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Bad Frank

By Tony Germinario

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Hi.

- Hey.

- What's up, baby?

What are you working on?

Nothing.

What are you cooking?

- Eggs.

- Yeah?

I don't understand you. You're out all

night long, working your ass off,

then all you want to do

when you get home

is go out in the backyard

and bang away on stuff.

Tell me that you're drinking

out of the carton again.

Frank, Jesus Christ,

what did you do?

- Oh, shit.

- Oh, my god, you're bleeding everywhere.

- I just nicked it before and...

- Oh, you nicked it?

- Look at you. You're a mess.

- Sorry. Ah!

Will you put this... oh, my god,

put this in there.

Ugh, it's all over the floor.

Ahem.

Sorry, baby.

- Who's, uh, fizzy?

- Oh, that's...

That's my, uh,

my girlfriend from work.

Just one of the other nurses.

- Oh, yeah?

- She is hysterical.

Here.

- Eat.

- Thanks.

Will you let me look

at this, please?

I'm fine, really. It's fine.

Take that off of there

and let me see it.

Gina, I'm good. Okay?

- Okay.

- Why you gotta be so stubborn for?

I'm good.

- You're a Scootch.

- Yeah.

All right, I gotta head out
and, uh,

get some things done today,
so I'm gonna get ready.

- All right.

- You working later tonight?

Yeah. I'm going to see
Charlie first.

Oh.

Shit, I forgot that's today.

You all right?

Yeah, I think so.

I don't even know.

I guess.

Yeah, I'm good.

I'm good.

Did you hear back from
your mom yet at all?

- No.

- Seriously?

- Yeah.

- Okay.

At this point,
she's just being mean.

She's being a bitch.

How many times
can your own son call you
and you don't call him back?

Ugh. You know what? Maybe it's time
to just let it go for a little while.

Yeah.

It's your call.

Hey, I love you.

Okay.

- I said I love you.

- I love you, too.

All right, do your thing.

I'm good.

Kiss it.

Okay.

- Frank

- hey.

- Been a while.

- Yeah. How's it going, Joe?

- How you doing?

- Good, good.

Nah, just ice water is fine.

- Ice water?

- Yeah.

Whatever you say.

Ice water coming right up.

Ahem.

How you doing?

Yeah, I'm doing all right.

It's a good game. I haven't
watched the games in a while.

I've been working nights.

What do you want, frank?

To talk.

Just to see you.

It's been five years, you know?

Five quiet years.

Things are different, Charlie.

Why?

'Cause you're drinking water?

No. No.

God, I can barely look
at the stuff anymore.

I'm even thinking about...

Becoming a counselor
or something.

Me, right?

Yeah.

Gina's doing good.

She said hello.

She, uh, she's a nurse.

She's doing great, actually.

She's cooking a lot now.

Like mom used to.

Not as good as mom, but...

- Yeah.

- I don't know you, Frankie.
Your mother neither.
I don't think we ever did.
So what's there to talk about?
Right.
All right.
All right.
I'll let... I'll let you
get back to the game.
Hey, frank, take it easy.
Was hoping I'd find you here.
Get off my fucking truck,
Travis.
Are you stupid?
Oh, like I'm going to fucking
make any more damage.
What's up?
Just wanted to hang out.
Want to burn one?
Um...
Yeah, whatever.
Can I have a cigarette?
That's my lighter.
Old man in there?
Yep.
How's he doing?
He's all right.
Same old cock?
Sorry.
All right, what?
What's up? Come on.
All right, well,
I hate to bug you about it,
but I kind of need to know where you're
landing on this whole helping me out thing.
- Aw, come on, huh. Jesus.
- Come on. The...
Listen, the VIG's gonna go up. They're
gonna end up breaking my legs.
Come on, man, I need your help.
- When?
- It's tomorrow night.
Listen, you can help me out
or you can push me around

in a wheelchair
the rest of your life.
I don't give a fuck about that.
I wouldn't push you anywhere.
All right, that's it though,
Travis, really.
No more, okay?
Yeah, sure. Me, too.
I mean, this is it.
I'm serious, man.
I'm not kidding.
- I know.
- All right.
Hey, I got time for a couple of drinks.
You wanna go in? Hang out?
- No, I gotta go to work.
- Come on, man.
No, I gotta go.
Gina.
G!
You fucking kidding me?
Gina, fucking stop.
What are you doing?
- Sorry. Drying my hair.
- I'm working today.
Trying to get a couple of hours of
sleep in this morning, you know?
- All right, sorry. I'm done.
- Damn it.
Um, oh, did you pick up
my prescription yesterday?
Oh, shit. I forgot.
I went over there yesterday to get it and
the pharmacy said that it's expired.
You need to call into
the doctor's office.
Ah, shit, really?
Yeah. You're gonna have to make an
appointment and get over there.
Sorry.
Do you want me to do it?
- No. No, I'll do it.
- All right.
They said you have two that are expired.

