

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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FEVER EPISODE 2:
CLEAN FADE TO:

INT. MARIO'S APARTMENT- DAY

WE LOOK AT A STEAMY MIRROR, UNABLE TO SEE ANYTHING THROUGH IT.

A HAND WIPES IT CLEAN, REVEALING MARIO STANDING WITH ONLY A TOWEL COVERING HIS GENITILIA. HE SHOWS HIS CHUBBY BODY.

HE MOVES HIS HAND DOWN, COVERING HIS FINGERS IN GEL AND THEN LOOKING DOWN ONTO HIS HAND.

HE RAISES HIS HAND UP AND SLICKING THE LITTLE PIECES OF HAIR HE HAS LEFT BACK ONTO HIS HEAD, CLEANING HIS HAIR DO UP.

HE THEN RUNS THE TAP AND CLEANING HIS HANDS BEFORE GRABBING THE LOTION FROM THE SINK AREA.

HE OPENS THE LOTION UP AND THEN SQUIRTS SOME LOTION INTO HIS HANDS AND RUBS IT ON HIS FACE. HE GRUNTS LOUDLY AS HE DOES, HIS EYES WIDENING.

MARIO
New day...

CUT TO:

INT. MARIO'S APARTMENT- DAY

MARIO IS NOW IN HIS SUIT, HE SITS ON HIS BED, LOOKING DOWN AT A PICTURE OF HIM AND A WOMAN.

HE SMILES, HIS EYES TEARY BUT HE DOES NOT CRY.

HE OPENS THE DRAWER TO HIS LEFT, PLACING THE PICTURE IN THE DRAWER AND TAKING OUT HIS GUN AND THEN CLOSING THE DRAWER.

HE LOADS HIS GUN LAZILY, LICKING HIS LIPS A FEW TIMES THEN STANDING FROM THE BED.

HE PLACES HIS GUN IN HIS WAISTBAND, THEN COVERING IT MORE WITH HIS BLAZER.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK

MARIO WALKS ALONG, A BLANK EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL CAFE

MARIO SITS DOWN, GRIPPING HIS MUG OF COFFEE.

A MIDDLE AGED WOMAN WITH BRUNETTE HAIR AND A SLIM FIGURE SITS IN HIS BOOTH, MARIO NODS TO HER ONCE.

WOMAN IN THE BOOTH

Hello.

MARIO

Hey.

WOMAN IN THE BOOTH

Lovely day, right?

MARIO

Uh... Yeah.

WOMAN IN THE BOOTH

Hmm.

MARIO

I'm sorry, it's just a long morning today.

MARIO SMILES.

THE WOMAN SMILES BACK AT HIM.

WOMAN IN THE BOOTH

You can say that again, it's always a bit too hectic on a monday.

MARIO NODS, THEN LOOKING OUT OF HIS WINDOW AND WIDENING HIS EYES.

IT IS CLEAR HE IS UNSETTLED, WE SEE THE MAN HE IS LOOKING AT A AFRICAN AMERICAN MALE.

WE SWITCH BETWEEN MARIO AND THE MALE, THE CAMERA ZOOMING IN ON THEM BOTH.

THE BLACK MALE QUICKLY RUSHES TO THE CAFE.

MARIO WITHDRAWS HIS GUN.

MARIO

Get down.

WOMAN IN THE BOOTH

What?

MARIO

DOWN!

THE AFRICAN AMERICAN MALE KICKS THE CAFE DOOR DOWN, MARIO DROPS BEHIND A BOOTH.

MARIO
Cough up what?

LIAM
Your friend, he doesn't need to
know about this.

MARIO
I can't... Can't do that.

LIAM
You're gonna do it, alright?

MARIO
Al-alright.

LIAM
Come on, hand him over then. You
shouldn't bring friends along with
you next time. I'll kill him quick.

MILES STEPS NEAR LIAM, HE AIMS HIS GUN AT HIM.

LIAM SMILES, LOOKING TO MILES.

WE FOCUS ON MARIO'S HANDS, HE SLOWLY GRIPS HIS GUN.

SUDDENLY, LIAM DROPS TO THE FLOOR, FROTHING FROM THE MOUTH
AND FLOPPING VIOLENTLY.

MARIO
What the fuck!?

MILES
He's ODing.

LIAM SPITS A LARGE SPLATTER OF BLOOD OUT OF HIS MOUTH, THEN
LETS OUT HIS DEATH RATTLE AND STOPPING DEAD ON THE FLOOR OF
HIS APARTMENT.

MARIO
He's dead?

MILES
Christ.

MARIO
He can't be, check his pulse.

MILES SLIDES HIS FINGER ONTO LIAM'S NECK.

HE SHAKES HIS HEAD AT MARIO.

MILES
He's fucking gone, Mario.

MARIO'S FACE IS ONE OF DISTRAUGHT AS HE LOOKS DOWN ONTO LIAM'S DEAD BODY.

CUT TO:

INT. A VERY POSH, EXPENSIVE LOOKING HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION.

PIERCE SITS ON THE SOFA, TYRONE BY HIS SIDE WITH THE BUYER FROM EPISODE 1 SITTING IN FRONT OF THEM.

PIERCE
Shipments are coming?

BUYER 1
They are, you're selling very fast if you want more.

PIERCE
It's good stuff, people are killing for it.

BUYER 1
Hmm, and people are reportedly dying because of it. The DEA will be on it as fast as they can, so be wary of how you use it.

PIERCE
So, is it just one factory?

BUYER 1
Yes, just one.

PIERCE
What if it gets busted? They need to expand.

BUYER 1
They'll expand, but people will get the recipe soon enough, it'll become homemade, like the rest of them.

PIERCE
Well, right now we need shipments, we sell this quick and we sell it for good prices, so we buy it for high prices, we sell for high prices.

BUYER 1
I'm not going to lie, Pierce. I don't think you can keep up the funds for this business much longer.

PIERCE

I heard you're one to doubt things.
I am a man who prefers to believe
in things.

BUYER 1

There's belief... Then there's
reality.

BUYER 1 SIPS ON HIS WINE, SMIRKING AT PIERCE.

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHERS OF CHAOS CHURCH ROOM

THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH MEMBERS, SITTING AT THE LONG TABLE IN
THE CHURCH ROOM. THE CAMERA FOLLOWS DOWN TO THE TOP OF THE
TABLE, SHOWING KALEB SITTING AT THE FRONT.

HE BANGS HIS LITTLE HAMMER ON HIS WOOD PLANK.

KALEB

Church is in order. First thing's
first, we are closing in on who
razed club chaos. Hunters are the
main suspects, couldn't handle the
heat so they decided to destroy our
money income... So, we do what
anyone else would do, we find a new
source of money. Word is that there
is a new drug on the streets, they
call it the new heroin, addictive
and strong, it's being manufactured
in Morocco and it's being brought
over by a few high up guys, I
happen to know about this because I
am an old friend of one of those
high up guys. We're going to head
up soon, me, Davey and...

