

Violent Behavior

by

Karl J. Niemiec

Karl J. Niemiec
LapTopPublishing LLC
P.O. Box 3501
Carmel, IN 46082
317-379-5716

FADE IN:

EXT. WILSHIRE HIGH RISE - NIGHT

A TAXI DRIVER pulls out of heavy traffic, stopping behind a long black limo... and HONKS.

LLOYD (V.O.)
Who the hell is that?

TAXI DRIVER
Hey. Move up so I can get my ass
out of traffic. Hey.

ERIC (V.O.)
You want me to go have a word?

LLOYD (V.O.)
Shit. No. Move to B, Eric.
Fred, put a scope on that driver.

FRED (V.O.)
Red dot...on his left ear.

The limo pulls right off Wilshire and moves down along that side of the building.

EXT. EAST SIDE OF HIGH RISE - NIGHT

DEA Agent ERIC JAMES, 40's, opens the driver's door.

He WIPES his nose and steps out taking off a driver's COAT and CAP, revealing his GUN HARNESS. He moves to the OPENING trunk.

ERIC
Who screwed up on that one, Lloyd?

LLOYD (V.O.)
Just stay put. We'll bring you
back around when we get him in.

Eric takes out a bag. He pulls out a climbing rig and straps it on. He puts suction cups on his hands and knees. Then straps on a chest pack.

Feeling powerful. He closes the trunk and moves to the building, looking up, and begins to climb.

EXT. WILSHIRE HIGH RISE - PANNING TELESCOPE - NIGHT

Through the TELESCOPE, we follow Eric up the high rise... and leave him behind as we quickly move thirty-six floors up to the penthouse condo.

And come to rest catching LAUREN De'ANGELO, 30's, stepping out of the shower...

...and moving with her towel to her nightstand where she sits and begins to DRY her hair.

The place is immaculate... first class all the way and Lauren is gorgeous... beyond any common man's dreams.

INT. LOG CABIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

CHARLIE FEVER, tall, 40's, ruggedly handsome with biker, tattoo's on his arms and body. In his boxer shorts.

He ties his long hair back in the mirror and flexes a few times, checking himself out. Not bad.

He moves and stops in front of his closet selecting a new suit from the closet full of T-shirts and leather.

He tries a couple of new ties, not liking either of them, and puts them on the bed next to a shoe box.

He glances at his laptop computer screen clock before moving to the window, looking out, checking down below.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. KANAN ROAD - DAY

With a ROAR, Charley navigates the road on his Harley.

Suddenly, from the other direction, Lauren rounds the bend in her new Jaguar. Not even plates on it yet.

INT. JAG - DAY

Lauren drives without a care.

LAUREN
(negotiating on phone)
Could you please double check for me. It'll just take you a second.
Yes, reservations for six. Lauren De'Angelo. Yes, that's me. Thank you. I'll hold.

EXT. KANAN ROAD - DAY

The Jag crosses the center divider. Lauren looks up just in time to fined...

EXT. KANAN ROAD - DAY

... Charley cutting away from the ravine.

INT. JAG - DAY

Lauren turns the steering wheel the other way.

EXT. KANAN ROAD - DAY

Charley putting his Harley down, sliding up the road. He's obviously done this before.

EXT. RAVINE - NIGHT

The Lauren's Jag goes off the road and down the steady slope and SMASHES into a rock.

INT. JAB - DAY

The AIR BAG inflates into Lauren's face.

EXT. KANAN ROAD

Charley picks himself up, looking around for the Jag. Seeing nothing... until a cloud of SMOKE rises out of the ravine.

He picks his Harley up and rolls it off the road. Then limps as fast as he can over the edge of the ravine.

EXT. RAVINE - NIGHT

Lauren is trying without much luck to get out of the Jag.

Charley slides down. Reaching the Jag, seeing the door can't be opened. And jumps on top of the car. He kicks in the sunroof. And pulls her out. With a dazed Lauren in his arms, he jumps off the car.

Suddenly aware again of his leg hurting. And moves her away as the Jag ERUPTS into flames.

Lauren, in a business suit is still in a bit of shock as she realizes that she's in the arms of this leather clad biker.

They look at one another... and it's like the North and South Poles colliding.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. CHARLEY'S CABIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Charley turns away from the window. And moves back to his laptop computer. He hits a few buttons. A screen TIMER starts a TEN HOUR COUNTDOWN.

EXT. HIGH RISE - NIGHT

Eric continues to club the building.

INT. HIGH RISE - NIGHT

Lauren puts on her lingerie... first her PANTIES, then BRA, followed by garters and slowly very gently she rolls on a pair of stockings.

EXT. CHARLEY'S HILLTOP CABIN - NIGHT

The place is awesome, could be any wilderness, but it's got a billion dollar view of Los Angeles. Charley exits. Despite himself, looking good, checking around to make sure he's alone. Nine-Millimeter drawn.

He pulls out and hits a remote alarm button on his 1972 CORVETTE parked in a clearing, and away from the cabin.

He braces himself for the worst, but nothing happens.

INT. CORVETTE - NIGHT

Charley closes the door. The interior has been redone with lots of electronic gizmos.

He reaches into his coat pocket and takes out the ring case. He opens it revealing a magnificent diamond ring. Bling.

He hits a phone pad and his car phone SPEED DIALS.

CHARLEY

I'm on my way. Twenty minutes.
Lauren... Thank you for letting me
love you.

(dials another number)

How we doin', Lloyd?

LLOYD (V.O.)

We got you all the way, Charley.
We can see you now. When you see
me, I want that gun.

Charley drives off.

FLASHBACK:

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

DEA AGENT LLOYD RIVERS, 50's, stops before signing a government document.

Lauren and Charley are the only others there.

LLOYD

Considering our past, Lauren, I'd like to express my opinion in private.

LAUREN

We are in private, Lloyd. Charley knows all about Tamera.

LLOYD

This isn't about you screwing up my marriage. This is about you throwing your life away for this piece of shit. And despite the heartaches you've caused me, I'm concerned about you.

LAUREN

I'd like to express the fact that I'm a big girl. I'm rich. And I can do and go wherever I please. And being with Charley pleases me. So, if you want the information in Charley's head, keep your concerns and your opinions to yourself.

Lloyd signs the papers. He gets up and heads for the door... he looks back at them and leaves.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. HIGH RISE - THROUGH TELESCOPE - NIGHT

Eric reaches the penthouse floor and makes his way over the balcony railing.

INT. LAUREN'S BED ROOM - TELESCOPE ADJUSTS CLOSER - NIGHT

Lauren glides into a SLIP... sexual anticipation as she turns to see herself in the mirror... running her hands over her body, tense yet confident.

TELESCOPE FOLLOWS Lauren as she moves into the living room, putting on MUSIC, dimming the lights.

She then moves to the WET BAR where she OPENS the wine refrigerator to check on a bottle of Champaign.

She pulls the bottle out of the wine sleeve, feels it. And slides the not cold enough bottle back in.

Stopping to look at herself and Charley, skiing in a series of looking good and having fun pictures above the bar.

LAUREN (V.O.)
 Just the sound of your voice,
 Charley Fever. You've put a spell
 on me... and now I'm yours...
 (sees the time)
 Oh god, five minutes.

She heads back towards the bedroom.

EXT. TELESCOPE ADJUST TO HIGH-RISE BALCONY - NIGHT

Eric removes a small crowbar from his chest pack.

Moves to the sliding door... it's locked...and PRIES it open.

EXT. HIGH RISE - NIGHT

Charley gives Tim playing the parking attendant his Corvette KEYS and goes inside.

Tim gets into the Vette.

TIM
 He's on his way in.

FRED (V.O.)
 Our cabby is pulling away with
 two blue hairs. How about a tail?

LLOYD (V.O.)
 Everybody stay home.

INT. HIGH RISE BEDROOM - THROUGH TELESCOPE - NIGHT

Lauren puts on her jewelry.

Behind her, Eric moves across the living room to the wet bar.

Lauren puts on her PARTY DRESS, zipping it up in back.

INT. HIGH RISE - WET BAR - NIGHT

Eric opens the wine refrigerator and takes enough PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES out of his bag to level the entire floor.

He pulls out the bottle of Champagne and slides the plastic with PLUNGER DEVICE in behind the bottle and carefully slides the bottle back in place until it's armed with a CLICK.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Charley and Lloyd ride up. Lloyd's not happy about a smile growing on Charley's face... as he remembers.

FLASHBACK:

INT. DINING ROOM - LAUREN'S PARENTS HOUSE - NIGHT

Servants hover around formal dining room. Dinner is being consumed under a considerable cloud of discomfort.

Charley and Lauren's eyes meet. She tries not to giggle like a little girl who knows she's tormenting her parents

MRS. DE'ANGELO.

So, you're into computer banking design, I hear. Fascinating stuff.

CHARLEY

Yes, Sir.

MR. DE'ANGELO

Yet with no formal education outside of the military. Our government money put to its finest.

CHARLEY

I also specialized in surveillance. Remote weapons. Robotics. Things that fly in the night. And other fun loving stuff.

MR. DE'ANGELO

What a shame you didn't stick with the US Government.

CHARLEY

They never made the right offer.

LAUREN

Charley is worth more than you, Daddy. Even more than you and I inherited, Mother. Combined.

CHARLEY

I invested in the Internet early on.

MRS. DE'ANGELO.

Well, I guess money surely isn't everything, then is it. You arrived on a Motorcycle, Mr. Fever?

LAUREN

I sent a car for him, Mother. He's leaving on a new Harley delivered here to replace the one I damaged.

MR. DE'ANGELO

Yes, motorcycles. A Mr. Cuevas. My friends tell me you have ties to his company.

LAUREN

Cuevas. Charley? Is this true?

Charley is extremely out of place.

CHARLEY

Yes. I designed banking software for them. I designed surveillance hardware and security platforms and also installed them.

MR. DE'ANGELO

And your best friend runs Mr. Cuevas company.

CHARLEY

Yes. Drew Dove.

MRS. DE'ANGELO

And just what is the product that Mr. Cuevas sells?

Charley looks over at Lauren. He's not getting much help there. He's trapped.

LLOYD (O.S.)

You're sweating, Charley.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. ELAVATOR - NIGHT

Charley takes out the ring case, flashing the 9MM, and shows the ring to Lloyd.

CHARLEY

Swim with sharks you smell like bait.

LLOYD
Nice. You don't deserve this.

CHARLEY
Everything you want is right here.
(taps his head)

LLOYD
If only we could twist it off and
throw the rest away.

CHARLEY
And disappoint the lady?

LLOYD
She'd get over it, low life.

CHARLEY
Envy becomes you, Lloyd.

LLOYD
Lets have the nine-mil.

CHARLEY
Before I get on the plane.

The elevator stops as Lloyd pushes Charley up against the wall. He takes the nine-millimeter.

LLOYD
Just too smart for your own good,
Charley. Relax. One hour, you're
slaving in the land of the Feds.

CHARLEY
And you're free to romance your
wife back. You should thank me.
Instead of acting like such a stiff
dick.

LLOYD
Don't make me hurt you.
(into Mic)
Comin' out.

The DOOR OPENS.

INT. HIGH RISE - NIGHT

Lauren comes out of the bedroom and crosses to the kitchen,
PUTTING A PAN of finger food into the oven and turns it on.

EXT. HIGH RISE BALCONE - NIGHT

Eric slides back over the railing.

CUEVAS (O.S.)

What the hell is he leaving for?
He said he was shooting Charley.
Didn't he?

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Charley makes his way down to Lauren's corner penthouse.

JOE RODRIGUEZ, dressed as a HOUSE BOY, walks by nodding to him.

JOE

(into mic)
I got him.

Charley stops at Lauren's door, straightening his tie.

He reaches for the doorbell. Charley's finger stops just short of ringing the bell.

He looks back at Rodriguez who's still walking away.

Charley tries again but still can't get himself to push the button. Charley changes his mind... looking over at Joe Rodriguez... starting to knock.

Joe is keeping busy, but keeps an eye on Charley.

JOE

Have some class... use the buzzer.
Surprised you didn't wait outside
and honk your horn.

CHARLEY

Look at me, I'm takin' shit from a
dumb waiter.

JOE

Drop dead.

LLOYD (V.O.)

Leave 'em alone, Joe.

JOE

Lucky bastard.

Reluctantly, Charley reaches for the doorbell again.

INT. HIGH RISE - NIGHT

Lauren selects two champagne glasses, setting them down while reaching for the wet bar cooler door.

She opens it to check the bottle of Crystal again when her DOOR BELL rings.

She stops, closing the cooler and moves to the front door.

Opening it to find Charley. She goes into his arms, hugging and kissing him at the door. True love all over their faces.

CHARLEY

God, I missed you.

She steps aside to let him in.

LAUREN

Enter at your own risk, cowboy.
I've got plans for you.

She leads him into the living room.

CHARLEY

And your parents thought I was the bad one. How was the trip?

LAUREN

Too long, but everything is set.
No one will find us. The car should be waiting right about now.

CHARLEY

I'm scared shitless.

Lauren puts her fingers to her lips and comes to him wrapping her arms around his chest.

LAUREN

There's nothing here for us, Charley.
Unless you undo what you've done.

CHARLEY

I don't trust any of these people.

LAUREN

Through Lloyd we can walk away together.

CHARLEY

The only true way to stop a beast
like Cuevas... is to still his heart.

LAUREN
You're not a killer. Are you?

CHARLEY
I just want out and to be with you.

LAUREN
Then handing over Cuevas financial
and manufacturing records is our
only option.

CHARLEY
But --

LAUREN
-- There are no buts if we are to
be safe together.

CHARLEY
You don't know these people.

LAUREN
I know I love you, Charley.
(turns to the bar)
Now here, take these to the balcony.
(she hands over glasses)
I've got something in the oven.

CHARLEY
You're not...?

LAUREN
No silly, hors-d'oeuvres. You'll
like where I'm taking you. So much
to learn.

CHARLEY
For an old fashioned biker.

LAUREN
And a computer genius. There's
a good world out there, Charley,
waiting for a mind like yours.

Charley LAUGHS. Lauren reacts.

CHARLEY
Sorry. That's what they told me in
the Army.

LAUREN
Hey, be all you can be, in my arms.

CHARLEY

Yes, ma'am.

Charley gives her a sweet SMOOCH and takes the glasses over to the sliding glass doors leading to the balcony, thinking nothing of it to find them unlocked.

He slides them open and goes out.

EXT. HIGH RISE BALCONY - THROUGH TELESCOPE - NIGHT

Charley comes out, taking in the view.

CHARLEY

You want me to get the bottle?

LAUREN (O.S.)

Give it a sec... I'll bring it.

EXT. HIGH RISE BALCONY - CHARLEY

He turns to look into the apartment. He takes out the ring box and opens it, takes a DEEP BREATH.

FLASHBACK:

INT. CHARLEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Charley and Lauren make love for the first time. The clothes they had been wearing when they met are on the floor.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. HIGH RISE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

She comes out of the kitchen carrying a plate of hot food. She smiles at him, floating on air, moving to the wet bar.

EXT. HIGH RISE BALCONY - NIGHT

Charley's gaze moves to... the glass doors where the frame has been PRIED BACK.

Sudden panic alarm. He looks up to Lauren.

INT. HIGH RISE - NIGHT

Lauren is bent to pull the bottle out... her fingers grip around the neck... and pulls.

