



INSERT COIN (BLINKING ON THE SCREEN)

CLINK, CLINK, CLINK (SOUND OF COIN ROLLING DOWN THE METAL SHOOT)

MUSIC: BEASTIE BOYZ, "*Heart Attack Man*"

VIDEO START-UP GRAPHICS...

CRANK: HIGH VOLTAGE

INT. 8-BIT VIDEO GAME - NOW

Full-screen display of 8-bit VIDEO GAME SEQUENCE.

PIXEL CHEV & PIXEL VERONA fall from the HELICOPTER. Pixel VERONA & Pixel CHEV battling. Pixel VERONA lands on a pixel bus and explodes into red chunks, and Pixel CHEV spread eagles straight down. We cut to the PIXELATED shot of him falling against the building, then ->

BAM!

Last Frame... PIXELATED BLINK.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET (LAST FRAME OF CRANK) - DAY

The street is a still life of shock, like the frozen moment after a bomb explodes. A silent scream begins to build from down deep somewhere inside him...

... and then EXPLODES. CHEV is pure, unedited RAGE trapped in a broken body, paralyzed by unthinkable physical trauma...

Suddenly, his rage is *interrupted*: dark wheels pull up behind him and screech to a stop... the doors open; people get out... and then:

A flat shovel - like something you'd use to shovel snow or elephant shit - slides in under his cheek. OUCH!

We POP OUT WIDE: ASIAN GANGSTERS have pulled up in a black van and are literally SCRAPING CHEV'S CARCASS OFF THE PAVEMENT.

SIRENS are coming; meowing in the distance. The GANGSTERS toss CHEV unceremoniously in the back of the van, pile in and peel out.

SMASH TO BLACK:

ND. NEWS TELECAST - NOW

A news telecast pops up, a video square on black that slow zooms to fill the screen:

HAL FISHMAN

... in a story so bizarre I can scarcely believe the events I'm reporting to you - and yet corroborated by at least a dozen eyewitnesses - a white male apparently fell from the sky above downtown Los Angeles today, landed in the middle of a busy intersection, destroying one vehicle and hospitalizing it's elderly driver... and then was removed from the scene before emergency personnel could respond.

HAL shakes his head.

HAL FISHMAN

Without the body, Police have - as yet - been unable to piece together the events of a day that can only be described as... implausible. Reports of a second body landing in the Boyle Heights area have yet to be confirmed, and are being treated as the bullshit they most likely are.

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE:

3 Months Later...

INT. OPERATING ROOM - TIME INDETERMINATE

CHEV's POV: BLINK, BLINK - he wakes up in an operating room. BLINK, BLINK - strapped to a table... BLINK...

... in MID-SURGERY!!!

He can't move or speak. From CHEV'S POV, we see that his CHEST IS SPLIT OPEN; CHINESE DOCTORS are carefully REMOVING HIS HEART. CHEV continues to blink in a drugged-out blur.

A BAD-ASS/BAD-DRESSED TRIAD HOOD - JOHNNY VANG, 30's, porn stache - curiously looks in, smoking a cigarette - ashes in CHEV'S open chest cavity; one of the DOCS yells at him in Chinese:

CHINESE DOCTOR 1
<Get your cancer out of here
asshole! We fully operational!
Filthy pig! >

JOHNNY VANG
(aping a jack-off motion)
<Sorry, pop.>

CHINESE DOCTOR 1
<I tell big boss you piss in his
superman guts, asshole!>

JOHNNY VANG
(not sorry)
<Said I was sorry.>

JOHNNY VANG casually hocks an arcing loog into CHEV'S open cavity. CHEV'S eyes bulge - but he's mute, paralyzed.

The DOC starts to beat JOHNNY VANG over the head with a steel instrument tray - in the commotion they knock into a table and an *AORTIC CLAMP* drops into CHEV'S open guts - no one notices but CHEV.

JOHNNY VANG makes smirking EYE CONTACT with CHEV, winks at him... and bails out of the room, busting up. The DOCS throw shit after him down the hall.

BACK TO WORK: a few more SNIP SNIPS and the DOCS lift CHEV'S vigorously beating HEART out of his chest - it's quite impressive; they oooh and ahhh...

CHINESE DOCTOR 2
Ooooooh.

NURSE 1 & 2
Ahhhhh.

CHINESE DOCTOR 1
(with reverence)
The famous Chelios heart.

They place it in a RED IGLOO COOLER billowing with dry ice steam...

CHEV'S eyes frantically shift to the opposite end of the room - a NURSE is bringing in a futuristic-looking ARTIFICIAL HEART made from clear flex plastic, black rubber and metal.



He passes out.

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE:

3 Weeks Later...

INT. ASIAN MASSAGE PARLOR, I.C. - DAY

CHEV wakes up. He is in what looks appears to be a full service Asian massage parlor; one of the back rooms has been converted to a lo-rent hospital room. His chest is a giant FRANKENSTEIN SCAR. He is groggy... in severe pain... struggling to get his bearings.

His chest makes a steady TICKING sound.

Around his waist: a BELT BATTERY PACK.

A NURSE/MAMASAN shuffles in and checks the thing - FOUR FULL GREEN BARS... then takes his vitals: stethoscope on chest and lungs, blood pressure, and anal temperature - *yeowch*.

ASIAN NURSE

You big cock English. Strong like horse.

She leaves.

The ASIAN DOCTORS come in momentarily, chattering to one another. CHEV clears his vision and tries his fingers - they twitch and flex with some effort.

One of the DOCS takes out a black Sharpie and starts drawing dotted lines on CHEV'S abdomen while the other looks over an anatomical chart. CHEV can't help but chuckle, wincing from the pain - it fucking tickles.

CHEV

(weak)

Stop it...

The DOCS look over the chart - it is a "*Visible Man*" cross-section of the body with transparencies for each layer of musculature and internal organs.

The HEART is conspicuously **CROSSED OUT**; but the liver and several other organs - including the **BALLS** - are **CIRCLED IN RED**.

CHINESE DOCTOR 1

<How long can we keep him alive?>

CHINESE DOCTOR 2

<Maybe long time. He die hard with a vengeance.>

CHINESE DOCTOR 1

<Big Boss need to harvest his cornucopia of organs for later. Lung, pancreas, bladder...>

CHINESE DOCTOR 2

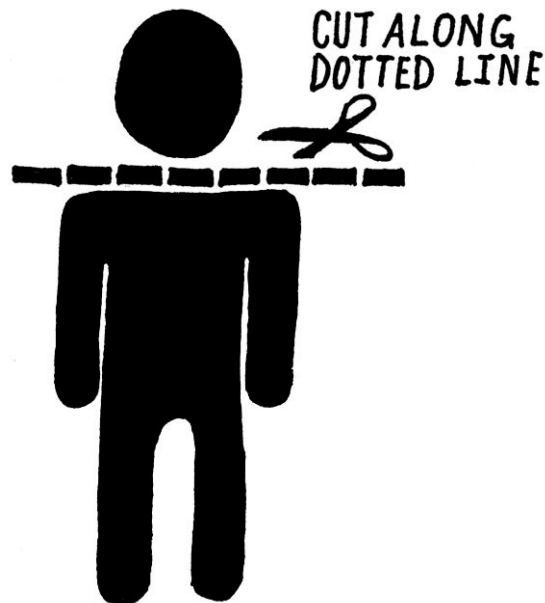
<So what come out next?>

CHINESE DOCTOR 1

<Boss give specific order.>

The DOC double-circles the BALLS on the diagram in RED, sets the clipboard down on a bedside tray, and calls to the nurse.

CHEV lifts his head, has a look at the picture and then the DOCS. They are putting on rubber surgical gloves.



The ticking in his chest speeds up as his heart rate jumps.

CHEV
Fuck that.

He finds a surge of enraged strength and LURCHES HIMSELF UPRIGHT - *holy shit that hurts!*

The DOCS are scared shitless - they can't believe it. One of them starts to clatter through boxes on the counter top; he pulls out a pre-packaged syringe and attempts to prep it with shaking hands.

CHEV
No shots today, thanks.

He rips the IV tubes out of his arms, stumbles out of the bed and wraps them around the DOCTORS' necks, tying them together like calves at a rodeo... CHEV tightens the noose till they go limp and lets them drop.

CHEV collapses against the bed - breathing heavily, sweating bullets. His vision doubles up; he begins to pass out... then pulls himself together and FOCUSES. He grits his teeth, letting the pain wash over him, visualizing it...

... inside his chest the ARTIFICIAL HEART clunks along steadily... *click, click, click...*

Finally, he exhales; SHRUGS.

CHEV
Not so bad.

He perks his ears, hearing voices down the hall - and bails out, into:

INT. ASIAN MASSAGE PARLOR, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

... the dimly lit hallway. CURTAINS lead to a series of individual rooms along one side; portraits of CHAIRMAN MAO, etc. line the other. Inside one of the rooms a JOHN is getting the FULL SERVICE:

ASIAN MASSAGE GIRL (O.S.)
Ok, fip over pease.

CHEV sneaks by, reaches in, grabs the DUDE'S clothes and does a quick change, careful to keep his BELT BATTERY on.

MALE VOICES, speaking Chinese - lots of them - are coming from the front of the building... and by the sound of it, about to round the corner.

CHEV slips out the back door, into:

EXT. LONG BEACH DOCKS - SECONDS LATER

... an INDUSTRIAL AREA near the LONG BEACH DOCKS - a 12-block MAZE of warehouses and colorful, sun-beaten cargo containers.

He stumbles against a trash bin, struggling for control of his body. He pulls up his shirt and has a closer look at the BELT BATTERY PACK... nothing leads into his skin; it doesn't seem to be hard-wired to his body. *Strange.*

The LEDs on the battery are down to the last GREEN BAR.

CHEV
Nice.

CHEV reaches in the JOHN'S pockets and finds a cellphone. He dials. It rings.

CHEV
Eve. Pick up.

ELECTRONIC VOICE (O.S.)
*The number you are calling has
 been disconnected. Please check
 the number and-*

CHEV
 FUCK!

A couple of TRIAD HOODS look up from the containers. CHEV quickly ducks out of sight. Around the corner he sees three more TRIAD HOODS. Motherfuckers are everywhere.

Just then, a TRIAD taps CHEV on the shoulder and points the gun in his face.

TRIAD HOOD 2
 You lost?

CHEV
 Nope.

CHEV attempts a reverse punch - *but he's moving in slo-mo...* the artificial heart ticks sedately... CHEV and the TRIAD HOOD watch CHEV'S backfist move toward the TRIAD HOOD'S head for a split second -

- blood pounds into the artificial heart, jacking it up to speed... CHEV'S fist goes fast motion and slams into the TRIAD'S nose! He goes down like a Pride fighter.

CHEV - moving quick with the artificial heart keeping pace - catches the gun as he falls and immediately checks the clip. CHEV feels his new heart clenching.

BOOM. BOOM. CHEV spins, staring down a TRIAD holding a sawed-off 12 gauge. He FIRES two shots into the TRIAD'S gut.

MORE GUNS BLAZE, but CHEV has the upper hand, using the steel storage container for protection. He eye-shots a TRIAD HOOD, who drops to his knees before collapsing under a fountain of his own BLOOD.

CHEV empties the clip for cover and grabs the DEAD HOOD'S shotgun.

His external belt battery is BLINKING.

He pulls a suicidal move, walking straight at the TWO REMAINING HOODS. He's got nothing to lose, really. They miss him by inches, intimidated.

BOOOM - CHELIOS blows away one of the TRIADS at close range. The other TRIAD is out of ammo. CHEV pumps the shotgun, *CLICK* - so is he. CHEV runs at the TRIAD and beats him over the back with the shotgun.

He's got the man down on his hands and knees, gun to his dome.

CHEV
Alright Chow Mein, who do you work for?

TRIAD HOOD 3
Fuck you, Chelios.

CHEV
Uh huh.

CHEV yanks the TRIAD'S pants down and - we don't see it, just *HEAR IT - RAMS THE SHOTGUN UP HIS ASS.*

The TRIAD'S eyes cross and roll back. He makes a sound that is not human *per se*, but quite expressive.

CHEV
You've found me in quite an unpleasant mood this morning, mate. Now I'll bloody ask you this question ONE TIME: *who's got my fuckin' strawberry tart?*

The TRIAD shakes his head, dumfounded. CHEV taps his chest to clarify - an illustrated SUBTITLE reads:

strawberry tart = heart

(w/ *heart* indicated by a red outline of a heart)

CHEV
Kapish?

TRIAD HOOD 3
J... J...

CHEV wrenches the shotgun.

CHEV
Spit it out.

TRIAD HOOD 3
(blubbering,
hyperventilating)
Johnny Vang!

CHEV
Good boy. Where?

TRIAD HOOD 3
Social club... Cypress Social
Club.

CHEV nods, programming it.

CHEV
Cypress. Social. Club. Fine,
then.

He starts to lose it, vision doubling; glances down at the
battery pack: RED.

CHEV
Shit.

He gathers himself up - then slowly, but with iron
determination, walks over toward a gravel parking lot,
leaving the gun sticking out of... well, yeah.

CHEV
You can keep that.

He kicks the window out of a SEDAN, almost collapses into
the driver's seat...

In a quick sequence of cuts: busts open the steering column
with an elbow and hot wires the car - VROOM.

The RADIO comes blasting on - some kind of freaky Asian
synth rap disco.

He slumps forward, head plopping onto the steering wheel
and hitting the horn - *BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!*

The sound snaps him awake - his head jerks back. He looks
at the exposed wires... then the BATTERY PACK, now BLINKING
RED.

A thought occurs to him.

*He connects the exposed wires to his external battery
charger leads... and touches them together.*

ZAAAPPP!! It sparks up. CHEV'S body slams back against
the seat.

CHEV
*SHITPISSCUNTFUCKCOCKSUCKERMOTHERFU
CKER!*

He checks the indicator - back to one third green. It
FUCKING WORKED!

In the rear view CHEV sees more TRIADS coming out of the
building full of piss and vinegar. He jams the car into
gear and blasts out of the parking lot, spraying gravel.

CUT TO:

INT. DOC MILES APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

CHOCOLATE is sprawled out on the couch across DOC MILES'
lap in a tube top and a thong, lying on her stomach,
playing MORTAL COMBAT on a Playstation 1 with a stoned out
expression; DOC has one hand on her ass, and the other on
a beer.

The PHONE RINGS, and RINGS, and RINGS. DOC looks at both
hands - which does he give up? beer or ass - he takes a
swig of beer, sets it down, and grabs the phone.

DOC MILES
Doctor Miles.

CHEV (O.S.)
Doc, it's Chev.

