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## Side 7

FRANK SENIOR

Look at us, Frankie. On top of the world.

FRANK JUNIOR

Dad. I went by the store today.

FRANK SENIOR

I had to close the store for a while. It's all about timing, Frank. The goddamn government knows that, they hit you when you're down. I wasn't going to let them take it from me. So I just shut the doors myself. Called their bluff. Sooner or later, they'll forget about me.

*(Frank Junior slides a thick envelope across the table.)*

What's this?

FRANK JUNIOR

Let's open the store up, Dad. Pay off the Feds. Get things back the way they were. I can help out now.

FRANK SENIOR

Keep it. You got your own worries.

FRANK JUNIOR

I'm fine. There's plenty more where this came from, believe me.

FRANK SENIOR

That's fine, Frankie. Take good care of yourself.

FRANK JUNIOR

But maybe if Mom sees —

FRANK SENIOR

Do I look like I need your help?

*(A moment.*

*Frank Sr. to bartender.)*

Double Bourbon.

*(Back to Frank Junior.)*

Don't worry about your mom and me. Frankie. She's stubborn, always has been. She's a formidable woman. But I won't let her go without a fight.

FRANK JUNIOR

If she saw you had the store back —

FRANK SENIOR

Two hundred GI's in that tiny social hall, watching her dance. I didn't speak a word of French. And six weeks later, she was my wife.

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