BLACK SCREEN

We hear the sound of a CAR driving up.

As the car comes closer, the music playing on the RADIO becomes LOUDER.

We hear the car PARK.

FADE IN:

EXT. PARKED CAR - STREET - DAY

We see BRAD sitting in the driver's seat of the car. He is a young guy. He appears very NERVOUS.

He TURNS OFF the car. The music ENDS. He is talking to himself.

BRAD
(to himself)
Okay-- just calm down. Calm down. Everything is gonna be alright. Be cool. I'm gonna be fine. Just go in there and tell him the truth. I don't have the money now, but I'll get it-- and I will. I'm good for it. You can trust me. I swear I will get the money. Yeah-- he'll listen to me. He'll understand. It'll all be okay. Just be really cool.

Brad calms himself for a few moments.

He then EXITS the car, SLAMMING the door behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

The CAMERA is on a shot of the door to a building.

Brad then walks ON FRAME and goes up to the door, his back to us.

He collects himself, takes a deep breath, and KNOCKS on the door.

After a few moments, we hear a VOICE from behind the door.
VOICE
Who is it?

Brad looks around and then realizes he's the one being spoken to.

BRAD
Its uh... Brad. I'm hear to see Mr. Jamison-- Charles Jamison.

After a few more moments, the door SWINGS OPEN.

VOICE
Come in. Mr. Jamison has been expecting you.

Brad takes one last look at the outside world.

he takes another deep breath, and ENTERS the doorway into the DARKNESS.

The door SLAMS SHUT, leaving the frame empty.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLIE'S BAR - DAY

We STEADICAM in front of Brad as he walks down the stairs to the bar.

When he reaches the ground, the CAMERA SPINS AROUND to reveal the bar.

The place is small, and dimly lit. It is clearly a private establishment, like a home bar.

There is music playing softly in the background.

The first person we see standing closest to Brad is CHARLIE JAMISON. He is young like Brad, but better dressed. He is clearly a little drunk.

Behind him sitting at the bar is TRAVIS. He is at the bar eating a steak. He is in his own world right now.

Standing behind the bar is DAVE, the bartender. He seems like someone you can trust; he has one of those faces.

Farther into the bar, are two guys playing pool at the pool table. They are PAUL and FREDDY.

Charlie, carrying a bottle of beer he is drinking, approaches Brad.
CHARLIE
Bradley. Damn-- it is good to see ya. How are ya?

BRAD
I'm alright I guess Mr. Jamison. How are you?

CHARLIE
Me? Well let me tell you how I am. I'm one-hundred-percent A-O-K. In fact, I've never been better.

(to Travis)
Ain't that right Trav?

TRAVIS
(without looking up from his meal)
Damn skippy.

BRAD
That's good Mr. Jamison-- I'm glad to hear it.

CHARLIE
Hey, hey. Enough of this Mr. Jamison crap. I think we can be considered friends-- don't you? Hell-- call me Charlie.

BRAD
Okay... Charlie.

CHARLIE
Yeah. You call me Charlie, and Bradley-- I'll call you Brad. Is that cool with you?

BRAD
I'm cool with that.

CHARLIE
Slammin'. We are just two cool guys. Real cool. hey would you like a beer? I can't believe I didn't ask earlier. Man am I rude. I'm such a bad host. Please, have a beer.

BRAD
Sure. I'd love one.
CHARLIE
Good, good.
(to Dave)
Hey Dave-- give my friend Brad here a bottle of Kingston. A nice cold bottle of Kingston.

Charlie and Brad walk over to the bar.

Dave takes out a bottle of beer, and puts it on the counter.

DAVE
One icy cold bottle for Brad. Enjoy.

Charlie picks it up, removes the cap, and hands it to Brad.

CHARLIE
Enjoy.

BRAD
Thanks.

Brad takes the bottle from Charlie, and DRINKS some of it.

CHARLIE
Good isn't it?

BRAD
Yeah, its pretty good.