DOC MILES
Holy shit man. Chevy?!

CHEV (O.S.)
Hi.

DOC MILES
Jesus H. Chelios. You gotta be
kiddin me.

CHEV (O.S.)
Doc, I'm telling you, this is
deadly fucking serious. These
Triads motherfuckers cut out my
bloody heart and put in one of
those plastic artificial jobbers.

DOC MILES
*They gave you an artificial
heart??*

DOC MILES starts to laugh hysterically; he's losing his
shit. CHOCOLATE falls off his lap and lands in a heap,
cursing like *Dolemite*.

CHEV
(pissed)
You think I'm havin' a laugh?

DOC is in tears.

DOC MILES
Shit... Chevy, easy... I believe
you... that's just so out there,
dude...

CHEV rolls his eyes, takes a deep breath.

CHEV
Take your time, Doc.

DOC MILES pulls himself together.

DOC MILES
Sorry... baby. OK. Listen: those
pumpers are only designed to keep
you alive for a couple of days,
waitin' on a transplant. No
strenuous activity, got that? The
thing's not built for it.

CUT TO:

INT. STOLEN SEDAN - SAME TIME

CHEV dodges an on-coming SUV. He yanks the steering wheel
right - then an immediate left.

A blue LED on the dashboard is blinking next to a display:
BLUETOOTH LINK ACTIVATED. We snap around to see that CHEV
is talking HANDS FREE.

CHEV
(sarcastic)
Sure, Doc - no problem. So what's
my next fucking move?

DOC MILES (O.S.)
Well - we gotta get a real heart
in you, and I mean quick...
preferably your own.

CHEV
I'm on it.

DOC can't take it; he starts busting up again.

CHEV
Damn it, Doc!

DOC MILES (O.S.)
OK, OK... Hey Chev, you got a belt
battery with that thing?

CHEV
Check.

DOC MILES (O.S.)
How many green bars?

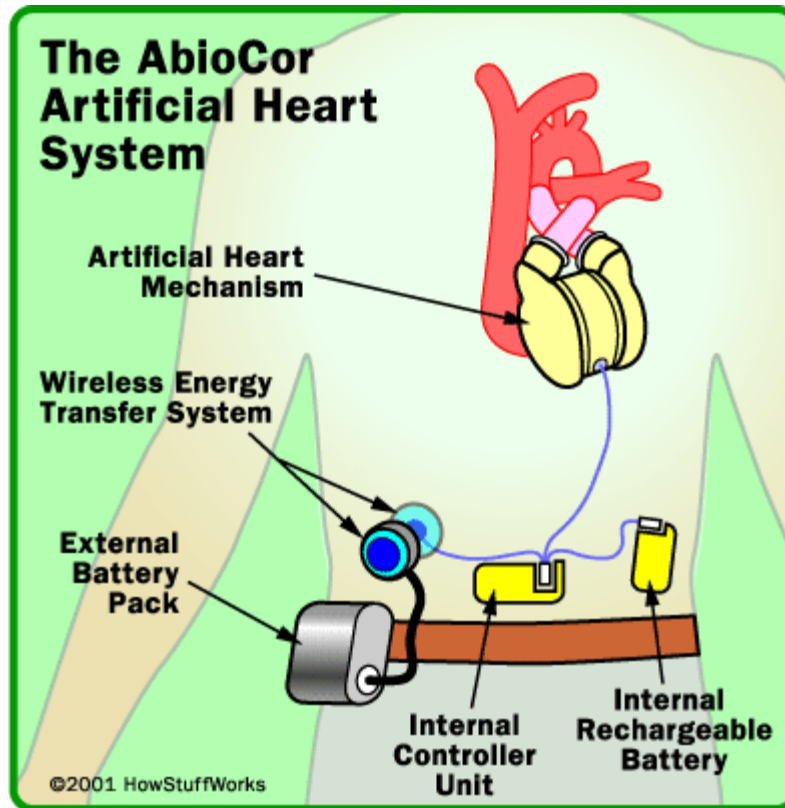
CHEV glances down, grimaces.

CHEV
One.

DOC MILES (O.S.)
Shit, well, better than none I
guess. Alright, listen: they did
you with an Abiocor Total
Artificial Heart - that sucker's
got an *internal battery* that will
pick up once the belt battery dies
- it's like a reserve tank. But
it's only good for one hour - you
got that? *One hour.*

CHEV
Uhhh.

INTERCUT between CHEV'S phone & DOC MILES... all we'll hear
through CHEV'S phone is a guy speaking in GREEK - and when
we cut to DOC MILES we hear him rambling his medical/tech
jargon.



DOC MILES (CONT'D)
 <The internal battery charges
WIRELESSLY through the
 Transcutaneous Energy Transfer
 system - two coils, one internal
 and one external, that transmit
 power via magnetic force across
 the skin without piercing the
 surface. The internal coil
 receives the power and sends it to
 the controller device.>

(END GREEK)

Fuck, does this make any sense to
 you?

CHEV
 It's Greek, Doc.

INT. DOC MILES APARTMENT - SAME TIME

DOC is helping CHOCOLATE back up on the couch.

DOC MILES
 You gotta keep your body
 electrically charged to keep that
 piece of shit pumping.

CHEV (O.S.)
Copy that.

DOC MILES
Chevy...

CHEV (O.S.)
Yeah?

DOC MILES
I'm stoked you're alive, man.

CHEV (O.S.)
I'll be in touch.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. STOLEN SEDAN - SAME TIME

CHEV clicks off. The HANDS FREE link breaks and the RADIO pops back on.

A cherried-out IMPALA full of LOW RIDERS pulls up next to CHEV'S car as he burns down the road, keeping pace, staring him down. They point at his front end, obviously challenging him to a race.

CHEV ignores the gesture.

CHEV
Where the hell is Cypress?

LOW RIDER 1
You wanna run with me esse?

CHEV
Don't tempt me, fucker - what I
need from you is God damned
directions...

CHEV takes his eyes off the road - a second is all it takes:

BOOOOSHHHHHH!!!!

He SLAMS into a curb and is THROWN THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD in a shower of glass.

He slides, rolls and comes to a stop a half block down.

EXT. STREET - SECONDS LATER

CHEV somehow gets to his feet - bruised and bloodied - and stumbles back to the SEDAN - busted windshield, broken axle.

He looks down at the EXTERNAL BATTERY PACK - it's trashed, busted open like a kid's toy.

CHEV
(eloquently)
... *fuck*...

The LOW RIDERS pull up.

LOW RIDER 1
Damn, dude. You good?

CHEV
I'm fucking Tiger Woods. Never better. This is the greatest day of my life.

The SEDAN collapses, belching smoke.

CHEV (CONT'D)
You gents couldn't tell me where to find Cypress, I suppose.

LOW RIDER 1
You ain't far. Down Orange for 2 miles and you there.

CHEV
Cool. Cool.
(looks over the smoking wreck)
You mind giving me a jump?

The LOW RIDER shrugs, clicks his remote - the TRUNK pops open.

The LOW RIDERS get out, attach the cables to their battery; they look at each other, then CHEV, then the SEDAN, with a mixture of pity and amusement.

LOW RIDER 1
You gotta lift your hood, bro.

CHEV takes the cables from the LOW RIDER.

CHEV
Just juice me.

CHEV clamps the RED on his nipple and the BLACK on his TONGUE. The LOW RIDERS' eyes go wide but they give the DRIVER the thumbs up; he REVS it hard.

The CAMERA ZOOMS INTO CHEV'S CHEST - the electrical shock is absorbed by the circuitry, sending a massive charge to the pacemaker.

BA DUMP, BA DUMP, BADUMP, BADUMP... *BADUMPBADUMPBADUMP...*!

The CAMERA SNAPS back out - CHEV is blasting down the street on foot, full sprint, leaving the crash scene in the distance.

We hang with him at top speed for 40 yards before he breaks away and off into the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. CYPRESS - DAY, 732 SECONDS LATER

A GOOGLE MAPS graphic sets us in:

CYPRESS - the HOOD, LONG BEACH STYLE.

ZOOM down to street level as CHEV runs into a group of TOUGH LOOKING LATINO TEENS.

CHEV
You, Menudo - where's the cuntin
Social Club?

No one responds.

CHEV
Donde esta La Social Club?

One of the younger TEENS points across the street. CHEV grunts and heads for it.

TEEN
Buenos Nachos, white boy.

EXT. CYPRESS SOCIAL CLUB - CONTINUOUS

CHEV steps up to:

A 3-story VICTORIAN HOUSE; a barely surviving relic of 30s Los Angeles. Brown grass in the yard, busted toilets and garbage on the sidewalk.

CHEV

This is a fuckin Social Club?

Just then: RIA - 25, an obviously illegal Southeast Asian import, right out of a cargo container - BLOWS through the front door, upside-down, knocking it off its' hinges and landing in the mud. Skin-tight daisy dukes, Hello Kitty T-shirt, cheap ass shoes and a bloody nose.

A FAT CHINESE GUY with no shirt on comes chasing after her with a butcher knife.

CHEV SMASHES him in the face and grabs the butcher knife.

CHEV

You Johnny Vang?

The FAT GUY shakes his head "no" and points inside, terrified. CHEV stomps in with murder on his mind - the CAMERA stays outside.

Guys start to fly out of the windows of the house, from upstairs, downstairs, all over. Total chaos... hookers fleeing, body parts flying...

[We only see the fight from the outside, like the biker bar in CRANK - complete with bulging walls.]

The CAMERA SPINS around to the back of the house: JOHNNY VANG - wiry, wild eyed - escapes out the back window wearing MC HAMMER parachute pants... and carrying a RED IGLOO COOLER - just like the one we saw the doctors drop CHEV'S heart into.

A young ASIAN DUDE pulls up in a modded out Hyundai - JOHNNY VANG jumps in shotgun and they zip away.

RIA scrapes the mud off her face, picks up an old rusty bicycle - that's right, a bicycle - and crushes the FAT GUY repeatedly in the nuts with it.

RIA

No fucky, sucky for you assshoe...
fat fucking, stinky-ass bald
cocksuck-face, fuck-whore, shrimp-
dick, b.b. balls muddafukka...
(last 3 hits with the
bicycle)
fucka, fucka FUCKKKK!!!

The FAT GUY is out - BLOOD CROTCH.

A LIME GREEN TOYOTA CAMRY pulls up - two TRIAD THUGS step out and head for the house.

RIA
What you two faggots lookin at?

TRIAD HOOD 1
(threatening)
Get lost, bitch.

Just then CHEV pops out, looking for someone to stab.

RIA
Fuck you. This dude my Kevin Costner and he will beat you off.

TRIAD HOOD 1
(grossed out)
What??

CHEV
(to the TRIADS)
Where's Johnny Vang?

TRIAD HOOD 2
You lookin to get killed, dude.

RIA
You ass for it - he will tap yo ass!

CHEV
Wrong expression.

TRIAD HOOD 2 pulls heat and points it at CHEV.

TRIAD HOOD 2
You ain't tappin my ass.

CHEV quickly grabs TRIAD HOOD 2's gun hand and SMASHES the gun into TRIAD HOOD 1's FACE. *CRACK!* Then he brings it back around and SMASHES it into TRIAD HOOD 2's own face. *CRACK!*

CHEV pulls the gun away and SLAPS TRIAD HOOD 2's ass really fuckin hard, sending both HOODS stumbling onto the sidewalk.

CHEV
There you go, cupcake.

RIA climbs on CHEV, starts kissing him - hell, she's never seen anything like him - he shoves her off.

CHEV
No ebola for me today, thanks.

The HOODS pile into the LIME GREEN TOYOTA and peel out.

CHEV
(irritated)
Fuck all, there goes my ride.

RIA grabs CHEV'S ass.

RIA
What the fuck dude, I'm clean like
a baby!

CHEV
I'd rather stick my dick in a
blender.

RIA
Oooh, you want to stick me.

CHEV heads down the street, already pulling out his cell
phone, when RIA freezes him in his tracks.

RIA
I know where Johnny Vang go.

CHEV turns.

RIA (CONT'D)
You need me like Whitney Houston
dude.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MINUTES LATER

CHEV speed-walks down the street... the heart ticks along
on reserve power. RIA tags along, walking like a colt with
a bum leg on her one broken heel.

CHEV jogs into the street to carjack a passing station
wagon, but the driver sees him and peels away.

RIA
Why you in rush? You taking this
too fast. I want you to take slow
with me.

CHEV
Which way?

RIA
You rescue me, you own me.

CHEV
Which way?!

RIA
Ok, right down here. You didn't
even ask name.
(beat)
My name Ria.

They have come to a stop in front of a sun-bleached, 80s
strip-mall style titty bar.

An orange sign littered with light-bulbs reads:

"STRIP PLEASE"

He puts a finger over her lips, shushing her.

CHEV
Look - can we please just...

She points toward STRIP PLEASE.

CHEV
Johnny Vang?

She nods.

The CAMERA blasts through the black rubber car wash
curtains, through the grinding tits and G-strings at the
speed of sound, down a purple and pink corridor and into...

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP PLEASE, BACK ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

The back room of the strip club, where JOHNNY VANG is
getting the shit kicked out of him by:

TEN hardcore, Third World-style tattooed gangbang
Mexican murderers - these are LOS VATOS, the LATINO GANG
that will square off with the ASIAN TRIADS throughout the
movie. Their aesthetic is taken from the Mexican/Los
Angelino MS-13 gangsters.

JOHNNY VANG has the RED IGLOO COOLER under his arm.

The VATOS also have JOHNNY'S DRIVER - the young ASIAN DUDE that picked him up from the Social Club - slammed down on a table.

The VATOS LEADER - CHICO, 20s, LOCO like a motherfucker - hacks chunks of particle board out of the table, just inches from the kid's face - with a MACHETE.

CHICO
(to VANG)
Where's my fucking Chelios?

JOHNNY VANG
(through bloody teeth)
Suck me, beaner. Chelios is Triad property.

CHICO
You like sushi, China man?

JOHNNY VANG
That's Japanese, El Torito.
Chinese don't eat that shit.

CHICO
How the fuck should I know what
kinda 'eez you is, slanty eye?

CHICO cracks him in the mouth with the blunt end of the machete.

CHICO
Check it out: sushi.

He gestures to one of his boys.

The VATO grabs the DRIVER's arm and bends it like a chicken wing, exposing his boney elbow stub. The CHICO twirls the machete and lines it up.

JOHNNY VANG
This is new and exciting.

CHICO SWINGS THE MACHETE CLEAN THROUGH THE ELBOW NUB about 2 inches in. The bloody nub hits the floor.

DRIVER
AHHHHHHH!!!!

