

EXT. DESERT ANTHILL - DAY

Fade in on an E.C.U. of a vicious looking **SCORPION** blocking the entrance to an anthill. A lone and angry **WARRIOR ANT** circles the mouth of his home trying to figure a way past the scorpion.

EXT. DESERT WIDE - DAY

Pull focus from the ant and scorpion to reveal the Mojave Desert in all its magnificent indifference. In the distance a lone car moves through the early morning heat.

The only other movement is that of a strange figure limping along the middle of the road.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

Limping along in the middle of the road and mumbling violently is a dirty, gray haired **HOMELESS MAN**.

We see beneath the dirt that the man has covered his entire body in aluminum foil. In his hands is a silver spray painted boom box that he twiddles with incessantly.

He seems to be communicating with the silent boom box.

HOMELESS MAN

They'll kill ya, swear
to god they'll kill ya.
Every god damn one of
em. That's right, you
betcha, aha. I'd say
turn back now, ha ha
ha... What?! What's
that, you need the
money? Fuck the buck
Chuck, doncha wanna
live? Doncha...?

INT. LINCOLN TOWNCAR - DAY

E.C.U. a callused hand punches through presets on the radio, static fills the car as the hand scans for a clean station.

Nothing but static and the hand slams the dash and flips off the radio.

MAN

Great, no fuckin' tunes!

Driving the car is a man, mid twenties, in black leather pants and a white tank top with thick, muscular arms.

On his right arm is an **Aryan Nation's prison style tattoo.**

Just as the man stops slamming the dash, he sees the Homeless Man wandering in the middle of the road right in front of him.

He slams on the brakes, swerves, and barely misses the homeless man.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The homeless man mumbles to the boom box and stumbles along, completely oblivious to the fact that he almost got run over.

MAN IN CAR

Hey, get outta the road!

HOMELESS MAN

(mumbling into the boom box)
That's right, sqish ya like a bug...

MAN IN CAR

You hear me old man, you're gonna get hurt.

HOMELESS MAN

Turn around, while you still can...

The driver pulls up alongside the homeless man.

MAN IN CAR

Look Pops, you're in the road!

HOMELESS MAN
(continues talking to
box) Money won't help
ya when you dead boy. I
tell you they fixin' to
kill ya...

MAN IN CAR
Hey Pops, Pops!

He's finally gotten the homeless man's attention.

MAN IN CAR
What the fuck are you
talkin' about?

The homeless man studies the man in the car, looks
both ways and takes his time answering.

HOMELESS MAN
Aliens boy, kill ya soon
as look atcha..

MAN IN CAR
Oh Jesus...

HOMELESS MAN
Best be turnin' round

MAN IN CAR
Look, you need some
water?

HOMELESS MAN
Oh no, no siree boy.
Just makes the little
fellars in the belly
mad. Put their seed
inside me they did...

MAN IN CAR
Fuckin' nut!

The man in the car speeds away, shaking his head.

INT. LINCOLN TOWNCAR - DAY

As the man speeds away from the crazy homeless man, his cell phone rings & he answers.

MAN IN CAR

Yeah.

VOICE ON PHONE

Prometheus?

MAN IN CAR

(sarcastically)

Yeah, right.

Prometheus.

VOICE ON PHONE

Your instructions are in the glove compartment. Follow them precisely.

MAN IN CAR

Hey listen, I...

Click and a dial tone and the phone is dead.

MAN IN CAR

Hey... great! What a name. Prometheus!

PROMETHEUS, the man in the car, reaches into the glove compartment and finds two CD's. One is labeled "**Instructions 1**" the other is labeled "**Greatest Hits**". He slips in the disc labeled "Instructions 1".

VOICE ON CD

Congratulations on accepting this employment. In about 10 miles you'll pick up a woman in black. Her name is Icarus. She will have a CD with further instructions. Good luck.

The voice on the disc has a thick German accent and Prometheus makes fun of it as he toys with the other disc and slips it in.