CHARLIE
Pretty good? No-- its amazing. Absolutely amazing. Its an amazing beer. In fact, I didn't even like beer until I had this stuff. I thought beer tasted like piss-- and it does. But not this stuff. I don't drink anything else anymore.

DAVE
Its true. Its all he ever drinks anymore.

BRAD
(to Charlie)
Really? You don't drink anything else?

CHARLIE
No I don't.
BRAD
Isn't that a little... I don't know-- crazy?

CHARLIE
How do ya figure Brad?

BRAD
Well I don't know. To only drink one thing. Do you really like it that much. I mean do you really think its that good?

CHARLIE
Do I think its that good? Of course I do. This beer is the best one out there. Compared to Kingston, every other beer is worthless. In fact, compared to Kingston, any other drink period is worthless. its like God himself pissed into a bottle. If Jesus was alive today, this is the beer he would drink-- its that damn good.

DAVE
The son-of-a-bitch really loves this stuff.

CHARLIE
(to Dave)
Dave, please. Don't embarrass me. Don't call me a son-of-a-bitch in front of my guest, you son-of-a-bitch.

BRAD
I don't mind-- really I don't.

CHARLIE
(laughing)
He doesn't mind. Oh man, I love this guy.

The three of them share a laugh together.

CHARLIE
Oh Brad-- you kill me. Oh man. Anyway, allow me to introduce you to the rest of my "entourage" so-to-speak.

(MORE)
CHARLIE (CONT'D)
You have already been
acquainted with Dave here, the
best damn bartender in the world.

DAVE
Awe cut that out-- I try.

CHARLIE
No I mean it, I mean it.
(Pause)
That fine lookin' fellow
sittin' in the corner is
Travis. Say hello Travis.

TRAVIS
Hello Travis.

Charlie laughs a little.

CHARLIE
And those two gentlemen
playing pool are Paul and
Freddy. That one is Paul, and
that one is Freddy. Say hi to
Brad boys-- don't be rude.

PAUL
Hey.

FREDDY
Sup?

CHARLIE
Hey come on. You call that a
welcome? Say it like you mean
it-- come on.

PAUL AND FREDDY
(with fake enthusiasm)
Hello Brad. Welcome.

Paul and Freddy laugh at themselves.

CHARLIE
Great-- real funny. Assholes.
Ya know Brad, they don't even
know how to play pool. They're
just tryin' to impress you.

FREDDY
Screw you Charlie.
CHARLIE
(annoyed)
Oh yeah? Screw you too. No respect-- they give me no Goddamn respect at all. I take them in, give them everything they could want, and that's how they treat me. No respect at all. I think respect is important-- don't you Brad?

BRAD
Yeah, respect is important.

CHARLIE
Damn skippy it is. Without respect in this world, a man has nothin'. A man needs respect-- its key to success. You respect me don't ya Travis?

TRAVIS
Yep, I respect ya.

CHARLIE
Thank you. Ya see Brad, Travis here understands respect. He understands that without respect, a man has nothing. Please Brad, sit-- relax.

BRAD
Okay...

Brad sits at a stool at the bar.

CHARLIE
Now, uh... where was i?

DAVE
Respect.

CHARLIE
Right-- respect. respect is the most important thing a man can have in this world. Without it, he's nothing. You agree Brad?

BRAD
I guess...
CHARLIE
Don't guess. You either agree or you don't. Is respect the most important thing a man can have or isn't it?

BRAD
Yes-- yes it is.

CHARLIE
You're damn right it is. A man needs to demand respect-- he needs it. He needs it to survive. But... ya need to show respect to get respect. That's the problem with the world today-- no one respects each other anymore. Ya know what I mean?

BRAD
Yeah, I get what you're sayin'.

CHARLIE
Good, that's good. Respect is so important, I can't even stress it enough-- I really can't. You need to show respect. You need to have respect. Without it you're nothin'-- nothing. Those two don't show respect. They'd better start though. I've been tellin' them to show me respect, but they don't. But one of these days they'll regret not respecting me-- they'll really regret it.