EXT. HIGH RISE - NIGHT

The ENTIRE FLOOR EXPLODES out from the cooler.

EXT. HIGH RISE BALCONY - NIGHT

Charley blasted back over the railing, on FIRE, out of sight.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Joe Rodriguez gets blown right through the hallway wall into the condo behind him.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Lloyd Rivers steps out of the elevator as the building rocks.

He turns to the open elevator knowing what's about to happen.

And dives out of the way as the force of the BLAST comes down the elevator shaft... and WIPES OUT the lobby.

EXT. HIGH RISE - THROUGH TELESCOPE - PANNING DOWN - NIGHT

Charley falls, flames trailing behind him. Falling and falling....

EXT. RTD BUS - NIGHT

The PASSENGERS react to the explosion from above... the bus slamming to a stop.

INT. RTD BUS - NIGHT

Charley CRASHES through the top... BLOOD and FLAMES everywhere... passengers SCREAMING... pushing to get away.

Finally an OLD WOMAN gets on her hands and knees, taking off her COAT to put Charley out.

EXT. LIMO - NIGHT

A burning COUCH and other raining scrap BURST the limo into FLAMES.

Eric is barely able to get out of the way, having to roll in the garden dirt to put out the fire on his driver's suit.

INT. RTD BUS - NIGHT

The Woman pulls back her coat to reveal just how horrific Charley's condition is.

He's a twisted mess of burnt flesh and bone. His face all but gone, his chest and belly virtually ripped completely open.

His beating heart and lungs visible.

His ARMS and LEGS are MANGLED.

The old lady reacts in horror...stumbling back.

The BUS DRIVER finishes getting the others off the bus...

... before he kneels down beside Charley...

Charley's remaining eye on him... not even a lid to blink.

BUS DRIVER

I'm sorry, Mister. God comfort you
in Heaven.

The driver takes off his coat and places it over Charley,
crosses himself.

Outside the bus AMBULANCE, POLICE and FIRE TRUCKS arrive.

EXT. HIGH RISE PENTHOUSE - ACROSS THE STREET - NIGHT

FLAMES from Lauren's condo reflects from the glass.

JAMIE CUEVAS, slender, darkly handsome, stands behind the
TELESCOPE with REVENGE gleaming from his eyes as a cruel
smirk grows on his face.

INT. HIGH RISE PENTHOUSE - ACROSS THE STREET - NIGHT

DREW DOVE, a fat BIKER, is not happy. Cuevas turns from the
window.

CUEVAS

A tad excessive, but effective.
With army buddies like you... who
needs family.

Drew's face is not happy. He's blown up his lifetime best
friend.

EXT. RTD BUS - NIGHT

POLICE and FIREMEN rush the building and the bus.

Within seconds Charley's body is taken from the bus and put
into an ambulance and whisked away.

In the b.g. Agent Lloyd Rivers is on another STRETCHER being
brought out of the building along with other BODIES in BODY
BAGS.

EXT. HIGH RISE - NIGHT

FLAMES still coming from Lauren's apartment.

EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - NIGHT

DEA Agents Lloyd Rivers sits up on his stretcher, an attendant sees to his wound.

Eric walks up to them, his clothes singed. He takes in Lloyd's injuries.

ERIC
Jesus singing Christ. What the
hell was that?

Lloyd turns to find his younger, half brother, Eric.

LLOYD
Give us a minute, will ya.

The attendant moves away.

ERIC
Please don't tell me that son-of-a-
bitch is dead.

LLOYD
Might as well be.

TIM
Joe Rodriguez, too.

ERIC
Shit. What the hell happened?

LLOYD
We underestimated Cuevas.

ERIC
Lauren?

FRED
To smithereens.

ERIC
Holy.... We messed up big.

LLOYD
Nobody could've seen this. You
gonna live?

ERIC

Sure, other than having about a billion dollars worth of burning furniture dropped twenty floors onto my head, I'm just flyin' fantastic. And screw the limo, the whole thing just melted to the ground. Unrecognizable.

(looks up at the flames
then across to the
adjacent high rise)

Shit, two years up in smoke. This was air tight. We had Cuevas by the gonads.

LLOYD

Next time we grab tighter.

ERIC

Yeah. Well, there's no next time for me, big brother. After the Feds are done with this mess, I'm out. It's time for me to follow my dreams.

Eric turns away, looks up at the building.

LLOYD

Hey, don't do anything stupid.

ERIC

Relax, Lloyd, the Feds want me, I'm in Mexico. Relaxing. If I come back, I'm making wine. There's just not enough money in this shit.

FRED

Hey, what the hell, man. You can't just walk from this.

ERIC

Look at me... look at you guys... look at Rodriguez. Look at Charley... look at this building. It's over.

LLOYD

Hey, this job's not over until Cuevas is behind bars.

ERIC

Punch me out, Lloyd. He won. Who's gonna let us back in now?

LLOYD
I'll find another way.

ERIC
You'll find away to get yourselves
killed. Cuevas is a sick vicious
son-of-a-bitch and that's the facts.

LLOYD
I ain't afraid to die... not anymore
I'm not. We're bringing that low
life drug dealer down.

ERIC
Well, I'm out. Have fun.

Eric walks off.

LLOYD
Eric. What the hell?

Lloyd sits there looking at Tim and Fred.

THREE SUITS walk up to them, they're Feds. They look each
other over. Nobody's happy.

FED #1
You got some explaining to do,
Rivers.

LLOYD
Piss off.

FED #1
I want to see you and your people
in your office first thing tomorrow
morning. Make sure Eric is there.

LLOYD
How do I know it wasn't one of you
guys.

FED #1
Well, when we get done sticking
our probe up your asses we'll bend
over and you can stick yours up
ours.

LLOYD
My guys have a clean bill of
health. All of them.

The Feds walk away.

LLOYD
Hey, you hear me? Clean, goddamn
it.

TIM
Relax, they don't give a shit.

They look back up at the building.

EXT - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

The AMBULANCE pulls to a noisy stop.

Emergency workers scramble about as Charley is taken from the truck and into the hospital.

DR. TAMERA RIVERS shouts DIRECTIONS and follows Charley in.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Charley is wheeled in.

Another PATIENT with HEAD and body INJURIES is wheeled out.

His face and head is wrapped in gaus; his arms and legs in casts.

No one is waiting for him as they wheel him into INTENSIVE CARE.

Everyone else is in a rush trying to regroup.

Dr. Tamera Rivers calmly pulls back the sheet as Charley is put on the operating table.

They start hooking him up to equipment, cutting away his burnt clothing.

TAMERA
Jesus. This one's even worse.
What's this one's name?

NURSE
Charley Fever.

This stops Tamera cold.

NURSE
Dr. Rivers? Dr. Rivers?

Tamera comes out of it, looking at the nurse.

NURSE
Lieutenant Rivers is --

TAMERA
-- Tell 'em we got a long night in
here... he's welcome to wait.

NURSE
Lloyd's in E-two. Minor burns.

Tamera reacts again...

but Charley's working eye is stuck open, watching her.

She reaches for his hand, still gripping the ring box. His
hand opens, she sees the ring.

CHARLEY
Lauren?

TAMERA
Oh, my god... no.

NURSE
There was another person a female.
Let me take that.

Charley closes his hand.

TAMERA
Let Charley keep it... I'm sorry.

CHARLEY
Lauren... me alive... whatever.

TAMERA
Charley... I'll do my best. Put
him under. Get me McDonald and
Savage. We're cutting into your
brain Charley... your chest and
abdomen are wide open but most of
your organs look intact.
(examines his lower body)
I'm bringing down Dr. Savage to save
your legs. Do you understand?
(inspects his chest again)
Jesus, what is that?

NURSE
It's a melted CD.

TAMERA

It's bonded to his ribs. Holy shit,
this thing may have saved his life.

NURSE

I hope he had back up.

Tamera gives her a look as Charley starts to fade.

CHARLEY

... can pay... a mil to keep me....

Charley goes under.

Just then Lloyd enters. See's Charley out cold... nurses try
to keep him out... he's got bad BURNS.

LLOYD

Tamera....

Tamera turns to see the condition that Lloyd's in.

TAMERA

What the hell have you done?

LLOYD

Lauren... she's --

TAMERA

-- You son-of-a-bitch, not now.
Not now.

NURSE

Maybe we should.

TAMERA

Don't. I can handle this. Get out
of here, Lloyd, and find me next of
kin. This man will never be whole
again.

Lloyd backs out and leaves. Tamera and her staff go to work.

INT. CUEVAS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Eric and Drew sit waiting. Eric takes out a VILE and cuts
himself a line.

Cuevas is not happy with the two other men as he enters.

CUEVAS

Could've killed your own brother.

ERIC
Could've, should've, would've...
the job's done. Where's my money?

DREW
Could've killed yourself.

ERIC
I'm here. And I want my money.

Cuevas picks up an briefcase from behind the bar. He places it in front of Eric.

Eric just looks at it. From his ankle HOLSTER he pulls a gun and points it at Drew.

DREW
What the hell is this?

ERIC
Just open it.

Drew looks at Cuevas then moves over and opens the briefcase. Inside are stacks of thousand dollar bills.

DREW
I ain't counting this shit.

ERIC
I didn't ask you to.

The house phone RINGS as Eric slides the briefcase in front of him, setting down his gun. He takes out some of the money. Smells it.

Cuevas picks up the phone.

CUEVAS
Si. What? How? No, I'll take
care of it right now.

Cuevas hangs up the phone. He grabs the coffee table and topples it over. Then Cuevas is on top of Eric with his gun to Eric's head.

CUEVAS
You stupid pig.

ERIC
Get your ass off me.

Drew doesn't know what to do.

CUEVAS
 (to Drew)
 Pick up his gun.

Drew picks it up.

DREW
 What? Is he wired? What?

CUEVAS
 Wired. I wish he were wired. I'd
 kill him right now.

ERIC
 What the hell is the matter with
 you? Get off me.

CUEVAS
 He's alive.

DREW
 What?

CUEVAS
 He's alive. Alive.

ERIC
 There's no way... he....

Cuevas clobbers Eric with his gun. Eric goes down to the
 floor. Cuevas is on him like a mad man.

CUEVAS
 I give you a million dollars to
 kill one man. One million dollars.
 What do I get? I get a building
 blown to shit. I get a woman lawyer
 killed, a cop and who knows who the
 hell else you've blown up. But
 Charley? No, Charley is still alive.
 I want him dead, do you two hear me?
 Dead. Dead, dead, dead, dead, dead!

Cuevas gets off Eric. Eric crawls away. Cuevas kicks him.

CUEVAS
 Kill him, kill that thieving bastard.
 You want your stinking money? Kill
 him, kill Charley Fever. Or I will
 hack you to pieces and feed you to
 my fish.

Eric is finally out of Cuevas reach and he gets up. He pulls himself together. Looks over at Drew, who isn't offering much. Then down to his money spread onto the floor.

ERIC

Alright, alright, you through with this bullshit? You done playin' the man? Give me my gun, Drew. Give it.

Drew looks over at Cuevas who's pouring himself a stiff one. Nearly hyperventilating.

ERIC

Give it to me, or I'll be back in two minutes to blow up this place.

CUEVAS

Shoot him.

DREW

What about Charley?

CUEVAS T

Goddamn it, shoot him. Shoot this prick. Shoot him right in the head.

DREW

Who's gonna kill Charley?

CUEVAS

Forget Charley. Charley's a fried vegetable. You brought this ass to me, so you kill him.

DREW

What if he wakes up?

CUEVAS

Then we kill him.

DREW

That could be a year. We don't know where he's gonna be. We're talkin' the Feds. They could put him anywhere. We got to do it now.

Cuevas looks at Eric.

ERIC

Give me back my gun. My gun and I'll go over there and kill him.

CUEVAS
Just shoot him this time. No more
blowin' buildings up.

ERIC
Don't worry.

CUEVAS
Don't worry. He tells me not to
worry. The man's brain knows how
to get to my two hundred million
dollars better than I do. And I'm
not to worry. Shoot him, Drew.
Shoot him.

DREW
Let him finish it.

CUEVAS
The man is an incompetent ass.

DREW
If he wants his money, he'll shoot
him this time.

CUEVAS
This time.

ERIC
Right between the eyes.

CUEVAS
You've got one hour. One hour.

Drew tosses Eric his gun.

Eric catches it and points it at Cuevas. Then starts
SHOOTING BOTTLES out from behind the bar.

Cuevas doesn't move. Eric stops when he feels like it.

ERIC
Alright, I'm ready.

INT. CHARLEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The laptop clock has counted down to one hour.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - BLACK VAN - NIGHT

Eric points a HIGH POWERED surveillance microphone at the
hospital. He LISTENS with a headset.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Tamera sits completely exhausted. Lloyd walks up the hall and Charley is wheeled into an Intensive Care Room.

Fred and Tim guard the door. They nod to Lloyd.

Lloyd sits next to Tamera who's holding a picture of Lauren in her hands. She's crying.

LLOYD

Damn reporters. Vultures, all of 'em. I'm sorry. You want me to --

TAMERA

-- No. Stay. Finally Lauren getting what Lauren wanted was too much.

LLOYD

Yeah. I tried to tell her.

TAMERA

I heard. You were there?

LLOYD

Inside. Ten seconds earlier and I'd'a been barbecued. They got Joe Rodrigues, too. Took out the entire floor. What Charley knows must go very high. That, and I need Charley alive, is all I can tell you.

TAMERA

Great, you're playing with the Feds again. Well, Charley isn't the man he used to be.

LLOYD

Who is?

TAMERA

He's missing some vital parts. And there was a CD melted onto his ribs over his heart. May have saved his life.

LLOYD

I don't suppose? No, I guess not.

TAMERA

Jesus, Lloyd. Anybody find a penis? Maybe some testicles... how about fingers or a nostril or two?

LLOYD

What? I don't give a shit about his looks or his sex life. I only need what's in his head. So, just do whatever it takes. The Feds can pick threw the left overs.

Tamera slugs Lloyd.

TAMERA

You can be a heartless prick.

LLOYD

I'm just doing my job. He was a lowlife. Helped build a drug empire. You ever been up to Drew's compound? It's an heavily armed fortress. Can sleep over a hundred. Wired and booby-trapped. Charley did that.

Tamera squeezes the bandages on his arm.

LLOYD

Ah, and that's... ouch, damn that's sick. You call yourself a doctor.

TAMERA

And still stupid Mrs. Rivers because some jerk cop won't sign simple divorce papers.

LLOYD

I'll tell you what. You save this punk so I can talk to him, and I'll find those papers. I'll sign them on his chest.

TAMERA

It's not up to your stupid games, Lloyd. It's up to Charley. But you have a deal.

INT. CHARLEY'S CABIN BEDROOM - LAPTOP - NIGHT

The last five seconds tick off. The word "SEND" appears. Then the words "Transactions Finished."

INT. CUEVAS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

In a chair at his desk, Cuevas gets blown by a girl on her knees. Apparently, she's good.

EMILIO burst into the room. He's hysterical.

EMILIO

Jaime.

CUEVAS

What? Can't a man get a blow job by a beautiful woman without one of you assholes bursting in here?

Emilio looks down at the girl.

EMILIO

This is my woman.

CUEVAS

I don't need you to tell me who's sucking my dick, Emilio. I know she's your woman. You can have her back when she's finished. Now leave.

EMILIO

The computers. We got a big problem.

The girl continues, driving Emilio crazy.

