

HARLEY DAVIDSON SENSITIVITY TRAINING

Written by

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Introducing our cast of characters:

KEN: Smart, affable, level headed.
Although a touch flabbergasted at all the tomfoolery and shennigans;
He is our guide and our conscience. Our 'John Cleese' if you will. Almost a good All-American Ken doll. Think Lee Majors in his prime or Thomas Jane, maybe Lee Pace.
Saddled with the catch phrase 'Really'.

NOBB: Put upon Manager. Learning the ropes as he goes and trying to control all the chaos he doesn't understand.
Good natured, well intentioned, but not the sharpest tack on the zebra.
You're looking at Jeremy Piven, Ben Stiller or Marlon Wayans.
He's a mensch.

STEVE: as in Steve Austin. The wrestler or the Six million Dollar Man, take your pick.
If Harley Davidson were a person, this is who he'd be.
Bald, sharp. He GETS it. All of it.
But he has to be accessible, so go get yourself a Terry Bradshaw or Bruce Willis.

KRON: The Old World Harley Guy. The old guard. Bike Week, Hell's Angels. What everybody in the world thinks of when they think 'biker'. The man we are trying to retain the essence of as we plow into the 21st Century with...

GRANNY: Perfect world, she's Betty White. She is the future of Harley Davidson. What everyone wants. A hip, cool, motorcycle momma. Get her demographic on a hog and the sky is the limit.

GURN: What you see when you look up Nerd in the dictionary. The old 99 pound weakling stereotype, not the new hip Comic Con uber-geek. This is the cat that has no business on a Harley. Except that he has the RIGHT to be there.
And it's our job to get him there.
And yeah, he's got the horned rimmed glasses held together with a band-aid that he keeps pushing up on his nose.

JANE: All woman, no filler, no additives. She's the trophy wife, the wet dream, the prom queen. And she only exists as a figment of imagination. Real Jane sees Spot run and chases after him. She can out ride Dick and wants everything she wants, which is just someone to listen and take her seriously.
Long walks on the beach and something tall, dark and handsome not withstanding.

INT. SHOWROOM - DAY

Pan down from an overhead banner that reads 'HARLEY DAVIDSON SENSITIVITY TRAINING'.

A buff, well muscled man in a Harley vest, jeans and sunglasses, RODD, with a sawed off shotgun steps through the glass door, filling the frame and lit from behind.

Rodd racks the shotgun.

RODD

I have come here to chew bubble gum
and kick ass. And I am all out of
bubble gum.

KEN, our Spokesman turns to NOBB, our put-upon manager.

KEN

Okay. One. It's GUN not GUM. And
two, does the term 'copyright
infringement' mean anything to you?

They turn to look at Rodd. He aims the shotgun and fires. Bubbles careen out of the end of shotgun. He raises his sunglasses and winks.

RODD

Bubble 'gun'. Get it. Bubble. Gun.

Ken grabs Nobb by the shoulder, shakes his head.

KEN

Really?

In the background a KID IN A KICK ASS COSTUME shoves donuts in his mouth. Ken motions to the security guard ogling the chorus line of Rockettes high kicking across the floor.

KEN

Can we get him out of here?

Security guard grabs kid by the neck and escorts him out.

Ken steers Nobb across the showroom. A donkey scurries by in front of them followed by a Mexican in a colorful poncho and sombrero.

NOBB

We're having some slight issues
with some of the international
translations for Kick Ass.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

-Group of Italians. The remains of a full Italian dinner spread. After dinner smoking. Cigarette butts slam into ash trays.

ITALIANS

Smash butt!

-Asian men in judo gi. Students with red sashes, instructor with black sash. They shatter boards with their feet in unison.

ASIANS

Ass Kicked!

-Group of Proper English Gentlemen in mahogany flavored Men's Club. Smoking jackets and pipes abound. Boar's head on the wall. French maids serve brandy snifters.

ENGLISHMAN

Oh Dear. Boot in the bum, I should think. Yes?

Nods and toasts around.