FREDDY
Yeah-- sure we will.

Paul and Freddy laugh.

CHARLIE
You'll see-- you'll both see. One day...

DAVE
One day they are gonna get it.

CHARLIE
Oh yes they will-- they will. But Brad, you still with me?
BRAD
Yeah I'm with you.

CHARLIE
Do you know what else is important Brad? I mean besides respect?

BRAD
No, what?

CHARLIE
Steak...

BRAD
Steak?

CHARLIE
Steak.

BRAD
Like the food?

CHARLIE
No like the piece of wood. There are a ton of vampires out there and we need to protect ourselves from those blood-suckers. We need wooden stakes.

BRAD
Oh...

CHARLIE
Brad, I'm just screwin' with ya. Of course the food. But that's not to say I don't believe in vampires-- cause I do. But yes, the food. Steak is also very important.

BRAD
How do you figure that steak is important?

DAVE
Oh hell-- here we go.

CHARLIE
Steak Brad, is important, because you can tell a man by what steak he is eating.
BRAD
You can?

CHARLIE
Oh yes-- oh yes you can. The kind of steak someone is eating can tell you a lot about the kind of person they are.

BRAD
Are you serious?

CHARLIE
I most assuredly am serious.

DAVE
Charlie here is a steak preacher my friend. He is the steak master.

BRAD
So you like steak?

CHARLIE
Hell yes-- I love it. But that's not what I'm talkin' about. I'm saying that you can tell a lot about a person by the steak they're eating.

BRAD
How does that work exactly?

CHARLIE
Well, if someone is eating a lousy cut of meat-- and I mean tough and hard-- just not good steak, you can tell they aren't worth squat. If they don't even care that they're eating a lousy piece of meat, don't bother with 'em. However, if someone is enjoying a fine cut of meat, and I mean fine, then that's a different story.

BRAD
It is?

DAVE
Damn skippy.
CHARLIE
If they're eating a soft, prime choice cut-- I mean melts in your mouth good-- then they know their steak. A man who knows good steak, is a man who can take over the world.

BRAD
Wow-- you can tell that from steak? Amazing.

CHARLIE
Amazing indeed. Take travis here. He is enjoying a steak at this very moment.
   (to travis)
What do ya think of that steak there Trav? Is it good?

TRAVIS
Yeah. Its pretty good.

CHARLIE
Really-- its good. So ya like it then huh?

TRAVIS
Yes I like it. If I didn't like it I wouldn't be eatin' it. I like it-- its good.

CHARLIE
(to brad)
Now brad, you paying attention?

BRAD
Yeah...

CHARLIE
Now I happen to know, for a fact, that this particular steak here, this very same piece of steak that travis here is enjoying at this very moment... is a piece of shit!

BRAD
What?

CHARLIE
Its horrid. Its lousy, no good, horrible steak.
TRAVIS
(to Charlie)
What the hell man?

CHARLIE
This waste of a meat came from the grocery store. You cannot buy good steak at a grocery store. They have nothing--they sell garbage there. Its not even steak. Its, its... I don't even know what it is, but it isn't any good.

TRAVIS
Jesus man...

CHARLIE
But do ya know what Brad?

BRAD
What?

CHARLIE
Travis here doesn't give a rat's ass. He could care less about where the steak is from, or whether its good or not. He will just sit there and eat it all the same. Do you know what that tells us? Do you?

BRAD
What?

CHARLIE
Its simple Brad. It tells us that Travis doesn't know a thing about steak.

Dave starts laughing.

CHARLIE
No I'm serious. Trav knows absolutely nothing about good steak. And ya know what? He couldn't care less. All he cares about is eating the damn steak. He isn't some big, rich millionaire who needs someone to wipe his ass for him.

(MORE)
CHARLIE (CONT'D)
No-- Travis here is a regular, average guy who just wants some steak. Is there anything wrong with that? Is there?

