

CRANK

Screenplay by

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FADE IN:

1 VIDEO SCREEN

1

EXTREME CU: PACMAN, from the old video game, just a yellow ball with a mouth, fills the screen in all it's lo-res glory. The camera tracks along as it rolls along a tight corridor, gobbling dots.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CU: A RED GHOST follows, in hot pursuit.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CU: PACMAN gives it the slip, cuts down and gobbles a big dot.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CU: RED GHOST transforms into BLUE GHOST, changes direction and runs. PACMAN chases ...

... but just before he catches up the BLUE GHOST transforms back to RED and changes direction again. PACMAN barely escapes.

CUT TO:

PACMAN flees, but at every turn he is confronted by another ghost. The CAMERA pulls out in a series of jump cuts to reveal that unlike the old arcade game, this game screen goes on forever, an infinite maze ... and instead of the original four there are thousands of ghosts at all sides, closing in.

The sound of the game redoubles, reverberates, deafening ...

CUT TO BLACK.

SOUND: A HEART BEATS SLOWLY IN THE DARK.

FADE IN:

2 INT CHEV'S BEDROOM, MORNING

2

(this scene plays out as a continuous POV shot, right up until CHEV's face is revealed for the first time.)

CHEV CHELIOS, wakes up in his apartment to a RINGING CELL PHONE, groggy, vision doubled ...

... from his POV we see him examine his hands, which don't feel right, don't want to move right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The CELL PHONE, coming from some other room, plays the PACMAN theme in beeps: BEE-DEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEE-DUM ...

He tries to get out of bed, HITS THE GROUND. Plush rug, ultra modern bed frame, night stand, high tech stereo, the works.

He crawls/stumbles into ...

3 INT CHELIOS LIVING ROOM, CONTINUOUS 3

... the living room, decked out by Kostabi paintings and glass furniture then into...

4 INT CHELIOS KITCHEN, CONTINUOUS 4

... the kitchen, with a black marble island and hanging copper.

He jams his head under the Fossil sink and runs the water. He steadies himself against the matching black marble counter, staring at his hands ...

... tries to lift them and BANG! He's back on the floor, stunned...

All the while we hear the faint sound of his HEARTBEAT...

... slow: LUBDUB... LUBDUB... LUBDUB.

He begins crawling back into...

5 INT CHELIOS LIVING ROOM, CONTINUOUS 5

... the living room, toward the telephone where he spots a plain black VHS tape propped up in front of a plasma screen TV with police ribbon wrapped around it, tied in a bow, like a present.

CHELIOS
(barely comprehensible)
Whathufuck?

He grabs the thing, fumbles to unwrap it, shoves it into the VCR and pushes PLAY.

5A INT. TV SCREEN 5A

It's RICKY VERONA on the SCREEN, a young, irritatingly slick EASTERN EURO ... little to no accent - fast talking, sarcastic, a complete dick ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We see him sitting on CHEV'S bed ... CHEV is visible in the frame, unconscious behind VERONA. Pale nicotine sunlight filters in through the blinds. There are HOODS loitering around the room. It was apparently shot only hours before.

(The discernible sound of CHEV'S heartbeat will subliminally increase in speed and volume throughout VERONA'S monologue - the cell phone continues to ring, somewhere.)

VERONA

What's shaking, douchebag? Thought I'd give you the heads up. You're dead.

On the TV - VERONA points into the CAMERA.

VERONA (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's right, you little bitch ... if you're watching this tape it means that I somehow resisted the urge to dismember you and shove the pieces down the garbage disposal ... opting instead to poison you in your sleep. Yeah, you heard me...

We stay with CHEV'S POV as he flashes a frantic glance around the room. The LUBDUB of the HEARTBEAT is much LOUDER AND FASTER NOW; we really begin to notice it.

VERONA (CONT'D)

... I fucking poisoned you in your sleep. How sick is that?... for the satisfaction of watching you squirm out your last minutes knowing it was me that did it to you, and there's nothing you can do about it...

5 Cut to high angle view from a hidden lipstick camera; CHEV is 5
on his knees in front of the set, looking around ... we still
don't see his face clearly.

5A VERONA (CONT'D) 5A
... that's right, you're on candid
camera, try not to embarrass yourself...

5 Cut back to CHEV'S POV. He holds his head down over the 5
carpet and shoves a finger in his mouth, GAGGING.

VERONA (CONT'D)

Let me guess, you're trying to puke the
shit out, right? Right? Don't bother...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VERONA (CONT'D)

the shit I gave you is some fucking high tech sci-fi Chinese synthetic shit that even I don't know exactly what the fuck it is. All I know is once it binds with your blood cells, you're fucked, baby... and believe me, it's done binded. By now you'll be feeling your joints stiffen up... hard to breath...

5 CHEV puts his hand on the left side of his chest to feel his heart. The BEATS of the heart grow louder still, but the rhythm falters, begins to slow ... 5

VERONA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... your heartbeat is slowing down like there's rust in your veins... you're like the Tin Man in the Wizard of freaking Oz...

5A One of the THUGS, ALEX, contributes from offscreen. 5A

ALEX

(amused by his own wit,
singing)

"If he only had a brain."

VERONA

(irritated)

Scarecrow. Whatever. You get the point. You're fucked. You got maybe an hour, max, tough guy ... baby ... sexy ...

The THUGS are into it; VERONA is rolling. One of them comes up beside the bed and plants a big kiss on CHEV'S unconscious head.

VERONA (CONT'D)

Hey, it's been real. Probably should've thought twice before you whacked Don Kim. Experiencing a little 20/20 hindsight? I thought so. Have a nice death...

6 Finally the CAMERA reverses to reveal CHEV'S slack-jawed face, staring at the TV. CHEV is in his late 20s, handsome in an offhanded way. All of the background noise - the HEARTBEAT, the CELL PHONE - cuts to dead silence... and through the silence, a SINGLE WORD: 6

VERONA (CONT'D)

5A ... asshole. 5A

(A driving SOUNDTRACK kicks in. The OPENING TITLES play over the following:)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

7 Finding a drunken man's strength, CHEV flips out. He rips 7
the TV out of the stand, TEARING THE WIRES FROM THE GUTS OF
THE WALL. He launches it straight into the floorboards with
a BONE-BREAKING CRUSH.

He KICKS over the rest of the entertainment system, JUMPS on
it and heads out of the room.

ROLLER DOLLY follows him on a STUMBLING RAMPAGE through the
apartment and down the hall.

By the door, in an ashtray with his car keys, he finds it:
his God-damned CELL PHONE. Of course it stops ringing just
as he picks it up. He pockets it, BANGS OPEN the front door
and is out.

8 INT CHEV'S APARTMENT BUILDING, CONTINUOUS 8

ROLLER DOLLY stays with him through the door and down the
hall, as a businesswoman peaks her head out the door - then
SLAMS IT SHUT, terrified - and then down the stairs to the
garage door.

9 INT CHEV'S APARTMENT BUILDING, GARAGE, CONTINUOUS 9

ROLLER DOLLY still on CHEV. He jumps up on the hood of a
moving RED SPORTSCAR as it backs out of it's parking spot,
walks right over it and hops off, clicking the keyless lock
button on his chain in mid-air ... the door to his BLACK AUDI
pops open ... he gets in.

RED SPORTSCAR GUY is the sort of classic intolerable LA
ASSHOLE we love to hate: platinum hair, suspenders, designer
shades, programming his Blackberry while driving, etc.

SPORTSCAR GUY

This is a eighty thousand dollar ride,
cockwipe!

CHEV backs out, runs him right over. CH-KUNK, CH-KUNK.
CHEV'S AUDI blasts out of the garage and down the street.
SPORTSCAR GUY holds his backwards leg in agony.

SPORTSCAR GUY (CONT'D)

(screaming like a girl)
You're a dead man!

CUT TO:

10 INT CHEV'S AUDI, MOMENTS LATER 10

The ever-present HEARTBEAT is pounding. CHEV whips out his
cell phone and dials. A HORN BLASTS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV quickly looks up and yanks his steering wheel to swerve around oncoming traffic.

CHEV
JESUS!

The CAMERA ZOOMS in on CHEV'S CHEST: it becomes JUST SLIGHTLY TRANSPARENT... we see the movement of his beating HEART SPEED UP with the near miss.

The HEARTBEAT SOUND is amplified as we MOVE IN CLOSER.

CUT TO:

11 INT EVE'S APARTMENT, SIMULTANEOUS 11

We see an old school tape answering machine pick up at her place:

WOMAN (V.O.)
Hey, this is Eve...

This is apparently typical - she's an answering machine girl in a cell phone world. He holds back his frustration as the message plays.

EVE
I'm glad you called, but I'm not here.
Can you leave me a message? Unless
you're trying to sell something, because
I'm absolutely not interested. But if
you're not ...

12 EXT CHEV'S AUDI, SAME TIME 12

CHEV begins to POUND HIS HEAD against the steering wheel.

EVE
... then just ... oh, wait ... time's up -

13 INT EVE'S APARTMENT, SAME TIME 13

SOUND: beep!

CHEV (O.S.)
GET A CELL PHONE!!!

We hear CHEV'S car SQUEAL again...

CUT TO:

14 INT CHEV'S AUDI, SAME TIME 14

... CHEV recovers from another near miss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV

Shit!

He clicks off the cell. His eyes try to focus on the road.

NOTE: Through it all, the low beating of the heart - from slow to fast - sometimes barely audible, sometimes mixed way out front - clues us into the state of his adrenaline.

He grabs up the cellphone again and punches in a speed dial.

CHEV (CONT'D)

Come on ...

ANSWERING SERVICE (O.S.)

Doctor Miles' office, may I help you?

CHEV

Let me talk to him.

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

15 INT CHOCOLATE'S APARTMENT, SIMULTANEOUS

15

CHOCOLATE, a too-skinny, cracked-out BLACK CHICK, sits in front of a multi-line phone in a broken down apartment. She's wearing a headset. She takes a long drag off her cigarette.

CHOCOLATE

(a generic imitation of politeness)

I'm sorry, the doctor isn't in the office at this time, may I take -

CHEV

Where is he?

CHOCOLATE

I beg your pardon sir?

CHEV

Where - thefuck - is - he?

(In more SCREENS WITHIN SCREENS we see a 'WELCOME TO LAS VEGAS' sign, then DOCTOR MILES reclining on a massage table with a bunch of HOOKERS.)

CHOCOLATE

I don't know sir, this is his answering service, would you like me to have him paged?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV
 (exasperated)
 Fine, yes, please let the doctor know
 that Chev Chelios is a dead man if he
 can't call me back within the hour... got
 that?

CHOCOLATE
 Can you spell that for me sir?

She searches the food and carton strewn tabletop for
 something to write with.

CHEV
 D-E-A-D. Chelios... got it?

CHOCOLATE
 Yes sir...

CHEV
 Thank you.

CHEV hangs up.

CHEV finds himself nodding off in the car ...

The CAMERA ZOOMS back into his chest. This time it becomes
 COMPLETELY TRANSPARENT - we see his HEART BEAT SLOW DOWN:

SOUND - BOOMING: ... LUB DUB, LUB DUB...

The CAMERA SWOOSHES down to CHEV'S FOOT as he STEPS ON THE
 GAS... then back up to the HEART as the ADRENALINE CRANKS HIM
 UP... the BEATING SPEEDS UP -

SOUND: ... LUBDUB, LUBDUB, LUBDUB..!

... and the CAMERA SNAPS back out to CHEV'S FACE as he seems
 to come to his senses.

CHEV takes the cell. One-clicks, and sticks the phone in the
 cigarette adapter. Four rings. Finally someone picks up.

KAYLO (O.S.)
 Hello?

CHEV
 Kaylo. My man. So, where were you last
 night?

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

16 INT KAYLO'S HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS 16

KAYLO is late 20's, slightly plump, hispanic, with gelled back curly hair. The room is unkempt. A woman in a robe shuffles by vaguely in the background, possibly his mother?

KAYLO

Oh, what's up Chev?

CHEV (O.S.)

I said, where were you last night?

17 IN A SCREEN WITHIN A SCREEN WE SEE HIM DRESSING UP IN DRAG, 17
PUTTING ON LIPSTICK, FAKE TITS, THE WORKS, VOGUEING AT SOME
FREAKY CLUB, ETC.

18 INT CHEV'S AUDI - SIMULTANEOUS 18

KAYLO (O.S.)

I ... uhh ...

CHEV

Yeah, yeah. You wanna know what I was doing?

KAYLO

What?

CHEV

GETTING KILLED, YOU IDIOT!

KAYLO

What?

CHEV

What? What? You heard me. That son of a bitch Ricky Verona.

KAYLO

Ricky Verona ...

CHEV

(more to himself)

Who would've thought that little bastard had the stones to come whack me in my own crib... it's inconceivable... and yet, here we are.

KAYLO

Where are we?

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV

I'm dead and you're simple. Now listen:
 you put the word out I'm looking for
 Ricky Verona. Anyone sees him you call
 me.

KAYLO puts his hands up in the air, dumbfounded.

CHEV (CONT'D)

I'm going to get that little son of a
 bitch if it's the last thing I do... *it*
may actually be the last thing I do,
understand that? Copy me on that?

KAYLO

Ricky Verona?

CHEV

Find him!

Arriving at his destination CHEV clicks off, simultaneously
 closing KAYLO'S SCREEN IN A SCREEN, and shoves the phone into
 his shirt pocket as he screeches up the sidewalk.

CUT TO:

19 EXT STREET, NEAR BLACK SABBATH CLUBHOUSE, MOMENTS LATER 19

A run down street in Inglewood. The BLACK SABBATH CLUBHOUSE
 is a low lying pool hall/bar with a crude hand-painted sign
 reading BEER POOL DARTS. Motorcycles are parked out front.

ROLLER DOLLY from alongside CHEV'S car at high speed, break
 off and follow inside as CHEV parks haphazardly, rushes out
 and busts into the joint ...

20 INT. BLACK SABBATH CLUBHOUSE, CONTINUOUS 20

The continuous ROLLER DOLLY move takes us inside and KEEPS
 GOING. Eight or ten BROTHERS, some wearing motorcycle
 leathers, are scattered around the room, shooting stick,
 drinking, etc. CHEV BARGES IN, drawing a GLOK .45 from his
 coat and goes straight at ORLANDO - black, hip, 30's, better
 dressed than the others - who is at the center of a group of
 BADASSES.

Before anyone has time to react CHEV has the GUN PRESSED INTO
 ORLANDO'S FOREHEAD and is pushing him through the place into
 the bathroom. Everyone scatters and takes cover at the site
 of the GLOK; firearms appear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV locks the door, SLAMS ORLANDO against the far wall and starts circling around him with the gun beaded on ORLANDO'S forehead.

CHEV
(out of his mind)
Where's Verona!!

ORLANDO
(flipping out)
It's cool it's cool it's cool!

CHEV
Talk!!

CHEV cocks the gun.

ORLANDO
I'm talking! What are we talking about?

CHEV
Don't fuck with me!!

ORLANDO
OK, nobody's fucking with you, just calm down ...

CHEV
DON'T TELL ME TO CALM DOWN MOTHERFUCKER!

There's BANGING on the door. A BIKER yells from outside.

BIKER (O.S.)
O-land-o! What's up!

ORLANDO
(calling back)
There's a white man with a gun in here, I would prefer that he not cap my ass, so please refrain from any sudden ass bullshit!
(to CHEV)
Now you see that? I'm trying to help you here.

CHEV starts to chill out.

CHEV
Look, I got to find Ricky Verona ...

ORLANDO
Why would I know where ... ?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHEV

... right, I know, you don't know where he is, but you're going to tell me where he is, or I'm going to BLOW YOUR BRAINS INTO THAT TOILET!!

The DOOR BUSTS OPEN and a half dozen gun wielding BROTHERS crowd into the tiny room.

Total mad chaos ensues, CHEV, ORLANDO and the BROTHERS packed in like sardines, everyone pointing guns at every one else's head, shoving each other back and forth, everyone screaming. The situation teeters at the very edge of an explosion of bloody violence.