KALEB LOOKS AT PETE AND THE BRUISE ON HIS LEFT CHEEK.

KALEB (CONT'D)

Ross.

PETE SMIRKS.

KALEB (CONT'D)

Any objections?

PETE

Yeah. How about you treat me with
more respect?

KALEB

Stop drinking 50 bottles a day and turning into a dick, oh and act more professionally and maybe you'll get that respect you want so much.

PETE

Brotherly love, huh?

KALEB

Because you're family doesn't mean you get an instant buy. You earn everything around here, just like everyone else.

PETE

Well, why did dad give you an instant buy to the President spot?

KALEB

Because I'm not an idiot.

ROSS

Are we done here? With the bullshit arguing?

DAVEY

We'll go at 3.

ROSS

Aye.

KALEB

Aye... Any other matters?

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHERS OF CHAOS CLUBHOUSE

THE CLOCK TICKS LOUDLY. IT STANDS ABOVE COLT AS HE WORKS THE BAR TOP.

COLT

(V.O) Church is the worst time of the shift. Prospects aren't allowed into church meetings, so I wait, trying to flip coins or something to pass the time.

COLT SPINS A COIN ON THE BAR TOP, HE SORTS CUPS AND BOTTLES AS HE CONTINUES TO TALK IN THE VOICEOVER.

COLT (CONT'D)

(V.O) I'll wait, a few more months or so and I'll get my patch. Hopefully.

(MORE)

COLT (CONT'D)

Dad's a cunt, the club, right now is a cunt. Everything is a cunt. But, guess what? I get along. I always do, what annoys me the most is the fact that I can't know shit. I'm just a stepping stone. I need something else.

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHERS OF CHAOS CHURCH ROOM

WE PAN AROUND, LOOKING AT DIFFERENT MEMBERS OF THE CLUB.

DAVEY

If the hunters are the ones who did this, we need to prepare for war.

KALEB

We will, but we need to confirm it, was it them? We can't just charge in and start emptying rounds into bodies.

ROSS

He's right. But I agree with Davey in one sense, guns need to be locked and loaded atleast.

KALEB

We have suppliers, right, Ross?

ROSS

We do. Got them in the phonebook.

KALEB

Get something sorted.

ROSS

On it.

KALEB

The rest of the brothers help at the bar or whatever anyone asks you to. Help the prospect out. Davey, Ross, get ready to set out soon.

ROSS

Alright, lets go.

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHERS OF CHAOS CLUBHOUSE

THE PATCHED MEMBERS AND THE HIGHER RANKS COME OUT OF THE CHURCH ROOM, COLT WATCHES THEM.

A MEMBER PULLS UP AT THE BAR.

PATCHED MEMBER
Budweiser, Prospect.

COLT TURNS AROUND, BEGINNING TO GRAB A BEER FROM THE FRIDGE,
THEN WE CUT.

CUT TO:

INT. LIAM'S APARTMENT

MILES AND MARIO LOOK DOWN AT LIAM'S DEAD BODY.

MARIO
What do we do now then?

MILES
Shit, fuck, I don't know.

MARIO
Tell them it was an overdose.

MILES
And they'll believe us? They don't
have their own morgue, Mari'.

MARIO
The fuck was that?

MILES
What?

MARIO
That Mari' stuff? Why'd you call me
that?

MILES
Does it matter?

MARIO
Yeah, it does, I don't like it.

MILES
Okay, look at me. We have a dead
gang banger at our feet, we stand
in an apartment block full of his
friends and all YOU can worry about
is what I fucking called you? Are
you asking for a boot up your ass?

MARIO
I'll stay, you go t-.

UNKOWN VOICE
(Shouting) THE FUCK!?

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRTY NEW YORK GHETTO COURTYARDS

MARCUS SHOOTS HOOPS AS OTHERS HUSTLE AROUND HIM.

LAMAR APPROACHES MARCUS, EYEING HIM.

LAMAR
What're you doing back around here?

MARCUS
I'm here now, you know? Hustling
and all that.

LAMAR
Sure. Ever killed a nigga?

MARCUS
Do... Do I need to?

LAMAR
Yeah, were you not here yesterday?
You have to kill to survive here.
You ain't even held a gun before,
right?

MARCUS
I've scrapped before.

LAMAR
Follow me. Come on.

CUT TO:

EXT. AN ABANDONED SUBWAY LINE.

LAMAR AND MARCUS PULL UP ON BMX BIKES AND WALK ALONG THE
SUBWAY SIDEWALKS.

LAMAR WITHDRAWS A GLOCK PISTOL FROM HIS WAISTBAND, HANDING IT
OVER TO MARCUS.

LAMAR
Keep your grip tight, youngblood.

MARCUS
I get it, safety off.

LAMAR
So, you know basics?

MARCUS
Everyone does.

LAMAR
Alright, so, safety's off, now, I
want you to shoot the wall.

MARCUS LIFTS HIS ARM UP, TURNING HIS GUN SIDEWAYS AND
SHOOTING THE WALL.

LAMAR (CONT'D)
(Shouting) WHAT THE FUCK!?

MARCUS
I did it, man.

LAMAR
You did what? Shoot jack shit?
Shoot again, I want you to aim for
that sign.

LAMAR POINTS TO A SUBWAY SIGN THAT SHOWS "SERGIS AVENUE".

LAMAR (CONT'D)
Go on. Hit it, breath, grip the
trigger, and pull it. Hit the sign
and you've nailed it.

MARCUS LIFTS HIS ARM, AIMING STRAIGHT AND SHOOTING,
COMPLETELY MISSING THE SIGN.

LAMAR (CONT'D)
(Shouting) AGAIN!

WE END ON A SHOT OF LAMAR, LOOKING STERN, ONE LAST GUN SHOT
GOES OFF, OFFSCREEN.

LAMAR (CONT'D)
(Shouting) AGAIN!

CUT TO:

INT. A VERY POSH, EXPENSIVE LOOKING HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION.

KALEB, DAVEY AND ROSS ENTER THE MANSION. SOME GUARDS GREET
THEM.

THEY WALK ALONG THE ENTRANCE, ADMIRING THE HOME.

KALEB
Nice art.

DAVEY
Aye, wouldn't mind some of that
paint splatter on my walls.

THE THREE LAUGH

BODYGUARD

This way.

KALEB

Ah, yeah, some of them useless pieces of plastic would look great at the clubhouse, huh?

ROSS

Behave. I don't do hipster.

KALEB

Neither do I, brother.

CUT TO:

INT. A VERY POSH, EXPENSIVE LOOKING HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION.

