

SCRIPT TITLE

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FEVER EP 3 S1- CLEAN SLATE.

INT. REHAB ROOM- DAY

THE CAMERA PANS AROUND, SHOWING DIFFERENT PEOPLE IN CHAIRS.

UNKOWN VOICE

(O.S) I sometimes talk to a poster  
of Spiderman on my wall, it soothes  
me, you know?

THE CAMERA SCANS ACROSS THE ROOM AS THE MAN SPEAKS.

UNKOWN VOICE (CONT'D)

(O.S) It helps me to keep off the  
needle. I don't pick it up because  
the poster, like tells me not to.  
Spiderman's my childhood hero, I  
always listen to him.

THE CAMERA CUTS TO VINNY, SNIGGERING TO HIMSELF.

THE CAMERA PANS AROUND TO THE MAN WHO WAS SPEAKING, WHO IS  
REFERRED TO AS "REHAB MEMBER".

REHAB MEMBER

What? What's funny asshole?

VINNY

Asshole... I'm not the guy who  
speaks to spiderman.

REHAB MEMBER

The fuck? You're disrespecting me?

ANOTHER REHAB MEMBER SPEAKS UP.

REHAB MEMBER #2

Yeah, man, what do you do to stop  
the urge? Nothing. Atleast he's  
trying, Jackass.

REHAB GROUP LEADER

Hey! Hey! Stop it.

THE REHAB GROUP LEADER IS A BROWN HAURED, BEARDED MIDDLE AGED  
MAN.

VINNY

Yeah, stop hating.

REHAB MEMBER

Fuck you, you scrawny cunt.

VINNY

Words, all words. No actions,  
pussy!

REHAB MEMBER

Oh, I swear to god!

REHAB GROUP LEADER

Really? We're acting like babies again? Are you here to wipe a clean slate or are you here to fight like children in a kindergarten? Are you children? I'm sure children don't take drugs.

THE MEN WHO WERE ARGUING LOOK AT EACHOTHER AND STAY SILENT.

REHAB GROUP LEADER (CONT'D)

Okay. Finally, now... Who else wants to talk about how they get over the urge?

VINNY

Me.

REHAB GROUP LEADER

Ok, Vincenzo. Speak ahead.

VINNY

It's vinny.

VINNY GIVES A STERN LOOK TO THE GROUP LEADER.

VINNY (CONT'D)

Vinny. VIN-NEY. Okay?

REHAB GROUP LEADER

Okay.

VINNY

I don't speak about spiderman, I don't do anything to do with cigarettes or alcohol. But, I do, do something. I fuck.

REHAB GROUP LEADER

Don't use that language, please, Vinch- Vinny.

VINNY

I have sex. Get a nice girl, offer her drugs, screw her. And there you go, she's on your dick.

REHAB GROUP LEADER

That's an interesting way. Very graphic but aslong as the lady has consent, ofcourse.

VINNY

Consent. Consent.



HE LEANS HIS HAND AGAINST THE COURTYARD FENCE, COUGHING WITH HIS HEAD TO THE FLOOR, HE SNORTS UP THEN SPITTING ON THE FLOOR.

HE STRAIGHTENS HIS POSTURE, AND LOOKING TO THE JOINT. THEN HE THROWS IT TO THE FLOOR, SHAKING HIS HEAD.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRTY GHETTO NEW YORK COURTYARDS.

TYRONE STANDS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COURTS, HE LOOKS INTO SPACE.

MARCUS ENTERS THE SCENE, STANDING NEXT TO TYRONE.

MARCUS

Yo.

TYRONE LOOKS INTO SPACE STILL, SILENT.

TYRONE

'Sup?

MARCUS

Nothin' much, man.

TYRONE SLOWLY TURNS AND LOOKS INTO MARCUS' EYES.

TYRONE

You high?

MARCUS

Wha'...?

TYRONE

I can tell in your eyes. You're high. You smoking on patrol?

MARCUS

Nigga...

TYRONE GRABS MARCUS BY HIS NECK, PUSHING HIM AGAINST THE FENCE.

TYRONE

Listen you motherfucker. You don't get high on patrol, you stupid asshole. Hear me!?

MARCUS

I hear, Tyrone, I hear.

TYRONE

Don't say my name, not when you're high, bitch ass.

MARCUS BEGINS TO SHOUT, WRIGGLING IN PAIN.

THE CAMERA PANS TILTS DOWN, SHOWING TYRONE SQUEZZING HIS THUMB INTO MARCUS' ARM WOUND.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

Took a bullet so that means you can get high. Is that it?

MARCUS CONTINUES TO SCREAM AND WRIGGLE.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

Is that how you feel? Nigga, I've been and one hundred and one bullets and what do I get? What do I get?

MARCUS

I don't know!

TYRONE

I got more work time. Did I get high?

MARCUS

NO! NOOO!

TYRONE

That's right, I didn't.

TYRONE THROWS MARCUS TO THE FLOOR, ENDING HIS PAIN AND HIS SCREAMING.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

Consider yourself lucky. I didn't tell Pierce, he would of shot you again. Now, you better wash your eyes, make sure you ain't looking too vainy. Or else you got another bullet for your troubles.

CUT TO:

INT. LIAM'S APARTMENT- DAY.

PIERCE LEANS AGAINST THE WALL AS OTHER GANG BANGERS EXAMINE THE AREA WITH LATEX GLOVES ON. LAMAR IS AMONGST THEM.

PIERCE

Keep searching.

LAMAR SCANS HIS HANDS THROUGH SOME DRAWERS, LOOKING INSIDE.

HE STUMBLES ACROSS A CELLPHONE.

LAMAR

Pierce!

PIERCE  
What is it, L'?

LAMAR  
It's a cellphone.

PIERCE  
His?

LAMAR  
I'm guessing so.

PIERCE  
Show it me.

LAMAR PICKS UP THE PHONE. PRESSING A BUTTON ON THE SIDE AND OPENING IT UP. THE PHONE BACKGROUND IS OF LIAM, SMILING WITH A GLOCK.

LAMAR  
Shit. It's his.

PIERCE  
Damn. It's got a password on it.

LAMAR  
And? Why would we need to go into it.

PIERCE  
You never know... Just to check.

LAMAR  
Why would you need to check it?  
Huh? He ain't no traitor or anything Pierce. I trusted him.

PIERCE  
And so did I. But, you always got to check. You remember that, always be wary or putting too much trust in someone will kill you.

LAMAR  
I put my trust in you, will you kill me, homie?

PIERCE  
Maybe, if you're stupid.

PIERCE SMIRKS AT LAMAR.

LAMAR KEEPS A STERN LOOK AT PIERCE.

PIERCE (CONT'D)  
Lighten up.

LAMAR  
I'll try, just let me accept my  
friend's death. My trusted friend.

PIERCE  
First mistake.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

A RINGING NOISE IS HEARD, HEAVILY RINGING WITH A BLACK  
SCREEN.

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHERS OF CHAOS CLUBHOUSE- NIGHT

AN EXTREME CLOSE UP OF COLT'S FACE IS SHOWN, HE LAYS ON THE  
FLOOR, BLOOD POURING FROM HIS FOREHEAD, CHAOS AND FIGHTING  
AROUND HIM. THE RINGING BEGINS TO FADE, INTRODUCING SOUNDS OF  
GRUNTS AND BREAKS.

THEN THE FULL AUDIO ARRIVES, COLT SHAKES HIS HEAD, WAKING  
HIMSELF UP.

