

(NOTE: DR. PETERS IS REFERRED TO AS 'MAN' IN THIS EXTRACT)

MAN

Fucking drop it.

The two men freeze. They slowly turn towards the source of the noise: the boot of the car. The man, previously thought dead, is now sat up, holding a pistol, but obviously terrified.

MAN (CONT'D)

I said drop it.

JACK

Hey, there's my gun.

MARTY

You put it in the boot with him?

JACK

I thought he was dead, Martin.

MAN

I swear to God I'll shoot you both if you don't drop it.

MARTY

Okay okay, Jesus.

Marty moves to place the gun on the ground.

MAN

Wait. Put it in here with me.

Marty moves towards the car, hands raised, and places the revolver in the boot. The man then picks it up with his other hand and points it at Jack.

MAN (CONT'D)

Who the fuck are you?

JACK

We're, uh, contractors.

MAN

What, like builders?

JACK

No.

MARTY

What he means is we do not very nice things for other people.

MAN

Like kidnapping and attempted murder?

JACK

Yeah, exactly like that. Usually though it's not really attempted murder and just...murder.

MAN

Jesus Christ.

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He notices Jack's appearance.

MAN (CONT'D)

And what the hell happened to you?

Jack begins to move forward.

JACK

You broke my fucking nose.

The man reaffirms the fact he's holding two guns. Jack stops and moves back to his place, begrudgingly.

MAN

Well I'd say we're even, considering you beat me up and put me in the boot of a car.

MARTY

We also shot you.

The Man takes a moment to process this factoid.

MAN

You what?

MARTY

Yeah, right...

He points to the Man's stomach. The Man pulls the sheet down and sees his torso stained with blood. Understandably, this makes him panic.

MAN

Jesus Christ!