CUEVAS

I don't know shit about computers. That's why I had Charley train you. What'd it do... crash... or whatever you computer cholos call it?

EMILIO

No, it's up and running just fine.

CUEVAS

(to girl)

Don't stop.

(to Emilio)

Look, if you're here to enjoy the show, get behind her. Otherwise, what the hell do you want?

EMILIO

Your money. It is gone.

CUEVAS

What?

Cuevas pushes the girl off and pulls up his pants.

EMILIO

All ten accounts transferred.

CUEVAS

My Swiss accounts? Off shores?

EMILIO

Empty. A weakness in the firewall.

CUEVAS

I'm being screwed by Bill Gates?

EMILIO

It was like a virus or somethin'.
Bang. It just kicked in minutes
ago. I couldn't stop it.

CUEVAS

New York, Florida, LA, Panama?

EMILIO

Empty. Somebody tapped in. Maybe
controlling our computers from the
outside.

CUEVAS

Somebody. Who the hell's somebody?

EMILIO

I don't know. There's no trace.
The money could be anywhere.

CUEVAS

How could anybody get in this
quick? Charley. Get me a goddamn
phone.

The girl hands Cuevas a cell phone. Cuevas dials.

CUEVAS

Get her out of here. But keep her
around, she's very good.

EMILIO

Thank you.

Emilio and the girl leave.

CUEVAS

And find my money.

(into phone)

It's me. Stop Eric. Just stop him. Call him. We need Charley alive. The shit took all our money. Check your accounts. If he got mine he probably got yours for the same reason. Stop him now.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - ERIC

Making his way slowly across the parking lot.

INT. ERIC'S VAN - NIGHT

Eric's cell phone is RINGING.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE - NIGHT

The NORSE sits reading a magazine, glancing up at the monitors once in a while.

Suddenly, Charley's goes FLAT LINE. ALARMS go off.

Another male PATIENT, in a complete body cast, his face covered with gauze, looks on.

Nurses and Tamera rush into the room. Tamera checks him.

TAMERA

Shit, we're going back in.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Charley's chest is prepped.

Lloyd and Fred show up outside the door as Tamera leaves the scrub room and enters the operating room.

She glances back at them standing in the hall at the door window. Little hope on her face.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Eric enters seeing Fred and Lloyd standing with their backs towards him at the door. Other people crowd the hall.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - NIGHT

Eric slips in. All but one glass incased room is empty.

ERIC

Is this where they're keeping my brother... Charley Fever?

NURSE

Excuse me, but you....

The Nurse stands up. And Eric shoot her using a silencer.

He walks into where the Patient lies in bed. The Patient lays there, with frightened drugged out eyes. Eric looks the patient over.

ERIC

You're not nearly as bad as I'd thought you'd look.

Eric grabs one of the pulley supports and yanks on it. The patient MUMBLES in pain.

ERIC

Yeah, I know it hurts. But you know, I don't give a shit. You embarrassed me, Charley. You got me kicked in the ass by some stupid wetback who thinks he's Al-fucking Pacino. Why aren't you dead?

He yanks on the pulley supports again. The Patient MUMBLES in pain again.

ERIC

You ain't so touch. But you are one unlucky mother-of-pearl. I just want you to know that I did you strictly for the money.

The Patient MUMBLES something.

ERIC

I'd like to say I did Lauren for breaking my brother's heart. Then tossing it all away on the likes of you. But the truth is, I blew you up so I'd take out my brother, too. She just happened to be there. Of all the people involved, Lloyd would know where to find me once he figured it out. And I just couldn't enjoy my new rich retirement knowing he would.

The patient MUMBLES something again. Eric SHOTS him.

ERIC

I only wish I knew where you put
your share of the money. In your
computer shit somewhere, no doubt.

Shoots him again. This time in the head.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

Eric checks the hall and slowly walks away blending into the
clamor.

Tim, carrying coffee and food, passes by Eric, turning to
look as he realizes who he just saw.

TIM

Hey, Eric.

But Eric is gone.

Lloyd and Fred turn from the operating door. Tim turns back
and continues towards them.

Suddenly the Nurse from the intensive care room crashes
through the door, BLOOD all over her. She collapses to the
floor at Lloyd's feet... dead.

LLOYD

Get someone over here.

Lloyd goes into the intensive care room.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE - NIGHT

Lloyd enters. The Patient is dead.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

Lloyd comes back into the hall. Looking for the killer. But
he's gone.

REPORTERS rush the area.

Lloyd motions to Fred and Tim.

FEMALE REPORTER

Lieutenant Rivers, do you have any
further comment on who blew up the
high rise? Lieutenant, is this by
the same killer?

LLOYD

I told you, no comment... please...
there's a lot... Fred, get them
out... goddamn it, get them out.

FRED

What happened?

LLOYD

Someone just shot Charley Fever.

FRED

But... he --

LLOYD

-- Gone... our whole case is gone,
Fred.

(pulls Fred close)

Get our people in here, bottle
this. You hear me, Fred? Help
him, Tim.

FRED

Yes, sir... come on everyone out.
You, with the crew... outside now.
I said outside.

Fred backs the camera crew out the doors.

Tim turns to Lloyd.

TIM

Eric was here.

LLOYD

When?

TIM

Just now. And in a big hurry to
leave.

LLOYD

Say it ain't so.

TIM

I hope Cuevas paid a lot.

Tim turns to help Fred as Lloyd stands there in shock.

INT. ERIC'S VAN - NIGHT

He drives and talks on the phone.

ERIC

Not over this phone. I did what
I was asked. It's finished. To
the boarder. Then you better have
my money waiting for me.
(hangs up)

INT. TAMERA'S OFFICE - MORNING

She drags herself into her office, goes to her cupboard and
pours herself a STIFF ONE. She downs it.

LLOYD (O.S.)

Spare a drop for a tired, slightly
blown up soon to be ex-husband.

Tamera turns, not even surprised

Lloyd is lying on her couch.

TAMER

If you've got smokes.

LLOYD

Sure.

TAMERA

Thanks.

She pours herself another and slides the bottle across the
desk. Lloyd takes it and pours himself some into a used
Styrofoam coffee cup. Tamera lights up.

TAMERA

Nice to see you recycle, Lieutenant.

LLOYD

Here's to the ecology.
(downs the drink)
Ahhh... nice to see you still drink
bourbon, Doc.

TAMERA

What do you want?

LLOYD

A chance to be civil. How's our man?

TAMERA

All but brain dead. Don't place any
bets on talking to him any time soon.

LLOYD

Nice. The other body?

TAMERA

John Doe jumper off the 405 into traffic. No ID, no English, just on drugs. No one's asked for him... he wanted dead, he got what he wanted... the hard way home.

LLOYD

Go figure. I got a favor to ask.

TAMERA

Not unless I know who Charley really is and what he was doing with Lauren.

LLOYD

Lauren didn't tell you?

TAMERA

We had lunch. About a month ago. She broke it off. Said she'd found her soul mate.

LLOYD

I suppose you could've walked in and found them in your bed.

Tamera takes a deep drag.

TAMERA

You should've just joined us, Lloyd.

LLOYD

I never bite off more than I can chew.

TAMERA

She was very secretive. Who is he?

LLOYD

Charley Fever. Methamphetamine, crank. Computer genius for a big family. Big time business... Jaime Cuevas... nearly impossible to touch. Charley's got the goods all neatly packaged in his head. Lauren cut a deal for him. Relocation with the Feds somewhere. The two of them. I just need him alive long enough to ask him. It might've been on that disk, I'll never know.

TAMERA

His head may end up as melted as that CD.

LLOYD

He's all I got. I need help.

TAMERA

Go to the Salvation Army.

LLOYD

I gotta face the Feds in an hour and tell them it was my brother.

TAMERA

Tell them what?

LLOYD

That your brother in law, the man who introduced us, came and went. The Feds are all over me. They'll be in on this.

TAMERA

Yeah, right. Like I want them breathing up my shorts.

LLOYD

I'll keep them off you. I need Charley safe. There was a time --

TAMERA

-- I can't endanger my staff. I'd have to --

LLOYD

-- Look, Tamera, despite what's happened between Lauren and us... she was our friend. She put her life on the line to get me that information. She contacted me. It meant that much to her. I need to see this through. Think about who these people are. And what they're doing to America. Help me.

TAMERA

Only if your people work full time with me and my staff on my terms.

LLOYD

Tim, Fred?

TAMERA

Charley's a big guy. Someone's
gotta wipe his ass.

Lloyd flips her off.

EXT. SOUPIE'S PUB - DAY

About fifty motorcycles are parked outside.

INT. SOUPIE'S PUB - DAY

An OUTLAW MOTORCYCLE GANG, drew, SOUPIE, TONY, DOOLEY, SWING, SMOOCH, TAG, SMALLEY, TOOTER and MUSCATS stand and sit around the bar with many others.

Drew stands in the middle on a table.

DREW

Charley Fever was my best friend
and I had to kill him to protect
the rest of us. Keep that in mind.
Charley had more brains than all of
you combined. But he deserved to
die. Killing his woman wasn't us.

SOUPIE

(bartending)

Dame straight. Fine piece of ass.

MUTANT

What about our money?

The bikers all BURST OUT in response.

DREW

We're still looking for it.

The bikers all COMPLAIN.

DREW

Alright, alright, hold it down.
There's plenty of money to be had.
Our operation is still up and
running. Cuevas is in the same
boat we are. It's only money.

SWING

Only money? Some of us got family.
We lost our life savings. We trusted
that thief.

Again the bikers burst out in complaints.

Drew takes out his gun and FIRES it into the air until the place quiets down.

SOUPIE

What the hell. Like I ain't got enough leaks in this joint.

TAG

Drew, it was your idea to have Charley handle our money. What are ya gonna do to replace it?

DREW

What I ain't gonna do, is whine. We still got the compound. We still have Charley's computer system and a profitable business to run. We'll just be takin' in a little less share until we find or replace Cuevas accounts. Anybody want out, say so now.

Nobody says anything.

DREW

Good. Cause I'd hate to have to kill any more of you shitheads. The money's gone. But we'll replace it soon enough so let's get back to makin' more. Soupie, get these whining bunch of assholes drunk and out of my face.

They CLAMOR for the bar.

INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT (MONTHS LATER)

Charley slowly comes to. He looks around with the one eye that works, not having a clue as to where he's at. His face and hands are wrapped in gauze.

Tamera enters to check on him. She is carrying her dinner with her and sits on a chair with a TV dinner tray.

She starts to eat... reaching for the remote.

TAMERA

You're... oh my God, you're awake.

Tamera nearly spills her tray as she gets up and moves to Charley.

Charley's face is blank.

INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Lloyd paces back and forth. Pissed.

Charley's eyes stare into space.

INT. HOSPITAL HALL - NEXT DAY

He sits waiting outside Charley's door.

Tamera comes out. She doesn't look happy. She sits.

TAMERA

In time, he may improve... but at this point... I'm afraid --

LLOYD

-- If he's a vegetable he's useless.

TAMERA

All test indicate his brain is functionally intact. Otherwise, it's a miracle he's even alive.

LLOYD

My own kid brother.

Tamera gets up to leave.

TAMERA

I'm ordering Chinese. Join me?

Lloyd gets up and moves to the door, opens it and looks in.

Charley lies in his bed, eyes open... but no one's home.

Lloyd shuts the door.

LLOYD

Shit. From where?

INT. REHABILITATION ROOM - DAY - MONTHS LATER

Charley, wearing a protective helmet is picked up from his wheelchair and has his hands placed on the RAILS.

TIM

You can drag your feet if you want, Charley. But I know you're in there. And if you don't grab these railings, I'm gonna drop you on your ass.

Charley doesn't reach for the rails and Tim lets Charley crumble to the floor.

TIM

How did that feel? Want to feel it again? Up you go. Come on, quit messin' with me. Grab the rail. Damn, those skin drafts must hurt hittin' that carpet. Okay, one more I time. Grab the rails.

Charley doesn't make a move and Tim let's him go. Charley starts to crumble but is caught by Tim.

TIM

Last chance.

Charley reaches out with first his weaker real hand, then the stronger prosthetic HAND and ARM.

TIM

That a boy, Charley. Let's take a walk. Lloyd and the boys are gonna be real happy to know you're in there. Cause we're gettin' real tired of wiping your ass.

Charley, with the help of Tim, struggles to walk along the rails.

INT. CHARLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT - MONTHS LATER

Charley sits in his bed, his bandages off. Emotionless.

His laptop computer system sits on a rolling table reaching over him stomach.

His face and shaved head are badly deformed, several scars run back to front. A fake eye. A modern-day Frankenstein.

He holds the ring box in what's left of his good hand. The other wrist has a PERMANENT ARTIFICIAL HAND on it.

Lloyd finishes hooking up the computer.

LLOYD

This laptop I found in your bedroom.

Lloyd pulls PICTURES out of a BOX. Then he steps over to a chair and sits. Charley is hard to look at so Lloyd avoids it as best he can. He holds up a picture and shows it to Charley.

LLOYD

I know you're in there, Charley. So let's not kid each other. Physically, you're stronger than I am. I know you're definitely in there. So quit hiding.

(holds up a set of keys)

You remember owning a white Corvette? I've been driving it. Nice. Lots of cool gizmos. I love the panic button. You knew Eric was gonna blow you up, didn't you. You just didn't know when. Detroit's looking for you. You missed your calling. You got one last chance. Go design cars. We'll set you up. Just talk to me. You know we didn't do this. You know we want the same things. So, let's work together. We keep you alive. You give us Cuevas.

Charley remains emotionless.

Lloyd takes out another picture.

LLOYD

This is Lauren De'Angelo, the woman you were running away to marry, Charley. Your friends paid my brother to kill you. Instead you got your balls blown off and she was left in several pieces scattered all over the place. And I lost a good man and I don't know... shit... I don't know where Eric's at. The idiot. I didn't see that coming. So you got to excuse me. Damn. He's in Mexico maybe. Our mom is out of her head. She calls me everyday. 'Don't you shoot your little bother.' You think you're blown apart? You were about to give Lauren that ring. Remember? Smell this?

(holds out a nightgown)

Shit, she smelled nice. She left this in my wife's bedroom. Smart. Rich. Powerful. Nympho? Dead. You must've been some man.

Lloyd reaches into the box. He pulls out a box of CDs.

LLOYD

The computer's got a satellite connect, Charley. But we can't make it respond. And there's nothing on the hard drive. Though it seems to randomly do something. I put our best people on it. Had them take it apart. Nothing. It could be fried. These CDs were with it. They appear blank. And we have no way of knowing if any of it matters. We had a deal. Help me stop Cuevas. Help me take down Drew. Before they find you.

Charley remains blank.

Lloyd gets frustrated and walks out of the room.

EXT. HALLWAY

He approaches Tamera.

LLOYD

He's still a jellyfish. I gave him my best bullshit. Nothing, not a goddamn glint of recognition. Tell me. Is it useless? Or is he still playing with me?

TAMERA

Calm down. It's late, have a drink with me and go on home.

LLOYD

I was this close... this close to takin' Cuevas down... shit... he turned my own brother on me. It's like, 'I got your family right here, Rivers.' And Mom's driving me bananas.

They go down the hall.

TAMERA

I know. She called me today. So stop whining. Or you're buying.

INT. CHARLEY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Charley sits in his bed, his hand moves over to the side of the bed and his bed sits up further.

