

# Loyal

29.

~~SAMIR (CONT'D)~~

~~If you don't find that car or pay  
up, by the end of this week, I'll  
kill you and find the car myself.  
And, to show you I'm serious.~~

~~Samir snaps off the end of Joe's pinkie, then cauterizes the  
wound with the cigarette lighter. Joe SCREAMS.~~

~~SAMIR (CONT'D)~~

~~In the meantime, if I see you and  
you're not driving that car to my  
room at the Four Seasons, I'll take  
one of your other fingers.~~

EXT. RESIDENTIAL SIDEWALK -- DAY

Samir and Locke's Mercedes pulls up to a residential sidewalk. The back door flies open and Joe and Loyal tumble out. Loyal, still bound, lies face down on the concrete. Joe sits up and looks over at him. Loyal COUGHS and spits, opens his eyes.

LOYAL

You know what this reminds me of?  
Karen Stans. She was into this kind  
of bondage shit, remember?

He looks at Joe who stares at the missing end of his finger. Loyal sees what he's staring at.

JOE

I need to get to a hospital.

INT. JOE AND LOYAL'S APARTMENT -- DAY

A large blanket covers a couch. A hand has fallen out from under it and rests on the floor. A white lump of gauze covers the left pinkie of the hand. KABOOM! The door SLAMS and Joe shoots up from the couch.

LOYAL

Joe! I've got it!

Joe lies back down, buries himself in the blanket.

JOE

Where have you been?

Loyal paces the floor in front of the couch.

LOYAL

The park, man, schemin' and  
whatnot.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



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LOYAL (CONT'D)

Listen up, are you ready for this?

Loyal pauses for dramatic effect.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

I call it Rocky Mountain Big Score. We rob banks, man, like Bonnie and Clyde, or Butch Cassidy and Sundance. We'll pay off those animals and live like kings! Or we wind up in jail which is much safer than being free with them running around. Or... we die.

Joe doesn't move except for his hand which gives Loyal the bird.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

I know that's just the Vicodin talking. Speaking of, that stuff's making me hallucinate. I can't stop seeing that polar bear in the corner of the room.

Loyal looks into the corner. A GLEAMING WHITE POLAR BEAR stands there staring back at him with glowing blue eyes.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

(to the polar bear)  
Can you see the fear or just smell it?

Joe MOANS. Loyal shakes his head.

LOYAL (CONT'D)

(to Joe)  
Spider has some guns he could loan us. We'll hit banks all the way to Mexico.

JOE

Vicodin.

Loyal zips into the kitchen and returns with a glass of water. He pours three Vicodin into his palm. He pops one and hands the other two to Joe.

LOYAL

Take this. I'm out, gonna go see Spider. No offense, Joe but I feel like you've become distant ever since you lost your finger.

(CONTINUED)



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CONTINUED: (2)

Joe sits up, pops the pills, sips the water.

JOE  
That was like four hours ago.

A KNOCK at the door. They freeze.

ANOTHER KNOCK.

Joe stands up, wraps the blanket around himself. Loyal runs into the kitchen and returns with a hammer.

MAYA (O.S.)  
Loyal? Joe? You guys in there?

They breathe a SIGH of relief. Joe fixes his hair in his reflection off the television, attempts to make himself presentable. Loyal opens the door.

Catherine and Maya walk in. Maya carries a plate of cupcakes with black icing. Loyal grabs a cupcake and jams the whole thing into his mouth. The black icing turns his lips, teeth and tongue black.

LOYAL  
(muffled)  
Mmm! Great goth cakes, ladies.

He stuffs another one in.

CATHERINE  
Those weren't for you, Loyal.

MAYA  
We heard about your finger, Joe.  
Is it true?

Joe conceals his finger behind his back.

JOE  
Hi, Catherine. It's great to see you. Sorry about the mess in here. Loyal jams yet another cupcake in.

LOYAL  
(muffled)  
I'm out of here. Thanks for the cupcakes, Maya. Shake on it.

Loyal sticks out his hand. When Maya goes to shake he pulls his hand away and sticks out his crotch so she touches it.

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