BOBBY
Wait a minute. You want to look at fucking penguins now?

RICKY
Yeah. Let's look at the penguins.

BOBBY
Did you hear what he just said?

RICKY
Whatever. We're here. We may as well go to the penguin house.

BOBBY
I'm tired and I'm scared, and I'm not looking at fucking penguins.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. PENGUIN HOUSE - CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Bobby and Ricky watch the PENGUINS frolic in their arctic habitat. The silence is broken by...

RICKY
We need guns.

BOBBY
We don't need guns.

RICKY
I'm pretty sure we do.

BOBBY
I listened extremely carefully. Nothing was even vaguely implied. He even laughed in your face when you asked him.

RICKY
All the more reason.

BOBBY
You wouldn't even know where to get one.

RICKY
Wanna bet?

BOBBY
You couldn't even get a hand job from bridge and tunnel posse, how you gonna get a gun?

RICKY
That's cause you decided to get all tired all of a sudden.
BOBBY
It was six in the fucking morning.

RICKY
Float me a hundred bucks.

BOBBY
Why?

RICKY
You wanna see how fast I get a gun?

BOBBY
You're out of money?

RICKY
No.

BOBBY
What do you have left?

RICKY
Eighty.

BOBBY
Eighty bucks?!?

RICKY
Eighty five.

BOBBY
What happened to the fifteen hundred?

RICKY
You coulda picked up a tab every once in a while.

BOBBY
I did! I paid for half the fuckin drinks!

RICKY
You did?

BOBBY
Yes I did. You asshole! What about the room?

RICKY
What about it?

BOBBY
They only cover one fifty in incidentals. You've been ordering fucking... Motherfucker...

He starts to count out his cash.

RICKY
Calm down.

BOBBY
I fucking vouched for you. I vouched for you and you fucked me.

RICKY
This shit's peanuts compared to what we're gonna make with Maxie.

BOBBY
Ricky. I'm trying to save this money. Understand? I'm trying to make it so my girlfriend doesn't have to grind her ass into other men's erections so her daughter can go to private school.

RICKY
I'm sorry...

BOBBY
This is horseshit. It coulda been so easy.

RICKY
It's gonna be fine.

BOBBY
No more, man.

RICKY
Let's get some sleep. That's what we need, man. Sleep.

BOBBY
How we gonna sleep? We only got a few hours til dinner.

RICKY
So what do we do?

BOBBY
Let's just go now and wait.

RICKY
Three and a half hours?

BOBBY
I don't want to take any more chances.

RICKY
Let's just go get guns, I'd feel better.

BOBBY
Don't fuck around. You're gonna get us all killed.
RICKY
Think about it: You knocked out that Jewish kid's tooth, cost him eight grand, maybe more. Maybe lost his whole line of clientele? He knows you're fucking up Jess' dancing, and I got a feeling he knows I stole his carpet cleaning van by the way he looks at me. He can't kill us in LA cause that leads to too many questions. So he flies us out here first class for a 'drop' that's turned into whatever? He can make us disappear out here real nice...

BOBBY
Where do you get this shit?

RICKY
Scenario B. I think I'm getting under Ruiz's skin. I'm no dummy. He doesn't like how it went down with the Red Drag-Welshman, whatever. Now I got Fruitpie the Magician telling me I can't call my man Max? And that Welshman's sketchy. Whatever, I don't know where it's coming, which way it's coming from, I'm telling you one thing right now, I'm not gonna be late for the dance.

BOBBY
You're not getting a gun.

INT. DINER - MANHATTAN - DAY

Bobby is on the CAR PHONE beside Ricky. He leaves a message.

BOBBY

Ricky fights with him in whispers, then finally takes the phone.

RICKY

INT. GLOBE - MANHATTAN - DAY

Ricky and Bobby look horrible. They stare in silence drinking coffee.