He didn't place lords among us. Not from birth, God didn't place lords among us. Their power comes form. They don't get their authoritiey from. Their authority come from choices. Choices that each of us make everything. Choices about what we're gonna belive, who we're gonna hold up and who we're gonna lay low.

This planet peopled. Them that chose to cross oceans and them that chose to stay put.

Every person on this planet is where he is today, exactly where he is today, because somebody came ahead of him from someplace else. He might have come from. The road.

Something else about Senator so-and-so speaking out against it.

"I share their outrage at the undemining of our freedoms and the attacks on our shared national heritage," said Senator Chuck Bradley. "We're not the party of thugs and bullies. We can stand up for our values without demonizing anyone with an education."

Biker Troll: That two-faced son of a bitch!

Biker Troll: He'll come to me begging for my endorsement. They all will. They may get it, but they're going to have to pay.

The Open Road Movement gained attention when an outlaw motorcycle gang attacked students at a juinor college. The leader of the gang, who refuses to provide a name other than Biker Troll from Outter Space.

Biker Troll: It's not like people are going to get me confused with some other Biker Troll From Outer Space.

, described the students as ...

Biker Troll: ... godless joy killers. Freedom steeling hummus eaters who care more about what happens in test tubes than what happens in their own ccommunity. They ridicule our cherished traditions, begrudge us the simple pleasures and diversions and spread poison in our schools.

The movement has taken root in the nations hearland, where who harbor populist resentment and align themselves with romanticized notions of freedom and independence associated with biker outlaw. Long time civic and \* organizations are slowly being replaced by biker-themed bars and organizations, all of them seeking the endorsement and faavor of biker troll himself.

In Peoria, Ill, the local Rotary Club has ...

While the movement appears the be moving from a fringe cultural and political phenomenon to more mainstream and major fashion designers have taken notice. The runways of parris black leather accessorized by bandanas, studded leather wristbands and chain wallets.

Despite the way things are going among the locals, main stream estabblishemnt politicians have yet to come on board.

Leather vests. Boots. Halter top. Tactical. Fringe, chain wallets. Studs Rivets. Bootcut. Skulls. Studded wrist bands.

Loxie: The nobles, said biker troll are ...

Biker Troll: ... scholars, artists, scientiest, vegetarians. Shallow thinkers, deep staters. Poeple with degrees, titles. Who care more about what happens in a test tube than what's happening in our schools. You see them in coffee shops. Spreading poison in our schools.

freedom loving open roaders suffered under their reponsibly source, carbon nutral vegan boots! Well no more.

Back to biker troll.

# Discent in the Ranks

Bunyan Lou and Rita.

Bunyan Lou: This isn't who we are.

Rita: That's what you came here to say to me?

Bunyan Lou: No. But you and the boys just pounded a bunch of loafer-wearing unfortunates with no cause. So I guess you can say it's become the elephant in the room.

Rita: We intimidate. We kick ass. We're bikers.

Bunyan Lou: Enforce boundaries is one thing. But this isn't some tin horn cutting you off on the highway. Or some fool you found in the parking lot ssitting on your bike. They were in their own world and you went to them. You're the one who violated the boundaries.

Rita: This isn't about boundaries or grudges, this is about business.

Bunyan Lou: You weren't collecting on a debt. You weren't selling protection. You got nothing for this but attention.

Rita: Attentions the business we're in now

Rita leaves. Then there's some sort of knowing exchange between Groden and Spider Jones that indicates that they are in agreement with Bunyan Lou.

Carol and Rick approach biker troll.

Spider: Bunyan Lou, I’m with you. When I joined the South Hill Raiders it wasn’t because I wanted to start a movement or elevate a politician. I miss the days when we were the fringe. How can we stop this?

Rick: Me and Spider have been working on something?

Bunyan Lou: Yeah?

Rick: Remember when Biker Troll asked me to reflash the firmware on his communicator?

Bunyan Lou: Yeah.

Rick: Well while I had it? Spider here had a look inside it. Well, while we were at it, we reflashed this, too. Rick poduces a glitzy gadet with blinking lights and twirly things that sits on a pistol like grip?

Grodin: It’s a Biker Troll disentrigrator!

Spider: No, it’s a sniffer. It parses signals to and from biker trolls transmitter. I coded a hijack routine in his communicator and when biker troll enters his password it’ll sniff out his enription key. All we have to do is point it at biker troll the next time he signals his ship and it’ll capture his encryption key. I’ll be able to hack into his mother ship.

