

FADE IN:

INT. - BAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Frank is nursing a drink at the bar, bartender is cleaning the same spot over and over, looking at Frank (the remnants of a conversation still echoing in the empty bar).

Joe opens the door and abruptly walks in, stops...seeing Frank, then moves forward.

FRANK

What you doing here?

JOE

Looking for you.

FRANK

You found me.

JOE

What are you doing here?

FRANK

Having a drink. Want one?

JOE

Shouldn't you be by your lady's side? At least at the house?

FRANK

The house. Nope.

JOE

No? Why not?

FRANK

Why? Come on Joe, don't give me that horseshit!

BARTENDER (CAESAR)

How are you, Joe?

JOE

Afternoon, Caesar.

CAESAR

You watch the place a while? I got to go pay a visit to the captain's chair.

FRANK

Chickenshit. Chickenshit.

JOE

I'm trying to understand why you're such a selfish son of a bitch. I want to know how to help you. You're my family. But you're so angry... Why do you hurt people? Why aren't you with Dorothy?

FRANK

Let me ask you something. How's it feel when you killed that kid out on the highway?

JOE

Not good, Frank. Not good.

FRANK

I would've thought that felt real fucking good. It was clean, it was legal. You saved your own life. I mean, that's common sense. It's common fucking sense, right? It's how these people think.

JOE

What people? You're on a tangent.

FRANK

I ain't on a tangent! They don't let you figure out the problem! It's math class. The whole deal is math. Like every math class, there's a clown in front everybody hates. He's raising his hand, answering the questions. What do we do? Move on! Just fucking move on. Ready or not! He's deciding we got to move on. **He's** deciding we got to move on. He knows his math!...I hadn't figured out about Santa Claus yet. Dragons... Gasoline was my favourite smell! Like your farm. Who grew better crops? You or the math man bought it out from under you? You, right? And what's a farm for? It's for crops. That's the world, Joe. And it's a beauty! Am I right?

JOE

You're right.

FRANK

Am I wrong?

FRANK

There is no common sense. Right?

JOE

Right.

FRANK

All right.

JOE

Your problems are the world's fault.

FRANK

That's right! It's the world's fault. It's your fault. It's my fault. It's the fault of every "human being," as they're called. Every one of them out there!

JOE

Life lacks tenderness, does it?

FRANK

Go on back there. Go see my angel get born. Life must be great if you can laugh it up. No, mister. I'll just stay here and drink it down. 'Cause there's only two kinds of 'people' in this hell. That's heroes and outlaws. Which one are you?

JOE

Men come strong or weak, brother. You ain't strong. You're in a bar when Dorothy needs you. You go ahead. Go ahead. Drink it down.

FRANK

You got it, there ain't nothing. There ain't nothing worthwhile. Not even our children. Your eyes are closed. Stay that way.

JOE

My eyes are open, Frank. And I love looking at my little boy, and my wife... and my house, and my garden. And I love you, Frank.

FRANK

That all there is?

JOE

Why does that scare you?

FRANK

Why doesn't it scare you? Why?!
I'm fixing a bridge for fat men
and their fat wives... and their fat
fucking little kids... to drive over
it in their motor homes! I'm
making an impact, that's what I'm
doing.

Joe moves away from Frank.

JOE

That's all there is, Frank. Out
there is family. In here... it's
hell.

Joe turns and leaves, Frank slumps at the bar... holding
his drink, then slams it down.