Finally ORLANDO cuts through the din with a booming voice.

ORLANDO

THE WHITE MAN IS COOL! THE WHITE MAN IS COOL!

SILENCE - just the sound of CHEV'S heartbeat, pumping.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

(calmly)

Can we all just get along? Can we?

Beat. CHEV'S gun is still trained on ORLANDO'S head.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Now Chevy here has something he would like to discuss. So we are going to discuss it. In a civilized manner. Chevy? I believe you had a question, or some point you were trying to make?

CHEV

Where's Verona.

ORLANDO

OK. I am not affiliated with Ricky Verona.

CHEV

(starting to lose it again)

You pulled the Anselmo job together, don't try to bullshit me ...

He presses closer to ORLANDO ... the BROTHERS bristle ... the situation is close to blowing up again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ORLANDO

Easy ... easy ... now things are beginning to clarify ... you see how that works? How discussion can lead to clarity?

CHEV is running out of patience.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Clearly you are operating under a false pretense. Ricky Verona and myself did not "pull the Anselmo job together." In fact, Ricky Verona fucked me on the Anselmo job. In fact, Ricky Verona owes me seventy five hunna dollars.

CHEV

That's not how I heard it.

ORLANDO

But that's the way it is. That's the way it is. So you see, I don't know where Ricky Verona is. Because if I knew where he is, I would probably be there right now, beating his Gucci ass down.

Standoff. CHEV holds the gun with an unsteady hand, studying ORLANDO'S eyes, evaluating.

Then, as much from exhaustion as from a sense that he's telling the truth, he lets his gun hand drop.

CHEV

Alright.

The room lets out a collective exhale. The BROTHERS mutter amongst themselves - *damn right you better put that shit away, crazy bitch ass mother ...*

ORLANDO

Thank you. That's what I'm talking about. That resembles civility.

LUB DUB ... LUB DUB ... LUB ... DUB

CHEV begins to fade again. He slumps back, looking as though he might pass out. One of the BROTHERS catches him, holds him up and shoves him away.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Shit dude, what's the matter with you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHEV

Forget it. I just gotta find Ricky Verona, that little bitch ...

ORLANDO

I understand that. You've made that point abundantly clear to all of us.

He takes pity on him - CHEV really looks like shit. A few of the BROTHERS lose interest, begin to filter out of the room.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Now what can I do to help you?

CHEV

Look, just give me some coke, OK? You got any coke?

ORLANDO gives him the look.

ORLANDO

OK, now you're insulting me.

CHEV

Come on, man, I know you got coke.

ORLANDO

You think every brother is carrying, is that it?

CHEV

Come on, I don't have time for this, just give me something ... I'm really dying here ...

ORLANDO

I can see that.

CHEV

No. You don't understand, I'm really fucking dying ... if I don't ...
(losing it again)
May I just have some coke, please?

ORLANDO

So this is medicinal use coke, that's what you're telling me.

CHEV

That's right.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ORLANDO

Well?

CHEV

What?

ORLANDO

You got something for me, or what?

CHEV shoves his gun into his belt, pulls out a wad of tens, tosses it into the sink. He's visibly fading.

ORLANDO takes a quick look over the wad, pulls a little plastic bag out of his vest pocket, tosses it to CHEV. The bag hits CHEV square in the forehead, hits sweat and STICKS. CHEV reaches for it lamely - it slides off and lands on the floor. His reflexes are not the best at this point.

CHEV collapses to his knees, breaks it open and snorts it right out of the bag like a pig on his elbows and knees. The BROTHERS find this hilarious.

ORLANDO shakes his head in disgust.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Chevy ... come on, man...

We hear CHEV'S heart rate start to build, increase in volume.

Suddenly he pops up to his feet, almost slips and falls, steadies himself. A new man.

CHEV

OK, that's good. That's good.

ORLANDO

Oh that's good, right?

CHEV pounds rhythmically on chest, keeping time with his beating heart.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Why you looking for Verona anyway?

CHEV

Seems like some Chinese assholes hired him to kill me...

ORLANDO

Ah, so this is about the Don Kim situation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

CHEV

What do you know about it?

ORLANDO

I know you pulled the trigger.

CHEV

(flipping out)

Of course I pulled the trigger! WHY
WOULDN'T I PULL THE TRIGGER?!

ORLANDO

O...kay...

Abruptly, CHEV'S HEART STOPS... his eyes go wide - he waits
for it...

LUB...

... waiting...

DUB.

... and then it STARTS UP AGAIN, slow, erratic. CHEV is GHOST
WHITE.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Whoa, Chelios. You good, man?

CHEV

This shit's not working.

ORLANDO

Beg your pardon?

CHEV swoons, close to BLACKING OUT.

CHEV

I think I know what I have to do.

ORLANDO

(shrugging)

Well, a man's got to do what a man's got
to do.

(beat)

Uhh... what exactly is it that you got to
do?

CHEV SNAPS to his senses.

CHEV

Got to kick... some black... ass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

ORLANDO

What?

CHEV turns to the biggest, meanest looking BROTHER in the room, pats him on the chest in a mock friendly way, then, without warning, slams his head forward into the BROTHER'S face, knocking him backwards into the hallway, sending all the other BROTHERS sprawling like tenpins.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

There he goes again.

CHEV has a pool cue in his hands. He moves out into the hallway, eyes wild.

SOUND: CHEV'S HEARTBEAT starts to rev up.

CHEV

Alright ... who wants white meat?

All hell breaks loose.

21 EXT OUTSIDE THE BLACK SABBATH CLUBHOUSE, MOMENTS LATER 21

A calm exterior of the building: single window, bars over it, single door closed.

SUDDENLY THE WINDOW SMASHES OUTWARD; the two arms of one of the BROTHERS poke out through the bars as though he's been thrown into the window frame from inside. One hand holds a cue ball, which drops and hits the sidewalk.

A second later THE DOOR BLOWS OFF IT'S HINGES as CHEV is tossed, upside down, through it to land on the cement in a jumble of glass and wood. The door falls on him. The BROTHERS chase him out into the street, shouting him down.

22 STILL BRANDISHING THE POOL CUE, HE SOMEHOW HOLDS THEM OFF AS 22
HE STUMBLES TO HIS CAR, PEELS OUT AND BLASTS OFF DOWN THE
STREET, LAUGHING MANIACALLY, HEART POUNDING LIKE A
JACKHAMMER.

23 INT CHEV'S CAR, MOMENTS LATER 23

Speeding along, weaving erratically through traffic, sweating hard, panting with adrenaline.

SOUND: BEE-DEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEE-DUM.

CHEV'S cell rings. He picks it right up.

CHEV

Doc?

24 IN A SPLIT SCREEN WE SEE IT'S VERONA. 24

VERONA
Hey, what's up, Doc!

23A CHEV 23A
You motherfucker!

VERONA
Dude, aren't you dead yet? What the hell
are you doing out there?

23A CHEV 23A
I'm coming for you, asshole, believe me.

VERONA
Yeah, whatever. Look, just thought you'd
like to know that I'm all about hooking
up with that mystery girl you've been
banging as soon as your ass is
underground ... I forgot to say so on
that gay James Bond tape I left for
you...

23A CHEV 23A
Yeah, yeah, then you're going to rape my
grandmother, blah blah blah. What do you
think Carlito is going to think when he
finds out what you did? Your whole crew
is history.

CHEV checks the rearview mirror.

CHEV (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Great.

23B Throughout the conversation his driving has gotten faster, 23B
more and more out of control. Now a SQUAD CAR has pulled up
behind him, cherry top flashing, broadcasting a warning to
"PULL OVER" out of its intercom.

CHEV goes evasive, leading the cop on a HIGH SPEED CHASE.

VERONA
Carlito? That's funny, I guess you
didn't know... Carlito's my boy now,
we're tight.

CHEV
You haven't been tight since your brother
fucked you in 3rd grade.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONA

Clever. Snappy. Did you pretty good, didn't I, Chelios? Come on, you can admit it.

CHEV

We'll see.

VERONA

Right, right, and the best part about it is...

CHEV'S phone BEEPS - incoming call.

CHEV

Sorry, I must take this. See you later.

VERONA

I doubt it.

CHEV pushes "answer" and picks up the new call.

25A

CHEV

25A

Yeah.

DOC MILES (V.O.)

Doc Miles.

CHEV

Doc! Shit, it's about time.

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

25

EXT LAS VEGAS AIRPORT, SIMULTANEOUS

25

DOC MILES

Sorry baby, I just got the message.

25A

CHEV

25A

OK, forget it, listen: I'm dying. I've been poisoned with some kind of Chinese synthetic shit.

DOC MILES

Woah!

CHEV

You've got to do something for me, it feels so crazy, like it's in my blood ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV swerves wildly. Throughout the conversation we are tight on CHEV and DOC - the only idea we have about the chase occurring outside the car comes from CHEV'S wild steering, the sound of BURNING RUBBER AND SIRENS, and the few details flashing by in the background and reflected in the glass.

DOC MILES

Alright, slow down. You say you've been poisoned. Can you describe the symptoms?

CHEV

It's like... it's like... like I'm slowing down... like I'm caught in a tar pit...

DOC MILES

Blurred vision?

CHEV

Yeah.

DOC MILES

Dizziness?

CHEV

Sure.

DOC MILES

Pain in your chest?

CHEV

Not really. Actually I'm feeling pretty good right now.

DOC MILES

What are you doing?

CUT TO:

26 INT. FOX HILLS MALL, CONTINUOUS

26

We reveal that CHEV'S car is BLASTING THROUGH THE INSIDE OF A SHOPPING MALL, screaming past frozen yogurt and Big n Tall shops, missing terrified shoppers by inches.

CHEV

Driving through a mall with five cops chasing me.

Behind his car we see two CHPs on motorcycles and three SQUAD CARS giving chase.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC MILES
 (partially to himself)
 The flow of adrenaline is keeping you
 alive.

CHEV
 I'm having a little trouble hearing you,
 Doc.

DOC MILES
 Listen, Chev - you have to keep moving.

CHEV
 Explain.

DOC MILES
 If I'm right, they gave you the *Beijing
 Cocktail*... very nasty ... works on your
 adrenal gland, blocking your receptors.
 The only way to slow it down is to keep
 the flow of adrenaline constant.

26A CHEV CRASHES HIS CAR INTO THE ESCALATOR.

26A

He hops out with cell phone to his ear and takes a ride to
 the second floor, RIDING THE SMASHED CAR UP THE ESCALATOR.

DOC MILES (CONT'D)
 Meaning: if you stop, you die.

CHEV
 What's that?

DOC MILES
If you stop, you die.

28 INT. FOX HILLS MALL - DAY

28

CHEV jumps off of the car and starts booking through the
 second level, huffing it, barking into the phone the whole
 time.

CHEV
 That's what I'm trying to do... just keep
 moving... keep the blood pumping... every
 time I slow down it's like my veins start
 to rust...

DOC MILES
 Have you taken anything?

CHEV
 A couple grams of coke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC MILES

Oh boy. Well, that's a start. Look, I'll be back in LA in an hour. I'll call you as soon as I land. Keep yourself pumped up. Don't stop, don't quit, I'll be there.

CHEV gives the cops the slip and heads into a ...

27 INT CLOTHING STORE, CONTINUOUS 27

... men's clothing store. He bolts to the back, looking for an exit.

He heads into the dressing room, no exit. Turns back out into the store and then tries the EMPLOYEES ONLY door. Behind the door are two overweight employees in suits. He RUNS THEM BOTH OVER and heads to the exit. They chase. CHEV gets to the exit first and BURSTS through the door.

28 EXT MALL, CONTINUOUS 28

He runs down the sidewalk and manages to hail a cab.

CHEV

Yo! Right here!

CUT TO:

29 INT CAB, SECONDS LATER 29

The inside of the cab has the East Indian vibe. Incense, Koran on the dash, and Farsi music over the radio.

CHEV

Go.

CABBIE

(in a thick Pakistani accent)

Where we go?

CHEV

Straight. Now.

They zip through the stop sign and hit the traffic light.

CHEV (CONT'D)

Make a right.

30 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 30

The CABBIE pulls a CALIFORNIA ROLLER to the right - the TIRES PEEL.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

30A Three SQUAD CARS pass, SIRENS AND LIGHTS BLARING, heading the
opposite way. 30A

29A CHEV starts to drop off; we hear his HEART RATE start to slow
down. 29A

CHEV
Hey, crank the music.

The CABBIE turns to an FM country station playing Billy Ray
Cyrus, "*Achy Breaky Heart*."

CHEV (CONT'D)
No, CRANK IT.

The Cabbie BLARES it.

CHEV starts to embarrassingly bang his head to the Billy Ray
as if it was Metallica in the late 80's.

Something catches his eye.

CHEV (CONT'D)
Pull over. Come on, right here. Thank
you.

A 7-11 can be seen through the side window.

CHEV (CONT'D)
OK, I'll be back in one minute. Don't go
anywhere.

CABBIE
OK, cowboy.

31 EXT 7-11 STREET, SECONDS LATER 31

CHEV jumps out of the cab and into the 7-11. We see him pull
his gun from his pants as he enters.

32 INT 7-11 CONVENIENCE STORE, CONTINUOUS 32

He goes right to the counter and sticks the place up.

He grabs the man from behind the counter and in one move,
yanks him over the counter and SLAMS HIM FACE-DOWN on the
floor.

CHEV
You move, you die ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV grabs a box of trash bags, rips it open and takes one out. He opens the bag and starts dumping CAFFEINE in: Jolt, Coke, Red Bull, Starbucks Frappuccinos.

He DIALS A NUMBER on his cell. It rings twice, then:

WOMAN (V.O.)
Hey, this is Eve ...

CHEV
AHHHHHHHHHH!

He yells and jumps up and down while heading to the counter. He grabs hundreds of the little ginseng capsules, Vivran, and everything candy. The bag's full.

One last look. He spots some shitty flowers in a bucket. The fastest double take in movie history with the grouchiest face, then he grabs them.

CUT TO:

33 INT CAB, SECONDS LATER 33

He hops back in the cab with the cheap flowers and the black santa bag.

He opens the bag and starts SLAMMING whatever he can get his hands on.

CABBIE
Where you want to go, man?

CHEV is guzzling Red Bull, popping vitamins, whatever.

CHEV
Beverly Hills.

CUT TO:

34 EXT ROOFTOP OF CARLITO'S BUILDING, MINUTES LATER 34

EXTREME CU of a *Fuente Fuente Opus X* cigar, rich tendril of smoke curling through the air.

As the hand holding the cigar brings it up for a drag the CAMERA pulls back, revealing CARLITO, an imposing 6'1", 225 lb. DOMINICAN in his late 40s.

The CAMERA continues its move back, skimming over blue water, revealing an elaborate pool area on the rooftop. CARLITO is sitting by the pool in a velvet robe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bodyguards roam the property and a beautiful, rock hard BLACK WOMAN suns on the deck.

Still in the same shot, pulling back, CARLITO puts down the cigar, stands up and dives into the pool. The camera drops down below the water level, and CARLITO swims right up to it for a CLOSE-UP.

CARLITO'S POV - We are under water swimming towards the edge of the pool. As we look up, we see a water-distorted figure above the water, looking down into the pool. The classic shot made famous in The GRADUATE and used a thousand times since ... only this time the guy outside the pool JUMPS IN.

It's CHEV, fully dressed. He meets CARLITO face to face underwater and points up with his index finger.

We CUT TO CARLITO'S reaction. He follows CHEV up.

Their heads rise just above the water, like heads on a platter. Several jittery BODYGUARDS stand at the edge of the pool, guns drawn. With a simple motion of his hand, CARLITO calms them.

CARLITO

Chevy.

CHEV

Hey boss.

CARLITO

I'm surprised to see you.

CHEV

Well, something urgent has come up.

CARLITO

Ha! So I've heard.

CHEV

Then you know what happened?

CARLITO

Word travels fast. You amaze me, my friend.

CHEV

What can I say. Look, Carlito, I need your help. I don't have much time.