THE THREE MEN SIT ON THE SAME COUCH PIERCE SAT ON BEFORE, BUYER 1 SITS INFRONT OF THEM.

KALEB

Long time, no see, Raymond.

BUYER 1 IS NOW KNOWN AS RAYMOND.

RAYMOND

Yes, a very long time. Why do you come here?

KALEB

Take a guess.

RAYMOND

Something about a fever?

KALEB

Something like that.

RAYMOND

I knew you'd come running. I just knew it, you know?

KALEB

So, got it in stock?

RAYMOND

I guess you're lucky, I have a few kilos left. But they'll take a while.

KALEB

How long?

RAYMOND

A few days, a week at most.

KALEB

Christ, okay.

RAYMOND

Christ? You're mad at that? Some wait a month for their stocks.

KALEB

We're a bit low on money and we need to get some more income.

RAYMOND

Why do you need more income, club chaos is enough, right?

KALEB

Club chaos has been burned down. That's why.

RAYMOND

God, that's madness. Who did it?

RAYMOND SMIRKS.

KALEB

We don't know yet. Maybe the hunters. Not too sure.

RAYMOND

If you find out and need some help, call me.

KALEB

We will.

RAYMOND

Pay up now, the stock will be here soon.

KALEB

What? You're joking, right?

RAYMOND

Do I look like it?

KALEB

We pay when we get the drugs, okay?

RAYMOND

No, you pay now, get your drugs when they arrive, simple as fucking that.

ROSS

How do we know you won't lose the drugs in a freak plane accident?

RAYMOND
The drugs come by boat, you fool.

DAVEY
Oh, fool? Is that it now? Are you asking for a clenched fist in the throat?

ROSS
Hmm, I agree with him.

RAYMOND
Oh, lord, it's a shame. Someone's up in arms now.

KALEB
Everyone shut up, we're not having this anymore. We'll pay. Get those drugs, Ray. I trust you... With the life of this club.

ROSS
We'll be back with the money in 20 minutes, be ready.

RAYMOND
Why wouldn't I be ready?

KALEB
Spending your money wisely?
Spending it on women.

KALEB SMIRKS.

RAYMOND SMILES BACK TO KALEB.

KALEB (CONT'D)
I hope you have a good time anyways. Don't be late for a very, very important date.

RAYMOND
Aye, I will.

CUT TO:

INT. SHADY UNDERGROUND DRUG SHANTY TOWN.

WE TRACK DOWN THE TOWN, SHOWING HOBO'S AND OTHER LOW LIFES TAKING DRUGS AND ACTING WEIRD AND INSANE.

VINNY SITS IN THE CORNER OF THE SHANTY TOWN, HE LOOKS AROUND, RUBBING HIS ARMS.

HOBO
(O.S) Who's selling?

VINNY
I don't know, why ask me? Huh?
Leave me alone, dude.

VINNY TWITCHES, SNIFFING LOUDLY.

WE SEE THE HOBO, HE LOOKS AT VINNY BLANKLY THEN WADDLING AWAY.

VINNY (CONT'D)
(Low) Cunts, want me to do
everything.

VINNY (CONT'D)
(Shouting) EVERYTHING!

THE OTHER BUMS LOOK AT VINNY, STARING AT HIM BLANKLY. THEN ONE BUM SPEAKS UP.

BUM
What the fuck are you shouting at?

VINNY LOOKS AT THE BUM WHO SPEAKS UP IN ANGER, HE GRITS HIS TEETH, THEN SPEAKING.

VINNY
What did you say to me?

BUM
What? I said...

VINNY
Shut your dirty little mouth, say
anything again and I'll bash your
skull in.

BUM
Chill out, bro.

VINNY
Chill out? What?

VINNY STANDS UP, RUSHING TO THE BUM AND SENDING A DEADLY KICK TO HIS FACE.

VINNY SHOUTS, POUNCING ONTOP OF THE BUM.

HE BEGINS TO SENDS A FURY OF PUNCHES INTO THE BUM'S FACE, POUNDING IT IN ENDLESSLY.

VINNY (CONT'D)
Gah! What's wrong? What is it!?
WHAT!? WHAT!?

VINNY STOPS PUNCHING THE MAN, LOOKING UPWARDS, SMALL SPLATS OF BLOOD ON HIS FACE.

VINNY PULLS HIMSELF UP, LOOKING AROUND.

HE SENDS ONE LAST KICK TO THE BUM'S HEAD.

VINNY (CONT'D)
I don't want to speak about this,
he deserved it. And you all know
it. Right?

THE CAMERA PANS, SHOWING THE SHOCKED FACES OF THE HOBOS AND
LOWLIFES.

RANDOM VOICE
Right, yeah.

VINNY
Right, yeah is what I was looking
for.

VINNY SNIFFS UP LOUDLY, THEN WALKING ALONG, AWAY FROM THE
SCENE.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

UNKOWN VOICE
WHAT THE FUCK!?

CUT TO:

INT. LIAM'S APARTMENT

MARIO'S FACE TAKES UP ALL THE SCREEN, AN EXPRESSION OF SHOCK
ON HIS FACE.

MARIO
Shi-...

PAN UP FROM MARIO'S FACE, REVEALING MARCUS STANDING IN THE
DOORWAY.

MARCUS
D-did you do this? Wha'?

MILES
Hey, chill, chill, he died of an
overdose, I swear to you. I swear,
he did.

MARCUS
Who are you anyways?

MARCUS QUICKLY PULLS A GUN, AIMING IT SIDEWAYS STUPIDLY.

MILES GULPS, KEEPING HIS VISION LOCKED ON MARCUS.

MARIO GRIPS HIS WAISTBAND, THEN MARCUS QUICKLY AIMING THE GUN AT HIM.

MILES

Stop, god, stop! We can sort this out, it's all a bit mixed up. Okay?

THE TWO LOOSEN THE GRIP ON THEIR GUNS.

MILES (CONT'D)

Alright, we need to stay calm. Calm, and we need to tell someone about this, tell them it's all a misunderstanding and that this man died of an overdose, alright? An overdose.

MARCUS

Where's the froth then? From his mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. LIAM'S APARTMENT

MILES QUICKLY WIPES LIAM'S MOUTH OF FROTH, PANICKING CLEARLY.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. LIAM'S APARTMENT

MILES LOOKS WORRIED AS HE STARES AT MARCUS.

MILES

I cleaned it from his mouth.

MARCUS

Lies!

MARCUS GRIPS HIS GUN, MARIO DOING THE SAME EXCEPT MARIO QUICKLY FIRES A SHOT INTO HIS ARM, SENDING HIM TO THE FLOOR.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

GAH!

MILES

(Shouting) FUCK!

MARIO

Come on, come on.

MILES

Idiots, christ.