Groden: You can invoke its self destruct protocol and blow it up.

Bunyan Lou: There’s a self-desturct protocol?

Spider: We’re still going though the specs.

Bunyan Lou: Blow up his ship? What good would it do to blow up his ship with him not on it? We need him to get on his ship and leave.

Carol: Maybe he’ll get bored.

Groden: We need to take him out.

Spider: Or take him down.

Rick: Take him down! That thing he said to that reporter! Remember? He said he didn’t want to give his real name because he’s an outlaw. He’s wanted somewhere. Maybe the space cops are looking for him. Maybe all we need to do is let someone in his own world know he’s here and they’ll send some space cops to get him.

Carol: But how will we tell anyone.

Rick: Normal radio signals. They can be picked up in outer space. The government has been signalling ‘come visit us messages’ for years. As far as anyone knows we’ve never gotten a response.

We know now that’s not because there’s no one there, it’s because no one cares. But if we broadcast out that we have a fugitive from their justice system, maybe they’d send people.

Spider: Would depend how wanted he is.

Carol: He said he took down a bank.

Spider: That would make him pretty wanted, alright.

Bunyan Lou: That’s not our way.

‘Rick: Not our way?

Groden: The code.

Bunyan Lou: Keep working on breaking the code. We’ll figure something out.

Spider: Bikers don’t talk to law enforcement. Particularly about other bikers.

# Well In Hand

Biker Troll: Come forward, initiate.

A man steps forward.

Biker Troll: What are the 5 precepts of the Open Road.

Initiate: Names the 5 precepts. Never rat out a brother. Never speak ill of biker troll. 1 part brutality 2 parts messaging.

Have, in unarmed combat, removed an opponent's ear or an acceptable portion thereof.

The initiate hands a biker an object wrapped in a bandana. The biker takes it to biker troll. He unwraps the item, examines it, rewraps it, and places it in his pocket. From that pocket he produces a cigar. He lights it draws deeply on it and exhales a cloud of smoke. He give the cigar to the senior biker, who returns with it to the assembly before he, himself, takes a deep draw on the cigar and exhales a could of smoke. He passes it to another biker who does likewise and so it continues until last of the cigar comes to the initiate. The initiate follows suite, drawing deeply of the remaining cigar and exhaling. The bikers watch solumnly. Then the initiate chews up the remainder of the cigar, it's end still glowing, and swallows hard.

The bikers cheer. Someone hands the initiiate a bottle of liquor which the initiate upends. All gather round the initiate and congratulate him with back slaps and clutches.

Biker Troll extracts himself from the celebration t

Rita: Well, you were right. Everybody wants what we’ve got.

Biker Troll: The politicians and preachers are come to heel, alright. Academics and Scholars are coming around, too. There’s some still complaining. But as long as they stay in their coffee shops and Craft Breweries we don’t need to worry about it.

Rita: Main stream media’s still grumbling. Should we shut them down?

Biker Troll: Nah. Let ‘em blab. They just motivate our side. We’ve got this country pretty much where we want her. Time to move this show overseas. Remember, it’s world conquest that we’re after here.

Rita: You’ve made a lot of progress there. Lots of like-minded politicians in British Parliament. Chain-wallets and bandanas on the Paris runways this year.

Biker Troll: Yep. Our seeds have spread organically and have taken root. We just need to add a little sunshine. Some sort of affirmation from the establishment.

Rita: Like and endorsement.

Biker Troll: Exactly. I started out here with a cult following and become mainstream we started getting public support from that mega-preacher. I think you’ll remember that.

Rita: I remember that very well, so does Loxie.

Biker Troll: No doubt. Thank her again for the photos.

Rita: So who are we going after?

Biker Troll: What does this ‘United Nations’ do.

Rita: Mostly ass resolutions and deploring things, I think.

Biker Troll: Perfect. Well need a resolution from them deploring the Nobles as a dire and existential threat to human dignity and personal freedom. How do I get the ball rolling?

Rita consults her phone.

Rita: Senator \* McCallister is the head of the U.S. Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

Biker Troll smiles. He turns to the still-gathered celebrants and approaches the initiate.

Biker Troll: I’d like a word with you, Senator McCallister.

