

**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?

**Jackie:** The guy? A friend. A friend of yours, actually.

**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*)