JOHNNY VANG
(a whiter shade of pale)
The thing is, we can make a deal.

CHICO grins wide, showing off a diamond-encrusted GRILL.

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP PLEASE - SAME TIME

CHEV busts into the front of the STRIP CLUB with RIA ...

A "dancer" is taking the stage to Motley Crue, "*Live Wire*" - she is wearing an Adidas warm-up top (like CHEV wore in CRANK), a neon pink thong, and *looks familiar* - we PULL OUT...

What the fuck.

It's *EVE*.

EVE rips off the top - matching pink pasties - and starts to *grind the dudes at the side of the stage*, who are losing their minds. She tosses the warmup top across the room, where it hits CHEV in the face.

CHEV is slack-jawed.

CHEV

Eve...?

EVE is spinning her pasties in some dude's face, rocking it hard.

CHEV

(losing it)

Eve!

He grabs a dude holding a dollar in his mouth and sends him flying. Then jumps on stage and takes EVE by the arms.

Now it's her turn to be speechless.

She touches his face - *is he real?* He pulls the Adidas top over her shoulders, covering her up.

A SLEEZY DUDE - 20s, goatee, slicked back hair, sleeveless HUSTLER T-shirt with scrawny arms - cuts them off and grabs the back of CHEV'S shirt.

RANDY

Get your fuckin hands off Lemon,
my man.

CHEV

Who the fuck are you?

RANDY
 Don't worry about who I am.
 (to EVE)
 You know this guy?

CHEV
 (registering)
 Lemon.

EVE
 He's... I mean - you were dead...
 or - God, I'm really confused
 right now... what's that ticking
 sound?

RANDY slaps a hand on CHEV'S arm; big mistake - CHEV grabs him by the shirt, lifts him, and sends him flying across the room - he crashes through the door to the back room...

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP PLEASE, BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He lands flat on his ass bone on the concrete floor -
 CRACK! - and crumples in agony...

RANDY
My ass.....

... right in the middle of the VATOS, who have JOHNNY VANG slammed onto the table and are stuffing a rag in his mouth to stifle the screams.

RANDY
 Oh shit...

INT. STRIP PLEASE - CONTINUOUS

EVE
 Randy!

CHEV shakes his head, utterly baffled - then grabs EVE and kisses her hard.

She melts in his arms... time freezes...

BAM!! - RIA smacks CHEV in the back of the head.

RIA
 Who the fuck is crack-bitch?
 (to Eve)

Get your slutty paws off my handsome.

EVE

Chev?

CHEV

She's just some whore...

EVE

What?

CHEV

No- I mean- That didn't come out right- She's helping me find my heart. No- fuck- *ughh*. Let's go.

CHEV grabs EVE's hand and pulls her off the stage. RIA blocks their way.

RIA

(to Chev)

You are my shining armor douche-box.

(to Eve)

And I gonna bitch-punch you.

RIA punches EVE in the face. EVE shakes it off; grabs the closest beer bottle off the table and BUSTS IT IN RIA'S FACE... *just as the VATOS emerge from the back.*

EVERYONE turns to look at CHEV. They can't believe he's right there. They are awestruck.

One VATO raises his gun; CHICO waves him down.

CHICO

(to gang)

We need his ass *alive*.

(to Chev, twirling machete)

Chev Chelios! Let's save some bullets, dude.

EVE

Should I duck?

CHEV

Yeah.

CHEV DRAWS QUICK and DROPS the trigger happy VATO - BULLET TO THE NOSE. His HEAD POPS like a blood blister.

SEVERAL HALF NUDE STRIPPERS - SIERRA and NEVADA - jump out from behind the bar holding .44's.

SIERRA
FUCK IT!!!!!!

They OPEN UP.

One of the VATOS SHOOTS SIERRA in the leg - BLOOD EXPLODES. BOOM, BOOM, BOOM - the strippers FIRE BACK, knocking down 5 of the gang members. CHEV and EVE make a break for it but have to dive on the ground for cover.

NEVADA is emptying her .44 into an injured, crawling VATO; CHICO gets a bead and fires a slug that passes through both of NEVADA'S *giant fake boobs* - she drops the gun and claps her hands over the boobs and screams as they DEFLATE... the implants oozing out...

SIERRA unloads on CHICO... bullets riddle the wall and seats behind him but leave him untouched; he crawls on hands and knees through silver lamay curtains and under the dance floor.

RANDY finds himself behind CHEV; he is getting ready to clock him in the dome with an aluminum baseball bat when a body rolls by, taking out his feet - he lands hard on his ass bone again - CRACK! - and curls up in pain.

JOHNNY VANG, holding the SQUARE RED IGLOO COOLER, peaks out the door. A shot ricochets close to his head off the aluminum framing, but no one sees him and he escapes - AGAIN - in the chaos.

CHEV grabs a gun and helps finish off the 3 remaining VATOS. BLOOD everywhere. A last surviving VATO is on the ground, hanging onto life by a thread.

CHEV is fucking exhausted. He crawls over, presses the gun into the punk's neck and leans on it.

CHEV
Shall I bypass the formalities?

VATO PUNK
Of course.

CHEV
Who do you work for... and what do they want with me?

VATO PUNK
El Huron.

CHEV
What the fuck is an El Who-don?

VATO PUNK
Is a ferret.
(beat)
He want you alive so he can watch
you die.

CHEV
(baffled)
Why?

VATO PUNK
I dunno... doesn't everyone?

VATO PUNK starts choking on his own blood and expires.

POLICE SIRENS mass outside. CHEV musters up the last of his strength - the blood ain't even pumping - it's all will-power now... He stumbles over to EVE.

CHEV
Come on.

He helps her up and they head out the back.

RIA comes semi-to in time to see them leave. There's a wicked raspberry on her forehead where EVE clocked her with the bottle.

RIA
Chevacherios....

Her eyes roll back in her head and she passes back out.

CUT TO:

EXT. STRIP PLEASE - SAME TIME

CHEV and EVE step outside as THREE COP CARS pull up and block the side alley. CHEV drops his gun and puts his hands up.

EVE
(panicked)
What're you doing?

CHEV grabs EVE's face and kisses her. EVE tears up.

COP 1
Get on the ground. Now.

They continue kissing.

The COPS grab them. SUDDENLY CHEV turns around and HEADBUTTS the first COP, kicks the other... but that's all he's got.

CHEV wobbles and falls - He's fucked. The COPS start beating him down like Rodney King.

EVE flips out - she jumps on one of the COPS and goes UFC, pounding on his head. A big DYKE COP gets EVE in a headlock and drags her off, kicking and screaming.

They throw her in back of a patrol car.

Then the COPS make a big mistake: the fattest BULL pulls out a big ass TASER and *JAMS it into the middle of CHEV'S back* - BULLSEYE.

VOLTAGE rocks through CHEV'S body and into the ABIOCOR - *ticktickticktick* - and he POPS BACK UP LIKE A JACK-IN-THE-BOX!!!

CHEV starts taking out COPS like *The MATRIX* - He KNOCKS out one, takes the TASER - then TASERS another COP, grabs his gun, kicks two more off their feet - then: repeatedly jacking himself with the TASER...

INT. PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

... he jumps into the driver seat of the PATROL CAR with EVE - there's another STRIPPER - PEPPER, 20's, in the backseat - and peels out.

EVE

Why didn't you call me?

CHEV

Like fuck I didn't. Didn't you get my message?

CUT TO:

INT. EVE'S APARTMENT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

EVE'S answering machine from CRANK is playing back: the message is a muffled, distorted roar, unintelligible - the sound you would actually get from someone calling you from a cell phone while free-falling from a helicopter.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY, CONTINUOUS

CHEV BURNS around a corner.

EVE

No. Where the hell have you been
for the last 3 months? I thought
you were dead!

CHEV

I fell a mile out of a
helicopter... it's a long story.

EVE

(pumped up)

Woah... hey, that's totally
possible! I saw a video on You-
tube where a guy's parachute
didn't open... he falls 14,000
feet and lives!

CHEV SLAMS the pedal to the floor.

CHEV

Yeah. baby - I know it's possible.
I fucking did it. And since when
are you on the internet?

All the while, as they talk, PEPPER is feeling up EVE. EVE
keeps trying to push her off but finally just ignores her.

EVE

A *lot* of things changed after you
died.

CHEV

I didn't fuckin die.

EVE

That's beside the point, isn't it?

CHEV considers a response to this - then gives up and just
TASERS himself instead. EVE just rolls her eyes.

PEPPER licks the side of her face and jams a hand between
her legs.

EVE

Quit it.

PEPPER

Bloody stuff gets me hot.

EVE
(to CHEV)
Where are we going?

CHEV
I don't know.
(scanning the streets)
I need to find that slant from the
club. With the steel box.

PEPPER
You talkin about Johnny Vang?

CHEV slams the brakes, skids to a stop. Both girls rock forward, bounce their heads off the divider and GO DOWN. CHEV looks into the rear view mirror - empty.

INT. DONUT SHOP - SAME TIME

Two COPS look up at the sound of the skid.

INT. PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

EVE and PEPPER come up in the back seats, groggy, rubbing their heads.

CHEV
You know Johnny Vang?

PEPPER
He pimp out some of the girls at the Social Club. Right off the boat girls. Yeah, I know his ass. He got that box with him all the time.

CHEV
The box. I need it.

PEPPER
Bet my grandma's cootchie he's at the track. All them gangsta playa wannabe fag boys be at the track every Sunday noon. Every fuckin Sunday.

CHEV
The track.

EVE
What track?

PEPPER
(turned on)
Horse track. Dude, you gonna put
Johnny Vang on ice?

CHEV
Maybe.

PEPPER
Thas so sexy...

She rubbing EVE again.

EVE
Didn't they cuff you?

PEPPER holds up a ring of keys, teasing her with them. She
turns around, back to PEPPER.

EVE
Damn it. Do me.

PEPPER
I'll do you.

PEPPER reaches around, feeling her up.

EVE
That does it.

EVE slams her head back into PEPPER'S face, knocking her
out.

EVE
Ow.

EVE grabs the keys with her hands behind her back and
unlocks the cuffs.

CHEV'S body is crashing; he shakes it off and tasers his
nuts again.

CHEV
Gotta call Doc... need a God
damned phone...

EVE
Why didn't you say so? Roll down
the window.

EVE passes a new Apple iPhone to him through the outside of
the car - window to window.

CHEV
(amazed)
This is a cell phone.

EVE
Duh. It's got a browser and mp3
player too.

CHEV
(still in disbelief)
You got a cell phone.

CHEV takes a puzzled look at it; he's never seen one of
these before.

CHEV
How do you use this thing?

EVE
(rolling her eyes)
You're so lame.

CUT TO:

INT. DOC MILES APARTMENT - DAY

DOC answers the phone.

DOC MILES
Chevy?

CHEV
I lost the fucking belt battery,
Doc.

DOC MILES (O.S.)
How long ago?

CHEV
Over an hour.

DOC MILES (O.S.)
Jesus, that's just not possible
Chevy - you should be... oh fuck
it, never mind.

CHEV
Doc?

DOC MILES (O.S.)
(talking half to himself)

I'm thinking... it's a wireless system, so any kind of low level electrical shock to your skin should juice it, at least temporarily...

CUT TO:

INT. PATROL CAR - SIMULTANEOUS

CHEV has worked the 9-volt batteries out of a walkie talkie and is licking it with his tongue.

CHEV

Copy that.

DOC MILES (O.S.)

Listen: I'm a *certified heart surgeon*. Well, I was - lost my license after I fucked up my ex-wife's vaginal rejuvenation procedure in our basement... that's irrelevant right now - the point is: if you can get a hold of your heart I'm reasonably sure I can put her back in for ya.

CHEV

Thanks Doc. I'll be in touch when I find that Chinese cocksucker that's got me pump.

CHEV clicks off.

INT. DOC MILES APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

DOC MILES

(pondering to himself)

Chinese...

(he speaks up)

Chocolate, get off your fat ass and get dressed.

CHOCOLATE

Why?

DOC MILES

Is Doc Miles gonna have to choke a bitch?

CHOCOLATE rolls her eyes, gets off the couch and shuffles across the room in panties and curlers.

DOC MILES
(to himself)
I'm starting to get an idea who we
might be dealing with here...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET, NEAR VERNON METROLINE - CONTINUOUS

CHEV rolls up to a train track as a METROLINE is rolling by; more traffic pins him in from behind... a COP CAR pulls up next to him.

The two COPS from the donut shop look over to see:

PEPPER coming to, one eye swollen shut - and EVE elbowing her back unconscious... CHEV licking a battery and tasing his ball sack.

CHEV looks over, makes eye contact; nods hello.

The PIGS get on the radio and grab their weapons.

CHEV tries to back out, ramming the bumper of a PICK-UP TRUCK. He puts it in DRIVE and the patrol car JUMPS forward - his front bumper being SCRAPED by the MOVING TRAIN!!

CHA-CLINK, CHA-CLINK, CHA-CLINK, CHA-CLINK, CHA-CLINK...

CHEV
Great.

He looks into the rear view mirror, makes eye contact with EVE.

No words need be spoken; EVE just nods.

CHEV bails out of the passenger door, between a line of cars and around the corner of a brick building. The COPS give chase.

CUT TO:

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - 3 SECONDS LATER

... and comes chugging around the corner. Up ahead a CONCRETE STAIRWAY - SKATER PUNKS are GRINDING the RAILS, wiping out, taping each other with handheld CAMCORDERS.

CHEV runs off a wall, gets airborne - ZAPPING HIMSELF in the air... but mistimes the landing - he lands, SPREAD EAGLE on the railing, CRUSHING HIS BALLS! The SKATER PUNKS go CRAZY; it's the greatest thing they ever saw.

CHEV

AHHHHH!

CHEV doubles over and hobbles faster than anyone has ever hobbled... the TASER is out of juice - he tosses it.

CUT TO:

EXT. PUBLIC PARK, DOG PATH - 5 SECONDS LATER

A dozen dog-walkers with 3-4 dogs each walk around the park.

One couple is disciplining their PITBULL with an electronic dog collar. The PITBULL whines as they ZAP it.

CHEV, white as a ghost, comes barrelling through along the path; sees the PITBULL getting zapped. He runs straight up to the dog and starts taking off the electric collar; the dog growls at him - then sniffs his hand and licks it: one pitbull digging on another.

CHEV

(to the OWNERS)

I'm with Peta - this is animal cruelty, you fuckers.

CHEV buckles the collar around his own neck.

DOG-WALKER

Give that back, you liberal freak!

The DOG-WALKER ZAPPPSSS CHEV. CHEV involuntarily unloads a massive FART.

He jolts his head to the left.