He looks over at Lauren's picture... and the other pictures.

Then reaches for the computer and touches a hidden pad within the computer logo, turning it on by the one real fingerprint he has left.

He picks up the box of disks. There are no writing on them. Nothing. But Charley selects one he needs and puts it into his computer.

CLOSE ON CHARLEY'S COMPUTER MONITOR

He goes through the commands and brings up several bank accounts. He goes through them one after another.

The total comes to over TWO BILLION DOLLARS.

He makes a transaction of ONE MILLION into a SAVINGS ACCOUNT and saves the info onto a the CD and shuts off the computer.

Charley picks up a framed picture of Lauren and sees his face in the reflection.

Finally he registers emotion, putting everything back to where everything was, letting himself back down and closes his eyes.

INT. CHARLEY'S ROOM - LATER

Lloyd Rivers, sitting in the light, reads to Charley from a newspaper.

Some HAIR TRANSPLANTS covers part of his scalp. But his face is still burned beyond recognition.

LLOYD

Listen to this. Guy tweakin' on meth broke a three year old's arm in four places and crushed his girlfriend's skull trying to get her to confess on callin' the cops. She was talkin' to a neighbor. Just how many cases of child and wife abuse involves meth? To many. You and people like you turned our world into this. Our justice system doesn't know how to deal with a nasty drug epidemic of this size. Our men struggle to subdue addicts so high on meth that even a Taser won't stop them. You ever see a kid on that shit? And it can take a year after an arrest before prosecutors can file charges.

(MORE)

LLOYD (cont'd)

They're out on the streets the next day. Doing more. Destroying more. About two-thirds of the U.S. meth supply - including most of what's available in big cities like New York and LA - comes from superlabs run by scumbag organized crime family's like Cuevas and Drew.

(puts down the paper)

We know they're not the biggest ones. But they are vulnerable right now because of you. Because what's in your head. Sure you took their money, but they went right on making more. You didn't stop a thing. Have you ever been out to a neighborhood meth lab? Shit, to enter an active lab, our guys must wear a hazmat suit, a respirator and a \$2,500 self-contained breathing apparatus. Once the investigative work is over, our guys must guard the dump until cleanup crews arrive. That can take up to 36 hours. Yet the cooks walk in daily with a hanky on their faces and end up in ditches three days later. How many of Cuevas' dead Mexicans will we find this year from breathing in meth fumes before someone like you can help us take them down.

(gets up looks out the window)

I know you give a shit, Charley. It's why you took the money. So, I'm not talkin' to myself here. You want to stop it as much as I do because you know the strain doesn't end when your user buddies are put behind bars. Come on, you've seen some of your pal's women who can't sleep for ten days after a binge. Infested by hallucinations and paranoid to the point of psychosis, hollering through the night at everyone in site, setting everyone on edge. You ever visit any of your friends in a prison phyco ward? Shitheads screaming at you through glass wanting to kill you just because you're there? Even though they know you.

(MORE)

LLOYD (cont'd)

Some go on destructive rampages,
smashing their heads through cell
windows and ripping bolts from
concrete and steel holding cells,
thousands of dollars in repairs.
Once the poor dumb bastards get to
state prison, the cost skyrockets.
The drug can cause such brutal
damage to addicts' organs that some
thirty year olds enter prison
needing liver transplants and
pacemakers. Or suffer from rotten
teeth to the gum. Meth mouth.
Needing teeth.

Lloyd stands over Charley. Trying to see anything in his
eyes. But nothing.

LLOYD

All paid for by the people of our
fair state. You're a rotten son-of-
a-bitch for helping these people,
and that's why you're gonna help me.
Because that's what you've done to
my family.

Lloyd takes out his gun and puts it to Charley's chest.

He cocks the gun, wanting to pull the trigger badly, fighting
not to, turning away. Picking up the laptop, about to toss
it against the wall, stops himself, putting it back down.
He's defeated.

LLOYD

You've got to the end of rehab, or
I'll put you in some padded hell
hole... forever.

Lloyd storms out.

Charley reaches down and raises his bed, reaching over to
move the laptop into place. He turns it on, punching up a
program.

On the screen a HIGH-TECH ARMORED BANK TRUCK appears.

He punches up a window, showing his banking. He types out an
amount in thousands and types in a BANK NUMBER to transfer it
to and sends it.

MONITOR, KEYBOARD AND CHARLEY'S DEFORMED HANDS

Transaction received. Address for delivery?

His fingers working fine, he types in a HI-TECH computer customizing shop's address. Hits enter.

Charley let's the computer do it's functions, then shuts the machine off, putting it back and puts his bed down. He lies back, unable to close his eyes.

INT. CHARLEY'S ROOM - DAY

Lloyd, Tim and Fred sit around drinking COFFEE watching Tamera examine Charley.

TAMERA

He's as healthy as he'll ever be.

LLOYD

Now if we can just get him to talk.

FRED

I'd settle for him wipin' his own butt.

TIM

I know he's playing with us.
 (moves to Charley)
 You playing with us, Charley?
 (turns to the others)
 I'm telling you, he's jerking us off.

LLOYD

We're all stir-crazy. We gave it a year. I say we pull the plug.

TAMERA

Everybody out of here. Go get something to eat. Charley's alive. And we worked our butts off to keep him that way. Anyone makes a move to harm this man will have to go through me.

TIM

You lived with her, Lloyd. Can she take us?

LLOYD

She's a tough broad.

FRED

Well shit, I ain't getting my ass whooped over this. Let's go eat.

INT. CHARLEY ROOM - DAY

Charley working on the computer. He orders high-tech surveillance equipment for his truck. He finishes designs on the interior of the truck... very cool. Sends them off.

INT. CHARLEY'S ROOM - NIGHTS LATER

Lloyd enters to find Tamera waiting for him. Charley and the computer are gone.

LLOYD
Where is he?

TAMERA
He left sometime this morning.

LLOYD
He.... Goddamn it.

TAMERA
He left this behind.

Tamera hands over the CD Charley used and a piece of paper.

LLOYD
Is this it? Our deal?

TAMERA
No. It's a million dollar bank transaction to my personal account.

LLOYD
What? That's it? What about Cuevas?

TAMERA
He's a man of his word, Lloyd.
Guess you'll have to wait and see.

LLOYD
Screw that. Where is he?

TAMERA
Not here.

FLASHBACK:

INT. SHIP BALLROOM - NIGHT

Charley and Lauren as they dance a romantic tango in a spot light. A single table is set with candles champaign and roses. No one else is there.

They flow across the floor in complete concentration on each other, eyes locked on each other, lost in their own world.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. GRAVE YARD - CRYPT - MORNING

Charley comes back to reality. He wears a duster, boots, hat and a patch over the bad eye.

He bends to place live flowers beside the locked glass doors. Both his and Lauren's name are on them.

He stands, looking at his distorted reflection in the glass.

CHARLEY

You tried, baby, you tried. I knew
your way wouldn't work. There's
only one true resolve to my Hell on
Earth. Please... forgive me... I
am a killer.

A Harley APPROACHES from a distance. Charley looks up.

DREW

rides by slowly looking at Charley. He's got FLOWERS.

CHARLEY

watches.

EXT. VINEYARD - MERCED COUNTY - MORNING

Tucked behind abandoned vineyard house is an old truck shed. A red stain is eating away at the shed's metal roof.

A customized armored truck pulls into the drive.

FOUR SINALOA COWBOYS come out of the shade in their beaver hats, boots and ostrich skin belts fully armed with guns.

Charley steps out of his truck... dressed like a tourist in loud shorts and short sleeved shirt, showing his mangled legs. He carries a bag of sandwiches.

The Cowboys react to this deformed being.

CHARLEY

Excuse me, amigos. I'm lost.

MANUEL

You're more than that.

CHARLEY

I was wondering if I might trade
you lunch for use of your telephone.

MANUEL

What are you, ugly gabachos to go,
or something?
(eyes the bag)

Charley hands MANUEL the bag. Manuel goes through the bag.

CHARLEY

My on board electrical is out.
My refrigerator, air and phone are
fried.

Manuel looks to his friends.

MANUEL

He's brought us a picnic.

CHARLEY

Those were for where I was... but
the heat... all my food will go bad
if I don't get my mobile to a guy
in this area soon.

JAVIER moves over and takes the bag of sandwiches as INDIO
sticks his head inside of the truck.

INDIO

Looks like a space ship in here.

CHARLEY

Do you have a phone?

ENRIQUE steps behind Charley and puts a GUN to his head.

MANUEL

What's a freak like you doing out
here? Maybe a freak convention?

Enrique starts patting Charley down.

CHARLEY

Please, I'm only lost... if I --

MANUEL

-- Shut up... I could use a buggy
like this. This is brand new.
That is very unfortunate, freaky.
You pulled into the wrong drive.
Put him over there.

Enrique takes Charley over to a nearby tree and pushes him against it.

INDIO

I hate shooting freaks on an
empty stomach. Makes me mierda.

Manuel aims his automatic and SHOOTs just above Charley's head into the tree.

MANUEL

Don't worry, we'll have a little
practice first.

Indio takes out a sandwich. Unwraps it and starts eating.

INDIO

Chicken sandwiches. Hey, cabron...
you bring burritos... you could've
lived. If you call that livin'.

Javier reaches into the bag and pulls out a sandwich. He starts eating. Manuel and Enrique move over and take out a sandwich.

MANUEL

Hey freak, you make these yourself?
Or did your momma do these?

Indio begins to violently CHOKE. His eyes start to bulge, grabbing at his throat.

The others LAUGH. Manuel looks at Indio.

MANUEL

I know what he means... see if he's
got beer.

Manuel stops, alarmed, grabbing his throat.

Enrique and Javier react to their own burning stomachs and throats.

They turn to find Charley moving towards the truck.

They attempt to shoot him as they wither in pain. Their bullets BOUNCING off the bulletproof truck.

Charley moves back out from behind the truck, taking one of the Cowboy's automatics and moves over to the shed.

EXT. TRUCK SHED - DAY

Charley stops at the door, putting on a GAS MASK that hangs there. He pushes the door open.

INT. TRUCK SHED - DAY

Five MEXICAN COOKS are laboring over tubes and bottles with flames underneath. No protective masks.

Charley enters with a ROAD FLAIR BURNING.

CHARLEY

Una opción. Vaya o muera.

One of the Cooks goes for a GUN and Charley kills him.

Then starts SHOOTING up the lab equipment spilling flammable fluids everywhere. He tosses the flair into the air and backs out of the door.

The remaining cooks scramble away and out a side door.

EXT. TRUCK SHED - DAY

The shed EXPLODES behind him.

Charley walks past the four dead Cowboys. Picking up their guns, taking what ammo they have on them.

He walks over to a STORM CELLAR, shooting the lock off the door.

INT. STORM CELLAR - DAY

Charley's surrounded with enough WEAPONS and explosives to arm a neighborhood.

EXT. SOUPIE'S PUB - DAY

Charley pulls up in his truck, parking it down the road.

He walks across the empty road where twenty Harleys are parked outside the bar. He's back in his traveling clothes... gray duster, boots and hat.

Charley makes sure no one is looking for him and goes inside.

INT. SOUPIE'S PUB - DAY

Charley enters.

Charley lights the fuse. It BURST to life, burning down as he lets go of Soupie's shirt.

By the time it burns an inch, everyone is out but Soupie and Charley.

Charley and Soupie continue to stare each other down until Soupie decides it's time to run. He bangs out the back door.

Charley just stands there with the burning dynamite... casually reaching for a BEER GLASS as the MUSIC stops.

INT. SOUPIE'S RESTROOM - DAY

Drew gives a young chick head in the stall.

Drew slowly becomes aware that the only noise in the entire bar is from the girl moaning. As nice as that sounds it bothers him immensely. He pushes the girl away, dropping a BAG of crank in her lap.

DREW
Go out the back.

GIRL
Why, what'd I do?

DREW
Go on. Nothin', you done good.

The girl picks up her CLOTHES and goes out. Drew does up his pants and picks up his GUN and opens the door.

INT. SOUPIE'S PUB - HALL - DAY

Drew comes out of the bathroom. The young girl closes the back door behind him. He turns toward the bar.

EXT. SOUPIE'S PUB - DAY

Soupie runs to them from behind the building.

The rest are moving their bikes to the other side of the road, anticipating the pub to go up.

The girl comes running around the building, her clothes half on. Soupie stops her.

SOUPIE
Where's Drew?

GIRL
In there.

INT. SOUPIE'S PUB - DAY

The fuse burns down. Charley puts down the glass after downing his first DRAFT in a long time.

CHARLEY

Damn, that'll make ya piss.

Charley turns.

Drew comes out of the hall, gun drawn, eying the dynamite.

DREW

Why don't you put that out?

Charley reveals that he's pointing an ASSAULT WEAPON from under his coat.

CHARLEY

Need your taxes done I heard.

DREW

You need a job, just say so.

CHARLEY

Nah, I got a job. A job for life.

DREW

It was you... in the graveyard

CHARLEY

I've come back for you, Drew.

DREW

Charley? But you're dead.

CHARLEY

Not as dead as you.

Charley tosses Drew the dynamite.

Drew fires at Charley and misses as he scrambles for the dynamite under the tables. Letting go of his gun.

Drew finally reaches the dynamite just before it blows.

He tries to pullout the fuse only to have it shot from his fingers.

Drew shrivels up but the dynamite doesn't explode. It just POPS with a puff of smoke and an American Flag.

Drew slowly uncoils to look closely at Charley.

CHARLEY

No more helping drug lords mess up this country. Your choice, get out of the crank trade or die.

Charley leaves. LIGHTS two more sticks of dynamite and tosses them behind him.

Drew looks around and runs for the back door.

EXT. SOUPIE'S PUB - DAY

Charley leisurely exits the pub walking toward the bikers.

They back off, seeing the assault weapon, turning their heads to watch Charley leave.

Suddenly, behind them, Soupie's Pub EXPLODES, scattering them all to the ground.

EXT. BACK OF SOUPIE'S PUB - DAY

Drew is blown out of the bar and into a shed wall, collapsing unconscious.

EXT. SOUPIE'S PUB - DAY

Debris RAINS DOWN on all of them. Leaving the dust to clear... and Charley gone.

Bikers slowly get back on their feet.

Soupie runs off to a pay phone at the road. Inserts CHANGE and dials.

SOUPIE

This is Soupie. I need to talk to Cuevas. Yes, very important. I'll hold right here. Just hurry.

EXT. CHINO HILLS HOME - DAY

The place is virtually an armed fortress.

EXT. CHINO HILLS HOME - POOL AREA - DAY

Cuevas does laps naked in the pool. Two well endowed woman are lounging nearby.

Cocktails wait on the table as lunch is wheeled out to the pool by a servant.

An armed man (BOBBY) exits the house, moving over to the women and picks a cell phone off a table.

He moves over to the pool and stands in Cuevas path.

BOBBY

Mr. Cuevas.

Cuevas pulls up from his swim.

CUEVAS

I told you I didn't want to be distressed with shit today.

BOBBY

It's Soupie. He sounds upset.

CUEVAS

Shit. Excuse me, ladies.

The girls get up and move towards the house.

Cuevas watches them go as he reaches for the phone.

CUEVAS

This better be important.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Soupie is in a panic.

SOUPIE

Some freak just blew up my bar. Dynamite. Yes. Drew. He was still in there. The freak was looking for him. I don't know who it was. The guy was a monster. The whole place went up. He had an assault weapon.