CARLITO

No, not much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHEV

We've got to find an antidote or something.

Silence.

CHEV (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

CARLITO

(shrugs)

The shit they gave you ... it's the Chinese shit. There is no antidote. I wish there was something I could do.

CHEV

What, so that's it?

CARLITO

Honestly, you should be dead already. It's a miracle.

CHEV

A miracle.

CARLITO

We give that shit to horses ...

CHEV

I can't believe it.

CARLITO

I'm sorry.

CUT TO CHEV and CARLITO'S legs treading water to keep their heads afloat.

SOUND: *LUBDUB ... LUBDUB ... LUBDUB*

CHEV

Well you don't have to be so damn cool about it.

CARLITO

What do you expect me to do?

CHEV

Tell me you're going to find that punk Verona and his whole fuckin' crew and feed 'em to a cage of wolverines.

CARLITO shrugs. No response.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CUT TO legs treading.

CHEV (CONT'D)

What is this? Are you *boys* now or something?

CARLITO

Verona? That's just a small time punk. But... that's not to say there isn't an opportunity here.

CHEV

Opportunity.

CARLITO

Everyone knows the love I have for you, Chev. Maybe this can even the score for the Don Kim hit, which was perhaps ill-advised.

CHEV

(flabbergasted)
Ill advised?

CARLITO

The heat from Hong Kong has been more than we anticipated.

CHEV

Oh. That's outstanding, Carlito. I'm glad to know that my death can be of some use to you.

CARLITO

Don't be difficult.

CHEV

Am I being *difficult*? Is this what you call difficult? I don't know if you noticed, but I'm having a *DIFFICULT FUCKING DAY, BRO!*

Beat.

CARLITO

Are you disrespecting me, Chev? Is that what you're doing?

They stare each other down.

LUBDUB ... LUB ... DUB ... LUB ... DUB ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHEV

Forget it, I'm out of here.

CHEV climbs out of the pool. CARLITO NARROWS HIS EYES, watching him leave. The BODYGUARD motions to follow, CARLITO signals him off. CHEV passes a black HELICOPTER sitting on a small, hard-rubbered heli-pad.

CARLITO'S POV - from a distance we see CHEV knocking over furniture and BREAKING GLASS on his way out.

CARLITO'S POV descends beneath the water - his breath releases.

CUT TO:

35 EXT STREET, IN FRONT OF CARLITO'S BUILDING, MOMENTS LATER 35

The building opens onto the high rent section of Sunset Blvd. An outdoor cafe populated by the rich and trendy is next door.

CHEV shakes himself off and bangs out of the revolving glass doors. A VALET approaches him and CHEV gets in his face, FLASHING MURDEROUS TEETH and shoving him away, hopping up and down to keep the heart pounding ... he heads over to the cab waiting out front.

The same ARAB CABBIE is waiting inside.

CABBIE

You're not getting into my cab wet.

CHEV

I just gave you 200 dollars to wait for 3 minutes.

CABBIE

You are not getting into my car no way.

CHEV goes to the driver side of the car, pulls the CABBIE out of the cab and tosses him into the road. The lunch crowd at the cafe, passerbys, etc., look on in bewilderment. CHEV points at the CABBIE and starts screaming ...

CHEV

AL QEADA! AL QEADA!

Everybody freaks out. A WAITER dives under the a table, expecting an explosion.

CHEV grabs the CABBIE by his lapels and tosses him right into the CAFE, smashing a table, still pointing and screaming.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV (CONT'D)

AL QEADA!

The whole restaurant, OLD LADIES included, dogpile the poor CABBIE, wildly protesting in a thick accent.

CABBIE

I love America! I love Bush!

CHEV gets in the cab and drives off.

CUT TO:

36 INT CAB, MOMENTS LATER 36

CHEV is slamming Frappucinos, driving.

SOUND: *BEE-DEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEE-DUM.*

It's the CELL PHONE.

CHEV

Yeah.

36A DOC MILES (O.S.) 36A

My flight's delayed.

CHEV

Shit.

DOC MILES (V.O.)

Relax. I mean don't relax. Listen to me. The shit they gave you is cutting off your adrenaline.

CUT TO:

37 Science class-type microscope footage of darting chemicals and protein globules. 37

DOC MILES (CONT'D) (V.O.)

Excitement, fear, danger ... it causes your body to manufacture a chemical called ephedrine ... it binds with receptors in your blood to keep you alive ... what they've done is introduce an inhibitor into your system ... it blocks the receptors so your body's ephedrine can't bind ... and that's what's killing you.

38 INT LAS VEGAS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, SAME TIME 38

DOC MILES

Your only shot is to massively increase
the level of ephedrine in your body ...
to force out the inhibitors ...

36B INT CAB, SAME TIME 36B

CHEV

In English, doc. Please.

DOC MILES (O.S.)

You've got to get to an emergency room
and get yourself some *epinephrine* ...
it's artificial adrenaline ... it comes
in 10 milligram syringes ... the shit's
potent so don't overdo it ... probably a
fifth of an injection will do.

CHEV tries to remember all this while zoning in and out of
consciousness, swerving, slamming coffees and capsules.

DOC MILES (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Did you get all of that Chev?

CHEV bangs his head against the steering wheel.

CHEV

Epi ... something ...

DOC MILES

nephrin. Epi-nephrin.

CHEV

OK, OK. (cell beeps) I gotta go.

DOC MILES

I'll call you -

CHEV clicks over.

CHEV

Yeah.

39 KAYLO pops up in a mini-screen. He's in a phonebooth 39
downtown, looking furtively over his shoulder as he talks.

KAYLO

Chev!

36B CHEV 36B

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAYLO

Chev?

CHEV

Yeah, what is it?

KAYLO

Hello?

CHEV hangs up. KAYLO, bewildered, redials. CHEV answers, says nothing.

KAYLO (CONT'D)

Chev?

CHEV

Uh huh.

KAYLO

Chev! I just saw Verona's brother going into Charlie O's.

40 In a series of BLACK AND WHITE STILLs we see ALEX, the massive dude we saw in the background on VERONA's tape, exiting a taxi and walking into CHARLIE O'S - a big New York style 40's-era steak and cocktail joint right in the heart of downtown L.A. 40

CHEV AND KAYLO'S DIALOGUE CONTINUES OFF-SCREEN.

CHEV (O.S.)

Interesting. Downtown Charlie O's?

KAYLO (O.S.)

Yeah. I was just down here getting a taco. He went right in, like, 2 minutes ago.

CHEV (O.S.)

Where are you now?

39B CUT BACK TO A SPLIT-SCREEN OF CHEV AND KAYLO.

39B

KAYLO

I'm across the street, getting a taco. Where are you?

CHEV hits the gas pedal and blasts off.

CHEV

I'm there. Meet me on 3rd and Flower.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In fast motion we see the freeway exits flash by, one after another.

43 EXT. TACO STAND, DAY 43

KAYLO pays for his food at a leisurely pace - he's at a little place across the street from CHARLIE O'S - and skulks out onto the street, trying too hard to be inconspicuous.

45 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 45

Meanwhile, in the second screen, CHEV is blasting along at high speed, off the freeway, through downtown, and right to the corner of 3rd and Flower, where he leaves the taxi idling in a red zone and gets out.

45 As KAYLO turns the corner, the two SPLIT SCREENS meet up - he45 and CHEV run right into each other.

CHEV pulls KAYLO around the corner, out of sight of the restaurant.

CHEV
(motioning to the restaurant)
He's in there now?

KAYLO nods quickly, freaked out.

CHEV (CONT'D)
Did anyone go in with him?

KAYLO shakes his head NO.

CHEV (CONT'D)
Alright, wait here.

The CAMERA stays with CHEV as he walks right across the street and up to the restaurant.

46 INT CHARLIE O'S, SAME TIME 46

ALEX is in his usual booth, making lecherous smalltalk with a 40ish WAITRESS in a short skirt and fishnet stockings, as CHEV, still drying, hair all fucked up and walking erratically, enters the restaurant. Everyone turns to look at the crazy man, nervously.

CHEV walks doggedly right by ALEX, staring straight ahead, not letting on that he knows he's there. ALEX watches him pass in disbelief.

WAITRESS
What was that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

I just saw a ghost.

CHEV disappears through the swinging doors to the kitchen. The MAIRTRE'D has the phone in his hands, ready to dial the cops, but ALEX motions to him to chill. He'll take care of it.

He gets up and follows in CHEV'S footsteps.

47 INT CHARLIE O'S KITCHEN, SAME TIME

47

ALEX enters the kitchen. The COOKS all hustle by him - they want no part of this. CHEV is nowhere to be seen.

ALEX continues through the kitchen with a distinct lack of caution - everyone's been afraid of the big man all his life - drawing a gun from inside his coat as he goes.

He passes a butcher block, a hacked up roast, a conspicuous BUTCHER KNIFE.

Turning a corner, he notices the back door swinging slowly closed. He advances.

The back door opens onto an alley. He comes up to it, brings the gun up by his head, shoulders up to the cracked door and tries to peer around it into the alley.

Just then, behind him, CHEV emerges from the kitchen with the BUTCHER KNIFE.

Before ALEX can react, CHEV lets swing with the knife and neatly cuts off ALEX'S gun hand at the wrist. The hand, gun and all, hits the ground. CHEV kicks ALEX out the door and into the alley.

48 EXT ALLEY, SAME TIME

48

ALEX crumples in shock, holding his abbreviated arm out in front of his face. He tries to talk, or scream, but all that comes out is a wheezing sound. CHEV follows him out into the alley, brandishing the BUTCHER KNIFE, heartrate slamming.

CHEV

How you like that one, tough guy? *How freaking awesome was that?*

He kicks him in the ribs, knocking him over.

CHEV (CONT'D)

You feel like talking to me? Where's your brother?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

(anger gradually overcoming the shock)

Doing your mother like an Iraqi prisoner, you bitch.

CHEV

Nice ... wonder how many steaks I could get out of you ...

ALEX rolls onto his knees, and with a burst of energy throws himself at CHEV. HE SMASHES CHEV INTO THE ALLEY WALL and lands on him with his full weight.

CHEV is pinned. ALEX, enraged, attempts with some success to strangle him with his remaining hand. CHEV struggles in futility, heart hammering. It seems hopeless ...

... until KAYLO appears behind ALEX with a ROLLING PIN and brings it down on his skull with a LOUD CRACK.

ALEX rises up, staggering, and advances on KAYLO, who drops the ROLLING PIN and cowers amidst the trash cans.

CHEV gets to his feet, pulls out his gun, puts it to the back of ALEX'S head.

CHEV pulls the trigger twice.

CLICK. CLICK.

CHEV (CONT'D)

WHAT??

He tosses it away and stumbles to the back door of the restaurant as ALEX proceeds to beat KAYLO down with a trashcan, swinging it one handed.

CHEV picks up ALEX'S disconnected hand, which is still clutching the gun, and walks back over to the action. He uses ALEX'S finger to pull the trigger twice and blows him away. ALEX hits the ground with a THUD.

CHEV (CONT'D)

Jesus ... nothing's easy ...

He pries the gun from ALEX'S cold, dead fingers, shoves it in his pocket and tosses the hand to a disgusted KAYLO, who tries to get away from it ...

CHEV (CONT'D)

You want to hold hands?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

... and begins to rifle through ALEX'S pockets. He finds a cellphone, clicks through the menu and hits send.

It RINGS. RICKY VERONA answers.

VERONA (O.S.)
Talk to me, bro.

CHEV
(impersonating Alex)
Hey Ricky, whadya think about sucking me off, ya in the mood? Maybe let me lick your ass or sumtink?

CUT TO:

49 INT VERONA'S CRIB, SAME TIME

49

VERONA is feeding his Rottweiler some beef jerky. A HOTTIE in a bathrobe walks by.

VERONA
Who is this? Chelios? IS THIS FUCKING CHELIOS?

CHEV
That's right, bro. You wanna guess how I got your brother's cell phone?

VERONA is speechless, furious. He KNOCKS OVER A TABLE and pushes the Rot's head away.

CHEV (CONT'D)
I can tell you have it all figured out. Looks like you should've cut me up when you had the chance.

VERONA rubs his face.

CUT TO:

50 EXT ALLEY, SAME TIME

50

CHEV
What's that? I can't hear you ... experiencing some 20/20 hindsight?

CUT TO:

49A INT VERONA'S CRIB, SAME TIME

49A

VERONA
 (losing it)
 You're supposed to be dead!!!

CHEV (O.S.)
 You know, man, I kind of like that shit
 you put in me. Think you can get me some
 more?

VERONA
 (struggling to find a heinous
 enough threat)
 I'll ... I'll ...

50A EXT ALLEY, SAME TIME

50A

CHEV
 I know, I know ... hey, what's this?

CHEV spots a necklace around ALEX'S neck, yanks it off. On
 the chain: a silver WWII era Russian medallion, engraved with
 the image of a mounted Cossack. The name on the back is I.
 VERONA.

CHEV looks it over.

CHEV (CONT'D)
 A necklace? You guys really are faggots
 aren't you?

CUT TO:

49B INT VERONA'S CRIB, SAME TIME

49B

VERONA
 You motherfucker, my grandfather gave
 that medallion to my father, and then to -
 (realizing he's said too much)
 ... fuck you, man, shove that thing up
 your ass.

CHEV (O.S.)
 No thanks, but you know I believe I'll
 hang onto it... looks like you'll have to
 come find me after all. Fucked up that
 you killed your own brother.

VERONA
 You -

CUT TO:

50B EXT - ALLEY, SAME TIME

50B

CHEV

Out.

CHEV hangs up, turns off the phone, and pockets it. Immediately he's on to the next thought.

CHEV (CONT'D)

What was that... epi... shit... 10 milligrams...

He shakes his head to clear it.

KAYLO

What?

CHEV

Huh? Oh. I'm taking off.

We hear SIRENS.

CHEV (CONT'D)

I'd get out of here if I were you.

He splits, leaving KAYLO with the body, the hand, etc. KAYLO looks around, tosses the hand, and bolts off in the other direction.

FADE TO BLACK.

51 EXT LA COUNTY HOSPITAL, AFTERNOON

51

CHEV'S cab is parked illegally. A meter maid is writing it up.

52 INT LA COUNTY HOSPITAL, SAME TIME

52

The sliding doors to the ER swoosh open as a gurney is wheeled in by paramedics. CHEV walks quickly in behind them, a complete wreck, ignoring all the activity, seemingly lost in his own thoughts. He checks a sign on the wall for directions.

An arrow points toward the PHARMACY. He follows it.

53 INT HOSPITAL PHARMACY, MOMENTS LATER

53

CHEV cuts off an OLD MAN with a walker making his way to the counter. He runs his hand through his freaked out hair, trying to straighten it out. The PHARMACIST, a cynical girl, mid-20s, with thick horn rimmed glasses, regards him blankly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD MAN

Asshole.

CHEV

(to the pharmacist)

I'm looking for something ... starts with
'E' ...

PHARMACIST

England?

CHEV

That's funny. No, I'm talking about some
kind of artificial adrenaline ... some
shit ... you know ...

PHARMACIST

Artificial adrenaline.

CHEV

I have heart problems.

PHARMACIST

Epinephrine?

CHEV

Yes! Yes ... that's it ... you have it?

PHARMACIST

I can't give you epinephrine.

CHEV

Why?

PHARMACIST

Just a minute.

She walks into the back. Through the glass he sees her pick
up a phone.

CHEV

Come on, what is that...

A pimply faced TEENAGER with greasy, shoulder length brown
hair has been watching the whole thing from the magazine
rack.

TEENAGER

Nasal spray, dude.

CHEV

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TEENAGER

Nasal spray.

He gestures to a counter display: NAS-ALL, little plastic bottles.

TEENAGER (CONT'D)

It's got epinephrine in it. Get you tweaked, man.

CHEV looks from the kid to the display and back, then through the glass window, where the PHARMACIST is talking to someone on the telephone, looking out at him suspiciously.

He picks up a handful of the little spray bottles and gets out of there. The OLD MAN gives him a sour look; CHEV makes him FLINCH with a sudden jerk toward him.