UNKOWN VOICE  
AAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

COLT LOOKS UP, SEEING A HUNTERS M.C MEMBER CHARGING AT HIM.

HE BACKS AWAY BEFORE A CHAIR FLIES OUT OF NOWHERE AND HITS  
THE HUNTERS M.C MEMBER IN THE SIDE OF THE HEAD AND SENDS HIM  
TO THE FLOOR.

KALEB JOGS INFRONT OF COLT, BREAHTING HEAVILY.

KALEB  
GET UP THEN DUMB ASS!

COLT SCRAMBLES TO HIS FEET, GRABBING ONTO THE BAR TOP.

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHERS OF CHAOS CLUBHOUSE- NIGHT

DAVEY GRABS A HUNTERS M.C MEMBER, THROWING HIM INTO THE WALL,  
GRUNTING.

HE THEN GETS HIT IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD WITH A CHAIR LEG AND  
FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

ROSS IS GETTING HIT OVER AND OVER IN THE FACE UNTIL A BOOT  
COMES FLYING INTO HIS ATTACKER'S FACE, A PATCHED MEMBER SEND  
THE KICK.



ROSS  
Thanks, Goldy.

GOLDY, THE PATCHED MEMBER SMILES, SHOWING HIS GOLD TOOTH ON THE RIGHT OF HIS TOP ROW OF TEETH.

GOLDY AND ROSS BEGIN TO THROW PUNCHES AROUND THEN WE CUT.

WE FOLLOW COLT AGAIN, HE GRABS A BOTTLE, THROWING IT AT A HUNTERS M.C MEMBER, IT SENDS HIM TO THE FLOOR, BLOOD POURING FROM HIS HEAD.

RUSSELL GRABS COLT BY THE THROAT. HE HAS A THICK LONDON ACCENT.

RUSSEL  
I thought I knocked you out, you  
little twat?

RUSSELL HEADBUTTS COLT, THEN TURNING AND RAISING HIM UP.

HE SLAMS HIM DOWN ONTO A WOODEN TABLE, SMASHING HIM THROUGH IT.

RUSSEL (CONT'D)  
Fuck off!

RUSSELL SMILES, THEN TURNING AROUND AND GETTING A HOOK FROM KALEB.

HE STUMBLES BACK, HOLDING HIS BLEEDING NOSE, KALEB BEGINS TO KICK AT HIM, RUSSELL DODGES THE KICKS, WALKING BACKWARDS.

RUSSELL GRABS KALEB BY THE SHOULDERS, KALEB GRABS RUSSELL BY THE SHOULDERS ALSO. THEY WRESTLE AND PUSH AGAINST EACHOTHER, TRYING TO FORCE EACHOTHER OUT OF THE WRESTLE.

RUSSEL (CONT'D)  
Come on, give in you weak cunt, you  
know you want to.

KALEB  
Screw you, scarface!

RUSSELL PUSHES ON KALEB, DRIVING HIM BACK. HE PUSHES HIM INTO THE BAR, SLAMMING HIM INTO THE BAR TOP.

RUSSEL WALKS BACK AND THEN CHARGES AND SWINGS AT KALEB.

HE CONNECTS, SMACKING KALEB IN THE CHEEK WITH HIS KNUCKLES.

RUSSEL  
Ah, yeah! I like that!

RUSSEL SWINGS AGAIN, KALEB THEN DROPPING TO THE FLOOR, DODGING THE PUNCH AND SENDING RUSSEL'S HAND INTO A POST THAT STANDS ON THE BAR.

RUSSEL (CONT'D)

AAAAH!

KALEB

Nice hit!

KALEB STUMBLES UP, SHAKING HIS HEAD AT RUSSEL.

CUT TO COLT, HE STANDS UP FROM THE FLOOR, LOOKING TO DAVEY WHO IS KNOCKED OUT. HE THEN TURNS TO HIS LEFT, HITTING THE MAN INFRONT OF HIM AND SENDING HIM BACK.

THE MAN WHO WAS HIT SENDS MORE PUNCHES TO COLT, BEATING HIM UP.

COLT CURLS INTO A BALL, DEFENDING HIMSELF.

ONE SWIFT HIT KNOCKS HIM OUT, HE DROPS HIS ARMS, THE GUY BACKING AWAY FROM HIM, SMILING.

CUT TO RUSSEL AND KALEB WRESTLING AGAIN, RUSSEL KNEES KALEB IN HIS TESTICLES, SENDING HIM TO HIS KNEES.

RUSSEL GRABS KALEB BY THE THROAT, STANDING OVER HIM, POWERFULLY.

RUSSEL

It's time to bow down to the one who owns you, Kaleb. Come on, you idiot, you can't mess around any more. The Hunter's will have your head... Don't try us or next time I'll cut your throat.

RUSSEL LETS GO OF KALEB, PUSHING HIM TO THE FLOOR AFTERWARDS.

THE CAMERA PANS AROUND, SHOWING SOME KNOCKED OUT HUNTERS M.C MEMBERS AND MOSTLY KNOCKED OUT BROTHERS OF CHAOS MEMBERS.

RUSSEL (CONT'D)

This is over. Over. You don't ever mess with us, EVER. This is a message from us, me. Come to us, i fucking dare you. Drag the knocked out lads, we'll get going before the rest of these cowards get up.

RUSSEL TURNS AND WALKS AWAY, HIS FELLOW MEMBERS FOLLOWING HIM, HE SPITS BLOOD ON THE FLOOR AS HE WALKS.

CUT TO:

INT. MILES' APARTMENT

MILES SITS ON HIS COUCH, CELLPHONE TO HIS EAR.

THE SOUND OF A PHONE RINGING IS HEARD.

VINNY

(O.S) Hello?

MILES

Hey, Vin', sorry if I was drunk last night but what did you say? You're going clean?

WE JUMP BETWEEN THE TWO AS THEY SPEAK.

VINNY

Yeah, I am. I just got out of Rehab infact.

MILES

Nice, bro. Nice. I'm so happy about that, man.

VINNY

Yeah, yeah. Just don't think I'm lasting long with you being like you are. I want you to give up drinking, this is a two way deal.

MILES

Give up? Or lower down? Everyone drinks, Vinny. I mean, I can lower it down.

VINNY

Well, as long as I don't get the Miles that I got last night, that'd be good.

MILES

It was one of those days. I'm sorry.

VINNY

Alright. Well, I feel like I've turned a new page, life's fresher.

MILES

That's... Amazing to hear. I'm always here, Vinny. Remember that.

VINNY

Thanks.

CUT BACK TO MILES, HE HANGS UP THE PHONECALL.

WE THEN SEE HIM STAND UP AND BEGIN TO WALK TO HIS BATHROOM.

HE STANDS IN HIS BATHROOM, LOOKING IN HIS MIRROR.

HE THEN SLOWLY TURNS HIS HEAD TO THE RIGHT, LOOKING IN HIS BATH TUB AND SEEING A DEAD BODY INSIDE WITH THE TUB FILLED WITH BLOOD.

MILES

AAAAAH!

MILES JUMPS BACK, FALLING INTO THE RADIATOR BEHIND HIM.

HE CLOSES AND THEN QUICKLY OPENS HIS EYES, SITTING ON THE GROUND FROM THE FALL.

THE BATHTUB IS NOW EMPTY, MILES GULPS AND ACTS CLEARLY TERRIFIED.

MILES (CONT'D)

What the fuck....?

CUT TO:

INT. MILES' APARTMENT

MILES NOW WEARS A BROWN JACKET AND BLUE JEANS WITH SMART BLACK SHOES. HE STANDS IN THE LIVING ROOM, FIDDLING WITH HIS HAIR.