DOG-WALKER

That's disgusting.

CHEV

(egging them on)

Come on then! RUUUFFFF. RUUUFFFF.
RUUUUUFFFF

ZAP!! CHEV regains his strength - he grabs the remote out of the dog-walker's hand and runs off, zapping himself. The COPS come around the corner.

PIG 1
FREEZE!

The PITBULL - collarless - rushes the PIG and bites his arm. CHEV rockets away...

EXT. CITY STREET - 9 SECONDS LATER

The PIGS are close on his tail. The distance narrowing. CHEV crosses the street, stopping traffic, but is cornered by the COPS, guns drawn; there's no way out.

CHEV ZAPS himself. The COPS don't know what this freak is doing, so they stay back. CHEV holds the remote down, his head twitching from the SHOCKS - ZZZ, ZZZ, ZZZ, ZZZ, ZZZ, ZZ, ZZ, ZZ, Z, Z... Finally it dies out.

He throws the remote at the cops. It knocks a DONUT out of the COP'S hand.

DONUT COP
Are you kiddin' me?

DONUT COP goes to the ground to dust gravel off his glazed as the others move in. When suddenly:

Weaving out of traffic and up onto the sidewalk on a powder blue mini-scooter... it's KAYLO!

At least, he looks like KAYLO.

He gets air off the curb, revs over to CHEV and skids out next to him. Without warning dude's whole body does a crazy spasm - he backhands CHEV in the side of the face, taking him completely off guard - practically knocking CHEV on his ass.

KAYLO?
Get on!

Confused, CHEV does...

CHEV
Ahhh, my nuts!

... and they jet out of there in between the busy city traffic.

KAYLO?
Hang on tightly.

CHEV
Kaylo! I thought you were brown bread, mate.

VENUS
My name's Venus. I'm from Hollywood.

CUT TO:

INT. FREAKY CLUB, FLASHBACK - NIGHT

... the freaky club montage from CRANK... but this is an EXTENDED VERSION. We see that KAYLO'S TWIN BROTHER is dancing with him in the club the whole time!

NOTE: This footage actually exists - we shot tons of EFREN RAMIREZ'S twin brother CARLOS in full costume, dressing up and dancing with Efren at the club! But we'll actually have Efren play his twin!

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - BACK TO PRESENT

VENUS zags down an alley.

VENUS
Kaylo was my brother. You were his friend.

CHEV
Brother... no shit...
(trippin)
Hey, what the hell did you hit me for?

VENUS
I have a condition: FBT, full body tics. I can't control myself.

As he says it he has another attack, throwing his hands off the handlebars and wildly simulating jacking off like a

monkey. The SCOOTER swerves out of control; they almost bail into a TRUCK at the alley's intersection.

CHEV

Holy shit!

VENUS

Sorry.

They hit a little BUMP - and CHEV cringes, his nutz still throbbing in pain.

CHEV

Fuckin 'ell... listen, I'm sorry about your brother - he was a good bloke - but I need to get to the Hollywood Park race track, and I mean *right the fuck now*.

VENUS squeezes the brakes; they slide to a sudden stop - CHEV is thrown forward onto VENUS' back, bending him over in a mounting position. The passing street traffic wants no part of this show.

VENUS

Is that where they are?

CHEV dismounts.

CHEV

Who?

VENUS

The ill suckaz that killed my brotha!

It takes CHEV a second to get his head around this one.

VENUS

You're Chev the cheese Chelios, right? The sickest, most wickedest motherfucker that ever vaporized a motherfucker in cold blood, right?

CHEV

Yeah - that's me.

VENUS

Right. So we're gonna go get them suckaz and-

He flies into an FTB freak out - it's not clear whether he wants to disembowel the SUCKAZ or *Dirty Sanchez* them.

CHEV

Listen man, get a grip on yourself. It's already done.

VENUS snaps out of it.

VENUS

Huh?

CHEV

It's done. I already took care of the ones that did Kaylo.

VENUS is at a loss.

VENUS

But...

(beat)

All of them?

CHEV

Yeah. All of them. D-E-A-D, Simply Red.

VENUS

Right Said Fred...

CHEV

Club Med.

VENUS

(obviously crushed)

I see.

CHEV

Don't be so gloomy, Elvis. I can assure you they did not die pleasantly.

VENUS just shakes his head, looks to the ground.

VENUS

You don't understand. It's a matter of honor. It should've been me to avenge my brother.

(glances at CHEV)

Well, so long, Chelios.

He gets on the motor scooter and dejectedly starts to leave. CHEV watches him.

CHEV
(to himself)
My brain hurts.

He gets an idea.

CHEV
(to VENUS)
Hold on.

VENUS
Yeah?

CHEV
There *is* one I never got to...

VENUS gives him a suspicious look - but at the same time hopeful.

CHEV
... on account of I could never
find him. The one that calls
himself the Ferret.

VENUS
El Huron?

CHEV
You know him?

VENUS
No - it's 'The Ferret' in Spanish.

CHEV
Right, I knew that. Listen: you
want to find the dude that made
your brother dead, you find *him*.

FLASH into CHEV'S chest: the artificial heart is
sputtering, running out of juice.

CHEV collapses to his knees, clutching his chest.

VENUS
Chelios!

CHEV
(weak)
Race... track...

VENUS
You're here.

CHEV looks up at him, confused. VENUS takes his head and turns it: right behind him is HOLLYWOOD PARK.

They'd been standing in front of it the whole time.

A GOOGLE MAPS graphic slams us down into:

INT. HOLLYWOOD PARK - 20 SECONDS LATER

The place is bustling with energy. People eating, drinking, and betting. CHEV staggers through the place like a drunk man; each step is like death camp labor.

He slumps against a pillar, pulls out EVE'S iPhone and punches digits.

DOC MILES (O.C.)
That you, Chelios?

CHEV
I'm running on empty, Doc.

CUT TO:

INT. DOC MILES APARTMENT - SAME TIME

DOC's beer is empty. He shakes it.

DOC MILES
Same here, buddy.

CHEV (O.C.)
I think I need to stick my dick in a socket...

DOC MILES
I can't recommend that... does get me thinking though - *friction*.

CHEV
Friction.

DOC MILES
Yeah. Skin on skin contact: it generates static electricity.

CHEV (O.C.)
You're fuckin kidding me, right?

DOC MILES

Shit no. The friction of two like objects causes the transfer of electrons. Science 101.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD PARK - SAME TIME

DOC MILES
... you prob'ly ditched that class. Hell, I know I did...

CHEV
(sarcastic)
Thanks a lot, Doc.

DOC MILES
Chev, I'm dead serious. Find someone to rub against - It's gonna help... anyway, it can't hurt.

CHEV
Out.

CHEV clicks off, looks around... the place is packed; no sign of JOHNNY VANG. He shrugs - grabs the nearest guy and starts rubbing his arm against him - *HARD*.

The guy freaks out, yanks his arm away.

GUY
What the fuck??

CHEV starts at him like he's going to kick his ass; the GUY flinches and hurries away. CHEV shakes his head, grumbling. *This is ridiculous*. Then he spots an OLD WOMAN leaning on a walker.

He tries to inconspicuously make his way over, bumping, rubbing and apologizing to people along the way. A SECURITY GUARD takes notice.

CHEV casually backs up close to the OLD WOMAN and starts to rub his back against hers.

She turns toward him, staring daggers; he nods *whaddup* - she turns away. CHEV waits a few seconds, swooning on his feet from lack of circulation... then starts up rubbing against her back again.

The SECURITY GUARD gets on his walkie.

CHEV
(frustrated)
Fucking Doc...

He grabs the OLD LADY'S arm -

CHEV
Pardon me, luv...

- and starts rubbing his own arm against it, fast - it's like he's rubbing sticks, trying to make fire.

The OLD WOMAN is about to lose her shit and start beating on CHEV with her walker when he happens to spot JOHNNY VANG - the SQUARE RED IGLOO COOLER under his arm - smoking a cigarette and looking around, paranoid.

CHEV
I'll be double fucked.

JOHNNY VANG walks into the bathroom.

CHEV
(to the OLD WOMAN)
Sorry darling, but you're old
enough to be your own mother...

He moves after VANG, starting to zone out... and collapses, bathed in sweat, lurching forward on to the ground... he's white as a sheet.

SECURITY is moving in to surround him, unfastening their gun holsters... when someone takes CHEV by the arm -

It's EVE!

EVE
(to SECURITY GUARDS)
Come on, oink, oink, oink, chill
out... he's had a few too many, I
got him...

EVE helps CHEV struggle to his feet; he's out of it, pointing toward where JOHNNY VANG was.

CHEV
My... heart...

EVE makes the 'LOCO' sign with her finger, leads CHEV away.

The SECURITY GUARDS look at one another, unsure.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD PARK, MAIN LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

EVE leads him out into the sun. They are at the top of the stairs overlooking the track.

EVE
Are you OK? Is it the Chinese
poison?

CHEV
Friction... Doc said...
friction...

Inside his chest, the artificial heart's internal power supply whirs down to a stop - one last THU-PUMP and the ticker goes dead. CHEV hits the ground.

EVE
Chev!
(she computes)
... friction...?

A LIGHTBULB appears above EVE'S head.

EVE
Friction.

She straddles him and unzips her warm-up top. People in the stands take notice.

CHEV
What are you doing?

EVE
I'll give you friction...

She starts to grind her thighs against CHEV'S, stripper style. A little SPARK of electricity shoots through his skin... the power supply pulses... the ticker half-pumps...

CHEV'S eyes pop open.

EVE
I know how this game works...

EVE rips CHEV'S shirt open - revealing a horrifying, oozing FRANKENSTEIN SCAR where they surgeons cut into his chest.

EVE
(pulling away)
Oh, gross!

CHEV

Don't stop...

CHEV lunges toward her, misses, trips... and snowballs all the way down the long concrete stairs leading to the track, taking out gamblers, tourists, waitresses with full drink trays, etc.

EVE runs down after him, adding to the chaos. She trips over a WAITRESS and lands right on top of CHEV. Before they know it they are locked in a passionate kiss.

He grabs her hips weakly and starts coaxing her to the grind...

EVE
Friction... yeah...

She accomodates. The crowd turns voyeur.

CHEV'S artificial heart ka-THUNKS - IT'S WORKING! He spots security moving in...

CHEV
That's good, baby...

With a burst of adrenaline he grabs EVE by the waist and THROWS HER OVER THE GATE AND ONTO THE TRACK - then hurdles over it behind her - just as THE GUN GOES OFF TO START THE RACE.

BANG!!

MARSHALL TUCKER'S *"Heard It In a Love Song (... Can't Be Wrong)"* kicks in.

CHEV comes at her, slips in the mud and face-plants - then grabs a hold...

EVE's thong goes flying... the EXTRA in the red shirt from the CRANK Chinatown scene catches it in his teeth and throws up his arms - YES!!

CHEV CLIMBS ON. The crowd goes BERSERK.

EVE is in outer space, screaming obscenities, banging the living hell out of him - she never got it so good in her life...

We see them both semi-transparent, like through a voltage spectrometer - the electrical flow pulses blue-white where their skin touches.

ZOOM into CHEV'S chest... the friction is sending electrical crackling current into the power supply, up the wires and straight into the artificial heart, which is *slamming like a jackhammer...*

The HORSES ROUND THE CORNER OF THE TRACK, HEADING RIGHT FOR THEM...

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD PARK, MAIN LEVEL - SAME TIME

JOHNNY VANG comes out from the bathroom, holding the SQUARE RED IGLOO COOLER with one hand, and his racing form with the other - he looks down to see:

RACEHORSES jumping over CHEV and EVE as they go at it...

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD PARK, TRACK - SAME TIME

EVE'S POV: the massive, muscular, MEGA-HUNG HORSES, passing overhead, blocking out the sun, in SLO-MO... her eyes roll back, she's speaking in tongues...

CHEV catches sight of JOHNNY VANG carrying the COOLER.

He climbs to his feet, EVE still attached to him, her legs wrapped around him. She's not letting go this time. VANG gets the fuck out of there.

Security surrounds them, guns drawn, but EVE'S not stopping.

Finally, the GROUNDS-KEEPERS come out and turn a high-powered hose on the both of them. EVE is blown off by the water and knocked across the track.

CHEV is honed in on JOHNNY VANG like a hawk on a mouse... he blows past the SECURITY GUYS and hurdles the fence after him.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD PARK, MAIN LEVEL - DAY

CHEV comes running up the stairs, goes after VANG, busting through security - they won't open fire in the crowd.

JOHNNY VANG
 (yells into cellphone)
 Gate seven!

CHEV is gaining on him, slamming through anyone in his way.

INT. HOLLYWOOD PARK, STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

JOHNNY VANG hits the stairs double time - the stairwell is a multi-level criss cross of angles, like something out of an Escher painting. CHEV fucking free-runs it, making up distance by jumping levels while JOHNNY VANG sticks to the stairs...

CHEV is about forty feet back and losing steam as they reach the bottom...

INT. HOLLYWOOD PARK, TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

They sprint down a tunnel leading to daylight...

INT. HOLLYWOOD PARK, GATE 7 - CONTINUOUS

CHEV is too far behind; VANG is in the clear to make another getaway - *but VENUS pops out of nowhere to block his way!*

VENUS goes to grab the RED IGLOO COOLER... but unfortunately, VENUS is having an FBT seizure - he spazzes out crazily as VANG blows right past him... VANG barely notices.

A car screeches up to the curb - the LIME GREEN TOYOTA - VANG hops in and is gone. CHEV, dripping with sweat and exhausted, catches up with VENUS.

VENUS shakes it off.

CHEV
 (frustrated)
 You're bloody useless, mate!

VENUS
 (just as frustrated)
 Yeah, well - you're no Ralph
 Macchio yourself, Chelios!

HOLLYWOOD PARK SECURITY is running down the tunnel toward them - but just then a CADDY LIMO pulls - instead of the

standard cadillac hood ornament is a modified version with a JADE DRAGON curling around.

The door opens; DON KIM leans forward from the back seat.

DON KIM

Get in.

CHEV and VENUS jump in the back; they pull away as SECURITY rushes out.

INT. DON KIM'S LIMO - CONTINUOUS

DON KIM sits opposite CHEV and VENUS in the back of the limo; he is flanked by a pair of TRIAD BODYGUARDS; a third sits to VENUS' right.

DON KIM

Chev Chelios.

CHEV

Don Motherfucking Kim. Looks like you've pulled my lilywhite ass out of the hot grease again.

DON KIM

Please, don't thank me.

CHEV

No, I don't think I shall. Not sure if you're aware of this Jeeves, but your slant-eyed associates have taken something of extreme value to me...