Both of them.
You need to get them
both refilled.
What's the other one for?
It's the headaches.
They just gave me another one...
You have two now?
Yeah. What are you doing?
You going to work?
Well, yeah, I'm going to work.
You better call
the doctor's office now
'cause it's gonna be tough for you to get
an appointment last minute like that.
I will. Isn't that, like,
three shifts this week?
Yes, babe.
I picked up another shift.
Bills keep piling up.
Mama's gotta work.
What do you want me to tell you?
Are we going out later now?
No. I'm going out
with Travis tonight.
I'm gonna hang out with him.
Okay, well, Travis
is hanging out with us.
Because it's Veronica's birthday
and we're all getting together.
So I'll assume that
that means yes.
All right. Whatever.
- Go back to sleep.
- All right.
I love you.
- Get some rest before you go into work.
- Okay.
I gotta get going.
All right.
I love you.
See you later tonight.
If you could get me in some time
today, that would be ideal.
I'm sorry, ma'am,

I really don't. I'm...
Ma'am, just let me, um,
if... is...
Can I get in tomorrow
by any chance?
Is there any openings?
Well, that's really
none of your business.
Sorry.
That's for the doctor, so...
Look, the doctor knows me.
Just tell him...
Can you just tell him it's...
Ma'am, fucking...
Can you just...
I'm sorry.
What's that?
Look, can you get me in...
Can you make an appointment
for next week then?
And then let me know if there's
any openings coming up
and then I can jump in
if it's possible.
Why not? Why can't...
I cannot wait another week.
All right.
All right, fine.
That's good.
Yep, great.
Hey, look who finally showed up.
- I'm sorry. Happy birthday.
- Well, well, well.
Yeah, frank. Good to see you.
Glad you could make it.
- Okay. Hi, baby.
- Caught up with more overtime?
A little bit. Yeah.
Sorry.
And somehow Travis
manages to make it on time.
Because Travis
loves dollar drafts.
- That's why he's here early.

- Mm-hmm.
- Leave him alone.
- I took the Liberty of ordering you water.
Thanks.
I don't, uh...
I don't understand why you think
it's cool being here right now.
Babe, it's fine.
What's the problem?
It's symbolic.
Yeah, so's the chip.
- Yeah, this is better.
- Is it?
Yes. We are spitting in the face
of temptation.
- Okay.
- Plus, I like the ambiance.
- And they have pool.
- All right, good.
- Let's play.
- All right.
- Hey.
- What?
- You all right?
- Yeah. Why?
What's the matter?
You're sweaty.
- I'm fine. I'm good.
- You sure?
Mm-hmm.
- I'm good. I'm good.
- Give me a second. I'll be right back.
All right.
Okay, okay.
Come on. You're on my team.
It's your turn.
Why am I here?
Whatever you can do
with this mess I've created.
Figure something out.
Sorry, guys.
We gotta head off.
- What's up?
- Listen.

Frank and I gotta take care
of something, okay?

- You, too?

- Yeah, I gotta go.

- You guys just got here.

- We just, um,

he wants to decorate her house
for her birthday, so...

- All right?

- You ready, frank?

Mm-hmm.

I'll see you later.

Okay. See you.

- It doesn't, uh...

- What?

It doesn't go like that.

I know, but I don't like
doing the bass.

I like it higher.

It's more joyful. What?

It's never gonna give up.

- Never gonna let you down.

- You mean I'm wrong on the lyrics?

- Yeah.

- No.

- Yeah, you are.

- No fucking way.

Been listening to that song for years.

I know how it goes.

- Desert you.

- No, it's not desert you.

No, it is. Why would you run
around and then hurt you.

You come around to hurt. You don't
run around. You come around.

You ain't gonna run around
and desert either.

- It's run around...

- Well, it's a fucking song.

It doesn't have to fucking
make sense.

They should be here
any minute anyway.

Hurt you's first.

There they are.
Holy shit.
Are you fucking kidding me?
Hey, Mickey.
Nice to finally meet you.
Travis.
What's up, Niko?
Frank. Is that frank...
Is that frank Pierce?
Yeah. Yeah.
Is that you frank?
How you doing, Mick?
This is frank?
Yeah. Wait a second.
How you been?
Been good.
Yeah. Yeah.
You look different.
Last I heard, you met some broad
and you settled down.
Yeah.
Couple of years now.
Yeah. Ain't it something
what a couple of years can do?
Things change, huh?
So. How's the old man doing
these days? You know?
- I couldn't tell you.
- No? Yeah.
Celia and I got divorced
a couple of years ago.
Crystal? She's a big girl.
She's all grown up now.
Still a pain in the ass. Dropped
out of a couple of colleges.
Did a stint in rehab, you know.
She likes getting high.
What are you gonna do?
Fuck it.
Frank. Wow.
- Who the fuck is this guy?
- Niko, this is... relax, man.
- Something funny over there?
- Nothing's funny.

- I mean I'm funny sometimes.
- Your fucking face is funny.
- Oh, stop it, man.
- What's up, cue ball?
- Who the fuck you talking to?
- Frank, frank.
- Chill out, okay? Chill out.
- Fuck you.
Hey, shh. Come on, frank.
Just like the old days.
You and me. All right?
Come on. Let's go.
Bitch.
Hey, it's the black guys!
What's going on?
I'm afraid of black people.
That's good.
I'm afraid of white people.
Hey, I'm good. What's going on?
Hey, man. What's up?
We gotta fucking deal with
these fucking Moulinyans?
- What the fuck did you say?
- Hey, hey, hey, hey. Be cool. Be cool. Ignore him.
- Fuck you, man.
- Ignore this motherfucker.
It's me. It's me, man.
Come on, man.
It's my money, all right?
Just deal with me, okay?
Let me taste that, okay?
- We cool?
- Yeah, we cool. Where's the money?
- It's right there.
- Take the fucking money.
Be cool, man. Ignore him.
He's a racist, okay?
Good. You'll like this.
It's white.
It's white?
All right. Here we go.
- All right.
- Taste that. Good shit.
It looks good.