# A plan goes wrong

A BREAK ROOM AT THE UNITED NATIONS

Uniformed officers in blue mill about with donuts and cups of coffee. An officer in a white shirt approaches a lectern. He sets his coffee cup down on it. The word “Chief” is written on it.

Chief: OK, settle in guys, we’ve got a lot to go over.

Chairs scuffle. The officers take their seats.

Chief: The east promenade is still closed because of spraying so we’ll need to keep a crew there to direct traffic to the west promenade. Officers Carol and Binkman will run shifts directing traffic to the west promenade.

The city has granted perpmit to the Mothers of Penim Pom of Gilgamesh to stage a demonstration on State Street. They’ll come in and address the general assembly this evening.

Now, fitness evaluations are coming up. I’m not going to name any names here, I don’t want to embarrass anybody. But some of you may need to review the height and weight standards and maybe start doing more situps.

Officer Jones: (Intones in a fake cough) Goodson and Alverez.

General Laughter.

Chief: Pipe down Jones! No in other matters: free tickets to the Nicks came tonight have all been claimed.

Mutters of disappointment from the assembly.

Chief: However, if you’re looking for something to do, tickets are still available for sumo wrestling at the Gardens.

Groans from the assembly.

Officer: Come on Chief, if we wanna see two fat guys slap each other we’ll pitch a donut between Goodson and Alvarez.

General laughter, except from Goodson and Alvarez. A flying donut hits Jones.

Chief: Alright, that’s enough Jones.

One of the contractors painting the public affairs office has lost his security badge. There’s a new one waiting for him at the welcome desk.

If anyone wants to go to Sumu wrestling tonight, there are tickets available. Pick them up at the \*.

AN OFFICE AT THE UNITED NATIONS

Rick painter’s coveralls is hunched over a keyboard. Loxie in similar attire beside him. She’s reading through the booklet she took in the visitors center.

Loxie: According to the booklet at the welcome desk, there are 193 member nations in the United Nations.

Rick: That’s great, sweetie.

Loxie: I never heard of most of these. Finafuti has a pretty flag. I wonder where it is?

She types at a keyboard in front of her.

Rick: Careful sweetie.

Loxie: I’m in! The password written on the whiteboard worked. What’s taking you so long?

Rick: That’s for the public wi-fi. There’s no access to the local servers.

Loxie: So, how are you going to get in?

Rick: This space stuff will decrypt wi-fi traffic. Any minute it’ll detect a username and password and we’ll be set.

Loxie: Finafuti is an archipelago in the South Pacific. Primary exports are vanilla beans, dried coconut and cannabis. Hmm. Cannabis.

Loxie starts typing furiously at the keyboard. She looks at the visitors literature, then back at the screen, typing furiously.

Rick monitors his own monitor

Suddenly, the device connected to Rick’s computer chirps cheerfully.

Rink: Bingo! The device has detected a username/password combo. It’s logging in!

The device makes a disappointed buzz and lights up red.

Rick: Crap! It was a bad password. What are the odds.

The device lights up green.

Rick: Come on …

The device goes red.

Rick: Not again!

Loxie ignores him, intent on whaterver she’s doing.

The device continues to go green then red. Green then red.

Bunyon Lou: Something’s not right.

Rick: No. Something’s not.

Bunyon Lou: Can you show the username/passweord combos on the screen.

Rick: I think so.

He fiddles with the device, clicks a bit at his keyboard.

Rick and Spider peer at the monitor.

Spider: It’s the a different user name every time, but the same passweord. And that password is …

Rick and Spider turn to Loxie. Oblivious, continues typing furiously.

Rick: Sweetie, what are you doing?

Loxie: I’m going though all the un delegates in this directory to see if anyone of them have the same password I always use, which is password420.

The device continues to light red and green. Now it’s making an ugly grinding sound and beginning to smoke.

Rick: I’m going to reset this.

Spider’s phone rings.

Bunyan Lou: Things are getting pretty hot around here. We have to crack the network soon or we’re gong to get busted.

Spider: It’s not going well here …

Loxie: I got it! I’m in! Thank you Funafuti! I should have started with you.

Rick: Incredible! Quick, let me in!

Groden, Kenny and Bunyan Lou in the server room.

THE SERVER ROOM

Groden contemplates a server tower. He’s holding a crow bar.

Groden: This looks important. Maybe I should bust it up?

