

Reservoir Dogs  
Recruiting Mr. White

[*Mr. White and Joe discuss a diamond heist*]

**Joe:** By the way, how's Alabama?

**Mr. White:** [*Drinking*] Alabama? I haven't seen Bama in over a year and a half.

**Joe:** But I thought you two were a team.

**Mr. White:** We were for a little while. Did about four jobs together, then decided to call it quits.

**Joe:** Why?

**Mr. White:** You push that woman-man thing too long and it gets to you after a while.

**Joe:** What's she doin' now?

**Mr. White:** She hooked up with Frank McGar. They've done a couple jobs together. Hell of a woman. Good little thief. So explain the telegram.

**Joe:** Five-man job. Bustin' in and bustin' out of a diamond wholesaler's.

**Mr. White:** Can you move the ice afterwards? I don't know nobody that can move ice.

**Joe:** No problem. We got guys waitin' for it. Hey, what happened to Marcellus Spivey? Didn't he always move your ice?

**Mr. White:** He's doin' 20 years in Susanville.

**Joe:** Twenty years? Holy God. What for?

**Mr. White:** Bad luck.

**Joe:** I guess you can say that again.

**Mr. White:** What's the exposure like?

**Joe:** Two minutes, tops. But it's a tough two minutes. Daylight, during business hours, dealing with a crowd. But you'll have the guys to deal with the crowd.

**Mr. White:** How many employees?

**Joe:** I'd say around 20. Security pretty lax. They most usually just deal in boxes. You know, uncut stones from the diamond syndicate. But on this particular day, they're getting a shipment of polished stones from Israel. They're like a way station, you know? They get picked up and sent to Vermont.

**Mr. White:** No, they're not. What's the cut, poppa?

**Joe:** Juicy, junior. Real juicy.

**END**