Let's hope it is good, huh.
Oh, yeah.
That's bomb.
Oh, fuck!
What the fuck?
Niko! What the fuck?
- What the fuck was that?
- Come on, come on.
Hey. That's for frank.
Wait for the next call.
Go. Just drive the fucking car.
Let's go.
- They just fucking shot him.
- Make a right.
Fuck. How the fuck
do you know Mickey?
How the fuck do you know Mickey?
- Just drive.
- Jesus fuck.
I fucking brought Dante in
and they fucking killed him,
they just fucking shot him
for no fucking reason.
Stupid fucking...
I don't fucking know.
Pull over at the stop sign.
- Quit talking.
- Fucking...
- I ain't fucking stopping.
- Just pull it over.
I'm fucking pulled over.
Where the fuck you going?
You want to play with the big boys?
That's what you get.
- He fucking owns you now.
- Frank, what the fuck are you... frank!
Hey, Donny. What I tell you
about coming to that bar, man?
Fucking embarrass me in front
of my girl? What the fuck?
You owe me money.
I don't give a fuck
what you told me.
You fucking kidding me?

I don't make enough for you?
Seriously?
Jesus fucking Christ. Here.
I got that.
How's that feel? Huh?
- Oh.
- That all right?
Where'd you get
a stack like this?
You finally decide to suck dick?
- Yeah, I said it.
- Yeah.
Go fuck yourself, Donny.
Yeah, how much do I
gotta pay you?
Hello?
Hey. Hey, it's frank.
Must be a full moon tonight.
You picked up.
How're you doing?
What are you up to?
Just watching the game.
Top of the fourth,
already two errors.
Yeah, they're hot and cold
lately. I know.
I know.
Hey, it was really good
seeing you yesterday.
Yeah. You, too.
Hey, I wanted to talk to you
about something.
I wish I was different
back then.
I wish, uh...
I wish I could see the damage...
That I was doing.
To you and...
And to mom and myself.
And, uh...
I...
I, uh, well, I...
It took a long time
for me to realize it,

and I want you to know
that I understand.
And, uh...
I'm...
I'm really, really sorry.
For everything.
I just want you to know that...
That I know. That I know.
All right?
Yeah, all right.
Hey, I was tearing apart
my closet the other day
and I came across, uh...
This game ball that I got from
the district championships.
I don't know if you remember,
but I went 4 for 4.
I can't remember if it was
the tigers or if it was...
No, the reds.
Had a hell of a year.
Yeah, shit, the reds.
That's right.
That was the game that Billy Dabrowski
tore his pants running for that foul ball.
Yeah.
That's right, yeah.
And his legs
were stuck in the air
and his bare ass was hanging
out, remember?
Poor kid, I had to go pull
his pants up for him.
Had everyone laughing.
Oh, man.
Oh, that was good times.
Right?
Yeah, I remember.
Yeah, me, too.
Me, too.
All right. Well, hey,
I got some stuff to do.
I just wanted...
I just wanted

to give you a call.
So I'll let you go back
to the game and...
Maybe sometime I'll swing
by the bar, you know,
if that's okay.
Say hello, you know?
Yeah, that'd be good.
All right.
Good.
I'll talk to you soon then.
You, too.
All right.
Bye, dad.
Good-bye, son.
Hi. Can you put me through to
the d.A.'S office please?
Yeah, just tell 'em it's
sergeant Pierce's son frank.
Morning, baby.
Afternoon.
Where did you go last night?
I just saw
a couple of old friends.
Do we have any aspirin anywhere?
I don't know.
Don't change the subject.
I'm not changing the subject.
You got in awfully late.
I know.
I just figured you were
sleeping, g, that's all.
- No, I wasn't sleeping.
- All right.
I was up all night
wondering where you were.
- All right.
- So where did you go?
I just...
I just went out, that's all.
Okay. Went out where?
- Frank, where?
- All right, babe, huh? Please.
Are you kidding me?

You're out till
all hours of the night
- and you won't even tell me...
- Shut up! Shut up!

Sorry.

I'm sorry.

G.

Hey, I'm taking your car in later for
those ball joints. Don't forget.

Fuck.

Come on, Fritz.

Come on, Fritz.

Come on, Fritz.

Come on, come on, come on,
come on.

Okay.

Yo. How's it going?

Hey, Joe.

How's Gina doing?

Why?

Just asking.

She's fine.

All right.

You believe this shit?

Fucking Fritz in
the fourth fucked me.

You want a beer?

Never mind.

- You good?

- Why'd you do that for?

Ah, sorry. I forgot.

Sorry.

You know what was going down
last night?

Of course not.

Why the fuck would I put myself
in that situation?

You think I'm fucking retarded?

Are you good? I mean, shit, I'm
freaking out a little bit here.

Look, I can't sit on that.

Yeah, right.

I'm sorry I can't.

- Frank, be serious.

- Look, I am serious.
I talked to the d.A.
And I'm going
to the precinct tomorrow.
Frank, you kidding me? Do you
know who we're dealing with here?
I mean, don't be stupid.
I do know who we're dealing with
and I don't give a fuck.
I gotta think of me and
my wife, and that's it.
Come on, frank,
this is me we're talking about.
Yeah, I know it's you.
It's always about you.
That's how I got sucked into it.
I told you don't bring me into
that stupid shit. I told you.
So that's it.
I'm just fucked.
You're just gonna rat me out
to the fucking d.A.'S office.
I'm not ratting you out.
I'll keep your name out of it.
I'm just letting you know
that's what's going on.
Keep my name out of it.
That's gonna look real good.
You know that, right?
I mean, fuck, he's going to come
right out of prison,
- give me a thank you card, and fucking blow my head off.
- Make it about you. Right.
Look, it's done.
That's it.
I told you I'll keep your name out of it.
I'll keep you name out of it.
And don't you ever fucking ask
me for anything else again.
No problem.
Fuck!
Jesus fuck.
I keep telling him we need to
have people over more often.

I know.

I honestly can't even remember
the last time I used
this patio furniture.