EXT. POOL AREA - DAY

Cuevas doesn't give a shit.

CUEVAS

A monster with an assault weapon. Drew's dead? Did you see his body? Go get his body, and bring it hear. Because I don't want him pulling some shit and disappearing on me. Bring me his body or yours.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Far away SIRENS fill the air.

SOUPIE

I can hear cop cars now. They'll be all over the place. No, the place is clean. Nothin's here.

EXT. POOL AREA - CUEVAS

His phone beeps with another call coming in.

CUEVAS

Hold on, I've got another call coming in. Don't hang up.

(clicks the phone over)

Yes. Drew? Jesus, Soupie just told me you were dead. Let me guess. An ugly monster wielding an assault weapon. Charley's dead. Are you out of your mind? He's dead, goddamn it. Dead. Jesus God, Charley's alive? Are you serious? This is a miracle. Get Eric's ass back here... find him... fly him in... tonight... you too. Now. For bait. No, you stupid prick. I want Charley alive... he's still got our money.

(hangs up and it RINGS)

What? Oh. No. Stay the hell away from there. It's Charley. Charley Fever. He's still alive.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - SOUPIE

Soupie slowly hangs up the phone.

INT. DEA'S OFFICE - DAY

Lloyd reads a slip of paper given to him by Fred.

LLOYD

When?

FRED

Just now. The cowboys about an hour ago. Eric's storm shed had signs of dynamite and an arsenal of weapons.

LLOYD

Had.

FRED

Had. As in we've been had. Charley took almost everything. They were using the place to cook. Right under our noses.

LLOYD

Shit. Okay, Fred, I'll take it from here, thanks.

FRED

We find him, we kill him, or what?

LLOYD

We bring him in... alive.

FRED

What if he turns on us. We did... or your brother did... mess him up.

LLOYD

If he crosses the line.

FRED

He's out there killing people, Lloyd. That line is crossed.

LLOYD

I know that. We still need what's in his head. Now get out of here, Fred, before you piss me off.

Fred leaves as Lloyd picks up the phone, dials.

LLOYD

Doctor Rivers, please. Tamera? Lloyd. Our little science project just emerged... armed and dangerous. Call me if you do... I mean it, Tamera.

EXT. TAMERA'S PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Tamera exits her building and goes to her car. She gets in and drives away.

Eric's black van follows.

EXT. OPEN ROAD - CHARLEY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Charley pulls off the road and into a wooded area and stops.

INT. CHARLEY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

He sits for a moment, thinking, than picks up the phone and dials.

INT. TAMERA'S HOME - NIGHT

TAMER

Hello?

CHARLEY (V.O.)

You didn't cash my check.

TAMERA

Because I charge three times that.

CHARLEY (V.O.)

Okay, send me a bill.

TAMERA

Lloyd called.

CHARLEY (V.O.)

I trust he's no longer lonely.

TAMERA

They know it's you.

CHARLEY (V.O.)

I want them to.

TAMERA

If you go through with this, you're no better than they are.

CHARLEY (V.O.)

I'm already no better than they are... but I'm giving them all a second chance. That's no less than what I tried to give myself.

Suddenly Eric steps up behind Tamera and puts a gun to her head and takes the phone.

ERIC

Hello, Charley. You're a hard thieving bastard to kill.

CHARLEY (V.O.)
Welcome home, Eric. I've missed
you.

ERIC
Not as much as I've missed you.

CHARLEY
She's innocent to all this.

ERIC
You knew they would stop you.

CHARLEY
Yeah, and I even knew it'd be you.
You should've kept it between us.

ERIC
You brought Lauren into it.

CHARLEY
Lauren brought herself into it.
Doesn't mean she deserved to die.

ERIC
Come get me, or her girlfriend
dies, too.

INT. CHARLEY'S TRUCK - NIGHT
Charley dials another number.

CHARLEY
Lloyd Rivers.

INT. DEA'S OFFICE - NIGHT
Lloyd puts down the phone. Grabbing his coat.

LLOYD
Fred, Tim, grab your coats.

EXT. PAY PHONE - OPEN ROAD - NIGHT
Lloyd, Tim and Fred get out of a car as the pay phone
RINGS.
Lloyd looks around and walks to the phone and picks it up.
Tim and Fred stay close to the car for cover.

LLOYD
Charley?

CHARLEY (V.O.)
I can see you so don't play games.

LLOYD
Don't be a dickhead? We want the same thing.

CHARLEY (V.O.)
He's got your wife.

LLOYD
Eric? Jesus. Just now?

CHARLEY (V.O.)
Yeah. Your brother got some queer thing about killing women?

LLOYD
Where are they, Charley?

CHARLEY (V.O.)
Somewhere close. I know you still love Tamara, Lloyd. So stay out of my way and I'll keep her alive for you.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Charley pulls his truck to a stop and gets out. He moves to a Harley that is parked near the service door.

Dooley comes out wiping his hands on a rag.

Looking up to find Charley.

He takes out KEYS to lock the door.

DOOLEY
The hell happened to you?

CHARLEY
I asked a dumb question. Nice bike.

DOOLEY
Thanks. I'm about to close.

CHARLEY
I just need to take a piss out back.

DOOLEY

Well, hell alright. I gotta be
some place. So don't be jerkin'
off back there.

Dooley heads towards his bike.

CHARLEY

I'll try not to, Dooley.

Dooley passes by Charley and Charley slips a package under
the flap of one of the saddle bags.

And heads to the side of the station towards the TIRES.

DOOLEY

You know me? Oh shit, the doors
are locked. Piss along the wall
there, in one of them tires.

Dooley puts the saddle bags over the bike.

Charley stops at the tires and empties his CATHETER BAG.

Dooley looks up.

DOOLEY

Poor bastard.

EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Dooley motors his way into the night.

Until he pulls to a stop before a DIRT DRIVE. No other car
lights are visible. He makes a turn into the driveway and
heads off into a cloud of dirt and noise.

EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Charley pulls his converted armored truck from the other
direction. With his lights off.

He comes to a stop at the mouth of the driveway.

INT. CHARLEY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Charley turns on a receiving transmitter, adjusting the
VOLUME.

Dooley's bike comes to a stop.

EXT. DOOLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SWING and SMOOCH, other bikers, wait for Dooley on the steps of the beautiful old house. They've got GUNS.

Dooley takes off his saddle bags.

DOOLEY

What's this, a shotgun wedding?

SWING

You ain't heard?

DOOLEY

Of course I heard.

SMOOCH

Drew says it's Charley. Says he saw him outside his crypt, too. Just standing there. Looking at it, like he just crawled out.

DOOLEY

Drew's touched in the head... I don't believe in ghost.

SWING

How about revenge? The guy's all mangled and shit. You believe in that?

DOOLEY

You mean burned?

SMOOCH

A walking talking coal turd.

DOOLEY

Shit. I didn't hear that.

SWING

Now you have.

DOOLEY

That mother just pissed at my station.

SMOOCH

What? Away from the house, away from the house.

They come to rest about thirty yards from the house.

INT. CHARLEY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Charley listens.

DOOLEY (V.O.)

What the hell is the matter with you?

SMOOCH (V.O.)

Shut up. We're shippin' little light this time... guy's blowing shit up. You're haulin' ass to the truck stop in Saugus. Stuff's in there. Go get it.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Dooley, Smooch and Swing turn to the face the RINGING inside.

SWING

It's for you, Smooch.

SMOOCH

I ain't goin' there. No way.

DOOLEY

Me neither.

SWING

It's your phone, Smooch.

SMOOCH

Too bad.

SWING

Punks.

Swing grabs Dooley's saddle bags and trudges into the house.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

He picks up the phone.

SWING

Yeah. So...? Yeah, I'm listenin'.
(looks back out the door)

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Looking into the house from outside. Swing motions to the phone.

DOOLEY

It's him. Charley.

SMOOCH

Don't piss him off, man. I just painted.

SWING

That sounds nice, Charley. Real easy for you, ain't it. Well you screwed us over, man. Yeah, where's our money? Kiss off, man, you burned yourself with Cuevas. I'm in business here and I'm stayin'. Who barfed and made you the big chunk, Charley? Retire this....

Swing holds the phone to his ass and lets out a large FART. And the entire house EXPLODES around him.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

They hit the ground as the house goes sky high and lands all around them.

They pick themselves up and head for their bikes.

SMOOCH

Jesus Christ. Didn't I say? Didn't I just say not to piss him off?

EXT. OPEN ROAD - NIGHT

Dooley and Smooch stop their bikes at the mouth of the dirt drive. Dooley heads one way... and Smooch the other.

EXT. OPEN ROAD - NIGHT

Charley moves his truck up behind Dooley's motorcycle. Dooley looks back at the truck. He speeds up. So does the truck. Dooley cuts off the main road. So does the truck.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - NIGHT

Dooley swings his bike around.

The truck comes to a stop before him.

The door opens and Charley steps out and moves between the headlights... just a figure in the glare.

DOOLEY

What in hell do you want with me,
Charley?

CHARLEY

Take out the cargo, Dooley... all
of it... and destroy it.

DOOLEY

I ain't... look, no bags... it went
up with the house. But I ain't
goin' down that easy.

Dooley brushes back his DUSTER, revealing his old time
Western SIDEARM... getting ready to draw.

CHARLEY

Here's the real deal. Evaporate.
Forever or die.

DOOLEY

You got this all wrong, Charley.
I'm small time... I deliver the
stuff. And I only deal to friends.
Bar shit, chump change... you know
that.

CHARLEY

Yes, I do.

DOOLEY

Then why screw with me?

CHARLEY

Because I like you, Dooley. And
you got family.

DOOLEY

And they still gotta eat.

Dooley draws on Charley.

Charley moves a finger on his artificial right hand...

...and two machine guns FIRE to either side of him from under
the lights.

Dooley cringes... bullets ZIPPING past him on both sides -
100 rounds in seconds. Dooley does his best not to move.
Terrified.

DOOLEY

Okay, alright, stop... shit.

Dooley's bike EXPLODES behind him. Dooley's duster burst into FLAMES.

Charley closes his hand and the guns abruptly stop.

DOOLEY
STOOOOP. You're serious. Okay.
I get it.

Dooley peels off his smoldering duster. The ROAR of the machine gun drifts off into the darkness. Then silence. Just the lapping of the flames on Dooley's bike.

CHARLEY
Thank you for listening, Dooley.

DOOLEY
Mother... you're messed up, you
know that?

CHARLEY
Yes. I never believed in karma. I
do now. Lauren taught me too late.
I'm telling you now. It's your
choice. I don't want to know where
you retire. And I don't want to
kill you. But I will.

DOOLEY
Like you said... I got family.

CHARLEY
Take'em. Sell gas somewhere else.
You've made enough.

DOOLEY
All I got left is that hick station.
And what little I saved this past
year. It ain't much.

CHARLEY
Go someplace. I'll find you. Your
money will be there.

DOOLEY
All of it?

CHARLEY
More.

DOOLEY
For real?

CHARLEY

If you go now. Tonight.

DOOLEY

You're taking Cuevas down? All by yourself?

CHARLEY

And Drew and those that stay.

DOOLEY

Damn. Revenge. I respect that.

CHARLEY

For what Lauren made me see.

Dooley takes out a small VILE. Holds it out to Charley.

DOOLEY

You mind?

Charley holds up his trigger finger. Dooley drops the vile and steps on it.

DOOLEY

Someone will just take my place.

CHARLEY

True, but what I created will die with me.

Charley walks toward Dooley and stops when the LIGHT from the BURNING BIKE illuminates his face.

DOOLEY

Damn, Charley. You know we can't walk... not any of us... not Drew. There's too much at stake.

CHARLEY

I'm prepared for that.

Dooley looks around.

DOOLEY

They'll find me. Wherever I go.

CHARLEY

That's the risk you take. Chances are there won't be anyone around who cares to find you by the time I'm done. Now cash in the hardware.

Dooley reluctantly hands over his sidearm and holster to Charley. Charley looks them over, smiling.

DOOLEY

At least throw in a lift home.

EXT. OPEN ROAD - NEXT MORNING

Lloyd Rivers watches as Dooley's bike is picked up off the cement and loaded into a TRUCK BED. Lloyd gets on the PHONE. Tim approaches.

TIM

Nothing.

Lloyd acknowledges.

LLOYD

Just put Drew on line.

Lloyd waits as he turns to Tim.

TIM

(going over notes)

About a thousand rounds. No bodies yet. But Dooley's place is abandoned. His station closed. His accounts emptied and the house given back to the bank... furniture to Good Will. Even his dog to a neighbor kid.

LLOYD

Drop it, let him go. Hold on.

(into phone)

I want to meet. Because it'd be in your peoples' best interest. Cuevas doesn't have to know. This is off the record, man to man. One hour. I'm coming up to the compound.

EXT. BIKER'S COMPOUND - RIVERS' CAR - DAY

The GAITTS open and let him drive in. The place is completely encased in TWELVE FOOT STONE WALLS with eight TOWERS.

And a LANDING PAD above the main building with a HELICOPTER waiting. Living quarters are off to one side with community kitchen quarters below.

On high alert ARMED BIKERS are everywhere.

Rivers drives into the large open parking court yard at the center the compound.

INT. COMPUTER CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Drew's arm is in a SLING.

The room is full of computers and surveillance equipment. Much like a submarine.

DREW

Look, you have no idea how crazy this situation is, man. Your shit ass brother's cutting his own deals with Cuevas now.

LLOYD

I know. He's got my wife. Makin' Charley come find her. He wants money. Help me and you can keep all these toys. Just do something else with them. Open up a chain of space-age coffee shops or something. That's all he wants.

DREW

You think Cuevas will let me walk without replacing his money? He'll never walk out broke. You see how crazy this is?

LLOYD

You could save the ones with families.

DREW

It's a job for life. Nobody on the inside walks or runs from this.

LLOYD

Dooley did.

DREW

We'll find him. You know what I'm talkin' about. We're all safe here.

LLOYD

Just stop. That's all he wants. Give me a chance to find him.

DREW

Screw'em. Do you know how long it took? We're on the verge of greatness.

LLOYD

You're on the verge of dying.

DREW

Drop dead, Lloyd. Charley got paid plenty to build this thing, man. He created it for us. He was my best friend. Screw him if he thinks falling in love with some dike is worth taking it all back. Crank was here before us and it will be after. Do you know how many guys like Cuevas are out there waiting for the smoke to clear on this mess? How many crazy scums like your brother are milkin' this cash cow, man? Do you even know how high this goes up? So get your head out of your ass and smell the petunias, my friend. There ain't no walkin' out with what I know either.

LLOYD

Cuevas, Eric and getting my wife back are my only concerns right now. How far down the ladder this goes is up to you.

DREW

Then what difference does it make who gets it done? Look at this cool shit, he wired us in, man. If this ain't worth dying for, then I don't know what in hell is.

LLOYD

Maybe you should start thinking about what's worth living for, Drew.

DREW

Don't try to get deep with me, Lloyd. Charley's a dead man. He stole all our money. I got a hundred guys waitin' for him right here. He wants me, he knows where I am.

LLOYD

He'll be here.

DREW

It wasn't us who blew his girl...
it was your cranked up brother.

LLOYD

He knows that, too. Help me find
Eric before he harms Tamera.

DREW

I know nothing about that, man.
But you tell Charley he's not
steppin' on my soul to reach the
pearly gates.