PROMETHEUS

Yavowl herr commandant,
 seig heil! Seig heil!
 Fuckin' jokers...

The disc begins playing a corny country ballad.
 Prometheus almost turns the music off, then considers
 the alternatives.

TUNE ON CD
 "You're killin' me, with
 all your cheatin' ways.
 You're killin' me, as
 nights turn into days.
 You're killin' me,
 there's nothin' left to
 do but dream of ways I
 could be killin' you"

Prometheus laughs at the wicked tune.

EXT. DESERT ANT HILL - DAY

Back at the anthill, the warrior ant continues to
 circle his home as the scorpion still blocks his
 entry. Crawling into this domestic conflict comes a
 mean **BLACK WIDOW**, circling the ant.

EXT. DESERTED DESERT ROAD - DAY

As the country tune still plays on, we hear a **WOMAN'S
 VOICE** and see a quick succession of close ups:

Black enamel finger nails flick at a gold lighter. A
 flame lights a fresh cigarette. A large ash falls
 into space. A burnt down butt hits the dust.

A black spiked stiletto crushes the butt and kicks it
 to the roadside with a pile of others.

WOMAN'S VOICE
 Uhuh, right... Exactly.
 Don't worry. Yeah...Okay
 we're set..

Pull focus from the pile of cigarette butts to a lone
 Lincoln Town Car approaching in the distance. CU of a
 woman's hand flipping off a cell phone.

The car pulls up and Prometheus rolls a window.

PROMETHEUS

Icarus?

Camera reveals a sexy black woman in dominatrix chic mini skirt, leather jacket, pumps, and vixen top. She doesn't seem too happy.

ICARUS

You're late, Prometheus!

Something about the way she says his name implies volumes of disgust.

PROMETHEUS

Yeah, sorry. Not a morning person.

ICARUS

You got the cash?

PROMETHEUS

The cash? I don't know you got a disc?

She taps the pocket of her form-fitting jacket.

ICARUS

Yeah.

PROMETHEUS

C'mon, let's go.

Prometheus gives Icarus a long leering once over as she gets in the car.

ICARUS

You gonna drive or just eye me like a vulture?

There's a long silence where the two size each other up, then Prometheus shrugs off a laugh and begins to drive off.

INT. LINCOLN TOWNCAR - DAY

As Prometheus pulls away, Icarus pulls out an envelope. Inside is a CD labeled "**Instructions 2**", a **map** and a **key**.

She slips in the disc and tosses the "Greatest Hits" disc to the side. The familiar German accent from the previous set of instructions starts up.

VOICE ON CD
Prometheus, meet Icarus.

Icarus and Prometheus eye each other uncomfortably as the CD plays on.

VOICE ON CD
In the trunk is a
briefcase. The key
you're holding opens a
matching briefcase held
by the Russians. Do not
attempt to open the case
in your trunk as only
The Russians have the
key that will open your
briefcase. Follow the
map to meet them at The
Shack on Dry Creek Road.
If your case is forced
open in any way it will
explode, you know what
they say about curiosity
and cats. Ha, ha. The
contents of each case
will remain a mystery
until the exchange.
Fulfill your obligation
you'll be rewarded
accordingly. Good luck!

PROMETHEUS
Gut luck to you, Herr
Commandant!

Icarus eyes him with contempt as she notices his Aryan Nations swastika. He notices her disdain and starts to laugh.

PROMETHEUS
Hah. Looks like we're

here to keep each other
honest.

Icarus does not respond.

PROMETHEUS
Very cloak and dagger,
eh Icarus? And what's
with these names?

Icarus dispatches him like the doofuss he appears to
be.

ICARUS
Myths. Prometheus stole
fire from the gods, and
Icarus flew too high on
borrowed wings.

PROMETHEUS
Well la dee fuckin' dah
Miss Mythology. What I
meant was who's this
wise ass that hired us?

Icarus eyes him like a rodent.

ICARUS
Who knows? I was hired
by an associate.

