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Mad Dog and Glory

By Richard Price

- Yo, fellas, what's up?
- Same old, same old.
I got eight balls, I got redi-rocks,
I got jumbos.
- Shit, I even got starter kits.
- Jumbos. Two 20s.
Two 20s be 40.
Can you break this?
I ain't no cash machine.
You laughing at me?
Naw, brother,
I'm just sayin'...
You laugh at this?
Yo, wait. Wait!
Get the shit.
Get the roll.
Motherfucker's so dead.
Dead all over.
Oh, yeah?
You dead too.
I tell ya, Grandpa...
this lot was full of used cars
this afternoon.
Crime scenes. Detective Pavletz.
How ya doin', Sarge?
Hold on.
Okay.
Black male.
DOA.
In car.
Intersection.
Hubbard...
and Leavitt.
Apparent gunshot victim.
What's apparent, Sarge?
Huge...
fuckin' bullet holes...
in head...
and chest.
Good enough.
All right.
Yo, Mad Dog, you're up.
Ass end of the south side, right?
No, you got a male dead man

in the 14th district. You'll find it.
Indoors or outdoors?
In a car.
- Yo, Mike, you're up.
- Five more minutes, Ma.
Hey, Mad Dog, you know
what I want for Christmas?
Sixteen vestal virgins.
Fix your collar.
That head-in-the-garbage-can
job last night?
I told the coroner,
"Just bring a bowling ball bag."
Mad Dog, I tell you this too,
'cause your partner here is brain dead.
Pick me up some Twinkies.
There should be a little mini-mart open
a couple of blocks from the scene.
Twinkies? It's 2:00 in the morning,
you fat fuck.
Twinkies. And get a banana
for your monkey here.
A green one.
Hey, Mad Dog.
Just your basic
dead shit skin.
Nobody's been in the car, right?
Everything's nice and cherry?
Hey, absolutely.
Yo!
Brother...
you fucked up.
The doer might be in the crowd.
Think you can get me a group portrait?
Yeah.
Let's do the street.
From the direction
of the blood on the window...
I'd say your victim
got whacked here...
and your shooter was sitting
in the front passenger seat there.
You got a lot of blood
in the doorwell...

so the door had to be open
at the time.
Maybe he slipped in
for a quick sale...
and the deal went sour
or it was rip-off time and ba-boom.
You see that scorch mark
over the temple there?
Yeah.
The muzzle couldn't have been
more than two, three inches away.
But you see this?
Your blow-back shot a good two feet.
So your shooter's arm's
gotta be covered with blood.
I can tell you more
when we pull him out.
- This blow-back too?
- Where?
Over there on the window.
No, there's no blood on the headrest.
Blow-back don't leap over things.
That's somebody else.
We got a crowbar somewheres?
Hey, it's a doubleheader.
I'll be right back.
You're killing him, Mad Dog.
Get him some melba toast.
Mike, do me a favor.
My name's Wayne.
That old black magic
has me in its spell
That old black magic
that you weave so well
Those icy fingers
up and down my spine
That same old witchcraft
when your eyes meet mine
- You got any Twinkies?
- No.
How about melba toast?
What the hell's melba toast, right?
What's that?
A dollar.

A dollar?
What is this, a hotel lobby?
Fifty cents.
Jesus, don't shoot him. Please.
Let me tell you, there's a crime scene
right down the block.
You shoot, they'll hear.
Please, you want the money?
Just take it. Go out the back.
Did you take it yet?
- Jesus Christ.
- Shut up.
You want the money?
You smoke?
What do you smoke?
Take some cartons here.
- Would you like some candy?
- Do you like candy?
Why don't you give him
a fucking back rub while you're at it?
I said shut up!
Please, go out the back.
You gotta go quiet.
You can make it.
You gotta go now, though.
Call him a cab.
Get the fuck up.
Please.
Do you like Rice-A-Roni?
How about a nice Diet Sprite?
They'll hear it.
They're right down the block.
You fucker!
You all right?
Fuck off.
Call 911.
Say "police officer needs assistance."
You're a cop?
Just do it.
Tell 'em where your store is.
This ain't my store.
It's his store.
Just do it.
Down and down I go

round and round I go
In a spin
lovin'the spin I'm in
That old black magic
called love
Jesus.
- You okay?
- Yeah.
What's up?
Thanks, Wayne.
Do you want
a cup of coffee or something?
Naw, I'll go through the roof.
How about a shot of something?
It'll help you sleep.
I better just flop.
Well, sweet dreams.
Yeah, thanks.
You too.
Old black magic
has me in its spell
Old black magic
that you weave so well
Those icy fingers
up and down my spine
The same old witchcraft
when your eyes meet mine
That's the first time
I've pulled out my gun in 15 years.
I pissed on myself.
You know why?
Because you're a sensitive,
intelligent individual
You ever piss on yourself?
I would've walked in there and drilled
the red-eyed little bastard...
but that's just the way I am.
But if I ever had
an intelligent thought...
it would die of loneliness.
It all evens out.
You know what I mean?
Let me tell you something.
Next time that happens,