VENUS

Fuckn, ruckus socks.

CHEV

... and I intend to get it back.

DON KIM is looking at VENUS like he's got a rare disease; he turns his attention back to CHEV and nods.

DON KIM

I'm aware of your current situation. Quite complicated. Do you know what you are, Chelios?

CHEV

Tell me.

DON KIM
 A shit magnet.
 (beat)
 Is something ticking?

VENUS FBTs, starts humping on the TRIAD next to him.

EXT. THE STREETS OF INGLEWOOD - DAY

The CADDY LIMO jams to a stop in the middle of the street.

The door pops open; VENUS is thrown bodily from the vehicle.

He lands on the pavement in FBT-mode, stopping traffic with out-of-control Mick Jagger moves. The door is pulled shut and the CADDY takes off.

INT. DON KIM'S LIMO - CONTINUOUS

DON KIM
 Your friend has the gay condition.
 (beat - everyone nods)
 Now, where were we?

CHEV
 You were about to tell me exactly
 who's got what I need - and why.

DON KIM
 Hm.
 (considers)
 I suppose you have the right to
 know. It is somewhat of an honor,
 after all...

CHEV
 Come on, out with it.

DON KIM
 You may have heard the name Hu
 Dong...

CHEV
 Only in dirty limericks.

DON KIM
 The patriarch of our organization.
 Said to be one hundred years old -
 he's considered more god than man
 by the Triad gangs. Several months

ago the word spread that he had taken gravely ill. Without a heart transplant he had only days left to live.

CHEV spots a courtesy power socket as DON KIM is speaking; he sucks his finger to wet it, then jams it into the socket, spasming from the shock.

CHEV

I... see.

DON KIM

Of course this was unacceptable. Many a Triad would've gladly given the heart from their breast to save Hu Dong's life - not me, fuck that - but many. It was around this time that word spread of a man with a heart so powerful that it was capable of surviving even our most deadly poison...

CHEV

The Chinese shit...

DON KIM

Yes. The man was you, Chelios. It was your heart that Hu Dong chose to replace his own.

CHEV

Right. And Johnny Vang?

DON KIM

One of Hu Dong's innumerable cousins. His men were the ones that scraped your carcass off of the sidewalk...

As they speak CHEV is prying the plastic lens off the one of the ceiling lights...

CHEV

I don't savvy this... once they got what they wanted, why fit me the *Made in Taiwan*?

(pounds his chest scar)

Why not just let me die?

He pops the lo-voltage bulb between his thumb and forefinger, then pinches the exposed filament, causing it

to spark. The TRIAD BODYGUARDS shift nervously; DON KIM ignores CHEV'S bizarre behavior.

DON KIM

Hu Dong's ancient body was
breaking down... He would need
more replacements... They were
keeping you alive to farm your
organs one by one.

CHEV

Well ain't that a bloody tulip.
(beat, taking it in)
One more question: who the hell is
El Hoo-don - the Ferret - and
how's he involved in all this?

DON KIM

The Ferret?

The question seems to take DON KIM by surprise - we ZOOM through his forehead and FLASH inside his brain...

CUT TO:

EXT. ND INDUSTRIAL STREETS - SUNDOWN

A mob of TRIAD GANGSTERS, wearing lime green 80s-style *Members Only* jackets, advance down the middle of the street - grim faced, with a purpose, ready to rumble.

We FREEZE FRAME them superimposed over the image of: a GREEN DRAGON, rearing back, flashing fearsome teeth and claws.

From the other side comes the VATOS, old school slicked back hair, mustaches, tatoos, white T-shirts and red jackets; they are on a collision course with the TRIADS - it's like something out of *West Side Story*.

We FREEZE FRAME them to mirror the rival gang... the VATOS are superimposed over the image of - of course: a FERRET.

The two gangs meet in an intersection, facing off.

A leader from each gang steps forward - for the TRIADS, it's JOHNNY VANG. For the VATOS, it's CHICO.

CHICO grins, exposing the jewelled grill.

In a stylized series of cuts the two men's right hands are tied together... in their left hands: switch blades.

That's right - we're recreating MJ's "Beat It" video.

CHICO and VANG parry and spar, dance-move style, with the switchblades as the shredding guitar solo kicks in... *it's so stupid, why the hell don't they just slash each other's wrists??* Oh, wait: in this version, they do.

The other gangsters go at it, like in the video - only with real blades and bullets... VATOS do the dance of death as the TRIAD machine guns riddle them... while ASIAN arms and legs are flying everywhere to the damage of VATO machetes.

CHICO and VANG are repeatedly stabbing each other in the neck and gut, while headlights throw their exaggerated silhouettes against a nearby brick wall - but the silhouettes aren't human: they show the black shadows of a FERRET and SERPENT ripping each other to bits.

VENUS jumps out from the MELEE and starts throwing down sick pop-lock breakdance moves, as we...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. DON KIM'S LIMO - CONTINUOUS

... FLASH back out of DON KIM'S brain and into the back of the limo.

DON KIM

Let's just say our organizations have a history of... conflicting interests.

CHEV

I see. Well, it's mighty white of you to help me out like this, Donald. Now if you wouldn't mind...

DON KIM

Who said I was helping you out?

CHEV looks back blankly.

DON KIM (CONT'D)

You spared my life, Chelios, and for this I am eternally grateful... but I repaid this debt when I - in your words - pulled your lilywhite ass out of the hot grease by killing Carlito's men. In my view, we're even.

DON KIM'S men reach under their jackets, unholstering pistols.

DON KIM (CONT'D)
My reward for bringing you to Hu
Dong will be great.

CHEV
So this is how it is, then?

DON KIM
This... is how it is.

CHEV nods, seeming to accept it...

... then caves in the face of the nearest TRIAD THUG with an elbow and goes for his gun!

The others pull out their weapons... CHEV rips a gun from the unconscious THUG'S jacket and starts blasting at close range... they open fire back, but CHEV folds the THUG'S body in front of him as a human shield... it's total chaos...

The back seat of the limo lights up with muzzle flashes as round after round is pumped into flesh... blood and chunks explode everywhere, smacking the windows... bullets shred the divider that separates the driver from the back seat and blow his head off...

TRIADS are screaming, holding in their entrails with both hands... CHEV is yelling unintelligibly - he jams the barrel of his gun into DON KIM'S chest and empties it, disintegrating him...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREETS OF INGLEWOOD - DAY, CONTINUOUS

The LIMO rams into a pole and comes to a stop - blood, glass and chunks still erupting from the busted out windows. Pedestrians run for cover.

Then: silence.

A long beat... finally, the passenger side back door creaks open.

CHEV stumbles out, covered in blood, with a big ass gun in each hand - souvenirs.

He walks past shocked onlookers toward a metal public utility box on the sidewalk - it is marked with warning stickers:

CAUTION: HIGH VOLTAGE

CHEV kicks the thing open, exposing a compact voltage distributor.

Before anyone can react he grabs the leads with both hands... electricity shoots through him... he is blown off his feet, backwards, and slams into a cement wall.

His heart is jackhammering.

PEDESTRIAN

Dude, are you alright?

CHEV

Never better.

FADE TO BLACK.

ND. NEWS TELECAST - NOW

Animated NEWS FLASH graphics throw to HAL FISHMAN in the studio.

HAL FISHMAN

Hal Fishman here, bringing you breaking, on-the-scene coverage of an explosion of mayhem, murder and lewd behavior that has swept through the Long Beach area this morning. Our viewers may remember a similar series of incidents that occurred some three months back involving this unidentified man...

A police sketch of CHEV is flashed... he looks like the Al Qaeda version of himself.

HAL FISHMAN

... police are now confirming that today's lurid events are the work of that very same psychotic deviant. Ted Garcia is standing by at Hollywood Park with a live report. Ted?

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD PARK, TV REPORT - DAY

TED GARCIA stands in front of a crowd outside Hollywood Park. The EXTRA in the RED SHIRT from *Crank* is jumping up and down behind him, waving EVE'S G-string for the camera.

TED GARCIA

Thanks, Hal. I'm standing here with a group of people - families, seniors, and degenerate gamblers - that are shocked and traumatized by what they've witnessed here today, when what began as a sunny Southern California afternoon at the races turned, without warning, into a public, open air porno.

HAL FISHMAN

(in STUDIO)

I'm sorry, did you say 'porno,' Ted?

TED GARCIA

Straight up, Hal. I'd like you to meet Glenda Lansing of Hawaiian Gardens...

The OLD LADY that CHEV was rubbing against comes into the picture.

TED GARCIA

Glenda says she had an all too up-close-and-personal encounter with the suspect just moments before the shocking incident occurred.

GLENDALANSING

That bastard had his filthy hands all over me.

TED GARCIA

Can you-

GLENDALANSING

(cutting him off)

Never saw a bastard wanted it so bad. Put his filthy, dirty hands on every part of me...

TED GARCIA

Too much information for this telecast, Glenda; can you describe the man that assaulted you?

GLENDALANSING
He looked like that fella from the
movies, the teabag...

TEDGARCIA
Teabag?

GLENDALANSING
You know, the trainspotter fella.
Built like a brick shithouse.

TEDGARCIA
Ma'am, you know that kind of
language is...

GLENDALANSING
Son of a bitch treated me like his
hot little whore -

The GIANT PLASMA SCREEN goes quiet - "MUTE" flashes in
large letters in the corner; GLENDA continues her vivid
reenactment in silence.

CUT TO:

INT. EL HURON'S HIDEOUT - DAY

The CAMERA swings from the PLASMA SCREEN to the man
watching, flashing across an almost subliminal ferret-
silhouette on the wall... we don't see the man's face, just
his bald head from the back.

He places the TV remote on a glass table and looks to the
opposite side of the room:

CHICO is there, surrounded by huge VATOS we haven't seen
before - EL HURON'S personal bodyguards.

EL HURON
Explain to me again how you let
this motherfucker get away.

The normally ultra-confident CHICO is looking more creeped
out than we ever would've thought possible.

CHICO
He... he just... got buck wild...
killed everybody...

EL HURON
But not you.

CHICO shrugs apologetically.

CHICO
Just got lucky, El.

EL HURON
Dying would've been lucky.

One of the uber-VATOS pulls out a stainless steel fillet knife. CHICO spots it - but doesn't freak out; instead, he goes cold blooded.

EL HURON
You know the drill, bitch.

CHICO only nods; pulls off his shirt to reveal a chest covered in elaborate tattoos - bare breasted girls with clown faces, an Angel of Death - He takes the knife from the VATO.

EL HURON
Do it.

CHICO methodically begins to *slice off his own nipple*; he grimaces from the pain but doesn't scream.

Blood drizzles down his stomach... his hands shake... with a final flick of the knife he cuts it clean... lets it drop to the floor like a slice of pepperoni.

EL HURON
Now - the other one.

CHICO glares at him, but doesn't argue. He starts to cut in behind the other nipple. Sweating, eyes watering, chest heaving, he slices through. Nipple slaps cement.

CHICO faces EL HURON defiantly, breathing hard.

EL HURON
Good soldier. You bought yourself
a second chance. I don't think
you'll fuck up next time.

CHICO shoves the uber-VATOS away with violence.

EL HURON
Now go get a band-aid.

CHICO picks his sliced nipples off the floor and turns to leave.

EL HURON

... and then get me fucking
Chelios.

Behind EL HURON, on the muted TV SCREEN, a grainy, motion-blurred SURVEILLANCE CAM blow-up of EVE at Hollywood Park fills the screen. It's like one of those *Patty Hearst* bank robbery photos. A caption reads:

SUSPECTED ACCOMPLICE

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF INGLEWOOD - DAY

EVE is stalking down the street in the Adidas top and a mini skirt, still soaked from the hose-down at the track, pissed off and on a mission.

EVE
That's the last time that son of a
bitch leaves me with my ass to the
wind in front of eight thousand
people...

Sirens wail by in the distance; she takes a paranoid look in their direction and hurries around the corner, where she slams right into RANDY.

RANDY
Lemon!

EVE
Randy? What the hell are you
doing here?

RANDY
I've been looking all over for
you, baby... have you seen the
news?

EVE
Do I look like I've seen the news?

RANDY
(confused)
Uhh...

EVE rolls her eyes, keeps walking.

RANDY
Wait! That dude...

EVE stops, curious.

EVE
What dude?

RANDY
You know - the asshole.

EVE
Yeah, what about him?

RANDY
Dude's on every channel... he's a
psycho killer, baby. Every cop in
the city is looking for his ass.
Not to mention the fucking beaners
and the fucking Orientals.

EVE
So?

RANDY
So?
(obviously)
*The heat's on the street and
dude's playing for keeps.*

EVE
I have no idea what the fuck you
just said.

RANDY
Look, I don't know how you know
this dude; we've all been down
dark roads in the past...

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. I-15 TO VEGAS - DAY

RANDY is in the drivers seat of a beat-to-shit 82 Toyota,
wearing a skin tight, shiny disco shirt; sweating his ass
off.

In the passenger seat is a 240-lb. black chick -
LaPRECIOUS, 23, with crazy ass hair, slurping down a 40-oz
Dr. Pepper.

RANDY hazards a miserable look over; she snaps at him.

LAPRECIOUS
The fuck you lookin at?

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. STREETS OF INGLEWOOD - DAY

RANDY

... the point is, you're my lady now, and you're not going to be safe as long as that sick fucker is running wild.

EVE

You can say that again...

RANDY

I think we need to come clean - go to the fuzz and tell them everything we know.

EVE

What?

RANDY

The fuzz, baby. Hey, I'd kill him myself but I've already got two strikes.

He grabs her wrist. She yanks it away.

EVE

Let go of me!

RANDY shows her the back of his hand.

RANDY

Baby, I'm trying to be cool, but I *will* drop the hammer. You want me to drop the hammer?

EVE brings a knee into RANDY'S groin, doubling him over; then grabs him by the hair and slams his face into a newspaper vending machine... then wrenches his arm around backwards, snapping his elbow sickeningly... then gets a two-handed grip and judo flips him over her shoulder into the windshield of a parked car, spiderwebbing it and setting off the alarm.

She points a finger at him.

EVE

I'm in no mood today, Randy!

RANDY just groans; EVE looks around for witnesses - none to speak of - straightens her mini skirt and makes a quick exit.

Rounding the corner she passes VENUS; they don't know - or notice - each other.

We pick up VENUS and follow him... suddenly, from behind, a loudspeaker from a police cruiser:

COP 1 (O.C.)
*Alright hold it right there -
hands up!*

VENUS freezes, throws up his hands; then looks behind him, cautiously -

Down the block, two cherry tops have come up on EVE... she has her hands up like VENUS; the COPS are piling out, guns drawn.