PROMETHEUS
Me too. Buddy of mine
from the Nation got me
the gig.

ICARUS
Aryan Nation?

PROMETHEUS
Yeah.

ICARUS
Charming friends.

Prometheus feels compelled to respond.

PROMETHEUS

Prison is politics, you know. Powerful allies help with survival. Never bought their bullshit, but I had to choose sides and I was kinda short on melanin for the brothers, ya know? Ever been to the slam?

Icarus coldly shuts him down.

ICARUS

Let's not get to know each other, okay?

PROMETHEUS

I'll take that as a yes. Seven years I was in there. Seven years. All because this rich doctor's wife had to have a heart attack while I was robbin' her house... Never should've called 911.

He's finally got her just a little curious.

ICARUS

You called 911?

PROMETHEUS

She was dying...

ICARUS

And you stayed with her till they came?

PROMETHEUS

I had to. She was gonna die..

ICARUS

We're all gonna die.

PROMETHEUS

That's the fucked up

part she did die! Right
when the Paramedics got
there, only the cops got
there first.

Icarus shakes her head at his dumb bad luck.

ICARUS
Any priors?

PROMETHEUS
No.

ICARUS
First job?

PROMETHEUS
Hell no!

Like a pro in the penal system, she reviews his case.

ICARUS
Seven years is hard time
for
B & E where the perp
turns himself in. Bad
lawyer!

PROMETHEUS
Mandatory 7 years to
life for felony with
homicide. I wasn't
gonna hurt her, I didn't
even know she was there.
Wasn't my fault she had
a heart problem.

Then Icarus lets go and laughs wholeheartedly in his
face.

ICARUS
Fuckin' white boys.
They're always innocent.
Even when they're
guilty, they're
innocent!

PROMETHEUS
Look it wasn't my first

job but it was gonna be
my last. I was only
sixteen and they tried
me as an adult.

Icarus still has no sympathy.

ICARUS

Happens to brothers
young as fourteen.
Fourteen! Ever see a
white boy that young
tried for a felony?

PROMETHEUS

Then I get stuck in that
great University of
Crime, where the only
ones who offer any
sanctuary are these
whacko numskull racist
motherfuckers.

ICARUS

I get the picture,
Prometheus. Innocent
again! If you gotta
talk, stick to the job.

Icarus is now even more disgusted with him than when
she noticed his tattoo (if that's possible).
Prometheus sizes her up, pissed off that she doesn't
have an ounce of sympathy.

PROMETHEUS

Okay, okay. The job.
You think we got cash or
product?

ICARUS

Don't care.

PROMETHEUS

Then why'd you ask if I
had the cash?

ICARUS

My associate said it was
a pick up, I figured we

had cash.

PROMETHEUS
I say we got product.

ICARUS
Why?

PROMETHEUS
That's what I heard.

ICARUS
Anyone ever tell you,
don't believe everything
you hear?

PROMETHEUS
Yeah, I didn't believe
him.

She shrugs off his lame attempt at humor.

PROMETHEUS
Look, I'm not a Nazi.
I'm not.

ICARUS
Uh huh, right.

Referring to his tattoo.

PROMETHEUS
I just got out, when I
get the cash I'm having
this thing removed.

Icarus just shakes her head and as she turns away, she notices something on the road.

ICARUS
What's that?

PROMETHEUS
What?

ICARUS
Up there on the road.

POV through the windshield in the distance on the road

ahead we see what appears to be a man in the middle of the road.

As the car gets closer they notice the man is standing there completely naked.

PROMETHEUS

He's naked.

ICARUS

No shit.

PROMETHEUS

What the fuck is up with that?

As they pull closer, Prometheus stops the car a few feet from the naked man. Then referring to the naked fellow's privates.

ICARUS

Ain't nothin' up I can see.

The man looks desperate and a bit crazed as he rushes up to the car.

PROMETHEUS

Think it's a set up?