you're that scared...
the best thing is sex.
You're all adrenalized.
You'll go off like a rocket.
Just give me a break, will you?
If I was you last night,
I would have been on the horn...
with every broad I knew
who wasn't related to me by blood.
Wayne, on me.
Just a pinch in here.
Thanks, Tom.
They get the guy?
They know who he is.
He ain't going nowhere. They never do.
They know who he is.
He ain't going nowhere. They never do.
Now here's a guy
with one abiding principle in his life.
To always refuse to testify...
on the grounds that it may
tend to incriminate him.
Jesus.
Chivas and milk.
Put that on my tab, Tommy.
You ready? Let's go.
No, I'm off tonight.
You got somethin' on?
Naw, I just...
I'll play it by ear.
That was balls up
what you did last night.
Don't kid yourself.
Thanks, Tom.
I'll call you later.
Are you Wayne?
Who are you?
Harold.
I was over to your apartment.
You weren't there.
I work for my boss...
and he asked me to find you
to invite you to this thing tonight.
It's free with this.

The Comic-Cazie Club.
You also get a free drink.
Who's your boss?
He said not to say...
but that you know him,
and he'd really like to talk to you.
Don't worry,
it's not a bad thing.
It's a good thing.
Who is he, Harold?
It don't start

till about 10:

but I can come by later
and pick you up if you want.
No, thanks. I'll pass.
That other cop?
Your friend?
He's very sarcastic.
Hold it.
Don't move.
Don't even breathe.
Call it in, Fredo.
Now, Fredo.
Nice place, huh?
Give him a coffee and cognac.
Comin' up.
Show her your comp.
- Decaf, please.
- Right.
Who's your boss?
That's decaf, right?
I'm sorry.
Can't you use
a clean napkin or something?
- Okay?
- No problem.
Take it with you.
You're wastin' time.
You notice that all nightclub singers
do this when they come out?
They'll give you
this move, right?
Everything's gonna be okay

As soon as I get my neck fixed
Now, from Melrose Park...
the land of razor-cut hair...
I.D. Bracelets,
and velour car interiors.
The comedy stylings of Frank Milo,
ladies and gentlemen. Dig it.
Yo, Frankie!
Cosa nostra.
Our thing.
Our thing, my ass.
Cosa nostra is Italian...
for "cheap bastards."
The only thing cheaper
than a hood is a cop.
Cops. Forget about it.
They squeeze the nickel
till the buffalo shits.
Cosa nostra babies.
Other babies, they're born...
they cry, they go,
"Waaaa-waaaa."
Our kids, they cry,
they go...
"Wha?"
My friend Angie.
Angie's father was
on his deathbed.
He calls his sons
to him and says...
"Put a hundred in my coffin.
Each of you."
In case, you know,
you can take it with you.
The guy dies.
Angie's two brothers...
put in their yardage.
Angie...
drops in a check for 300
and takes out the cash.
That fuckin' Angie.
When did Angie's father die?
There he is.
Hey, they takin' care

of you tonight?
Yeah, thanks.
Don't let 'em
schlong you on tips.
I told my therapist about you...
about what happened...
and she said that I was
a real suicidal asshole...
and that, in fact,
I was probably very scared...
and was just resorting to macho bullshit
like I'm programmed to.
And that what you did...
was very brave
and compassionate...
and that I should both
apologize to you and thank you.
Hey, Frank...
isn't that Phil Donahue?
Put the magazine down
before you hurt yourself.
Okay, Harold?
So, are you married?
No.
Not personally, no.
Me neither.
Are you really connected?
I know guys.
Guys know me.
I put money on the street, people know
to pay me back on time as a rule.
They call me
"Frank The Money Store."
You hear of me?
No.
I suppose that's good.
Although my therapist says I crave
recognition more than accomplishment.
Maybe that's why I do stand-up.
What the hell?
I own the club.
What do you think of my act?
I heard two Buddy Hackett jokes,
a Pat Cooper, and a half a Lenny Bruce.

