

Samir

27.

CONTINUED:

~~JOE~~

~~Shit.~~

~~He turns around and sneaks back to the fence. JOE BREATHES
HEAVILY as he peeks through the cracks.~~

EXT. ALLEN'S BACK YARD -- DAY

Locke takes a punch from Loyal right in the face then throws Loyal on the ground, face down and bends his arm behind his back. Loyal YELLS. Locke produces a Zipstrip, slips it around Loyal's wrists and pulls it tight. Samir walks up.

SAMIR

I have seen you before. You and your friend deal for Allen, yes? But, where did your friend go?

Joe turns away from the fence, looks around for a place to hide, spots a garbage can and heads for it. Locke kicks Loyal. Loyal SHOUTS. Joe stops, gives in.

JOE (O.S.)

Don't hurt him! I'm right here.

Joe jumps back over the fence.

JOE (CONT'D)

What do you guys want with us?

SAMIR

We want you to step into our office so we can chat.

INT. BLACK MERCEDES SEDAN -- DAY

Loyal, still restrained, sits in the backseat with Locke. Samir is in the driver's seat, Joe in shotgun.

SAMIR

So you have no idea what we're talking about? Never heard about a BMW going to Mr. Boulder?

Joe shakes his head. Samir pushes in the cigarette lighter.

SAMIR (CONT'D)

Hand me the shears, Locke. Locke hands Samir a large pair of pruning shears.

Loyal's eyes go wide; he struggles against his restraints.

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Locke grabs Joe from behind, puts him in a choke-hold.

Samir takes Joe's hand and places his pinkie into the blades of the shears. He squeezes them together until they start to pinch. Joe SHOUTS in pain.

LOYAL

Wait! It was me! I lost the car.

SAMIR

Put him out!

Locke knocks loyal out with one blow to the side of his head.

JOE

Please! The car was stolen from us. We stopped to get something to eat and someone took it.

SAMIR

See Joe, I would take your friend's finger, but it's obvious it wouldn't do any good. So know this: any and all punishment will be exacted swiftly and directly on you and you alone.

JOE

We can work something out. Let us pay for the weed.

SAMIR

Weed?

He squeezes harder and the blades begins to cut into Joe's finger.

JOE

No!

SAMIR

That was heroin in that car, kid.

JOE

What?

The cigarette lighter pops out.

SAMIR

You owe me 200 g's U.S. That's not in Pesos, Dinars, or Rupees.

(MORE)

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Samir

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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 the rest of that finger.

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. Joe's 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)

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