It's so nice
to just sit out here.

We should have this more often.
You should get the guys together
and you guys can all come by.

- I know.

- You really should.

Yeah.

It would be really great.

Oh, frank.

There he is.

There he is. Frankie.

Niko.

Wow, wasn't expecting you.

- I was in the neighborhood.

- Oh, yeah?

Niko says that you guys
are old friends?

Yeah, we know a lot
of the same people.

A couple of guys
from back in the day, yeah.

Well, on that note,
I am late to meet a friend,
so I am going to head in,
get ready.

I'll see you guys later.

Can I get you a refresh?

If I didn't know any better,
frank,

I'd think your girl
was trying to get me drunk.

Yeah. Off iced tea.

Look, is that a yes?

A no? What?

Nah, I should be going.

Yeah. We're good.

She looks better going
than coming.

You know, the way

Mickey was talking,
I thought you were some sort
of monster or something,
like fucking Charlize Theron.
But look at this. Nice house.
Nice woman.
You're not a big tough guy.
You're a fucking pussy.
What the fuck do you want?
I'm making sure you're not doing
something fucking stupid.
Like you coming here,
motherfucker?
Mick heard you made
a phone call.
That right?
Is that what he heard?
Yeah.
I don't know what
you're talking about.
Yeah, sure you don't.
You know, it's best you forget
some things, Frankie.
Like Mick forgot some things
about you, too.
Get your fucking hand
out of my face.
Hey, frank.
- Yeah?
- Do me a favor.
Can you bring in
the mail please?
Yeah, don't forget
the fucking mail, frank.
- Frank, where are my car keys?
- Where are you going?
I told you I'm going to Veronica's.
I'm already late.
Do me a favor, baby.
Don't let strangers
in the backyard anymore, okay?
What are you talking about?
He's a friend of yours.
He's not a... any random guy

says he's a friend of mine,
you're gonna let him
in the backyard?
You gonna cook him dinner, too?
You gonna let him in the house?
Okay. Christ.
I get it.
Do you?
Yes.
What is with you?
I don't like him.
I barely know him, and I just...
Please just don't anymore.
All right?
All right. I mean, he seemed
like a nice enough guy.
It doesn't matter.
I just said don't do it
any more, okay?
We were out there for a couple
of minutes before you got home.
Just get your head
out of your ass, Gina,
and don't fucking do it any more
and if you ever see him again,
just walk the other way, please.
Don't talk to me like that.
Gina, did you hear
what I said? Yes or no?
- Yes, I heard you.
- Did you hear what I said?
Did you hear what I said?
Huh?
Don't fucking do it anymore.
What?
Where are my keys?
Where are my keys?
I'm sorry. Look.
Fuck. Baby.
I took your car into the shop
before, okay?
- Then I'm taking your truck.
- Listen, listen.
- I'm taking your truck.

- I'm sorry.
- Give them to me now.
- Gina.
Frank, I'm not doing this.
I'm not doing this again.
You blow a frigging gasket
yesterday
and now you put
your hands on me?
Give me your fucking keys
so I can go. Now.
- Honey, just...
- Now.
G.
Gina.
I'm really sorry, baby.
Can I...
Fuck.
Fuck!
Shit.
You look classy in a pickup.
What happened to your car?
It's in the shop, so I have his.
Don't start.
- Can we take yours?
- Yeah. Sure.
- Is it open?
- Yeah. Go ahead.
I'll throw my stuff inside.
Let me guess.
Mr. personality?
Yeah.
Give me a second, all right?
All right.
Hello?
Why do you always
say hello like that
when you're pissed at me?
Look, I just got here,
so I gotta go, all right?
Wait, wait, wait.
Listen, listen.
Baby, I'm so sorry.
I'm so sorry.

I don't know what the hell
got into me there.
You didn't deserve that.
No, I didn't.
Look, uh...
Let's talk.
Tonight, okay?
I love you so much.
I'm just really sorry,
and I'll never do that again.
I'll take you out to dinner.
My treat.
Please.
Maybe we'll get a little
ice cream or something.
Okay.
All right, I love you, too.
Hey, handsome.
Can I help you with something?
Hey, yourself.
I'm just here to see Gina.
Hey, hold on one second.
Hold on.
- What's that?
- Hey, stranger.
- Long time no see.
- Gina, who's that?
- G. Gina, who's...
- Hey, babe, hold on.
Gina, who is that?
- Hey.
- What's going on?
Hey, babe, hold on.
It's your friend.
What friend, Gina?
- Gina, what friend?
- I was driving by.
Saw that pretty face. Thought
I'd stop by for a second.
Gina!
Sorry. Veronica.
This is my friend Veronica.
- Gina, what friend?
- This is Frank's friend

from back in the day.

Niko, right?

- Yeah. Niko. Hey.

- Yeah.

- Gina.

- Nice to meet you, Niko.

Gina!

Niko, do you know

frank's friend Travis, too?

Yeah, Travis, yeah.

He's a good guy.

Yeah, he is.

He's great.

Anyway, I don't want to
interrupt your call.

Shit, sorry. Frank.

Frank. Babe.

Are you still there?

G.

Gina!

Gina!

Babe?

Shit, I lost him. Whatever.

I'll call him back later.

Yeah, the reception is
a bitch around here.

Yeah, it sucks.

Same thing happens
to my fucking phone.

It's crazy.

Anyway,

I'm sorry to hit and run.

Jesus Christ!

Gina!

Gina!

Hey, hey, hey.

Jesus Christ. V!

Hey, hey. Wake up.

Wake up.

Hey, wake up.

Wake up, wake up.

Hey! Wait, wait, wait.

Stop, stop, stop.

Where's Gina?

