

The edge of the bar is dark and musty. A single light casts shadows across the bar which is littered with old and broken beer bottles, cigarette butts, and biker paraphernalia.

An aged NEWSPAPER lays on the bar top.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER

--"Police Shootout: Hero Cop Guns Down Son of Violent Gang Leader."

MICHAEL "HARLEY" DONOVAN, the 56-year-old leader of the notorious Harley's Biker Gang speaks. The sounds of years of deep callousness, leathery and sun-worn skin, and a lifetime of crime bleed through in his thick draw. He is filled with revenge and malice.

HARLEY (V.O.)

My hands have never been clean. And
my heart is cold and callous for
those who hurt my family.

Snippets of text can be read on the article revealing how Harley's son started a gunfight and was killed.

HARLEY (V.O.)

My son is dead. My own flesh and
blood.

The newspaper reveals a photo and caption of Harley's dead son. The cop who killed him during the shootout is to receive a medal of honor for the act.

HARLEY (V.O.)

Gunned down at the hand of a
loathsome cop.

(beat)

Your father.

We move across the bar top which is becoming more disheveled and chaotic. A turned over beer bottle slowly drips onto the floor.

HARLEY (V.O.)

They sent me away for life. But I
got out.

A newspaper clipping with a photo of Harley sits next to a list of targets Harley's gang has taken out.

(CONTINUED)

HARLEY (V.O.)

And it's time for revenge. Eye for
an eye. Blood for blood. His child
for mine.

(beat)

You...

A photo of a police medal ceremony with all eyes scratched
out has a knife plunged through the unseen face of one
officer and deep into the wood of the bar.

HARLEY (V.O.)

I had a couple of my guys lock you
up at my gang's place where no one
but us will be able to hear you
scream.

More of the bar top is revealed. Broken glass, tools of
torches: handcuffs, electric wire, pliers, gasoline, knives,
and chains to name a few.

HARLEY (V.O.)

I've gone out for one last ride to
clear my head before coming for
you.

(beat)

I'll be back in about an hour. So I
suggest you take this time to make
peace with your maker. Because
there is no way out and no hope for
you.

Loose bullets are scattered across the bar and distant
GUNSHOTS are heard in the distance as if from a forgotten
battle.

HARLEY (V.O.)

One thing's for sure... your daddy
is going to wish he had never
crossed me & my family.

(beat)

So sit tight and get comfortable.
I'll see you soon.

A bloodied hand, chained to the table is revealed. It is
motionless. The rumble of approaching MOTORCYCLES grows
outside.

HARLEY (V.O.)

Blood for blood.

(beat)

I'm coming for yours.

The hand jerks to life with a GASP for breath.