

Excerpt from *Road Warriors* by Michael Fleck

Lenny goes into the bathroom. Frank sits on the bed, picks up the phone handset and dials a long distance number. Waiting for someone to pick up, Frank loosens his tie and takes off his shoes. Then:

FRANK. Hey, Molly, how are you? Fine, thanks. Is Mr. Schultz in? Oh. Sure, that's fine. Just tell him we're here, all right? Yes. Thank you, Molly, the accommodations are just fine. Room 16. The phone is 402-555-6783. We'll wait for his call. Thanks.

Frank takes off his socks, rolls them and stuffs them in his shoes. He unbuttons his cuffs and rolls up his sleeves. Pulling the pillows from under the bedcovers, he arranges them against the headboard. We hear the shower go on in the bath and, then, the sound of a tremendous fart. Frank shakes his head, puts his feet up on the bed and leans against the pillows. The telephone rings and Frank picks up the handset.

FRANK. Hello? Yes, hello, Mr. Schultz. Yes, everything went fine. What have you got for us? (Listens. There is no change in his expression, but he sits up straight on the bed.) Really? No kidding. No, no I can handle it. When? (He puts his feet on the floor.) Tonight? Right, as soon as possible. Yeah, I understand. Sure. No problem. (He hangs up.)

LENNY. (From off.) Hey, did I hear the phone? Was that our fearless leader?

FRANK. Yeah. Just giving us a heads up on the job.

LENNY. (Off.) So who gets the pink slip this weekend?

Frank stands and crosses to the other bed. He gets the duffel bag from the floor, places it on the bed, then opens it and stares at the contents. His face is expressionless.

FRANK. Just another fuck-up who can't pull his weight.

LENNY. (Off.)

Too bad. I actually feel sorry for the guy. But, if you're gonna be a putz, you gotta figure it'll catch up with ya someday.

FRANK. Yeah. You're right about that, partner.

Frank reaches into the bag and pulls out a semi-automatic pistol. Reaching in again, he finds a silencer and begins to screw it onto the muzzle. We hear another train roar by outside.

LENNY. (Off.) Hey, Frank, forget about what I said before, okay? About when we was kids. I was just yankin' your chain. Not pissed at me, are you?

Frank pulls a clip from the bag and slides it into the gun, then checks to make sure there is a round in the chamber.

FRANK. No, I'm not pissed.

Frank crosses to the hallway facing the bathroom

LENNY. (Still off.) Tell ya what, kiddo. We'll go downstairs and I'll buy ya a double Jack on the rocks, okay? Then we'll go find the biggest goddamn steak and potato in Omaha. Sound good?

FRANK. Sounds like a plan.

LENNY. (Still off.) You and me, buddy-boy. Partners in crime, right?

FRANK. You bet.

Frank moves into the bathroom, out of view. We hear a train horn blare followed by the boom of a gun going off, then the dull thud of a body falling.

After a moment, the train sounds fade into the distance and Lenny steps out of the bathroom, wearing only a bath towel, holding a gun.

He crosses to the bed and sits, setting the gun on the nightstand. He leans back against the headboard and puts his feet up. He notices a complimentary chocolate on the pillow beside him. He picks it up, unwraps it and pops it into his mouth. He picks up the phone and dials as he sucks on the chocolate.

LENNY. Hey, Molly. It's Leonard. Yeah. Fine, fine. Is he around? Okay. (A beat.) Yeah, hi, dickhead. It's done. No, it's fine. Send in the clean-up crew. Yeah. I ain't goin' nowhere. And, Schultz? You owe me big time. Yeah, yeah, I know. Too smart for his own good. Watch your back, asshole. You could be next. (He starts to put down the phone, but thinks better of it.) Hey Schultz? Maybe it's time for some honest-to-goodness retirement planning. Yeah? I know the feelin'. I'm gettin' too old for this shit.

He hangs up the phone. He grabs the remote and turns on the TV. He finds a second chocolate on the pillow behind his back. He unwraps it and pops it into his mouth. He finds the remote control and turns on the television.

LIGHTS FADE OUT.