MARIO AND MILES PICK THEMSELVES UP, RUNNING OUT OF THE ROOM.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRTY NEW YORK GHETTO COURTYARDS

THE GUNSHOT IS HEARD, PIERCE LOOKS UPWARDS, HIS EYES WIDENING.

HE GRIPS HIS GUN, THEN MOVING HIS FREE HAND UPWARDS TO THE APARTMENT BLOCK.

PIERCE
(Shouting) GO!

CUT TO:

INT. BACKROOM STAIRCASE OF THE APARTMENTS.

MARIO AND MILES JOG ALONG, COMING DOWN THE STAIRS QUICKLY.

MARIO BREATHES HEAVILY, MILES LOOKING THROUGH SOME CURTAIN BLINDS AND LOOKING ONTO THE COURTYARDS.

THE CAMERA PANS ACROSS THE COURTYARDS, SHOWING A FEW MEN SITTING AROUND.

MILES
Alright, we need to go, through the bushes, we'll get out alive.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRTY NEW YORK GHETTO COURTYARDS

MARIO AND MILES MOVE THROUGH THE BUSHES, KEEPING LOW.

MILES LOOKS AROUND, THEN RUSHING ALONG THE WALL, RUNNING TO THE CAR PARK.

MILES
Alright, shit, come on.

MARIO TRAILS BEHIND, GRABBING THE CAR DOORHANDLE.

MARIO
Come on, shit, lets go.

MILES STARTS THE ENGINE, REVERSING QUICKLY.

THEY SPEED OFF.

CUT TO:

INT. LIAM'S APARTMENT

ABOUT 8 GANGBANGERS WALK INTO THE APARTMENT, SEEING MARCUS ON THE FLOOR. PIERCE LIMPS BEHIND THEM.

PIERCE
Oh shi...

MARCUS
Pierce, help, please...

PIERCE
Calm down, calm...

TYRONE WALKS INTO THE ROOM, WALKING TO LIAM'S BODY.

HE PLACES HIS FINGERS ON HIS NECK, THEN SHAKING HIS HEAD TO PIERCE.

PIERCE (CONT'D)
Oh shit...

PIERCE GULPS, SWALLOWING HIS TEARS.

MARCUS
Latelli motherfuckers, they killed him I swear.

TYRONE
Ain't no blood or bulletholes, man, how did they kill him?

MARCUS
They told me he overdosed but then they shot me in the fucking arm!

PIERCE
(Shouting) MOTHERFUCKERS! MOTHE-...
THEY AIN'T GETTING AWAY, I AIN'T
FUCKING PLAYING! GAH!

TYRONE
Crackers got their faces on billboards now. Latellis want to mess, lets show them who's messing.

GANG MEMBER
Hell yeah, I'm ready to put a few holes in them italian motherfuckers, man!

THE GANG BANGER'S CHEER, LOADING THEIR GUNS.

PIERCE
Their time will come, trust me. It will come.

CUT TO:

INT. MILE'S CAR.

MILES

Come on, come on. Get the phone on.

MARIO

HELLO? Shit, it's Mario, we got a big problem. Some black kid died at mine and Miles' feet, overdosed, some other gang banger walks in, he pulls a gun, we shot him in the arm, now we got black beef all over us, shit, give us help here, man!

CUT TO:

INT. LATELLIS RESTUARANT

THE DON SITS AT HIS DESK.

THE CONSIGLIERE WALKS IN, HANDING THE DON THE PHONE.

THE DON

Hello?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MILE'S CAR.

MARIO

WE...

WE SWITCH BETWEEN LOCATIONS AS EACH CHARACTER TALKS.

THE DON

Save it, I know.

MARIO

Shit, okay, what do we do?

THE DON

Come here, we'll sort it.

MARIO

On our way... Wait, what're we going to do.

MARIO WAITS FOR A REPLY IN SILENCE.

MARIO (CONT'D)
Hello? Fuck...

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHERS OF CHAOS CLUBHOUSE

COLT SITS AT THE BAR. HE STARES INTO SPACE, BLANKING OUT HIS SURROUNDINGS.

PETE
Hey.

COLT SNAPS OUT OF HIS GAZE, THEN NODDING TO PETE.

COLT
What's up?

PETE
Get me a millers. I need a fucking drink to get me sorted for the day.

COLT
Alright. You sure?

PETE
Am I sure? Am I sure? Ofcourse I am, dickhead.

COLT
Okay then.

COLT BENDS DOWN, OPENING THE FRIDGE.

PETE
It isn't easy, you know.

COLT
What?

PETE
Making it through the ranks, getting where I am.

COLT
I know that. Respected is earned not given.

PETE
Yeah, remember that... I earned my respect, so should you and any other hangie who wants to be here and wants to serve the club.

COLT
I'm not a hangie.

PETE
Oh, yeah, sorry.

PETE SMIRKS, LAUGHING TO HIMSELF QUIETLY.

COLT STANDS UP, GRIPPING A MILLER LITE BY THE NECK.

COLT
Two fifty dollars.

PETE
What?

COLT
Two dollars, fifty cents.

PETE
You're funny, right? That's some
joke, huh?

COLT
No...

PETE
It's free because your V-P says so.
Alright?

COLT
Alright...

COLT LOOKS AT PETE STERNLY AS HE STUMBLES AWAY, HOLDING HIS
BEER.

COLT SITS BACK ON HIS BAR STOOL.

COLT (CONT'D)
(V.O) Dear diary, Pete's a dick.

THE DOORS OPEN, KALEB, ROSS AND DAVEY WALK INTO THE
CLUBHOUSE.

KALEB
And the deal is sealed. We're
meeting with Ray now, we need to
get the money, Davey, go to the
safe, brother.

DAVEY
How much am I taking?

KALEB
Take 19k.

KALEB SMIRKS.

KALEB (CONT'D)
We're rolling in the big wads.

KALEB (CONT'D)
Get me a beer will ya, Colt?

COLT REACHES DOWN TO THE FRIDGE.

COLT
What am I getting?

KALEB
Bud.

KALEB AND PETE LOOK AT EACHOTHER ACROSS THE ROOM, SNARING AND GRUNTING.

KALEB (CONT'D)
Problem, Peter?

PETE
Yeah, I got one... Why am I not going to these places, eh?

KALEB
I told you already.

PETE
I'm sober now.

KALEB
Fine then. Get ready and we'll be off.

ROSS
I'll stay here.

KALEB
Alright.

COLT SLIDES THE BUDWEISER ACROSS THE BAR TOP.

KALEB (CONT'D)
Did you pay for the beer, Pete?

PETE
Ofcourse. Ask the prospect.

KALEB
Hmm?

COLT
He did.

COLT GULPS, THEN HOLDING HIS HAND OUT TO KALEB.

