

Greenway

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By Tom Reed

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Lights slowly up on a crisp autumn night after midnight. Four friends wander onstage, mid-hang out. They're on a dark West Bank, Minneapolis corner having an impromptu concert "after party" and slyly finishing PBR tallboys just out of view of traffic. Their bikes, bags and helmets are scattered nearby. They're all a bit post-concert euphoric. Dave's a little tipsy. Morg and Leese are a romantic couple. As they enter they're laughing and joking around in a happy hubbub together.

DAVE

Yes, I was surprised. Like legit surprised!

MORG

Surprised?

DAVE

Yeah, that was a *great* concert, even though they basically only played stuff off their new album.

LEESE

I didn't think I'd like it either especially since as the first *new* song started the lead singer literally apologized.

(imitating a sad rocker)

"This one's off the new album, sorry..."

MORG

Leese, I don't know why it's surprising that a band we fucking LOVE would write new music that we don't hate.

EVA

Yeah, I definitely didn't expect to hate it.

DAVE

(playfully)

Pshh, shut up. I didn't expect to *hate* it. It's just usually when bands force new shit on you it feels desperate and lame like "please god, please buy our new album." Good luck with that.

EVA

I *did* buy their album.

DAVE

We all get it, Eva, you're better than us.

Leese and Morg laugh knowingly, but it's not mean.

EVA

(playfully)

No, I just understand basic economics. Buying an album is basically just voting for a band to continue to exist.

DAVE

Shut up.

EVA

Ok, yeah, stop saying that.

DAVE

I'm joking, chill...

LEESE

Seriously though, I only own like two albums. One of them is from a band I was *in*. The other one is from a band I was sleeping with.

MORG

Whoa, Leese, you slept with a whole band?

LEESE

You know I'm poly. But it was a small band - just oboe and theremin.

Morg imitates a theremin that becomes sensual.  
Eva, Leese and Morg laugh. Dave rifles through his bag and pulls out another PBR.

DAVE

You're way too sober, Eva, last one's yours.

EVA

Thanks, I'm good. Leese? Morgan?

DAVE

Come on, take it.

(attempting playful, but being too forceful)

Take it! It's the last one.

MORG

Jeez dude, don't force her, fucking patriarchy much?

DAVE

(faux sorry)

I didn't realize offering Eva a beer was "perpetuating rape culture."

MORG

That's not funny.

LEESE/EVA

Really/Yeah.

DAVE

(actually sorry)

Sorry! I was joking.

LEESE

(teasing tone)

Your jokes suck.

They all laugh a little.

MORG

(grabbing the beer)

Gimme that beer, I need to wash away the thought of my girlfriend making sweet hot (to Dave who does a hands up apology wave) extremely *consensual* love to electric ghost music.

Morg takes a couple big gulps.

LEESE

Don't knock it till you've tried it. Fucking can be pretty spooky, may as well have the soundtrack to match.

MORG

(to Leese, amorously)

Yeah, from now on, we're only gonna bake the biscuit to the "Monster Mash."

EVA

“Bake the biscuit?” No.

LEESE

(joking)

And the Monster Mash? God no. We’re done, I officially break up with you.

EVA

Yup, the Monster Mash is 100% dealbreaker shit.

They all laugh and take turns singing the song  
goofily, then maybe romantically. It’s silly,  
they’re all having fun.

DAVE

I’m starving, you guys wanna get tacos? Hacienda’s still open.

Morg checks her phone.

MORG

Jeeezabel, it’s almost one. It’s Tuesday. I should go home so I can actually get something done at work tomorrow other than just hungover interneting.

DAVE

Lame.

LEESE

Always surrendering to that dayjob life.

DAVE

Yeah, Morgan, if you want to work with us at Caffeine Nation, I can totally hook you up.

MORG

Not everyone can survive on Barista money forever. I got dreams!

LEESE

Babe, getting a corgi puppy isn’t “dreams!”