Where is Gina? Where is Gina?

Where is she?

- I don't know.

- Where is she?

- Your friend.

- Who?

Niko.

- What's going on?

- -Who'd you fucking talk to?

- What? Nobody.

- Who'd you fucking talk to?

I didn't talk to anybody.

I didn't talk to anybody!

Who'd you talk to?

Niko just took Gina.

- What?

- Who did you talk to?

- I didn't...

- Who did you fucking talk to?

- I didn't talk to anybody.

- Who did you talk to?

How could they possibly
know, Travis?

Dude, he's got half the force
in his fucking pocket.

You don't think he's got
the d.A.'S office either?

Ah, shit.

- Yeah, shit.

- Shit.

Listen,

I'm gonna make some calls.

Where are you gonna be?

Frank, where are you gonna be?

I don't know.

I'm gonna talk to Charlie.

All right.

Meet you there.

Hey, dad. Dad.

Hey, twice in one week.

I must've hit the lottery.

Dad, listen.

Something bad happened.

What happened?

I promise I didn't do anything.
I didn't do anything wrong,
okay?
Okay. What happened?
Tell me.
I saw something
that I shouldn't have seen.
And I tried doing
the right thing. I tried.
I really did, dad,
I tried making it better
and it made it worse.
Okay? And I... look...
Tell me. Tell me.
Just tell me, frank.
I didn't want to tell you.
I saw Mickey the other night.
Ah, fuck. I should've known.
I should've known!
No, no, no! Wait!
Please just listen to me.
Please. I haven't seen him
in years, okay? I haven't.
And some shit went down the other
night I had no part in. Honest.
And he fucking, to keep me quiet,
he just kidnapped my wife.
Un-fucking-believable. I thought
you were doing so good.
After everything I've done to help you,
you're still hanging out with that scumbag?
I'm not hanging out with him. I
just told you that. I'm not.
- Keep it down over there.
- I'm not working with him.
I haven't seen him.
Nothing.
I just don't know what to do
right now. I need help.
Frankie,
I don't know what to tell you.
I got nothing else to give you.
- Dad.
- I've done everything I can.

- Dad, come on.

- Frankie.

I don't know what to do.

Please.

Some things you're gonna have to figure out for yourself.

What do you mean figure out for myself?

Didn't you hear what I just fucking said?

Didn't you hear what I just said?

Take it easy.

I'm not gonna tell you again.

That's my wife and I'm your fucking son.

- Let go of my arm, Frankie.

- I'm your fucking son and you don't want to help me?

I'm your fucking son!

Frankie, stop!

Let him go, Frankie!

Stop!

Frank.

Jesus Christ, what happened to you?

- Are you all right?

- What are you doing here?

What are you fucking doing here?

What are you doing here?

Ow! Fucking frank, stop!

Are you lying to me?

You owe Mickey money?

- No!

- Are you holding out on me?

Are you holding out on me?

No, I'm not!

I'm not, I'm not!

When was the last time he called you?

- Fuck, I don't know.

- Did he ever call you at all?

No, he never... once, but he has a burner.

Don't you fucking lie to me,

Travis!

He changes it every couple of days.

I'm not lying to you.

- I'm not lying to you.

- What about that guy at the bar the other night?

- The guy that knows everybody.

- Yeah. Fucking Donny. Donny.

He can get to him, okay?

I just talked to him.

He's at Bernie's.

I can take you there.

You're gonna take me there right
fucking now, you understand?

- Yeah.

- Don't you fucking lie to me!

- Ow! Fuck!

- Go!

You're an amazing singer.

You should see me
sing rock ballads.

Donny. Hey, Donny. Donny.

I need your help here.

My friend frank over here, he's
kind of in a bad way, all right?

Just don't fuck with him.

All right?

Hey. Watch out.

Hey, frank.

You look like you need a beer.

- Where can I find Mickey?

- Hey, whoa, whoa, whoa.

Slow your roll there, Tex.

This isn't the prom.

Maybe you can buy me a drink
and then you can get
into my pants.

Maybe, if you buy me two,
I'll let you get into her pants.

Aah!

What are you doing, man?

A fucking fork?

I don't have time
for bullshit, okay?

Listen to me.

Where is Mickey?
I don't know where.
I mean I don't know
where he is right now!
- He may be at cafe Azzuro.
- Where?
Cafe Azzuro.
He'll be there every morning.
He gets a cappuccino and he
likes it there. It's quiet.
- It's like clockwork there.
- You got a number?
Yeah, it's in my phone.
Listed under "asshole."
Ahh! Stop! Stop, man!
His name is "asshole"
in my phone!
Ow. The number is in there.
It's the last one he used.
Shut the fuck up and come here!
Shut up!
What about his daughter crystal?
Yeah, yeah. My brother's been hanging
out with her the past few weeks.
She's been hanging out
at his club. Ow! Ow!
She's there every night.
Works the back room.
If you are lying to me...
If you're fucking lying...
I'm not, man. Trust me. They're
gonna be there. I guarantee it.
Ahh! Oh, fuck!
Yo, frank. Why were you talking
about crystal back there?
Go get a burner, and get to that alley
across the street from Azurro's.
And get there in the morning
before he gets there.
- Frank. Frank, wait.
- Just do it.
- Don't fucking "wait" me.
- Okay.
- All right?

- Okay.
Keep your fucking phone on.
What's up slut? Yeah?
Yeah, you missed a great night.
So I hope he was worth it.
No, he was wasted again.
I just can't deal with it.
I'm on my way home.
But you are coming out
tomorrow night,
so wear something hot.
We are going to visage.
All right.
I'll call you manana.
Oh, come on. Goddamn it!
Ahh! Fucker!