DAVE
Hell no...

CHARLIE
Brad?

BRAD
No-- no there isn't.

CHARLIE
That's right. There is not a damn thing wrong with that. Not a Goddamn thing wrong. Some people care, and some don't-- that's life. That's how stuff works. That's how people are. And you can tell that from steak my friend-- from a piece of steak.

DAVE
From a piece of steak...

Brad is utterly stunned by Charlie's speech.

BRAD
Wow. I never realized that. that's pretty interesting. But I have to ask a question.

CHARLIE
Go ahead Brad-- shoot.

BRAD
Doesn't saying that its okay just enjoy steak, without caring how good it is, contradict with your statement that if a person is eating a bad steak, and doesn't care, they're worth squat as you put it?

DAVE
(to Charlie)
He's got ya there man.
CHARLIE
(to Brad)
Okay, okay-- you do. You've got me. You got me. But now allow me to defend myself by asking you a question. Isn't our entire world made up of contradictions? Isn't it all just a bunch of contradictions?

BRAD
Yeah, yeah. I can see that, I can.

CHARLIE
So, than a contradiction in a statement only makes it all the more true to the world-- a world full of contradictions.

BRAD
I guess it does...

DAVE
It does. In a strange, twisted way, it does.

TRAVIS
I gotta agree with that. Goddamn contradictions man.

DAVE
Maybe. But also, maybe that's just a lame-ass come-back that makes no sense at all. Maybe Brad here caught you with your pants down Charlie.

BRAD
Yeah, maybe I did.

CHARLIE
Yeah, yeah whatever. I guess ya might have caught me with my pants down, but that doesn't happen often. So, if ya do catch me with my pants down, you'd better give it to me pretty damn good, cause you ain't gonna get another chance.

They all laugh at Charlie's comment.
DAVE
We just said some pretty insightful stuff just now.

CHARLIE
Yes we did. But that's life. Some moments are just like that-- that's just life.

BRAD
Yep-- that's life.

CHARLIE
Yes it is, yes it is. But Brad, I gotta get real with you now.

BRAD
Real? Whaddaya mean?

CHARLIE
Let's not beat around the bush anymore here Brad. What the hell does steak have to do with anything? It's time to get serious. It's time to get down to the brass tacks.

BRAD
Okay. Let's do it.

CHARLIE
Brad, we all know why you're here. We all know why we're all here. There's no hiding it-- we all know. You do know, don't you?

Brad has become nervous. He knows things are going to get ugly. Charlie has suddenly become very serious now. The whole mood has changed.

BRAD
Yes, I know.

CHARLIE
Brad you're here because you owe me money. The money that you bet, and lost. You bet it on that damn game, and lost. Ya lost and now you owe me the money. Am I correct so far?
BRAD
You know you are.

CHARLIE
You're right, I do. Now Brad I wouldn't feel too bad about it though. A lot of people lost a lot of money on that game. A lot.

BRAD
I know. It was supposed to be a sure thing.

CHARLIE
Yes it was, and I understand that. They were not supposed to lose. It was impossible for them to lose. No way in hell could they lose. That's why so many people bet so much on them. And do you know what happened?

BRAD
They lost.

CHARLIE
They lost. Impossible to lose, no way in hell, and they lost. It was a sure thing.

BRAD
A sure thing...

CHARLIE
Do you know what I've learned about sure things over the course of my life Brad?

BRAD
What?

CHARLIE
Well, my grandfather used to tell me when I was growing up, that a sure thing is never a sure thing. Do you understand that Brad? Do you know what that means?

BRAD
Yeah-- I understand.
CHARLIE
Then tell me what it means.

BRAD
It means... it means that there is no such thing as a sure thing. Sure things don't exist.