54 INT LA COUNTY HOSPITAL, MOMENTS LATER 54

CHEV wanders through the trauma ward, trying to look inconspicuous, avoiding eye contact, knocking things over, trying doors, inhaling blast after blast of nasal spray, tossing the empty bottles, eyes watering.

He rounds a corner and freezes in his tracks: three COPS are at the admissions counter ... a NURSE is gesturing in CHEV'S direction. They look up toward him.

He ducks back into the corridor, finds a recovery room and slips in.

55 INT HOSPITAL ROOM, MOMENTS LATER 55

The room is quiet, save for the steady labored wheezing of an OLD MAN in the only bed. The OLD MAN'S eyes stare vacantly at the ceiling - CHEV can't tell if he's asleep or awake. He watches the OLD MAN for a stolen moment, hypnotized ...

... then glances over at the half open closet.

56 INT LA COUNTY HOSPITAL, MOMENTS LATER 56

The COPS come up on the corridor where CHEV disappeared. They advance, hands on weapons, checking each room.

They reach CHEV'S room. The door is slightly ajar. One of the cops pushes it open with his foot.

The OLD MAN is there, motionless. No sign of CHEV.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The COPS continue down the hall. Behind them, from the door they checked, CHEV tiptoes out wearing a blue hospital johnnie, tied in the back with his ass hanging out, trying to blend in.

One of the COPS notices this.

COP

Hey!

CHEV takes off, walking faster, around the corner. The COPS head after him.

The COPS turn the corner. CHEV is still trying to play it off.

COP (CONT'D)

Hey. You.

Finally CHEV breaks into a run and the COPS give chase.

57 INT STAIRWELL, MOMENTS LATER

57

CHEV busts into the stairwell and starts heading down. He's been holding his gun awkwardly in his armpit; now he whips it out. A few flights above he hears the door bang open as the COPS pick up the chase.

He exits into the ...

58 INT EMERGENCY ROOM, MOMENTS LATER

58

The busy ER is buzzing with activity. CHEV looks around desperately. The COPS are right on his tail.

Suddenly the entrance doors BURST OPEN ... a patient is wheeled in at a dead run by a small group of emergency TECHS, all shouting instructions back and forth and barking at people to get out of the way as they race toward the far corridor. The FAT MAN on the gurney has his shirt open ... he's pale, glassy eyed and lathered in sweat ... they have the DEFIBRILLATOR PADDLES out ...

Behind the gurney a RESIDENT pushes a CRASH CART along with them ... the crash cart houses the DEFIBRILLATOR and various supplies ...

CHEV takes off after them, BOWLING PEOPLE OVER, flashing the gun.

CHEV

I know you motherfuckers have epinephrine!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The COPS bang open the stairwell door, guns drawn. Chaos breaks out.

COP
Hold it right there, bro!

The group is galloping down the long corridor toward the elevators that connect to the O.R. ... three DOCS, the RESIDENT, CHEV and the FAT MAN on the gurney ... the COPS in hot pursuit, trying to get a bead on CHEV.

CHEV is holding his gun to the RESIDENT'S head while pushing him and the cart forward. The RESIDENT blubbers in panic. The DOCS, in all the confusion, haven't noticed CHEV yet.

CHEV
You've got epinephrine on this cart! I want that shit!

TECH 1
He's dropping! Stand by to defibrillate!

The gurney slows down and the cart, shoved forward by CHEV, crashes into it. Bodies fly, shit spills everywhere. The FAT MAN lets out a groan, makes EYE CONTACT with CHEV.

FAT MAN
My cart...

CHEV
What?

FAT MAN
Asshole...!

CHEV
Yeah, yeah.

CHEV spins around wildly and FIRES A FEW SHOTS over the COPS heads. They hit the deck.

TECH 2
What is this? What the hell do you think you're doing? THIS IS A HOSPITAL!

CHEV shoves the gun in his face.

CHEV
SHUT UP!!!

The DOC shuts up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHEV brandishes the gun toward the COPS to keep them on the ground, then motions to the RESIDENT.

CHEV (CONT'D)

You. Get me some ... I need ...

CHEV is pale as a ghost ... his legs buckle ... he steadies himself against the wall.

RESIDENT

(haltingly)

You wanted ... epinephrine, is that right?

CHEV nods weakly. The RESIDENT, on his hands and knees, starts digging through the supplies spilled all over the floor. The COPS, sensing weakness, start to tense. CHEV snaps out of it momentarily.

CHEV

DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT!

The RESIDENT approaches him cautiously, on his knees, holding out a handful of small white boxes.

CHEV (CONT'D)

Give me that.

He snatches them, cradling them against his stomach, and backs up past the DOCS toward the elevator just as the chime sounds and the doors slide open. He tosses the boxes inside. The FAT MAN lets out another agonized groan.

FAT MAN

... asshole...

CHEV points the gun at him.

CHEV

Not going to tell you again.

He grabs a DEFIBRILLATOR paddle out of TECH 2's trembling hands and holds it to his chest.

CHEV (CONT'D)

(to the RESIDENT)

Now juice me.

RESIDENT

You ... but ... I ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHEV
 (weakly, not much left)
 I haven't got all day, just do it, will
 you?

The RESIDENT flips a switch on the crash cart and the thing begins to charge ... CHEV holds the paddle to his chest with one hand, the gun out with the other ... finally ...

ZAPPP!!!! CHEV flies backwards, bouncing off the wall like a pinball. The COPS leap forward, trying to take advantage, but CHEV pops back up, wired and wild eyed.

CHEV (CONT'D)
 GET DOWN, ASSHOLES!

He FIRES ANOTHER WARNING SHOT into the ceiling and leaps into the elevator as the doors close behind him.

59 INT ELEVATOR, GOING DOWN, MOMENTS LATER

59

CHEV collapses on the floor of the elevator. He fumbles with the white boxes the RESIDENT handed him and comes up with a SYRINGE.

CHEV
 OK ... needles, hate needles ...

He rubs his arm, feeling for a nice vein, squirts a few drops from the tip of the needle and pops the thing right in ... pushes the plunger ALL THE WAY, plucks it out and tosses it in the corner.

CHEV sits patiently against the wall, staring blankly straight ahead. Suddenly a curious look comes over him.

CHEV (CONT'D)
 How much of this stuff did he say to
 take?

We hear CHEV'S HEARTBEAT start to speed/volume up - FAST.
 His eyes widen.

CHEV (CONT'D)
 Woah. Woah. Woah.

Suddenly he jumps straight up in the air.

CHEV (CONT'D)
 OH SHIT!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He starts to HOP AROUND WILDLY like a monkey in an electrified cage. The bell chimes and the elevator doors open.

60 INT HOSPITAL LOBBY, THE NEXT MOMENT 60

CHEV BLASTS OUT OF THE ELEVATOR and out the front doors of the hospital like a ball out of a cannon.

62 EXT CITY STREETS - MOMENTS LATER 62

CHEV is hoofing it like FORREST GUMP on SPEEDBALL. We hear sirens ... a group of squad cars flash by behind him, heading toward the hospital ... neither they nor CHEV see one another.

63 MONTAGE: EXT CITY STREETS - DAY 63

He runs what seems like eight miles.

64 EXT CITY STREETS- DAY LATER 64

We pick him up, real-time, still running.

SOUND: BEE-DEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEE-DUM.

He answers without slowing down.

64 INT. AIRPLANE - DAY 64

DOC MILES

Chevy!

CHEV

(ready to explode)

Yep.

DOC MILES

I'm in the air, man. Did you get the stuff I told you?

CHEV

Got it.

DOC MILES

You took it?

CHEV

Took it.

DOC MILES

You shot the whole thing, didn't you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV

Yep.

DOC MILES

Oh boy. I said a fifth of a syringe, you idiot. Now you're dead for sure.

CHEV

Right.

DOC MILES

Chest is on fire.

CHEV

Check.

DOC MILES

But you're cold.

CHEV

Check.

DOC MILES

You got a steel hard on.

CHEV

Let me check.

Looks down.

CHEV (CONT'D)

Check.

DOC MILES

(getting into it)

That's the stimulation of the blood vessels ... your urinary sphincter is tight as a knot ... couldn't pee to save your life ...

The LADY in the seat next to DOC is aghast.

CHEV

Urinary sphincter ... check ...

DOC MILES

Maybe you can get a hold of some vicadin ... you still at the hospital?

CHEV

Negative.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOC MILES

Maybe some weed ... I don't know ...

CHEV

Check.

DOC MILES

Well, that shit should be out of your system in a half hour or so, if you live that long ... this air phone is costing me a fortune ... look, I'll be in LA in twenty minutes. I'll call you when I hit the ground.

CHEV

Copy.

DOC MILES

(sincere)

You're a good kid, Chev. Nice knowing you.

CHEV

Copy. Out.

CUT TO:

65 EXT STORE WINDOW, DAY

65

But DOC MILES is already a distant memory ... CHEV lets the phone drop from his ear without hanging up ...

... as he comes up on a department store window where a crowd has gathered to watch a wall of TV's, all playing the same thing ...

... he slows to a stop, joining the crowd ...

The face on the TV is his - more or less - an exaggerated black and white POLICE SKETCH, simian browed and thick lipped. He looks like a serial rapist.

ANCHOR (V.O.)

Police have declined to release the name of the West Hollywood man they say is still at large on a citywide rampage that has left one man dead, dozens injured and hundreds of thousands of dollars of property damage in its smoking, bloody wake.

SWITCH TO:

66 A HELICOPTER VIEW OF CHEV DRIVING HIS CAR INTO FOX HILLS MALL. 66

BACK TO:

65A EXT STORE WINDOW, SAME TIME 65A

ANCHOR (V.O.)

However, Eyewitness News has learned that the suspect is a professional killer with ties to organized crime and an extensive police record. He is considered armed and highly dangerous.

A GUY standing next to CHEV glances sidelong at him. CHEV turns to meet his eyes. The GUY regards him in a stupor, then looks down: CHEV's hospital johnnie is sticking straight out in front, ass hanging out the back, a gun in his left hand, cell phone in his right.

The GUY looks back up at CHEV'S poker face, gulps, and turns back to the wall of screens.

The broadcast cuts from tape back to the live ANCHOR.

ANCHOR (CONT'D)

We want to get you back to our regularly scheduled programming, but keep it tuned right here to ABC for continuing coverage of this bizarre story as it unfolds.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(over network graphic)

We now return you to "Dr. Phil" ...

The TV cuts to a talk show in progress. Rather than disperse, the small crowd stays hypnotically glued to the tube. We see in their eyes that everyone is going into that TV alpha state thing ...

CHEV shakes his head, snaps out of it. His HEARTBEAT, barely audible during the broadcast, swells back to full volume, beating like a jackrabbit's.

He looks around and spots a COP on a motorcycle, waiting at a stoplight.

67 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF TV STORE 67

With a last look at the TV drones he breaks from the crowd and goes into stealth mode, darting from car to car in an exaggerated ninja crouch, trying to sneak up on the COP.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He comes up behind him, transfers his gun and cell phone to one hand, and - heart POUNDING - reaches stealthily for the COP'S holster with the other.

CAR HORNS BLARE as motorists attempt to warn the COP, who flinches and whips around at the noise - but it's too late: CHEV has the gun.

He begins to hop around maniacally, taunting the COP, as everyone panics and tries to reverse out of the traffic snarl, SLAMMING INTO FENDERS, driving up onto the sidewalk, etc.

CHEV
(tossing the gun up and
catching it)
You want it? You want this?

The COP jumps off the bike and tries to make a go at him, but jerks back when CHEV catches the gun. CHEV holds the gun up like a fetch stick, gluing the COP'S eyes, then flings it 40 feet through the air to splash into a plaza fountain.

The COP starts after it, then stops short as he sees CHEV dart past him and hop onto his still idling motorcycle. He kicks up the stand and REVS IT.

COP
You son of a bitch!

The COP makes a dive for CHEV, grabbing him by the waist as the bike jerks forward.

CHEV starts to burn the bike out as the COP hangs on, dragging. SMOKE ERUPTS; black bits of rubber spray like buckshot, pelting the COP. CHEV does a 360 DEGREE BURNOUT, kicking with his leg to keep the bike under control, then jerking, skidding, BLASTS OFF. The COP hangs on, cursing, dragging, boots smoking, for a half block before he bails out.

CUT TO:

68 EXT ROAD, MONTAGE, 30 SECONDS LATER

68

"EVERYBODY'S TALKING" by Harry Nilsson BEGINS.

CHEV cruises in an out of traffic and people like a Sunday drive, ignoring traffic lights, stop signs, pedestrians. (We speed ramp about 20% to the beat of the song - an undercrank of about 18fps.)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's so jacked up and delusional he decides to try a BARE-ASSED "ELEVATOR" ON THE SIDEWALK.

From the rear pegs at about 30 mph he JUMPS UP TO THE GAS TANK, feet first, STANDS STRAIGHT UP ON THE MOVING BIKE and puts his hands out to his sides in a Jesus Christ pose, flashing a silhouette in the sun. His HEART POUNDS as he flies by crowds of astonished bystanders ...

... and CRASHES straight into a patio restaurant full of people.

CHEV flips through the air and lands in a cacophony of overturned tables and busted dishes. A table spins like a coin at his feet.

END: "EVERYBODY'S TALKING"

69 EXT RESTAURANT, MOMENTS LATER

69

Stunned silence hangs in the air; a few food-covered people wander around in dazed shock. CHEV'S arm, hand still clutching his cell phone, sticks out from under a table. The phone starts to ring:

BEE-DEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEE-DUM.

From under the table we see CHEV'S eyes blink as he comes to his senses.

He shakes off the debris, struggles to his feet and clicks to answer the phone.

CHEV

Yeah.

EVE (O.S.)

(sleepy)

Hey. Did you try to call?

CHEV lets his arm drop to his side, stares blankly at nothing, then brings it back up.

CUT TO:

70 INT EVE'S APARTMENT, SAME TIME

70

A room suffused in amber filtered sunlight. EVE, a non-traditionally adorable strawberry blond in her mid 20's, yawn-stretches with the phone cradled between ear and bare shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV (O.S.)
You've been home all day?

EVE
I was sleeping in.

CHEV (O.S.)
You were sleeping in, that's great, Eve
... super great ... you all rested now?

EVE
Yep.

CUT TO:

69A EXT RESTAURANT, SAME TIME

69A

CHEV
(holding it together)
Well, I'm glad to hear that. Listen,
I've been fatally poisoned, there's
probably a psychopath heading over there
to torture and kill you as we speak, but
don't bother getting out of bed, I'll be
there in a flash ... Maybe you could fry
me up a waffle or something, kay?

EVE (O.S.)
(oblivious)
Sure, come on over, I'll be here.

CHEV
Right, you'll be there, OK.

CHEV clicks off.

All the while he's been wrestling the wasted motorcycle from
the wreckage. It's smoking, leaking oil.

He shakes his head at a dumfounded waiter, holding up the
phone like - "*Can you believe this?*" ... then climbs on the
SPUTTERING BIKE and drives off.

CUT TO:

71 INT. VERONA'S CRIB - DAY

71

CU: VERONA stares straight down at the CAMERA.

REVERSE: VERONA'S POV - ALEX'S severed hand, frozen stiff in
a trigger-pulling position.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONA looks up at his CREW, gathered nervously around the room; lunatic schizo-cycles through a half dozen emotions before arriving at something resembling off-hand, casual, I'll have the #2 Super Size with a Diet Coke.

VERONA

Right, so... let's go get the bitch.

CUT TO:

72 INT EVE'S APARTMENT, 4 MINUTES LATER

72

EVE'S pad is nothing like CHEV'S. It's all cats and incense, warm natural light, a scratchy Van Morrison LP playing on a real record player.

EVE, in a cotton nightgown, is in the kitchen, attempting some bit of microwave programming, punching random buttons and getting herself worked up.

EVE

(to the microwave)

I hate you ...

Five BANGS on the door barely distract her.

EVE (CONT'D)

Just a minute.

