

1 EXTERIOR, CAR INTERIOR

TOM

Are you sure we got the right guy?

MAURICE

For fucks sake. Can you stop asking the same stupid question? Mick said to grab the doctor. Did you see any other fucking white coat out there? No? So shut the fuck up. Will you?!

TOM

Yeah, you're right. I just...I just have this feeling we got the wrong guy.

MAURICE

Mother fucker! Alright then. What do you want me to do about your "feeling"? Do you want me to drive back and check their IDs or somethin'? Nevermind the cops that are already there, taking statements, looking for our car. Nevermind that there were only 3 other fucking people in the waiting room and that big-titted secretary. Nah, you are right. Let's just go back and check out...because you have a feeling. Fuck me.

TOM

Can we at least stop the car and check the guy out before we deliver him? I mean, yeah, you're right. Not much else we can do now but I would really hate to drop the wrong guy at Mick's. You know how he is. I really, really, don't want to fuck up. Remember what happened Donnie?

MAURICE

No, what happened to Donnie?

TOM

You know he's missing a finger, right?

MAURICE

No, what? Why? For fucks sake get on with it already.

TOM

Mike sent him for a sandwich and a coffee run for the boys one time. The traffic was shit. Poor Donnie got back so late the coffee went cold. Mike got so pissed that he slammed Donnie's finger with the fucking door. Came off clean like at the butcher's. And that was just a fucking coffee mate. This ain't just that. Sure, Donnie never brought a cold one ever again but I don't want to be learnin' the hard way either.

MAURICE

Fuck, alright. You have a point there. Let's make a short stop and check the guy out. Besides I have to piss. But put the mask back on, I don't want to be identified if this fucker ain't the one we were supposed to get.

TOM

Right on.

2 EXTERIOR, BEHIND A CAR

Maurice stops the car, takes a piss and walks back to the trunk where Tom is waiting already.

MAURICE

Get ready, this cunt is strong as fuck for a doctor. I don't know if the belt will hold him. Get the knuckles on, just in case.

Tom takes out his brass knuckles from his jacket and puts them on.

TOM

Ready, go ahead.

Maurice opens up the trunk with the tied up doctor.

DOCTOR

(incoherent sound with gagged mouth)

Tied up and gagged doctor, in the trunk, kicks Maurice in the face. Tom punches him with his brass knuckles. Doctor moans in pain.

MAURICE

Fuck. That cunt kicked me right in the teeth.
Fuck. Cunt. Mother fucker.

Maurice punches the doctor few times in the liver and ties his legs with a rope that got loose.

MAURICE

Weren't you supposed to tie his legs?

TOM

I did.

MAURICE

Well, obviously you didn't. For fuck sake this is so unprofessional. When you said you'd deal with it I expected you to do it properly.

TOM

I swear, I tied him up with that rope. I don't know how he got free.

MAURICE

Lefty loosey, righty tighty?

TOM

Yeah, of course. What else?

MAURICE

You fucking retard. This ain't tying your shoes. Weren't you in scouts or some shit like that when you were growing up? Didn't your daddy teach you how to tie a proper knot?! This is so unprofessional. So unprofessional.

TOM

Nah, my daddy never was an outdoorsman. We never went camping. Though I got lost one time in the woods playing hide and seek. It got dark and felt like the entire day passed by. But no, it was just half an hour.

MAURICE

For fucks sake, shut the fuck up. No one is interested in your sad life story. I guess you are the type that has to learn the hard way every single time, right?

TOM

Forget about it already. I said I'm sorry. Let's check out his wallet and make sure it's the guy.

Tom is looking for the wallet, patting the doctor, finding it in his inner pocket.

TOM

I don't want to be the bearer of bad news but this ain't the guy mate. This is a fucking nurse!

MAURICE

What are you talking about? He has a white coat and the fucking slippers you wear in the hospital. He was the only white coat in there. You saw it yourself. Who else could we grab? This is the right guy. Must be.

TOM

Well, I don't know what to tell you. He ain't a doctor.

Maurice frees the doctor's mouth so he can speak.

MAURICE

Hey, fuck face. Is you a doctor or not?

DOCTOR

No, I am not you fucking cunts. Motherfuckers. Who the fuck you think you are....

Maurice gags the doctor again.

TOM

See. I had a feeling something was wrong when we grabbed him at that office.

MAURICE

Alright. Here's the deal. If you are not the doctor, we will have to part ways...if you know what I mean. So I will ask you one more time, because I don't have time for this crap, are you or aren't you a doctor?

Maurice removes the gag again.

DOCTOR

Sure, yeah. I am a doctor. I was only joking guys. I am the doctor, yes.

TOM

So how come you said you wasn't and here it says you are a nurse?

DOCTOR

That is my old badge. I am a doctor.... at my own practice.... but I do the nursing on the side.... to pay the bills.

MAURICE

How come you have no doctor's badge then?

DOCTOR

I, I must have left it at the office... or home. You know, not much use for it at your own practice.

TOM

I don't know.

MAURICE

What was the name on the practice when we went in? Do you remember?

TOM

I think it said Dr. Masters.

MAURICE

And what does his ID card says?

TOM

Prescott.

MAURICE

Well, doctor. How do you explain this?

DOCTOR

I share the practice....my, my name is not on the door. Trust me, I am a doctor. Yeah.

TOM

What do you think?

MAURICE

Well, whether he is or not, he clearly says he is and whether he goes now or after Mick is done with him is irrelevant. Let's fucking go and get this over with. I'm fucking cold and I want to grab a hot cuppa.

Maurice gags the doctor again and punches him once more.

MAURICE

Cunt.

Maurice closes the trunk and they both go back to the car and drive away.

3 EXTERIOR, CAR INTERIOR

TOM

Maurice?

MAURICE

Yeah, Tom.

TOM

I don't want to loose a finger.

MAURICE

Me neither. Tom. Me neither.