

1. SOUND: TIRES SCREECH TO A HALT. CAR DOOR OPENS --
2. DEPROGRAMMER: You're coming with us, Moonie.
3. SOUND: A SCUFFLE.
4. NAT: Help!
5. SOUND: CAR DOOR SLAMS ON HIS CRY. CAR TIRES SCREECH AWAY. ABRUPT CUT TO: FOOTSTEPS, SLOW AND DELIBERATE, PACING A HARDWOOD FLOOR... THEN THE SLAP OF A SHEAF OF PAPERS ON A TABLETOP --
6. DEPROGRAMMER: (stern) This is the financial report for Bikes on Broadway. Go on, look at it! It's a business! They take your money and what have you got to show for it?
7. NAT: (nervous) A Richie Mountain Bike and a --
8. DEPROGRAMMER: You spend your free time in their showroom, talking to the sales people, to the mechanics...
9. NAT: Because they understand. Bikes on Broadway tailor their bikes to the customer and guarantee maintenance. They've got a huge variety, not just for racers. They care about quality and fun.
10. DEPROGRAMMER: Open your eyes, boy, the real world is not just a big happy family! They take a confused kid and turn him into --
11. NAT: Who's a kid? I'm thirty-eight.
12. DEPROGRAMMER: Huh?
13. NAT: Bikes on Broadway helped me out of a mid-life crisis. I feel twenty years younger. And just look at this outfit.
14. SOUND: DOOR BURSTS OPEN.
15. NAT: Dad!
16. FATHER: Let him go! We were wrong! Forgive me, son, I didn't realize.
17. NAT: You took a test ride?
18. FATHER: (a true convert) Yes! Yes!
19. SOUND: THEIR FOOTSTEPS. DOOR OPENS. SOUND OF BIRDS SINGING OUTSIDE.
20. FATHER: (continuing) And my God, they have a whole separate bike shop for the grandchildren! Watch this wheeley --!
21. TAG INSERT ...