More BANGS, insistent.

EVE (CONT'D)

Alright, alright, Jesus ...

She gives up on the microwave, goes to answer the door.

EVE (CONT'D)

... calm down, what the hell ...

It's CHEV. He's dressed in a blue Adidas JOGGING SUIT - long sleeve jacket, warm up pants with buttons down the side, the works. He couldn't look more out of place in EVE'S mellow apartment. He's bathed in sweat, wild-eyed, hair slicked back like GORDON GEKKO.

EVE (CONT'D)

Oh. My. God.

CHEV

Hey doll.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pulls her toward him and kisses her. She accepts the kiss gratefully enough with her mouth, but holds both hands out to her sides as if touching the JOGGING SUIT would kill her.

Without making eye contact, he breaks away and pushes into the apartment, looking around everywhere, paranoid.

EVE

Is this your new look or something?

CHEV

That's right. You into it?

EVE

It's ... completely appalling. Very you, Chev.

CHEV

Thank you.

He checks into the bedroom, satisfies himself that it's empty.

EVE

Are you looking for my other boyfriend?

CHEV

(ignoring this)

You haven't turned on the TV today, right?

EVE

No. Why?

CHEV

Didn't think so. Listen, we've got to get out of here.

EVE

What are you talking about? Don't be such a freak.

CHEV goes to the window, peaks through the curtains.

EVE (CONT'D)

Actually, I'm glad you're here. Can you change the clock on the microwave?

CHEV

What?

EVE

I never changed it back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHEV

The microwave.

EVE

Yeah. I never changed it back. You know, daylight savings time.

CHEV

I bought you some flowers, but they got fucked up on the way over here.

EVE

That's sweet. Are you OK? You look like you're on drugs or something.

CHEV

You love me, right?

EVE

Yes.

CHEV

Then I need you to do something for me.

EVE

What is it? What's wrong?

CHEV

I need you to put some clothes on and come with me right now.

EVE

But ... I ...

CHEV

I'll change the clock on the microwave.

EVE

OK.

Confused, she pads off to the bedroom to change.

CHEV goes into the kitchen. He peeks out the kitchen window, looks around nervously, glances at the microwave, walks up and punches two buttons.

EXTREME CU: in ULTRA SLO-MOTION the digital readout on the clock switches from 11 to NOON with a sound like an 18-wheeler being dragged on it's side through a cathedral.

CHEV'S vision starts to blur. He slumps forward, head pressed against the microwave, trying to hold himself up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

We hear his HEART skip, hang for a long moment, then thud again, heavily.

CHEV
(to himself)
That shit's wearing off ...

EVE (O.S.)
(calling to him)
Oh darn! I forgot, the waffle iron's on
if you want to make one.

CHEV
(calling back)
Great, great ...

He lurches over to the other side of the kitchen ... where an old fashioned-style waffle iron sits, plugged in and starting to smoke.

He takes a deep breath, opens the lid, PUTS HIS HAND IN AND PRESSES THE THING CLOSED.

SOUND: a stomach churning SEAR AND SIZZLE.

He screams under his breath, stomping on the kitchen floor in agony ... but his HEARTBEAT rockets up again. He pulls out his pink, smoking hand and jams it under his armpit, hopping up and down.

EVE (O.S.)
You're so stressed out, do you want some
pot?

CHEV
(fighting to get the words out)
Yes. No! ... thanks ...

The waffle iron starts to SPARK from the plug. He yanks it out of the wall as EVE walks in wearing a sun dress and a ribbon in her hair.

EVE
What's the matter?

CHEV
(holding it in)
Nothing ... burned my hand ...

She comes up to him, tries to pry his hand out from under his arm.

EVE
Oh my God, are you OK? Let me see...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHEV

It's nothing... don't worry about it...
let's get out of here ...

EVE

Come on, let me see ...

CHEV

I SAID I'M OK, CAN WE JUST LEAVE??!!

EVE

(coldly)
That was just totally uncalled for.

CHEV

(exasperated)
I'm sorry ... look, can we just ...

EVE

Fine.

She turns, grabs her purse and walks out the front door in a huff.

CHEV is about to follow her when he notices something out the window - DOUBLE TAKES, then parts the blinds to get a better look.

73 A SEDAN has pulled up outside. TWO HOODS hop out and split 73
up, one coming up the front way, the other around back. Each
one has a right hand tucked into his blazer - they're
PACKING.

BACK TO:

CHEV

(under his breath)
Shit!

He flies out the door after EVE - the door swings shut behind him.

74 INT. HALLWAY, EVE'S BUILDING - DAY 74

CHEV comes up behind EVE, grabs her by the shoulders and turns her around.

CHEV

I'm parked out back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He glances over his shoulder. Through the glass SECURITY DOOR he sees HOOD #1 coming up the front steps.

EVE stops suddenly in front of her door - CHEV practically PILES into her.

EVE
Oh darn... the thing.

She starts to dig through her purse for her keys.

CHEV
The thing. What thing.

The HOOD tries the front door - LOCKED.

EVE
(unlocking the door)
The waffle thing. I forgot to turn it off.

She opens the door and walks in. CHEV tries to speak, coughs up some unintelligible stacato nonsense.

75 EXT. FRONT PORCH, EVE'S BUILDING - DAY 75

The HOOD runs his fingers down the directory list to:

E. LYDON - 101

... and then across to the KEYPAD, PEEL-AND-STICK labeled:

ENTER * + APT. # TO DIAL

76 INT. HALLWAY, EVE'S BUILDING - DAY 76

CHEV is SLACK-JAWED. Inside the apartment, the PHONE BEGINS TO RING.

EVE (O.S.)
Alright, alright...!

CHEV shakes his head in disbelief; steels himself - then turns and walks quickly down the hall to the front door.

77 INT. EVE'S APARTMENT, CONTINUOUS 77

Flustered, EVE picks up the phone.

EVE
Hello?

78 EXT. FRONT PORCH, EVE'S BUILDING - DAY 78

The door SLAMS OPEN. The HOOD whirls to see CHEV, grim as a motherfucker, SIX INCHES FROM HIS FACE. He scrambles for his gun -

TOO LATE. CHEV'S hand flashes forward, PALM connecting with the BRIDGE OF THE NOSE - dropping him instantly.

EVE (O.S.)
(through the intercom)
Hello? Hello? Alright, very funny...

The HOOD drops to his knees, eyes rolling back in his head, blood rushing from his nose. CHEV glances quickly around for witnesses - then backs into the hallway, letting the door swing shut behind him.

79 INT. HALLWAY, EVE'S BUILDING - DAY 79

EVE pops out.

EVE
I hate that...

CHEV is waiting by the door, blocking her view of the front entrance, smiling somewhat crazily.

CHEV
You trying to burn down the building?

She gives him a look, then turns and heads down the hall. CHEV hustles after her.

CHEV (CONT'D)
Whoa whoa whoa...

80 EXT. REAR EXIT, EVE'S BUILDING - DAY 80

The building opens out back into a small parking area. Trash bins line the brick wall, ready for pick up. CHEV and EVE are leaving when CHEV sees the other HOOD coming around the corner, LESS THAN TEN FEET AWAY.

CHEV grabs the back of EVE'S purse and turns it upside down, spilling the contents all over the concrete. She spins around, just missing sight of the HOOD.

CHEV
Aww, damn it, I'm sorry baby...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVE
(irritated)
Nice one.

She drops down to gather up her things, as the HOOD comes fully around the corner and MEETS EYES with CHEV.

Without hesitation, CHEV hurdles EVE and catches the HOOD'S wrist as he pulls out his GUN.

EVE (CONT'D)
(oblivious)
I swear to God, Chev, I don't know what you're on these days but it is not working for you...

CHEV wrestles himself around the HOOD, keeping the gun at a distance with one hand, his other hand cupped over the HOOD'S mouth, head-locking him. Their legs interlock, jostling for leverage.

The GUN drifts down toward EVE - CHEV wrenches it up as THE TRIGGER SQUEEZES.

SILENCER. The shot whizzes over EVE'S head and through a nearby window: *PLINK!*

81 INT. SENIOR CITIZEN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 81

A PARAKEET in a cage by the window disappears in a puff of feathers.

82 EXT. REAR EXIT, EVE'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 82

From overhead, the CAMERA CORKSCREWS CLOCKWISE as CHEV wrenches the HOOD'S neck COUNTERCLOCKWISE, snapping it.

EVE
You know, I could use a little help here.

CHEV shoves the HOOD'S body into a dumpster just as EVE turns... CHEV snatches up the first thing he sees - a grime encrusted plastic SHOWER CAP - and holds it up lamely.

CHEV
Is this yours?

EVE rolls her eyes, looks around.

EVE
Where's your car?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV

My car. Actually... I took a cab.

83 EXT. DOWN THE BLOCK - DAY 83

A POLICE MOTORCYCLE is tipped over on a lawn, coughing up black smoke, spewing oil. A crowd of Mexicans are gathered around, gaping.

Flames start to SHOOT UP from the motorcycle; THE CROWD SCATTERS, ducking for cover.

84 EXT L.A. CHINATOWN, 8 MINUTES LATER 84

MONTAGE: Chinatown is bustling with activity. Vendors haggle ... workers hustle down the sidewalk with baskets of chickens, sides of meat ... tourists wander ... motorists argue and punch their horns ... and the lunch hour crowd converges on a hundred eateries ...

We hear a million HEARTBEATS, old, young ... even fast ticking chicken heartbeats, all overlapping, blending together in a swelling din of live things.

The voyeuristic CAMERA picks CHEV and EVE up through the crowd. CHEV is wearing DARK GLASSES to go with his 80's hair and jogger.

EVE

You're embarrassing.

CHEV

You know, I didn't have a lot of time to pick this out ...

EVE

Hm. So why are we here?

85 INT NOODLE HOUSE, MOMENTS LATER 85

CHEV sits across from EVE in a tiny restaurant. An equally tiny VIETNAMESE WOMAN brings them menus.

CHEV pulls a little bottle of NAS-ALL out of his pocket and SNORTS the entire thing, grotesquely, at the table. It doesn't help much.

He shakes out his head, bangs his fist on the table and sits up in his chair.

CHEV

(holding his fingers up to indicate quotation marks)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV(CONT'D)

"This isn't going to be easy" ... as they say ...

EVE flinches at the sight of his burned, waffle patterned palm. He notices, draws it back.

CHEV (CONT'D)

Alright, here it is. I told you I was a video game programmer. That was a lie. Actually...

CUT TO:

INT THOUSAND CRANES, KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

CHEV'S DIALOG continues over the FLASHBACK.

CHEV is retrieving a HIDDEN GUN from the kitchen, checking the CLIP, the BARREL, the ACTION, and slipping out a side door into a RED CORRIDOR past two CHINESE MEN in black suits.

CHEV (V.O.)

I kill people. I'm a professional hitman. I freelance for a major West Coast crime syndicate.

CUT TO:

INT THOUSAND CRANES, PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

DON KIM sits at the head of the table, drinking alone.

CHEV (V.O.)

Last night was a job like a hundred others. A high dollar hit. Nothing special.

CHEV walks up behind him, gun drawn to the back of KIM'S head... cocks the hammer back. DON KIM spins around in shock, the same reaction we saw in the *SCENE 1 FLASHBACK - FROZEN, SAUCER-EYED.*

CHEV'S eyes steel... his finger tightens...

CHEV (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And then out of nowhere this insane idea comes in through the back of my head like a .45 slug at close range...

Silence hangs heavy in the room... CHEV holds the gun to DON KIM'S head, paralyzed with indecision.

DON KIM

Well? What are you waiting for?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With a last GRIMACE like even *he* can't believe what he's doing, CHEV lets his GUN HAND DROP slowly to his side.

CHEV
Congratulations.

DON KIM
Did I win something?

CHEV
Your life, jackass.
(beat)
A hundred grand wants you dead, so sooner or later it's going to happen. But I'm not doing it.

DON KIM
I see.

CHEV
Instead, you're going to do something for me. You're going to get out of town. Disappear. I don't care where you go, I don't care what you do, so long as you're invisible for 48 hours. That's all I ask.

DON KIM
(incredulous)
48 hours.

CHEV
Or if you prefer, we can do it the other way, the way where I go to work and you go meet Buddah.

CUT TO:

INT NOODLE HOUSE, MOMENTS LATER

CHEV leans back in his chair and slams one of the legs down onto his foot. EVE flinches.

CHEV
See: I quit. I quit the business. For you.

EVE
For me?

CHEV
I figure I call you that night. I tell you everything. You understand.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV(CONT'D)

We get on a plane together and leave all
this shit behind. Never come back.

(shrugs)

Pretty crazy, huh?

EVE

You are so weird. Are we going on a trip?

CHEV stares at her blankly, then shakes his head to clear it.

CHEV

Yeah, well... I may be going on a trip,
but you're not coming with me...

EVE

I don't understand.

CUT TO:

86 EXT CHINATOWN, OUTDOOR PLAZA, MOMENTS LATER

86

EVE storms out of the restaurant, letting the door slam
behind her. CHEV follows, staggering like a drunk man.

He catches up to her and grabs her arm.

CHEV

Eve... baby... please!

She spins on him.

EVE

Mob hits, Chev? *Chinese poison*? Do you
know how ridiculous you sound? If you're
going to break up with me, at least you
can tell me the truth.

CHEV

You think it sounds crazy? How do you
think *I* feel - I've gotta *live* this
shit...

Just then the CAMERA SLAMS THROUGH CHEV'S TRANSPARENT CHEST -
his HEART seems to GRIND DOWN and STALL, MID-PUMP, as the
POISON'S PROGRESS moves another clock tick forward.

The CAMERA pulls violently out of CHEV'S chest cavity - he
looks like someone just FIRED A CANNONBALL INTO HIS GUT...
face white as a dinner plate... It's the worst we've seen him
yet.

EVE

Oh my God, Chev... what's the matter with
you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks around like a drowning man. People everywhere, but starting to disperse as lunch hour dwindles. The world starts to SPIN.

CHEV
I... just need...

CHEV falls to his knees, pulling her down with him.

EVE
Chev, you're scaring me.

CHEV
(getting a desperate idea)
Wait a minute. Do you trust me?

EVE
No.

CHEV
Make love to me.

EVE
What?

CHEV
Come on. I think it'll help.

EVE
Help what?

He starts grabbing at her. She pushes his hands away.

EVE (CONT'D)
Get off! Are you kidding me?

CHEV
Take your clothes off.

EVE
No!

CHEV
You always say you want to be more spontaneous.

EVE
You're insane. You're like some adrenaline junkie with no soul.

CHEV
Save me, Eve. Save my life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHEV starts feeling up EVE'S ass.

EVE

Stop it!

She SLUGS HIM IN THE MOUTH. His head snaps back; he comes up holding his lip.

EVE (CONT'D)

Oh my God, Chev!

She reaches instinctively to comfort him and he lunges forward, tearing at her dress.

They roll around on the ground, scratching and clawing at one another. A curious crowd gathers round. EVE starts to flip out, SCREAMING AND POUNDING on him with her fists like a crazy woman.

Next thing you know she's kissing and biting his mouth, breathless, still pounding with her fists.

EVE (CONT'D)

You filthy animal ...

She reaches down and starts fumbling with his pants. He helps. The onlookers' eyes widen, moms covering the kids' faces.

EVE (CONT'D)

Take me right here in front of everyone.

CHEV'S HEARTBEAT starts to pick up. He lifts her dress and positions himself on top of her. EVE is completely out of her head, eyes closed, legs up in the air like a porn star.

EVE (CONT'D)

That's it... do it ...

CHEV thrusts.

EVE (CONT'D)

Come on, put it in me...

He thrusts again. EVE's eyes pop open.

EVE (CONT'D)

What are you waiting for?

CHEV looks down at his equipment, then up at EVE, helplessly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EVE (CONT'D)
 (incredulously)
 Tell me you're joking. Now you can't get
 it up?

CHEV
 (determined)
 I'll fucking get it up!

With a surge of energy he lifts her off the ground, drags her over to a newspaper machine on the street - the crowd parts to let them through - and bends her over it.