LLOYD

Then you better hope I find him
before he comes after you.

DREW

The shit already tried.

LLOYD

That was a warning. Last offer.
Close your end of it down and I'll
stop Cuevas from killing you. My
word. You coming in?

DREW

In a body bag.

LLOYD

I'll load it myself.

INT. CHARLEY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Charley pulls his truck behind the EIGHTEEN WHEELER.

CHARLEY

Coming up behind you, good buddy.
Why don't you pullover?

TRUCKER (V.O.)

Why don't you lick the sweat off my
hairy fat thighs, pal?

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Tractor's brakes jam shut, it's trailer weaving back and
forth, it's tires throwing SMOKE.

Charley speeds into the smoke.

INT. CHARLEY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

His truck enters the tire smoke, blinding his view. The smoke clears as the Trucker lets up on his breaks.

Charley rams the trailer and backs off. The trailer swerves, almost jackknifing from the blow.

TRUCKER (V.O.)
You crazy asshole. What the hell do you want?

CHARLEY
I know you're hauling in Ephedrine for Cuevas from the East Coast. If you don't pullover I'll blow the trailer up.

Charley FIRES a few rounds from his auto machine guns.

INT. TRACTOR TRAILER - NIGHT

The GUNFIRE BOUNCES OFF the pavement up ahead. The Trucker starts to down shift.

TRUCKER
Okay, I'm pulling over... I ain't dying for this shit. I only own the truck. Where do you want me?

CHARLEY (V.O.)
We're coming up on a dirt road. Hang a left... go in about a mile.

TRUCKER
People are listening to you hi-jack me, you know.

CHARLEY (V.O.)
This isn't a hi-jack... it's a bowel movement.

TRUCKER
(to himself)
Yeah, and stinks to high hell.

He turns left onto the dirt road.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The Trucker pulls the eighteen wheeler over and gets out.

Charley pulls his truck about thirty yards off and gets out.

Charley's got a HI-POWERED weapon.

TRUCKER

Now what?
(gets a look at Charley)

CHARLEY

Unhook your cab and take off.

TRUCKER

Look, mister, it's not that simple.
Take a listen.

PICKUP TRUCK

racing up behind Charley's truck.

It's full of SENOLA COWBOYS. They SHOOT at Charley.

THE TRUCKER

dives for cover.

CHARLEY

makes it under his truck.

He pulls out a HAND GRENADE, and tosses it under the eighteen wheeler.

TRUCKER

watches the hand grenade land between his legs.

TRUCKER

Ah, nuts.

He rolls for cover into the ditch.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The grenade EXPLODES putting the whole eighteen wheeler truck into a ball of FLAMES from it's own GAS TANK.

The Cowboys watch in awe as the truck comes back to earth.

Charley aims his assault weapon but a gun is put to his head.

LICO

Not so fast, my deep fried amigo.

The other Cowboys get out of the truck. The Trucker gets out of the ditch.

TRUCKER

Let me shoot that son-of-a-bitch.

He grabs for one of their guns and is pushed away.

LICO

(taking Charley's weapon)
Shut up. Senor Cuevas... he say
I'm in charge.

TRUCKER

This is bullshit. He blew up my
truck. He threw a grenade at my
balls... you understand, comprende?
I'm out of a paying job.

LICO

Comprenda. We don't like bitchy
women nor pinchy rednecks.

LICO shoots the Trucker in the CHEST. The Trucker is
stunned... dropping to his knees first then flopping over.

The other Cowboys push Charley up against the grill of his
truck. Lico moves up close to Charley.

LICO

I want to see the face of the man
who poisoned my brother.
(looks closely)
It is a scary face. You got a
hideous face, senor. The world
will not miss such an ugly creature.
(puts BURLAP BAG over
Charley's head)
That's much better. This is not
for my brother... I hate my brother.
This is for his mistress... I love
his mistress... his kids not so
much. But they are hers and they
grieve. So we must hurt you before
we go see Senior Cuevas. Unless
you can tell us where Senior Cuevas
millions are hidden, then you and
my good amigos here can cut a deal.
(waits)
No deal? Okay?

Lico LAUGHS as he walks away and stands behind the other
Cowboys who raise their guns at Charley.

LICO

Don't kill him. Just shoot him there, there and there. And shoot him there, also. I've been shot there, it stings very much. You ready, my hideous penyada? Or would you like to cut a deal?

CHARLEY

Could you wait a sec?

LICO

Ah, you need time to consider? That's good. Very smart.

Charley raises his right hand pointing his index finger. The MOTORIZED machine-guns point at the Cowboys.

The Cowboys see it clearly. They're dead.

CHARLEY

No. To aim.

LICO

Shoot him.

Charley opens up on the Cowboys as they attempt to fire back but he mows them down... except... Lico who stands there, his gun to his side, bleeding.

Charley's guns come to rest. Lico looks at the bodies, then back to Charley.

LICO

Very hi-tech, senior.

Charley pulls back his coat to reveal Dooley's sidearm. Still with the burlap bag over his head.

CHARLEY

You feel froggy?

Lico's not sure what to do. Charley just listens. It's very quiet. Lico suddenly draws on Charley but...

Charley out draws Lico and guns him down with a single bullet. Lico drops down onto his knees.

LICO

Dying pretty is an honor, senior.
Living ugly like you... is a bitch.
(plops over dead)

EXT. DIR ROAD - NIGHT

The fire dies down. The Trucker sits up. He's got a Flack Jacket on. He's scared the death.

Charley moves to him.

CHARLEY

Take their truck. This is the only warning you'll get. And tell your trucking buddies that any trucker caught hauling shit for the Cuevas family is a dead man.

INT. CUEVAS' DEN - MORNING

Eric sits at a table snorting CRANK as Cuevas storms in.

CUEVAS

Why is this not finished? One year later he comes back. Why? Answer me, goddamn it.
(reacts to drugs)
And don't bring that shit into my house. I told you.

ERIC

He's alive because my brother wanted him alive. So you got more problems than you think.

CUEVAS

Stinking doctors. They tell me our Charley is a monster. A walking, talking, 3-D walking horror show.

ERIC

Well, there'll be no sequel to this skin flick.

CUEVAS

You get one more try. One more. This time I want my money back from that back-stabber first. If you screw up, I will personally skin you and wear your ass like a hat and turn your chest on and off when I piss at night. That is a promise.

Eric finishes the line. He stands up to remove his JACKET.

He turns around to reveal that his back is coated with PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES and molded to fit him like a body cast.

ERIC

Listen, you stupid grease ball.
 I don't take crap from drug scum
 wetbacks. You heard me? Look
 at this place. All this money and
 you still live like a over-priced
 spic whore. I don't give a
 Chihuahua's ass if you live or die.
 I came back to finish Charley for
 me... because I blew him up for
 me... for the money, for me. I
 killed his woman because she was
 there. It's me he wants. And he
 won't stop 'till he finds me. And
 he'll find me when he's done
 scattering your taco dust.

CUEVAS

You crazy mother....
 (turns to Bobby)
 Do you see this? Do you see?
 Where'd you learn to frisk, the
 thumbless braille institute?

BOBBY

I took two guns and a knife off
 him... how was I suppose --

CUEVAS

-- Shut up. Just shut the hell up.
 I should kill you, too.
 (to Eric)
 Don't fail me again.

ERIC

If I fail again there won't be
 enough of me left to cover your
 bald ass spic head. Now sit down.

Emilio and Bobby look at each other.

EMILIO

You want us to shoot him?

CUEVAS

Sure, why not, teach him some
 respect. Why didn't I think of
 that?

Bobby and Emilio point their guns at Eric.

BOBBY

Won't he blow up?

CUEVAS

(to Eric)

Do you see what I go through?

(to Bobby)

Of course he'll blow up, dummy...
he wants to blow up, he's so
goddamn high.

(to Eric)

Please, tell me you didn't come
all the way up here just to screw
with my head.

ERIC

I came up here to stay alive... to
offer you the same.

EXT. STREET - CHARLEY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Charley as he listens in.

ERIC (V.O.)

I got someone close to Charley.

CUEVAS (V.O.)

I heard.

ERIC (V.O.)

She's the doctor who put Charley
back together... my brother's ex-
wife.

CUEVAS (V.O.)

I know where you're headed with
this. It's not a for sure thing.

ERIC (V.O.)

She's also Charley's girl's best
friend and ex-lover.

CUEVAS (V.O.)

It's always about money or pussy,
isn't it?

ERIC (V.O.)

Wherever she is, he won't blow the
place up. Trade her for your
money. Then I kill Charley when he
comes for her.

CUEVAS (V.O.)

This is good. So where is she? I
want my nose up her crotch 'till I
find a safe place to hide.

ERIC (V.O.)

She's somewhere if he tries to help her escape they'll both be dodging the space shuttle. But if you want her here it'll cost you another mil.

CUEVAS (V.O.)

Another mil? Money is not just shit that comes from dogs.

(thinks)

Damn this technology. The world is too small... you kill a few hundred worthless peasants and nobody wants you in their country anymore.

EXT. CUEVAS HOME - NIGHT

Eric drives down the driveway in his black van. A blinking red light is stuck to it.

INT. CHARLEY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

He hits a TOGGLE and a HOMING DEVICE starts and a GRID turns on to show Eric's whereabouts. Charley sets his coordinates and follows well behind.

EXT. ERIC'S VINEYARD - NIGHT

Eric gets out of his van, wiping his nose from doing a line of CRANK. He makes sure he's alone.

He rounds the side of the van to find the blinking light.

He dives into the bushes expecting an explosion. Nothing happens. He gets back up, gun drawn, and moves back to the van to check out the device.

ERIC

Shit, a tracking devise.

Just then a gun CLICKS at his head.

CHARLEY

How's the wine business?

ERIC

It's been a powder dry year.

CHARLEY

You should've stuck to grapes. You look a little cranky.

ERIC
Quicker this way.

CHARLEY
Now look at us. Whose the bigger
monster? I can't even make you the
offer I've made the others.

Charley steps out of the shadows holding a SILENCED PISTOL to Eric's head.

Eric makes a move for his pocket and Charley grips his hand with his PROSTHETIC HAND, squeezing... until bones BREAK.

ERIC
Alright, alright.

Charley removes Eric's LIMP hand from his pocket and takes the DETONATOR from him, plus two GUNS and a KNIFE.

CHARLEY
The pop of a cork gives you a
stiffy, doesn't it. Move.

They head for the back of the house.

EXT. BACK OF FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Charley and Eric round the house and stop at the back door.

CHARLEY
Making wine... nice retirement.

ERIC
Plans change.

CHARLEY
Crank took your dreams away.

ERIC
Just gave me new ones. I don't
need this wine shit anymore.

CHARLEY
You need it more than you think.
Open it.

ERIC
Help yourself.

Charley SHOTS him in the foot. Eric falls down in pain. Charley points the gun at his other foot.

CHARLEY
Deuces are wild.

ERIC
Hit me.

Charley shoots again. This time missing on purpose.

ERIC
It's lit.

CHARLEY
Blow it out.

ERIC
I don't feel like it.

Charley shoots Eric in the thigh.

CHARLEY
How do you feel now?

Charley steps on Eric's wounded leg.

ERIC
I don't feel a thing, asshole.
Alright. Alright. Get off.

CHARLEY
Keep it nice and slow.

Eric slowly gets up and opens a PANEL. Eric reaches in to punch a code on security pad.

CHARLEY
Kept it simple. Very good. Open
the door, bright boy.

Eric opens the door.

CHARLEY
Age before beauty.

Charley pushes Eric in and Eric stops in his tracks.

ERIC
Way to go, assbage. I'm standing
on a Bouncing Betty.

Charley pulls out Eric's knife.

Eric looks at Charley, smiles.

ERIC
Humpty Dumpty time.

Eric attempts to raise his wounded leg but

Charley drives the knife through his foot, pinning it to the floor.

Eric falls back against the wall with his good hand and Charley thrusts his KNIFE through Eric's hand and pins it to a wall stud.

Eric tries to pull the knife out with his broken hand but his fingers are useless.

Charley takes out a smaller knife.

CHARLEY
Remember twister? Your spin.
Where's Tamera?

ERIC
Lit like a surgical bed.

CHARLEY
Where?

ERIC
Gosh, I bet you might hurt me
if I don't tell you, huh, Franky?

Charley reaches into Eric's pants and grabs his dick and balls.

CHARLEY
I might let you live after all,
eunuch.

Charley starts to squeeze Eric's balls... tighter and tighter... until Eric's eyes are literally bulging.

ERIC
Prosthetics... goddamn miracle.

Charley gives one last yank and squeeze.

ERIC
Ahhhhh. In the cellar, in the wine
cellar.

Charley removes his hand. There's blood on it. He wipes it on Eric's face and shirt.

ERIC

You better hope I bleed to death.

CHARLEY

You better hope she doesn't.

Charley turns to a door. He checks it out carefully.

ERIC

Da-da da-da da-da-da... what's
behind door number one? Will it
dice you? Or slice you?

Charley reaches for a LIGHT SWITCH.

Eric watches in anticipation...

Charley stops. Smiles in his deformed way.

CHARLEY

No mater what I do?

ERIC

We're a ballistic memory.

Charley kicks an old twelve volt BATTERY lying on the floor.

He looks at it then moves back to Eric, reaches into Eric's pocket and pulls out Eric's CRANK STASH.

Eric eyes it eagerly.

Charley smashes the small ZIP-LOCK against the wall then grabs Eric's head and pins it against the wall.

Eric anticipates the rush. But instead, Charley sprinkles the Crank onto the blood spread across Eric's nose... tip to eyes.

Charley backs to the door.

ERIC

Hey, you're not leaving the party
so early, are you? Bring another
knife, we can play pin my tongue
to my ass... we'll break out a few
bottles of champagne... hey... I
got killer vintage down there.

After a moment of silence, Eric tries to use his broken hand and fingers to bring the crank to his mouth with not much satisfaction... stretching his tongue... struggling... contorting... anything to ease his jones.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Charley stands in the backyard examining how the POWER WIRE enters the house.

His eyes follow the wire from the POLE to the back corner of the house.

In the b.g. Eric struggles just inside the door.

Charley walks over to where the WIRES run down the house to a FUSE BOX.

Eric suddenly realizes Charley's figured it out.

Charley looks around the yard and finds a SHOVEL. He picks it up.

ERIC

Trust me, you won't have to dig a hole for her.

Charley looks at Eric then suddenly twist and chops at the wires coming in.

The BLOW from the force of ELECTRICITY knocks Charley on his ass and almost unconscious because of the METAL in his face and hands.

His body SMOLDERS a bit. He slowly sits up to see that he has cut the main power line. He gets up and moves back to the door.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Charley enters. Eric has managed to get all the crank off his nose. It's all down his shirt.

CHARLEY

Isn't this a Kodak moment.

ERIC

I'll send prints to your momma.

Charley reaches for the light switch again. He flips it and nothing happens.

CHARLEY

Personally, I would've used the battery.

ERIC

Made a better door stop.

Charley opens the door to the cellar, propping it open with the dead battery, and goes down.

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

Charley comes down. It's very dark.

A muffled VOICE comes from down in the darkness.

TAMERA (O.S.)

There's a lantern at the bottom of the step.

CHARLEY

Any matches?

TAMERA

I don't know. I think so.

Charley feels around in the dark. A MATCH strikes ablaze.

