

Fuck 'em.  
JOE

Frank.  
FRANK

Fuck him.  
JOE

Frankie, god damn it, will you shut the fuck up and listen for once in your god damn life?

*FRANK laughs.*

God damn it, this isn't funny.  
FRANK

You sound just like Dad. "You shut your pie hole and listen to me. Shut your pie hole." Pie hole. Like we were always eating fucking pie or something. Like every day it's pie. "Shut your fucking pie hole." One time a year, Mom makes pie, Thanksgiving, Mom makes pie, damn pumpkin pie, but every day it's "Frankie, shut your pie hole." Shit.

**Highway Patrolman 1 Night.** Roadside diner. Fall, 1972. JOE, a highway patrolman, sits across a table from FRANK, who wears a tattered fatigue jacket and jeans. There is a cup of coffee in front of each man. FRANK smokes.

FRANK

He had it coming.

JOE

You can't say that.

FRANK

The fuck I can't.

JOE

Frank—

FRANK

The fuck I can't. I was there, all right? I was there.

JOE

Frank—

FRANK

Were you there? Huh? Where the fuck were you?

JOE

No. I wasn't there.

FRANK

No, you weren't. So don't go telling me what the fuck I can say and what I can't. He had it coming, I was there, you weren't, you can't tell me what I can say and what I can't.

JOE

Fine.

FRANK

I know, all right?

JOE

OK.

*Pause.*

### **Highway Patrolman 2**

FRANK

How's Maria?

JOE

She's fine.

FRANK

You tell her I'm sorry, OK? About Sunday. I was...I had something to do. Tell her I had something to do, OK?

JOE

OK.

FRANK

I don't want her thinking...she goes to all the trouble, I don't want her thinking I...you tell her something came up.

JOE

Yeah.

*Beat.*

Frank. That kid's in bad shape.

FRANK