COP 1
Now spread it!

Relieved, VENUS ducks around the corner to...

EXT. STREETS OF INGLEWOOD, PAY PHONE - DAY

... a pay phone.

VENUS whips out one of those Mexican phone cards they sell at gas stations and punches in about 40 keys, reading carefully off the card. He holds the phone away from his ear and speaks directly into the handset, over-enunciating for the automated assistance.

VENUS
Si.

He punches in 60 more keys and the call finally starts ringing.

CUT TO:

INT. RANCHO DEL DUDE - DAY

The RANCHO DEL DUDE is a more elaborate version of the black biker bar in *Crank*... same black and red leather, vaguely Texas-themed decor, pool tables, stripper poles, mirror balls and Harleys parked inside...

There's also a MECHANICAL BULL going full-on - a black dude with a leather cowboy hat and ass-less chaps is riding it hard while a whole room full of bikers in vests and jeans are whooping it up.

Basically: THIS MAY BE THE GAYEST BAR IN THE WORLD.

ORLANDO is there, watching from the bar, into it; his leather jeans buzz. He pulls out an LG Chocolate phone and ducks around a corner to hear better.

ORLANDO

Hello?

VENUS

Orlando.

ORLANDO

Venus my man! What is up?? I ain't seen yo ass since... well...

SPLIT SCREEN
WITH:

EXT. STREETS OF INGLEWOOD, PAY PHONE - DAY

ORLANDO

You know, we was all of us bent outta shape over what happened to your brother...

VENUS

Orlando, I need your help.

ORLANDO

Venus, you my nigga, you know that. L.A. underground like a family, know what I'm sayin? A freak family. We look after our own.

VENUS

I'm looking for a man called The Ferret - *El Huron*...

ORLANDO goes pale...

ORLANDO

Aww, shit...

A SIREN comes screaming around the corner from the pay phone - AMBULANCE. We follow it, leaving VENUS behind...

It zooms right past RANDY, still immobile on the hood of the car - he gestures weakly, trying to flag it down.

RANDY

Yo...

CUT TO:

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

The AMBULANCE DRIVER is trucking along at high speed, loving it. He cruises into a 4-light intersection and...

AMBULANCE DRIVER

Oh shit!

... SLAMS on the brakes: a station wagon has lurched into the street and stopped cold, blocking the way.

AMBULANCE DRIVER

(screaming out the
window)

Watch where the fuck you're going,
jack off!

He steers around the obstacle at half speed...

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY, CONTINUOUS

CHEV CHELIOS gets out of the station wagon and runs up behind the ambulance before it can get back to speed...

INT. AMBULANCE, BACK - DAY, CONTINUOUS

In the back of the ambulance EMERGENCY TECHS are fighting to keep a bleeding PATIENT alive, when:

The back door of the moving vehicle opens and CHEV hops in.

He looks like hell: soaked in sweat, skin like stale white cheese.

EMERGENCY TECH

What are you doing? This is an
ambulance!

CHEV

Right, motherfucker - I'm aware of
that... happens I'm in need of
emergency services.

He notices that the PATIENT is one of DON KIM'S men - he had been riding shotgun when the shoot-out went down, and looks to have taken a variety of hits to the back, ribs and lungs.

CHEV

Fuck me... you're one of Don Kim's blokes...

EMERGENCY TECH

This man is in critical condition!

CHEV, ice cold and scary, pulls out a gun and levels it at the TECH'S head, shutting him right up.

CHEV

That's right. It was me that put him there.

(focuses)

Now. According to my physician I am in need of an external lithium-ion belt battery for an Abiocor Total Artificial Heart. Might you have such a thing?

The PATIENT starts to shake violently in his restraints; his lungs make a horrible gurgling sound. The TECHS are going nuts.

EMERGENCY TECH

He's... we've... Please!

CHEV

(indicating the PATIENT)

Don't worry about this one, he ain't gonna make it.

The PATIENT flatlines: *BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP...*

CHEV

Now - about my battery.

He cocks the gun.

EMERGENCY TECH

(stunned)

Uhh... you said... the Abiocor T.A.H.?

CHEV

That's right.

The EMERGENCY TECH'S voice suddenly drops an octave, as though the world is starting to slow down...

EMERGENCY TECH
We've got that - but why...?

CHEV lifts his shirt to reveal the oozing scar; the TECHS wince.

They start to go through drawers as CHEV peeks out the back window, trying to get his bearings. He has to brace himself against the ambulance door to keep from collapsing.

Inside his chest: the artificial heart's power has dwindled to nil. The heart offers only an uneven mechanical twitching.

Everything goes slurred and slo-mo as CHEV begins to lose consciousness; the gun starts to slip from his fingers. One of the TECHS notices - contemplates making a move...

CUT TO:

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY, SAME TIME

The DRIVER, in love with his job a little too much, takes a hot turn, laughing his ass off - he *drifts* the ambulance into an intersection like a Japanese street rod. Cars screech to avoid him.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. AMBULANCE, BACK - DAY, SAME TIME

The slide and jerk knocks everyone off balance - CHEV snaps to his senses, tightens his hand on the gun.

EMERGENCY TECH finally produces a battery.

EMERGENCY TECH
Here you go.

CHEV
Do you mind?

He points to his waist, too weak to do anything but jab the gun at them.

EMERGENCY TECH straps the velcro belt on CHEV'S waist and powers it up... CHEV is like an addict getting a fix...

1-2-3-4-5 green bars, *bipbipbipbipbip*. Steady voltage courses into the heart - it starts to swish and pound in rhythm. CHEV slumps into the ambulance wall, letting the incredible feeling wash over him.

The world bleeds back to normal speed.

CHEV
Feels like crank...

EMERGENCY TECH
But better.
(beat)
You know, those things aren't
designed for strenuous activity.

CHEV
Tell me about it.

He notices something out the window.

CHEV
Shit! Stop this thing!

EMERGENCY TECH
We're taking you to a hospital,
douchebag.

CHEV
Fuck it.

He kicks open the back door and jumps out of the moving ambulance.

EXT. STREETS OF INGLEWOOD - DAY, CONTINUOUS

CHEV hits the ground running... and ducks behind a bus stop shelter just in time to avoid being noticed by JOHNNY VANG, who is walking quickly down the sidewalk with two TRIAD BODYGUARDS. VANG is holding the RED IGLOO COOLER.

CHEV
Bing-fucking-Crosby.

CUT TO:

INT. DOC MILES APARTMENT - DAY

DOC is in a bathrobe watching a freaky British spanking porn on the VCR and getting into it when the phone rings. CHOCOLATE is not around.

DOC picks up, slightly annoyed at the interruption.

DOC MILES

Yeah.

CHEV

(talking quietly)

Doc, I'm close.

DOC MILES

So am I, man - can this wait?

CHEV

I think I found the motherfucker
that's got my organ.

DOC MILES

Yeah, Chev - about that organ - I
got the skinny on that Triad
geezer through my girls on the
street...

EXT. STREETS OF INGLEWOOD - DAY

CHEV is watching JOHNNY VANG approach the LIME GREEN
TOYOTA, which has pulled up to the sidewalk next to them.

CHEV

Old news, Doc - I'll get back to
you when I have the tart...

DOC MILES

Yeah, but-!

From behind:

RIA

CHEVACHERIOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSSSS!!!!
!

CHEV jumps out of his skin, fumbles the phone. JOHNNY VANG
and his bodyguards look toward the sound.

RIA is running across the street towards CHEV, arms out,
deliriously happy - *she found him...!!*

A car comes out of nowhere and blind-sides her - BAM! - she
flips up into the air and lands a quarter block back. CHEV
cringes - *ouch!*

Another car swerves and skids to avoid the collision and SLAMS INTO A FIRE HYDRANT. A water fountain erupts, raining on CHEV and soaking him.

CHEV looks back toward JOHNNY VANG and the boys:

They are standing there looking back at him, slack jawed, guns out.

CHEV

Shit.

CHEV pulls out a gun with each hand and starts blasting. He blows out the rear tires of the sedan and bounces shells off the back window - bulletproof glass. JOHNNY VANG and the bodyguards scramble and run for cover.

CHEV bolts toward them, blasting.

The sedan burns rubber and bails...

One of JOHNNY VANG'S BODYGUARDS takes a wild parting shot at CHEV; CHEV dives for the pavement. The shot misses...

... hits a mailbox - *shhhhping!* - ricochets...

... hits a metal lamp post - *shhhhhpang!* - ricochets again...

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRY OFFICE - 2 MINUTES EARLIER

DR. ANKLESON (the young resident who JUICES CHEV in the CRANK hospital scene) sits on a sofa across from an attractive FEMALE PSYCHIATRIST, 40's, funky. He looks shaken up, insecure... a basket case.

FEMALE PSYCHIATRIST

... let's be honest, Ankleson - it's completely normal to be freaked out when someone has a gun to your head. I would've shit myself.

DR. ANKLESON

I still have nightmares.

FEMALE PSYCHIATRIST

Everyone has nightmares. The point is, by coming here and talking with me you've made the

choice to confront your issues
head on and *lick 'em*.

DR. ANKLESON

I've... been afraid to leave my
apartment for months. Every time
I go to the door I picture... you
know, the guy with the gun...

FEMALE PSYCHIATRIST

Alright, alright, get over it.
Think about it, Ankleson: today is
the first day of the rest of your
life. Go and enjoy it! knock
back a couple beers, hit a titty
bar...

DR. ANKLESON

I beg your pardon?

FEMALE PSYCHIATRIST

... have some smelly snatch rubbed
in your face. I mean, get out
there, man!

DR. ANKLESON

You're... right. You know Doc, I
do feel better. I mean, you can't
live in fear, right?

FEMALE PSYCHIATRIST

Exactly!

DR. ANKLESON

I'm gonna do it - I'm gonna go out
there and tackle the world.

FEMALE PSYCHIATRIST

Don't tackle the fuckin' world!
Tackle a whore. Really, get your
dick wet. Dip your wick into life
a little bit. Have some fun!

DR. ANKLESON

Yeah. Yes. Thank you. I'm
gonna... go out... and floss my
teeth with some pubes.

FEMALE PSYCHIATRIST

Now you're on it.

DR. ANKLESON

Thank you, doctor.

FEMALE PSYCHIATRIST
My pleasure.

DR. ANKLESON
No... the pleasure is all mine.
I'm done with fear! My life
begins today! Goodbye, Doctor.

DR. ANKLESON stands up - *plink!* - the RICOCHETED BULLET pops through the window, through one of DR. ANKLESON'S temples and out the other. He sinks back onto the sofa, instantly dead.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. STREETS OF INGLEWOOD - DAY

VANG'S BODYGUARD pops off a second shot, missing with this one too, and takes off.

CHEV pops back up and follows VANG and his boys around the block...

The shooter turns to fire at CHEV again - and takes a bullet smack in the face. At least he didn't get shot in the back... dude drops like an anchor.

CHEV comes up empty on one of his guns, tosses it.

VANG and his one remaining bodyguard flee down an alley, CHEV in hot pursuit, and emerge in front of...

EXT. POWER STATION - DAY

... a block-long POWER STATION, surrounded by chain link and barbed wire.

SIGNS are everywhere along the perimeter, in red and emergency yellow:

DANGER... HIGH VOLTAGE... RISK OF DEATH BY ELECTRIC SHOCK... DO NOT ENTER...

But JOHNNY VANG has no other option - the streets are wide to each side... to make a run for the nearest warehouse a block away would be suicide with CHEV right on his tail...

JOHNNY VANG breaks for the chain link fence... throws the RED IGLOO COOLER up and over... then scrambles up after it. JOHNNY negotiates the barbed wire without a scratch - he's like *Bre'r Rabbit* in the fucking briar patch...

The BODYGUARD is right behind him, but before he can reach the fence CHEV body-tackles him... they grapple on the asphalt...

CHEV gets leverage on the little fucker, puts his legs into it: CRRRAAAACK goes the BODYGUARD'S neck.

CHEV spots JOHNNY VANG darting into the power plant through the chain link.

He checks his BATTERY - soaking wet - it ZAPS him when he touches it.

CHEV
Perfect.

He grabs chain link and scrambles up and over the fence. He doesn't do so well with the barbed wire - just grabs it with bloody fists and drags himself over.

CHEV lands and moves into the guts of the power plant, stalking JOHNNY VANG.

A warning sign reads: *BEWARE: ELECTRICITY CAN ARC...* with a simple diagram showing a jagged electric volt flying off a transformer and turning a stick figure into a skeleton.

CHEV hears something, rounds a corner...

... and takes the RED IGLOO COOLER point blank in the face!

JOHNNY VANG follows through on his swing like Barry Bonds as CHEV staggers back, slamming off a transformer platform... his gun goes flying, hits metal and triggers...

The shot hits a bank of machinery, which begins to smoke and spark...

CHEV lurches forward, toward JOHNNY VANG... JOHNNY backs away...

CHEV passes between TWO TRANSFORMERS...

Power ARCS from the transformers to CHEV, hitting him from the left and right with blue, crackling juice!

CHEV staggers to his knees, electricity coursing through the smoking belt battery and straight into his system... JOHNNY VANG looks on, laughing at what seems to be incredible good fortune - *is this his lucky day after all?*

No.

CHEV is like GODZILLA caught in an electric field - in fact, the Toho Studios *Godzilla* theme music kicks in...

JOHNNY VANG'S face begins to warp and distort in CHEV'S POV - we understand that he is hallucinating... JOHNNY looks like one of those cheesy aliens from a SHAW BOTHERS Japanese robot-monster flick...

... following this theme, CHEV begins to pulse and glow... in a series of cheesy dissolves he begins to GROW... powered by the electric charge...

... until he towers above the transformers, *50 feet tall!!!* He is a Japanese giant monster version of CHELIOS...

He spins - JOHNNY VANG is 50 feet too!

NOTE: this hallucinatory sequence will be shot in the 16mm "suitimation" style of a 70s Japanese monster movie, with slo-mo hits and impacts, smoke and explosions, etc.

They begin to battle - JOHNNY VANG rips a power transformer out of the ground, electricity rippling, and uses it as a baseball bat to knock CHEV off his feet... CHEV flies backward and smashes into a wall of generators, absorbing more voltage...

He charges forward, putting a shoulder into JOHNNY VANG'S gut - *oof!* - then picking him up, swinging and letting him fly... JOHNNY VANG slams into a miniature warehouse, flattening it in smoke and sparks...

CHEV flies toward him like *Inframan* and tackles him; they start trading titanic blows...

CUT TO:

EXT. POWER STATION (REALITY) - DAY, SAME TIME

Two MAINTENANCE GUYS look on from a distance. From their POV it's just two guys on the concrete beating the fuck out of each other.

