Killing Them Softly
JACKIE and FRANKIE (BAR SCENE)

[Jackie walks into bar. Frankie is already there, drinking a beer]

Jackie: Gimme a Bud. (nothing from Bartender. Jackie repeats calmly and in control) I said, gimme a Bud. (Bartender puts Bud on bar)

Frankie: He always does that. Never listens.

Jackie: Pain in the ass. I wouldn’t come in here, if I knew I had to go through shit like that.

Frankie: Shit, I would. (Indicates the bartender) This guy, I don’t know how he does it. He must have the hottest looking girls in town working for him. (indicates the hot staff) I come in here every day.

Jackie: I know.

Frankie: (Taken a back) I’ve never seen you in here before. (pause) Look, I don’t know you.

Jackie: Very few guys know me. I’ve never been here before in my life. (Pause) I was looking for you. A guy told me, you come in here a lot around this time of the day, so I came in.

Frankie: (Starting to get afraid, but trying to keep it together) Who’s the guy?


Frankie: Who’s the friend?

Jackie: A friend. Your friends are worried about you, Frankie. (Frankie picks up that he knows him by his name) They think you need somebody around who knows about things, advise you, teach you how to cover your ass.

Frankie: Yeah. (understands)

Jackie: So, where’s he gonna be tomorrow night?

Frankie: (pause) I…I don’t know.
Jackie: Frank. You got to keep in mind what I told you. Your friends are worried about you. It’s your friends that want to see you get a second chance, you know what I mean. And it’s your friends that wanna know where the Squirrel’s gonna be.

Frankie: Yeah, well, I don’t know who the fuck you are.

Jackie: Very few guys do. (pause) Well, Dillon, maybe. Yeah, Dillon knows me. Yeah. (When Frankie hears the name Dillon, he knows this is real, and his life might be over) You want me to call Dillon for you, so you can talk to Dillon, and see who I am? (Jackie gently places his cell phone on bar)

Frankie: (Starts to break down) No.

Jackie: Ok, then, where’s he gonna be?

Frankie: I have no idea. (Stand off. Frankie holds his ground)

Jackie: (After a bit, matter of fact) Ok. (Takes one more swig of his beer, leaves money on the bar) See you around, Frankie, my friend. (Jackie starts to leave)

Frankie: No, no, hey, wait, wait a minute.

Jackie: Fuck you. I don’t get paid to wait. You tell me you don’t know, Ok. I accept that. But I got something to do. I got to find a guy who does know.

Frankie: Where John’s gonna be tomorrow night?

Jackie: Yeah. (Jackie crosses back in) But, there’s something else now, I guess…(menacingly, and in a whisper) …like where you’re gonna be the day after. (Frankie is petrified, he knows it’s either his life or John’s) Except you’re in a position very few guys ever get in. You can do something about it. You have choices. I’ve known very few guys in a position like that. (Very long pause) Kid, I hope you don’t think I’m shitting you. (Frankie still can’t give up John) Kid, I hate to see you go like this. And you’re going for fucking nothing

Frankie: Jesus, look, I….I can’t do this, like…..
Jackie: Let me ask you something. You think about this. You think, if I was to go down to the Squirrel and see him there now, and I was to say, “Squirrel, it’s you or Frankie, who’s it gonna be?” You think he’d even think twice about it? You think he would?

Frankie: I…I. I don’t know.

Jackie: Asshole. *(Slaps him, Slaps him again..not super hard. Just to make Frankie wake the fuck up)* Fucking Asshole. *(Jackie goes to leave again)* It’s no wonder you did time.

Frankie: Look. I…

Jackie: I don’t have to look. I know what’s going on. I know what I gotta do. I gotta find the right guy. Now, make the pick, kid, and make it now. I’m gonna do you a favor. I’m not going to do you a favor. It doesn’t matter to me.

Frankie: Just let me think.

Jackie: No, no thinking. Go or No Go, right now. I gotta get going.

Frankie: Fucking Jesus. Look, I don’t know if I can do this, you know?

Jackie: Can you do the other thing? *(Meaning are you willing to die)*

Frankie: *(trying not to break down, finally…) No.*

Jackie: Ok. So I guess you know then. That’s the selection. *(Touches Frankie’s face, almost lovingly)*

Frankie: Alright….so what….what do I got to do?

Jackie: You gotta find out where Johnny’s gonna be.

Frankie: I already know.

Jackie: Yeah?

Frankie: He’s got a girl. You know, he told me that before.

Jackie: Ok, and where you gonna be?
Frankie: I… I told him I’d be home. I’d be home.

Jackie: No, you’re not.

Frankie: I’m not.

Jackie: No.

Frankie: Why not?

Jackie: You’re gonna be with me, and we’re gonna be where he’s gonna be.

Frankie: Jesus, look, I can’t do that. Look, if he sees me, it’s all over. He’s gonna know something’s wrong. I… I… I can’t do that.

Jackie: Ok, Ok. So, you made the other choice then, I guess?

Frankie: I really got to do that? All of it? I got to be there and everything?

Jackie: Frank, you made a mistake. Now you gotta show you understand you made a mistake. And you gotta make things right. Understand? (Jackie exits)