Another thing,
you know...
I was watching you
and it's all shooting out at people.
Sometimes you should aim in.
Make a joke at your own expense.
Otherwise it looks,
kind of like...
It comes off kind of hostile,
you know what I mean?
That's Phil fuckin' Donahue.
All right, let the body heat
coming up through your hand...
warm up the cognac.
Give it a little swirl.
Take a little sniff.
Nice, right?
Okay, take a sip,
but hold it.
Don't gulp it.
Just let it leak
back down your throat.
- I know how to drink cognac.
- Okay.
Hello. Not now.
Cheers.
My wife?
She thinks fucking and cooking
are two cities in China.
I thought you said
you weren't married.
Where'd you hear that?
I just made that up.
- Bullshit.
- Go ahead. Use it.
Don't ever,
ever fuck with me.
Don't ever lie to me...
disrespect me,
underestimate me.
If you do, your life
becomes a raging sea.
But come to me like a man...
come to me eyes open,

head up, hand out...
then I become more than a friend,
more than a shoulder.
I become the expediter
of your dreams.
That's beautiful.
Get the hell in the car, Wayne.
What if it rains?
I wish I was a handsome man.
What?
I wish I was brave.
I wish I was...
I wish I had real...
real guts.
You wish you were
a brave, handsome man?
No offense, but that sounds
a little immature.
Shit, I wish a lot of things,
but I...
You don't know.
Nobody... You don't know.
You don't always talk
to other guys like this, do you?
What'd I say?
- Nothin'.
- What'd I say?
Nothin'.
You're really good, man.
You know, I wish
I was a real photographer.
Not just like a...
I don't mean
police work or weddings.
- I mean...
- You mean like an artist.
You know, I get this feeling
me and you...
We both wanna be someplace else.
You know what I mean?
Not me.
Okay.
Not you.
This guy

looks like William Holden.
One time I went down to see
this group show with photographers...
and I hit it off
with this lady in the show.
I met all her friends
in the lofts and all.
Then I showed her my stuff...
and this guy says to me...
"What do you think
about being an artist?"
I said, "Yeah, sure,
but the only thing is...
there's no pension, no security,
no major medical."
Nobody laughed.
But as soon as I said that,
know what I thought?
I'm just a cop.
I'm like a real civil servant.
That's the way I think.
I think like a civil servant.
But these people...
They're artists.
They're special.
They take chances.
Chances.
You're a fuckin' policeman.
What kind of chances
you think they're takin'?
That the goddamn sushi
might be tainted?
Naw, look, it's different.
Either you understand
what I'm saying, or you don't.
Hey, are you mad at me?
I'm on your side.
No, look.
Even she said it.
My stuff comes out of the job.
The job is the truth of it.
The all of it.
I don't create stuff.
I find stuff.

Anyway, she was
pretty nice about it.
A nice person.
I liked her.
She was nice.
She sounds like a bitch.
Hey, Frank.
Bobby Gee.
Yeah, so I noticed.
He looks good.
If you know what I mean.
I'm gonna go home.
Wait a second.
My wife?
They should cross her...
with a MacIntosh PC.
Get a computer...
that never goes down.
This is good.
That's a nasty burn.
I'll have somebody
come over and take care of that.
It doesn't even hurt.
Hey, the shooter?
I know who he is.
The net's closing.
The net's closing?
I like that.
"The net's closing."
The expediter
of your dreams, pal.
No, not me, brother.
I'm flush.
You're flush?
The net's closing?
- Hi?
- Yeah.
Hi.
My name is Glory.
I'm the one who spilled the coffee
on you last night.
- Oh, yeah. The bartender.
- Yeah.
Frank told me to come by...

and take care of your hand.
Frank from last night?
He told you to do that?
Can I...
Your hand?
Thanks.
This is really stupid, I know.
Whatever.
Thanks.
Frank wanted me to stay.
Here.
Make sure it heals properly.
Change the bandage and all?
Whatever. I'll run down,
get more ointment.
Yeah, well, how long did...
Frank...
How long did Frank
imagine this would be?
A week.
Frank said a week.
Look, it's not what you think.
It's not a sex thing.
Jesus.
Just let me sit down.
Please?
How's the coffee?
It's so rich,
I can't believe it's instant.
How's your hand?
Great.
You know I'm a cop, right?
So I've been told.
Yeah, well, anyways...
I have to go to work now.
So, I'll stay here?
Well, this is my house, so...
I'm not gonna steal anything.
What's Frank's phone number?
Talk to me
before you talk to Frank, okay?
You saved his life.
He wants me
to be your friend for a week.

That's all. I swear.
I'm like a thank-you present.
I'm like...
a seven-day singing telegram.
Like those people that come to your door
in a gorilla suit with balloons.
Okay, okay.
Stop, stop, stop.
Look, I gotta get outta here.
I work straight through the night.

I come back 6:

No problem.
- There's a TV.
- Great. Thanks.
Refrigerator's in the kitchen.
And outside is downstairs.
Yeah, if you have a key.
I'm really sorry about this.
We'll straighten everything out
when I come back.
Absolutely.
Jimmy, come take a look at this.
The net of justice closes in.
Oh, Jesus.
That's my shooter.
That was your fault, baby.
My fault?
Why is it my fault?
Because you are really
into pressing that red button.
- No, I'm not.
- You like that shit, huh?
No, I'm trying to make you
something nice.
Make me something nice?
I'm sorry, okay?
Sorry goddamn don't get it.
Sorry is for shits!
Sorry is what
that fuckin' meal is!
I would have cleaned the place for you,
but I couldn't find any dirt.
Okay, it's time to go.