MAINTENANCE GUY
Better dial 911...

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. POWER STATION - DAY

CHEV beats JOHNNY VANG to cowering submission. The ENERGY BOOST begins to wear off...

CHEV and JOHNNY VANG shrink back down to normal size...

CHEV shakes his head out, clearing it - he looks down at JOHNNY VANG, bloody and dazed... then a few feet away, where the RED IGLOO COOLER is laying on it's side on the ground.

He walks over, picks it up, tests the latch - no dice. It's combo-locked.

JOHNNY VANG

No...!

CHEV spins on him.

He walks over, goes to one knee and holds the heavy cooler above JOHNNY VANG'S head - it blocks the sun, throwing a square black shadow over VANG'S face.

CHEV

Open it, or I'll use it for something else.

JOHNNY VANG

(pleading)

You can't look in that box...

CHEV brings the cooler down, turning JOHNNY VANG'S front teeth to bloody powder. JOHNNY curls up in agony.

CHEV

Five more like that and your brains will be strawberry jelly.

(turns the combo lock to face VANG)

Now key in the fucking combo.

JOHNNY shakes his head.

CHEV

DO IT!

He raises the box for another crushing blow - but this time JOHNNY holds out shaking fingers.

CHEV

There now, that's better.

JOHNNY keys in the code and folds into a fetal position, hiding his face. CHEV gets to his feet, snaps open the box... and looks inside.

NOTE: We NEVER see the contents of the cooler.

CHEV narrows his eyes, scrunches his forehead, trying to get a handle on what he's looking at.

CHEV
This isn't my pumper.

JOHNNY VANG says nothing.

CHEV
What the fuck *is* this?
(looking closer)
What kind of sick freak carries
something like this around in a
box?
(genuinely stunned)
I'm shocked to my core right now.
You've got deep problems, mother
fucker. That's just...
(takes an even *closer*
look)
What the fuck IS that?

CHEV finally shrugs, closes up the box and tosses it.
JOHNNY VANG'S fingers instinctively clutch for the cooler.

Sirens sound in the distance. CHEV gets on the phone.

CHEV
Doc.

INT. DOC MILES APARTMENT - DAY

DOC takes the call from the bathroom. We just see the long curly phone cord stretching 8 feet around the corner.

DOC MILES
Chevy baby. I was fixin to tell
you when you hung up on me: your
heart was transplanted into that
Shaolin motherfucker 3 weeks ago.

CHEV
Fucking great... now what?

DOC MILES

Don't worry, dude - I'm on it.
Word is that Hu Dong is in L.A. -
if I'm right he's got what you
need in pristine working condition
beating inside his chest.

CHEV

Right. Where do I find him?

DOC MILES

Leave that up to me. I got people
on the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF LOS ANGELES - DAY

A downtown sidewalk; pedestrians, traffic.

Locked off at 150 frames per second, we recreate the
dramatic CHEV CHELIOS walk toward camera from *Crank*. Long
lens dissolves; brooding, intense music.

Only it's not CHELIOS walking toward us.

It's CHOCOLATE.

Tube top, skin tight booty shorts, boots... boobs and
thighs rocking in slo-mo... and an ass-kicking expression
on her face.

She's on a mission...

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. POWER PLANT - DAY

CHEV

Yeah, good luck with that, Doc.
I'll try it my way.

He clicks off, pockets the phone... grabs JOHNNY VANG by
the lapels and yanks him up to his feet.

CHEV

Alright darling, one last dance.

He pokes a finger in VANG'S face.

CHEV

WHERE'S THE FUCKING OLD MAN?

BANG!

A clean bullet entrance through the right eye - and the back of JOHNNY VANG'S skull is blown off.

CHEV lets him drop, looking at his finger as if it were a smoking gun, confused.

He comes to his senses and spins around a split second too late - CHICO and a trio of VATOS are right behind him. One of them is holding the .357 that killed VANG.

CHICO brings down a pipe on CHEV'S dome, dropping him hard on the concrete, out cold.

We notice that CHICO is wearing his own severed nipples strung along a gold chain around his neck. He looks over at the VATO with the gun.

CHICO

What old man?

The VATO just shrugs.

CUT TO:

INT. HU DONG'S LIMO - SAME TIME

HU DONG, Chinese, 100, is cruising in the back of a stretch limo. He's head-banging to COUNTRY MUSIC (Trace Adkins, "*Honky Tonk Badonkadonk*")...

... he rolls down the window and WHISTLES at some hookers.

HU DONG

Yo baby - I got five dollas that
says you'll blow me for twenty
bucks.

Then he spots something he really likes and smacks his driver in the back of the head with a CANE; the limo pulls over and HU bails out...

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. THE POWER PLANT, OUT FRONT - DAY

The VATOS toss CHEV into the trunk of a cherried-out Impala. We see his unconscious face pointed skyward for a split second before the trunk slams and we -

SMASH TO:

A JARRING BLAST of TV WHITE NOISE.

INT. UK TRASH TV TALK SHOW SHOW - TIME INDETERMINATE

We are watching a rerun of a trashy UK talk show circa 1990s, on a BAD TV... the set and format are a cheap BBC knock off of Montel, Sally Jesse, Jerry Springer, etc.

TALK HOST
... tell me what he's like when
he's home.

Cut to KAREN CHELIOS, CHEV'S MOM, circa: 1988. Dark hair, trashily dressed, dark circles under her eyes. A CHYRON underneath reads -

Thinks Her Son Might Be A Sociopath

KAREN CHELIOS
When he's home? He's like a ghost.
He just plays those video games
all day. All night.
(imitating the Pacman
noise)
Wicka wicka wicka wicka...

CLOSE-UP on LITTLE CHEV, in the studio, looking around, bored as hell.

TALK HOST
Video games.

KAREN CHELIOS
All day.

TALK HOST
And you let him do that.
(beat - MOM looks blank)
I mean... you *did* buy the games
for him, yeah?

KAREN CHELIOS
Of course. Why should I deny my
son?

The TALK HOST turns his attention to LITTLE CHEV.

TALK HOST
How are you today, Chev?

LITTLE CHEV
I'm golden, sir.

TALK HOST
Your mum says you've been getting
into quite a bit of trouble. Is
that true?

LITTLE CHEV
Yes sir, regretfully that's true.

The AUDIENCE thinks he's cute as a button.

TALK HOST
What kind of trouble?

LITTLE CHEV
Um, sir, fighting, talking back,
pinching.

TALK HOST
Pinching what?

LITTLE CHEV
Sir, televisions, stereo
components, books from the
library.

TALK HOST
That's not all.

LITTLE CHEV
No sir, also a till from a
restaurant and one car.

TALK HOST
A toy car?

LITTLE CHEV
No sir, a BMW Z1.

A collective GASP from the AUDIENCE.

TALK HOST
I understand you've been having
trouble in school, too.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAYGROUND, 1988 - DAY

YOUNG CHEV is viciously slamming a metal trash-can down onto a CLASSMATE, again and again, as a TEACHER tries to tear him away. The VICTIM of the beating is curled into a ball, and looks to outweigh CHEV by maybe a hundred pounds.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. UK TRASH TV TALK SHOW SHOW - TIME INDETERMINATE

LITTLE CHEV
Nothing I can't handle, sir.

The AUDIENCE is amused. MONTEL WILLIAMS shakes his head.

LITTLE CHEV (CONT'D)
(shrugging)
I have a lot of piss and vinegar.

KAREN CHELIOS
He's hyperactive.

LITTLE CHEV
Aw shite, mom...

TALK HOST
You want to watch your dirty mouth?

KAREN CHELIOS
We tried giving him Ritalin, but...

TALK HOST
Chev?

LITTLE CHEV
I sold it.

TALK HOST
And with all this energy, you never thought about - for instance, trying out for sports?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - CIRCA 1988

MONTAGE:

Quick cuts of LITTLE CHEV in a variety of situations:

Running full throttle from leather jacketed, green-mohawked
LONDON PUNK ROCKERS past broken down tenements...

Running with a cash register in his arms, drawer open,
money flying out, chased by a butcher knife-wielding SHORT
ORDER COOK...

Running from a COP down a city street - a SQUAD CAR
screeches out in front of him, siren wailing, cutting him
off ...

CUT TO:

INT. UK TRASH TV TALK SHOW SHOW - TIME INDETERMINATE

LITTLE CHEV
(considering)
I like to run.

TALK HOST
(nodding sagely)
So... where's dad, Chev?

LITTLE CHEV
Say again?

TALK HOST
You heard me.

LITTLE CHEV
My dad?

TALK HOST
Yeah, *your* dad.

LITTLE CHEV
I never met him. He died before I
was born.

The AUDIENCE nods and clucks knowingly. CHEV rolls his
eyes.

TALK HOST
What do you think he'd say if he
saw you acting out like this?

LITTLE CHEV
(shrugs)
I don't know, sir.

TALK HOST

And if he were here today, and he asked you: why the bloody hell do you do these things? What would you tell him?

CHEV takes a beat, seems to really consider this.

LITTLE CHEV
I dunno, sir. Bored I guess.

TALK HOST
Bored.

CHEV taps his foot compulsively on the studio carpet. His eyes dart around the room.

TALK HOST
(to the AUDIENCE at home)
We're going to take a break now,
but when we come back...

CUT TO:

INT. UK TRASH TV TALK SHOW SHOW - TIME INDETERMINATE

No longer watching the TV footage, we are now live in the studio, during what appears to be a station break. MONTEL is down on one knee, his face inches from CHEV'S, eyes burning holes in him, speaking quietly.

TALK HOST
... we're going to find out what
makes you tick, little man.

CUT TO:

A JARRING BLAST OF TV WHITE NOISE...

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

... becomes an explosion of white water - CHEV snaps awake - BOOOOSHHH!!! His head hits water again.

It takes him several slams into the choppy wake to realize that he's being *dragged from the back of a 40' speedboat*, bashing the waves.

His wrists are zip-tied together behind his back.

From a soaring high angle we see that he is being dragged westward, chasing the setting sun; heading toward CATALINA ISLAND...

CHEV is able to catch a glimpse of the belt battery strapped to his waist - it's wrapped in black plastic and taped with duct tape... looks like they made an effort to keep him alive...

A dark helicopter arcs by overhead...

CHICO is standing up over the back of the boat, braced on a support against the high wind, watching him... he notices that CHEV is awake and grins wide... opens his fly and pisses over the back, adding his flavor to the spray...

CHEV takes a bounce and slams down onto a wave HARD... he blacks out...

SMASH TO:

EXT. STREETS OF INGLEWOOD - DAY

... BLACK.

VENUS (O.S.)
Hey, are you OK?
 (beat)
Wake up!

SOUND - *a cheek smack* brings us from inky black nothing to:

RIA'S eyes pop open - she's SCREAMING HER HEAD OFF. It's as piercing and unbearable a sound imaginable.

She jumps up to her feet, swinging her fists wildly, totally nuts. VENUS is on the street beside her; he spontaneously goes into an FBT fit - for a moment it's like they are doing some bizarre tandem performance art routine... then they both snap out of it.

RIA
 Venus?

VENUS
 Ria, baby! What happened to you?

RIA shakes her head clear and cracks her neck and jaw back into place. She's fine.

RIA

Cocksucking hit-run. I like you
on top.

VENUS understands she is talking about his shirt.

VENUS
This? Oh my God, your shorts are
so cute.

She dusts gravel off her ass.

RIA
I fuck them.

VENUS
What are you doing out here?

RIA
I try to get my boyfriend. He
fucking piss me so much. What you
do out here?

VENUS
(serious)
Looking for the man that killed my
brother.

RIA
Kay-ro? That so sad.

Just then a half dozen MOTORCYCLES turn the corner and pull
to a rumbling stop down the block; ORLANDO and the BIKER
BOYS.

ORLANDO makes eye contact with VENUS - nods: *it's on*.

VENUS is all business. He knows what this means.

VENUS
I have to go. I might not be
back. Give all the girls hugs and
kisses for me.

RIA
I hug and kiss all the cootchie.
You kill cocksucker...

VENUS nods, starts to walk toward the BIKERS.

RIA
... I go find Chevacherios.

VENUS freezes in his tracks.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. POLICE STATION, BOOKING - DAY

CH-KLICK, CH-KLICK, CH-KLICK -

A series of mugshots of EVE - straight on and both profiles. In one she's sticking out her tongue; another, she's pushing up her nose like a pig.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION, QUESTIONING - DAY

EVE sits at plain table in a white room; two way glass on one wall. We never see the DETECTIVE questioning her.

DETECTIVE

Some boyfriend you got, Miss
Lydon.

She shrugs.

DETECTIVE

(shuffling pages)

He lied to you for what, 6 months
- regarding his line of work...
which would maybe be no big deal,
except that he's a hired killer...
he made you a target for South
American mobs for kidnapping,
torture, or worse... sexually
humiliated you in front of - I
don't know, half of Los Angeles...
twice... both times took off and
left you to take the rap. Now you
can add an arrest and a police
record to the list of wonderful
things Mr. Chelios has brought to
your life.

(beat)

Help me out with this, sweetheart,
cause I'm a little confused: why
the fuck do you continue to
protect this asshole?

EVE

That's a dicky question.

(beat)

Anyway, I have no idea who you're
talking about.

(beat - then, under her
breath)
Like to see you fall out of a
helicopter and live.

The door opens offscreen; men speak quietly.

DETECTIVE
Looks like you made bail.

EVE
Great, can I have my stuff back?

DETECTIVE
Sure. And I have some advice for
you, too: wake the fuck up and
smell what's burning.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE, CATALINA ISLAND - DAY

CHEV wakes up SCREAMING to the smell of his own burning
ball sack - he is in a cement basement with CHICO and
several VATOS... they are zapping his NUTS with an ELECTRIC
CATTLE PROD.

CHEV scrambles with his legs to get away, but his hands are
still tied and he's half dead... they yank him to his feet
and lead him up a stairway and into:

EXT. EL HURON'S CASA - DAY

... an awesomely tasteless pool spread with a faux
Greek/Roman theme... white pillars holding up nothing,
reproductions of famous statues, waterfalls, NAKED CHICKS
lounging...

*NOTE: we notice that every girl has gotten her ass kicked -
they've all got black eyes, split lips - one is even in a
neck brace - still playing it off like rap video hotties...*

The pool area overlooks a spectacular view of the Pacific.

The HELICOPTER CHEV saw from the boat is landing on the
grass near the edge of the grounds, roiling up the palm
trees and chopping up the pool water, deafening.