HE EVENTUALLY FINDS HIS HAIR FITTING.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS

MILES WALKS ALONG THE STREET. HE LOOKS DOWN THE ALLEY TO HIS LEFT, SPOTTING HIS CAR.

HE BEGINS TO WALK DOWN THE ALLEY, LOOKING AROUND THE BUILDINGS AND SUCH AS HE WALKS.

HE PRESSES THE UNLOCK BUTTON ON HIS CAR KEYS AND THEN OPENS THE DOOR TO HIS CAR, STEPPING INSIDE.

INT. MILES' CAR

MILES ADJUSTS HIS WIND MIRRORS AND THEN STARTS HIS ENGINE.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF MARIO'S APARTMENT

MARIO STANDS ON THE PAVEMENT, CHECKING HIS WATCH.

MARIO

Come on. Come on, for god's sake,  
Miles.

MILES PULLS UP IN HIS CAR, HONKING HIS HORN ONCE.

MARIO OPENS THE DOOR, STEPPING INSIDE.

INT. MILES' CAR

MILES BEGINS TO DRIVE ON, WE GET A SHOT OF THE TWO IN THE CAR FROM THE FRONT WINDOW.

MARIO  
This some sorta joke?

MILES  
Don't wine. Don't moan.

MARIO  
Well, you're twenty minutes fucking late, Miles.

MILES  
Moaning Mario, that's what I'm going to start calling you.

MARIO  
Twenty Minutes. Twenty. That's a long time to be standing out there freezing your ass off, dickweed.

MILES  
Don't be like this today, Mario, I don't need it. I'm seeing shit and everything, just leave it out?

MARIO  
Seeing shit? Seeing shit? Seeing how shit you are at arriving on time?

MILES  
Come on. What did I say? Leave it out.

MARIO  
Oh, I'll leave it out, like you decided to leave me out. Freezing my ass off, about to catch pneumonia.

MILES  
If you complain again, I swear to god, I'll lock you in the refrigerator and see if you get pneumonia for real.

MARIO  
You'll probably be late, I'll be putting myself in that fucking refrigerator.

MILES  
Alright, that's it. Do you want to get out of my car? Do you?  
(MORE)

MILES (CONT'D)  
I will make you get out of this  
fucking car.

MARIO  
I'm shutting up.

MILES  
Christ, never thought I'd hear it.

THE TWO SIT IN SILENCE FOR A WHILE.

.....

MARIO  
I mean, why didn't you just wake up  
on time?

MILES  
(Shouting) FUCK OFF!

CUT TO:

INT. LATELLIS RESTAURANT- DAY.

MILES AND MARIO SIT AT A TABLE IN THE RESTAURANT WITH THE DON  
AND SOME OTHER ASSOCIATES.

THE DON  
So, it seems that whole overdose  
thing has fucked up the deal with  
them black kids, sorry for shooting  
you in the arm by the way, Mario.

MARIO  
It's alright, it'll heal.

THE DON  
You two schmucks deserve it,  
anyway, find us a new dealer  
somehow and I will be very happy.  
And I won't kick your fucking  
asses.

MILES  
Alright, boss, we have some  
contacts. Mario got a ride from  
those bikers, remember?

THE DON  
I do remember.

MILES  
We could go and check if they sell  
it, I mean, they like to keep the  
persona of all goody goody but we  
all know what they're really up to.

THE DON SMIRKS.

THE DON  
Well, lets hope you can sort something out. For my sake and for yours.

MARIO  
Yeah, lets hope.

THE TWO LOOK AT THE DON FOR A WHILE.

THE DON  
Alright, what're you waiting for? Go, I ain't giving you anything.

MARIO AND MILES STAND UP, WALKING AWAY FROM THE TABLE.

THE DON (CONT'D)  
They better not fuck up again.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROTHERS OF CHAOS CLUBHOUSE- DAY

MARIO AND MILES PULL UP AT THE BROTHERS OF CHAOS CLUBHOUSE, SEEING IT LOOKING TRASHED ON THE OUTSIDE.

MILES  
This looks shady, Mari'.

MARIO  
Just hang on.

MARIO AND MILES COME OUT OF THE CAR, MILES LOCKING IT AFTER IT.

MARIO AND MILES WALK UP TO THE DOOR.

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

THEY OPEN THE DOOR.

INT. BROTHERS OF CHAOS CLUBHOUSE- DAY

THE CLUBHOUSE IS CLEARLY STILL DESTROYED, KALEB AND THE OTHERS SIT AROUND, BEATEN AND TIRED.

MARIO  
Jesus, what the hell?

KALEB

Hah. You decided to pay us a visit then? Just after we get the shit beat out of us.

MILES

Christ.

KALEB

Yeah, enemies strike in the night, but we're alive, right?

ROSS

Yeah.

COLT

Aye.

KALEB SMIRKS TO MARIO AND MILES.

CUT TO:

BROTHERS OF CHAOS CHURCH ROOM - DAY

THE BROTHERS OF CHAOS PATCHED MEMBERS, KALEB, ROSS AND DAVEY WALK INTO THE CHURCH ROOM.

THEY ALL TAKE THEIR SEATS.

KALEB

Alright, so you want to buy some of the M-F?

MILES

Yeah, we do.

KALEB

So, you're apart of the Latellis, correct?

MARIO

Correct.

KALEB

Alright, we've got stock coming in two weeks, is that alright?

MARIO

Shit, two weeks? That's a long time to wait.

DAVEY

You can wait or you can leave.



KALEB

Shut up, Davey... We can try and get it faster, don't know if we can but we'll try.

MARIO

Thank you. We appreciate it.

MILES

What the hell happened here?

MARIO

Don't ask things like that, Miles.

KALEB

Nah, it's fine. If you want to know, it's because of an attack. We're in a feud with another Motorcycle gang, The Hunters M-C. They came and attacked us with weapons and... Yeah.

KALEB SMIRKS.

MARIO

I hope the retaliation is sweet.

MILES

We can help.

MARIO LOOKS TO MILES STERNLY.

ROSS

Is that so?

GOLDY

If they're willing to help, we could use more men.

KALEB

I agree with Goldy, if you're willing to help...

MILES

Get us the narcs and we will.

ROSS

What do you expect us to do? We can't just magic that shit out of thin air.

MILES

Well, we won't help then.

KALEB

We really don't need it that much, but if we can get the narcs early, then why not?

MILES  
Yeah, why not?

GOLDY  
I'll call Ray...

KALEB  
Alright, get on it. We'll see you  
guys later then?

MARIO  
Call me on this number.

MARIO TAKES A PEN OUT OF HIS JACKET AND A PIECE OF PAPER, HE  
WRITES DOWN HIS NUMBER ON THE PAPER THEN SLIDING IT ACROSS  
THE TABLE AND GETTING IT TO KALEB.

MARIO (CONT'D)  
Take it, remember it, ring me when  
you get the narcs if you do.

KALEB  
Alright.

CUT TO:

INT. RAYMOND'S MANSION

CLASSICAL MUSIC PLAYS, RAYMOND SITS ON A LOUNGE CHAIR, NO  
SHIRT BUT WITH WHITE PANTS ON AND BLACK SHOES.

WE SLOWLY ZOOM IN ON HIM, HE LOOKS TO THE SKY IN HIS MOSTLY  
WHITE ROOM.

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

A PHONE RINGING SOUND IS HEARD.

RAYMOND SIGHS, THEN REACHING IN HIS POCKET AND TAKING OUT HIS  
PHONE.