- Yo.

- Where the hell you been, man?
Hey, I'm sorry. I've just been
making some fucking phone calls.
I got a new friend.
What are you talking about
a new friend?
- I got crystal.
- You got crystal?
Oh, he's gonna listen now.
- Jesus Christ we need...
- Where's Mickey?
He's right where
Donny said he'd be.
He's at the cafe.
Hmm, that's funny cause he's not
picking up the phone, Trav.
So, what do you wanna do?
What's he doing right now?
He's just talking to Niko.
All right, get him that burner.
Are you sure
you wanna do it this way?
I mean... I mean, man, we could
just get out of this mess.
We could just take her,
drop her off somewhere.
She'll think she passed out. It wouldn't

be the first fucking time, right?
Travis, I'm gonna text you
when she wakes up.
Just get him
that fucking burner.
Bobby.
Is that you?
Where are you?
Come on.
Untie me, Bobby.
I'm not into this anymore.
I told you no more hitting me.
My head is fucking killing me.
This isn't funny.
I'm not in the mood for this.
You're really starting
to creep me out.
Bobby.
Untie me. Now! Come on.
I'm not Bobby.
Shit!
No!
Shit!
No!
Fuck.
He reached across the counter
and grabbed me...
I bet he fucking talked though.
I would've talked. My mama would've
talked in these conditions.
Who's this guy?
Where the fuck you going?
Yo, some dude gave me \$50
to give this to your man
with the suit.
What dude? What dude?
I don't know.
Some dude over there.
What the fuck are you doing?
Yo, chill man.
It's just a fucking phone.
- Get the fuck out of here.
- Let me out of here!
Somebody!

Let me out of here!
Let me out!
Please!
Let me out of here!
Help!
Shh, shh, shh, shh, shh.
Crystal.
- Stop.
- Okay.
Stop. Okay?
Can you tell me
what you want with me?
Right now I just need you
to keep your mouth shut.
This must be
some kind of mistake.
Relax.
Are you Mickey Duro's daughter?
Yeah.
Then there's no mistake.
Relax.
So here's what's gonna happen.
I'm gonna call your old man,
and I'm gonna let you talk to him for
about 5 seconds so he knows you're okay.
Don't try anything, all right?
All right?
Yeah.
Put Mickey on the phone.
Who the fuck is this?
Put Mickey on the fucking phone.
Wants to talk to you.
Yeah, who is it?
You know who this is, Mick.
Look, I don't have a clue
who this is.
So just get to it, okay?
My Espresso's getting cold.
You got something of mine, Mick.
Look, I have a lot of things
that people want, okay?
You're gonna have to be a bit
more specific there, dude.
This something

doesn't belong to you.
That's where you're mistaken.
Now listen to me.
If I have it, it's mine.
Pussy. Money. Dope. If it's
in my pocket, it's mine.
If you can get it out of my pocket,
well, that's a different story,
but right now,
that shit belongs to me.
Well, if that's the case, then I
can say the same thing to you.
Daddy?
Crystal? Crystal?
I don't know what the hell's
going on here, but... ahh!
Crystal! What the fuck?
Hey, motherfucker!
Do I have your attention
now, Mick?
I'm gonna kill
every motherfucker you know!
Every motherfucker you know!
And let you live,
you cocksucker.
Hey, Mickey.
Now you're gonna listen to me.
Just like the old times, right?
Ahh! I'm a Fu...
Sorry.
He just slammed the burner
on the ground.
Now he's bee-lining it
out of there.
It's on now.
Travis. Travis.
Travis.
Hey.
Thirsty?
Look, it's gonna be a long day.
So just relax
a little bit, okay?
I'm not gonna hurt you.
I never was.

I just needed you.

You all right?

- You sure?

- Mm-hmm.

Sorry.

You want more?

What does that mean?

Interpret that for me.

Interpret that for me.

No, no, no, no, no.

It means, I wish I hadn't
been caught.

Motherfucker. Hey! Calm the
fuck down and be thirsty!

There you go, you motherfucker.

Motherfucker.

Now I thought you and I
had an understanding.

You mixed up in this shit?

Are you a part of this mess?

You're not gonna waste
my time, are you?

You're not gonna waste my time. No, you're
gonna tell me where they are, right?

So where are frank and my daughter?

You know where he is?

I don't know.

No?

No.

How long have you known...

Wow. How long you've known
frank, Travis?

Huh?

A few years.

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

Yeah.

You know, frank and I
used to work together.

- Did you know that?

- Good for you.

Things were good
when we were together.

He knew how to handle people

without any repercussions.
He was like my kid, you know?
But Frank was born with a,
I don't know,
a bad bone in him.
He was just born bad, you know?
Yeah, I fucking know.
No, you don't.
But you're gonna
find the fuck out.
You don't know shit about him.
He was a very bad seed
long before I ever met him.
Did you know he was
in the military?
It was either that or prison.
Aggravated assault.
Three-time loser.
So he picked the marine corp.
He was doing pretty good over
there, too, for a couple of years,
but then he broke
some guy's jaw over in Japan.
Broke his neck.
By accident!
By accident.
Marines wouldn't do nothing for
him, so they locked him up.
Parents had to fucking
remortgage their house
just to get him enough money
to get him a lawyer.
Why the fuck are you even
telling me this, Mick?
What the fuck's it got
to do with me, huh?
And he loves her.
You got every right to cry.
'Cause when I show him
this picture...
Hang on.
I like that.
That's your cock
going in his wife's ass.