Kenny: Please don’t bust anything up.

Kenny with headphones on. We can only hear his side of the conversation.

Kenny: Hello dispatch, I’d like to report the location of a known fugitive.

Bunyan Lou: What? You’re bringing in the cops?

Grodin: Bikers don’t go the the cops.

Bunyan Lou: Especially not against another biker.

Kenny: We don’t know his name. But he’s a troll and he robbed a bank.

Kenny: They’re sending mugshots.

Kenny swipes at a screen to display different mugshots.

Groden verbally checks them off

Groden: No. No. No.

Finally, Kenny swipes to a mugshot that cause all of them to lean in for a closer look.

Groden: That’s him! That’s Biker Troll from Outer Space!

Groden examines the mugshot.

Groden: Dad had that same look in his. Vacant. Empty.

Kenny grabs a pen and scribbles notes.

Kenny: A bank, huh?

He scribbles some more.

Kenny: And that’s his name?

A COURTROOM, YEARS EALIER

Groden as a child in court. He watches a man led out, shackled in an orange jumpsuit. His dad. His mom seated beside him. She’s crying. Her arms are crossed and she’s turned away from young Groden. Groden’s dad turns to him just before he gets to the swinging wooden gate.

Dad: It’s not your fault, son. You didn’t know what you were doing.

BACK IN THE SERVER ROOM

Kenny: Stop! Stop! What are you doing? Stop!

Grodin breathing heavily and clutching the crowbar. He stands over the rubble of the shattered radio.

Kenny turns on Bunyan Lou.

Kevin: You didn’t even try to stop him.

Bunyan Lou: I did not. We’ll have to think of something else.

Rita: I think the best thing for all of us would be for you guys to stop trying to think.

She’s at the door with some biker goons.

Rita: Can we please do this the easy way?

Groden: (To Bunyan Lou and Kenny) I’ll hold them off!

Groden charges Rita. He takes out two of the Goons with his crowbar before Rita and other subdue him.

Clearly outmatched Bunyan Lou and Kenny flea down a corridor. They obstruct the corrider behind them by overturning server towers and exit the room.

THE HALLWAY

Kenny: This way!

Bunyon Lou: We can’t go that way, we’ll lead them straight to the others.

Kenny: Then where?

Bunyan Lou uses his crow bar to break a textured window.

Bunyan Lou: In here!

Kenny: Where is that?

Bunyan Lou: I don’t know.

He seizes Kenny by the collar and back of his belt and pitches him into the room. Bunyan Lou follows.

THE BREAK ROOM

Chief: Now, the general assembly is taking up some pretty controversial matters today. We can expect protests. So everyone be alert.

A textured window in the break room suddenly shatters. A crowbar clears out the broken glass. Then a man flies through as if hurled by his collar and the back of his belt. A biker jumps through and lands nimbly on his feet. He surveys the room and freezes. The officers stare at him. The chief’s coffee cup falls from the lectern.

THE SECURITY OFFICE

Bunyan Lou seated in front of a desk. Officers in blue uniforms stands at either side of him. At the desk, an officer in a white shirt. Bunyan Lou’s wallet is open beside them man’s keyboard.

White Shirt: This ID is fake.

Bunyan Lou: What? Fake? No.

White Shirt: We’re going to be taking a trip uptown. But in the meantime, suppose you tell me who you are and what you’re doing here?

Bunyan Lou: Like I said. I was on a tour and I got separated from my group. Figured I’d find another group and join it.

White Shirt: And while you were looking for your group, you wandered through a manned security checkpoint and two biometrically sealed doors.

Bunyan Lou: I did?

White Shirt: Who are you working with?

Bunyan Lou: Working with? Nobody. I came here all alone

White Shirt: Uh huh.

The guard clicks at the computer. He turns the monitor so Bunyan Lou can see.

White Shirt: External security cameras show you a women and three men outside the building.

Bunyan Lou: That’s a violoation of my civil rights.

A buzz. The officer pushes a button on an intercom.

Voice: Chief, DHS is in the lobby. They’re here to take the trespassers.

Officer: We’ll be right down.

THE LOBBY

Groden, Rick, Locksie in handcuffs. Rita in a smart suite escorting them.

Rita: Are these the three in the footage?

White Shirt: That’s them.

Rita: Thank you officer. We’ll take it from here.

A CAR

Bunyan Lou: I don’t understand. How did Locksie crack the UN Encription?