Come on, get up.

Why? Hey!

Why? Because you people

got me surrounded. That's why.

- So here's your bag. Let's go.

- What are you talking about?

Frank maybe killed somebody last night,
and I don't know who you are.

If Frank was involved in something,
Frank's not involved.

Frank's never involved.

He's a million miles away.

Let me tell you about involved.

I buddy up with a guy one night,
he maybe kills somebody the next night.

It comes out I got drunk with
the shooter, and his girl's in my house.

Let me tell ya,
that is involved.

I swear to God, I don't know
what you're talking about.

Whatever. Good-bye, good-bye.

Let's go. Come on.

You don't understand.

There's a penalty system here.

- Penalty system for who? Me?

- No, for me.

You send me back,

I'll be in to him forever.

Why? You owe him?

I don't know what happened
with last night.

I swear to God, I don't get involved
with Frank's mess. I really don't.

- But you owe him?

- It's complicated.

Complicated like how?

Talk to me.

This is my house.

Complicated like how?

"There's a cash-flow problem.

I'll take it in trade."

Did you ever hear him say that?

My brother had the cash-flow problem,

and I'm the trade.
I do whatever Frank wants
until he says my brother's in the clear.
What do you mean, you do
whatever Frank wants? Like what?
He said to be
your friend for a week.
You saved his life.
That's all I know.
You send me back,
he's gonna tell me I screwed up...
add another two months,
six months.
With Frank, you can't argue.
You can't fight.
You can't hide.
So can you help me out here?
Can I stay?
What are you banging
on my door for?
You're making a lot of noise.
What's going on?
- Who are you, a sheriff? Fuck off.
- I wanna see Lee.
Are you okay?
- I'll snap it off at the ankle.
- It's okay.
Move your foot, shit bird.
Hey, I'm a police officer.
Wayne, we were just arguing in here.
Everything's okay.
- You're a police officer? Really?
- Yeah.
Well, guess what?
I'm on to you.
What can you do, you know?
At least you gave it a shot.
Yeah, well, whatever.
Do you want me
to make you some tea?
No, thanks.
Frank...
it's going great, yeah.
Frank, I swear.

We haven't stopped laughing
since I came in the door.
He's tickled pink.
No, he can't come
to the phone right now. He's out.
At work.
That's none of your business.
I have to...
I'll call you back.
I gotta go.
The phone's ringing.
The other phone.
Hi. Did I wake you?
No. I mean...
No.
So you gave walking tours
in school, huh?
What'd you study?
History? Real estate?
Acting.
Like everybody and his cousin.
I gave walking tours
to make the rent some...
but then I got into tending bar
because it paid better.
Open up my days
for more classes, auditions.
You ask a bartender
or a waiter around here...
"What do you do?"
They say,
"I'm an actor, I'm a singer...
I'm a student, I'm a writer."
After a couple years,
you have to be honest with yourself.
I'm a bartender.
A waiter.
Waitress.
Life is what happens to you while you're
waiting for your ship to come in.
Cops are lucky in that way,
you know?
It's hard confusing a cop
with anything else.

I mean, a cop's a cop.
The end.
I was working as a bartender
in a club Frank owned.
I knew Frank
put money on the street...
so I put my brother
together with Frank.
Going to Frank is like taking heroin
to cure an alcohol problem, you know?
My brother can't make his payments.
Frank starts taking over.
He fires everybody,
puts in his own people.
He starts ordering
through the corporation.
Steaks, liquor,
kitchen equipment, you name it.
All to re-sell on his own
'cause he's a silent partner, right?
So he's not liable anyhow.
Next thing I know,
my brother slit his wrists.
And his wife's ready
to run away with his kids.
So I go to Frank and say...
"Leave my brother alone.
I'll do anything you want."
Anyways...
my brother's a waiter now.
At least he's alive
and sort of intact.
So what do you do for him?
- This, that, the other.
- Like what?
What's the difference?
Could you smile a little?
Hold my hand or something?
- Go home.
- Home?
Yeah. Just take the keys,
and I'll be there soon.
Listen, I'm a cop...
and I don't like to be followed,

and I don't like her being followed.
Frank just wants to make sure
that you're happy.
Are you happy?
I get paid either way.
I said go home.
I wanted to wait for you.
- Okay, let's go.
- Can I tell you something? Come here.
- I gotta go.
- Gimme five minutes.
Go ahead. I'll be there.
They found the gun
that did your shooter.
- Yeah? Where?
- On some other dead mutt.
Bullshit, he got
taken out by Frank Milo.
Milo probably did this guy too.
Left the gun with the body so it looks
like a neat solve. It's a plant.
It's a solve,
and nobody gives a shit.
Two dead mutts in muttland.
It's a plant.
Who's the babe?
A friend.
Oh, yeah?
What happened to the girl
next door? Lee?
She's a nice lady. This one's
a little too fast for you, no?
- You okay? What's the matter?
- Nothing.
Hey, that's the one.
Jesus, look at that shiner.
Looks like that dog on
The Little Rascals. Who is it, Petey?
She's getting smacked around.
By him?
I had a talk with him.
The guy's on the job.
He's on the job? So fucking what?
You had a talk with him?