-Frenchman, mustache, wink, the whole nine. In a boudoir. With one of the French maids from above. He dips her below frame. Clothes fly up.

A giggle and a catch of breath.

FRENCHMAN

Ass kissed.

-Military Colonel. Hard nosed. R Lee Ermey. And yeah, he's full on Full Metal Jacket. Turned to 11.

R LEE

Ass Kissed! I can not believe my ears. I did not hear that right. That can not be possible. I do not have the time nor the inclination to support any level of incompetency that such an line of unmitigated horse manure would imply. As God Almighty is my witness. It should be Ass Kicked, son. Ass Kicked for all the good it would do you.

He berates and crawls up and down a line of raw recruits ending on the kid in the Kick Ass costume.

KEN

Really?

Kick Ass pulls out his escrima.

KICK ASS

Hai-ya!

...and is immediately kicked off screen by the Asian Karate class.

A group of VIKINGS walk by in the opposite direction; maces, lances, crossbows, helmets. Followed by the Swedish Bikini Team.

VIKINGS

KICK ASS!

Nobb shrugs at Ken.

NOBB

Some cultures just get it.

The sad sounds of children crying comes from a nearby room. They stick their heads in.

INT. KINDER CARE

A group of tattoo artists in Harley regalia tattoo the Harley Icon on the foreheads of the crying, distraught children.

Ken looks thunderstuck at Nobb.

NOBB

The brand. We're getting the brand out there. The icon? True. Inventive. Unique.

KEN

Yeah. Yeah. You got that down.

Looks back at the kids and artists. One artist shrugs at Ken's slack-jawed look.

KEN

Really?

NOBB

Too far?

KEN

You think? Yeah. A bit.

Loud, raucous frivolity from off screen. Rocking drum beat.

INT. EMPLOYEE BREAKROOM

Double drum set pounds away. Bar atmosphere. Vikings. Bikini models. Dude with a riding lawn mower. Rockettes doing a high kick line on the porti-bar. Asian Martial artist Gungham Style. John Belushi is probably in here somewhere.

And yes, the donkey is there. Drinking. It's what they do at parties. The Frenchman tries to pin a tail on it. Doesn't work out so well for the Frenchman.

Viking lifts keg and drains it. Legendary belch.

Band plays. Adam Ant look alike.

ADAMANT

We are the brotherhood of wild nobility. We are family.

KEN

Did you clear this?

NOBB

It's a parody.

Confetti canons go off. KRON comes over. Bear hugs the both of them.

KRON

I love this Bond stuff. Belonging. Always Here. Whoo Hoo.

KEN

It's 'always there'.

KRON

Where?

KEN

There. Not here. Always There. It's a presence thing. Never mind.

Ken signals someone off camera to 'wrap it up'. The Englishman from previous, dressed as James Bond, steps on the bar. (or it could be Adamant doing a quick change)

ENGLISHMAN

Alright everyone. That's it. Breaks over. Thank you very much. Back to work.

Everyone files out. The dude with the riding mower spins down the corridor followed by a cat on a scooter.

We hear the deep potato-potato-potato triple thrum of the V twin trademark Harley roar. Only different. (pitched higher)

Through the door into...

INT. CUSTOM SHOP

A golf cart, Hummer and F-150 set in the shop. The riding lawn mower and scooter against one wall. Each with its owner.

Kron installs pipes on the golf cart. Fires it up. The thrum fills the room. He gives GRANNY, anxiously awaiting the results, a high five.

Kron sees Ken and Nobb. Struts over.

KRON

Come watch the Master work, ladies.
I've got the FIRE! (Fi-ya) Arouse.

JANE walks by in HD style hot pants and baby T. Stops in front of Kron, butt snapped out. Kron slaps her on the ass and she moves on. (yeah, I went there.)

KRON

Excite. Inspire. Gonna turn this baby around. I can get behind this program.

Ken, through clenched teeth, looks at Kron. Back to Nobb. To Granny. Takes in the folks with their soon to be modified modes of transport. Raises his fingers as if to speak.