Rick: She didn’t.

Loxie: I guessed a password. It was ‘Password’. There are 193 delegates. I figured one of them was bound to be lazy, and one was. The other 192 are locked out of their accounts now.

and Bunyan Lou amid stacked servers. All in black turtlenecks. Bunyan Lou wears his biker vest over his.

Rick is

Tuau Lapua Lapua

Wallisian (language)

Vanilla beans, dried coconut and cannibas.

Rick gets a hit on his broadcast. The interstellar cops send him a bunch of mug shots to go through.

Biker troll is spurned for the Nobel Prize. Things aren’t going so well overseas. Vows to take down the Nobels.

# Funafuti

# Biker Troll’s frustration grows

Biker Troll discovers the desception and kills rick.

Rita joins the resistance.

Rick

Rick gets a hit on his broadcast. The interplanetary authorities send him a file of mugshots for him to go through.

Rita reads another newspaper article. This one about waning Open Road Movement. Biker Trolls quotes as he’s getting beaten by disguised good guys. The four of them defeat biker troll.

Carol: His name is Thaddeous Q. Bernhardt! He’s wanted for embezelment!

He calls the mother ship to summon badass robots to take them down. Spider gets the code.

# A plan goes right

Four women in Burqas. The motorcycle gange attaks them. They turn the tables. They remove. The burgas and are revealed to be Bunyan Lou, Spider McCoy, … and Rita.

# Biker Trolls Revenge

A couple of the boys wheel in a large crate. XD-1-11 stamped on the outside. The crate is large. Large enough to hold a person.

Biker Troll grins and proffers a crow bar to Rita.

Biker Troll: You do the honors.

Rita is uncertain but takes the Crow Bar.

Rita: Sure.

She jabs and pries with the crow bar. Nails creek. The face of the crate separates easily and Rita has no trouble gripping in and pulling it off. It falls to the floor with a crash. A man inside the crate collapses in to Frida’s arms.

Rita: Bunyan Lou!

Rick, Spider and \* rush to support him. They lay him gently to the ground. Bikers seize them They bind their hands behind their backs and force them to their knees.

Biker Troll: You idiots. Did you really think you had me fooled?

Rita: It’s not what you think …

Biker Troll: Fire up the percolator boys.

The whir of drives spinning up. A thrumming.

Biker Troll speaks over the deep rhythmic thrumming energy beams activated and at the ready.

Biker Troll: (Indicating Bunyan Lou) Him first.

The sound of alien mechanisms at work. Similar to the rushing of air breaks shell entering the chamber of a giant pump action shotgun. Then the whir of hydraulic pumps working and large device being directed toward Bunyan Lou. Still the thrumming.

Biker Toll: Set it on slow.

Bunyan Lou is bathed in a radiant energy. Halos swirl around him. He cries out at the pain.

Rita: Stop! Please stop.

Bunyan Lou: In just a bit.

Rita: This is not going to get you what you want! I can read it in your aura.

Bunyan Lou: Right now I’m plenty amused by the aura of your lover. We can do without your parlor tricks.

A biker: You should let her do you’re reading. She’s very good.

Biker Troll scoffs.

Rita’s hand goes to her brow

Rita: I’m getting something … I’m getting something. A name.

Still the thrumming. Bunyan Lou writhes in the energy beam.

Rita: Your name is Thaddeus J. Hornsuckle!

Biker Troll turns to Rita. His grin is gone.

Biker Troll: What?

Rita: You have a criminal past.

Biker Troll: I told you that.

Rita: I see a building. A waiting room and offices. A doctor’s office maybe?

Biker Troll looks puzzled.

Rita: No not a waiting room, a lobby. A bank. You robbed a bank!

Biker Troll: That’s actually pretty close.

Rita’s hand back to her brow.

Rita: It was violent, the robbery. People were hurt.

Biker Troll: Not even close.

Rita: I’m definitely getting violence. If not from the bank, then from your childhood. You were abused as a child. But the bank robbery. Its becoming more clear. It was an after hours job. You and your crew …

Biker Troll: I worked alone.

Rita: No. No, you wouldn’t be the sort of bank robber who would work alone. You need approval. You had someone on the inside at least. Wait! I’m getting something …

Biker Troll: HE’s dying.