Two alligator skin boots hit the firma. We don't see the
man's face at first - but we recognize the caramel-colored
bald head from his encounter with CHICO - EL HURÓN.

The HELI rises up and away as CHEV is dragged before him, violently.

And now we see his face - with CHEV - for the first time:

EL HURON is younger than we thought - mid 30s; handsome in an unstable sort of way... compact, a ball of charisma and violence. He wears black slacks and a cream shirt - collared and unbuttoned.

EL HURON

Hi Chev.

EL HURON 'S voice is deep, guttural; his accent - *Cuban? Peurto Rican? Some shit he concocted from watching Scarface too many times?* - is thick.

CHEV has a good look around, gathering his bearings.

CHEV

Right...

(beat)

I take it you're the motherfucker
that's been hunting me all day.
The Ferret.

EL HURON smiles.

EL HURON

Some know me by this fucking name.
And many men have died cursing the
name of El Huron as they choked on
their own blood and the blood of
their families...

CHEV

(to CHICO)

Colorful geezer.

EL HURON

But I was born with another name.
My father's name, Jesus Christ
rest his soul... and my father's
father's name...

CHEV

Yeah, yeah.

EL HURON

*... and the name I shared with my
two brothers -*

This gets CHEV'S attention. EL HURON pulls out a familiar medallion on a gold chain and holds it out for CHEV to see.

EL HURON
Alejandro...

FLASH CUT TO: ALEX VERONA getting his arm chopped off in the alley, from CRANK.

EL HURON
... and Ricardo...

FLASH CUT TO: RICKY VERONA, eyes bulging, falling from the chopper in CRANK.

CHEV
Verona...

CHEV'S ticking heart speeds up.

EL HURON
(mocking him)
I can tell by the *tick tick tick*:
you never knew there was a third
brother.

CHEV
No, that fact escaped me. Or I
assure you I would've made it a
hat trick.

EL HURON
I got some trick or treats for
you, asshole. I gonna make you
wish you was never a man.

CHEV
You wanna kill what's left of me?
Fine then, get on with it.

EL HURON
Not so fast, Chelios. There's
someone I know who's gonna love to
watch this.

He gestures. We see that a makeshift tent of billowing fabric has been set up near the house. DOCTORS in white coats are standing near the front flaps.

CHICO and the gang drag CHEV across the pool area toward the tent - as El Huron and a cream-suited THUG near the tent make eye contact.

The HOOD nods, flips a switch...

Steel cables on pulleys began to coil, pulling the billowing fabric curtains along suspended rails...

The free flowing walls of the tent begin to rise up like curtains...

CHEV is thrown to his knees to witness the unveiling; his eyes go wide.

CHEV
(in shock)
You...

A massive POWER GENERATOR feeds thick banded cable into an elaborate array of medical machinery... an artificial lung contracts and expands, accompanied by rasping breaths...

A JARVIK-7, 80s-era mechanical heart - the left and right chambers like two puke green maracas - connects a tank of fluid to a complex system of transparent rubber tubing, pumping red plasma... it ticks and swishes like washing machine...

... and in the center of it all, suspended in clear fluid - A HUMAN HEAD, cut clean at the neck.

Bubbles leak from the mouth and nostrils. Tubing runs to and from every opening, circulating the dregs of life.

The eyes are open.

It speaks - a gurgling, artificial sound from a waterproof microphone, amplified... inhuman, yet burning with the purest human hate:

RICKY VERONA
Chelllllliosssssssssss....

CUT TO:

INT. DOC MILES APARTMENT - SAME TIME

DOC MILES is laying out surgical instruments on a table; he squints at a scalpel, blows hot breath on it and polishes it on his shirt.

Pulling out we see that he's got a funky Operating Room set up in his apartment. The phone rings.

DOC MILES

You got the donor?

CHOCOLATE (O.C.)
Like you got a boner.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY

Chinatown. Broad daylight, in the middle of a crowd.

CHOCOLATE CLICKS OFF and SMILES over at HU DONG! He smiles back, GRABS HER ASS.

HU DONG
Come on, baby... you always say
you want to be mo spontaneous...

CHOCOLATE
Un uh, cowboy... we're going to my
place.

CUT TO:

EXT. EL HURON'S CASA - DAY

EL HURON rips the belt battery from CHEV'S waist, shot-puts it over the edge of the cliff and into the Pacific.

CHEV clutches his chest, feeling the power outage. His heart begins to slow.

One of the THUGS hands EL HURON a truly fucked up weapon - a steel handled *cat 'o nine tails* with metal hooks embedded in the whipping straps... some *Passion of the Christ*-looking shit.

EL HURON
Ricky never wanted my money,
Chelios... he was stubborn -
wanted to make his own way... but
now I think he likes what my money
can buy...

EL HURON swings with the *cat 'o nine tails*, making sick contact. CHEV collapses, clutching at his back in pain.

EL HURON
The technology to keep his brain
alive... not forever...

The whip comes down - *THWACK!!!*

EL HURON
... but long enough to watch you
die.

RICKY VERONA'S eyes are lit up; his lips twisted into a
snarling grin, leaking bubbles...

EL HURON pulls back the *cat 'o nine tails* with effort,
taking hunks of flesh with it... and readies himself for a
horrific blow...

ORLANDO (O.S.)
Yo, Ferret.

EL HURON, CHICO and the THUGS spin... RICKY'S eyeballs dart
toward the sound of the voice.

A weird ass fucking army has snuck onto the premises and
taken up positions:

ORLANDO, VENUS and RIA are up front, leveling heat. Behind
them, spread out - a cross section of L.A. underground
freakdom... gay bikers, hookers, trannies... SIERRA and the
hookers from STRIP PLEASE... 40 deviants, all armed and
ready to kill.

EL HURON
Ju gotta be fucking kidding me.

VENUS
You killed my brother,
motherfucker... prepare to die.

VENUS shoots first, tagging EL HURON in the shoulder.

It's ON.

Bullets and bodies go flying everywhere...

A few THUGS try to use the naked girls by the pool as human
shields - the THUGS get tagged anyway and go down,
wounded... the pissed off naked girls finish them off,
beating them to a pulp with plaster *Venus de Milos*...

CHEV grabs the *cat 'o nine tails* and whips it around EL
HURON'S neck, pulling it tight...

They go to the ground, grappling... CHEV tries with his
remaining strength to choke the life out of him as RICKY
VERONA'S head looks on, vivid with rage...

CHICO comes up behind CHEV with the ELECTRIC CATTLE PROD and slams him in the small of his back, zapping him with an agonizing charge...

The move backfires - electricity flows into the artificial heart, jacking it up momentarily... he spins around and onto his feet...

CHICO swings the PROD like a bat; CHEV catches it in his fist, taking the voltage in stride... he rips the PROD out of CHICO'S hand, flips it like a baton to get a two handed grip...

And shoves it full force into CHICO'S gut, impaling him!

VENUS ignores the chaos around him - he is completely focused on EL HURON. He gets a bead on him and takes a shot... EL HURON stumbles away, near miss... another shot - *shhhhping!* - near miss...

EL HURON
Ronny James Dio!

He runs for cover.

VENUS has him lined up good for another, but - *click!* Out of bullets.

VENUS
Chuchamadre!

He makes a run toward EL HURON, but is cut off by two extremely badass-looking VATOS wielding bloody MACHETES.

They advance on him; VENUS starts to back away, wide-eyed... one of the VATOS takes a killing swing...

... and without warning, VENUS busts out the sickest Kung Fu we've ever seen - he's like a Full Body Tourettes STEVEN CHOW! The VATOS never know what hit them.

CUT TO:

INT. DOC MILES APARTMENT - SAME TIME

The door opens; CHOCOLATE leads HU DONG into the apartment.

CHOCOLATE
This way, sugar.

HU DONG walks in, ready to ROCK...

... and comes face-to-face with DOC MILES, wearing a surgical mask, smock and gloves... and holding a SYRINGE. He looks like HANNIBAL LECTER.

DOC MILES
Confucius say: Karma's a bitch.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. EL HURON'S CASA - SAME TIME

The FINALE.

A stray shot hits RICKY VERONA'S tank... the fluid drains out as he sputters and gasps, bug-eyed.

CHEV notices, kneels by the tank and puts his face close to VERONA'S.

CHEV
Why do we go on like this, Ricky?
Hurting each other?

RICKY VERONA
Whaaaaatssssssrrrr...

CHEV cocks his ear toward him patiently; VERONA is drying up and gurgling like a fish out of it's tank.

CHEV
What's that?

RICKY VERONA
Wawwwwwwttrrrrrr...

CHEV
Water. Did you say water?

RICKY VERONA
Fffffffuuuuuuukkkk yooooo...
Cheliosssssshhh...

CHEV
H2O, coming right up.

CHEV rips VERONA'S head out of the broken tank, pulling the tubes free with a sickening *pop pop pop...*

... takes a running start toward the cliff edge and *drop*
kicks VERONA'S head into the Pacific Ocean!

Satisfied, he turns - and comes face to face with EL HURON... who shoves the business end of a .50 pistol into CHEV'S chest and pulls the trigger.

The bullet goes through his chest...

... and through the internal power supply of the artificial heart, destroying it.

CHEV'S heart stops immediately. He falls to his knees. This is it.

EL HURON puts the gun to CHEV'S head, and is about to finish the job...

... when VENUS comes out of nowhere and body tackles him!

The gun goes flying; EL HURON and VENUS go at it.

CHEV forces himself to his feet... he is white as nonfat milk and clammy... he looks like he's already dead...

An old school power pole on the perimeter of the property brings juice to the dark side of the island. CHEV steels his gaze on it... puts one foot in front of the other... he lurches forward, vision doubling, body stiff as Frankenstein's...

Bullets whistle past him; the battle is going down to the last man... ORLANDO and the freaks seem to have the upper hand - there are only a few desperate VATOS left.

CHEV staggers toward the power pole... past VERONA'S tent - RICKY'S eyes follow him...

CHEV loses his legs; his head hits the pole... he looks up, vision tripling, at the juicy cables... *it's his last shot*... starts to climb like KING KONG up the Empire State...

EL HURON has gotten the jump on VENUS - he has him in a submission hold, squeezing the life out of him... when behind them...

CHEV reaches the top of the pole, feet slipping on the L-hooks. *Will he even make it?*

He grabs the humming transformers with both fists...

... and *EXPLODES*.

CHEV comes *flying off the pole like a Roman candle, IN FLAMES*, trailing sparks and smoke... he lands next to EL

HURON and fights to his feet... it's MAN ON FIRE -
literally...

FLASH INSIDE his burning chest: the HEART is JACKHAMMERING
like WIND-UP TEETH... supercharged... *it fucking worked!*

He rips EL HURON off of VENUS by the hair and - holding EL
HURON'S head with one fist he proceeds to bash it in with
other... he unloads one crushing, flaming blow after
another into The FERRET'S face until his body goes like wet
pasta.

CHEV tosses the carcass over the cliff...

CUT TO:

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY, CONTINUOUS

EL HURON'S battered corpse sinks to the bottom of the
reef... a seaweed forest undulates... fish swarm...

He ends up face-to-fucked-up-face with RICKY... who's eyes
are *still moving*...

The fish move in and begin to feed...

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. EL HURON'S CASA, POOL - DAY, CONTINUOUS

CHEV lets out a triumphant primal scream... he's melting,
going down in flames... the world is a heat-rippled blur of
confusion...

He is utterly deranged at this point... he looks around and
spots the only person in the world he wants to see before
he dies: *EVE*.

Actually, it's RIA that's standing in front of him, gasping
in shock at his condition... but in CHEV'S hallucinatory
vision:

EVE is a radiant, glowing angel of loveliness... he begins
to walk toward her, enraptured, holding out his arms... the
theme from GONE WITH THE WIND swells up...

RIA backs away in horror...

CHEV grabs EVE and pulls her close... he takes her in his
arms and dips her into a dramatic, timeless kiss...

The love theme crescendos...

RACEHORSES from Hollywood Park go galloping by in SLO MO behind them...

... we barely hear RIA'S screams from somewhere far away and unimportant...

It's a heroic movie moment for the ages.

CHEV finishes the BIG KISS and flings her aside... he raises his fist, king of the world, triumphant... comes right up to camera as his face melts away... a grinning skull...

... he FLIPS THE CAMERA A SKELETAL MIDDLE FINGER and we...

SMASH TO BLACK.

INSERT EVE SCENE HERE

INT. DOC MILES APARTMENT - LATER

We're in DOC MILES' funky OPERATING ROOM.

CHEV is a head-to-toe MUMMY; his eyes dart around wildly from behind wrapped bandages.

DOC, with an attending nurse (CHOCOLATE in a hot nurse outfit) is opening up CHEV'S CHEST...

DOC MILES
(asking Chocolate)
Aortic clamp.

Then, oddly, he looks down into CHEV'S chest cavity and finds exactly what he needs: the clamp the TRIAD DOCS dropped in him during the first transplant - *damn, this weed is evil.*

DOC MILES
Shit, never mind.

DOC pulls the wasted artificial heart from CHEV'S chest - it's like a bloody, deflated condom...

Then the blown, blackened power supply, a bullet hole clean through it. DOC just shakes his head. He tosses the stuff over his shoulder and into the trash.

He opens a mini-fridge - dry ice clouds escape - pushes aside six-packs and urine samples and brings out the legendary object, wrapped in clear plastic: the fat, pink, indestructible muscle of death that is CHEV'S heart.

CUT TO:

INT. DOC MILES APARTMENT, O.R. - 1 HOUR LATER

DOC finishes sewing CHEV up. EVE is there, eyes red and wet with tears; CHOCOLATE has her arms around her.

BEEP, BEEP, BEEPBEEPBEEPBEEP...

EVE
(in a panic)
What's happening?

CHEV starts CRASHING...

DOC MILES
Chocolate, get them paddles ready.

CHOCOLATE energizes the paddles, and rubs them together. DOC takes them and DE-FIB'S CHEV. BEEEEPPP!! FLATLINE. DOC DE-FIB's again - BEEEP, BEEEP, FLATLINE, and again... and again.

It doesn't work - they lose him... CHEV is finally FLAT-LINED for good.

He's lying on the table, facing the CAMERA in a mirror image to the last frame in CRANK, glassy eyes staring into the lens. We hear EVE crying hysterically offscreen - she can't bear to lose him again; DOC holds her back, comforting her... they leave.

BEEP BEEP.

The heart monitor LIGHTS UP. CHEV'S eye-lid twitches.

LUB DUB.

LUB DUB.

SMASH TO BLACK.

VIDEO GAME EPILOGUE:

8-BIT VIDEO GAME - CHEV jacks people, steals their beating hearts and puts them into his chest to regain his strength.