CHARLIE
Exactly-- that is exactly what it means. There is no such thing as a sure thing. Well, a lot of people don't know that. A lot of people forgot that there is no such thing as a sure thing. That is why a lot of people are in a lot of trouble. That's why a lot of people owe a lot of money-- because a lot of people forgot that there is no such thing as a sure thing. You forgot that didn't you Brad?

BRAD
yes. I forgot that.

CHARLIE
Well Brad, I guess that's just pure bad luck isn't it?

BRAD
Yes it is...

CHARLIE
How much was it?

BRAD
Huh?

CHARLIE
Your bet. How much money did you put down?

BRAD
Twenty-- twenty grand.

DAVE
Ouch.

CHARLIE
Ouch is right. That's a lot of money man, a lot of money.
BRAD
I know, I know...

CHARLIE
Now Brad, I gotta be real right now. I could tell from the minute you walked in here that something was wrong, that something wasn't right. I could tell from the minute you walked in here that you didn't have my money. You don't have the money do you?

BRAD
I don't have all of it, but I can--

Charlie stops him from finishing his sentence.

CHARLIE
---shh shh. You don't have all of it. I could tell that from the minute you walked in. How much do you have?

BRAD
Uh, five. Five thousand.

CHARLIE
Five thousand-- where is it?

BRAD
I have it, its right here.

CHARLIE
let me see it. Hand it over.

Brad reaches into one of his pockets and removes an ENVELOPE. He hands it to Charlie.

BRAD
Here...

Charlie hands it to Dave.

CHARLIE
Count it.

Dave starts counting the money.
CHARLIE
You understand Brad, its not that I don't trust you, but I just have to do this. You understand right?

BRAD
Yeah I understand.

They wait while Dave finishes counting.

When he's done, he puts the envelope on the counter.

DAVE
Five thousand dollars-- its all there.

CHARLIE
Good, good. I expected it to be.

BRAD
Listen Charlie, I'm really sorry I don't have it all. But I promise I'll get the rest, just--

CHARLIE
-- no, stop. Don't. Look man, I understand, I do. I'm not a monster. I'm no evil son-of-a-bitch here. I'm just a regular guy, just like you. Its cool.

FREDDY
Aw come on Charlie. Let's mess the bastard up.

PAUL
Yeah man-- come on.

CHARLIE
(to Paul and Freddy)
Listen, shut the hell up. I don't wanna hear your dumbass comments. Just be quiet.

FREDDY
Ah, screw you Charlie.

Charlie is really pissed-off now.
CHARLIE
(angrily)
Screw me. Screw me? What did I say about respect? What the hell was I sayin' about respect? Did ya think I was kidding-- was I telling a Goddamn joke? You have no respect for me-- no respect at all. After all I do for you, you no good son-of-a-bitch. I'm sick of it, I'm so sick. Ya know what? Ya know what Freddy?

Suddenly, in the blink of an eye, Charlie WHIPS OUT a small handgun, SPINS AROUND toward Freddy, and FIRES.

The bullet HITS Freddy in the head, SPINNING him around. He falls to the floor dead.

Paul DROPS his pool stick in fear.

Charlie has everyone's total attention now.

Brad is scared out of his mind.

DAVE
Jesus Christ...

TRAVIS
Damn...

PAUL
(scared)
Oh man, oh man, oh man...

CHARLIE
(angry)
Dammit. Shit. I didn't want to do that-- I didn't want to. He left me no choice. I told him he was gonna get it. I told him he was gonna get it one day. I said that. I told him that dammit. I warned him. I warned him.

PAUL
(scared)
Oh God...
CHARLIE
(calmed down)
Now Paul, are you gonna start respecting me? Are you gonna respect me Paul?

PAUL
(begging)
Yes, yes. I'll respect you-- I promise.

CHARLIE
Good Paul-- that's good. Cause if you don't, you're gonna end up like Freddy here, and I know you don't want that. I'm warning you now-- you don't wanna get it like Freddy. So I'm warning you-- respect me Paul. Okay?

PAUL
Yes, yes, okay. I'll respect you.

