

Meds

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A man awakens and finds himself seated at a desk surrounded by drug paraphernalia, a distribution map, a set of keys, and three loaded revolvers: a Smith & Wesson 500, a Colt Peacemaker, and an Astra terminator. He's confused. None of it looks familiar. A single name scrolls across two accounting books: Servus Potenza. The suit he's wearing feels uncomfortable. As he attempts to move away from the wooden desk that he has slept upon, he finds his left wrist bound by handcuffs. Shaking the handcuff violently, he realizes that he's anchored to the desk and that his left wrist has suffered painful lacerations from the restraint. Bloody hit scene pictures to his right come into view as he quickly turns his head away, not wanting to absorb the horrid image into his soul.

A large muscular man wearing an old suit approaches with his right overturned hand carrying a tray containing a glass of water and a large white pill on it.

The tied man asks, "Why am I here?"

Setting the tray down on the desk, the muscular man replies, "I hate it when you're like this. Please take the pill."

With the chain restricting his movement, the tied man says, "Let me go, Servus."

The unknown muscular man shakes his head. "I'm only following orders, sir."

"You're an evil drug lord and murderer, Servus. What purpose does it serve to keep me here?" He tries to shake himself free, but it's useless. The heavy mahogany desk barely moves no matter how hard he yanks on it.

"Take the pill sir."

"No. I'm not taking it!"

Seemingly unaffected, the muscular man leaves the room and returns with two other muscle men. They approach with ill intent. The first man holds the tied man down; the second man opens his mouth and holds his nose; while the third puts the pill into his mouth and forces it down his gullet with water.

The tied man's head bounces backwards as the scene blurs from his view.

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Hours later the tied man awakens again. The first muscular man sleeps on a nearby couch under a newspaper blanket that rattles as he releases extended snores.

Then the tied man stands as his memories return. Everything comes into focus as the tied man uses the key set to open a desk drawer and selects the appropriate key to unlock his left wrist. He massages his left wrist, retrieves two cufflinks which he puts in place, walks over to a couch, and kicks the first muscular man awake.

“I don’t pay you to sleep, Sam. How did the operation go?” Sam rises from the couch as Servus moves back to behind his desk. It all feels right now.

“You fooled our rival gang. We got you out before they realized who you really were. What are your orders now, Mr. Potenza?”

Servus Potenza pulls out a cigar from his lapel, snips off its end, lights it, and takes a long drag before releasing a relaxing puff of smoke. It all feels right now, even the suit. Putting his feet up on the desk, and setting back into the chair, Servus Potenza says, “Sam, our enemies have invaded our territory.” He takes a big drag, blows out two rings, and adds, “Kill them. Kill them all.”

“But sir, kids peddle their stuff.”

Servus puts his feet back on the floor and rises. His eyes harden as he grimaces at Sam. “What ‘part of kill them all’ did you fail to comprehend?” Servus returns to sitting behind his desk and reviews his ledgers.

Sam shrugs and moves to the door. Before Sam exits, Servus adds, “Oh and one more thing Sam.” Sam pops his head back around the exiting door. “Don’t let my medication run out again!”