

A HISTORY OF VIOLENCE

(Joey stands in a fancy room, in his brother Richie's palatial home. Joey waits. The two have not seen one another in over 20 years. Finally, Richie enters.)

JOEY

How ya doing, Richie?

RICHIE

(They hug, even though there's tension, they ARE still brothers) It's been a long, long time, broheim.

JOEY

Yeah.

RICHIE

(Fixes himself a scotch) You want anything?

JOEY

Nah.

RICHIE

So you like that farm life? Milking cows and shit?

JOEY

I don't have a farm.

RICHIE

No? Fogarty thought you lived on some kind of farm. He said he could smell pig. How that old fuck would know what a pig smells like, I don't know, but that's what he said. *(Pause. Continues to drink scotch)* You like being married?

JOEY

What?

RICHIE

Do you like being married? Does it work for you? I can't see it working for me. I never felt the urge, you know? A lot of great looking women in the world. Never met one that made me want to give up all the rest. Sure, you can fool around, but it's so much work, keeping it quiet. It's not worth the effort. I don't see the upside. You see the upside, Joey?

JOEY

Yeah, Richie. I do. I do, now.

RICHIE

I'm pretty pissed at you, broheim. You could have called. You could have dropped a postcard in the mail. We're brothers. Whatcha think would have happened?

JOEY

I thought that business would come first.

RICHIE

Well, yeah. YEAH. I know, I know. What am I gonna do? You bust up a made man's place. You killed some of his guys. You take his eye? Jesus, Joey. You took his eye. Barbed wire, was it? That's disgusting. You always were the crazy one.

JOEY

Not anymore.

RICHIE

Yeah, I heard. You're living the American Dream. You really bought into it, didn't ya? You've been this other guy, almost as long as you've been yourself! Hey. When you dream, are you still Joey?

JOEY

Joey has been dead a long time.

RICHIE

And yet, here you sit. Big as life. You know, you cost me a lot of time and money. Before you pulled that shit with Fogarty, I was a shoe-in to take over when the boss croaked, a shoe-in. It was made very clear to me, that I had to clean up your mess, or nothing was ever going to

happen for me. You have no idea how much shit I had to pull, to get back in with those guys. You cost me! A helluva lot Joey, a helluva lot.

JOEY

(Gesturing to Richie's fancy home) It looks like you're doing alright over here.

RICHIE

I am...I am.....But, I'm still behind the eight-ball. Because of you. There's a certain lack of respect, a certain lack of trust. The boys in Boston are just waiting for me to go down. *(PAUSE)* You always were a problem for me Joey. When Mom brought you home from the hospital, I tried to strangle you in your crib. I guess all kids try and do that. She caught me. Whacked the daylights out of me.

JOEY

I've heard that story.

RICHIE

Well, what do you think? Better late than never?

JOEY

Richie, I'm here to make peace. Tell me what I have to do to make things right?

RICHIE

You could do something, I guess. You could die, Joey.

END