Rita: I’m getting something. You were the inside person! It wasn’t a robbery, it was embezzlement! You, Thaddeus J. Hornsuckle, are no bank robber, you’re a banker!

The thrumming winds down and halts. He collects himself and draws in deep unconstricted breaths. The bikers approach Biker Troll with menace in their eyes.

Biker Troll: Now wait a minute, I took that bank for a lot of money. You guys could go on spree all up and down these roads and not come anywhere near my take.

Biker: We wouldn’t have to wear a tie.

Rita: What were you, middle management? No. Higher than that. High enough that people around you had to suck up. That’s clearly what you need. But you weren’t quite at the very top. A vice-president I’d say. Of what? Human resources? Something about messaging. Marketing, maybe, or Public Relations. You are a corporate mouthpeice.

Biker Troll: This is ridiculous. (Approaching Rita) I’m going to shut you up for good.

The rush of air brakes. The pump acation. The click and whirr of the Variable Speed Death Ray redirecting. The thrumming resumes and Biker Troll is illuminated by its beam.

Biker Troll fights though the pain and reaches into his vest pocket. He produces a hand-held device. On it is a large, red button. The Annihilator, you idiots. It wasn’t in the crate. Where do you suppose it is?

The death ray goes silent.

Biker Troll: OK. I’m walking out of here. I’m going back to my ship. And this biker bitch is coming with me. It’s going to be a long ride to my next planet and she’s gonna be my personal entertainment. And if anybody tries to stop me I’m gonna blow up this whole god-forsaken planet. I’m willing to take myself out to kill all of you.

Rita: He’s bluffing.

Biker Toll: To Hell with you all.

He pushes the large red button. Everyone braces for an explosion that doesn’t come.

Calla enters. She’s loaded down with a bundle of dynamite, a birds nest of wiring.

Calla: Who keeps leaving these laying around?

Rita: Smitty, set the speed to Fast.

The Death Ray spins up. Biker Troll is irradiated for just a moment, then blows up.

Bunyan Lou, Spider Jones, Bridger and Rick.

Bunyan Lou turning a bolt on his bike's handlebar. Rick and Spider Jones working on an alien device with an antenna and blinking lights. Spider Jones with a soldering iron. He offeres again to help Bunyan Lou.

Bunyan Lou: This is it! This is it! Petcock, kill switch, key and ...

He kicks the bike. Nothing happens. He kicks again. Is there a bit here about kickback. Maybe it can pitch Bunyan Louh? That would make him look like a bit of a newb

The others give Bunyan Lou grief.

Bunyan Lou: Well how's it coming with that thing, then? You figured out how to hack into Biker Troll's mother ship, yet.

Rick: No. Transmissions to the mother ship are encrypted. There's not much we can do. But maybe we can still do something useful. There's an open channel that I can tap into. I've posted biker troll's picture see if we can get a background check on him.

Bunyan Lou, indicates Spider Jones.

What's he working on?

Spider Jones: I took some parts off of that \* and I'm building a key sniffer.

Bunayn Lou: A what?

Rick: It'll intercept key strokes. If Biker Troll enters the decription code for the mother ship, we can hack it.

Rick: They said they didn't have the staff to pursue every offweorld complaint, but they send me a link to the interstellar wanted posters and invited me to reach out them again if I found anyone.

Bunyan Lou: Did you?

I thought maybe you did. You're apprenticeship starts now. Someone will come by with more information. I'll expect you at the next rally. We have a strict dress code so .

Biker Troll: Well that's good news Mr. President. Yes, I'm looking forward to visiting the new wing at the Smithsonian. You say the board of directors is pushing back on the exhibit of me curing cancer? They say it's not hihistorically accurate? And they meet where? When? Biker troll jots down notex and hands it off to a biker. I don't think they're going to be a problem. Keep construction on schedule. And how's it coming with my Nobel Peace Prize? No I not waiting till next year. I want it on my desk by close of business today!'

Biker Troll hangs up.

The phone rings.

Biker Troll: Reverend Billy Joe Barnes! What's the good word? Not that good word, you moron, have you got my fire lit yet? Your poeple are in the streets on behalf of the Biker Troll cause? Supporting the Biker Troll candidates? Good, very good. And the school board takeover? Is that about wrapped up? And they're teaching out of our textbooks? Excellent.

Well, lets check in on the fawning media coverage.

Announcer: Biker troll has united this country like it's never been united before.