They both search the empty desert for signs of a set up. Barren desolation is all they can see.

ICARUS

Not unless he's got a gun up his ass!

EXT. DESERT ANT HILL - DAY

Meanwhile, back at the anthill: A **SALAMANDER** slithers up and joins the warrior ant, the scorpion, and the black widow. The salamander seems content to view the conflict from the sidelines.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

The naked man has now come alongside the passenger's side of the towncar. He stands directly in front of

Icarus's window, letting it all hang out.

ICARUS
Seems this little white
man has no shame.

PROMETHEUS
Enough dick jokes,
whadda we do?

ICARUS
He looks harmless, why
don't you talk to him?

Prometheus swings the door and pops out of the car.

PROMETHEUS
Okay Jack, what's your
problem?

NAKED MAN
What?!

PROMETHEUS
What's your problem?

The naked man seems genuinely bewildered.

NAKED MAN
You, you know me?

PROMETHEUS
What?!

NAKED MAN
Is that my name...
Jack?

PROMETHEUS
Oh Jesus here goes,
another nut.

Icarus calls from the car.

ICARUS
What's his problem?

PROMETHEUS
He doesn't know his
name.

The Naked Man seems to be getting a bit more aware of his predicament, a bit more ashamed. He awkwardly attempts to cover himself as he painfully jumps about the hot asphalt.

NAKED MAN

Listen, I, I'm sorry to bother you and your wife but... See, I'm not really sure what's happened and this must seem crazy, it's crazy to me but I, I think I need help.

The Naked Man continues his pathetic little dance.

PROMETHEUS

(to Icarus)

Hey honey, you got any sunscreen?

INT. LINCOLN TOWNCAR - DAY

The Naked Man sits in the back of the Lincoln wrapped in Prometheus's leather jacket and not much else. He is drinking water thirstily from a water bottle they've given him.

PROMETHEUS

So all you can remember is waking up this morning, naked, in the desert, and you don't know who you are?

NAKED MAN

Yeah, that's all I remember.

PROMETHEUS

That it?

NAKED MAN

I guess so.

Prometheus starts to laugh as Icarus looks out the window.

PROMETHEUS

That must've been some
pretty good acid, boy!

NAKED MAN

I don't do drugs!

ICARUS

How do you know?

NAKED MAN

I, I guess I don't.
You're right... I could
do anything.

He inspects his arms.

NAKED MAN

But see, no track marks.

PROMETHEUS

You don't shoot acid,
Jack.

ICARUS

Maybe he doesn't do
drugs.

Prometheus and Icarus share a little laugh.

NAKED MAN

(to himself)

Strange... I don't know
what I've done. What
mistakes I've made, what
I've accomplished.

PROMETHEUS

I'll tell you one thing
you accomplished.
Ending up in the Mojave
Desert on a hot fuckin'
day without a stitch of
clothing!

They all share a little laugh but the Naked Man keeps
getting philosophical.

NAKED MAN

But think about it, I

could be anything.

PROMETHEUS
You sure that's all you
remember?

NAKED MAN
What? Hmm, I think
so...

Prometheus keeps coaxing him to remember.

PROMETHEUS
You're positive that's
it?

ICARUS
Why d'you keep asking
him that?

PROMETHEUS
I read about amnesia.
It's caused by some
crisis or trauma the
person goes through, but
once it's past if you
keep jogging their
memory it gradually
starts to...

She doesn't even let him finish.

ICARUS
Sounds like some psycho-
babble straight outta
Ladies Home J..

Just then the Naked Man seems to have a revelation.

NAKED MAN
Wait a minute... I think
I remember something!

PROMETHEUS
See?! I knew it'd
work!!

The Naked Man begins to recount his tale, seeing it as
he speaks.

NAKED MAN

It's kinda fuzzy, but I remember a bright light, and a reflector, like on an operating table. And all these people crowded around me, only they weren't people... and I'm in surgery and oh god...

PROMETHEUS

Whaddaya mean they weren't people?