MORG

Is for me! And pet ownership is expensive! Did you know last year Americans spent like 800 million dollars on pet Valentine’s day gifts?

DAVE

For their *pets*?

MORG

YES.

EVA

Americans are idiots.

MORG

Well then...

(sung a la Green Day)

*I wanna be an American Idiot... with a corgi puppy named "Crab Cakes."*

LEESE

You're insane.

MORG

I got dreams, Leese!

LEESE

I love your insane dreams.

They embrace. Morg starts to sing a little of  
"The Monster Mash."

EVA

Anyway... my dream is to get sleeeeeep. I should head home too.

DAVE

But you don't work tomorrow.

Morg and Leese gather their bags, pop on  
helmets and start mounting their bikes.

EVA

No offense, but I actually care more about being well-rested for my day off.

DAVE

It's just a coffee shop - it's not like we're saving cancer babies or something. I'm  
technically "in charge" and I barely care.

LEESE

Alright, we're locked up over there, everybody - group hug!

They all hug in a clump, they've done this  
before, Eva hesitates ever so slightly.

LEESE

You guys ride safe when you do.

MORG

Thanks for grabbing our tickets, Dave. I'll Venmo you.

EVA

Oh shit, me too.

DAVE

(to Eva)

Don't worry about it...

EVA

I can get my ticket.

DAVE

(with a flirty twinkle)

You bought their album. Paying for your ticket is just me "voting for the band to continue to exist."

EVA

Haha, alright, well... thanks.

About to head out, Leese pauses, misreading Eva and Dave's rapport and gives them a look over.

LEESE

Are you guys vibing? I can't tell if you're working on a thing here, but remember we work together. Please don't have sex. It would make everything weird.

Dave laughs, maybe shoots Leese a look like "don't ruin this". Eva does not laugh.

EVA

Leese, that will not be an issue.

DAVE

Haha, no promises, Leese! (He laughs) Ride safe.

Eva shoots him a look on "no promises."

ALL

Good night! Sleep well! Ride safe! Etc.

Morg and Leese head toward their bikes. Eva starts gathering her stuff to bike home. Dave pulls out a flask and takes a long pull, offers it to Eva as he talks, she declines.

DAVE

I got whiskey - it's a nice night - probably don't have many more of these before it turns cold and shitty for six months. Wanna just like soak it in a bit longer?

EVA

Nah, you go for it, but I should get home.

DAVE

To your empty apartment...

EVA

Right, but if I'm out too late, my succulents get all worried and start panic texting.

DAVE

Haha. Alright plant momma, I can ride with you, you're not too far out of my way.

EVA

(after some hesitation)

Ok.

They mount their bikes. Eva has a u-lock slung over her handlebars or maybe in the strap of her bag. Through theatrical trickery they start riding their bikes, but remain onstage. They ride throughout the following.

DAVE

Go left, we can take the Greenway.

EVA

Uh, it's pretty late.

DAVE

Yeah, but no cars, way safer.

EVA

Weird shit happens down there at night. And, honestly, during the day.

DAVE

But cars are way scarier than - what - flashers?

EVA

You know that's not the worst thing that's happened down there.

DAVE

We'll tag team 'em. I'll be your bodyguard... and I'll try not to flash you myself.

Dave laughs.

EVA

Dude, flashers are fucking terrifying.

DAVE

What? It's just a dick. You've seen dicks before.

EVA

But it's a *surprise* dick. An *unwanted* surprise dick - which I guess is every surprise dick - and it's never *just* a dick.

DAVE

(shrugging)

A dick is a dick.

EVA

No, dude, one time I was riding down there and had to see a guy masterbating and he was staring at me, making the worst eye contact ever, but I couldn't look away and he was just staring at me and... ugh, gross. Then right as I passed, he fucking projectile vomited.

Dave laughs and laughs. Eva laughs a little, but is also haunted.

EVA

So disturbing. Thank god the puke didn't hit me.

DAVE

That's fucking hilarious.

EVA

...It's really not.