HE HAS A POSH ENGLISH ACCENT.

RAYMOND  
Hello?

RAYMOND LISTENS TO HIS PHONE.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)  
Well, bloody hell, that's good  
news.

HE LISTENS AGAIN.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)  
Yeah, yeah, g'bye. Bye.

RAYMOND CLOSES HIS PHONE, THEN SITTING UP AND WALKING FROM HIS LOUNGE CHAIR.

CUT TO:

INT. RAYMOND'S LIVING ROOM- DAY

RAYMOND SITS ON HIS COUCH, HE LOOK TO THE TV AND SWITCHES IT ON.

HIS DAUGHTER, A 6 YEAR OLD BLONDE LITTLE GIRL CALLED LISA RUNS TO RAYMOND AND EMBRACES HIM.

RAYMOND EMBRACES HER BACK, THEN SITTING HER ON HIS LAP.

RAYMOND  
Hello, beautiful.

LISA  
Hey, daddy.

RAYMOND  
Looking amazing, like a princess.

LISA  
You look like a big ogre!

RAYMOND  
Oi!

RAYMOND TICKLES LISA, BOTH OF THEM LAUGHING.

LISA  
Stop, (laughs) stop!

RAYMOND  
Cheeky little monkey... Go to maria now, I need to go to work.

LISA  
I wish you didn't work.

RAYMOND  
Ah, me too but I've got to keep this house, haven't I? And I have to keep giving you toys! And teddies!

LISA  
Yeah!

RAYMOND  
Alright, I'll see you later.

RAYMOND KISSES LISA ON THE FOREHEAD AND THEN STANDS UP.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)  
See you later, Maria, food's in the  
fridge, snacks in the top drawer  
above the oven.

MARIA  
Goodbye, Mr. Freddrick.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK DOCKS

RAYMOND PULLS UP IN HIS CAR, TWO BODY GUARDS ACCOMPANYING  
HIM.

THE BODYGUARDS STEP OUT, WALKING TO RAYMOND'S DOOR AND  
OPENING IT AND THEN HELPING RAYMOND OUT.

MORROCCAN DEALER  
Ah, it's the one and only.

RAYMOND  
Yeah, it is.

MORROCCAN DEALER  
Very good, very good.

RAYMOND  
Have you got the trucks?

MORROCCAN DEALER  
Ofcourse, they're on the way. So,  
we wait and we get the money handed  
over.

RAYMOND  
Brilliant.

TWO VANS PULL UP ALONGSIDE THE PEOPLE AND STOP.

MORROCCAN DEALER  
Alright, lets get it loaded.

RAYMOND TAKES A CIGARETTE OUT AND PLACES IT IN HIS MOUTH.

ONE OF THE TWO BODYGUARDS HOVERS A LIGHTER OVER THE END OF  
THE CIGARETTE AND LIGHTS IT UP.

RAYMOND  
Thank you, mate.

RAYMOND PUFFS ON HIS CIGARETTE, WALKING TO THE DEALER.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)  
You're doing well, right?

MORROCCAN DEALER

Yes, yes we are. We're planning to open up warehouses over here, closer to our main market.

RAYMOND

The whole bloody city is obsessed with this drug now.

MORROCCAN DEALER

You say it like it's a bad thing.

RAYMOND SMIRKS.

RAYMOND

Because it is sort of. Think about it, too many people who are selling will result in war.

MORROCCAN DEALER

A bit of bloodshed will be fine as long as we get the money.

RAYMOND

You're pretty sick.

MORROCCAN DEALER

You also say that like it is a bad thing.

MORROCCAN DEALER SMIRKS TO RAYMOND.

VAN DRIVER

Alright, we're all loaded.

MORROCCAN DEALER

I bid you farewell.

RAYMOND

Get the cash.

ONE OF THE BODYGUARDS WALKS TO THE CAR, TAKING OUT A BRIEFCASE.

THE BODYGUARD OFFERS THE BRIEFCASE TO THE DEALER.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Pleasure doing business... Get the vans to follow my car.

VAN DRIVER

Alright, we're following your lead.

RAYMOND

Yeah, you fucking better be.

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHERS OF CHAOS CLUBHOUSE- DAY

PETE SITS AT THE BAR, SPEAKING WITH ROSS, GOLDY, DAVEY AND COLT.

PETE

Jesus. I was 10 minutes too late.

ROSS

Aslong as you're here for the retaliation, it's all good.

DAVEY

Some bastard hit me in the back of the head with a chair leg.

GOLDY

Knocked you out.

GOLDY CHUCKLES.

DAVEY

Blind-sided.

COLT

I got hit and kicked and everything, I mean, I got knocked out once, got up, then I don't even know, I think I got knocked out again.

ROSS

You'll learn, Prospect.

DAVEY

It took Ross a while before he could learn to fight.

ROSS

Piss off.

THE FOUR MEN LAUGH TOGETHER.

DAVEY

Aye, lad, even the best can lose.

COLT

All it takes is that one dick behind you that will hit you hard when you don't expect it and you're down.

GOLDY

Never happens to me.

ROSS

Shut up, Goldy. Talking bullshit right there.

GOLDY  
Wha'? It's true!

GOLDY CHUCKLES.

PETE  
Well, shit, sounds like a hard  
night, I'm going to speak with  
Kaleb. Drink up, lads.

COLT  
I can agree with that. Drink up.

COLT SMILES.

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHERS OF CHAOS CHURCH ROOM- DAY

KALEB SITS AT THE TOP OF THE TABLE.

PETE ENTERS THE ROOM, NODDING ONCE TO KALEB.

KALEB  
What is it?

PETE  
Ah, shit, what's the retaliation  
then?

KALEB  
A beatdown. It's simple.

PETE  
They hit us when we had lesser  
members, they're probably stacking  
them for these coming days, they'll  
know we're coming.

KALEB  
We come in from the boiler room.

PETE  
What?

KALEB  
They have a fucking boiler room  
entrance.

PETE  
They'll know about that.

KALEB  
Nah, they won't. Not if we get our  
stock.

PETE

Wha'? Oh, the guys from before?

KALEB

Yeah, if Ray has the narcs, we get them to those Latelli guys, they'll come along in the raid. Distract the hunters, we come in around the back, it's that easy.

PETE

That easy? If it goes to plan, which soemtimes, that doesn't happen. What's plan B?

KALEB

The same as plan A. Because plan A won't fail.

PETE

That's what you believe.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRTY GHETTO NEW YORK COURTYARDS- DAY

PIERCE SITS ON THE BLEACHERS, HIS HAS ROLLED UP HIS PANTS, SHOWING THE BANDAGE AROUND HIS LEG WHERE HE WAS SHOT.

TYRONE SITS NEXT TO PIERCE, SNIFFING UP ONCE.

TYRONE

That new kid.

PIERCE

Marcus?

TYRONE

Yeah, he got high whilst on duty.

PIERCE

You beat his ass, right?

TYRONE

Yeah, don't mention it to him.

PIERCE

Alright, need anything else?

TYRONE

What did you find in Liam's?

PIERCE

A cellphone, that's it.

TYRONE

Anyone called it?



PIERCE  
Nah, we're hoping nobody does  
though.

TYRONE  
He wouldn't be a rat. I know it.

PIERCE  
You never know for sure.

TYRONE  
Did you ask those latelli crackers  
what he said before he died?

PIERCE  
Why would I ask? I don't want shit  
to do with them anyway.

TYRONE  
Just saying. I'd watch out.

PIERCE  
I can't see him being a traitor  
but my eyes are always open.