NAKED MAN

And it's painful and they're jabbing me with their instruments.

PROMETHEUS

Who's jabbing you?

ICARUS

Why don't you let him talk?

PROMETHEUS

I read you're supposed to ask questions.

We see quick shots of a sterile operating room with strange scalpels jabbing into the camera from the Naked Man's POV

NAKED MAN

And they just keep slicing and poking.

PROMETHEUS

The doctors?

NAKED MAN

They weren't doctors.

In the quick intercut shots the doctor's faces are obscured.

PROMETHEUS

They weren't people they
weren't doctors, what
were they lawyers?

NAKED MAN
They were aliens.

PROMETHEUS
Aliens?!

And then we see from the Naked Man's POV the face of
the doctors who indeed are Aliens!

NAKED MAN
I, I think so.

PROMETHEUS
Where'd they operate out
here, on a cactus?

ICARUS
Did you also read you're
supposed to tell bad
jokes?

NAKED MAN
No, in their ship.

PROMETHEUS
Their ship?

NAKED MAN
I know it sounds crazy,
but that's what I
remember.

For a moment they are all quiet, driving through the
desert.

PROMETHEUS
Okay, glad we
straightened that out.
Then you my friend are a
fuckin' nut!

NAKED MAN
No, I'm not. In fact
now I know who I am. I
got a wife, little
house. I live in

Lancaster. I sell
insurance.

PROMETHEUS
And yer a fuckin' nut
that was abducted by
aliens.

Icarus is getting annoyed with Prometheus's relentless
badgering.

ICARUS
Ease up, the guy's in
shock.

NAKED MAN
No it's okay. I know it
sounds crazy, listen
thanks. Maybe if you're
in Lancaster I can set
you up with a policy.

PROMETHEUS
Yeah, that'd be great.

NAKED MAN
Can you stop? I have to
pee.

PROMETHEUS
Sure thing, Jack.

The Naked Man laughs and shakes his head.

NAKED MAN
It's funny, that's my
name.

PROMETHEUS
What?

NAKED MAN
My name's Jack.

PROMETHEUS
No shit?

NAKED MAN
Jack Diamond, Diamond
Insurance.

ICARUS

See honey, I always told
you you were psychic.

Prometheus pulls over as the Naked Man gets out to
pee.

PROMETHEUS

Listen, Jack, don't piss
on my jacket!

EXT. DESERT ANT HILL - DAY

Back at the anthill: The warrior ant, the scorpion,
the black widow, and the salamander continue their
drama.

Suddenly the salamander slithers by the ant, slyly
nudging him closer to the black widow. The wicked
spider advances on the ant.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

As the Naked Man goes off to pee, Prometheus and
Icarus get out of the car and stretch their legs.

PROMETHEUS

Pretty good, huh? You
know, jogging his
memory.

ICARUS

Yeah, great. Could be a
whole new career for
you. So what do we do
with him?

PROMETHEUS

Drop him at the next
town, call his wife,
maybe buy him some
pants.

Just then the Naked Man starts screaming.

NAKED GUY

AAaah, aaaah!!!

PROMETHEUS

What's the problem over there?

NAKED GUY

Oh my god, oh my god.

Prometheus and Icarus hurry over.

PROMETHEUS

What?

NAKED GUY

Over there.

ICARUS

Where?

Prometheus has made it over to him first and looks around where he's pointing.

PROMETHEUS

I don't see anything, what?

NAKED MAN

Look closer, closer!

PROMETHEUS

I don't see a thing.

The Naked Man is almost hysterical.

NAKED MAN

Over there!!

PROMETHEUS

Calm down, Jack, it's nothing. You're still just shook up.

While Prometheus has rushed over to save the day, Icarus has stealthily slipped up behind Prometheus and pulled her gun.

NAKED MAN

You think so? Think that's it?

PROMETHEUS

Sure, sure, s'nothin'
here. You're just a
little out of it.