While riding he mimes the jerk off then puke thing and laughs at himself despite Eva's demeanor.

Maybe does it again, but it's jerk off, puke, then orgasm, then laughing even more. It's fucked up, but not overtly threatening. Eva's trying to ignore him.

A beat.

DAVE

Turn here, if we see that guy I'll knock his dick off with my lock.

EVA

Can't we just do streets...?

Dave turns, Eva follows.

EVA

...alright.

There's a shift in their riding - they go "down a hill," if possible, change direction, if possible. Some kind of shift. Maybe even just go way upstage? The environment around them slowly changes. Lights dim. If possible, walls form around them to show how isolated and contained they are. It's colder.

They are now on the Greenway bike path, a narrow sunken former rail bed that cuts through the city below grade, isolated from all other traffic.

They ride in silence for a minute, soaking in the darkness and cold. Dave's still entertained with himself and not threatening. Eva's stewing.

DAVE

You got all quiet. Keeping an eye out for phantom wieners or what?

EVA

It's really not funny to me.

DAVE  
(not quite meaning it)

Alright. Sorry.

He does one final smaller puke imitation and little laugh trying to get a reaction. Eva doesn't react.

They ride in silence for a beat.

Dave's bored. He swerves close to Eva. She swerves to avoid being hit.

**ALT. Action - he pulls too close and grabs the back of her seat and brakes a bit to make her have to ride slower.**

EVA  
Hey! Don't do that!

DAVE  
Sorry. I'm just joking around. Jeez, where'd the ice come from?

EVA  
Ice? Ice...

She shakes her head angrily, but fights the urge to tell him off.

DAVE  
Yeah, you got all like frosty, what's wrong?

EVA  
Don't... let's not. I'm fine.

She's not. Dave doesn't get it.

They ride for a beat. He real deliberately sweetens his approach a bit.

DAVE  
The concert really was pretty great, though right?

EVA  
Yeah. It was.

DAVE

I feel like they're that level of good where they're about to blow up and move away to LA.

EVA

I hate when that happens. Even when I'm happy that the band is successful.

DAVE

Right? Yeah, me too.

A beat. They ride.

DAVE

Hey, have you seen that new Netflix show, about the drug dealers, but they also run a doggy daycare and it's kind of a love story I guess? "Must Love Drugs?"

EVA

No, but I heard it's ok.

DAVE

Yeah, it's really great.

A beat. They ride.

DAVE

I'm only on episode two.

A beat. They ride.

It's quiet. Then...

Something CRASHES from above, nearly hitting them.

BOTH

AHH! Whoa! Jesus! Fuck!

Both swivel (still riding forward) to look back and up at the overpass they just passed under.

EVA

What the hell!?

DAVE

(yelling back at the overpass)

Fucker! That could have seriously messed us up! You OK?

EVA

Yeah, what was that!?

DAVE

Couldn't tell, probably just kids on the overpass being assholes.

EVA

Assholes.

DAVE

At least it wasn't a molotov cocktail - you heard that happened once on here, right?

EVA

YES. This is why I suggested NOT riding in this dark trench in the middle of the fucking night.

DAVE

I still think this is better than getting rear ended by a drunk car.

EVA

Technically, I guess you're right. (beat) Jesus my heart is still just blasting.

DAVE

Yeah, mine too. (a little scared himself) It is really dark down here.

A beat. They ride.

DAVE

So, um, I was saying, about that show - I'm only on episode two.

A beat.

DAVE

If you want, we could rewatch the first episode if you want to come over?

EVA

Nah, no thanks. I'm pretty tired.

DAVE

I didn't even say when.

EVA

Ok. But you meant tonight.

DAVE

Maybe not. And you just said “no thanks” like to anytime, ever, watching a show with me.

EVA

You meant tonight. You know you meant tonight. It’s like one. Someone just chucked a rock or something at my face. I’m tired, Dave.

(a beat, playing nice out of obligation)

But thanks for the invite.