KALEB SLAMS A 5 DOLLAR NOTE IN HIS HAND.

KALEB
Keep the change, pocket the leftovers if you want.

KALEB SMIRKS TO PETE AS HE NECKS DOWN HIS BEER.

KALEB STOPS DRINKING AFTER A WHILE, THEN SLAMMING THE BOTTLE ONTO THE BAR TOP.

KALEB (CONT'D)
That'll do.

DAVEY WALKS OUT FROM THE BACKROOM OF THE CLUBHOUSE, HOLDING A BLACK BAG.

DAVEY
All loaded.

KALEB
Come on, lets get ourselves some stock.

ROSS
Aye, aye.

DAVEY
Aye.

ROSS, DAVEY AND KALEB WALK OUT.

PETE WATCHES THEM, THEN TURNING TO COLT.

PETE
Good liar.

PETE BEGINS TO WALK OUT, TRAILING THE MEN.

PETE (CONT'D)
Aye, aye.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK BACKALLEYWAY.

FOUR MOTORCUCLES PULL UP AROUND THE ALLEY, THE FOUR BROTHERS OF CHAOS MEMBERS SIT ON THE BIKES.

THEY STOP THEIR ENGINES, PARKING UP IN A ROW.

KALEB STEPS OFF THE BIKE FIRST, GREETING RAYMOND WHO STANDS WITH TWO BODYGUARDS NEXT TO HIM.

KALEB
You made it, thankfully.

RAYMOND
Yes, indeed.

KALEB
We have the money.

DAVEY SLINGS THE BLACK BAG FROM HIS SHOULDERS, OFFERING IT TO RAYMOND.

KALEB (CONT'D)

You take good care of the cash.
We'll be wanting it back if our end
of the deal is not here on time.

RAYMOND

I promise you, it will be at your
doors in two weeks, at most.

KALEB

Thought you said a week?

RAYMOND

I made calls, it's two.

KALEB

For god's sake, Ray.

RAYMOND

Deal with it, wingebag.

RAYMOND CHUCKLES.

KALEB

Two weeks. That's it, that is it.

RAYMOND

Nice to see you anyway, Kaleb...
And you to Pete.

PETE

Hmm, you to.

RAYMOND

Been scrapping again?

PETE

I guess you could call it that.

RAYMOND

Well, I'm sure your brother was
there to protect you. Or your
slaves at the club.

DAVEY

We're brothers, not slaves. We
respect eachother as equals.

RAYMOND

Aye. I don't remember the prospects
being treated like a brother.

KALEB

Get on your way, trouble.

RAYMOND

Off to screw prostitutes and drink
liquour, I assure you!

PETE

We'll miss you.

THE FOUR TURN TO THEIR BIKES.

KALEB

(Low) Fuck off.

THE MEN LAUGH WITH EACHOTHER.

CUT TO:

INT. LATELLIS RESTUARANT

THE DON SITS BEHIND HIS BED, MILES AND MARIO SIT BEFORE HIM.

MILES RUBS HIS HEAD.

THE DON

I'm seriously beginning to question
your sanity here. I'm not sure if
you want me to take off your
fingers or not.

MARIO

He drew on us, what else was we
meant to do?

THE DON

I understand that it wasn't your
fault that a junkie dropped dead at
your feet but come on. Someone gets
shot, how do we fix that? Huh?

MILES

We can talk it out.

THE DON

Oh yeah, mr. Latelli, you just shot
our friend, have a dead friend at
your feet, we trust you, we forgive
you, merry christmas, how's the
wife? No, it doesn't work like that
with those idiots down at the
projects, they shoot you because
you look at them funny. That's
life, I can't change it.

MARIO

We can pay 'em some sort of ransom,
right?

THE DON

Oh yeah, let me just pull money from my ass. No, we'll get this sorted, somehow we'll do it.

MILES

Thanks.

THE DON

One more chance. You fuck up again and you're off this assignment, I'll have you running as waiters that are missing their little fingers. You got me?

MARIO

I heard ya.

MILES

Yeah, I got you.

THE DON

Good. Now, get out of here, stay low, whatever. I'll call you when we're ready to sort this out.

MILES AND MARIO STAND UP, WALKING

AWAY.....

THE DON (CONT'D)

We need to get to work now, lives are at risk now, maybe.

CUT TO:

INT. MILE'S CAR.

MILES AND MARIO SIT IN THE CAR.

MARIO

Drop me home?

MILES

Alright. I need to check on Vinny anyways.

MARIO

Alright, bud. Do him good.

MILES

I'll try.

MARIO

He'll come along, don't give up on him.

CUT TO:

INT. VINNY'S APARTMENT.

VINNY WASHES HIS BLOODY HANDS IN THE SINK, SIGGING.

HE LOOKS TO HIS NEEDLE, THEN GRABBING IT AND WALKING TO HIS LIVING ROOM.

CUT TO:

INT. VINNY'S LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT.

VINNY SNIFFS, LOOKING DOWN AT HIS NEEDLE THEN PLACING IT DOWN ON THE TABLE.

HE GRABS HIS STRAP, WRAPPING IT ON HIS ARM AND BEGINNING TO TIGHTEN IT UP.

HIS PHONE BEGINS TO RING. HE SIGHS, THEN PICKING THE PHONE UP.

VINNY
Hello? (Sniff)

MILES
It's Miles.

VINNY
I think you should hang up, I'm busy.

MILES
Open the door.

VINNY
For fuck sake, okay.

CUT TO:

INT. VINNY'S LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT.

MILES SITS ON THE COUCH, NEAR VINNY. THEY SIT IN SILENCE.

MILES
How are you?

VINNY
Why are you here?

MILES
God sake... Why do you think? I come here every day to check if you're dead or not, so just cooperate with me, just stop playing bullshit games.

VINNY

I think I killed someone.

MILES

What? Wait, what?

VINNY

Some bum pissed me off, so I guess I beat him down a bit.

MILES

What? And you shrug that off?

VINNY

He's fine, he's probably fine.

MILES

You were high.

VINNY

Yeah, and?

MILES

Fuck off, you were high and that shit makes you aggressive and dangerous. If it ain't heroin it's coke, if it ain't that it's morphine if it ain't that it's that new stuff on the streets.

VINNY

Got my hook-up of that yet?

MILES

Don't be like that.

VINNY

I knew you'd hate me for that, you always hate me, always will.

MILES

That's a lie, and you know it.

VINNY

Is it? Why do you come around to try and turn me into you then?

MILES

I'm trying to save you!

VINNY

I can't be saved!

THE TWO SIT IN SILENCE.

MILES

Maybe you're right, maybe you can't be saved.

VINNY

Then why do you keep trying,
brother?

MILES

Because I believe in you... I love
you.

VINNY

Thanks for being there for me, but
just leave me be.

