

*JOE opens door and a YOUNG MAN carrying a box of groceries enters. The young man appears anxious and is constantly rubbing his nose and nervously rubbing his hands together.*

**JOE:** Hey kid, who's more sorry, me or her?

**FRANKIE:** How should I know, you haven't tasted the food yet.

**MATTY:** Great, we've got a "standup" delivery boy.

**FRANKIE:** Look, I've got a few more deliveries to make so if you don't mind.

**JOE:** What do we owe you?

**FRANKIE** (*looks at bill*): Six eighty-five.

*keeps wiping his nose and sniffing.*

**JOE** (*notices the sniffing as he pulls out his wallet*): What you got a cold or something?

*(counts money)*

Five, six seven...

**MATTY:** Give him a tip Joe.

**JOE:** Okay. Marry someone who can cook.

**MATTY:** Joe... there you go again. Wavelength, wavelength...

**FRANKIE** (*pulls out a gun*): I'm afraid I'll need a bigger tip than that. Give me your wallet.

**MATTY:** You're robbing us?

**FRANKIE:** Business is a little slow.

**JOE:** Kid, you picked the wrong guy to rob. I'm an officer of the court. Put the gun down and we'll work something out.

**MATTY:** Be careful Joe.

**JOE:** I'll handle this Matty. Step back.

**FRANKIE:** Stay right where you are lady. Look, I don't want to hurt nobody mister but I'm in a bad way here. I need money now!

**JOE:** You need a fix kid? What are you on? I can help you. Get you into a treatment program.

**FRANKIE** (*desperate*): Gimme the damned wallet!

**JOE:** What's your name? Let's talk about this.

**FRANKIE:** Never mind my name.

**JOE:** After you leave here I'm gonna call Sam's deli and find out anyway.

**FRANKIE:** It's Frankie.

**JOE**  
**FRANKIE**  
**MATTY**

**JOE:** Frankie, this isn't the answer. You ever been arrested before? You ever been to jail? It's not a nice place kid. I'm a prosecutor. You got a family? You got a mother, what's she gonna do when you're sitting in jail? You ever think of that? Let me help you. Gimme the gun Frankie.

**FRANKIE:** Don't try to confuse me. I need that money. I'll shoot him lady. I swear it.

**MATTY:** For God's sake give him the money, Joe. He's desperate.

**JOE:** *(hands him the wallet):* Here, there's fifty bucks in there. Now leave us alone.

**FRANKIE** *(to Matty):* What about jewelry?

**MATTY** *(she hides hand with ring behind her back.):* I haven't any.

**FRANKIE:** Let me see your hand lady.

*She puts out her hand.*

The ring, give it to me...

**JOE** *(steps between Matty and the boy):* You're not getting that ring. You've got the cash, now get out of here.

**FRANKIE:** I'm in a real bad way here lady.

*He puts gun to Joe's head.*

Gimmee the ring!

**MATTY** *(she takes off ring):* Here, take it.

**FRANKIE:** On the table.

*She puts ring on the table as the BOY backs away and picks it up, putting it in his pocket.*

Where's the rest of the jewelry?

**JOE:** She told you there's no more

**FRANKIE:** Where's the bedroom?

**MATTY:** Through there.

*She indicates door.*

**FRANKIE:** Okay, let's go.

*As they head for bedroom Joe grabs for gun.*

**JOE:** Give me that ring you Punk!

*They struggle as gun goes off and JOE collapses.*

**MATTY:** Joe, oh my God, Joe!

**FRANKIE:** I didn't mean it lady, he grabbed the gun, it went off!

*He runs from apartment.*

**JOE** *(weakly):* Matty, the ring. The ring.