DAVE

God. Classic Eva.

A beat. He suddenly has a real entitled toxic edge, but it’s through a smile.

DAVE

I’m just saying “come over for one drink” or to watch a show or whatever. Not trying to marry you...

EVA

*Marry me?*

DAVE

...and you’re just having none of it.

EVA

I mean, yeah, that’s a pretty accurate summary.

(firmer)

Sorry, Dave, you’re cool, but I’m just not interested.

DAVE

But why? You know... it’s not fair. Like, I keep reaching out, I got the tickets...

EVA

I was going to pay you back.

DAVE

I bought you a drink.

EVA

You bought us all a round. We all do that. It's called being friends. Let's *be friends*, Dave!

DAVE

Gah, there it is, big fucking friendzone brick wall - won't even give me a shot.

She reacts silently. A small beat, they ride.

DAVE

I'm just putting it out there, don't you at least owe me a chance? It's just like, polite. Just come hang out for a little bit and don't be such a... b

EVA

... bitch? Were you seriously just going to call me a bitch!?

DAVE

No. I caught myself.

EVA

So you were going to!?

DAVE

(lying)

No...

EVA

Yes, you were! Come on, Dave! You're not going to guilt me into sleeping with you!

He softens a little again.

DAVE

I wasn't! That's not! Is this because I'm technically your boss? It's not like that to me.

EVA

It has nothing to do with that and everything to do with me just not wanting to come over and "watch Netflix." It's one a.m. - that's the most cliché way EVER of saying, "hey, wanna come have awkward sex on my couch?"

DAVE

I don't have a couch, it's a studio.

EVA

What!?! So... what? We were going to watch Netflix *in your bed!*?

DAVE

Well, yeah, but, no big deal, we don't have to... was I being nice all this time for nothing!?

EVA

Oh my god I don't even know how to start to answer that.

DAVE

Fucking Leese - "don't have sex you guys" - totally cockblocking me!

EVA

No. Why can't it occur to you that like, just on my own, I decided that regardless of work stuff or whatever other external factors, that I just want to be friends and nothing more.

DAVE

So, you're saying I'm gross and ugly or what?

EVA

No, I'm just saying that I don't want to have sex with you. I don't want to have sex with lots of people. Just about everyone I know I don't want to have sex with, it's really not personal!

DAVE

You know what? You're not even that hot, you're like a six at best. At best.

EVA

(not reacting to the number, but to the whole situation)

Oh my god are you fucking kidding me!? Get out of here, Dave.

DAVE

(overlapping her line, truly nasty now, if he wasn't already)

I'm being generous. Just like usual. Tickets, beers, I'm fucking escorting you home. I'm being the good guy here, and I don't know what your fucking problem is.

EVA

You're the good guy!?

DAVE

YES!

EVA

You just tried to guilt me into coming to your studio to watch tv IN YOUR BED when I keep saying I'm not interested. How can I be any clearer!?

DAVE  
(overlapping the end of her line)

Maybe you're wrong!?

EVA  
What!?! The ffff...!?! You don't even make any sense! Ahh! I'm so done with this night.  
Go home, Dave. JUST GO.

DAVE  
Wait, what? And let you ride home alone?

EVA  
Yes. I'll be fine.

A tiny beat, Dave's tone softens a tiny bit.

DAVE  
It's late. At least let me get you the rest of the way home.

EVA  
No. I'm fine. Leave!

DAVE  
Look, I'm sorry, I'm just drunk...

EVA  
I don't fucking care, go!

Dave snaps back to angry.

DAVE  
Fine. Fuck it. Fuck you.

Dave slows down, they separate.

EVA  
Call me a bitch, we know you're thinking it.

DAVE  
(Calling after her as he slows down)

DAVE  
Shut up! Also, I just checked the schedule, and oh, it looks like you open tomorrow. See you at fucking six am.

EVA

Fuck off, Dave!

DAVE

See you at six or you're a "no call no show" and I'll fire your ass.