When I show him this picture,
you know what
he's gonna do to you?
Imagine all the pain in mankind.
He's gonna give it to you
as a gift and keep you alive
to give it to you every day.
Now, he ain't seen it yet.
He don't have to see it.
So I'm your god
from this moment forward.
You address me as god.
So say "thank you, god."
I ain't sent it to him yet.
Say "thank you, god."
Come on, say it.
Say it, motherfucker!
Say it! Say it! Say it!
- Thank you, god.
- Thank you, god! Say it!
Motherfucker!
I'll kill your fucking ass!
- Thank you, god.
- He's worked for me!
I'll make you feel
like a fucking bitch!
I'll kill you, you motherfucker!
I'll kill you, motherfucker.
Come here.
Get the fuck over here,
you fucking piece of shit.
I'll kill you, you fucking
goddamn motherfucker.
That's my fucking daughter,
you goddamn motherfucker!
I'll kill you,
you son of a bitch.
Look at me.
Now say "thank you, god!"
You're with a fucking goddamn
psychopath right now!
You're with me now!
You ain't over there!
You ain't in high school!

I gotta relax or I'll kill you by accident.

I gotta keep you alive.

I need you to find

my daughter, okay?

Okay? Say "thank you, god." Say it.

Say it.

Thank you, god. Thank you, god.

Thank you, god.

Now we're getting somewhere.

You know his dad?

His dad was a cop for a long time.

Sergeant Pierce, you know him?

- Yeah.

- Sergeant Pierce, you know him?

- Kind of, yeah.

- Kind of.

Just relax, all right?

Apple don't fall too far from

the tree, you know?

His father wrote the book

on police brutality.

So they scraped together every

dime they had, his family did,

and they paid off

the right people

and he was home in a year.

There was a big fucking party.

Frank comes home and he broke

some fucking guy's eye socket

who said some smart-ass shit

about him happened over there.

But he got lucky.

It was self-defense.

The guy threw the first punch.

You get it? Okay?

I fear him.

Now, when I show him this...

You will wish

you never were born.

He is gonna give you something

no one has ever

fucking known about.

- And he ain't gonna

let you die.

Okay, he's gonna cut off your arms,
your legs, your fucking eyes,
pull your fucking arms off,
your dick,
and then put you in the corner,
but keep your brain intact,
though.

Put you in the corner like
a fucking plant
and piss on you, you get it?
He thought that up.

But look at me.

I was his boss!

You motherfucker!

Where is he?

I'll kill you, motherfucker!

I'll kill you!

I don't know.

- I don't know.

- I'll eat you.

Okay? He worked for me!

I'll eat you.

Now you look at me,
motherfucker.

I'm gonna ask you one time.

You're in fucking hell,
you fucker!

Something happens to my
daughter, you motherfucker...

Now you listen to me.

You answer this question!

Where is he?

- I don't know.

- Okay, I believe you.

I believe you.

- I believe you.

- I don't know.

I believe you.

Shut up. Shut up.

Shut the fuck up, motherfucker,
or I'll fucking kill you.

I believe you. Now you're
gonna work with me, though.

We gotta find my daughter.

Okay?

I don't like doing this shit,
you know?

I'd rather get my cock sucked.

You wanna suck my cock?

Huh? You want to?

Travis, pull yourself together.

Frank only calms down
when he drinks.

Now is he drinking?

Is he getting high?

- Okay. We don't know
nothing then.

What am I gonna do with you?

Huh?

You gonna help me find him?

Thanks.

You're welcome.

You used to hang around
with my dad a lot.

I had a crush on you
when I was a kid.

Did you know that?

You did?

Come on.

Yeah, I remember you.

So you're not gonna hurt me.

No.

No.

Are you gonna hurt my dad?

Yeah.

You don't know your dad
too well, do you?

Your dad and me
used to be real close,

- well, you know.

- Yeah.

When we used to work together.

You were at the, uh...

Trucking company.

Yeah.

Yeah.

Your mom one time was, uh...

Outside the house

when I came home early,
and I actually got your mom
to smoke weed with me.

Shut up.

Never would've thought that,
huh?

- I don't know.

- Mm-hmm.

No. She's never seen
that side of me.

Yeah, I got your mom high.

Yeah, is that all you did?

- Yes.

- Mm.

- You better.

- Stop.

She was great.

A good woman.

- Yes.

- She was good to me.

And she's the reason actually
why I got that firebird.

- Do you remember that car?

- Oh, my god.

- Yeah, that was your mom.

- Yes, yes.

We were driving by a dealership one
day, me, her, and your father,
and it just caught my eye.

I was like,

"that car is beautiful."

- It was a beautiful car.

- Yeah.

She convinced your dad
to pick it up for me
for Christmas one year.

I, uh, I used to sit in it
when you used to come over
to the house.

- Did you really?

- Yes.

- You little runt.

- It had the cool t-tops.

- The t-tops.

- Yeah.

Yeah, I thought I was awesome.

You were awesome.

You were a fun little kid.

I remember.

I remember.

And I remember my dad.

He, uh, he really cared
about you.

Hmm.

And then, well, you just
stopped coming around.

Yeah, I did.

That sucked.

Your father was, uh...

- He was a user.

- Mm.

I trusted him.

I lost two years of my life...

For your dad because

I kept my mouth shut.

And I lost my family
and I lost everything

because of him.

And what happened

when you got out?

I met my wife at aa.

- Cheers.

- Cheers.

My dad took her, didn't he?

Yeah.

Why?

Why are you trying
to make me mad for?

Why are you trying
to wind me up?

I wanna know.

'Cause he's scared.

Is that why you took me?

Hmm?

- Maybe.

- Maybe?

Well,

I'm kind of glad you did.

Are you?

Mm-hmm.

So... Now what?

- Hmm.

- Hmm?

Now, I'm gonna finish
this bottle with you.