TYRONE SMIRKS AT PIERCE.

PIERCE (CONT'D)  
Go check on the little niggas. See  
what's going down.

PIERCE LAYS BACK ON THE BLEACHER, TYRONE WALKS OFF FROM THE  
BLEACHER.

CUT TO:

INT. LAMAR'S APARTMENT- DAY

LAMAR SITS ON HIS ROUGH, WRECKED SOFA.

HE LOOKS AT LIAM'S CELLPHONE, SIGHING.

LAMAR  
I know you ain't no traitor, Liam.  
I know.

MARCUS WALKS INTO THE ROOM.

LAMAR (CONT'D)  
What's up, Marc?

MARCUS  
Hey, L'. Think you could teach me  
to shoot again? I'm a little rusty.

LAMAR

I don' know, man, I got to focus on the phone.

MARCUS

For real? Come on, homie, I need to learn.

LAMAR

Just a quick session, don't be fucking around.

MARCUS

I won't, L'. I swear.

LAMAR

Come on.

LAMAR AND MARCUS WALK OUT OF LAMAR'S APARTMENT.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED SUBWAY- DAY

MARCUS HOLDS THE GUN UP, AIMING AT THE WALL.

LAMAR

A'ight, breath normally, control it and shoot when you're hand is steady. That tends to be inbwteen breathes, so as long as you keep your breathing normal, wait between breathes and when your hand is still.

MARCUS SHOOTS THE WALL SUDDENLY.

LAMAR (CONT'D)

Aight, lets aim for something again... That sign.

LAMAR POINTS TO A SIGN THAT GOES TO AN AVENUE.

MARCUS

We did that yersterday.

LAMAR

And? Do it again.

MARCUS

What ab-...

LAMAR

Just shoot i-...

LAMAR IS INTERRUPTED BY A PHONE RINGING SOUND.

HE SLOWLY TAKES THE PHONE FROM HIS POCKET, GULPING ONCE.  
HE LOOKS DOWN ONTO THE PHONE TO SEE "MUM" CALLING THE PHONE.

LAMAR (CONT'D)  
Oh god...

MARCUS  
What is it?

LAMAR  
Just shoot.

LAMAR LOOKS AT THE PHONE, WAITING FOR IT TO STOP RINGING.

.....  
.....

IT EVENTUALLY STOPS.

LAMAR LETS OUT A SIGH OF RELIEF, THEN POCKETING THE PHONE.

LAMAR (CONT'D)  
Shoot.

CUT TO:

INT. MILES' CAR

MILES AND MARIO EAT SANDWICHES, SITTING IN MILES' CAR.

MILES  
Thought I'd tell you.

MARIO  
What?

MILES  
Vinny's coming clean.

MARIO  
Aw, that's good news, man. I'm glad to hear it.

MILES  
Figured I'd let you know.

MARIO  
Yeah, I'm happy about it.

MILES  
He jumped out just in time. He was wild for these past few days, he was beating the shit out of people and getting involved with all sorts of people.

MARIO  
I'm always here if those people  
need sorting out, you know?

MILES  
Thanks, Mari'.

MARIO'S PHONE RINGS SUDDENLY.

MARIO TAKES IT OUT, PLACING HIS SANDWICH ON THE FRONT WINDOW  
REST.

HE FLICKS IT UP, ANSWERING IT.

MARIO  
Hello?

WE SWITCH BETWEEN THE TWO AS THEY TALK.

KALEB  
Good news!

MARIO  
Who is this?

KALEB  
Kaleb, from the Brothers of chaos.

MARIO  
Oh, what is it?

KALEB  
We got the M-F. Fresh stock, we're  
on our way to pick it up, if you  
come along to the clubhouse and  
wait there, we'll be along soon,  
alright?

MARIO  
Nice, thanks, we're on our way.

KALEB  
The deal is still on, you help us  
in the raid, we hand over the  
drugs.

MARIO  
Alright, man. If that's the deal.

KALEB  
That's the deal, come on over.

MARIO  
On the way.

MARIO HANGS UP THE PHONE.

MARIO (CONT'D)  
We're heading to the brothers of  
chaos clubhouse.

MILES  
Are we?

MARIO  
Don't fuck around.

MILES SMIRKS. THEN STARTS THE ENGINE AND BEGINS TO DRIVE.

CUT TO:

INT. PIERCE'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

THE CAMERA OPENS ON THE ROOM, IT THEN TRACKS AROUND, SHOWING  
PIERCE AND HIS ALSO AFRICAN AMERICAN GIRLFRIEND KEESHA, THEY  
CUDDLE ON THE COUCH TOGETHER.

PIERCE  
How's the day?

KEESHA  
Been good, the usual routine, you?

PIERCE  
You know how it is. The Liam  
situation is getting controlled,  
but we found a phone. His phone.

KEESHA  
For real? Get anything on it?

PIERCE  
It's locked but we're waiting for a  
call or a text, anything.

KEESHA  
He wasn't a rat, right?

PIERCE  
I don't know, I hope not, but you  
never know.

KEESHA  
You seem stressed.

KEESHA RUBS PIERCE'S CHEST.

PIERCE  
Damn, I ain't going to lie, I am.

KEESHA  
Hmm. Let me relax you, baby.

PIERCE  
You know how to relax me, Keesha.

KEESHA  
Hmm. That's right.

KEESHA MOVES HIS HAND DOWN TO PIERCE'S PANTS, SMILING TO HIM THEN KISSING HIM PASSIONATELY.

PIERCE  
You know how to do it.

KEESHA AND PIERCE KISS FOR AWHILE.

.....  
.....

PIERCE LAYS BACK AND KEESHA GOES TO HER KNEES, OFF CAMERA.

THE CAMERA ZOOMS IN AS PIERCE LAYS BACK, ENJOYING A "RELAXTION SESSION" FROM KEESHA.

.....  
.....

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRTY GHETTO NEW YORK COURTYARDS- NIGHT

TYRONE STANDS AROUND, LOOKING AROUND THE COURTYARDS.

HE SPOTS A QUIRKY, WEAK LOOKING WHITE MAN SITTING ON A BENCH IN THE APARTMENTS.

HE LOOKS TO HIS LEFT, WALKING TO A LOCAL HUSTLER NAMED CALLUM.

TYRONE  
Hey, Cal'.

CALLUM  
Whas' up?

TYRONE  
Follow me here.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRTY GHETTO NEW YORK COURTYARDS- NIGHT

THE WHITE MAN SITS ON THE BENCH, HE GRIPS HIS STOMACH, SIGHING.

WHITE MAN  
Christ. My gut.

THE CAMERA TILTS AWAY FROM THE MAN, SHOWING TYRONE AND CALLUM WALKING TO THE WHITE MAN.

TYRONE ARRIVES AT THE MAN'S FEET, HE GRABS HIM BY THE THROAT SUDDENLY.

TYRONE  
Hey, motherfucker, you going to show me your wallet?

WHITE MAN  
Back off, god, please.

TYRONE  
Huh, dickhead? Hand the wallet. Hand it.

WHITE MAN  
Please, no.

TYRONE TAKES OUT HIS POCKET KNIFE, FLICKING IT UP AND HOLDING IT UP TO THE MAN'S THROAT.

TYRONE  
What about now? Still ready to use your mouth, nigga?

WHITE MAN  
Alright, alright. Let me take it out.

TYRONE  
Don't try anything, NOTHING.

THE MAN REACHES INTO HIS POCKET, TAKING OUT HIS WALLET AND HANDING IT TO TYRONE.

