

MR. MAYHEM

Written by

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INT. MAINSTREET - CAR - NIGHT

JEROME, 40's, wearing a leather biker kutte, sits in the driver seat of a black car with ZACH, 20's, sitting in the passenger seat wearing a leather biker kutte. Jerome and Zach are counting money. Heavy rain PELTS the roof of the car.

ZACH

What are we gonna do with this? We can't just leave it at the clubhouse?

JEROME

I know. We need to come up with a plan. Storage that is off the grid and not tied to the club.

ZACH

That's a good idea. We've already been on ICE radar.

JEROME

That last deal we made over the boarder was a close call. We've gotta hide this money and lay low for a little while.

ZACH

I agree prez.

JEROME

That's why you're my VP.

INT. RYAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

RYAN, 20's, dressed in dirty work clothes, sits down at the kitchen table with a beer in hand. AIMEE, 20's, walks in waiving pieces of paper.

AIMEE

Ryan? What the hell are we going to do about these bills?! We are twenty days late on the mortgage!

RYAN

Ya, know... You nagging me after my twelve hour shift isn't helping anything. I'm doing my best.

AIMEE

I'm sorry. I know you're trying your best. I'm just stressed. The phone never stops ringin, hun.

RYAN
I'll figure somethin out, baby.

Ryan kisses Aimee on the forehead.

INT. RYAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ryan enters the bedroom and tosses his shirt on the bed, exposing his satanic tattoos. He pulls a book out from underneath his bed.

The cover of the book reads: SATANIC BIBLE.

Ryan flips through the book. He places the book on the bed. He gets on his knees and clasps his hands together in prayer.

RYAN
To him I pray, Mr. Mayhem. Wealth
and power come to me with an
exchange of my soul to the lord of
darkness. I need help for my
family, and my God has failed me
multiple times, for I have lost
faith in the holy one, and now I
ask for your help dark savior.

Ryan opens his eyes while looking up at the ceiling. He tosses the book across the room. The book glows red as Ryan leaves the room.

INT. RYAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

RYAN
I'm gonna go for a walk and clear
my head.

AIMEE
So, you're gonna go to the bar and
get hammered again? That's what you
mean, right?

RYAN
I don't need this shit right now!

INT. MAINSTREET - CAR

Jerome and Zach are smoking cigarettes.

ZACH
Do we need to bring this to the
table?

JEROME
Let me figure out where we're gonna
store the cash first.

ZACH
The club needs to vote on it.

JEROME
I know. We'll bring it to the table
once it's locked down.

Jerome and Zach look over to see Ryan walk past their car.

EXT. MAINSTREET - NIGHT

Ryan pulls out a RINGING cell phone from his pocket.

The display screen reads: AIMEE.

Ryan answers the phone.

RYAN
Babe, I don't wanna argue right
now. I'll figure out our money
issues.

Jerome and Zach watch Ryan from a distance. Jerome puts his
arm out the window and hits the side of the car. He signals
to Ryan.

RYAN (CONT'D)
I'll call you back.

Ryan hangs up the phone.

JEROME
Hey, guy! Come here for a second.

Ryan walks over to the black car.

JEROME (CONT'D)
I overheard you have some money
problems. Was that your old lady on
the phone?

RYAN
None of your fuckin business.

Jerome holds up a wad of cash.

JEROME

I believe we can help each other.

RYAN

I'm interested, but aren't you guys part of the Black Reapers MC? I've seen you guys ridin these streets for years.

JEROME

You're correct. I need a place to store some...supplies. Do you have a place that I can store my supplies? I'll pay you a monthly salary.

RYAN

It's not drugs is it?

JEROME

(Laughing)
No, sir.

RYAN

Why should I trust you?

Jerome tosses a wad of cash at Ryan.

JEROME

I'll take that as a yes. What's your address?

Ryan pulls out his wallet and hands Jerome a card.

RYAN

Meet me there tomorrow morning at 8 am.

JEROME

Pleasure doing business sir.

Ryan walks away counting the money.