Mm-hmm. Oh.

Fuck.

Clean yourself up
with that towel there.

Hang on.

Un-fucking-believable.

Niko!

Fucking bald headed prick.

You want a drink? Huh?

Yeah.

Gina.

I was pretty sure you didn't know
who frank was. Do think she does?

What do you think?

You think she does?

I'm gonna go tell her.

- Was he ital...

- Was he Italian?

Does he have to be?

I, uh...

What?

I have to pee.

You gotta what?

You gotta pee?

I have to pee.

I've been down here
for a long time.

All right.

Well, unfortunately we don't
have a bathroom,

so...

That's what you got.

Sorry.

It's all right.

- You sure?

- Mm-hmm.

- Really?

- I can handle it.
Okay.
All right.
All right. Oh.
Don't go running off on me.
Okay.
I don't wanna hurt you.
Mmm.
Oh, that feels really good.
All right.
Those are staying on.
Don't go running on me,
and I'll tell you what.
- Okay.
- You do your thing.
I'm not gonna watch.
I'm not gonna listen.
I'm gonna sit over here
and sing a happy tune
all to myself.
You're gonna do your thing.
- I'll just hang out.
- Okay.
- Okay?
- Thank you.
Would you like to hear
a certain song?
I have a great voice,
I've been told.
- Yeah?
- Mm-hmm.
I don't know.
Whatever you want.
I could use a little help.
From me?
What kind of help do you need?
You gotta take 'em off?
That's what you need help with?
Uh-huh.
Yeah?
Frank?
Frank, are you home?
Frank!
You home?

Frankie?
Frankie, it's dad!
Who are you?
Friend of the family.
You frank's dad?
Yeah.
You know where he is?
No.
No? Then what the fuck
are you doing here?
How do you know frank?
We have a mutual friend.
Mickey Duro.
Mickey, huh?
You better pray that sick fuck
doesn't touch
my daughter, bitch,
or I'll cut your fucking jaw off
with a hacksaw, okay?
Cunt.
Oh, yeah!
Stop.
What the fuck is wrong with you?
Hey.
- Trav?
- Frank.
Yeah, it's me.
Hey, look, man,
what do you say
we end this, okay?
You know, we each got something
the other guy wants,
so let's just call it even, man.
You know, call it quits.
What do you say?
Yeah, I'm ready when you are.
Really? Good.
Usual place?
Yeah.
How's Gina?
She's a little banged up,
you know.
Niko caught her pretty good,
but she'll be okay.

Crystal?

Yeah, she's a little
banged up, too.

I'll see you in an hour.

Don't be late.

Who was that?

That was your dad.

What's with you?

That never happened.

- You understand?

- You're joking.

Do I look like I'm joking?

You don't say anything
to anybody.

- Okay?

- Yeah.

You a big girl? Are you gonna be good?

You gonna be all right?

- Hmm?

- I'm a very big girl.

Okay.

'Cause I'll find out who you love and I
will gut them like a fucking fish, cutie.

Ah, frank.

The woman you love.

My dad is gonna fucking
kill you.

Now you're gonna see
who you're really married to.

Come on, baby.

It's okay, it's okay, come on.

Relax. Come on. Just relax.

Come here, you motherfucker.

Come here.

Get the fuck out of there.

Okay. Calm down, now. Calm down.

All right, relax.

You know what this is?

Huh? You walk.

Let's go. Walk.

I said walk!

Don't cry. No crying.

Ain't no crying.

Ain't no crying in baseball,

ain't no crying in dying.
Except for this motherfucker
right here.
Get the fuck down.
Relax. Come here, fucker.
I'll blow your motherfucking
head off, you know that?
Don't fucking move.
Come on, bitch.
Motherfucker.
Come on, come on.
No!
You like that? Huh?
Hey, frank.
Frank, you see this?
I'll blow this bitch's brains
right the fuck out.
You better relax,
motherfucker. Slow!
Slow.
Hey, frank, I said slow.
Goddamn it, leave her...
Hey, baby, you okay?
Okay, okay, I get it.
I get it.
Slow. Slow, frank, slow.
- Honey, you okay?
- Yes, yes.
Hey, frank, come on.
- It's over. Let her go.
- Aah!
Hey, frank. I'm cool.
Hey, hey, hey, come on.
Did you ever think we'd be across
from each other like this?
I mean, all the things
we've been through together?
Come on, what are we doing?
All right, look, I admit it.
I went overboard.
I did.
- But I had to send a message. You talked, frank.
- Aah!
Hey, hey, hey, come on.

You talked, man.
You talked.
Come on, frank. It's over.
Let's stop this, man.
Can I just go?
Can't I just go? Can't I go?
Yeah, let her go.
Let her go, frank. Come on.
It's over.
Let's stop this.
No, no, no, no. No. No.
No! No, no, no, no!
Hey!
That's my daughter,
motherfucker, you let her go!
Goddamn it!
Stop it.
Frank, stop it.
That's my daughter. Stop it.
I've got nothing.
You took everything
from me, Mick.
Okay, look.
- Daddy, da...
- We are who we are.
We are.
But she's not.
Frank, she's not.
Just... just... I'm begging you.
Just... just please.
Let my daughter go, please.
And if I got nothing...
Frank.
Come on, frank.
Then Mick...
You got nothing!
You know I'd like to see
if we could,
maybe try to work things out.
Hey, you've reached frank and
Gina. Sorry we missed you.
Leave us a message.
Frank.
It's your mom.

I'm sorry I haven't
called you back.
Actually I'm glad
you didn't pick up.
I'm just not ready
to talk to you yet.
You're not right, Frankie.
I'm sorry. I love you.
But please don't call me again.