TYRONE GRABS THE WALLET, SMIRKING.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
Nice, nice... Now, listen, you're going to shut your fucking mouth about this or I swear to god, you'll be the first one to be slaughtered.

WHITE MAN  
I-...I get it.

TYRONE  
Hold this motherfucker by a knife.

CALLUM MOVES TO THE BACK OF THE MAN, PUTTING HIS OWN POCKET KNIFE TO HIS THROAT, TYRONE MOVES OFF OF THE MAN.

TYRONE LOOKS THROUGH THE WALLET, TAKING THE MONEY ALONG THE WAY.

TYRONE POV: WE SEE AN ID CARD SAYING "DENNIS MOYER" ON IT.

TYRONE TAKES THE MONEY, THEN FOLDING THE WALLET SHUT AND SHOVING IT INTO THE MAN'S CHEST.

CALLUM RELEASES HIS KNIFE FROM THE THROAT OF THE MAN.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
Stay safe Mr. Moyer.

THE MAN STANDS FROM THE BENCH, THEN JOGGING OFF.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
Don't be a rat!

TYRONE SMIRKS, THEN TAKING SOME MONEY AND HANDING IT TO CALLUM.

HE THEN POCKETS SOME MONEY FOR HIMSELF.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
Gotta make a pay.

TYRONE LICKS HIS LIPS, SMIRKING THEN WALKING OFF FROM THE SCENE.

CUT TO:

INT. RAYMOND'S CAR- NIGHT

RAYMOND DRIVES ALONG THE ROAD, KEEPING HIS EYES ON THE ROAD.

HE LOOKS DOWN QUICKLY, GRABBING A PHOTO OF HIS DAUGHTER LISA AND SMILING.

RAYMOND  
Fucking hell, Lisa, how I wish I  
could not work, god knows what I'd  
do.

RAYMOND SHAKES HIS HEAD, THEN DRIVING FASTER ALONG THE ROAD.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)  
This shit's gonna kill me someday,  
Lisa. Don't worry, I'll keep you  
alive, I promise.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEHIND THE BROTHERS OF CHAOS MC CLUBHOUSE- NIGHT

KALEB LOOKS AT HIS WATCH, PETE AND ROSS BEHIND HIM, ROSS HOLDING A BLACK BAG.

KALEB  
Where is he? I swear to god.



PETE  
Swear what? Going to beat him up,  
mr. Big man?

KALEB  
Fuck you.

ROSS AND PETE CHUCKLE.

KALEB (CONT'D)  
If he doesn't come in time, I might  
just do that.

KALEB LOOKS DOWN AT HIS WATCH AGAIN, LICKING HIS LIPS ONCE.

ROSS  
He's gonna show, he'd be an idiot  
not to.

KALEB  
You can say that again.

RAYMOND'S CAR CAN BE SEEN DOWN THE ROAD, FOLLOWED BY TWO  
VANS.

KALEB (CONT'D)  
That them?

ROSS  
I think so.

PETE  
I think it is.

KALEB  
That them?

PETE  
Fucking hell. Yeah.

RAYMOND AND THE TWO VANS DRIVE UP AROUND THE BACK OF THE  
CLUBHOUSE, PARKING UP.

RAYMOND STOPS HIS ENGINE, THEN STEPPING FROM HIS CAR.

KALEB RAISES HIS ARMS IN THE AIR.

KALEB  
Well, my eyes are deceiving me.

RAYMOND  
Ah, piss off

THE TWO HUG AND CHUCKLE.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)  
I made it. That's what matters.

KALEB  
Yeah, that does matter.

RAYMOND  
Ok, come along.

RAYMOND WALKS TO THE BACK OF THE FIRST VAN.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)  
Open it.

THE VAN DRIVER OPENS THE BACK OF THE VAN. REVEALING THE MANY STACKS OF MOROCCAN FEVER PACKAGES INSIDE.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)  
In this van, we have some of your packages. Beautiful. You know how they work, right?

KALEB  
I don't really need to know but sure, go ahead.

RAYMOND  
You take the liquid in the bottle, pour it into the top of the squirter, then you UMPH! Squirt that shit up your nose, it hurts a little but then you have this badass high after it.

KALEB  
Sounds good. Low-lives will love it.

RAYMOND  
They sure will... Don't be a low-life.

ROSS  
Do we look like low-lives?

RAYMOND  
Maybe you do.

ROSS  
Shut up.

RAYMOND CHUCKLES.

KALEB  
Lets get the money.

ROSS WALKS TO KALEB, HANDING HIM THE BAG.

KALEB UNZIPS THE BAG, SHOWING RAYMOND THE MONEY INSIDE.

KALEB (CONT'D)  
Good enough for ya?

RAYMOND  
Definetly. Get everything loaded,  
lads.

THE TWO VAN MEN BEGIN TO TAKE BIG BAGS OF THE PACKAGES AND  
MOVE THEM ALONG INTO THE CLUBHOUSE IN THE BACKGROUND.

KALEB  
How's life?

RAYMOND  
Nice attempt at trying to socialize  
with me but I'm not feeling it.

KALEB  
Still a stubborn old fucker?

RAYMOND  
Everything but old.

KALEB  
Ofcourse.

RAYMOND AND KALEB CHUCKLE.

KALEB (CONT'D)  
See you around, Ray.

RAYMOND  
Yes. See you around. That's if I'm  
still around soon.

KALEB  
Don't talk like that.

RAYMOND  
I must be speaking lies, I'm too  
quick on my feet to get murdered  
now.

KALEB  
I believe your every word, pal.

RAYMOND  
You bloody better believe.

RAYMOND AND KALEB EMBRACE AGAIN, THEN KALEB WALKING AWAY.

THE CAMERA FOLLOWS RAY, HE WALKS TO HIS CAR.

HE OPENS THE DOOR AND THEN SITS INSIDE.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)  
How time has passed, old friend.

WE WATCH KALEB AS HE WALKS AWAY.

WE END THE SCENE ON A SHOT OF RAYMOND'S STARING FACE.

CUT TO:

INT. LATELLIS RESTUARANT- NIGHT

BRUNO A.K.A THE DON TAKES A SEAT AT HIS DESK, LOOKING THROUGH HIS PAPERS.

THE DON  
Well, fucking A.

HIS CONSIGLIERE, PAT, AN OLD 60 YEAR OLD MAN WITH GREY SLICKED BACK HAIR AND A BLACK SUIT WALKS IN THE ROOM.

THE DON (CONT'D)  
What is it Pat?

PAT  
Sorry if I'm interrupting, Miles and Mario got a link on the M-F.

THE DON  
Shit, already?

PAT  
Yeah, my reaction exactly, boss.

THE DON  
Alright, message them, tell them to call as soon as they get the narcs in possession.

PAT  
Will do. Anything else?

THE DON  
Could you get Christy a ride home?

CHRISTY, A BLONDE HAIREED 20-SOMETHING FEMALE COMES FROM UNDER THE DON'S DESK. HE STANDS UP, WIPING HIS MOUTH.

PAT  
I'll make it happen.

CHRISTY SMILES AT PAT, THEN LICKING HER LIPS.

THE DON  
Goodbye, darling. Have a good day.

THE DON SMILES, THEN SLAPPING CHRISTY'S ASS AND SENDING HER FORWARD.

THE DON (CONT'D)  
Amazing ass, Pat. You should really  
try it.

THE DON LAUGHS.

PAT  
Hmm. Sure, boss.

PAT PUSHES CHRISTY LIGHTLY ON HER BACK, ESCORTING HER OUT OF  
THE ROOM.