MILES AND VINNY EMBRACE EACHOTHER. PATTING EACHOTHER ON THE
BACK.

MILES

Stay safe. Be here when I come
back.

VINNY

I'll try to be.

MILES PULLS HIMSELF UP.

HE LEAVES THE APARTMENT.

WE FOCUS BACK ON VINNY, HE CONTINUES TO STRAP HIS ARM.

HE FLICKS HIS NEEDLE, THEN SLIDING IT INTO HIS ARM, GRUNTING
AS HE INJECTS HEROIN INTO HIS BLOODSTREAM.

VINNY (CONT'D)

Ah, fuck yes.

CUT TO:

INT. OUTSIDE OF VINNY'S APARTMENT.

MILES LISTENS TO VINNY THROUGH THE DOOR.

HE RUBS HIS EYES, SIGHING AS HE DRIES HIS SLIGHTLY WET EYES.

CUT TO:

INT. MARIO'S APARTMENT- DAY

THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH CLASSICAL MUSIC, MARIO SITS ON HIS
BED, LISTENING TO THE MUSIC, TEARING UP AT HIS PICTURE OF HIM
AND HIS WIFE.

HE SMILES, RUBBING HER FACE WITH HIS THUMB.

MARIO

Ah, my Karen, you're still happy
out there, I'll think about you. I
will. I promise you.

MARIO KISSES THE PICTURE THEN SLIDING IT BACK INTO HIS DRAWER.

HE WIPES HIS EYES, THEN STANDING FROM THE BED.

CUT TO:

INT. PIERCE'S APARTMENT

PIERCE WALKS AROUND LEFT TO RIGHT, SPEAKING TO THE MANY GANGBANGERS THAT HE HAS GATHERED.

PIERCE
Y'all know what to do. Two italians, I want them dead or alive. Them motherfuckers betray us? They will pay for it. I'll have their skin as a rug on this floor, niggas. Hand me the pictures.

LAMAR HANDS TWO PICTURES OF MARIO AND MILES.

PIERCE HOLDS THEM OUT TO THE MEN.

PIERCE (CONT'D)
These are the faces of dead shitheads. But they ain't dead yet, so finish the job, avenge L' and murder them with cold blood. Ya'll march out, search the city. Death is the only way to answer for this, vengeance is what we want, (Shouting) AND VENGEANCE IS WHAT WE WILL GET, NIGGAS!

THE GANG MEMBERS CHEER LOUDLY.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENTS HALLWAY.

PIERCE'S DOOR OPENS. ALL THE GANG BANGERS MARCH OUT, LOADING GUNS AND SUCH.

.....
.....
.....

PIERCE WALKS OUT, SHUTTING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

PIERCE
And, it's on.

PIERCE GRABS HIS WALKIE. SPEAKING INTO IT.

PIERCE (CONT'D)
(WALKIE) Alright, watch out, look
at the pictures on your phones.
Watch out for other turfs, yall
know where marveiel is, keep your
eyes out for them.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS.

LAMAR AND A GANG MEMBER WALK ALONG THE STREETS.

GANG MEMBER
You ready to kill these
motherfuckers? I am, I swear.

LAMAR
I bet you are. Just don't miss.

GANG MEMBER
I won't, I'm a sharpshooter, my
nigga.

LAMAR
Try to be a sharpshooter. Do it.
Breathe carefully. Aim straight.
Pull that trigger when you see him,
hit him anywhere you can.

GANG MEMBER
I got it. I got it.

LAMAR
You better get it, or you're just
as dead as he is.

GANG MEMBER
I ain't dying today.

LAMAR
That's what they all say.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL CAFE

MARIO WALKS INSIDE THE CAFE, LIKE THE INTRO OF THE EPISODE.

HE QUES UP, LOOKING AROUND THE AREA.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS.

LAMAR LOOKS AROUND, KEEPING HIS EYES OUT FOR ANYONE HE CAN SEE.

WE PAN AROUND AS A POV VIEW.

WE THEN SEE LAMAR WALK OFF, THEN FOCUSING ON THE CAFE THAT MARIO IS IN.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL CAFE

MARIO SITS DOWN WITH HIS MUG AGAIN.

THE WOMAN SITS IN THE BOOTH AGAIN.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS.

THE GANG BANGER LOOKS INSIDE THE CAFE, NOTICING MARIO. HE WITHDRAWS HIS GUN, AND RUSHING TO THE CAFE.

LAMAR
(O.S) HEY!

LAMAR RUSHES INTO THE CAFE ASWELL, GRABBING HIS GUN.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL CAFE

MARIO
Get down!

MARIO HIDES BEHIND A BOOTH, GRIPPING HIS GUN.

GANG MEMBER
Come out motherfucker!

MARIO
You ain't got the meeting yet? It's
all sorted, we ain't got any beef.

GANG MEMBER
Bullshit!

THE GANG MEMBER FIRES HIS GUN, PEOPLE SCREAM AND RUSH AWAY.

MARIO BEGINS TO SHOOT, FIRING HIS GUN OFF NEAR THE GANG MEMBER.

THE GANG MEMBER WALKS AROUND THE BOOTHS, TAKING SHOTS AS HE GOES.

MARIO HIDES AGAIN, THEN NOTICING LAMAR IS MANUVERING AROUND THE BOOTHS.

MARIO SENDS A SHOT NEAR LAMAR, KEEPING HIM AWAY.

MARIO
Get out of here, fuck...

LAMAR
Don't fight it, you're dead,
chubby.

MARIO STANDS UP, SENDING SHOTS INTO THE GANG MEMBER. HE SENDS HIM TO THE FLOOR, HITTING HIM IN THE SHOULDER AND ARM AREA.

MARIO BAILS OUT OF THE CAFE AFTER THE SHOTS, RUNNING DOWN THE STREET.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS.

MARIO RUNS DOWN THE STREET, LAMAR CHASING HIM.

MARIO LOOKS BEHIND HIM, SENDING A FEW SHOTS, ALL OF THEM MISSING.

LAMAR SENDS SHOTS TO MARIO, BUT MARIO TURNS TO HIS RIGHT, DODGING THE BULLETS.

LAMAR CHASES MARIO DOWN THE ALLEYWAY.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK BACKALLEYWAY.

MARIO SITS BEHIND A DUMPSTER.

LAMAR STANDS AT THE FRONT OF THE ALLEYWAY. LOOKING DOWN IT.

MARIO SENDS SHOTS TO LAMAR.

LAMAR
FUCK!

LAMAR SENDS SHOTS BACK. THEN HIDING BEHIND THE WALL, ON THE STREET.

MARIO
BACK THE FUCK OFF, GET OUT OF HERE
BEFORE THE COPS COME!

LAMAR

No way, busta. I ain't leaving here until you're dead. Fucking murderer.

