

Bloodlet, Stew For The Murder Minded

Bad Boy 1: Give me a hand with this shit!

Bad Boy 2: Alright, let's do it. He's dead, aint he?

Bad Boy 1: Anybody see you?

Bad Boy 2: Eh... I don't know.

Bad Boy 1: Come on. Hurry up!

Bad Boy 2: Hey, I think I dropped something.

Bad Boy 1: Pick it up. Pick it up!

Bad Boy 3: Ready?

Bad Boy 2: Yeah, let's go!

Something, could be a body, is put in a trunk. Car doors slamming.

Someone: Yeah!

More car doors. Someone fumbling with keys.

Someone: Fuck ... [something] ... Dodge.

Car starts up.

Radio: [something] ... raining ... [something] ... facility.

A cassette is put in the stereo. Some kind of hip-hop?

Bad Boy 1: Do you know were we are going?

Bad Boy 2: No, I ... [something] ... mate [something] ... take to the left...

Bad Boy 3: Alright!

Bad Boy 2: Yeah!

Bad Boy 1: Take to the front here.

Bad Boy 3: Alright!

Bad Boy 2: Oh, shit!

Bad Boy 1: I told you ... [something] ... which [something] ... continue.

Bad Boy 2: Keep going!

Bad Boy 1: Turn by the street. I can't believe we beat that shit!

Bad Boy 2: He's gonna... he's gonna meet us outside, right? He's right up front.

Bad Boy 3: That's what he said.

Bad Boy 2: You.. you can drive...

Bad Boy 3: [something] ... shit. He said he could help us.

Bad Boy 2: What did your brother say?

Bad Boy 3: What?

Bad Boy 2: What did your brother say?

Bad Boy 3: [something]

Bad Boy 2: Take it right here.

Bad Boy 3: Yeah. Alright! See this turn up here?

Bad Boy 2: Yes.

Bad Boy 3: Alright. Take right... and then look friendly, no fuckin' bronco.

Bad Boy 2: I think I ... [something]

Bad Boy 3: No, ... [something]

Somebody: Fuck!

"Shoot the pig" guitars. Car keys again. Doors opening.