EVA

Good night, Dave!

Dave disappears. Eva rides on. She looks over her shoulder. Empty. She breathes a sigh of relief, tries to shake all that shit off. Doesn't fully succeed.

She rides in silence for a bit. It gets even darker.

She's really alone.

She pulls out her phone as she rides, swerving a bit as she cues up a song which plays through a bluetooth speaker mounted to her bag or bike. She starts nervously singing along to Hanson's "MMMBop".

It's really dark and she's still shaken. She looks over her shoulder again, still empty. She shakes her head and finally starts to relax. She starts riding slower and jams out to her music. Her bike lights seem to provide nearly all the light.

For a beat she rides at a more relaxed pace, lost in enjoying her music.

After a little while, as far behind her as is possible on stage, a FIGURE on a bike appears. A threatening drone music cue kicks in very quietly.

The Figure is hard to make out, but their silhouette and the angle they appear from, maybe their bike style too, make it very clear the Figure is NOT Dave and is feminine or ambiguous.

The Figure has a rigid expressionless face, when their face eventually becomes visible. They're menacing in their lack of apparent acknowledgement of the world around them. Their pace is just fast enough to gain on Eva, very, very slowly.

Eva's oblivious, continues jamming to her music. She's almost having a good time now. It's a nice fall night.

The Figure remains demeanor-less and gains ever so slowly on Eva, still well behind her. The Figure seems to barely work to match Eva's pace, while Eva is clearly expending some effort.

Eva remains unaware.

Eva's singing along to a new, super upbeat song. She's in her happy place, seeming to have accomplished her goal of distracting herself from the fact that she's in a dark, narrow trench all alone on a bike.

As she sings, the Figure slowly catches up.

They're closer.

Even closer.

Now they're directly behind her, trailing about a bike length.

Eva's oblivious. Singing, a little out of breath. Feeling the music.

The Figure hangs right behind her, no longer gaining for a minute.

Eva's speaker and singing mask any chance of her hearing the Figure's closeness.

Now the Figure swerves slowly out from behind Eva as though they're going to pass her. They pedal extra hard for a sec to gain on Eva.

Now the Figure is just behind her at an angle.

The Figure slowly, carefully, reaches out and gently taps Eva's back light. It turns off.

Eva doesn't notice. She's as into her music as ever.

The Figure rides at this very close angle for a moment, perfectly matching Eva's speed, but doing nothing else.

Eva still doesn't notice.

The Figure stands for the first time and pedals hard for a couple of rotations, speeding up to pull alongside Eva. Eva looks over, seeing them for the first time.

EVA SCREAMS and swerves.

The Figure doesn't react at all, doesn't even look at Eva.

EVA

JESUS! You scared the hell out of me!

(a beat)

Where's your "On your left!" you know?

Eva laughs nervously, super shaken, and sizes up the situation as not immediately definitely dangerous.

EVA

OK...

They ride side by side for a beat. Eva looks to the Figure for some kind of indication of what's happening - are they trying to pass her?

Eva slows down a little. The Figure matches her. This scares Eva, but she's trying not to let on.

She pedals a little harder, the Figure falls behind a little, then expressionlessly pedals harder to pull along side Eva.

EVA

Ok, please, you're really creeping me out. Please just pass me if you want to.

Eva slows a little again. This time it seems like the Figure might be actually passing her.

Instead, as they pull up to be parallel with Eva they slowly, deliberately reach toward her handlebars...

EVA

What are you doing?

...and they tap her front light, turning it off.

EVA

No!

We see Eva hitting the brakes **HARD** as they plunge into complete darkness. Eva yells or screams in fright again.

There's the sound of bikes stopping quickly and a scuffle.

EVA

(in darkness)

What do you even want from me!?

We hear a groan of effort from Eva. More tussling. Then we hear a hard "THUMP" and a body hit the ground.

Frantic footsteps. Then, a bike is being ridden again.