He tries again to enter her.

EVE
 God damn it, Chev ...!

CHEV
 Shut up!

He starts to SPANK her. She responds with a moan. A certain portion of the crowd spontaneously breaks into applause. CHEV picks up the pace. EVE begins making primal cries.

A busload of JAPANESE GIRLS pulls up - tourists in matching red uniforms - gaping out the window with slack jawed amazement.

With the crowd cheering and traffic stopped, CHEV gets a shot of adrenaline and goes for broke. EVE shrieks like a banshee as he enters her.

CHEV (CONT'D)
 I'M STILL ALIVE! I'M STILL ALIVE!!!

CHEV'S HEARTBEAT is slamming, he's really giving it to her, making full eye contact with the busload of tourists the entire time.

CHEV doubles his efforts, desperately fighting for the climax, when ...

BEE-DEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEE-DUM.

CHEV (CONT'D)
 What was that?

EVE
 Oh God... Oh God... yes...

BEE-DEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEE-DUM. CHEV'S CELLPHONE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHEV

Shit!

CHEV reaches for the phone.

EVE

What are you doing?!!

CHEV puts the phone up to his ear.

CHEV

Yeah.

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

87 INT DON KIM'S SHIRT FACTORY, SAME TIME 87

CU of KAYLO'S face.

KAYLO

I've got Verona.

We see that KAYLO is duct taped to an office chair in what appears to be an old warehouse, knife to his neck, held by unseen captors. He's been badly beaten up.

86A EXT STREET, CHINATOWN, SAME TIME 86A

CHEV is still going through the motions with EVE, but his attention has shifted 100% to the voice on the phone.

CHEV

Kaylo?

KAYLO (V.O.)

I've got Verona, man.

CHEV yanks it out and pulls up his pants.

EVE

What???

CHEV

No shit. Where are you?

87A INT DON KIM'S SHIRT FACTORY, SAME TIME 87A

KAYLO sweats, looks off camera. A hand presses the knife closer to his throat.

KAYLO

Don Kim's shirt factory. Upstairs.

86B EXT STREET, CHINATOWN, SAME TIME

86B

CHEV finishes zipping up.

EVE
(furious, in disbelief)
What's the matter with you?!!

CHEV
(to EVE)
Shh.
(to KAYLO)
Downtown?

87B INT DON KIM'S SHIRT FACTORY, SAME TIME

87B

KAYLO
(gulping)
Yeah.

86C EXT STREET, CHINATOWN, SAME TIME

86C

CHEV'S demeanor changes to an icy slow burn. He holds EVE back with one arm as she tries to get at him, flipping out.

CHEV
Listen to me. You don't let that motherfucker out of your sight. I'll be there in ten minutes. You got that?

KAYLO
(close to breaking into tears)
OK, Chevy ...

CHEV
Out.

END SPLIT SCREEN.

CUT TO:

88 INT DON KIM'S SHIRT FACTORY, MOMENTS LATER

88

KAYLO looks up at his captors, miserably, as the phone clicks off. The CAMERA instantly flashes down to a low wide angle, looking straight up as a bag is thrown over KAYLO'S head and two unidentifiable men close in on him, lifting the chair off the ground ... then takes its time moving slowly down to reveal KAYLO'S feet, bicycling wildly, then twitching, finally just dangling ... both in fishnet and high heeled pumps. One pump falls to the concrete as KAYLO goes still ...

86D EXT STREET, CHINATOWN, SAME TIME

86D

CHEV turns his attention back to EVE.

CHEV
I have to go. Please understand.

EVE
No. Chev. I DO NOT UNDERSTAND.

CHEV spots a flash of blue - COPS making their way through the crowd.

CHEV
Shit!

He breaks away running, leaving EVE stranded half naked in the street, holding her torn dress up amidst a sea of gaping Chinese.

EVE
(screaming after him)
YOU'LL BURN IN HELL FOR THIS!!!

CHEV
(shouting back, voice trailing off)
I'll call you!

89 INT CHINATOWN CAB, 5 MINUTES LATER

89

CHEV sits in the back, fading.

LUB ... DUB ... LUBBBB ...

HAITIAN CABBIE, 30's, in a sleeveless black mesh T-shirt.

HAITIAN CABBIE
(heavy accent)
Hey.

He adjusts the mirror to get a look at CHEV. CHEV looks like hell - cold sweat, woozy, glass-eyed.

HAITIAN CABBIE (CONT'D)
Hey man. What's the matter with you? You a crackhead?

CHEV
Right... just step on it, alright?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAITIAN CABBIE

Hey, you not gonna die in my cab,
crackhead.

The HAITIAN CABBIE opens up his glove compartment and takes something out. CHEV'S eyes widen. A gun?

HAITIAN CABBIE (CONT'D)

I got something for you.

As the CABBIE turns around CHEV experiences a FLASH HALLUCINATION:

The CABBIE'S face is painted like a PSYCHEDELIC VODOO SKULL in GLOWING BLACK LIGHT PAINT. He is grinning crazily.

CHEV flinches in horror, but just like that the CABBIE is back to normal. He hands CHEV a vial of liquid.

HAITIAN CABBIE (CONT'D)

You drink this Haitian shit, crackhead.
This right here is some hardcore shit.
Made from plant shit.

CHEV

(laughing)
Nice.

HAITIAN CABBIE

(irritated)
What are you laughing at? Look at this!

He flexes a HUGE BICEP.

HAITIAN CABBIE (CONT'D)

You see that? That's what a *man* looks like, crackhead. That's the power. Now look at you.

CHEV narrows his eyes at the CABBIE, then shakes his head.

CHEV

What the hell.

He twists open the little vial and downs it in one gulp.

CHEV (CONT'D)

(grimacing)
Tastes like ass.

HAITIAN CABBIE

That's right, devil. You wait.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHEV rolls his eyes and leans against the door, face pressed against the window glass.

Traffic flashes by at high speed then cuts to slo mo: The CAMERA ramps down to 120 f.p.s as a car rolls by CHEV'S taxi. A LITTLE BOY who could be younger version of CHEV himself rides in the back seat. They make eye contact as the cars cross paths.

CHEV finds himself drifting into a dream state.

FLASH CUT TO:

92 INT CAB, TIME UNKNOWN 92

CHEV'S eyes are glazed, staring through the window.

He notices something strange in the CAB'S rear view mirror - something RED.

CHEV'S eyes WIDEN.

CUT TO:

93 EXT CAB, TIME UNKNOWN 93

WIDE SHOT: the CAB cruises by ... a low sound builds to a DEAFENING ROAR ... following the CAB, a giant RED PACMAN GHOST rumbles down the street, animated, two dimensional ...

CUT TO:

94 INT CAB, DAY 94

CHEV jerks awake, and back to his senses.

HAITIAN CABBIE

We're here.

LUBDUB ... LUBDUB ... LUBDUB ... LUBDUB ... steady.

CHEV focuses his eyes on the empty vial.

CHEV

What'd you say was in this stuff?

HAITIAN CABBIE

I told you: it's hardcore.

They pull up to the sidewalk in front of a run down, 40's era warehouse building at the outskirts of the LA Garment District. CHEV gets out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV
 (still shaking it off)
 Wow.

HAITIAN CABBIE
 Five fifty five.

CHEV digs through EVE'S purse, which he'd been holding in his lap the whole time, pulls out a fifty and hands it to the CABBIE. The CABBIE digs for change.

CHEV
 It's all you, man. Keep it.

HAITIAN CABBIE
 Have a nice day, devil.

CHEV puts the purse over his shoulder, turns to take a look at the building.

CHEV
 Right...

CUT TO:

95 INT DON KIM'S SHIRT FACTORY, UPSTAIRS, SAME TIME 95

HIGH ANGLE: From an upper floor window someone is watching CHEV survey the building as the cab pulls away.

CUT TO:

96 EXT DON KIM'S SHIRT FACTORY, SAME TIME 96

CHEV walks toward the front door, then stops short.

CHEV
 (to himself)
 Wait a minute, wait a minute ...

He glances toward the upper windows.

CHEV (CONT'D)
 (suddenly suspicious)
 This is fucked.

He changes direction, heads around the side of the building.

CUT TO:

97 INT DON KIM'S SHIRT FACTORY, UPSTAIRS, SAME TIME 97

CHEV disappears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOOD #1 (O.S.)
Where's he going?

CUT TO:

98 EXT DON KIM'S SHIRT FACTORY, SAME TIME 98

CHEV comes up on a loading platform. Korean workers are loading boxes out of the building into the backs of trucks in the sweltering heat.

He walks by them into the building without making eye contact with anyone. They barely notice.

99 INT DON KIM'S SHIRT FACTORY, PACKING ROOM, SAME TIME 99

He skirts the packing floor and heads to a dilapidated freight elevator, gets on, starts up.

100 INT FREIGHT ELEVATOR, SAME TIME 100

The front and ceiling of the ELEVATOR are open, exposing the shaft, the cables and the passing floors; he reaches the 4TH FLOOR, heading up ... hundreds of Koreans sitting at sewing machines, all running at once, a mind numbing din ... windows painted over black, chipped and cracked in places with shards of light slicing through ... slow turning ceiling fans and long rows of fluorescent light beating down on the tables ...

CHEV hops off and lets the elevator keep going.

101 INT DON KIM'S SHIRT FACTORY, 4TH FLOOR, SECONDS LATER 101

THE CAMERA follows CHEV through the room, along the humming rows of sewing machines. He crosses from one side of the room to another, where a single open window leading out to the fire escape streams sunlight. A SUPERVISOR, Korean, skinny, mid-thirties, stringy mustache, is dozed off in a chair by the window.

CHEV walks right by, out the window and onto the fire escape. The CAMERA stays with him.

102 EXT FIRE ESCAPE, CONTINUOUS 102

CHEV beats his head into the brick wall, climbs up the fire escape, skips the next floor up, gets onto the roof.

103 EXT ROOF, SECONDS LATER

103

CHEV ducks behind a big ventilation duct. HOOD #2, mid 40's, stocky, is leaning over the edge of the building on the opposite side, looking for something - presumably CHEV - holding a cell phone up to his ear. His folded jacket and gun sit on the ledge beside him.

We recognize the HOOD from CARLITO'S place; he was one of the men loitering around the pool.

CHEV sneaks up.

HOOD #2

How the hell should I know? He went in where they load the boxes. Alright, alright ...

He clicks off - and CHEV is on him, snatching up the HOOD'S gun, spinning him around and poking it into the soft flesh under his chin.

CHEV

(sarcastically)

Hey, what a coincidence, you like this spot too?

HOOD #2

Chevy! Shit!

CHEV

What the fuck is this, you working for the Chinese now?

HOOD #2

The Chinese... are you crazy?

CHEV

Yeah I am. Where's Kaylo?

HOOD #2

Chevy ... I'm sorry, man ... I didn't ...

CHEV

(losing his patience)

OK, ding, time's up ...

In one quick motion he grabs ahold of one of the HOOD'S legs, hoists him up over the ledge and TIPS HIM OFF THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING, then turns and heads for the roof access door ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOOD #2 (O.S.)
 (falling)
 You son of a ... !

... long seconds later, a THUD.

104 INT DON KIM'S SHIRT FACTORY, 5TH FLOOR, MOMENTS LATER 104

The 5TH FLOOR is a little used storage level - stacked boxes, dusty file cabinets, garbage everywhere ... starkly lit with harsh overhead fixtures as old as the building itself. We recognize this as the room KAYLO called from ... more so because his LIMP BODY is still duct taped to the rolling office chair, now lying on its side in the middle of the room.

A half dozen more HOODS are gathered in front of the freight elevator when CHEV appears behind them, taking everyone by surprise.

He's standing over KAYLO'S body, gun drawn, EVE'S beaded purse still slung over his shoulder, PISSING FIRE.

CHEV
 Alright, where is that motherfucker?

The HOODS are completely taken by surprise; they back away from CHEV, spreading out.

HOOD #3
 Uh ... hey, Chev.

The HOODS act almost guilty ... it's obvious everyone knows each other.

CHEV
 What the fuck is this?

HOOD #1
 Chevy, baby, take it easy.

CHEV points the gun at HOOD #1's head; the others raise their guns at him.

CHEV
 Like this? WHERE'S VERONA?

HOOD #1
 Verona got nothing to do with this.

CHEV
 What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOOD #1
Don Carlos wants you off the street.

CHEV
(stunned)
Carlito?

HOOD #1
You've totally lost your shit, dude ...
you're all over the TV ... destroying
property, making unauthorized hits ...
you're causing the organization a great
deal of embarrassment.

CHEV gestures toward KAYLO in disbelief.

CHEV
Carlito ordered this?

HOOD #1
(ignoring it)
Look, forget about Verona. We'll take
care of him. The best thing for you to
do is to find a nice, dark, quiet place
and just ... die.

CHEV
Just die.

HOOD #1
Yeah. Just ... die.

CHEV'S HEARTBEAT starts to slow. The wooden elevator starts
down. He looks around, making eye contact with the other
HOODS ...

CHEV
Maybe you're right.

... then down to KAYLO'S crumpled body. He sees the stocking
feet, the pumps ... his HEART starts to jitter - THUDUB ...
LUB ... THUDUB ... his vision doubles ... he starts to swoon
...

HOOD #1
(rationalizing)
I mean we all gotta die sometime, right?

HOOD #1 snickers. The others share a tense laugh.

CHEV
That's true ... we all gotta die ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHEV stumbles, props himself up with one hand.

CHEV (CONT'D)
Right ... so ... let's all die ...

HOOD #1
Eh?

CHEV brings up his gun in the blink of an eye, draws a bead on HOOD #1 and is about to set off a SHOOTING GALLERY, when the ELEVATOR BELL CHIMES and the door SLIDES OPEN.

EVE WALKS IN... looks around, and FREEZES.

They all turn to look.

HOOD #1 (CONT'D)
What the...?

CHEV affords himself about a second and a half of BUG-EYED SHOCK before snapping out of it and DROPPING HOOD #1 INSTANTLY WITH A SHOT TO THE HEAD.

CHAOS BREAKS OUT as the others dive for cover and start blasting. CHEV yanks KAYLO'S chair up and shoves it toward the HOODS - then makes a break for the elevator shaft, grabbing EVE as he goes.

KAYLO'S body screens CHEV and EVE as they run, taking hits, finally toppling over again. CHEV takes out another HOOD on the run, nailing him right between the eyes.

CHEV turns his back on the hoods, covering EVE, as they make a dive into the open elevator shaft and takes a BULLET IN THE ASS.

CHEV
OW!

He spins and empties his clip at the HOODS, who hit the deck.

EVE holds his ass as CHEV looks down the open elevator shaft. The elevator is half a floor down, moving slow. He grabs EVE, then the cable... they jump for it.

105 INT DON KIM'S SHIRT FACTORY, 4TH FLOOR, SECONDS LATER 105

CHEV and EVE hit the floor of the moving elevator with a CRASH and roll out onto the 4th floor. The workers are all in a panic, standing by their sewing machines - they've obviously heard the shots. The SUPERVISOR is walking around, shoving them back into their seats, screaming at everyone in Korean to keep working.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The SUPERVISOR, all of five feet, walks right up to CHEV and EVE, and starts screaming at them in broken English.

SUPERVISOR

You! Assholes! What you want!

EVE completely FLIPS OUT and starts SHOUTING DOWN the little man.

EVE

DON'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT!! MY BOYFRIEND
KILLS PEOPLE!!!

CHEV

Nice.

The door on the far end of the room BUSTS OPEN and HOODS pour in from the stairwell. They spot him.

CHEV and EVE duck low and start hoofing it down the rows of machines toward the windows. The HOODS fan out. They play cat and mouse in the maze of sewing machines and Koreans while the SUPERVISOR, oblivious, continues screaming and forcing the workers back into their chairs.

CHEV puts a finger to EVE'S lips, calming her momentarily...