MARIO

He fucking overdosed, alright? He overdosed.

LAMAR

Liar!

MARIO

Fuck you, let me go, we can speak it out. The don of the family is arranging a meeting. For god's sake.

LAMAR

You think I care about what you do?

UNKOWN VOICE

(O.S) Hey!

LAMAR TURNS TO HIS RIGHT, SEEING KALEB, DAVEY AND PETE STOOD THERE.

KALEB

Drop the gun, man, you're causing a riot.

LAMAR

This ain't your problem, country boy.

PETE

It ain't? We're trying to save your life, kid.

LAMAR

I ain't no kid. I can do what I have to do.

DAVEY

From what I see, the fella down there has the upper hand on you.

MARIO

Hey, who is it?

KALEB

The brothers of chaos, do you come from a gang or something? Some gang warfare?

MARIO

I'm from the Latellis, this is a big misunderstanding, okay?

LAMAR
This nigga killed my friend.

MARIO
He fucking overdosed.

LAMAR'S RADIO BUZZES.

PIERCE
(OVER THE WALKIE) Call the search
off.

KALEB
Hmm, seems you got commands.

PETE
You are an AB Hustla, right?

LAMAR
Yeah.

LAMAR SPEAKS INTO HIS WALKIE.

LAMAR (CONT'D)
(WALKIE) But I got the guy? What do
I do?

PIERCE
(WALKIE) You drop your guns, idiot.
Get here, both of you.

MARIO'S PHONE BUZZES. HE READS THE TEXT.

MARIO
It's true. I got confirmation. The
don's set up an arrangement.

LAMAR
Ain't no arrangement to be made
right now. But I'll see you there I
guess.

LAMAR JOGS OFF.

MARIO SLOWLY COMES OUT OF THE ALLEY, LOOKING TO THE FOUR
BIKERS.

KALEB
Need a ride?

MARIO
I guess so.

KALEB
Hop on.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRTY NEW YORK GHETTO COURTYARDS

THE FOUR BIKERS PULL UP, MARIO ON THE BACK OF KALEB'S BIKE.

MARIO STEPS OFF.

KALEB

If you ever need us, come to the
brothers of chaos clubhouse in New
Jersey.

THE FOUR BIKES REVERSE.

LAMAR JOGS UP, THEN WALKING TO THE GROUP OF PEOPLE.

THE FOUR BIKES DRIVE AWAY.

MILES, MARIO, THE DON AND TWO OF HIS BODYGUARDS STAND ON THE
LEFT SIDE.

PIERCE, TYRONE, LAMAR AND TWO GANG MEMBERS STAND ON THE RIGHT
SIDE.

THE DON

Now, before someone dies. We need
to sort this shit out.

PIERCE

We need proof that our homie died
from an overdose, and we need some
blood to go along with it.

THE DON

Blood? Fine.

THE DON TAKES OUT HIS GUN, LOADING IT.

PIERCE

Be careful with that.

THE DON

Oh, I'm very careful.

THE DON AIMS CARELESSLY TO HIS LEFT, SHOOTING MARIO IN THE
ARM.

MARIO

AAAAAGH!

MARIO GRIPS HIS ARM, KNEELING ON THE FLOOR.

MARIO (CONT'D)

Fucking shit...

THE DON

Deal is done.

PIERCE
What about the body?

THE DON
It was an overdose. Trust me on that. Get Mario strapped up, we'll be going now.

PIERCE
G'bye.

MILES HELPS MARIO UP, THE DON WALKS AWAY WITH HIS BODYGUARDS.

MILES
We'll be back for the drugs.

CUT TO:

INT. VINNY'S LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT.

VINNY KISSES A WOMAN, RUBBING HER AND KISSES HER ON HIS SOFA.

VINNY
Come on, top off.

VINNY'S WOMAN
No, you said...

VINNY
Does it look like I care? Top. Off.

VINNY'S WOMAN
No, Vin. No...

VINNY
(Shouting) OFF!

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN.

A FAIRLY MUSCULAR JUNKIE RUSHES IN, RAGING AND TWITCHING.

MUSCULAR JUNKIE
HEY! HEY! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING WITH MY GIRL? HUH? MOTHERFUCKER?

THE JUNKIE GRABS VINNY, THROWING HIM INTO THE COFFEE TABLE BELOW THEM.

HE PUNCHES HIM IN THE FACE MULTIPLE TIMES, GRUNTING.

MILES RUSHES ONTO THE SCENE.

HE KICKS THE BIG JUNKIE IN THE HEAD.

MILES
Fuck you! Come on!

MILES STAMPS THE JUNKIE IN THE FACE, MULTIPLE TIMES UNTIL HE IS UNCONSCIOUS.

MILES (CONT'D)

Cunt.

VINNY'S WOMAN RUNS OUT OF THE APARTMENT.

VINNY LAYS ON THE FLOOR, HOLDING HIS BLEEDING FACE.

MILES (CONT'D)

What the fuck did you do?

VINNY

N-nothing...

MILES

Don't lie. Don't fucking lie.

VINNY

I was screwing his girl, man. I didn't know it was his girl.

MILES

For god's sake. God.

MILES SITS ON THE FLOOR, RUBBING HIS HEAD.

VINNY LEANS AGAINST THE SOFA, SOBBING TO HIMSELF.

MILES (CONT'D)

Vinny.

VINNY CONTINUES TO SOB, NOT ANSWERING TO MILES.

MILES (CONT'D)

Vinny.

VINNY

I'm a bad man.

MILES

You don't have to be one.

VINNY

I can't change... (sniffle) I cant.

MILES

You can.

MILES WRAPS HIS ARM AROUND VINNY, COMFORTING HIM.

MILES (CONT'D)

I believe in you.

VINNY

I know, but it's too hard. I can't change, brother. I'm not a man.

MILES

Shut up. You're a man, you're my brother and I'll help you through this.

VINNY

I tried to rape that girl, I beat the shit out of a stranger for nothing, I'm a bad man.

MILES

I know, I know. You can do this. We can do this.

WE END ON THE SHOT OF MILES AND VINNY SAT TOGETHER ON THE FLOOR OF VINNY'S APARTMENT.

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHERS OF CHAOS CLUBHOUSE- NIGHT

A PATCHED MEMBER AND KALEB SPEAK AT THE POOL TABLE.

DAVEY AND ROSS SIT DOWN, WATCHING THE TV.

DAVEY

Oi, look at this.

EVERYONE LOOKS AT THE SCREEN, COLT DOES SO AS HE WALKS OUT OF THE TOILETS.

WE FOCUS ON THE TV REPORT.

TV REPORTER.

Chaos today in New York. A large shootout commenced in the little bean coffee shop in downtown new york city. People report two black men storming the shop and shooting up the shop, one woman was killed.

