

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.

START
↑

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. LIMOUSINE - MANHATTAN - DAY~~

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

BOBBY

Hi girls. It's Bobby. Can't seem to get a hold of you. Gonna be home soon. I miss you. Chloe, Uncle Ricky's here. He wants to say hello. Say hi to Chloe.

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

RICKY

Hi Princess. It's Ricky. I hope you're doing good sweetie. Everyone's okay. Nobody's hurt... Talk to you soon. Bye.

INT. GLOBE - MANHATTAN - DAY

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

END