He lights the LANTERN, picks it up and heads towards Tamera.

Tamera is strapped to a CHAIR with her arms spread, tucked into both sides of a large WALK-IN WINE CELLAR.

CHARLEY

You make a very nice vintage.

She has a GAG almost all the way off.

TAMERA

My hands are taped to bottles.

CHARLEY

Red or white? Lauren always preferred the red, as you know.

TAMERA

I heard you two jokers up there. I'm in no mood for this. You have to stop this violent behavior right now.

CHARLEY

Not until it's finished.

TAMERA
Charley, it's murder.

CHARLEY
Call it preventive medicine.

TAMERA
Lauren wouldn't want this... I --

CHARLEY
-- How many crank related cases did you treat this month? Huh? Shooting, stabbing, family abuse. How many kids walked through your doors... how many wives... how many lives have Cuevas and my friends taken? How many Lauren's died? Murder? I give them a choice. Quit or die. It's the only real way to end the violence.

TAMERA
What about Eric? He's Lloyd's brother. Half.

CHARLEY
He doesn't... alright, I'll give him one last chance... we'll see how bad he wants to live.

Charley starts to disarm the explosives. Tamera holds her breath. Charley smiles.

TAMERA
Do you know what you're doing?

CHARLEY
Textbook stuff. If I get you out of here, you've got to help me for a couple of hours.

TAMERA
Kill people?

CHARLEY
Drive a van.

Charley reaches in with his smaller knife and starts cutting the tape. He jerks it by accident scaring the crap out of Tamera.

CHARLEY
Hey, it's not a real hand.

INT. WINE CELLAR - LATER

Eric sits tied to the same chair with the explosives all on him... the bouncing Betty now held firmly between his knees by BUNGI CORDS strapped to his legs... pinning his knees together.

He perspires like a pig trying drop the Betty and end it all.

EXT. HIGHWAY - TRUCK AND VAN - NIGHT

Charley drives his truck. Tamera follows driving Eric's van.

EXT. OPEN STREET - NIGHT

Charley and Tamera park the two vehicles.

Tamera gets out of the van and moves to Charley's truck as the door opens. She looks inside then gets in.

INT. CHARLEY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Tamera looks around.

TAMERA

Jesus, where'd you get all this?

CHARLEY

Internet.

TAMERA

You could start a war.

CHARLEY

I'm more interested in ending one.

Charley points to the ELECTRIC GRID between them.

CHARLEY

This is where we are now.

(points to another spot)

I need you here in twenty minutes.

(presses a timer)

TAMERA

Then what?

CHARLEY

If I'm not there by then go home.

Go back to Lloyd. He needs you.

TAMERA

Charley.

CHARLEY

This is the only way to stop them. Lloyd never will. It's too late, too sophisticated for legal terms... I created it... I know how to kill it. Cuevas' organization isn't the largest or the smallest, but thanks to me he's the most technically organized. It's time to de-organize.

TAMERA

That's not even a word.

CHARLEY

It is now.

TAMERA

If you promise not to do this, I swear I'll put the best plastic surgeons together to work on you.

CHARLEY

Can you make me look like Brad Pitt?

TAMERA

At least human.

CHARLEY

Thanks. But no. My penance for what I've done to this country is this... for Lauren... my reflection the ugliness of my past... a just reminder of who I am to retain my soul.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Charley gets out of his truck and moves to Eric's black van and gets in and drives off.

Tamera puts Charley's truck in gear and drives on.

EXT. CUEVAS' HOUSE GATE - NIGHT

Charley pulls the van to a stop. VICTOR steps into the VAN'S LIGHTS. Charley keeps in the dark.

CHARLEY

Hey, Victor, it's me.

Victor RINGS up to the house.

VICTOR
 He's back.
 (to Charley)
 You got the woman, Eric?

CHARLEY
 Unconscious in the back.

VICTOR
 Unconscious? You think I can have
 one for the road?

Victor opens the gate.

CHARLEY
 Sure.

Victor moves to the van as Charley opens the side panel door.
 Victor starts to undue his pants. He looks inside.

VICTOR
 I don't see no woman.

Charley shoots Victor with his SILENCED GUN and pulls him
 inside.

CHARLEY
 And you never will.

Charley closes the door and moves up the drive.

EXT. CUEVAS' DRIVEWAY - HOUSE

Charley drives up and starts dropping TIMED EXPLOSIVES along
 the way. Tossing them as far as he can.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

He leaves the van in drive, forcing the gas peddle down with
 his knife and moves to the back, setting and dropping
 EXPLOSIVES before jumping out the back.

EXT. CUEVAS' HOUSE - NIGHT

The Cowboys watch the van coming up the drive until they
 become alarmed that it's not slowing down.

They SHOOT at it as it plows right up the stairs and into the
 house and EXPLODES. They get blown off the steps on FIRE.

EXT. GROUNDS - NIGHT

EXPLOSIVES as they start to GO OFF.

INT. CUEVAS HOUSE - NIGHT

Cuevas, Emilio and Bobby come to a window.

Explosives IGNITE around the grounds. GUN shots start up as ARMED COWBOYS run about, some getting cut down by Charley. Others being blown up.

Cuevas turns from his window to Bobby and Emilio.

CUEVAS

You fools, it's Charley Fever.
Bring him to me or die.

Cuevas picks up an ASSAULT WEAPON and heads down the stairs.

EXT. GROUNDS - NIGHT

Cowboys confront Charley but he mows them down...

and BLOWS more of them up by throwing EXPLOSIVES as he moves.

He makes it to the side of the house which is now on FIRE.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

SIRENS can be heard in the distance as Charley enters the house mowing down the armed guys in the kitchen.

Bobby and Emilio enter seeing Charley with a gun on them.

EMILIO

Oh, shit.

CHARLEY

How's it goin', guys?

BOBBY

Not so good right now.

EMILIO

You killing us, Charley?

CHARLEY

You've got a good computer mind,
Emilio. I'd hate to waist it.

EMILIO

Yeah, me too. The money thing...
the virus... very ingenious.

CHARLEY

Did you know they planned to kill me?

BOBBY

We didn't know shit.

EMILIO

I knew... nobody told me... I just know how Cuevas thinks.

BOBBY

Shut up, man. We're just pets, Charley.

CHARLEY

You guys want to die?

EMILIO/BOBBY

No.

CHARLEY

Where's Cuevas?

EMILIO

In there, waiting for you.

CHARLEY

Okay, drop 'em. Out the door, don't look back. Stay out of the trade or I'll come for you.

Bobby and Emilio drop their guns and move for the door.

EMILIO

You ever need anything --

CHARLEY

-- I'll find you.

Bobby and Emilio run for it as Charley moves to the dining room door. He pushes it open and tosses in EXPLOSIVES.

INT. DINNING ROOM - NIGHT

More guys get blown to bits as Charley enters.

Someone opens fire on him and Charley gets behind an overturned marble table and fires back.

It's Cuevas.

CUEVAS

I had no idea that Eric would kill your fiance. It wasn't part of the deal. He was to shoot you. Not blow you up.

Charley moves into the light. He's bleeding.

CUEVAS

It was your people who brought Eric into the business. And it was they who didn't have the guts to kill you themselves.

CHARLEY

You should've done me personally.

CUEVAS

It's never too late.

Cuevas fires at Charley as four men fill the archway behind him... and Charley pulls the pin on a GRENADE and throws it just over Cuevas head and takes out the door full of men.

Cuevas looks at the destruction. Then down at his own BLEEDING. He turns back to find a gun right in his face.

CHARLEY

Next one's all yours.

Charley takes Cuevas' gun and throws it away. He takes out HANDCUFFS and cuffs Cuevas' hands behind him.

CUEVAS

What the hell do you want from me?

Charley spins Cuevas back around and clips a grenade on the front of his pants.

CHARLEY

Your dick. See how much pussy you get without it.

Charley walks away.

CUEVAS

Shit, look at my beautiful house. You let me live, you can keep the money and we'll forget this ever happened.

Charley leaves the way he came in.

CHARLEY

Your money is being spent by drug
rehab across the nation. Thanks.

CUEVAS

Charley. Somebody help me.

Cuevas dances around trying to get the grenade out of his
pants. Two Cowboys show up and go for the cuffs.

CUEVAS

Forget the cuffs, you fools, I've
got a live grenade in my pants.

The two Cowboys stop and look at each other. Then dive out
of the way.

CUEVAS

You're both fired.

Cuevas is BLOWN to pieces.

EXT. BACK OF CUEVAS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Charley comes out he finds HELICOPTERS, COP CARS and FIRE
ENGINES everywhere.

Charley heads into the dark as more EXPLOSIVES in the house
start to blow, one by one.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Lloyd, Fred, Tim and their men dive for cover. The
helicopter moves away.

EXT. BACK WALL - NIGHT

Charley scales it unseen.

EXT. CHARLEY'S VAN - NIGHT

Tamera as she watches from over a mile away.

EXT. CUEVAS' HOUSE ON HILL - NIGHT

It continues to EXPLODE, ILLUMINATING the night.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Just then Charley opens the door scaring Tamera to hell. He
gets in.

TAMERA
Did you kill them all?

CHARLEY
Only the ones who wanted to die.
Lock the doors and move on.

Tamera hits the lock BUTTON and puts the truck in gear.

TAMERA
Is that your blood?

CHARLEY
Yes. Keep the lights off.

Charley hits a SWITCH and the WINDSHIELD turns to NIGHT VISION.

CHARLEY
Pull down here and park.

Tamera reacts, pulling down a DIRT LANE under a row of trees.

TAMERA
Wow. What now?

Charley moves to the back, turning on an interior light.

CHARLEY
You better hurry and stop this
bleeding... they'll be waiting.

Tamera moves to him and he hands her a medical kit.

TAMERA
Who?

CHARLEY
My family. They're about to become
ancestors.

EXT. CUEVAS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Lloyd gets into his car.

INT. LLOYD'S CAR - NIGHT

He reaches for his phone and it RINGS. He picks it up.

LLOYD
Rivers. Punch him in. Charley?
It's about time.

INT. CHARLEY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Tamera patches his Charley's wounds.

CHARLEY
You miss me already?

LLOYD (V.O.)
What the hell do you think you're
up to?

CHARLEY
Up to my neck in charitable work.
Tell them not to bother trying to
trace this.

LLOYD (V.O.)
Where are you?

CHARLEY
One quick stop then out of the
country.

LLOYD (V.O.)
We haven't found Cuevas. What did
you do with him?

CHARLEY
He's there. Somewhere.

LLOYD (V.O.)
We looked everywhere.

CHARLEY
Look a little closer.

LLOYD (V.O.)
Jesus, Charley.

CHARLEY
He had it coming.

LLOYD (V.O.)
It's a nightmare up here.

CHARLEY
Your brother's waiting for you.

LLOYD (V.O.)
Eric? Where?

CHARLEY
In his wine cellar.

LLOYD (V.O.)
Is he alive?

CHARLEY
Better hurry. He had Tamera set
to glow like Baghdad.

LLOYD (V.O.)
Where is she? Charley?

CHARLEY
Your brother needs help, Lloyd.
But don't go inside until you hear
from me.
(hangs up)

INT. LLOYD'S CAR - NIGHT

Lloyd holds the dead phone. Fred and Tim come up to his car.

FRED
We found him.

LLOYD
Cuevas?

FRED
Yeah, some of him. On the ceiling.

LLOYD
Screw it. Get a bomb squad out to
my brother's vineyard.

TIM
Isn't that an hour's drive?

LLOYD
Fly them in, goddamn it. Bring
that copter down. Right now.
We're leaving with them.

EXT. CHARLEY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Tamera steps out, Charley smiles.

CHARLEY
Just keep heading North and turn
into the first drive on your right.
You'll recognize the place. Should
take you about an hour.

Charley closes the door and drives off, leaving Tamera
speechless in the dark.

EXT. BIKER'S COMPOUND - NIGHT

Drew comes out the front door to SMOKE. Mutant and Smalley on patrol step out of the darkness.

They look at one another, silently acknowledging that all is quiet on the Southern front.

Drew looks up at the FOG rolling in.

DREW

Shit.

EXT. CHARLEY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Charley pulls to a stop and backs into a fire lane.

INT. CHARLEY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Charley moves over and sits in front of a COMPUTER MONITOR. He goes through a series of commands. Then writes something and E-mails it.

INT. COMPOUND COMPUTER COMMAND - NIGHT

Tag and Tooter read the e-mail as Drew enter.

DREW

What is it?

TAG

This. Just a second ago.

Drew takes the readout.

DREW

Damn. He's here. Who knows this?

TAG

Just the three of us.

DREW

Nobody leaves. Word from Cuevas?

TOOTER

His lines are all dead.

DREW

Get everyone up, get everyone armed.

Tag moves over and looks at his computers.

INT. CHARLEY'S TRUCK - MONITORS - NIGHT

Charley watches them.

 TAG (V.O.)
Something's happening.

 CHARLEY
Hey, Drew. It's me.

 DREW (V.O.)
How's he tappin' in?

INT. COMPOUND COMPUTER COMMAND - NIGHT

Tag, Drew and Tooter.

 TAG
He's patched into the intercom.
 (hits a few switches)
Correction. He's got the whole
enchilada. Including our defense.

 DREW
Shut it down.

Tag goes through a series of attempts to shut it down.

 TAG
Nothing.

 DREW
That son-of-a-bitch.

 CHARLEY (V.O.)
I'm just taking back my toys, Drew.

INT. CHARLEY'S TRUCK MONITORS - NIGHT

Charley turns up the volume.

 DREW (V.O.)
Can he hear us?

 TAG (V.O.)
I don't know.

INT. COMPOUND COMPUTER COMMAND - NIGHT

Tag, Tooter and Drew

 CHARLEY (V.O.)
Hear and see.

Drew looks up at the nearest camera and points his GUN.

DREW
Damn you, Charley.

He SHOOTs the camera.

CHARLEY (V.O.)
I'm coming for you, Drew.

INT. CHARLEY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Charley ZOOMS another camera in on Drew.

DREW (V.O.)
I've got your woman, Charley.

CHARLEY
Tamera's safe and sound.

DREW (V.O.)
Lauren. You should've stayed dead
with her. We broke her out and put
her in my helicopter.

Charley takes this in as Drew SHOOTs out another CAMERA.

INT. COMPOUND COMPUTER COMMAND - DREW

A moment of silence after Drew SHOOTs out the third camera.

CHARLEY (V.O.)
You're a sick dude, Drew.

DREW
Come any closer and I'll have
her dropped on the Interstate.

CHARLEY (V.O.)
She's dead. What more can you do
to her?

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

MEN and WOMEN bikers gang members come out of their living quarters to listen to the P.A.

CHARLEY (V.O.)
This is Charley Fever. Those of
you who want to leave come out
the front gates now. You've got
five minutes.

DREW (V.O.)
No one is leaving anywhere?

CHARLEY (V.O.)
Anyone who comes out now I will take it as a sign that you're out of the drug business and you choose to live. Anyone remaining will die like Cuevas and his people. Where you go, I'll send you your money.

SMALLEY
Screw him, man, he can't kill us all. We'll take our money back.

INT. CHARLEY'S TRUCK MONITORS - NIGHT

The bikers cheer, raising guns in defiance as Drew comes out of the house.

DREW (V.O.)
I want everyone armed and ready. Men and women. Charley, you're a thieving prick and we'll kill you as many times as it takes to keep you dead.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

Bikers and Drew arm themselves.