Icarus moves into place and braces herself, gun
leveled at Prometheus's head.

ICARUS
Don't move Prometheus,
I'll blow your fuckin'
head off.

Prometheus spins around to see Icarus with her gun
leveled at him.

PROMETHEUS
What the...

ICARUS
Touch yer gun, yer dead.

PROMETHEUS
What are you do...

ICARUS
Shut up and keep your
hands up!

Prometheus keeps his hands high and in his stupor,
freezes.

ICARUS
Now Jack, our naked
hitchhiker, is gonna
search you.

The Naked Man, **JACK**, searches Prometheus, taking the
gun he has tucked into his leather pants. Then Jack
backs up.

JACK
Okay Jack, take off your
clothes.

PROMETHEUS
Oh this is fuckin'
great!

Icarus and Jack keep their guns on Prometheus as he
slowly strips.

ICARUS

Who knows, maybe this
could be a new career
for you too.

Icarus and Jack share a laugh.

JACK

Tell you what, Jack, you
can keep your undies.

Jack puts on the clothes then levels his gun at
Prometheus.

Icarus pulls a set of handcuffs from her jacket and
comes over to cuff him.

ICARUS

Hands behind your back.

He grudgingly follows her orders.

ICARUS

Now get in the car.

They lead him to the back seat of the Lincoln where
they also handcuff his feet.

Then Jack gives Icarus a strong hug and a big wet
kiss.

JACK

Good work baby, now
where's the cash?

ICARUS

Not so fast loverboy,
you got my sister?

NAKED MAN

Sure, sure. Back at the
car.

ICARUS

Good, let's go.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

FLASHBACK

Icarus and Jack (the Naked Man) have apparently just

made love and are laying in bed smoking a joint.

The room is lit a diabolically seductive red and as the two conspire, Stevie Wonder's "Superstition" plays on the radio.

JACK

Sure it'll work?

ICARUS

Oh yeah.

JACK

What're we talking?

ICARUS

Hard to say, at least enough for five Ki's of smack.

JACK

That's a healthy chunk of change.

ICARUS

No shit.

JACK

You sure you'll get cash?

ICARUS

It's a buy. What else, food stamps?

JACK

Food stamps, you're funny. Even inside you always cracked me up.

ICARUS

Not much else to do in prison.

Jack takes a big hit off the joint and passes it to Icarus.

JACK

'Cept get high and fuck.

ICARUS

Not all of us ran the
place.

JACK

You did all right.

Icarus hits the joint hard, then considers.

ICARUS

Would've done better
with your badge.

JACK

Well, some're born
prisoners and some're
born guards.

ICARUS

That's a pretty fucked
up philosophy.

JACK

Just the way it is.

Through with the small talk, Icarus passes Jack the
joint.

ICARUS

So you in or what?

JACK

For the buy?

ICARUS

Yeah.

Jack takes his time answering.

JACK

Sure. Listen, let's
take the cash and buy a
house.

ICARUS

A house?

JACK

Stop all this scheming,
settle down...

Icarus snuggles up as Jack paints the picture

JACK
...make a few babies.

But for Icarus this might be too much!

ICARUS
Babies?!

JACK
You know, not right
away.

Temporarily appeased, Icarus leans back into the
snuggle

ICARUS
Hmmm, sounds tempting
but what about Momma?

JACK
Your Momma?

ICARUS
Yeah, my Momma!

JACK
She can live with us.

But now Icarus is really pissed off.

ICARUS
Bitch, if I don't spend
my cut on her operation
she won't be livin'
anywhere!

JACK
Oh right, just a
thought...

Her anger just won't quit

ICARUS
Jesus Jack, are you
gonna fuck things up
like you did in State?

JACK

Ouch, you're squishing
my dick.

ICARUS

I'm not fuckin' 'round,
loverboy. If you're in,
you best keep up your
end.

But Horny Jack just won't let the angry Icarus get the best of him. He puts down the joint and begins to make his sexy move.

