

FRANK

You know Sunny, right? Slick blonde hair, lazy eye, awful ties?

ROBERT

Yeah, real well, actually.

FRANK

Oh... Then I guess you know that he and Gino were always bumping heads.

ROBERT

No more than any other pair.

FRANK

Uhm, well -- One night, Sunny and Gino found themselves in an argument -- I mean really getting into with one another. Sunny storms off and starts calling a bunch of guys to help deal with Gino.

ROBERT

I must've been out when he called.

FRANK

Yeah, It was late... Anyway, Sunny holds a meeting to plan out the hit. Only problem, Donnie found out. And Donnie, he wouldn't betray Gino. So, Donnie brings a couple wise-guys of his own to deal with Sunny. And they start lighting everybody up like they're Chinese candles.

ROBERT

And Sunny?

FRANK

He got away.

ROBERT

You would think Sunny would be the ONE man they aimed for, no?

A awkward beat. Frank gulps. Robert chuckles.

ROBERT

I'm just bustin' your chops. Like you said, it was late. I'm sure it was dark, hard to see... You were saying?

FRANK

Uh, yeah. Sunny escapes... And
appeases Gino, makin' up some story
about how it was Donnie's plan.
Gino believes him and now wants
Donnie smoked. So we're here, to
put a innocent man six feet under.

Frank, finishes his fabricated story. Robert just chuckles.

ROBERT

Don't go into gambling kid, they'll
eat ya alive.

Robert's words STAB into Frank.

FRANK

English, please.

ROBERT

(stands up)

You know that meeting that you said
Sunny was hosting?

Frank, too choked up to speak, nods in the positive.

ROBERT

I was at the meeting...

Robert twists the metaphorical knife even deeper.

ROBERT

It was Donnie's meeting. HE wanted
to bump off Gino.

Frank, a total mute. The power struggle decided. Robert moves to the drawer. He lifts up the downward facing picture of Frank and Donnie. Frank just watches. He's been caught.

ROBERT

You must be one braindead
motherfucker if you thought for a
second that I didn't know you two
were brothers?

FRANK

(referring to the picture)
This was a long time ago.

ROBERT

--So?

FRANK

--So nothing. I hardly talk to 'em
anymore.

ROBERT

(heartless)

It's gettin' late.

Robert has heard enough. Robert reaches into his jacket -- He
FLICKS the hammer of his .357 MAGNUM.