

KYLE

Holy shit, you fucker. You gave us speed?

MR. PATCH

Yeah, just a little to liven things up a bit. I wouldn't want you to get sleepy on me. We're in for a long night.

SHELLY

Kyle?

Kyle looks over at Shelly and sees she is delirious but now awake.

KYLE

Yeah Shelly, I'm here. Talk to me.

SHELLY

What the fuck is going on? I can't move my arms.

KYLE

Shelly look at me if you can.

Shelly makes a half assed attempt to look Kyle's way.

KYLE

Shelly we're in some shit girl. This fucking guy...

MR. PATCH

That's enough chit chat out of you two for the moment. We have more games to play.

SHELLY

Kyle what the fuck is going on? Who is this guy?

KYLE

I don't know.

MR. PATCH

Do you guys want a hint?

KYLE

Hint away.

MR. PATCH

Ok, but it's a hint that needs  
to be shown not told.

Mr. Patch gets his bag of tricks and starts rummaging through it, pulling out make-up and a couple of wigs. He starts to do a shitty job of dressing Kyle and Shelly up like clowns.

KYLE

No, you're not doing this because  
of that?

MR. PATCH

(Doing a jig and squeaking a horn)  
Am I funny now?

KYLE

Fuck man, we were stoned, ok!  
We just thought it was funny  
seeing a clown driving a car.

SHELLY

Kyle what the fuck are you talking  
about?

KYLE

The clown. The clown in the car  
before we ate at Bronco's.

SHELLY

What? You're that fucking guy?  
You're doing this because we  
laughed at you? Jesus Christ,  
grow a pair, you fucking pussy!

Mr. Patch takes a huge chug off of the liquor bottle he brought with him.

MR. PATCH

No, it's more than that. Initially,  
my anger only took over enough to  
follow you, maybe just beat your  
asses. But the more I watched

you assholes, the more I  
wanted to really make a point.

KYLE

What point is that?

MR. PATCH

To wake you stupid shits up.  
Couple dead beats if you ask  
me.

SHELLY

No, you're just fucking crazy  
and now you've finally snapped.

MR. PATCH

Maybe. Or maybe I can still reel  
it back in. Only time will tell.  
But we're wasting time.