AMISH JOE (O.C.)

This where you uns do the Harley mods?

Ken turns to face Amish Joe with his horse and buggy.

KEN

Not exactly.

Kron looks at Amish Joe's horse. The Horse looks at Joe.

KRON

I can do that.

The horse's eyes go wide.

Ken is at a complete loss. Left, right? Yes, no? He's back out in the corridor. Forced back inside as the Kid in the Kick Ass costume darts by chased by the Asians and the Mexican, followed by the donkey.

Back in the Custom Shop. Steers Nobb by his elbow.

KEN

Excuse us.

...and are nearly run over by the remains of the Rockettes who seem to have taken up with the Asian Martial artists.

ASIAN MARTIAL ARTIST

Ass Kicked!

ROCKETTE

Kicks Ass!

She follows up with a high kick over her head that knocks off a Viking's helmet as he passes by.

VIKING LORD

Kick Ass!

The Viking Lord has the Harley Logo tattooed on his forehead, BUT he now wears a smart set of Harley leathers and clothes along with his Viking companions.

They GET it. Ken stops. Takes it in. Nods to Nobb and smiles.

KEN

Right.

The skirt through the sales floor. A group of HD sales personnel show several of the Rockettes the bikes. Professional. Eager. Attentive. They are laser focused on getting the right Rockette to the right bike.

We ZOOM into these individual vignettes and see CHROME and KICK ASS at work.

Specific details of each aspect of connecting with costumers, trigger questions, sharing stories, guiding them through the journey.

They try on jackets, hats. Sit on the bikes. Get the feel for it.

Granny walks by in the background along with Amish Joe and the owners of the scooter and lawn mower. Completely ignored.

At the far end of the showroom, GURN stands uncertain next to a hog. He has no idea where to even start.

Until Jane struts by.

And by strut, I mean, back lit, slow motion, bucket of water dropped on her, hair down, stiletto heel march, painted on, skin tight top and mini skirt, legs to the moon STRUT.

Gurn is instantly James Dean. As much as Johnny No Game can become a cultural icon of cool in zero point three seconds.

GURN

Muscle.

He snaps up his sleeve and strikes a pose. Nothing.

GURN

Look.

He slicks his hair back. No change.

GURN

Power.

Whips his leg over the hog...and shoots right across to the other side, bringing the Street Bob over on top of him.

KEN

Impact.

Jane (in normal sales attire, brochure in hand) approaches Gurn and helps him up.

JANE

Hey, there.

She gets him to his feet, brushes him off. Shakes his hand, puts him at ease. Makes him feel at home. Walks him over to a Sportster Superlow.

JANE

Let me show you a great place to start.

Across the showroom, Steve has the Granny Pack in the same thrall.

Now we see the full impact of KICK ASS and CHROME. The full package. It's for EVERYONE. There is a Harley inside of everyone. Steve and Jane know how to draw this out.

Kron catches this out of the corner of his eye. Stops. Thinks. Realization dawns. He excuses himself from the Rockettes.

Heads over to Amish Joe. Sincere. Big warm smile. Inviting. Hands him a HD vest. Amish Joe beams.

Kron will guide him to personal freedom. He's a dreamer and Kron will make fulfill that dream. Just as Jane and Steve have Granny and Gurn.

Ken laughs, slaps Nobb on the back.

KEN
Right. Right.

They head back down a corridor and into the breakroom.

Inside is Rodd, the Kid in the Kick Ass costume, R Lee and sundry others. The Vikings approach from the back.

VIKING LORD
What's in your wallet?

KEN
Really?

VIKING LORD
Yes, really. The vending machine's buggers and I'm starving.

Ken pulls out his wallet. KICK ASS is stitched on the outside.

He hands him a card:

ReBel. Freedom. Independence. Attitude.

Kick Ass sticks his head in the frame.

KEN
Can we please get this kid out of here before we get the pants sued off of us?

R Lee and Rodd escort Kick Ass away. They're wearing leather Harley Davidson riding chaps.

And no pants*.

*(yes, I went there, too)