Yeah.

- And?

- He's an asshole.

Oh, yeah?

Hold this, please.

How ya doin', Sis?

This is my sister.

- Oh, yeah?

- Yeah.

What, you walk into a door, Sis?

What, she walk into a door?

You're not fucking hittin' her
or anything, are you?

- It's okay.

- What is your fucking problem?

Tommy, I need your towel.

Slip your piece under the towel.

Tommy will hold it for you till after.

Come on, you fuckin' hump.

Come on, you hero.

I want a taste of you.

Come on, get up.

I got no beef with you.

Slip your piece
under the towel.

I got no beef with you.

Are you sweet?

Is that your problem?

- Come on, I'm on the job.

- You ain't on my fuckin' job.

Hey, come on.

You lost her address,
her phone number...

you can't even remember
what she looks like.

Right?

- Yeah, right.

- What's her name?

I don't know, okay?

Don't even turn around
to say good-bye.

Hey, Chivas and milk.

I never forget a neck.

You should try that shit

with me sometime.
Yeah? Different strokes
for different folks.
No guts, no glory, right?
- Smoke, smoke.
- What?
Smoke.
You mean pot, crack, what?
Get smart with me,
I'll bust a cap in your ass.
You wanna do Dodge City
with me, motherfucker?
- Hey, you crazy?
- Crazy? I'm a fuckin' mad dog.
Jesus.
Frank, you're making him
strong again.
Where were you?
What do you do for him?
Who, Frank?
I tend bar.
- What else?
- Deliver things.
- What things?
- Some pretty weird shit.
Like what?
Once I took this box
up to a guy in Detroit.
I took the Greyhound.
So I'm sitting on the bus six hours,
wondering.
I go into the bathroom
in the back.
I open the box and look inside.
There was a human hand in there...
with manicured nails
and a wedding band.
I almost died.
I get up to Detroit.
I deliver it to some guy
behind a counter in a bowling alley.
This guy, he opens the box,
looks inside...
and he gives me a tip

like I was delivering takeout.
You sleep with him?
With Frank?
I don't think he has sex.
Does he make you sleep
with anybody else?
No.
He's got girls for that.
The "Frank Milo dancers,"
he calls them.
So you never had
to sleep with anybody else?
One time,
the guy from the bowling alley?
He came into town
and he asked for me...
and Frank said I had to go out with him,
but what happened was up to me.
What happened was he was
a lot physically strong than me...
so I survived.
Oh, Jesus.
She survived.
Okay, what about me?
What if I get horny?
You're a thank-you present, right?
Why is it the worst thing a guy
can imagine happening to a woman...
is that she fucked
some other guy?
I never said that.
That's not what I'm driving at.
- What are you driving at?
- I don't know, okay?
I do what I can for people,
but I'm no warrior. I'm no hero. Sorry.
I'm not asking you
to save me, Wayne.
So you need to be saved, right?
Tell me.
You need to be saved, right?
Look, for the next five days...
let's just pretend
we're your basic, normal couple.

- Normal.
- Watch TV.
TV. Right.
Frank! Stop it!
Stop the machine, Frank!
Don't pull that switch!
Wayne, could you put
your arm around me?
- Where's Varsdic?
- He said he'd blow up the dam.
If you don't wanna do anything,
that's okay with me.
I'll go with that.
- Okay, I don't wanna do anything.
- Good. That's okay.
You're a sweet man,
you know that?
Hey, no kiddin'.
If you don't wanna do it...
it's, it's okay.
Open your lips.
I know how to kiss.
You know, I oughta...
I should do some sit-ups.
- Right now?
- No, I mean, you know, in general.
Are you my hero?
Are you my man?
You're a sweet man.
- Watch out for next time.
- Fair enough.
I haven't made love in two years.
Made love. I like that.
You talk like someone
out of the Round Table days.
Sir Lancelot.
Galahad.
The thing about
photographing death...
There's no dignity in death.
The body can't defend itself.
Can't pull its skirt down.
Can't close its mouth.
Cops are walkin' around the crime scene,

everything's a joke.
What you're photographing
on the job...
is like the worst kind
of helplessness.
You know why I became a cop?
My father, his whole life
he was a sales clerk in a hat store.
A real invisible man.
Spent his whole life doin' that.
Takin' shit from people.
I was so afraid
I'd wind up like him...
I panicked and became a policeman.
Kinda overreacted, you know?
It's so quiet.
I can't believe
I'm here with you.
One time,

about 3:

I was set up right here,
lookin' down this street.
I'm lookin' right down, I swear to God.
You know what I see?
A goddamn deer is standing there
at that intersection down there.
I couldn't believe it.
I almost had a heart attack.
I don't know where it came from.
Maybe it swam over from Indiana,
escaped from the zoo...
but there it was,
this, this deer.
Me and this deer

at 3:

Let me show you
that photo of the deer.
- Would you photograph me?
- No, you don't want...
With the people I take pictures of,
it would be bad luck.
- Come on.