CUT TO:

INT. VINNY'S APARTMENT

THE SOUNDS OF MOANS AND GRUNTS ARE HEARD.

WE GET A SHOT OF VINNY ON TOP OF A WOMAN, HAVING SEX WITH HER  
SLOWLY.

VINNY  
Hmm. That's right, girl.

WOMAN  
Yeah, come on, give it to me.

VINNY  
Settle down.

VINNY SMIRKS, THEN GOING AT A FASTER THRUSTING PACE.

CUT TO:

INT. VINNY'S APARTMENT

VINNY SITS DOWN ON THE SOFA, THE WOMAN LAYING IN HIS ARMS.

WOMAN  
That was great, mr. Mystery.

VINNY  
Don't call me that.

WOMAN  
Well, tell me your name then.

VINNY  
I'm not stupid.

WOMAN  
Ugh. And why would telling me your  
name be dangerous?

VINNY  
I'm not a risk-taker.

WOMAN  
Interesting.

VINNY  
Very. Right?

WOMAN  
You don't strike me as a dude who  
is shy and sensible.

VINNY  
Did I fuck you sensibly?

WOMAN  
Hell no b-...

VINNY  
Well, there you are.

VINNY TAKES HIS SHOT OF WHISKEY FROM THE FLOOR, THEN LAYING  
BACK IN THE SOFA AND RAISING THE SHOT UP, SIPPING IT.

HE LETS OUT A SIGH AFTER THE DRINK.

WOMAN  
Can I have a little?

VINNY SMIRKS, RUBBING THE WOMAN ON THE CHEEK SLOWLY.

VINNY  
Aaaaaah... Fuck off.

WOMAN  
What?

VINNY  
Why are you here? Get out.

WOMAN  
Seriously?

VINNY  
I'm joking. No, I'm not, get out.

WOMAN  
Fuck you, jackoff.

VINNY  
Yeah, yeah, whatever, just scoot.  
Now.

WOMAN  
I'm going.

THE WOMAN STANDS UP, SHE WRAPS HER COAT AROUND HER AND SLIPS  
HER SHOES ON.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

You're a jerk, just screwing girls like it's nothing. Idiot. You're just going to die from some shitty overdose anyway, I don't want to know you.

VINNY

Bitch at me another time.

WOMAN

When?

VINNY

When I give a fuck.

THE WOMAN SLAPS VINNY ACROSS THE CHEEK, THEN STANDING UP AND WALKING OUT OF HIS APARTMENT.

VINNY LAUGHS, RUBBING HIS CHEEK.

VINNY (CONT'D)

Bye now... Christ, sex is so good.

VINNY SMILES THEN LOOKING DOWN TO A SMALL BAG OF COCAINE THEN STRAIGHTENING HIS EXPRESSION AS HIS EYES NARROW ON THE BAG.

HE SITS, STARING AT THE BAG OF COCAINE FOR A WHILE, BREATHING THROUGH HIS MOUTH HEVILY.

VINNY (CONT'D)

No.

VINNY LOOKS TO THE COCAINE, THEN SHAKING HIS HEAD.

VINNY (CONT'D)

No.

HE LOOKS TO HIS WHISKEY, THEN RAISING IT TO HIS MOUTH AND NECKING IT DOWN AND GULPING LOUDLY.

HE SITS IN SILENCE, UNSURE WHAT TO DO.

HE STARES AT THE COCAINE BAG AGAIN.

VINNY (CONT'D)

Fucking no. Not happening. Not now.

VINNY GULPS, THEN RUSHING TO HIS KNEES, GRABBING HE COCAINE BAG.

VINNY (CONT'D)

Just a drop. Sniff.

VINNY UNRAVELS THE BAG SLIGHTLY, THEN THROWING IT AT THE WALL.

VINNY (CONT'D)  
(shouting) FUCK!

VINNY LEANS AGAINST THE SOFA, GRABBING HIS HEAD, SIGHING.

VINNY (CONT'D)  
Fucking hell.

VINNY BEGINS TO SOB, SNIFFING UP THEN WIPING HIS TEARS FROM HIS EYES.

CUT TO:

INT. MILES' CAR- NIGHT

MILES AND MARIO PULL UP AT THE BROTHERS OF CHAOS CLUBHOUSE.

MARIO  
Here we go then.

MILES  
Yeah, lets get it over and done with.

MARIO AND MILES STEP OUT OF THE CAR, MILES LOCKING THE CAR AFTER THEY LEAVE IT.

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHERS OF CHAOS CLUBHOUSE- NIGHT

MILES AND MARIO STEP INSIDE, KALEB SMILES AS THEY ENTER, SURROUNDED BY OTHER M.C MEMBERS.

KALEB  
And so, the customers arrive.

MARIO  
About time, right?

KALEB  
You can say that again... Have a seat, make yourself comfy.

MARIO AND MILES SIT IN TWO CHAIRS, KALEB FOLLOWING BEHIND THEM AND SITTING OPPOSITE.

KALEB (CONT'D)  
Alright, well, we just got the stock, but as we said. You've got to keep your end of the deal up. But, we need to plan the attack before we go ahead and do it.



MILES

Lets get the drugs handed over and the money, then we'll see what's happening.

KALEB NODS, THEN CLICKING HIS FINGERS IN THE AIR.

KALEB

Alright then.

MARIO

So, the enemy, they must be pretty tough, right?

KALEB

Their biggest guy is their leader, Russel. Some crazed asshole who will kill someone for looking at his scars. He spared us, we want a war. Burning down club chaos, attacks, he's gagging for the war.

MILES

You found proof that the hunters burned the club down?

KALEB TAKES OUT THE "HEADHUNTER" PATCH FROM BEFORE, SLAPPING IT ON THE TABLE.

KALEB

My brother, Pee, he found it at the rubble.

MARIO

Solid evidence. No one else uses the headhunter patch.

KALEB

They see it as some sort of fucking badge of pride, well, shit, I'll see how many heads them cunts are hunting when I'm bashing their skulls in.

MILES

I like your aggression.

KALEB

Everyone does. Except the hunters.

KALEB SMIRKS.

COLT DRAGS A BAG OF "PACKAGES" ALONG TO THE BOOTH, THEN LIFTING THE BAG UP AND ONTO THE TABLE.

KALEB (CONT'D)

Here you go.

MILES  
Early christmas.

KALEB  
Aye. It is. Enjoy your present.

MARIO  
And you enjoy yours. But, before we go. Can you tell me something?

KALEB  
What do you need to know?

MARIO  
Why do they call it fever?

KALEB  
I guess it makes you sweat, a fever type feeling but in a good way. I think that's it but I have no idea myself.

MILES  
That's interesting. I don't know why people would like to have the feeling of a fever but, whatever floats your boat.

KALEB  
You can say that again. Like Colt over here, he's a fan of all that bondage and whips.

COLT  
Fuck off.

KALEB CHUCKLES WITH MARIO AND MILES.

KALEB  
See you around, if you ever need more, come and check on us.

MARIO  
I can assure you. We will be coming again.

KALEB  
Good to hear, friend.

KALEB STANDS FROM THE BOOTH, SHAKING HANDS WITH MARIO AND MILES THEN MARIO AND MILES STAND AND WALK OUT, WITH THE BAG.

WE GET AN OVER THE SHOULDER SHOT FROM COLT.

COLT  
(V.O) Dear diary, things are going well for the club, we've sealed the deal with the latellis.  
(MORE)

COLT (CONT'D)

The fever is out of here. We have two more guys to help with the attack on the hunters. That always helps. But, I've got that cunt who hopped on me. I've got him.

