

" JOEY "

SC 1/2

INT. FACTORY - NIGHT

FIND a BIG BRUTE holding a weasel of a man, JOEY, by his ankles over a VAT of BOILING TAR -- tape is over Joey's mouth, and his hands and feet are bound -- above him on the catwalk stands CLAY -- a tattooed thug with the attitude of a bully -- and clearly the guy who's upset with Joey --

START  
HERE →

CLAY (CONT'D)

What I hope you are thinking is, "Wow, Clay is serious about wanting to know where I put that money. I think I'll give him that account number now so he doesn't drop me in this vat of boiling tar."

Clay rips the tape off --

JOEY

Riverside Bank account number 5463728.  
The PIN is 4091.

CLAY

See? If you just figure out the right incentive, you'll always get what you want.

JOEY

Please, please pull me up now. I'm sorry.

CLAY

Too late for that...

JOEY

You said you weren't going to kill me!

(CONTINUED)



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CONTINUED:

Clay JERKS Brute's arm and Joey falls -- SCREAMING -- into the vat of molten tar below -- quickly sinking under the surface -- Brute looks horrified --

CLAY  
I say a lot of things.

/END

sc. 2/2

2.

CONTINUED:

~~Clay JERKS Brute's arm and Joey falls -- SCREAMING -- into the vat of molten tar below -- quickly sinking under the surface -- Brute looks horrified --~~

~~CLAY~~

~~I say a lot of things.~~

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

FIND the Big Brute watching TV -- a beat, then he realizes someone's in the room with him -- or some thing, more accurately -- and it's moving towards him --

START  
HERE →

BIG BRUTE

Oh my god, what --

JOEY

Did you ever wonder what it felt like when you dropped me in that vat of boiling tar?

BIG BRUTE

No, no -- Joey...?

Big Brute realizes -- it's Joey -- a man he murdered -- Brute backs away from the nightmarish shape as it continues to close in on him --

JOEY

Since you dropped me in head-first, I actually felt my ears and nose burn off -- the pain of my searing eyeballs was unimaginable -- but it was the way it burned down my throat as I tried to breathe that I thought was really special --

BIG BRUTE

I'm sorry, I'm so sorry, please --

JOEY

I mean, you can't really describe it. So you know what?

Big Brute turns -- tries to run again --

JOEY (CONT'D)

Why don't I just show you?

/END

As its ARMS LURCH TOWARD Big Brute -- off Big Brute's HORRIFIC SCREAMS --