- No way. Sorry.
- Wayne, come on.
- No, it would freak me out.
Where the hell did I put it?
All right.
All right.
Smile for the birdie.
Do me.
It's so weird,
you wearing a gun to work every day.
- I keep forgetting, you know?
- Hey, no guts, no glory.
You see? I told you, Wayne.
This food can kill you.
Waiter says guy walks in,
comes up...
bop-bop, back of the head,
walks right out.
Gangland, USA.
Gino Coraldi...
was sitting down to some calamari.
He'd just stolen the account books
of Alphonse "The Wolf" Lupo.
He felt like celebrating.
About right?
I'm just a gigolo
Everywhere I go
People know the part
I'm playing
Pay for every dance
Selling each romance
Louis Prima!
The best!
And there will come a day
When youth will pass away
What will they say about me
When the end comes I know
They'll say just a gigolo
Life goes on without me
'cause
I ain't got nobody
- Nobody
- No, and there's
Nobody that cares for me

There's nobody that cares for me
- I'm so sad and lonely
- I am sad and lonely
Sad and lonely
Sad and lonely
Won't some sweet mama
come take a chance with me
'Cause I ain't so bad
What do you think
is the motive here?
When the end comes I know
They'll say just a gigolo
Life goes on without me
'cause
I ain't got nobody
What, did you get laid last night?
Mike, I don't get laid.
I make love.
Thank you.
Hi, Wayne.
- Hey, Mike.
- Swear to God, it's true.
Then my friend Phil.
Philly applies
to the police department.
Interviewer says,
"Mr. Scarangelo, what's your height?"
Philly reads off his palm,
"Six foot, three inches."
Guy says,
"What's your weight?"
"Uh, 203 pounds."
Guy says,
"And can you tell me your first name?"
Philly goes...
"Philly."
The interviewer says, "What was that
you did with your head like that?"
Philly goes...
Happy birthday to you
Happy birthday to you
That's nothin'.
I said to my wife, "Hey!
Did you ever hear of

clean-ing, cook-ing?"

She says,

"Two cities in China?"

My wife said this!

Hey! There he is!

I just come by.

I went in on a bakery.

Pineapple-Sour Cream.

Eat.

- You look drawn.

- What are you doing here?

I don't know. Harold said
you didn't seem so happy the other day.

I was in the neighborhood,
so I thought I'd check in with you.

So how's it goin'?

- How's that burn on your hand?

- Doing fine.

- Nice-nice?

- Fine.

The gift that keeps on givin'.

What's wrong?

She's yankin' your chain, right?

Messin' with your head?

Sure. Look at ya.

Givin' you sob stories, I bet.

I don't know

what you're talking about.

Then quit givin' me

that look, Ma.

I'm your sonny boy.

Want me to sing for you?

May I?

I gotta go.

Look.

I'm doing Comic-Cazie tomorrow.

You should come.

Unless, you know, you're busy.

- What the fuck is he doin' here?

- I don't know.

- That's the guy I told you about.

- Fuck you. And who are you?

This is, uh, Frank.

Frank Milo?

You've heard of me?

Yeah.

Wayne says you killed that mutt we found
in the garbage can the other night.

I thought maybe you'd heard of me
in the clubs... you know, comic circles.

No, just scumbag circles.

Sorry.

Jesus Christ.

Is this what's troublin' you?

I'm kinda jammed up here, Frank.

I thought we were friends.

Two guys wished
they were someplace else.

Whatever.

All right, I'll come by...

Let's see,
tonight's Thursday.

I'll come by,
pick her up Monday.

Okay? Monday morning.

See ya, Ma.

And, incidentally, I don't know
what you're talkin' about...

a guy in a garbage pail,
but, uh...

most of the people I know
who don't die in bed...

they usually wind up
killing themselves.

Pick who up Monday?

What's up, man?

I don't know.

I don't know, you know?

Hello?

What are you trying to pull now?

Frank, hi.

I want you out of there
by Monday.

No more head trips
on this chump...

or you will be the one
with the problem.

Hey, he's not a chump, okay?

