

THE FABULOUS BAKER BOYS

Susie enters room from bedroom buttoning her blouse. Looks around, finds her shoes. Notices photo, picks up to investigate.

JACK
Sheffield Hotel

Susie jumps, surprised to see that Jack is watching her.

JACK
First gig we ever played. The guy that ran the place gave us \$50 a week. We didn't care, we were musicians. He told us to keep that photo.

SUSIE
How come?

JACK
(charming)
He said, someday when we make it BIG, it would remind us of far we've come.

Jack watches Susie study the photo.

JACK
Coffee?

SUSIE
Yeah... no. I mean...

JACK
Look, if you want to leave...

SUSIE
No... yeah...listen.
The reason I came by last night... I'm thinking about leaving. The act.

SUSIE
It's a... I met this guy over New Year's, at the hotel. He liked my voice. And, well, it's... He thinks I can sell cat food just singing about it. Crazy, huh?

Susie tries to laugh.

SUSIE

I mean, it's nothing big. Mostly local stuff probably.

JACK

Take it.

SUSIE

Well, I haven't decided. I'm just thinking about it...

JACK

Take it.

Susie stops, studies Jack's face.

SUSIE

(beat)

Yeah, well, anyway, like I said, I know Frank's got us booked through March.

JACK

Don't worry about Frank.

SUSIE

What about you?

JACK

What's that got to do with anything?

SUSIE

Well... nothing. I just mean, I don't want to leave you guys with an empty mike...

JACK

Hey. There's always another girl.

Susie looks at Jack. His face is unflinching.

SUSIE
(grabbing her coat)
Right. Well... Thanks for the advice. I'll think it
over.

(heads out the door)

JACK
Your welcome

(Suzie, comes back in slamming the door)

SUSIE
I'm quitting.

JACK
Congratulations.

SUSIE
As of now.

JACK
Well, if you ever need a recommendation, let me
know.

SUSIE
Jesus, you're cold, you know that? You're like a
fucking razor blade.

JACK
Careful. You'll have me thinking you're going soft
on me.

Susie stops, looks at him in amazement.

SUSIE
You don't give a fuck, do you? About anything.

Jack stops, turns.

JACK

Hey. What do you want from me? You want me to tell you to stay? Is that what you're looking for? You want me to get down on my knees and beg you to deliver the Baker Boys from doom? Well, forget it. We survived for fifteen years before you strutted onto the scene, sweetheart. FIFTEEN YEARS. Two seconds and you're bawling like a two year old. You shouldn't be wearing a dress. You should be wearing a diaper.

SUSIE

Jesus. You and Egghead ARE brothers, aren't you?

JACK

Damn straight. And let me tell you something. Over the years they've dropped like flies in every fucking hotel in this city, but we're still here. We've never held a day job in our lives. He may be an easy target, but add it up and you'll see; Frank's done fine.

SUSIE

Yeah. Frank's done great. He's got the wife, the kids, the little house in the suburbs. Meanwhile his brother's sitting in a shitty apartment with a sick dog, Little Orphan Annie, and a chip on his shoulder as big as a Cadillac.

JACK

(tensely)

Listen to me, princess. We fucked twice. That's it. Once the sweat dries, you still don't know shit about me. Got it?

SUSIE

I know one thing. While Frank Baker was home putting the kids to sleep last night, little brother Jack was out dusting off his dreams for a few minutes.

Jack just stares at her.

SUSIE

I was there. I saw it in your face. You're full of shit. You're a fake. Every time you walk into some shitty daiquiri hut, you're selling yourself on the cheap. I know all about that. I used to find myself at the end of the night with some malt ball mogul, then wake up in the morning and tell myself it didn't matter. You kid yourself that you got this empty place inside where you can put it all. But do it long enough and all you are is empty.

JACK

I didn't know whores were so philosophical.

SUSIE

At least my brother's not my pimp.

Susie turns to walk away, then stops and looks back.

SUSIE

You know I had you pegged for a loser the first time I saw you. But I was wrong. You're worse. You're a coward.