

FRAWLEY

Seems to be a bit of a staring  
contest over there.

KRISTA

What can I say? Boys like me.

FRAWLEY

I bet they do.

KRISTA

What are you doin' here? Slummin'?

FRAWLEY

I work for the FBI.

KRISTA

Me too.

FRAWLEY

Well, you must be new.

KRISTA

You're all right. It doesn't mean  
you're getting fucked, though. You  
gotta chase the rabbit if you want  
the tail. My mom taught me that.

FRAWLEY

(pause)

You used to hang around with Doug  
MacRay a little but, huh?

KRISTA

How do you know Dougy?

FRAWLEY

We sort of work together.

KRISTA

Sand and gravel?

FRAWLEY

No, no, no.

(takes out money.

Separates a bill)

You a pretty decent judge of size?

KRISTA

Depends. Size of what?

FRAWLEY

How big would you say that is? Six  
inches? Over or under?

KRISTA

Under.

FRAWLEY

Wrong. 6.14 inches exactly. I know everything there is to know about money. Thickness: .0043 inches. Weight: about one gram. Which is interesting... because that means that this \$20 bill isn't even worth its own weight... in Oxy.

So, how does it work? You're at the bar, bartender gets a call... you go pick up a package at point A, deliver it to point B... the Florist gives you a 'C'?

You're thinking of running out of here on me. It's not that simple. Because, you see...

(Pulls out his badge)

I start waving this around in this place... Bad for you.

KRISTA

I want a lawyer.

FRAWLEY

Good. Get one.

(pause)

I mean, it's all about protecting yourself, right? Not even yourself... your daughter.

KRISTA

Don't talk about my daughter.

FRAWLEY

How long were you with MacRay?

KRISTA

All my life.

FRAWLEY

And in all those years that you were together... how many diamond necklaces did he give you?

KRISTA

Fuck you, six inches.

FRAWLEY

Then how'd you end up in here?

KRISTA

You're a crime stopper. Figure it the fuck out.

FRAWLEY

Sweetheart... I know you have oxycodone, cocaine and alcohol in your system... I know that you have 5 cars registered in your name... and I know that right now, your daughter's in the back seat of a state van, being driven by a stranger to the Department of Social Services. How long you want to continue flirting here?

KRISTA

I'm a person you know.

FRAWLEY

Yeah, you're a person who's going to need a plea agreement if you ever want to see your kid again.

KRISTA

Why is it always that I'm the one getting used?

FRAWLEY

What do you have?

KRISTA

Ya; know, just that, uh, Dougy's going away after... with her.

FRAWLEY

Her? Wait, what after? After what?  
Krista, I need you to be smart here. This could be a big moment for Shyne. You can make a huge difference in her life. We can help you.

KRISTA

What about my brother?

FRAWLEY

Honestly, prison is the best thing that could happen to your brother.

KRISTA

She's retarded. She's gonna need  
special things... different  
schools... I'm not doin' this for  
me. It's for her.