I told you I was doin' you
a big favor with this.
I hate it when people
take advantage of my favors.
Taking advantage?
Come on, Frank.
And then I'm gonna do you
one more big favor...
and this'll be about the last thing
you do for me.
It's for a friend
of a friend from Detroit.
Thanks, Frank.
I'll be there.
I'll be there.
Whatever happens is up to me.
Where have I heard that before?
I'm not...
I'm not giving you lip.
I'm not.
I'm sorry.
When have I not been good company?
What, you got a date
from Detroit comin' up?
It's not till next week.
We still have three
fun-filled days and nights here.
Let's make the most of it, okay?
You're not goin' back to him.
It's not the end of the world.
Yeah, it is.
I love you.
There's nothing
you can do about it.
- What can you do about it?
- I said I love you.
I don't want
another one of those.
It wasn't her fault.
Hey. Your pal.
What's his name, uh, Frank?
He sent it over.
I saved two pieces in the fridge for ya.
Yeah, what is he, a baker?

He's killin' me with this crap.
Oh, Jesus.
Are you doing anything
urgent on Monday?
What time?
One floor below me
You don't even know me
I love you
On the ceiling if you want me
If the answer is no
Means you'll meet me
in the hallway
Twice on the pipe
Means you ain't gonna show
Hey, "occifer,"
what's the word?
- Nothin' much.
- She comin' down?
Where's she gonna fit?
Looks like a full boat.
She can sit on my lap.
She comin' down?
You wouldn't believe what happened
this week. It's crazy, man.
- Oh, yeah?
- Yeah.
Uh, listen, I'm serious.
We're, uh, we're in love.
And I think we're gonna...
we're gonna live together.
Maybe even get married.
Who knows?
Yeah, well, I'm serious.
I swear to God.
That's life, you know?
"That's life."
Fuckin' Wayne.
You give him a hand,
he takes the whole arm.
Bring her down.
I love her.
You love her.
I own her!
I knew it, I knew it,

I knew it!
Didn't I call it right on the nose
when I saw you in the office?
You're a schmuck if you don't think
she's playing you like a violin.
Women.
Fuckin' women... You can't
live with 'em, you can't kill 'em.
Okay, if you want...
you can assume the debt.
- Assume the debt?
- Yeah.
Be my friend.
For what, I don't exactly know.
You're a cop.
Maybe somethin',
maybe nothin'.
You want me to forget about her,
for the next year...
if I call you,
you have to pick up the phone.
That I can live with.
- I can't do that.
- Then send her down.
I can't do that either.
- Hello.
- How ya doin'?
Good. And you?
I'm good.
Are you heeled?
Did they ever catch the guy who did
the shithead in the garbage can?
She don't love you
Like I love you
Watch the glass door, asshole!
Who's up there, Wayne?
I love her.
Jesus Christ.
Come on. Let's go see.
You always get someone else
to fight your fights for you?
Who am I to talk, right?
You okay, Harold?
Given the fact that wild horses couldn't

get you to tell me where she is...

Stop me if I'm wrong...

this is the best

I can do for ya.

Now, the cash value

of her services to me...

projected over one year...

would be 70...

\$ 75,000.

You wanna buy her?

- 75,000?

- Okay.

The money store...

is gonna run

a founder's day sale... 50.

No. No.

You saved my life.

You can have her for 40,000.

Forty.

If you don't have it,

you can borrow it from me.

You can pay me back with

a personal services contract.

Fuck you.

Fuck me? Okay.

Fuck me then.

Go to your credit union,

go to your bank...

go to Household Finance,

go to your mother.

You got three days.

I want 40,000,

or I want Glory.

This shit today, Wayne?

This was fuckin' Romper Room.

You like baseball?

You get this straight with me,

I'll take you to some Sox games.

I got a season's box.

Forty in three, chief.

- That guy bites.

- Yeah.

- It's over.

- Wait a minute, wait a minute.

- He backed off?
- He's history.
I owe you one.
I owe you ten.
- What the hell's goin' on?
- It's complicated. It's nothin'.
Welcome to the world.
Mike, he's a businessman.
He wants to stay in business.
He's fightin' with cops.
There's no percentage in that.
That's it.
Thanks, man.
- So, I'm really out of here?
- Out of here?
Yeah. You know what I mean.
I mean, I'm free?
I can hop on a plane and vanish?
If that's what you wanted to do.
No, I mean, I'm just sayin'.
You know, hypothetical.
'Cause in a couple of days,
you can go to the moon...
and take cooking classes
for all Frank cares.
In a few days?
Why not now?
He asked me to ask you
to sit tight a few days...
so he can take care
of loose ends.
Loose ends?
You know, he said he had to get
coverage for that guy from Detroit.
It's a goddamn steal. The guy said
He'll let me have it for 65
with a personal mortgage...
between me and him for the rest.
The guy's desperate. The house
has gotta be worth at least a hundred.
- I just have to make the 40.
- Lake Zurich.
- What the hell you gonna do up there?
- Nothing. I'll flip it.

