

Allen

14.

CONTINUED:

ELIZA

Fuck you, Loyal. And, in case Allen forgets, you still owe him for that weed, Joe.

JOE

I'm on it, Eliza.

She walks with them into the kitchen where a stairway leads down into darkness.

JOE (CONT'D)

Shit. I hate it down there.

As Eliza walks away, Loyal reaches around Joe and slaps her ass making it look like Joe did it. He dives down the stairs. Eliza turns around, gives Joe an "As if," look. Joe shrugs and heads down into the darkness.

INT. MATTRESS ROOM -- NIGHT

The mattress room is an unfinished basement filled with mattresses, cushions, pillows and blankets. The walls are covered with Mexican blankets and tie-dyed sheets.

The room is lit by a few lamps with dark colored bulbs. HEROIN USERS litter the floor. Joe grabs his nose.

JOE

I'll never get used to the smell.

LOYAL

It wakes me up. Like smelling salts.

Loyal INHALES DEEPLY and begins bouncing up and down like a boxer before a fight.

ALLEN (O.S.)

Hey boys. I've been expecting you.

ALLEN (35), wearing a silk robe with long johns underneath, carries a silver tray with little baggies of heroin and picks his way through the bodies toward Loyal and Joe.

JOE

(still covering his nose)

We heard.

Allen shakes hands with Joe. Loyal grabs Allen in a bear hug and squeezes his butt. Allen nearly drops his precious tray of goodies.

(CONTINUED)

Allen

2

15.

CONTINUED:

LOYAL

It's the gulag for you, you capitalist swine!

Loyal releases him.

ALLEN

Why did you bring him, Joe? Can't we meet without this pervert?

Joe LAUGHS. Loyal unzips his pants, pulls out his testicles.

LOYAL

Pervert? What do you mean pervert?

ALLEN

Oh god.

JOE

(laughing)

Come on, Loyal. Put those away. Go find something to do while we chat, okay? Sorry, Allen.

ALLEN

Let's go somewhere where we can talk.

INT. DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Joe and Allen sit at a small dining table. They each have a cup of steaming tea. Loyal pulls out an oversized book about Tantric sex. He flips to a particularly erotic picture of two people in an unusual sexual position.

JOE

So it's a delivery?

ALLEN

I'm getting there. I've got some weed that I need you to transport to Mr. Boulder. It's no big deal, just a small amount hidden inside a car.

Loyal sneaks up behind Allen. He holds up the picture for Joe to see. Joe struggles to ignore Loyal and talk to Allen.

JOE

How much is a small amount? I mean, are we talking misdemeanor or felony?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLEN

Felony for sure. But, I'll give you a grand now plus two when you get back. I'll even throw in the car as a bonus-- once they remove the drugs.

JOE

What kind of car is it?

INT. ALLEN'S GARAGE -- NIGHT

Allen flips on a light revealing the shiny brown BMW 2002. Loyal smiles.

JOE

This car drove by the park.

Allen unlocks the door and Loyal hops into the driver's seat.

LOYAL

Check this out. Wow! The inside looks great too. You're going to give this to us?

Joe inspects the exterior of the car.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

We've got to do this Joe! This is your in with Catherine!

Joe bends down and looks inside the car.

JOE

This is a little bigger than selling weed, Loyal. We're talking a felony here.

LOYAL

Only if we get caught.

ALLEN

The drugs are undetectable. They're welded into the body work so there's no scent. Well . . . I think there's no scent . . . Just don't get pulled over by a K-9 unit.

Loyal jumps out of the car, puts his arm around Joe and pulls him away from Allen.

(CONTINUED)

Allen

4

17.

CONTINUED:

LOYAL

Don't you see, man? You can't just walk up to a girl like Catherine looking like we do and expect to impress her. Remember how she dogged you at the park? She's used to guys with Polo shirts and nice cars. Like this one!

Joe looks back at the car; he's still considering.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

Think about it. With this money we get you cleaned up, new clothes, new haircut, new you, dude! Then you meet her dad, make a good impression, get his permission to date her.

Loyal steps back convinced he's made the sale.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

Key me, Allen.

Allen starts handing the keys to Loyal, Joe grabs them.

JOE

We'll do it for four g's and throw in the weed I owe you.

ALLEN

Thirty-five hundred and the weed.

JOE

Done.

Joe and Allen shake it in.

LOYAL

Oh yeah! I'm driving.

Loyal FIRES UP THE CAR as Joe eyes it one last time before climbing in.

INT. BMW 2002 NIGHT

Loyal drives by a freeway on-ramp sign.

JOE

You missed the on-ramp.

(CONTINUED)