CHARLEY (V.O.)
Then put on your helmets, people... it's D-Day.

Over the P.A. system a rock-n-roll version of the National Anthem BLARES.

Drew covers his ears and goes back into the house.

EXT. CHARLEY'S VAN - NIGHT

Charley works on his computer.

EXT. COMPOUND GROUNDS - NIGHT

As retractable ROCKET LAUNCHERS surrounding the compound... spring out of the ground... and spin around to point toward the compound.

CHARLEY

He finishes typing in commands.

INT. COMPOUND COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Tag reacts to the monitor. Drew enters.

 TAG
 (yelling above the song)
 He just turned our arsenal on us.

 DREW (V.O.)
 He what?

Drew shoots out all the speakers in the room.

 TAG
 Those stinking rockets you had him
 install just pointed up our asses.

EXT. CHARLEY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Altra Sound Catilight adjusts and stops.

INT. CHARLEY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Charley starts putting together his assault package.

MORTARS and SHELLS - ROOM BOOM GUN - AK and other GUNS.
GRENADE LAUNCHER, EVA ordnance pack and a TEASER, KNIFE,
CUTTERS, ROCKET ARM PODS.

He puts them all in packs and straps them to his body and
heads for the door.

EXT. CHARLEY TRUCK - NIGHT

Charley places the equipment on himself. Heavy. He downs
some water and heads up a gulch.

EXT. MOUNTAIN GROUNDS - NIGHT

The compound is up at the top of the hill about three hundred
yards.

EXT. CLIFF - NIGHT

Charley SHOOTs a LINE up the cliff and attaches a PULLEY
MECHANISM that pulls his deformed body up the line.

He swings to a rut where water has dug a gully into the rock
and takes out a WIRE with CLIPS on each end and clips it to
the fence.

He cuts the wire in between and slides onto the top of the
cliff.

EXT. TOP OF CLIFF - NIGHT

Charley climbs through the gully that has washed under the electric fence.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE - NIGHT

He stops at the sound of a THREE MAN RECON, TONY, JITTERS and HAIRY, heading back to the compound on a run.

Charley moves sideways - coming around the back of them.

CHARLEY (O.S.)
Live or die, guys. Don't care witch.

Jitters OPENS UP in the direction of Charley's voice.

Charley's KNIFE comes from a different direction and takes Jitters down... as the others disappear into the growth, running faster.

EXT. GROWTH - NIGHT

Hairy and Tony stop to listen, panic and doom on their faces.

HAIRY
Screw you, Charley. Come and get me.

TONY
Shut the hell up.

HAIRY
He's only one man.

Hairy OPENS FIRE all around them...

... when THUMP-BAM. Suddenly Hairy vanishes into a smattering of FLESH and BLOOD.

Tony, reacts to what's all over him.

He takes off running, firing backwards. Panicking as he drops anything that might slow him down.

EXT. UNDERBRUSH - NIGHT

Tony gets lost in the underbrush. He starts yelling into his Walkie-talkie... totally losing it.

TONY
Drew. Drew. He's on me... they're dead.

INT. COMPOUND COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Drew, Tooter and Tag listen to Tony over the Walkie-talkie. Tony's random SHOOTING comes in loud and clear.

TONY (V.O.)
 Hairy and Jitters are dead,
 man. He's after me... he's....

Tony's voice trails off into an AGONIZING PAIN.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

Charley has Tony bent over backwards with his TEASER to his throat.

TONY
 I want to live, Charley... ah... I
 want to live.

CHARLEY
 How bad?

TONY
 Real bad... I'll do anything. I'm
 done with all this. Truth.

Charley drops him. Picking up Tony's gun and Walkie-talkie and walks away.

CHARLEY
 Keep your word or die. I'll find
 you and send money. Have a nice
 life, Tony.

Charley disappears into the night and Tony starts weeping.

INT. COMPOUND COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Drew picks up the Walkie-talkie.

DREW
 You can't kill us all, Charley.

CHARLEY (V.O.)
 Hopefully, I won't have to, Drew.

EXT. COMPOUND GROUNDS - NIGHT

Charley emerges with Tony's Walkie-talkie.

He moves back over to his gear and takes out one of the MORTARS and loads it, setting a timer, checking his WATCH.

INT. ERIC'S FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Eric fights to spread his knees apart, but the bungy cords are making him work hard.

Sweat pours down his face covering his shirt, as the Betty moves slightly.

EXT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Lloyd, Tim, Fred and BOMB SQUAD as they quickly descend to the ground.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

Charley sets the second mortar, timing it.

INT. BIKER COMPOUND - HIGH ALERT - NIGHT

The bikers continue to arm themselves and move to the walls and towers.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

The FOG drifts by, Charley checks his EVA coordinate pack to make sure he's where he wants to be.

He takes out a hand COMPUTER and punches in a command.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

The ROCKETS from all sides of the compound launch towards the compound.

EXT. COMPOUND TOWER - NIGHT

Muscats looks up to the sky. The National Anthem still PLAYING.

MUSCATS
IN COMING.

INT. COMMAND POST - NIGHT

Watching the rockets.

DREW
I can't believe this.

TOOTER
Ten, nine, eight.

EXT. COMPOUND WALLS - NIGHT

Under the sounds of - ROCKETS IN AIR - the rockets Charley launched ascend upon the compound.

EXT. AERIAL SHOT - BIKER COMPOUND - NIGHT

ROCKETS, as they approach and EXPLODE inside the compound. Taking out the towers, blowing the shit out of everything.

EXT. COMPOUND TOWER - NIGHT

Soupie is blown out of the tower.

EXT. BIKER COMPOUND - NIGHT

Rockets land, EXPLODING into the TRAILERS. Sending men screaming to their death. The main house gets TWO, setting everything on FIRE.

INT. BIKER COMPOUND - NIGHT

The walls have GAPING BURNING HOLES. One, of which, Charley fills with his body, wielding the AK 47.

Mass confusion is everywhere as Charley starts cutting down stragglers looking for places to hide.

A group of MOTORCYCLES start up and Charley throws a HAND GRENADE into their path blowing them all to the ground.

Those that live get up, firing, screaming in pain as Charley waste them.

A FOUR RUNNER starts up heading for the front gait.

Charley opens up on it with the ROOM BOOM GUN, causing it to cut into and SMASHING just below a remaining tower, catching it on fire.

Muscat shoots down from the tower at Charley. Charley quiets him with the Grenade Launcher.

INT. MAIN BUILDING - NIGHT

Drew, Tag and Tooter watch the monitors showing what's left of the grounds before they click off one by one.

People are being cut down everywhere. Charley is there in the mist of destruction firing away.

DREW

We're out of here. Move it.

EXT. TOP OF COMPOUND BUILDING - NIGHT

Drew, Tag, Tooter and a PILOT get into the HELICOPTER.

A MACHINE GUN is mounted on it's side.

The roof of the compound is on FIRE from the ROCKET strike, BODIES everywhere.

EXT. COMPOUND GROUNDS - NIGHT

He shoots the Room Boom Gun through windows of the buildings.

The helicopter lifts off firing at Charley.

Charley dives for cover coming back up with his grenade launcher aiming at the helicopter.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Drew looks down at Charley, as Tag FIRES the machine gun.

TAG

He's got a grenade launcher.

DREW

Keep shooting. I know Charley,
he's a sentimental fool. Guy's
a puss.

(calling down)

Come on, Charley, Lauren's waiting
for you up here.

(suddenly ducking)

THUNK. The grenade rattles inside the copter, bouncing off the casket. They scramble to get out.

But Drew knows it's too late.

EXT. EXPLODING HELICOPTER - NIGHT

It DISSIPATES into the night air, crashing in part back onto the transformer below, EXPLODING into an ELECTRICAL SHOW.

EXT. GROUNDS - NIGHT

The casket crashes at Charley's feet on top of Smalley, putting him out, but not breaking open.

Charley stands on top of it as he sends more grenades into the house finishing it off.

EXT. BOMB CELLAR - NIGHT

A group of men and woman led by Smooch open the cellar door and come out with their hands up.

SMOOCH
Don't shoot, Charley.

CHARLEY
You ready to cut a deal, Smooch?

SMOOCH
We got family. We want out.

CHARLEY
Done forever?

SMOOCH
Down the straight and narrow.

CHARLEY
Out the front gate... on foot. Lug
this with you. I'll pick it up at
the road.

SMOOCH
About the money?

Charley looks them over.

CHARLEY
You'll hear from me.
(checks his watch)
Better move, second round's due in.

Suddenly, the MORTARS Charley set earlier LAUNCH.

The bikers quickly move over as Charley jumps off the casket and they pick it up and start running toward the front gate.

Leaving Smalley, squashed and burned.

Charley backs out the way he came in killing armed stragglers as he leaves.

The FOG and SMOKE smothering the air, glaring with FIRE as the mortars streak through the dark sky.

EXT. AERIAL SHOT - MOUNTAIN SIDE - NIGHT

The mountain top BURNS and the mortars explode devastating the entire compound into a ball of FLAMES.

INT. VINEYARD HOUSE WINE CELLAR - ERIC

Eric's getting closer to dropping the mine from his knees.

EXT. VINEYARD HOUSE - NIGHT

Lloyd, Tim, Fred and the Bomb Squad put on EXPLOSIVE GEAR.

Lloyd's phone RINGS. Lloyd picks it up.

CHARLEY (V.O.)
How's our chicken?

LLOYD
He's in the cooker but still raw.

CHARLEY (V.O.)
I advise you not to stick your head
in the oven. But if you must, use
the back door. He's in the cellar
trying to burn himself.

LLOYD
Thanks. Where's Tamera, Charley?

CHARLEY (V.O.)
Not far. She's a good woman,
Lloyd. Forgive her. Forgive
yourself. Alone is no way to die.

LLOYD
I just want her safe.

CHARLEY
It's time to send in the ditch
diggers. I conquered the mountain.

LLOYD
Hello? Charley?

Lloyd looks at the house as he hangs up.

LLOYD
Guys...

TIM
Yeah.

LLOYD
Keep these if I don't come out.

Lloyd heads for the house.

Tim and Fred look down at Lloyd's watch and badge. They look at each other.

TIM
Hey, Lloyd. Don't you got cash on you?

FRED
What about Charley's Vette keys?

Lloyd gives them a look, smiles and heads towards the house.

INT. VINEYARD HOUSE - NIGHT

Someone is coming down the stairs. In a panic, Eric starts struggling harder.

The Betty is barely caught in the fold of his pants but he can't get it to drop.

LLOYD (O.S.)
Eric?

ERIC
Get the hell out of here, Lloyd.

Lloyd makes his way through the cellar with the flashlight.

He stops when he finds Eric.

LLOYD
Holy mother of God.

ERIC
This is turning ground zero any second. Get everyone away from the house.

LLOYD
Tell me how to stop it.

ERIC
What for?

LLOYD
Please, Eric.

ERIC
Get away from me. I'm pink rain.

LLOYD
I can't do that.

ERIC

I'm about to drop a Betty from my knees like a chicken in heat.

LLOYD

I need to know. Why? You knew how this would end.

ERIC

I didn't plan to be here, trust me.

LLOYD

We had Cuevas... we would've put him out.

ERIC

Cuevas gave me a million... cash.

LLOYD

Cuevas is --

ERIC

-- Whatever he got he deserved ten times over. I know.

LLOYD

I can't believe you murdered people. Your friend... a cop for money.

ERIC

You came down here to scold me, big brother. Make me feel bad? You happen to notice how my hands are pinned to these bombs. Screw off and get out of here, or I'm taking your sorry ass with me this time.

Lloyd moves right up to Eric, putting the light on him.

LLOYD

I've got the bomb squad upstairs. They can undo this.

ERIC

Then what? Life in prison... the chair... drag my body through the streets? I don't think so. This is much more my style. A blaze of sky lit glory. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Now get out.

LLOYD

I'll help you, I'll --

ERIC

-- I don't want your help.

LLOYD

Think of what you're doing.

ERIC

I have, I screwed up, it's over. Just let it be. Okay? I should've stayed in Cancun, and let that bastard come get me. Please Lloyd, it's slipping, don't give me a second chance to kill you.

LLOYD

You stupid son-of-a-bitch. Why? Why would you do this? To me? To your friends? Now you're takin' the easy way. Like a punk. Why?

ERIC

I wanted the money. I needed the money. I'm a junky. I knew you guys could all die up there. I wanted you to die. Because I knew you'd come after me eventually if you lived. Crank. Meth. Shit. I was on the beach... up for days, always expecting you to walk into my light. I wasn't about to start waiting for Charley's shadow, too. You had to know. Right? Am I right?

LLOYD

You would've gone down with Cuevas.

ERIC

Shit, the Feds must be up your ass.

LLOYD

Charley paid them back their money and they pulled out.

ERIC

See? Cuevas was right. Charley wanted his woman. You want your woman back. The Feds want their money. Cuevas and Drew wanted their money. It's always about pussy and money. Me? I'll take the money. That was always the difference between us. You did it for love. I did it for money.

Lloyd backs away.

LLOYD

You're wrong. There's so much more to America. There's family. You're still my kid brother. What will I tell Mom? How --

ERIC

-- Tell Mom the truth. Eric died the moment he started shoving shit up his nose. Now go. Hey. It was my choice to blow the place. I was just suppose to shoot him. So don't miss me, Lloyd. Never. I did it for the money. And I'd say you've got about thirty seconds before the buck stops here.

EXT. ERIC'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lloyd comes out the back door.

LLOYD

Get back, get everyone back. Get the helicopter away from here. Now.

Fred and Tim run around the house, YELLING for the men to get away.

EXT. FRONT OF VINEYARD HOUSE - NIGHT

Tim, Fred and Bomb Squad run. And the helicopter lifts up into the sky.

INT. VINEYARD CELLAR - NIGHT

The mine THUMPS on the floor. Eric smiles like he just relieved himself.

EXT. VINEYARD HOUSE - EXPLOSION

Tim, Fred and the Bomb Squad all hit the ground.

Behind them, the house goes straight up like a rocket ship... and explodes apart in the sky, coming back to the ground in tiny little GLOWING bits. Like the Fourth of July.

The cops pick themselves up in awe.

Lloyd stands there watching all alone. He looks over and up the drive to find Tamera standing there, tears running down her face.

Lloyd moves to her and she comes into his arms and they hug. Maybe a brand new beginning as they both look back at the burning debris.

After a moment Lloyd's phone RINGS. He reaches for it.

INT. CHARLEY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Charley climbs back into the truck and starts it up. The glow from the burning house fills the air.

CHARLEY
Man really knows how to party.

LLOYD (V.O.)
What's our next step?

CHARLEY
You got your woman back, Lloyd.
What else do you want from me?

LLOYD (V.O.)
Yeah, but you're comin' in, right?

CHARLEY
Maybe next time.

LLOYD (V.O.)
Next time?

Charley hangs up the phone. Putting the truck in gear. Tunes the radio.

He picks up the ring case and opens it. He looks behind him. Lauren's casket is there.

He sets the open ring case with the diamond shinning on top.

His misshaped face is illuminated green by his on board computer lights as a gleam of content glows in his eyes.

CHARLEY
Not exactly the honeymoon we had in
mind, baby. But if this is as good
as ours will get... I'll take it.

EXT. CHARLEY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

As it fades into the night.

FADE OUT.

THE END