

CHEECH: I was thinking about when Sylvia's in the crazy house—

DAVE: The sanitarium.

CHEECH: Yeah, she gets the D.T.'s and sees things.

DAVE: She hallucinates?

CHEECH: No, she sees things – y'know – like visions—

DAVE: Like what?

CHEECH: Like her dead husband – and then they have that talk—

DAVE: –The one in the third act? With Sylvia's Doctor? –

CHEECH: –That's right like she couldn't face up to it when he was alive.

DAVE: That's great. That's great.

CHEECH: It is great. I gotta have another beer.

DAVE: It's great. It's all great.

CHEECH: What's the matter?

DAVE: I just gotta take a break.

CHEECH: Wanna take a break?

DAVE: Yeah. Cramp. (*beat*). This is a nice spot.

CHEECH: Comin' here a long time.

DAVE: Yeah? You from around here? You live — live around here?

CHEECH: South London, born and bred. Elephant and Castle.

DAVE: Big family?

CHEECH: No. I got a sister who lives in Dulwich and I had a brother but he got killed.

DAVE: Oh sorry.

CHEECH: It's alright. He grassed on the shylocks. They took him out to Dover and threw him off the cliff.

DAVE: How'd you get into your line of work?

CHEECH: My father — boy he was tough.

DAVE: Did you ever think of doing anything else?

CHEECH: Like what?

DAVE: Like writing?

CHEECH: Writing? You havin' a laugh? C'mon, I've been collecting for the mob since I was sixteen.

DAVE: But you have a huge gift...it's uncanny — your instincts — your dramatic instincts, it's really — enviable.

CHEECH: Your play was very good. You just didn't use your head. Sometimes people don't think.

DAVE: Well, it all seems logical to you because — you know, to a person who can draw it's simple — but to someone who can't — I mean I studied playwrighting with every teacher and read every book.

CHEECH: Lemme tell you something about teachers. I hate teachers. Those blue haired cunts used to whack us with rulers. Forget teachers.

DAVE: There was a boy I knew when I was growing up, and he played accordion. I loved accordion, and I practiced and practiced and got fluent, yet he could squeeze one note and the sound would make you cry.

CREECH: I used to want to dance, you know that? I mean it. I wanted to dance. You ever see George Raff dance?

DAVE: Mr. Marx says you've actually rubbed a few people out, is that true?

CHEECH: What is this, the third degree?

DAVE: No, not at all...I'm just, really, the truth is i'm fascinated.

CHEECH: I took care of a few guys. They had it coming.

DAVE: Why?

CHEECH: They went back on a deal — tried to cheat Mr. V — or put a bullet in me — didn't pay their debts — who knows? I never blew a guy's head off who didn't ask for it.

DAVE: How does it actually feel when you kill a man?

CHEECH: Feels ok.

DAVE: Feels ok?

CHEECH: Yeah.

DAVE: Even the first time?

CHEECH: First time was a punk in prison – he squealed on me. I stuck an ice pick in his back.

DAVE: An ice pick?

CHEECH: An ice pick, yeah. I had to do it over and over – forty times. It was a mess, forget about it.