

Jo-Lynne: I need a favor.  
Chick: Uh-huh.  
Jo-Lynne: Something happened to me. To my family. And I need some help to...  
Chick: What happened?  
Jo-Lynne: It was a few months ago. It was in all the papers and on TV and stuff.  
Chick: Uh-huh.  
Jo-Lynne: And it never got resolved.  
Chick: Could I ask you something?  
Jo-Lynne: Sure.  
Chick: What the fuck are you talking about?  
Jo-Lynne: Did you read about the man who got killed in North Bergen last April?  
Chick: What man?  
Jo-Lynne: My husband. He was in the street arguing with someone. And this man killed him.  
Chick: Oh shit! Wait I second! He had a bat, right? He went for the guy, and the guy caught him with an elbow shot to the nose. Killed him with a fucking elbow in like two seconds.  
Jo-Lynne: He got off.  
Chick: Sure he did, they didn't even try it. Guy attacked him with a bat.  
Jo-Lynne: He got off like nothing happened. Like it was some... dispute or disagreement or something, and now it was over.  
Chick: What, you wanted to get the guy back or something? You mean like that kind of help?  
Jo-Lynne: Yes. I thought maybe you could help me avenge my husband.  
Chick: You want me to key his car?  
Jo-Lynne: No. You know what I mean.  
Chick: Do it?  
Jo-Lynne: I mean, weren't you away before?  
Chick: You mean in prison? Sure was.  
Jo-Lynne: So... I thought you could help. You know. Help.  
Chick: Look, I'm having a little trouble here. I'm asking questions in English, and I'm getting answers in some kind of code. So what I need from you is a translation. I need one sentence that says exactly what the fuck kind of help you're standing here asking me for.  
Jo-Lynne: I want to kill this man.

Chick: And you want my help?

Jo-Lynne: Yes. I want to see to it that he dies for what he did. I want to see it done.  
Chick: I'm almost positive what you're talking about is against the law, which makes it a violation of my parole just to have the words you're saying bouncing off my ears. So me making suggestions or whatever the fuck you're expecting, that stands to land me in a world of hurt. I think I'm going to have to excuse myself.

Jo-Lynne: I don't have anyone else.

Chick: Pardon?

Jo-Lynne: I... I don't know anyone else. I don't have anyone else.

Chick: What's that mean?

Jo-Lynne: To do it.

Chick: Do what?

Jo-Lynne: What I said?

Chick: Which is what?

Jo-Lynne: To kill him.

Chick: Oh. You want someone to kill him for you. Now I understand. I understand cause you said it. See how that works?

Jo-Lynne: I'll give you twenty-three hundred dollars in cash if you'll kill the man who killed my husband. His name is Curtis Lowe. He lives on the next block over from me. He's home all the time. You could do it and then tell me and I could go and see - and you could leave and... whatever. It'd only take a second. Would that be OK?

Chick: Do you know what I was in prison for, Jo-Lynne?

Jo-Lynne: Yeah. You killed someone.

Chick: No. The charge.

Jo-Lynne: No.

Chick: Death by auto. I ran over some guy while he was standing on the sidewalk.

Jo-Lynne: Oh. But someone still died, right?

Chick: Yeah, but it's not really the same thing. I mean, unless you want me to ring his doorbell and ask him to wait in his driveway while I run get my car, we're talking about two completely different things.