The darkness is suddenly cut by Eva's front bike light turning back on. She's riding frantically away, totally freaked out, trying to reposition her U-lock which she just used to defend herself.

Some kind of cheesy happy music is still coming out of her speaker but she is not aware of it.

She's way ahead of the Figure. The Figure stands, starting to mount their bike and then they fade from view.

Eva's still frantic, looking over her shoulder repeatedly, swearing to herself. She's swerving and riding erratically in a way that looks unsustainable from an effort standpoint.

The Figure remains out of view.

As Eva rides, a Blue Emergency Phone Pole appears. Eva comes to a quick halt, hops off her bike or leans and presses the button.

EVA

(shouting, frantically)

Help! Someone help! I'm on the Greenway, past 10th I think. Going west. Someone just tried to I don't even know... kill me? They just kept coming at me...

Eva looks back, NOW the Figure is visible again, out of their seat, pedaling HARD and getting closer to Eva.

EVA

NO! Please HELP!

Eva releases the button and frantically starts pedaling again as fast as she can, checking over her shoulder, frightened and swerving. She manages to get up to a speed that the Figure is no longer gaining, but it's still back there relentlessly coming her way and closer than it was.

Eva is breathing really hard.

It's all she can do to keep separation from the Figure.

The Figure is unfazed, pedaling methodically, waiting Eva out.

Eva's exertion starts to take a toll. She can't keep this up forever.

EVA

(breathless, yelling behind her)

Why are you... !?

The Figure doesn't even register that she spoke.

EVA

What do you want!?

Still no reaction.

EVA

Please! Just leave me alone!

No reaction.

Eva's still pedaling hard, but not quite as hard as before.

This allows the Figure to very very slowly start to gain on her without changing its pace at all.

Eva doesn't really register that for the moment. She's gasping for breath.

She looks behind her, see's the gap's smaller.

EVA

Shit! Shitty fuck fuck!

(to the Figure)

I hate you!

She starts intermittently standing up to pedal harder. When she stands to pedal, the gap between her and the Figure widens slightly. When she sits back down, the Figure gains on her ever so slowly.

That pattern repeats a few times, getting less effective each time as Eva begins to truly wear out.

EVA

(to herself)

Why didn't I take that Spin class?

Eva does another round of stand and pedal and look over her shoulder and panic.

EVA

(exhausted and angry [at her own limits]  
but NOT resigned or weak)

Dammit! Fuck!

She pedals again, hard, then has an idea!

EVA

(to herself)

Idiot! Dammit!

She pulls out her phone, and starts trying to dial one-handed without losing speed. With only one hand on her handle bars she swerves again. The Figure begins gaining on her slightly faster. Eva presses the phone to her ear.

EVA

Come on come on come on!

(someone picks up, breathlessly)

Hello! Please! ...on the Greenway, going west... passed Nicollet. ...attacked me... they're following me...

(she looks over her shoulder, they're closer)

...Shit shit shit! (a beat) Yes! They're right behind me, won't...

(to Figure)

LEAVE ME ALONE!

(she listens for a sec)

I don't know... send someone, please!

Eva swerves or hits a little bump and DROPS HER PHONE.

It flies behind her, clattering to the ground, then the Figure passes it. The Figure doesn't register the phone at all.

Eva's music is gone and it's now quieter than ever.

EVA

SHIT! No! Dammit!

Eva looks over her shoulder, the Figure's closer than before the call.

A RUNNER appears, coming opposite the direction Eva's traveling.

EVA

LOOK OUT!!!

The Runner pauses and turns to look at Eva, just then the Figure slows to clock the Runner as Eva watches. The Figure hits the runner and they fall out of view, The Figure also fades out of view.

EVA

NOOO!!!

Eva slows briefly, looking back, but still rolling forward. For a sec, the Figure's gone. Eva doesn't pedal as frantically.

The Figure REAPPEARS, pedaling HARD.

EVA

GODDAMMIT.

Eva digs deep.

She pedals powerfully, harder than we've seen yet and for a surprisingly long period of time.