... then comes up behind a youngish HOOD and shoves the HOOD'S gun hand under a vicious looking sewing machine at least fifty years old, operated by a Korean woman even older. THE RUSTY THING PUNCTURES HIS HAND OVER AND OVER AS HE SCREAMS, JUMPING UP AND DOWN, UNABLE TO GET FREE.

CHEV grabs the gun. They make for the fire escape.

106 EXT FIRE ESCAPE, SECONDS LATER

106

They reach the bottom of the ladder and are PINNED DOWN by gunfire from above.

CHEV gives her a LOOK that says it all.

EVE

I had to see if you were telling the
truth... oh, and you have my purse.

CHEV notices the purse still over his shoulder, takes it off and hands it to her. With a quick upward glance he breaks cover and squeezes off 4 SHOTS, nailing two HOODS on the fire escape.

CHEV

Come on! Wait -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She freezes - one of the DEAD HOODS lands with a THUD in the spot she would've been -

CHEV (CONT'D)
... OK, now come on.

EVE is pale as a sheet. She steps over the body like she was avoiding a particularly large pile of cow shit... CHEV grabs her hand and yanks her along.

He spots EVE'S CAR parked BACKWARDS across the street and they make a desperate RUN FOR IT as more shots WHIZ AND RICOCHET off the pavement.

EVE is rifling through her purse as they run. Naturally CHEV assumes she's looking for the CAR KEYS.

EVE
Darn it, I forgot to take my birth control pill.

CHEV answers the gunfire with shots of his own, buying them a few seconds, then grabs the purse and shakes the contents out onto the ground.

No keys.

CHEV
Where's the keys?

EVE holds out her hand, where she's had them all along.

CHEV (CONT'D)
(taking them)
Cool.

EVE
My stuff...

She looks like she's about to wander around, gathering up her things, when another volley of shots BLOWS OUT THE PASSENGER WINDOW of the car.

CHEV picks EVE up like a sack of grain and THROWS HER, HEAD FIRST, THROUGH THE PASSENGER WINDOW, INTO THE CAR, then runs around the other side, hops in and PEELS OUT.

INT. EVE'S CAR - DAY

EVE gets herself turned upright and stares at CHEV, hair full of windshield glass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVE
You weren't lying.

CHEV
Welcome to my life.

EVE
(head over heels IN LOVE)
No, I mean: that you were going to give
it all up for me.

CHEV
Oh. Yeah.

EVE
And the other part?

CHEV
The poison? Yeah, that's true too.

He SLAMS his fist against the wheel.

EVE
(cracking)
Then... that means...

CHEV
Pretty much.

EVE
How can we stop it?

CHEV
Adrenaline. It's the only thing that
slows it down.

EVE
(getting it)
So... when we were in Chinatown...?

CHEV
Yeah. Sorry.

A LOOK OF DETERMINATION comes over her. She reaches for his
crotch.

CHEV (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

EVE
This will get you going.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHEV

WHAT?

EVE

Come on, let's finish what you started.

CHEV'S eyes flash to the rearview mirror and GO WIDE. He grabs the back of EVE'S head and PUSHES IT DOWN INTO HIS LAP - just as a BULLET SLICES THROUGH THE REAR WINDSHIELD and out the front.

EVE'S head STAYS DOWN.

CHEV

Oh boy...

CHEV is straining against the seat, EVASIVE DRIVING as she GOES DOWN on him.

CHEV (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, that's... that's really working for me...

EVE'S head pops up.

EVE

(working him up)
You like that?

Shots whiz by.

CHEV

Stay down.

He pushes her head back down.

CHEV'S heart is POUNDING like a jackhammer. He's got himself arched into a crazy position, making it happen.

CHEV (CONT'D)

That's it that's it that's it... *just a little...*

EVE'S head quickly pops back up. She PUSHES AWAY.

CHEV (CONT'D)

(flustered)
What's the matter?

EVE

(satisfied)
So you can fall asleep like you always do? I don't think so.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHEV loses his mind.

He SLAMS THE BRAKES to put the car into a SLIDE, exposing his driver side to the pursuing sedan - punches his gun hand out the window and BLASTS AWAY.

He NAILS THE DRIVER BETWEEN THE EYES... the window DISINTEGRATES... The SEDAN full of HOODS skids into the sidewalk. Steam pours from the radiator.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

CHEV gets out and walks DIRECTLY UP TO THE SEDAN, one hand holding his gun straight out in front of him, the other PULLING UP HIS JOGGING PANTS, which are bunched up around his knees.

CHEV unloads the entire clip into the SEDAN before any of the HOODS can react.

He walks back to EVE'S CAR, cool as a cucumber, gets in and pulls away.

INT. EVE'S CAR - DAY

EVE'S face has turned a distinct shade of PALE GREEN.

EVE
Are they... OK?

CHEV looks at her like she's nuts.

CHEV
They're dead.

EVE is overwhelmed.

EVE
How can you... how can you do that...?

CHEV barely hears her - he's become DISTRACTED, flexing his left hand and feeling around his legs.

CHEV
I told you, baby... I quit.

He spots something, hits the brakes.

CHEV (CONT'D)
Wait here.

He jumps out.

122 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

122

CHEV almost COLLAPSES when his feet hit the ground. It seems like the left half of his body has simply stopped working.

CHEV

Jesus Christ! Now what...?

He unsnaps the buttons of the warm-up pants to reveal that his left leg has TURNED GREY.

He's HALF DEAD.

EVE

What's the matter?

CHEV

(pointing at her)

Stay.

They've pulled up across the street from a HARDWARE STORE. CHEV drags his carcass across the street, oblivious to the traffic swerving and braking to avoid him, and stumbles in.

EVE stays in the car for a few seconds, looking lost, then pulls herself together and gets out.

She follows CHEV'S path, crossing the street through traffic.

STORE EMPLOYEES and CUSTOMERS start bailing out of the store in a PANIC as she approaches the front doors. She walks through them and INSIDE.

123 INT HARDWARE STORE, SECONDS LATER

123

EVE dream-walks through the store, past the registers, following CHEV'S trail of BLOOD-SMEARED FOOTPRINTS.

A pimple-faced STOCK CLERK blows by her, not looking back.

STOCK CLERK

He's got a gun!

She turns the corner and there's CHEV - he's propped up in the middle of an aisle in front of a bin of NAILS, HAMMER in one hand...

He's already hammered SIX FRAMING NAILS INTO HIS LEG and is busy POUNDING IN NUMBER SEVEN.

He looks up at her, eyes wild.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV
I can't feel my leg.

EVE is speechless.

SOUND: BEE-DEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEEE-DEE-DEE-DUM.

At first CHEV doesn't understand where the SOUND is coming from ... he looks around as if a RED GHOST might glide around a random corner any second ... then realizes his CELL is in his pocket. He answers it.

CHEV (CONT'D)
Hello?

DOC MILES
Chevy! Holy shit, man, I've been trying to reach you for a half hour.

CHEV
Where are you?

CUT TO:

124 INT CHOCOLATE'S APARTMENT, SIMULTANEOUS 124

DOC is calling from the broken down apartment we saw earlier. CHOCOLATE is kicking back on a worn, brown imitation leather sofa in the background, watching TV.

DOC MILES
I'm at my office. Can you get here?

CUT TO:

125 INT HARDWARE STORE, SIMULTANEOUS 125

SIRENS approach outside. CHEV meets EVE'S eyes, shakes his head: unbelievable.

CHEV
Sure, why not?

FADE TO BLACK.

126 INT CHOCOLATE'S APARTMENT, 9 MINUTES LATER 126

An IV bag bubbles, a portable HEART MONITOR beeps. The CAMERA follows the drip down to CHEV'S arm. He's lying on the brown sofa, wheezing thickly. Some kind of Court TV show plays on the tube in the background.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC MILES crouches beside CHEV, examines the heart monitor, shakes his head.

CHEV
I owe you again, Doc.

DOC MILES
You're my best customer.

CHEV
(gesturing with his head at the
IV)
What is this stuff?

DOC MILES
Synthetic ephedrine, diluted with saline.

CHEV
It feels sort of good.

DOC MILES
Oh, I also gave you a little meth.
That's the endorphins rushing into to
your brain that you're feeling.

CHEV
So I'm not... better?

DOC MILES
Fuck no. You're in such shit shape it's
stunning. I've never seen a heart take
this kind of punishment and keep ticking.
You should be in a fucking medical
journal or something.

CHEV
So... what are you going to do?

DOC just shrugs.

DOC MILES
The solution I'm giving you is acting as
a competitive inhibitor... meaning it
pushes the poison out of your receptors
and replaces it with a chemical... it's a
temporary fix...

CHEV
Then what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOC MILES

Look, if we put you on life support we could maybe string you out for a few days, but at some point you'd almost certainly lapse into a coma... and then...

And now it hits CHEV for the first time: this is really it. He seems like he might break down.

CHEV

(cocking his head toward the next room)
Does she know?

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM, CHOCOLATE'S APARTMENT - DAY

EVE and CHOCOLATE are sitting cross-legged on the mattress, staring blankly at the TV.

EVE

(no inflection)
I hate television.

CHOCOLATE looks sideways at her: the white girl is CRAZY.

INT. CHOCOLATE'S APARTMENT - DAY

DOC shakes his head NO.

CHEV broods silently.

DOC MILES

If you want, I can load you up with something, you'll go out in a beautiful dream.

CHEV

A dream.

FLASH CUT: A RED GHOST, pulsing.

DOC MILES

(gently)
Can I do that for you, Chev?

CHEV

No... no, that's not what I want.

DOC MILES

Then ... what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV'S moment of weakness passes. His face goes grim with vengeance as the mean bastard inside him kicks in. He looks DOC MILES in the eye.

CHEV

One hour.

DOC MILES regards him blankly.

CHEV (CONT'D)

I want one hour.

CUT TO:

127 INT HUMVEE LIMOUSINE, DAY

127

RICKY VERONA and his CREW are in the back, watching a noisy satellite feed on dual plasma TV screens. A JAPANESE GIRL in a red blazer, one of the TOURISTS from the bus, is being interviewed in Japanese amidst a crowd of her semi-identical friends. A TRANSLATION is overdubbed.

JAPANESE GIRL

<He was really giving it to her, right there on the vending machine.>

The GIRLS giggle.

JAPANESE GIRL (CONT'D)

<He was very cute ...>

VERONA rolls his eyes.

VERONA

Give me a fucking break...

The BROADCAST cuts to a MONTAGE: The trashed restaurant, the burning Police motorcycle, the car crashed into the mall escalator, POLICE sifting through wreckage, finally the sketch of CHEV'S face.

127

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

127

And so the wild rampage that began at 9 AM this morning in West Los Angeles continues, with the mysterious suspect still at large.

HOOD

Maybe we shoulda give him more of that Chinese shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONA
 (sarcastic)
 Oh ... you think? Jesus ...

His cell phone rings. He checks it.

VERONA (CONT'D)
 (shaking his head in disbelief)
 It's him. Alright, shut up.

He answers.

VERONA (CONT'D)
 What's up, corpse.

CHEV
 Hey douchebag, thought you might be
 interested in a little deal.

VERONA
 A deal? You're mental, dude.

CHEV
 I want the antidote.

VERONA
 Oh, the *antidote*, huh?

VERONA makes eye contact with his CREW, covering the
 mouthpiece of the phone; they all try to keep from breaking
 up.

CHEV
 That's right.

VERONA
 And what are you prepared to give me.
 Asshole.

CHEV
 How about the jewelry I got off your
 faggot brother, you cocksucker?

This stings VERONA. He pulls the phone away from his face,
 looks at it like he wants to smash it into bits, then pulls
 himself together and puts it back to his ear.

VERONA
 (holding back, tight lipped)
 Hmmm.

CHEV
 Thinking about it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VERONA pantomimes jacking off for the boys.

VERONA
 Alright.

CHEV
 You like that deal?

VERONA
 Whatever.

CHEV
 I'll be at Downtown Standard in twenty minutes. You know the spot?

VERONA
 Of course.

CHEV
 Don't be late, or I'll trade this thing to some whore for a hand job ...

VERONA
 (cutting him off)
 I'll be there.

He clicks off, then sits there, seething.

VERONA (CONT'D)
 (to the BOYZ)
 What the hell are you looking at?

They turn back toward the plasma screens. VERONA takes a deep breath, then speed dials a number on the cell phone.

VERONA (CONT'D)
 Verona. You're not going to believe the call I just got.

CUT TO:

129 EXT LOS ANGELES, DAY

129

MONTAGE TO MUSIC: more of L.A. at 3 f.p.s. - the traffic flowing, trains zapping by, commuters commuting, everything at a thousand miles an hour.

CHEV (O.C.)
 It's going to be alright, baby.

THEN:

130 EXT LOS ANGELES, DAY

130

From a distance, in a locked off TELEPHOTO frame, we see CHEV walking toward the CAMERA in slow motion, 100 f.p.s.

Dialog from an UNSEEN CONVERSATION is layered over the image.

EVE (O.C.)

But... you said...

CHEV (O.C.)

I know. But things have changed. There's an antidote. I can make a deal for it, but I've got to go alone.

He's well dressed in a sportcoat, slacks, button down shirt and tie, flapping in the wind ... sunglasses, and look of brutal determination on his face ...

EVE (O.C.)

I'm scared.

CHEV (O.C.)

Of course. But you'll be safe now. And I'll be back.

In a series of dissolves he comes straight at the CAMERA til his face fills the frame ...

END MUSIC.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHOCOLATE'S APARTMENT - EARLIER

EVE looks up into CHEV'S eyes, absolutely vulnerable, absolutely STUNNING. Pale sunlight punches through the half rolled blinds.

EVE

Do you promise?

CHEV meets her gaze.

CHEV

I promise.

CUT TO:

131 EXT STANDARD HOTEL, DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

131

CHEV bangs through the revolving glass doors to the hotel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The CAMERA shifts to a ROUGH HANDHELD POV, similar to the shot that starts the film. The MUSIC is replaced by the SOUND of CHEV'S labored BREATHING and HEARTBEAT. The POV doubles, goes in and out of focus.

In one continuous shot he approaches the STANDARD HOTEL and walks past the valets into the RETRO-MOD LOBBY.

132 INT LOBBY, STANDARD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 132

The shot continues as CHEV moves through the LOBBY and makes a beeline for the RESTROOM. Scattered around are hard looking DUDES pretending to read newspapers ... he passes them by, avoiding eye contact.

133 INT BATHROOM, STANDARD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 133

The bathroom is empty. He walks into a stall, shuts the door and opens his coat - we see a PAGER-SIZED device clipped to his belt - a green LED is illuminated.

REVERSE: CHEV adjusts a tiny knob on the device. His face is shiny with perspiration.

He pulls out his shirt tails ... we see that a small tube runs from the device to a needle inserted in the base of spine, taped up with white adhesive.

CHEV tucks the shirt back carefully, takes a series of deep breaths and leaves the stall.

134 INT LOBBY, STANDARD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 134

He bangs open the door to the restroom and pushes past three of the DUDES, who were about to go in. They let him pass, trying to avoid attention.

CHEV makes his way to the ELEVATORS, hits the UP button. The doors open, he gets on. The DUDES watch from the LOBBY.

135 INT ELEVATOR, STANDARD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 135

A JAPANESE BUSINESSMAN - early 50s, compact and under five feet, immaculately groomed - hustles on as the doors slide shut. He stands opposite CHEV against the wall and stares at him, expressionless.

CHEV

What's happening, brother?

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV takes a small bottle of PILLS from his coat pocket and swallows them dry.

He closes his eyes and leans against the wall to steady himself as the effect of the pills washes over him.

An UNEXPECTED VOICE breaks the silence.

KAREN CHELIOS
Where did I go wrong?

CHEV'S eyes SNAP OPEN. The JAPANESE BUSINESSMAN stares back, impassively.

CHEV
(weirded out)
Did you say something?

Now the JAPANESE BUSINESSMAN answers - but when he moves his lips, it's the voice of A WOMAN IN HER 40s.

KAREN CHELIOS
Like talking to the wall...

CHEV
Mom?

KAREN CHELIOS
I'm amazed you remember you have a mother.