COLT SMIRKS, THEN TURNING AROUND AND WALKING TO THE BAR.

ROSS

Get the beers on, prospect. Get 'em on!

CUT TO:

CAMERA SHOT OF MILES' CAR BOOT.

MILES GRABS THE BAG AND SHOVES IT ONTOP OF OUR VIEW, IN THE BOOT.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROTHERS OF CHAOS CLUBHOUSE- NIGHT

MILES AND MARIO STAND IN THE PARKING LOT, MILES SHUTS THE BOOT QUICKLY.

MILES

Well, finally.

MARIO

Finally.

MILES AND MARIO LOOK AT EACHOTHER IN SILENCE.

MILES

Call the boss. Tell him we got the narcotics.

MARIO

With goddamn pleasure.

MARIO TAKES OUT HIS PHONE, BOTH HIM AND MILES MAKING THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT OF THE CAR.

MILES AND MARIO STEP IN THE CAR, SITTING INSIDE.

CUT TO:

INT. MILES' CAR- NIGHT

MARIO DIALS SOME NUMBERS ON HIS PHONE.

MILES STARTS THE ENGINE.

MARIO  
Hey, boss....

MILES BEGINS TO REVERSE.

MARIO (CONT'D)  
Yeah, we got the Fever.

MARIO SITS AND LISTENS TO THE DON'S REPLY.

MARIO (CONT'D)  
No. As in the drug.

MARIO CHUCKLES.

MARIO (CONT'D)  
We are on our way now. See ya soon.

MARIO HANGS UP THE PHONE.

MILES  
We all good?

MARIO  
Definetly.

CUT TO:

INT. LATELLIS RESTUARANT- NIGHT

THE DON CHEERS, SLAPPING HIS FIST AGAINST HIS OPEN PALM.

THE DON  
Yeah!

HE WALKS TO HIS VINYL PLAYER, SMIRKING.

HE PLACES THE NEEDLE AGAINST THE VINYL.

THE SONG "HUSH" BY DEEP PURPLE BEGINS TO PLAY.

THE DON BEGINS TO AIR GUITAR TO THE OPENING GUITAR SOLO.

THE DON (CONT'D)  
Oh yeah, baby.

CUT TO:

INT. VINNY'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

THE SONG STILL PLAYS IN THE SCENES.

VINNY SITS ON THE FLOOR OF HIS APARTMENT, HIS EYES RED AND HIS HAIR MESSY.

HE STANDS UP AND BEGINS TO WALK TO HIS BATHROOM.

CUT TO:

INT. VINNY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM- NIGHT

THE TAP RUNS, VINNY PLACES HIS HANDS UNDERNEATH THE TAP, THEN RAISING HIS HANDS TO HIS FACE, FRESHENING HIMSELF UP.

VINNY LOOKS INTO THE MIRROR, GULPING ONCE AND STARING.

CUT TO:

INT. RAYMOND'S MANSION- NIGHT

RAYMOND LOOKS AT HIS DAUGHTER, THE SONG STILL PLAYING IN THE SCENE.

HIS DAUGHTER SLEEPS IN HER BED, MARIA ASLEEP NEXT TO HER.

RAYMOND SMILES, THEN CLOSING THE DOOR AND WALKING AWAY.

CUT TO:

INT. RAYMOND'S LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

RAYMOND SITS ON HIS COUCH, LOOKING AT THE TV SCREEN.

HE GRABS A CUBAN CIGAR AND PLACES IT IN HIS MOUTH.

HE LIGHTS IT UP WITH THE LIGHTER, HE BEGINS TO SMOKE, LOOKING TO THE TV STILL.

CUT TO:

INT. RAYMOND'S LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

WE SEE THE SHOT OF RAYMOND SLEEPING ON THE COUCH. HE HAS THE CUBAN CIGAR STILL IN HIS MOUTH.

WE WATCH HIM FOR A WHILE. THEN THE CIGAR FALLS FROM HIS MOUTH AND DIFFUSES ON THE FLOOR.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRTY GHETTO NEW YORK COURTYARDS- NIGHT

LAMAR HOLDS LIAM'S PHONE IN HIS HANDS.

HE LOOKS DOWN ONTO IT, FOCUSING ON IT.

CUT TO:

DIRTY GHETTO NEW YORK COURTYARDS- NIGHT

TYRONE LEANS AGAINST THE FENCE, MARCUS LEANS NEXT TO HIM.

TYRONE SMIRKS, THEN SLAPPING MARCUS LIGHTLY ON THE CHEEK,  
THEY BOTH SMILE AT EACHOTHER.

CUT TO:

INT. PIERCE'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

PIERCE SITS ON HIS SOFA, HIS GIRLFRIEND KEESHA LAYS IN HIS  
ARMS. KEESHA IN HER UNDERWEAR AND PIERCE IN SOME SHORTS WITH  
NO TOP ON.

PIERCE RUBS HIS FACE WITH HIS FREE HAND, THE OTHER HAND  
CRADLING KEESHA.

PIERCE SLIDES KEESHA OFF OF HIM, THEN STANDING FROM THE  
COUCH.

CUT TO:

INT. PIERCE'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

PIERCE LEANS OUT OF HIS WINDOW, LOADING HIS GUN.

THE CAMERA PANS ACROSS THE COURTYARDS.

CUT BACK TO PIERCE THEN, HE LOOKS CONCERNED. HE PULLS HIMSELF  
BACK INSIDE HIS APARTMENT AND CLOSES HIS WINDOW.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRTY GHETTO NEW YORK COURTYARDS- NIGHT

THE SONG FADES OUT.

LAMAR SITS ON THE BLEACHER, HE LOOKS AT THE PHONE.

TYRONE  
(O.S) LAMAR!!

LAMAR LOOKS UP, THE CAMERA FITS TYRONE ON THE SCREEN, HE  
STANDS WITH MARCUS.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
You coming inside for a toke?

LAMAR  
Nawh, man. Maybe another time.

TYRONE  
Don't worry too much about that  
phone, nigga.

LAMAR

I won't.

TYRONE AND MARCUS WALK AWAY.

LAMAR SIGHS, LOOKING FORWARD.

LAMAR (CONT'D)

Stupid phone, ain't even a reason  
to believe in you.

THE PHONE BEGINS TO RING.

LAMAR'S EYES WIDEN.

HE LOOKS DOWN ONTO THE PHONE, GULPING ONCE.

THE PHONE SHOWS "H-M" CALLING.

LAMAR HOLDS THE PHONE TO HIS EAR, THEN ANSWERING IT.

LAMAR (CONT'D)

Hello?

A HISPANIC MALE SPEAKS OVER THE PHONE.

UNKOWN VOICE

(OVER THE PHONE) Hey, Liam. It's  
Horatio, yo. You did a great job  
letting us work on the attack a few  
days back. We need to work out when  
the next attack is, homie.

LAMAR SHAKES HIS HEAD IN AWE, THEN LOOKING INTO SPACE IN  
SILENCE.

UNKOWN VOICE (CONT'D)

(OVER THE PHONE) Liam? You there?

LAMAR

Yeah, yeah, sorry. Call me back  
tomorrow at 3pm, I'm free then.

UNKOWN VOICE

(OVER THE PHONE) Alright then. Be  
safe.

THE PHONE HANGS UP.

LAMAR

Shit.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE CHORUS TO "HUSH" BY DEEP PURPLE PLAYS THE CREDITS OUT.

(CONT'D)