It's a mix of standing bobbing rhythmically like a Tour De France climb and seated, head down, gutting it out silently.

During this stretch the Figure doesn't change its pedaling and Eva pulls away a little.

Eva's exhausted, but focused, riding as hard as she can and no longer panicked or swearing under her breath.

She's tired, but the energy has changed and it looks like her relentlessness might be a match for the Figure.

After several beats of Eva powerfully keeping the Figure at bay, it's clear that she's starting to flag.

The Figure begins once again gaining on her very slowly.

Eva is so focused she's no longer checking behind her, she's still riding hard, but can't quite keep up the previous level of intensity.

The Figure gains on her slowly.

Eva starts to wear out.

The Figure's very close now, like before.

It pulls alongside her again.

Eva finally looks up and at the Figure.

FUCK YOU!

EVA

Eva was ready for this. She swings her U-Lock at the Figure, connecting, but the Figure catches the lock and brakes to slow them both down. They hop off their bikes, fighting for control of the lock.

Eva gets the lock back, looks left and right, exhausted, realizes there's nowhere to go and she must fight.

She tries to hit the Figure with the lock. She finally connects one, Figure is knocked back.

Eva tries to remount her bike. The Figure prevents her from doing that.

EVA

HELP...!!

The Figure covers Eva's mouth. They grapple more. Eva finds a way to use the lock again, knocking the Figure back.

She has just enough time to jump on her bike.

The Figure jumps on their bike. The chase resumes.

After not long, the Figure gains on Eva and tugs on her bike, slowing her down again.

Eva knocks the Figure's hand away, pedals harder, gets away.

The Figure catches up, more trying to slow Eva down. This time it works and Eva hops off her bike. The Figure dismounts as well.

They're off their bikes again, tussling. The lock falls aside.

Eva dodges one particularly big swing and shoves the Figure. Eva lunges to the lock, chased by the Figure and with a primal ROAR she puts her whole body into a lock swing and catches the figure hard in the head, dropping the lock after the impact. A tiny beat. She takes a breath. Is that it? She seems to have incapacitated the Figure.

She breathes a small breath of relief, but is right back into action. Leaving the lock behind, she rushes forward and inspects her bike.

EVA

Shit.

Something is wrong with it, she tweaks the chain or adjusts out of whack handlebars or something that needs to be addressed to make it rideable.

There's a scrape and rattle of a U-lock in the darkness. Eva looks - the Figure's not there. She looks around frantically and hears the Figure flanking her just in time to dodge.

They wrestle around in the poorly lit area. The Figure is stronger, but Eva's fucking fierce and smart and while maybe outmatched physically, she's holding her own, fighting for her life.

She manages to knock the U-Lock away and gets knocked near her bike in the process.

The Figure comes toward her again. Eva has an idea.

She quickly flips the quick release on her bike seat post, whips out her seat, immediately wielding it like a bludgeon, and lands a solid blow on the Figure as it lunges toward her. The Figure is stunned. She leaps out of the way. The Figure shakes it off and starts to get up, but Eva's having none of it.

She leaps above the Figure and lands a HARD blow right to the Figure's head, "BAM!" She considers another, but the Figure goes limper than ever. She stands over it, panting, daring it to stir even slightly. It doesn't. For now.

Eva grabs the U-Lock and locks the Figure's feet together.

She sits for a moment illuminated just partially by her bike light and exhales a huge exhale of relief and a big pile of emotions all at once.

Flashing police lights appear above the audience, there's the sound of slamming car doors.

Eva rushes toward the audience, calling up and out of the sunken Greenway.

EVA

Help! Down here, help!!

A pair of flashlight beams hit Eva.

POLICE ONE

(from above the audience)

Minneapolis PD! You the one that called?

POLICE TWO

(from above the audience)

We were looking for you - ma'am are you OK?

EVA

I don't know. I just... they just kept coming.

(pointing to where she came from)

There was a runner too...

