

Crazy Eights Side #1

CONNIE: Jesus Christ, Benny. What are you tryin' to do to me?

BENNY: Where you been?

CONNIE: I was out. Shit. You can't be waitin' up like that, sittin' in the dark. There's heart disease in my family.

BENNY: You know what time it is?

CONNIE: I could've dropped dead. I get spooked real easy.

BENNY: It's ten past twelve.

CONNIE: And I got a clock, Benny. I don't need you tellin' me what time it is.

BENNY: You were supposed to be home at midnight.

CONNIE: My train got stuck. We had to wait for the signal to change.

BENNY: Ah, that ol' chestnut.

CONNIE: You think I'm lyin'?

BENNY: Wouldn't be the first time.

CONNIE: Ten minutes. Cut me some slack. How'd you get in here anyway?

BENNY: You left the window unlocked.

CONNIE: What window? I live on the sixth floor.

BENNY: I came up the fire escape.

CONNIE: What are you stupid? What if you fell?

BENNY: Nah, baby, I'm like a cat.

CONNIE: This ain't legit, Benny.

BENNY: What ain't?

CONNIE: The way you do things. All the time you doin' shit like this. It ain't on the level.

BENNY: Sure it is.

CONNIE: None of my other parole officers ever did this.

BENNY: Did what?

CONNIE: Break into my apartment!

BENNY: Come on—

CONNIE: It's creepy. You climbing' in my window waitin' in here with all the lights off. What if I didn't realize it was you? What if I freaked out and maced you or stuck a knife in your gut or something?

BENNY: Well, for one thing, that'd probably qualify as a parole violation.