

Frank

Jack, we just passed the car, Jack! Where the hell are you going? You gonna talk to me, or is this Jack's famous silent act? Oh look, it was for publicity, you understand? Publici- Publicity!

Jack

What are you, a fuckin' moron? It's three o'clock in the morning, who's watching? Paper boys?

Frank

I didn't know when we were gonna be on until yesterday.

Jack

Basketballs, Frank.

Frank

Ok.

Jack

You had us playing for basketballs.

Frank

I'm sorry, I should have checked it out. I screwed up, but that doesn't mean you walk out in the middle of a gig!

Jack

What?

Frank

It wasn't professional Jack.

Jack

What's happened to you? You've been kissing ass for so long you're starting to like it? You let that guy turn us into clowns tonight! We were always small time, but we were never clowns. What's happened to your dignity?

Frank

Dignity? Who the hell are you to talk about dignity? (*Frank grabs bottle of whisky from Jack's pocket*) Is this where you get your dignity? Jack, Huh? Where you get your courage now? Let's do it straight for once! I want to explain something to you little brother. See there are people in this world who depend on me. I got a wife and two kids who expect to wake up every morning with food on the table and heat in the house. I got a mortgage, I got car payments, and oh yeah, I got you, my little brother Jack. He's so hip, so cool, so fuckin' sure he's better than everyone else. Don't you think I'd like to walk up to one of these assholes and blow smoke in his face? You're goddamn right I would! But I can't. I have to be responsible, little brother, I have to make sure the numbers balance out in my favor at the end of each month, so everyone else can go on living their lives! You don't win medals for it, but you can be damn sure you'd all take notice if I folded up shop, so don't talk to me about dignity little brother, you're drawing on a weak hand! (*Jack walks away*) Oh, terrific, walk away, you're good at that Jack. You never could commit to anything, even a conversation!

Jack

Was that what that was? That felt like a speech to me. Next time, save it for the P.T.A.

Frank

You just had to do it, didn't you Jack? You just couldn't keep your cock in your pocket!

Jack

Hey – who I fuck, and who I don't fuck, is none of your fuckin' business, you got that?

Frank

It is when it effects my business!

Jack

Your business?

Frank

Yeah.

Jack

YOUR business?

Frank

Yeah!

Jack

Your business exists because of me.

Frank

YOU?! (*laughs*) I make the calendar, I pay the expenses, Christ! I even make sure your shoes are shined! What do you do? You show up for a couple of hours a night and smoke cigarettes!

Jack

Frank, if somebody requested chopsticks, you'd ask for the sheet music!

Frank

If it wasn't for me, little brother, you'd be playing for dimes out of the back of a truck..

Jack

Yeah, you're a real pro, Frank. You're doing such a bang up job a few minutes ago, you had them paying us not to play! That's fucking genius! (*Frank shoves Jack*) C'mon, what're you doing (*Frank continues to push him*) What the fuck are you doing? (*they continue to wrestle*).

Frank

(*during fight*)

Jack! Jack! Jack! No Jack, not that Jack, Jack my hand! My hand! Jack!

Jack

(*exiting*)

I'm through with it, I can't do it anymore.