

MARRIED TO THE MOB

ANGELA
Hi hon'

FRANK
Hey babe

ANGELA
You goin' out tonight?

FRANK
Yeah, Tony called a meeting. You playing cards over at Connie's house tonight?

ANGELA
No. What are you looking for?

FRANK
No? Why not?

ANGELA
I dunno I don't feel like it.

FRANK
You don't feel like it? Angela when the bosses' wife asks you to come and play cards you go!

ANGELA
I don't have to jump every time Connie or Tony snaps their fingers.

FRANK
You know I don't know what's wrong with you lately Angela. All the other guys their wives get along, Tommy and Lois invite us to dinner you lie to him you don't tell me about it. They used to be your friends now all of a sudden you can't stand them? That makes me look bad – how am I supposed to get ahead in the family huh?

ANGELA
The same way you always have: lie, cheat, steal... kill.

FRANK
That's very funny. You're a comedian now huh? You should call Ed McMahon, get you on fucking Star Search

JOEY
(Enters)
Mom, I Have To Go To The Bathroom

ANGELA
Hey, hey, hey, come here. I do not want you taking money from those kids anymore.

JOEY
It was Tony Junior's idea!!!

ANGELA
Oh what? That makes it okay? You can't think for yourself?

FRANK
Hey – you playin' 3-card-monte with those kids again?

JOEY
Yeah

FRANK
How much you take from them?

JOEY
12 bucks.

FRANK
That's not bad.

JOEY
Thanks dad.

ANGELA
Thanks Frankie, I'm tryin' to teach him something.

FRANK
Angela, he's only a kid.

ANGELA
What are you looking for?

FRANK
My revolver, where is my revolver.

JOEY
Bang! Bang! Here dad.

ANGELA
Jesus, Joey gimme that... Go to your room Joey.

JOEY
C'mon Lucky!

FRANK
Thank you Joey

ANGELA
That's great Frank. That's really great.

FRANK
It's not loaded Angela

ANGELA
I can't believe it.

FRANK
All right, so I'll keep it locked up from now on.

ANGELA
It's not just the gun Frank it's everything. It's this whole life.

FRANK
Your life is so bad? You have a beautiful house, you have plenty of money, you have a great kid, you have a husband who loves you –whattaya want from me?

ANGELA
I want a normal life. I am sick and tired of the gambling, of the guns, bailin' you outta jail, never knowing when you're gonna come home – if you're gonna come home. Look at this place. Everything we wear everything we eat everything we own fell off a truck.

FRANK
Shhhh! Take it easy baby I don't think you're making much sense. I mean when I look at this house you know what I see? I see a swell house with beautiful furnishings – I go upstairs to Joey's room I see all the things we give him – baby things you and I never had when we was growin' up.

ANGELA
Frankie don't you get it? Everything has blood on it.

FRANK

I don't have to sit here and listen to this garbage!

ANGELA

Either do I.

FRANK

Oh no?

ANGELA

No.

FRANK

No?

ANGELA

No.

FRANK

Whatta ya gonna do about it!?!

ANGELA

I wanna divorce!

FRANK

(Laughs, kisses her on the cheek.)

Listen to Doctor Demarco for just a second here darling all right? You go upstairs and take a valium. You lie down, relax, you'll feel a lot better all right darling? I love ya Ang.

(Walks off laughing.)

ANGELA

(Cries)

FRANK

(from offstage)

Joey, Joey honey...