CHARLIE
Good. Wipe your face-- you got blood on it.

DAVE
jesus Christ Charlie. Damn.

CHARLIE
I'm gonna hafta call someone later to clean this mess up.

BRAD
(scared)
Oh God, oh God...

CHARLIE
Brad, Brad-- calm down man, calm down. Look, he had that coming. He had it coming for a long time. I've been warning him for a long time. It wasn't just this-- it was a long list of things, but I don't have time to get into the details now. He had it coming though. I told him that. He had it coming.

TRAVIS
Son-of-a-bitch...
CHARLIE
Are you okay Brad? I didn't mean to scare you.

BRAD
I think I pissed myself.

CHARLIE
You're okay, its okay. Relax man, its cool.

There is a moment of silence as everyone calms themselves down.

BRAD
So... so what about the, the money? What happens with me?

CHARLIE
Well Brad, you don't have all of the money, and that's not good. But I'll tell you what. I like you Brad, I really do. You're a good kid, and I don't want you to get yourself into trouble. I want to help you. So I'll tell ya what I'm gonna do. I'm not gonna kill you—I don't want to. I don't want ya to end up like Freddy here. He was a miserable bastard, but you're a good kid. I can tell.

BRAD
So then what are you going to do to me?

CHARLIE
I was thinking of making a little wager with you Brad.

BRAD
A wager? You wanna make a bet with me?

CHARLIE
Well its not really a bet. Its more of a contest actually?

BRAD
What kind of a contest?

CHARLIE
A drinking contest.
DAVE
What? A drinking contest?

CHARLIE
hear me out. Brad, you are
going to participate in a
drinking contest with Travis here.

TRAVIS
With me?

CHARLIE
yes. You and Brad are gonna
have a little race.

BRAD
I'm sorry Charlie, but I don't
get it.

CHARLIE
You and Travis are going to
race to see who can drink a
bottle of beer the fastest.

DAVE
What?

TRAVIS
Yeah-- what?

CHARLIE
Just listen. Now Brad, no
matter who wins, I get to keep
the five thousand-- that's my
money. You owe me. But, if you
win, if you finish the bottle
before Travis here, you get to
walk out of here. You can
leave with a clean slate.
Consider the bet paid.

BRAD
But what happens if I lose?

CHARLIE
Your hand.

BRAD
What?

CHARLIE
If you lose, you'll pay me
with your hand.
DAVE
What are you sayin' man?

Charlie holds up the gun and points to it.

CHARLIE
If you lose Brad, I'm going to shoot you in your hand.

TRAVIS
What?

BRAD
My hand?

CHARLIE
Yes. You lose, you get shot in your hand, and then you can leave. The hand will count as the rest of your payment.

BRAD
So let me make sure I have it all. If I can drink a bottle of beer faster than Travis, I can leave with my debt erased? But if I can't, I get shot in my hand, and then the bet is paid off?

CHARLIE
Exactly.

BRAD
What happens if I don't wanna do this?

CHARLIE
Then I'll have to kill you--I'll have no choice. makes the decision pretty easy doesn't it?

BRAD
yeah, I guess it does.

DAVE
Are you for real Charlie?

CHARLIE
Yes I am. I am one-hundred percent for real. So Brad, do we have a deal?

Brad sits there and thinks for a few moments.
BRAD
Okay, its a deal.

CHARLIE
Slammin'.

Charlie and Brad SHAKE HANDS.

CHARLIE
Okay Paul, go to the back closet and bring over that stack of towels. Dave, get out two bottles of Kingston. We are gonna do this thing.

paul goes to the back of the bar, and comes back to the counter with a stack of towels.

Dave takes out two bottles of beer and opens them.

Everyone gathers around the counter.

DAVE
Okie-dokie boys-- let's rock.

CHARLIE
Here Brad wrap your hand in a towel.

BRAD
Alright...

Brad wraps his left hand in a towel.

CHARLIE
Here Dave-- you do the honors.