Lend me five, I'll give you
back seven when I flip it.
I don't have it.
Don't you wanna know
what it's for?
It's for this real dream house
up in Lake Zurich.
How much does he want for her?
More than I got.
- You gonna help me or not?
- He ain't gettin' my money. Sorry.
How much am I goin' for?
- Forty thousand.
- That all?
Knocked down from 75.
Must be out of season.
- Where'd you get it?
- Doesn't matter.
I could only come up with \$27,500.
You think he'll come down more?
Jesus Christ.
I just thought of somethin'.
This thing comes off, people say
to you, "Where'd you get the blond?"
You can say, "From the money store,
marked down from 75 to 27,500."
- No, I'd never say that.
- I'm going home, Wayne.
- Tell Frank to pick me up at home.
- No, no!
Look, I just spent a year
being somebody's property.
- Now, what, you're gonna buy me?
- No, I'm asking you, stay with me.
Frank kept you, not me.
I'm not him. I'm asking you.
If you wanna get some air,
it's okay, I understand.
I'm not stopping you.
It's okay.
I can't go through with this.
Save your money. Take it.
Take it.
Don't be a stranger.

I got a sense of deja vu.

Me too.

- You got the money?

- Nope.

Right.

Now I gotta get my big fuckin' ape
to go upstairs and get her?

Maybe she's there,
maybe she's not, right? Deja vu.

Well, guess what.

I'm not even gonna
deal with that right now.

I told you once before...

don't ever disrespect me,
don't ever underestimate me.

If you do,
your life becomes a raging sea.

Get in the car.

- Get in the car.

- What are you doing? I'm a cop.

You're shit.

What's up, Mad Dog?

The 7th Cavalry.

What's that make us,
the friggin' Comanches?

You think we're gonna have
a great big street fight now?

We'll go away.

But you know what?

We'll get her.

Somebody'll get her.

A hit and run, a mugging.

Do you know what botulism is?

We can get her with soup.

Get you too.

Accidents happen all the time.

Then let's end it today.

Fine. Bring her down.

I can't be alone anymore.

I'd rather be dead.

- That's your fuckin' problem.

- Come on, you and me.

- You and me?

- Now. Right now.

- Hey, grow up.
- Please. Please!
I'll fuckin' kill you!
I don't care! I don't...
l... I don't!
I don't care!
- I'll fuckin' kill you right now!
- Wayne, take it easy.
- I'll shoot you and eat my fuckin' gun!
- Are you fuckin' nuts?
- Fight me!
- Come on, Wayne!
Come on, Wayne.
It's a girl.
- Fight me for her!
- Put it down.
- That's playground, Wayne.
- Fight me for her!
- It's getting real crazy here.
- Fight me!
- Wayne, come on, man.
- Fight me!
- Wayne.
- Now!
Put it down.
Put it down, put it down.
- Put it down, man.
- I'm puttin' it down!
Get him, Frank!
Wayne, get that piece of shit!
- Come on, Wayne!
- Hit him!
Hit him, Wayne!
Fuckin' A, Frank!
Get him again!
- You fuckin' piece of garbage!
- Hit him, Frankie!
- Kick him, Frankie! Go ahead!
- Get him, Wayne!
- Get that garbage! Get him, Wayne!
- Come on, Wayne!
Look what she's doin' to us, man.
Look what she's doin'
to our friendship, man!

- Then quit.
- Lay down. Stay down.
- Come on, Wayne!
- Stay down.
Stay down, Wayne.
Stay down.
- Grab him!
- Break his ass, Frank.
- Grab him!
- Break his ass, Frank.
- Go for it!
- Come on!
Break loose, baby!
Break loose!
Here he goes!
Get him!
Hit him again!
All right, Wayne!
Go ahead! Hit him!
Kill him, Wayne!
Don't let him up!
Stop! Stop it!
This is stupid!
He'll kill you sooner or later.
- I'm goin' with him. Come on, Frank.
- What?
- No! No!
- It's not up to you!
- Come on!
- No, you're not!
- Yes, I am.
- No, you're not! It's over.
It's not over till
he says it's over, Wayne.
- Come on, Frank.
- No. No.
Now, come on, let's go.
Shut up.
Take her and choke on her.
What?
I wash my hands on both of ya.
It'll make my therapist very happy.
The expediter of your dreams, pal.
Kill that fuckin' cop.

Frankie, what's the matter
with you?

Come on, break it up,
for Christ's sake!

That's enough!

- What about accidents?

- You're the fuckin' accident.

Do you see who I run with?

This is my life.

- I lost a fuckin' tooth.

- Sorry.

I thought we might wind up
bein' friends, me and you.

Let's go.

- You all right?

- Yeah.

Way to go, Mad Dog.

What are you gonna do?

Let's go home.

Come on.