POLICE ONE

Just stay put. We'll be right down.

POLICE TWO

It's OK. It's over, you're OK now.

The flashlight beams flit away.

Eva breathes a sigh of relief and collapses, sitting. She takes a jagged breath and tries to let it out calmly.

Then she shines her bike light upstage toward the Figure.

It's GONE.

Eva's back up in a panic looking all around her frantically searching for the Figure.

She can't find it.

Suddenly there's a bike light coming from the direction she came from.

It's Dave on his bike. He rolls up and hops off talking without assessing Eva's state at all.

DAVE

Hey, Eva! I got sorta worried and felt bad, so I figured I'd just come make sure you got home ok... Whoa, did you crash or something?

EVA

Get out of here!

Eva faces away from Dave, still looking for the Figure.

EVA

Get out of here, Dave. Seriously. Go.

Just then we hear the Police getting closer (still off stage), then clunk, drag, clunk drag.

POLICE ONE (OFF STAGE)

Hey, whoa! Take a step back!

We hear a THUMP and a gasp/pain sound... then a body hitting the ground.

POLICE TWO (OFF STAGE)

No, what are you do...

THUMP. Another impact, then body landing on the ground. Then the - clunk, drag, clunk, drag - again, coming toward Eva and Dave.

DAVE

What was that?

EVA

I told you! Something keeps trying to kill me!

More - clunk drag, clunk drag - much closer now.

DAVE

“Kill” you? Come on, what makes you think they were trying “kill” you?

Suddenly the Figure is behind Dave. Just then Eva turns so Dave can see that she’s bloodied.

DAVE

Fuck.

EVA

No!

WHAM. Dave gets knocked by the Figure into a darker area. The Figure nails Dave with the bike seat once, out of view, Dave’s done.

Eva has leapt out of the way. But she has nowhere to go, the only escape route out of the Greenway trench - the direction of the (now incapacitated) police is blocked by the Figure.

The Figure comes toward her, slower than before and the - clunk, drag - sound is because its feet are still u-locked together. It moves awkwardly, but still very menacingly. It rears up and takes a swipe at Eva with the bike seat, misses.

This happens a couple of times, Eva narrowly escaping and going for the bike seat. They grapple. She squeezes away, etc. No one can get a clear upper hand. Eva can't quite escape.

Finally, one time, as she backs up, Eva gets an idea. Then she trips, the Figure is also unwieldy and they fall together in a clump, tussling on their way down. Eva gets the upper hand for a sec as they fall.

Just after they hit the ground the Figure lets out a gasp and then stops moving.

Eva squirms loose. She rolls the Figure over or shines her light to show that the Figure was impaled on the bike seat. Maybe she reflexively kicks them in anger and relief?

EVA

(Still so frightened, but also relieved)

Fuck you!

Then she starts to process what she's looking at, the carnage around her.

EVA

Fuck. Jesus. That's... Oh my god.

Eva frantically looks to where the police sounds came from, she finally sees a way to safety.

She turns back and assesses the Figure again - are they really done? No movement. Yes. They're done.

She goes to Dave's body, checks him quickly (he's out) and finds his phone. She steps back toward the Figure pointing the phone's bright light at it. She holds the light there for a moment, checking for movement. The Figure stays motionless.

Satisfied, she points the phone light toward where the police sounds came from, sees a path, then starts dialing as she walks away. As she does we hear...

EVA

(still pretty frantic)

....hello! Yes, oh my god, I called earlier... I don't really know, but two police are down and there's another person and...

Eva's conversation fades as she escapes.

She's gone.

It's silent.

It's dark except for a blinking bike light scattered on the ground.

We hear sirens in the background.

Then we hear clunk drag, clunk drag, clunk drag, clunk drag, clunk drag.

We hear a pained grunt, then tossed into the light is the bloodied bike seat.

Then we hear the clunk drag clunk drag clunk drag of the Figure slowly going back in the direction they first came from.

Silence. Blackout.

END OF PLAY.