

RESERVOIR DOGS (THREE PERSON)

Mr. White_ Mr Pink_Mr Blonde

(Interior: Warehouse)

Mr. Pink: Look man, you do what you want. I'm outta here. I'm checking into a motel for a few days. I'll lay low and I'll call Joe.....shit. Did he fucking die on us? Huh? Is he dead or what?

Mr. White: He ain't dead.

Mr. Pink: What is it?

Mr. White: He just passed out.

Mr. Pink: Scared the shit out of me, I thought he was dead for sure.

Mr. White: Without medical attention he'll will die for sure.

Mr. Pink: What are we gonna do? We can't take him to a hospital.

Mr. White: Without medical attention, that man might not live through the night. The bullet in his belly is my fault. That might not mean jack shit to you, but it means a helluva lot to me.

Mr. Pink: Look staying here is crazy. We got to book up.

Mr. White: What do you suggest we do? Go to a hotel? We got a guy shot in the belly. He can't walk. He bleeds like a stuck pig. When he's awake he screams in pain.

Mr. Pink: You got an idea? Spit it out.

Mr. White: Joe could help him. If we can get in touch with Joe. Joe could get him to a Doctor. Joe could get a Doctor to come and see him.

Mr. Pink: Assuming we can still trust Joe, how are we supposed to get in touch with him? He's supposed to be here, but he ain't. Which is making me very nervous about being here. Even if Joe's on the up and up, I don't think he's going to be too happy with us, ok? He planned a robbery. Now, he's got a blood bath on his hands. He's got dead cops, dead robbers, dead civilians. Jesus Christ, I tend to doubt he's going to have a lot of sympathy for our plight. If I was him, I'd try to put as much distance between me and this mess as humanly possible.

Mr. White: Before you got here, Mr. Orange was asking me to take him to a Doctor. To a hospital. Now, I don't like the idea of turning him over to the cops, but if we don't, he's going to die. He begged me to do it.

Mr. Pink: Well. All right. We take him to the hospital. If that's what he said, let's do it. Since he don't know nothing about us, it's his decision.

Mr. White: Well, he knows a little about me.

Mr. Pink: What? Wait..wait...you didn't tell him your name did you?

Mr. White: I told him my first name. And where I was from.

Mr. Pink: Why?

Mr. White: I told him where I was from a few days ago. It was just a natural conversation.

Mr. Pink: What was telling him your name, when you weren't supposed to?

Mr. White: He asked. We had just gotten away from the cops. He just got shot. It was my fault he got shot. He's a fucking bloody mess. He's screaming. I swear to God, I thought he was going to die, right then and there. I'm trying to comfort him. Telling him not to worry, everything is going to be ok, I'm going to take care of

him. And he asked me what my name was. I mean, the man was dying in my arms. What the fuck was I supposed to do, tell him I'm sorry, I can't give out that fucking information! It's against the rules! I don't trust you enough! Well, maybe I should've, but I couldn't. Fuck you, and Fuck Joe!

Mr. Pink: I'm sure it was a very beautiful scene.

Mr. White: Don't fucking patronize me!

Mr. Pink: I have a question for you? Do they have a sheet on you, where you're from?

Mr. White: Yeah!

Mr. Pink: Well, that's that, man. I mean Jesus Christ I was worried about mug shot possibilities as it was, now he knows **A)** Your Name, **B)** What you look like, **C)** Where you're from, and **D)** What your specialty is. They won't have to show him too many pictures to pick you out. I mean that's it right? You didn't tell him anything else so they can narrow down the selection.

Mr. White: If I have to tell you again to back off, you and me are gonna go round to round.

Mr. Pink: We ain't taking him to a hospital.

Mr. White: If we don't he's gonna die.

Mr. Pink: I'm sad about that. Some fellas are lucky and some ain't. *(White grabs Pink by his jacket)* What are you touching me for man? *(White punches Pink square to face, dropping Pink to the floor. White begins kicking Pink while he's on the floor, finally Pink pulls his gun out)* You want to fuck with me? I will show

you who you're fucking with! (*White draws his gun too. Pink on floor with gun pointed at White. White standing, with gun pointed at Pink*)

Mr. White: You want to shoot me, you little piece of shit? Go ahead take a shot.

Mr. Pink: Fuck you, White. I didn't create this situation. I'm dealing with it. You're acting like a first-year thief. I'm acting like a professional. If they get him, they can get to you, then they get closer to me and that can't happen. You're looking at me, like it's my fault. I didn't tell him my name, or where I was from! Shit, 15 minutes ago, you almost told me your name. We're in a situation that you created. If you want to throw bad looks somewhere, throw them at a mirror.

(SUDDENLY MR BLONDE APPEARS, DRINKING A SODA WITH A STRAW)

Mr. Blonde: You kids shouldn't play so rough. Somebody's gonna start crying.

Mr. Pink: Mr. Blonde? (*Pink slowly rises to his feet, holding his ribs*) Shit, fucking kicking me. (*To Blonde*) What happened to you? I figured you were dead. (*No Answer from Blonde, long pause*) Hey! You ok? Did you see what happened to Blue? We didn't know what happened to you and Blue. That's what we were wondering about, Cmon? Look Brown is dead, Orange got it in the belly...

Mr. White: Enough! Enough! You better start talking asshole! Cause we got shit we need to talk about. We're already freaked out. We need you acting like a fucking freak, like we need a fucking bag on our hip.

Mr. Blonde: Ok. Let's talk.

Mr. White: We got a rat in the house.

Mr. Pink: I guarantee we got a rat in the house.

Mr. Blonde: What makes you say that?

Mr. White: Is that supposed to be funny?

Mr. Pink: Look, we think his place aint safe.

Mr. White: This place isn't secure anymore. We're leaving. You should go with us.

Mr. Blonde: Nobody's going anywhere.

Mr. White: Piss on this fucking turd. We're out of here.

Mr. Blonde: Don't take another step, Mr. White.

Mr. White: Fuck you maniac!! *(Pulls Gun on Blonde, then lowers it)* It's your fault we're in this trouble.

Mr. Blonde: What's this guy's problem?

Mr. White: What's my problem? Yeah, I got problem. I got a big fucking problem! A trigger-happy madman almost gets me shot!

Mr. Blonde: What the fuck you talking about?

Mr. White: That fucking shooting spree! In the store, remember?!

Mr. Blonde: Ah, fuck 'em. They set off the alarm. They deserve what they got.

Mr. White: You almost killed me! Asshole! If I'd knew what kind of guy you were, I never would've agreed to work with you.

Mr. Blonde: Are you going to bark all day, little doggie, or are you going to bite?

Mr. White: What was that? I'm sorry, I didn't catch it. Would you repeat it?

Mr. Blonde: I said, are you going to bark all day, little doggie, (*Tosses empty soda cup*) or are you going to bite?

(White charges Blonde. Pink gets in between them)

Mr. Pink: Look, assholes, calm the fuck down! Come on, back off...what are we on a playground here?! Am I the only professional? (*Pause*) Look, I know I'm no piece of shit, and I'm pretty sure you're ok. (*To Blonde*) And I'm fucking positive that you're on the level. Let's try and figure out who the bad guy is, all right?

Mr. Blonde: Wow. (*laughs*) That was really exciting. I bet you're a big Lee Marvin, fan huh? (*White laughs*) Me, too. I love that guy. Man, my hearts beating so fast. I'm about to have a heart attack here.

END