

FABULOUS BAKER BOYS 2 - 1

FRANK

Wait up, Jack. Wait a minute. I didn't know it would be like this. They promised me a prime spot. Where the hell are you going? Are you gonna talk to me?

JACK

I don't wanna talk to you!

FRANK

Look, it was for publicity, you understand, publicity.

JACK

What are you, a fucking moron?! It's three-o'clock in the morning, who's watching TV - paper boys?

FRANK

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

JACK

I don't believe you! A Telethon for basketballs! You had us playing to raise money for fucking 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

A what!?

FRANK

It wasn't professional behaviour, Jack.

JACK

What's happened to you? Have you 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?

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FRANK

Dignity? Who the hell are you to talk about dignity. Is this where you get your dignity, Jack? From a bottle? Is this where you get your courage, huh?! I want to explain something to you little brother, you 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 fucking sure he's better than everyone else! Well 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 favour at the end of each month so everyone else can go on living their lives! So don't talk to me about dignity! Oh, terrific, walk away. You're good at that Jack. You never could commit to anything, even a conversation.

JACK

Oh, is that what that was? It felt like a speech to me. Next time save it for the PTA.

FRANK

You just had to do it, didn't you Jackie. Couldn't keep your hands off her.

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 affects my business.

JACK

Your business?

FRANK

Yeah.

JACK

Your business?

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FRANK

Yes.

JACK

Your business exists because of me.

FRANK

You! I make the calendar, I pay the expenses, I even make sure your shoes are shined! What do you do? You show up for a couple of hours each night and smoke cigarettes.

JACK

Frank, if someone 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 did such a bang-up job a couple of months ago, you had them paying us not to play! That's fucking genius! ... I've had it, I've had enough, you're on your own.

FRANK

Jack, you can't leave.

JACK

I've had it. I can't do it any more.