

**The Bikers** finds two men together in a post-surgery hospital room after they each suffer a grave wreck resulting in spinal injuries with uncertain recoveries. As a thin privacy curtain initially prevents their sight of each other - as well as any ensuing judgments - they connect over talks about how their lives got them there and fears of what their futures hold. In the dismal waiting room where the nurses endure, their wives find common ground in frustration and worry, both afraid their lives are forever changed. But, when the curtain is pulled open and the prevailing worlds are let in, their roads to recovery become even more precarious, and perhaps being lucky enough to walk out won't mean they're better off.

### **Cast Descriptions:**

**Ernie** – late 40s/early 50s and white, burly, scruffy and heavily tattooed. His barrel chest still bests his biker belly but the contest is getting closer. He's seen more than his share of booze and brawls, mean streets and prison yards, cigarettes and substances. He didn't take to school but was always smart and eventually well read. His few smiles come slowly, like an old motor that needs to be warmed up first, but they can really zoom. More scars than regrets, his mean miles and dirty deeds have earned him a hard shell, though occasional cracks have appeared over his daughter's six years. His favorite thing is reading poetry to her, even after she's fallen asleep.

**Preston** – late 30s/early 40s and white, tall, athletic, fit and polished. He has a quick, lingering smile amongst his element, but his eyes are always well ahead with the angles. Self-described Type A and never fully accepted that "arrogant" is necessarily an insult, especially when you're the smartest motherfucker in the room, which he always is. He can work a crowd like a dancer. He has a strong sense of style yet still employs a personal shopper. He's known only success and knows that won't ever change, which leaves him with a generally buoyant disposition when that's what he chooses to have.

**Kitty** – 30s and white, is Preston's wife of a dozen years. She's appropriately attractive and holds posture like she's riding her horse but is growing fearful that her looks won't last long enough. She manages their opulence with aplomb and takes the responsibility seriously, especially the philanthropy. She's lost touch with nearly all her friends from college and always doubted their happiness anyway. In fact, she doubts it in general and is mostly convinced that it's a terribly selfish aspiration. She misses her dad and hopes he'll visit more when they have babies.

**Maria** – early 40s and Latino, she's Ernie's wife of five years. She often holds herself as if she's cold, or a stranger has drawn too near. She bartended at plenty of biker joints, and never once even tried to break up a fight. She's known a lot of men but always paid for her own drinks - didn't want to owe anybody anything. And she always did the leaving. She "took a flier" on Ernie. Her daughter is her everything, she only wishes she had her sooner, or went ahead with it the other times. She loves the echo of Ernie's Harley motor shutting down when he pulls into their garage.

**Dot** – 60s and black, and thin and straight like a switch. She's a registered nurse who knows more than most doctors. She takes her time and speaks her mind because she's seen everything and hasn't been rattled yet. She never wanted to remarry after he died, but she's sure been asked a time or two. She raised five kids and somehow she's still most fond of the one in jail. Her grandkids are doing pretty well and they best mind their manners in Granny Dot's apartment.

**Gabby** – 30s and Latino, chubby and cheerful, she's a nurse's assistant who thought the job would be easier but still thinks it's the best place to maybe meet a decent guy. She doesn't mind blood or a mess, she's always patched her brothers' cuts and scrapes and knife wounds and always kept their house clean.