CHEV shakes his head in disbelief, tries to clear his eyes, but the HALLUCINATION persists.

KAREN CHELIOS (CONT'D)
You never call, you never write... I haven't seen you since you ran out at 16...

CHEV
(falling right into it)
Right, with you popping Valium like Tic Tacs and balling some new asshole every two weeks... why wouldn't I stick around for entertainment like that?

KAREN CHELIOS
That's hurtful.

CHEV is an instant ball of regret.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHEV
(exasperated)
Mom, I got no time for this...

The JAPANESE BUSINESSMAN cuts him off - this time the voice is ORLANDO'S.

ORLANDO
You got no time, period.

CHEV
Orlando?

ORLANDO
You a persistent motherfucker, Chev
Chelios, I'll give you that.

CHEV
(reacting)
This is weird.

ORLANDO
But you know this has got to stop
sometime. What do you think you are,
Michael Myers? They pop you and you just
keep gettin up?

CHEV
I'm the Terminator.

The JAPANESE BUSINESSMAN does another transformation - this time into ALEX.

ALEX
You was that, maybe. But there's a new
gun in town.

CHEV
Don't tell me you're talking about your
bro, Def Lepard.

ALEX
He did you pretty good, didn't he?

CHEV
Yeah, not so much. I don't get it - why
didn't you guys just cut me up alive when
you had the chance?

ALEX
Verona said you was Chev Chelios - A.K.A.
Death On Two Legs.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ALEX (CONT'D)

He said you probably been a contract
killer since grade school.

As he speaks, ALEX'S voice transforms again, this time into
CHEV'S... he's now talking to A MIRROR OF HIMSELF...

MIRROR CHEV

Bipolar. Sadomasochistic tendencies.
Adrenaline junkie. Addicted to
violence... probably spends every day of
his life looking for the big thrill, the
big rush. Cutting up a guy like that
while he screams in his own blood and
excrement would be like... like a GIFT...
a warrior's death... hell, you'd probably
get off on it...

CHEV

Did you rehearse this?

MIRROR CHEV

No, this was the best way for a guy like
you: a slow, ticking clock... winding
down... inevitable... non-negotiable...
until...

CHEV

(cutting him off)
Who the hell are you, anyway?

MIRROR CHEV

Don't you know?

CHEV

(soberly)
I think I'm starting to figure it out.

MIRROR CHEV

Yeah, well, better late than never.
(conversational)
You know you're going to die up there.

CHEV

(cold)
Yeah, maybe.

The CAMERA holds CHEV'S gaze for a long moment, unflinching.

CHEV (CONT'D)

But I'm taking you with me.

REVERSE, CU: The JAPANESE BUSINESSMAN has TRANSFORMED INTO A
GIANT BLUE GHOST, pulsing silently.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CUT TO: wide angle TWO SHOT, CHEV and the flat, two dimensional, computer animated GHOST, facing each other at opposite ends of the elevator.

SOUND: the CHIME SOUNDS, signalling they've reached the top floor.

CHEV glances at the lit floor number display, then back.

The JAPANESE MAN stares back at him, blank.

CHEV (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Some pills, Doc.

The JAPANESE MAN ignores him. When the doors open, he hustles off ... past two GOONS, who are waiting there for CHEV.

They each take an arm.

CHEV (CONT'D)
Easy ...

GOON
This way.

136 INT RESTAURANT, STANDARD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 136

The GOONS lead CHEV through a posh dining area, down a dark corridor.

They frisk him, finding the obvious .45 in the shoulder holster, yank it out and push him into a SMOKING LOUNGE.

137 INT SMOKING LOUNGE, STANDARD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 137

CARLITO and RICKY VERONA sit side by side at the table. An iced bucket of champagne, good cigars. GOONS chill in the corners. The whole floor has been cleared out - they've got the place all to themselves.

VERONA
(smug)
What's up, dead?

CHEV
Looks like everyone's here.

CARLITO
(chuckling despite himself)
Chelios... what a fucking mess you are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV

No shit.

CARLITO

Why don't you sit down?

VERONA

Wait a minute.

(gesturing to the GOONS by the door)

Pat him down again. He's carrying something.

The GOONS give him another look. This time they reach down his pants and produce a second small, concealed handgun ... then discover the pager-like device. One of the goons rips the tube from CHEV's back - CHEV winces in pain. His HEARTRATE starts to slow almost immediately.

CARLITO

Let me see that.

A GOON tosses it to him.

CARLITO (CONT'D)

Clever ... what is this, an insulin pump?

CHEV

Basically.

VERONA

What the fuck is insulin?

CARLITO shuts him up with a look.

CARLITO

(holding the device up)
Ephedrine, right?

CHEV nods. CARLITO places the device carefully on the table.

CARLITO (CONT'D)

(bemused)
Very resourceful ...

He reaches into his coat pocket, produces a pair of black leather gloves and starts to put them on.

CHEV

(to Verona)
Found a new master, you little bitch, is that it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VERONA

I'm nobody's little bitch.

CHEV

(egging him on)

We'll see what kind of a bitch you are when Carlito hires you for half what he used to pay me... and you take it.

CARLITO

That's enough.

CHEV

You'll probably throw boss a nice little reach-around just to show what a good bitch you are.

VERONA

I'm nobody's little bitch, you hear me? He'll pay what I tell him to pay...!

CARLITO

I said *that's enough*.

(calmly)

It's been a long day. But in the end, you must agree, it all works out quite nicely. Don Kim gets his bullet, thanks to you...

CARLITO unlatches a 2'x6" beautifully crafted mahogany wood case sitting on the table in front of him. It contains several SYRINGES and bottle of MILKY FLUID. He removes one SYRINGE from the box with a gloved hand. It almost glows in the soft light.

CARLITO (CONT'D)

... and Hong Kong gets a goat to take the fall. Please understand, Chev, it's truly nothing personal.

VERONA

Speak for yourself.

CARLITO squirts a little of the MILKY LIQUID.

CHEV

Is that what I think it is?

CARLITO nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CARLITO
The Chinese shit.
(nods to the GOONS)
Hold him down.

In a flash, CHEV WHIPS OUT A GUN - everyone FLINCHES... but no, wait: he's just holding out his fist, pointing the STICK-EM-UP FINGER right between CARLITO'S eyes.

CHEV
Not so fast, motherfucker.

For a beat, no one knows quite how to react. VERONA chuckles nervously.

VERONA
Dude's gone dipsy doodle...

CHEV whips the finger toward VERONA, shutting him down mid-word. VERONA shrugs it off with less than 100% confidence... the room EXHALES.

VERONA (CONT'D)
Whatever, psycho...

CARLITO
I'm afraid the Houdini act is over,
Chelios.

A GOON makes a move for CHEV... but CHEV spins on him, leveling the finger at the GOON'S forehead, and pulls the "trigger"...

CHEV
(imitating a gunshot)
Booosh!

The GOON'S head is rocked back, a NICKEL-SIZED HOLE popped right through the cranium... a GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN OF CRIMSON arcs from the GOON'S forehead across the table, splashing into the ice bucket.

VERONA
(freaking)
Ourfather whoartinheaven hallowedbethy -

CARLITO
Shut up, Verona.

DON KIM
So this is how it is.

Everyone turns...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DON KIM, in a Ralph Lauren polo shirt and white slacks, is standing at the entrance of the bar. He's got an ASIAN GANGSTER on each side, one of them holding out a smoking, silenced GLOCK .9mm.

More ASIAN GANGSTERS appear all around, moving in, taking position. The GANGSTERS all look about 16 years old, dressed for a hot night at the FLORENTINE GARDENS... but their eyes are dead-blank COLD AS HELL.

VERONA

What... you... he...

CHEV

Presto.

One of CARLITO'S GOONS points an UZI at DON KIM... and is FILLED FULL OF LEAD in the blink of an eye by a pair of ASIANS on his blind side... who are CUT TO RIBBONS by another of CARLITO'S MEN... and ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE.

CARLITO scrambles away from the table and grabs one of his GOONS, using him as a shield as he makes his way behind the bar... the GOON absorbs a hail of bullets...

VERONA whips out a .357 MAGNUM, turns toward CHEV...

Summoning a surge of strength from out of his ass, CHEV kicks the table forward, pinning VERONA'S legs to the bench - the ICE BUCKET slides into CHEV'S lap...

He snatches out a bottle of Dom Perignon and fastballs it at VERONA'S GUN HAND... the bottle SHATTERS... VERONA bobbles the .357... it hits the ground - GOES OFF - and the four fingers of VERONA'S right hand are VAPORIZED.

VERONA SHRIEKS like a ten year old girl at a JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE concert.

Behind the bar, CARLITO quickly punches up his cell phone.

CARLITO

Get me out of here! NOW!

EXT. STANDARD HOTEL, ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

A PILOT is standing by in CARLITO'S personal HELICOPTER, waiting on the roof.

PILOT

Yes sir.

He fires her up, LIFTS OFF...

INT SMOKING LOUNGE, STANDARD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

CARLITO'S and DON KIM'S MEN have backed into opposite corners of the room, and are firing back and forth.

VERONA crawls along the floor, gathering up what's left of his fingers... comes across a SYRINGE and grabs it in his teeth like a PIRATE'S KNIFE.

DON KIM stands amidst the chaos, completely unperturbed.

CARLITO
(from behind the bar)
I'll kill you for this, Chelios!

CHEV
Too late!

CHEV swoons, almost passes out... catches sight of a GUN and pries it from the hand of a dead GOON... he spots VERONA'S FEET disappearing behind a wall, takes a bead and fires - blowing off a set of toes to go with the fingers.

An ASIAN GANGSTER runs up and lobs a GRENADE behind the BAR... it bounces along and comes to rest next to CARLITO.

CARLITO thinks quick, grabbing one of his GOONS - a 265 pounder - from behind...

CARLITO
Get down!

He BODY-TACKLES the BIG MAN onto the floor, right on top of the live grenade, and brings his weight down on top of him.

GOON
Thanks, boss.

BOOM!

The BIG GOON'S body absorbs the blast, which picks them both up five feet in the air... CARLITO, momentarily airborne, pops up from behind the bar like a JACK IN THE BOX, then drops back down with a THUD...

CARLITO
Ronnie James Dio...!

The LOUNGE opens into a daylight drenched POOL AREA... CARLITO'S HELICOPTER drops down into view, roiling up the water...

CARLITO makes a break for it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEV
Oh no you don't...

CHEV goes after him, spinning and careening across the slick floor like a CHARLIE CHAPLIN DRUNK ACT, dodging bullets and blasting away...

CUT TO:

EXT STANDARD HOTEL, DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

Police have surrounded the hotel and are pouring into the Lobby in teams. Squad cars, CHERRY TOPS FLASHING, SWAT vans pulled up on to the curb, people roped off, crowd control, news vans, the works.

A TV REPORTER is sending a live feed amidst the pandemonium.

REPORTER
Police have moved to surround the Downtown Standard Hotel, where the suspect ... the unidentified madman ... is believed to be holed up and making a desperate last stand ...!

CUT TO:

145 EXT. STANDARD HOTEL, POOL AREA - SIMULTANEOUS

145

CHEV staggers out into the daylight as the windows to the restaurant shatter - and is met by a SWIRLING RUSH OF WIND as the HELICOPTER attempts to set down amidst the chaise lounges and futuristic plastic cabanas.

CARLITO is climbing in as CHEV clambers up and GRABS HIM FROM BEHIND. CARLITO spins; CHEV shoves the gun in his face.

CHEV
Present from Kaylo.

But just as he's about to pull the trigger, he FREEZES... face TWITCHING... knees BUCKLING...

... and we see that VERONA has come up behind him and JAMMED THE SYRINGE RIGHT TO THE HILT INTO THE BACK OF HIS NECK.

CHEV drops to his knees. His HEARTBEAT is deafening, GLACIAL.

VERONA
(in a bloodthirsty rage)
Now what? Now say shit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLITO
 (shaken for once)
 Jesus, man, where the fuck where you?

VERONA grabs the gun out of CHEV'S hand and points it at CARLITO.

VERONA
 WHO'S THE BITCH NOW?

He blows CARLITO away with three shots.

The PILOT starts to lift off in a blue panic. VERONA shoves CHEV aside and hops into the back seat, pointing his gun at the PILOT'S head.

VERONA (CONT'D)
 That's right, motherfucker! FLY!

VERONA whips the gun around as the bird rises, intending to finish CHEV off from the air ...

... and has the gun removed from his hand by CHEV, who has climbed onto the landing skids, hooking his dead arm inside the passenger space, going up with them.

DON KIM watches the HELICOPTER rise as his MEN finish off the last of CARLITO'S GOONS...

DON KIM
 Do not use a hatchet to remove a fly from your friend's forehead.

A GANGSTER gives him a sidelong look.

DON KIM (CONT'D)
 (explaining)
 Confucius.

... the DOOR BUSTS IN and the place is crawling with S.W.A.T.

146 EXT THE SKY ABOVE LOS ANGELES, SECONDS LATER

146

CHEV'S HEARTBEAT IS SLAMMING as the bird rises high above the rooftop and the surrounding streets. He wrestles his way up into the back seat as VERONA tries desperately to push him out.

NEWS HELICOPTERS hover around the midair struggle like wasps, shooting across at the action.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

147 LIVE TELEVISION BROADCAST: An announcer babbles over phenomenal live video of CHEV and VERONA struggling in the helicopter. 147

CUT TO:

148 EXT THE SKY ABOVE LOS ANGELES, SIMULTANEOUS 148

CHEV has VERONA locked up; both men are fighting with just one hand ... VERONA manages to work his up to CHEV'S shoulder, where the steel needle still pokes through. He slides it out and stabs at CHEV'S face ... CHEV catches his wrist in time to hold him off, but his grip is slipping ...

The spaces between CHEV'S HEARTBEATS have grown longer and longer ... he's obviously having a massive coronary ...

VERONA

You're dead, you're dead, you're dead!

CHEV swoons; his eyes roll back in his head ... he starts to go limp, fall backwards ...

Then, with a final rush of adrenaline, he grabs VERONA by the neck and pulls him along.

The two men FALL FROM THE HELICOPTER.

CHEV continues to strangle VERONA in midair.

CHEV

I told you I'd kill you, you son of a bitch!

VERONA'S eyes bulge in disbelief. CHEV continues to strangle him until VERONA goes limp, glassy eyed ... CHEV finally lets go ... VERONA'S body drifts away ...

CHEV (CONT'D)

There.

Now he's alone, free falling ... it's almost peaceful up here.

149 EXT THE SKY ABOVE LOS ANGELES 149

It occurs to him he still has his cell phone. He retrieves it from his coat pocket and clicks a speed dial.

CUT TO:

150 INT EVE'S APARTMENT, SAME TIME 150

SLOW ZOOM in on EVE'S answering machine as he talks.

EVE (O.S.)
... leave a message.

BEEP.

CHEV (O.S.)
Hey doll. Looks like I let you down
again. You were right about me ... funny,
you really have time to reflect on things
when you know you're going to die ...
seems like all my life I've just been
going, going, going ... I wish I'd taken
more time to stop and smell the roses, so
to speak, but well, I guess it's too late
now... you were the greatest, baby.

CUT TO:

151 EXT STREET, IN FRONT OF HIGHRISE, 1 SECOND LATER 151

Still frame of a city street, traffic sounds - CAMERA down on
the ground. A homeless guy ambles along, looks up, hustles
his ass out of the way ...

VERONA hits the ground - SMACK! - BOUNCES, flies out of
frame.

Next is CHEV - he SLAMS off the canvas top of a moving
convertible car - BAM!

CHEV flies high out of frame, then comes down hard, smashing
into a NEWS STAND right in front of the CAMERA ... TRADES and
FISH WRAPS rain over CHEV and the surrounding area... on each
a different HEADLINE... "Bo Sox Break The Curse"... "Bush To
Swiss: You're Next"... etc.

The screen CUTS TO BLACK.

A beat of silence... *is that it?*

then -

SOUND: LUB DUB.

KICK TO SOUNDTRACK.