KALEB

Shit, that had to be the thing down the alley, right?

COLT

What thing?

KALEB

Some black guy shooting an italian guy up before.

COLT

Christ. Why?

KALEB

Didn't have time to ask. My bet is that it was on that new Moroccan Fever. So, when it arrives in our hands, we better be ready to use it well.

DAVEY

Aye. We better be ready to keep it going. Especially with The Hunters on our back.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROTHERS OF CHAOS CLUBHOUSE ROOF

THE HUNTERS M.C PRESIDENT, RUSSEL, WHO HAS A ROUGH, MESSY BEARD AND A ROUGH HAIR-DO WITH A SCAR ON HIS RIGHT EYE. HE STANDS ON THE ROOF WITH OTHER HUNTERS M.C MEMBERS. THEY HOLD A RADIO THAT SEEMS TO BE CONNECTED TO A WIRE.

RUSSEL

Look at that, lads. We got a shoutout.

THE MEN CHUCKLE.

RUSSEL (CONT'D)

Keep it down, lets grab the bats.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BROTHERS OF CHAOS CLUBHOUSE- NIGHT

THE BROTHERS HANG AROUND, THE CAMERA PANS ACROSS.

COLT LOOKS AROUND, SMILING AT DAVEY TRYING TO FLIRT WITH A GIRL.

COLT

(V.O) Life was good, that's for sure. Beers all around and everyone's smiling. Something was wrong though, I could feel it. What was it? I didn't know.

CUT TO:

INT. MARIO'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

MARIO LOOKS AT THE TV SCREEN. THE NEWS REPORT FROM BEFORE SHOWS.

TV REPORTER.

One woman was killed.

MARIO SHAKES HIS HEAD AND SIGHS.

MARIO
She was so sweet.

TV REPORTER.
One surviving woman of the shootout
comes to speak to us today.

MARIO QUICKLY FLICKS HIS HEAD UP.

THE WOMAN FROM THE BOOTH SPEAKS INFRONT OF A MICROPHONE
INFRONT OF THE CAFE.

WOMAN IN THE BOOTH
Well, this big guy, he was humble
and a very sweet man. He fired
shots at the men, protecting
everyone around him, he drew them
out of the shop. He told me to get
down and he saved my life. If he's
still alive... Thank you. You're a
true hero. To everyone.

MARIO LOOKS TO THE TV, SMILING.

HE TAKES OUT HIS GUN FROM HIS WAISTBAND, LOOKING DOWN ONTO IT
AND THEN BEGINS TO UNLOAD IT.

TV REPORTER.
(O.S) That was Mrs. Davis at the
scene. In other stories...

CUT TO:

INT. MILES' APARTMENT- NIGHT

MILES WASHES HIS HANDS IN THE SINK, WASHING BLOOD OFF OF
THEM.

MILES LOOKS UP TO HIS CRACKED, BLOODY MIRROR. HE PUNCHES IT
AGAIN, GRUNTING AS MORE BLOOD FLOWS OUT OF HIS KNUCKLES. HE
WASHES HIS HANDS UNDER THE SINK AGAIN, SNIFFING UP.

CUT TO:

INT. MILES' APARTMENT- NIGHT

MILE'S SITS IN HIS LIVING ROOM, HE POURS HIMSELF MORE
WHISKEY, LAYING WITH NO TOP ON AND BOXER SHORTS ON.

HE NECKS HIS SHOT OF WHISKEY, THEN SLAMMING HIS GLASS BACK
DOWN ONTO THE TABLE IN FRONT OF HIM.

CUT TO:

INT. VINNY'S LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT.

VINNY LOOKS AROUND HIS WRECKED APARTMENT. HE TEARS UP SLIGHTLY.

VINNY TAKES OUT HIS CELLPHONE, FLICKING IT UP AND TYPING NUMBERS IN ON IT.

HE PLACES THE PHONE TO HIS EAR.

THE PHONE RINGS AND RINGS UNTIL MILES PICKS IT UP.

MILES
(Slurred) Hello?

VINNY
Are you drunk?

MILES
(Slurred) N-no... No.

VINNY
I'm coming clean. No more drugs, no more nothing. I promise. I doubt you'll remember this.

MILES
(Slurred) Very interesting... T-tell me more.

VINNY HANGS UP THE PHONE. HE PUNCHES THE COUCH IN ANGER AND THEN HOLDING HIS HEAD.

VINNY
Bastard! Bastard!

CUT TO:

EXT. RUBBLED SITE OF CLUB CHAOS.

PETE STANDS OUTSIDE THE RUBBLE. HE SMOKES A CIGARETTE, HIS BIKE TO HIS RIGHT.

PETE LOOKS ONTO THE RUBBLED AREA. HE FLICKS THE CIGARETTE OFF ONTO THE PAVEMENT.

PETE
Cunts. I know they did it. I know.

PETE SMIRKS, THEN SITTING ON HIS BIKE.

PETE TAKES HIS PHONE OUT, HE DIALS SOME NUMBERS AND THEN RINGS THE PHONE.

KALEB PICKS THE PHONE UP.

KALEB
What?

PETE
They did it.

KALEB
What?

PETE
The hunters. They fucking did it,
brother.

KALEB
How do you know?

PETE
I do. I know.

KALEB
How, you drunk idiot... Are you-...

PETE
Ssh. I ain't drunk, I know, they
did it.

KALEB
HOW!?

PETE
They left some clues.

KALEB
What are you talking about?

PETE
They left a badge.

PETE PICKS UP A SMALL PATCH THAT SAYS "HEADHUNTER H.M.C" ON
IT.

KALEB
A patch?

PETE
Headhunter... H. M. C.

KALEB
Fuck.

PETE
Yeah, fuck is right.

PETE HANGS UP THE PHONE, THEN REVVING HIS ENGINE UP.

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHERS OF CHAOS CLUBHOUSE- NIGHT

KALEB
HEY! LISTEN UP!

EVERYONE TURNS TO KALEB.

KALEB (CONT'D)
Pete's got the evidence. The
Hunters burned down Club chaos.

ROSS
Fuckers!

KALEB
Hell yeah, rally up, we're moving
out.

RUSSEL
(O.S) NO, YOU'LL STAY RIGHT HERE!

THE CAMERA PANS TO THE LEFT, REVEALING RUSSEL WITH AN
AGGRESSIVE FACE, HOLDING A BASEBALL BAT AND HAVING OTHER
HUNTERS MEMBERS BEHIND HIM WITH OTHER MELEE WEAPONS.

RUSSEL (CONT'D)
Down for a rumble?

THE HUNTERS CHARGE AT THE BROTHERS OF CHAOS MEMBERS.

THEY ARE ABOUT TO MAKE CONTACT, THEN.

CUT TO BLACK.