



FRICKIN' ED

by Chris Belden

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# **FRICKIN' ED**

*or The Chamomile Killer*

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## CHARACTERS:

PHILLY – a man of 32, a low level mobster

LOLA – a woman of 29, a willowy blond moll

JOHNNY BACKDOOR – a man of 44, a thick-chested mobster

FRICKIN' ED – a man of about 50, crooked nose, a local mob boss

JOEY SPINETTI (off-stage) – a man of about 60, Ed's boss

# FRICKIN' ED

AN EMPTY RESTAURANT. After hours. The front doors are locked and covered by a thick curtain.

***PHILLY paces the floor. LOLA (in a waitress outfit of white blouse and black pants) sits at a table. JOHNNY BACKDOOR lies on the floor, apparently dead. A gun lies on the table.***

PHILLY            ( *pacing*) Oh, Jesus! This is *very* bad. Very, *very* bad.

LOLA              But I didn't *mean* to kill him, Philly! It was a accident!

PHILLY            Frickin' Ed'll be here any minute now. What am I gonna do?

LOLA              Well, why was he coming in through the back door if he wasn't a burglar or something?

PHILLY            Aw, you don't know *anything*! Johnny *always* came in through the back door.

LOLA              In the middle of the night?

PHILLY            That's why they called him "Johnny Backdoor."

LOLA              How was I supposed to know it was him?

PHILLY            You've met Johnny before. You need to get your eyes checked, Lola.

LOLA              It's true. I can't see a thing. I was bringing the wrong dishes to the wrong tables all night long.

PHILLY            I heard.

***Lola pulls out a small amount of bills, examines them close to her face, counting.***

LOLA              I hardly made any tips at all.

PHILLY            Maybe we should move you to the hostess spot.

LOLA              It's no use! I can't even read the reservations list.

***A KNOCK at the door.***

PHILLY            That's Ed. Oh Jesus. (*to himself*) Think. Think!

LOLA              Philly – let's sneak out the back. We can get away!

PHILLY Nah. There's no getting away from Frickin' Ed. The last guy who tried ended up with a bellyful of Cuyahoga River. Now, listen -- let me do the talking. As far as anyone knows, *I* was the one who pulled the trigger. Okay?

LOLA But Philly –

***Another KNOCK at the door.***

PHILLY Trust me on this, Lola. Okay?

***Philly pulls aside the curtain and unlocks the door. FRICKIN' ED enters. He wears a robe, black socks (with garters), slippers, and a fedora.***

ED Hello, Philly.

PHILLY Hello, Ed.

ED How's it goin'?

PHILLY Not so good, actually.

ED Uh huh. *(to Lola)* And you must be. . .

LOLA Lola.

ED Ah, yes. Lola. *(sees Johnny on the floor)* Jesus Frickin' Christ. Will ya look at Johnny. There's some guys over in Akron would pay out some frickin' good money to see Johnny this way.

PHILLY I feel just terrible, Ed.

ED Yeah. Say, Philly, where's the frickin' rest room? *(pulls out a bottle of Listerine from his robe)* I'd like to gargle before we get started.

PHILLY Oh, sure. It's right over there, Ed. Straight back.

ED I can't think straight unless my mouth is clean, know what I mean? Excuse me.

***Frickin' Ed exits toward the rest room.***

PHILLY Oh, man. I feel like I've just been sized up for my own coffin.

LOLA Aw, he doesn't seem so bad.

PHILLY You don't get it, do you, Lola? D'you know Frickin' Ed hasn't been outta his house in *ten years!*

***Sound of GARGLING from the rest room.***

LOLA Is he wearing a bathrobe?

PHILLY And what brings Northeast Ohio's number one mob boss outta hiding after all this time? (*points to Johnny*) This. Johnny Backdoor – dead, on my restaurant floor. (*groans*)

LOLA (*weepy*) I said I was sorry.

PHILLY Shhh! Here he comes.

***Frickin' Ed re-enters, refreshed.***

ED (*smacks his lips*) Ahh – much better. So, Philly. Why don't you tell me what happened here tonight?

PHILLY Well, sure, Ed. It's pretty simple. It was all a misunderstanding, really. You know how Johnny liked to use the back door, right?

ED Sure. He was afraid of front doors.

PHILLY That's right. Anyway. . . Uh – we were about to lock the place up, and Lola here heard a noise in the kitchen, so she thought -- well, it's only natural, when you think about it – she thought Johnny was breaking in. I mean, the place *was* closed and all. So I went back there, it was dark. . .

ED So *you* shot Johnny?

PHILLY That's correct, Ed. I shot Johnny.

ED In the kitchen.

PHILLY That's right.

ED So how'd he get out here?

PHILLY I dragged him out here.

ED What the frick for?

PHILLY Well, he was in the *kitchen*, Ed.

ED Yeah?

PHILLY I got a health code to worry about.

ED Uh huh. (*to Lola*) Lola, honey – we're gonna need a frickin' table cloth.

LOLA *A table cloth?*

ED That's correct. A big one. For, uh. . . (*gestures toward the dead body*)

PHILLY Get a table cloth, will ya, Lola?

LOLA Oh! Of course!

***Frickin' Ed watches closely as Lola exits toward the back room. He takes the gun from the table and examines it.***

ED            This is a nice piece, Philly.

PHILLY       Thanks. *You* gave that to me, remember? Right before my first big job.

ED            (*holds gun up*) Yeah. Real nice. You know Fat Ass Joey Spinetti gave me the same piece when I was startin' out?

PHILLY       *The* Fat Ass Spinetti? The Don of Ohio?

ED            The one and only. But mine has a big nick in it. From when I gave a beatin' to that Irish bastard Babyshanks McFarquar.