

T H E K I N G S T O N W A G E R

A SHORT FILM

written and directed by

JOSHUA LEDERMAN

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? Its time to get  
serious. Its 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.

Its 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-- its gone. It hurts like  
hell.

CHARLIE

I know, its 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. Its surreal.

BRAD

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

CHARLIE

You're going to be fine Brad,  
I promise. its 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