Charlie hands Dave the gun.

He then takes Brad's hand and holds it on the counter.

Dave holds the gun up against Brad's hand.

PAUL
Oh man-- this is gonna be awesome.

CHARLIE
(to Paul)
Stop it. You're scaring Brad.
 (to Brad)
You okay man?

BRAD
Yeah, never better.
DAVE
I doubt that.

CHARLIE
Are ya ready Trav?

TRAVIS
Hell yeah. I'm ready to go.

CHARLIE
Okay. You Brad?

BRAD
Yep...

CHARLIE
Alright then-- let's do this.

Everyone is in position.

Brad and Travis each hold a bottle of beer.

It is a very tense moment. Deep concentration.

CHARLIE
On your mark...
(Pause)
Get set...
(long pause)
Drink!

Brad and Travis start CHUGGING the beer.

Everyone is DEAD SILENT as they watch the two drink.

It's very close.

Travis finishes first.

He SLAMS the empty bottle down on the counter.

TRAVIS
Done...

In an instant, before Brad can say anything, Dave FIRES.

Blood SPRAYS from Brad's hand, and SPLATTERS onto the counter.

Brad SCREAMS in pain, clutching his hand.

BRAD
(yelling in pain)
Shit, oh shit. Oh God...
Paul, Dave, and Travis are all SHOCKED.

CHARLIE
Brad, Brad. You're okay man. Damn-- Brad calm down. You're gonna be okay, just relax.

BRAD
(in pain)
Oh man, I'm shot. I'm shot.

CHARLIE
I know-- that was the point. Calm down.

BRAD
(in pain)
My hand, my hand. I have no hand-- it's gone. It hurts like hell.

CHARLIE
I know, it's okay. You still have a hand. I know it hurts. Someone hand me a damn towel.

Paul hands Charlie a towel.

He wraps it around Brad's blood soaked hand.

Everyone is in a daze. It's surreal.

BRAD
(moaning in pain)
Oh man, oh God...

CHARLIE
You're going to be fine Brad, I promise. It's not that bad. You'll be fine. Just go to the hospital, and they'll fix you right up. They'll fix you right as rain-- I promise. You'll be fine.

BRAD
(in pain)
Oh God... the slate's clean? The debt's paid?

CHARLIE
The slate is clean-- you're paid in full. Now go. Go to the hospital.
BRAD
Thanks, thank you.

CHARLIE
Okay, okay. Go, go. Keep the towels, just go.

Brad turns and starts to leave.

CHARLIE
(yelling after Brad)
Hey Brad, wait.

Brad stops and turns around.

BRAD
Yeah?

CHARLIE
Here man, take this.

He hands Brad the envelope of money.

BRAD
But I thought...

CHARLIE
Ah screw it. I'm no monster. Take it. Buy yourself a nice steak dinner.

BRAD
Thank you. I will, I will.

CHARLIE
Oh and Brad?

BRAD
Yeah?

CHARLIE
I can trust that you won't speak of anything that happened here today. You can keep a secret can't you?

BRAD
Don't worry-- I won't tell anyone.

CHARLIE
Good boy. You're a good kid. I don't ever wanna hafta see you in here like this again.
BRAD
Don't worry, you won't. I learned my lesson.

CHARLIE
Good. Now get the hell outta here-- you're bleeding.

Brad turns and walks back up the stairs, leaving the bar behind.

DAVE
(yelling after Brad)
See ya Brad. Stay out of trouble.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKED CAR - STREET - DAY
We are on a CLOSE UP of the back of Brad's parked car.
We hear a door open, and someone walks outside.
We see Brad's legs walk behind the car.
He goes around to the driver's side, and OPENS the door.
He gets into the car and SHUTS the door.
The car TURNS ON.
MUSIC begins playing over the car radio.
The car DRIVES forward until it is OFF SCREEN.
The FRAME is left empty.
The MUSIC continues to play.

FADE OUT.

THE END