JACK

Oh I'll keep it up baby,
don't you worry 'bout
that. Now gimme sugar.

Icarus and Jack put the crime to the side and get back to the business at hand.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - DAY

Jack drives the car as Icarus, gun out, keeps an eye on Prometheus. They are listening to the tail end of "Instruction CD #2".

VOICE ON CD

...the contents of each
case will remain a
mystery until the
exchange. Fulfill your
obligation you will be
rewarded accordingly.
Good luck!

Jack doesn't even pretend to hide how pissed he is.

JACK

This is fuckin' great,
you said you were sure
we had the money!

ICARUS

Just a slight change of
plan.

JACK

Slight change of plan?!
Now we got Russians!
Why don't we just take
the case and cut our
losses?

Jack is buggin' out, but Icarus remains cool and focused.

ICARUS

I want the cash, you
heard the tape. We
won't know 'til the
exchange.

Jack hedges, searching for the easy way out.

JACK

Look I know a guy used
to work S.W.A.T., worse
case scenario we end up
with five Ki's of smack.

ICARUS

No, I want that cash.

JACK

And maybe we've already
got it without risking a
shootout at the Russkie
Corral.

PROMETHEUS

What makes you clowns
think this deal is about
smack?

Jack whips around, quickly taking his anger out on their prisoner.

JACK

Hey who asked you,
Prometheus?

ICARUS

Yeah, shut up!

Prometheus smugly continues.

PROMETHEUS

Oh right, your associate
said it was smack.
Thought you don't
believe everything you
hear.

Jack and Icarus share a look of uncertainty.

ICARUS

Yeah, well what did your
brain surgeon from the
Aryan Nation say we were
buying, autographed
copies of Mein Kampf?

PROMETHEUS

Wasn't smack.

JACK

What was it?

Prometheus takes his time answering.

PROMETHEUS

I'd guess you two
lovebirds aren't
planning on sending me
to college, right?

ICARUS

Look Nazi, we're gonna
kill you. We can beat
the shit out of you
first or we can just
shoot you. Either way
you'll talk.

Not happy about this proclamation, Prometheus tries to
weasel out.

PROMETHEUS

Why d'ya hafta kill me?
I don't give a fuck
about this deal,
whatever happened to
honor among thieves?

JACK
Look kid, Nothing
personal. S'just part
of the plan.

Prometheus tries another angle.

PROMETHEUS
Plans change, people
change. It's a mixed up
crazy world. Anything
can happen...

Icarus grows tired of his nonsense.

ICARUS
What's in the case,
Prometheus?

JACK
C'mon kid, don't make
things messy.

Prometheus considers his options, then pussies out.

PROMETHEUS
I heard it was Nerve
Gas.

JACK
Nerve Gas?!

PROMETHEUS
That's what I heard.
Makes sense, you can buy
all sorts of crazy shit
from these Russians.

Jack is flummoxed as he turns to Icarus.

JACK
Whadda we do with Nerve
Gas?

Then Icarus swings round and rams the pistol in
Prometheus's face.

ICARUS
I thought you weren't a
Nazi you little fuck!

PROMETHEUS

I'm not!

ICARUS

Well what kind of Shit
would deal Nerve Gas?

PROMETHEUS

Heroin, Nerve Gas,
what's the diff? They
both kill people!

ICARUS

Now that's logic!

JACK

Okay, so whadda we gonna
do?

Icarus takes her time, considering their next move.

ICARUS

Well, we either have a
case of nerve gas that's
wired to blow or a case
of cash.

JACK

If the deal really is
for Nerve Gas then I'd
say we have cash.

ICARUS

Why?

JACK

Cause he's probably
right about Russians
selling anything.

ICARUS

And if he's not?

JACK

Whaddaya mean?

Icarus coolly sums up their predicament.

ICARUS

At this point I'd say we
don't know shit.
Period! Cash, Nerve
Gas, Russians, Smack,
briefcases wired to
blow. Who fuckin'
knows?