Biker Troll hangs up. He reads a note handed to him by a biker.

What? My guys just got their asses whipped by Smithsonian Board of Directors? How is that possible.

Biker: Those guys had pluck. It was almost like somebody replaced them with a rugby team.

The president of the united states delivers Harvard's surrender. They're implementing a biker-based dress code, modifying curriculum, and promise to start playing better football.

And my tribute.

They're pulling strings with the nobel committee. I think they're an award coming your way.

What about reliegion? The Reverend Jimmy Ray Barnes of the First Multitunial Righteous Assemblage, The Jesus-Is-Lord Dununciation.. Endorsement of Biker Troll Party candidates.

Well, that's the last of the Ivy League and I believe that takes care of Academia. What have you got for religion.

All the important onece have swung your way. You got at The Holy Multitude of Devine Denunciation, the Devine Assemblage of Blood Washed. The Reverent Billy Barnes is consturcting a wing. They've added a mural to the Smithsonian themmed The Repression of the normal people like us. The Assembly of Devine Denunciation and they're constructing anew wing at the Smitshonian dedeicated to blah, blah balkh.

And the media? The outlets friendly to us continue to dominate the ratings. The unfriently ones nobody cares about.

Biker Troll: Unfriendly ones? Should I send some guys?

No need. Thy're pretty well beaten down already.

I'm going international.

A call. Biker Troll picks up the phone

Biker Troll: They've already given oout the peace prize for this year? To who? A collective receipient? Who in the hell are the Mothers of Kumari Djin? Are you kidding me? They gave my peace price to a harem of high hatten hummis eaters who go around placeing themselves between warring factions in some hell hole in the dessert? Where are they now? Is that so? The acceptance ceremony's tonight, is it? And where? That's not very far at all.

Boys. I'm gonna open up the heavens and bring down a great whipping of ass!

Apparetnly, my peace price went collectively to these middle eastern women who disarm land mines in some god forsaken desert somewhere. It happens that some of them are going to be in town this very night. We can solidify our international presence by brining them down a peg or two. If there's one thing I can't stand it a courageous women. Plus their unchristian and foregnb. We ride tonight!

We establish here that it's not enough to go after the elites. He wants to go after the nobles. He learns that the most recent nobel peace prize went to a group. Mothers of Something Or other. They're going to be at the state uivrsity this very evening. He dispatches his bikers to beat them up.

The president of the united states calls. Alignment of values and all that. He offers all fealtyu to biker troll in exchange for his endorsement next election Biker troll promises.

Protestors. Biker troll sends his boys to take care of them. Rick arrannges the Rugby Team to be there instead.

Back at the bar. Rita with some forcepts removing debris from Nate's back.

Nate and Curtis with ice backs and a steak over his eye. Curtis in an splint.

Rita: We can't let this happen.

Bunion Lou: WE can't?

Rita: You've got to go train the Nobel committee in Kung Fu.

Bunion Lou: I don't know Kung Fu.

Rita: There must be something we can do.

The nobel commmittee is coming here to surrender.

Here is you nobel peace prize for your representation of the common man ...

Nate: State University does. And their engineering program doesn't do anything to help their team either. So we're going to beat them up tonight. All the biker gangs are. The governer has called out the national guard to try to protect them.

Cops come, but biker troll turns them to his side.

It doesn't. Let's go beat of the school of engineering?

So we can turn them to our side?

No, so we can beat the hell out of them.

High hatting the common folk. Cultural elete. High hatting the common folk.

Some will demand justice for the nobel committee. Just what biker troll needs. Division.

High hattin hummus eaters!

The robots teleport to the bar. They miss the bar and end up in the courtyard outside. Warbly lighty things off stage. The characters hail the robots.

Rita: Frank, Bill, did you collect that unexploded grenade."

Frank and Bill look at each other. An explosion offstage. Robot Parts rain down on the stage.

Curtain.

Bunyan Lou Hallister

Maybe something funny happens everytime he tries to start his bike?

Maybe the bar gets progrssively nicer as they get more and more wealthy?

Rick and Clair oppose biker troll. They come up with a gambit. It fails. They get busted.

What's the gambit? Do they discover some weakness? How do they exploit it? Maybe something to do with the grenade? Rita will figure out his weakness.

Rita exposes biker troll as a poser. On his home planet, he's actually a loan officer.

Kinikiohuna

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