

FRITZY: Federico "Fritzy" Giovanelli

FRANK: Frank "Frankie California" Condo

FRANK: Listen, how do you feel? That's the main thing.
Alright?

FRITZY: I'm alright. I just, you know, he gave me a little fuckin' depre—I got depressed when he told me that fuckin' thing, ya know, a coupla days ago. But I'm going to the, uh, to the allergist and I'm gonna start taking my needles. He's gotta, he's testing me for allergies.

FRANK: Yeah.

FRITZY: 'Cause I'm always tight in the chest and I'm always locked up there, ya know what I mean? So, evidently, I don't know what fuckin'...

FRANK: I'm thinking of going to acupuncture.

FRITZY: acupuncture? For what?

FRANK: I was talking to this guy, passes by once in a while. He's a kung, uh, he's one of these kung fu guys. He was telling me about himself. He had, uh, he was rushed to the hospital. They told him his spleen was damaged.

FRITZY: Yeah.

FRANK: From not eating the proper food. He used to eat sandwiches and cold cuts, all that jazz.

FRITZY: Yeah, right, right.

FRANK: And the spleen went on him.

FRITZY: Yeah. That...

FRANK: And they was gonna operate on him.

FRITZY: Yeah.

FRANK: So before they operate on him, somebody says, 'We got a guy, his name is Wong.'

FRITZY: Yeah.

FRANK: A guy Kong. Kong, on, on, on, on, the east...on the, in the Mulberry Street, around there.

FRITZY: Yeah, and what happened?

FRANK: He went there. The guy start giving him needles. And his spleen got better and he's alright.

FRITZY: Ya know, I wanna go for my fuckin' hip.

FRANK: And then he had his, uh, his, his wrist. He couldn't move his hand up and down. He had a big lump, on the side...

FRITZY: When do you want to go? Call him up. Uh, we'll go.

FRANK: On the side of his wrist.

FRITZY: I've tried everything. The chiropractors, they're no fuckin' good. I can't even...

FRANK: ...the needles in the wrist.

FRITZY: Yeah?

FRANK: And the lump went away, and he could move his hand.

FRITZY: Yeah, but you go to watch for these cocksuckers. You don't know where they use the needle, whether they give you AIDS. Yeah, sure, you gotta worry. Wong. Wong may've put the fuckin' needle up some guy's, uh, ass. Who the fuck knows?

FRANK: Yeah.

FRITZY: He don't boil 'em right. You can't take a chance with these guys.

FRANK: I know.

FRITZY: Fuck that. Fuck that. Fuck that. Nobody's giving me AIDS.

FRANK: You can't, you can't take needles today.

FRITZY: Nah. You can't fool around with anybody with needles, anything to do where blood comes out of it. You

don't know if he, if they wash them down good. Especially them Chinese, them fucks. You don't know.

FRANK: They're dirty.

FRITZY: They're dirty. So you don't know if they're doing the right thing. Ya know?

FRANK: Uh-huh.

FRITZY: Uh, ya don't know anymore today. We gotta preserve what we got left, California. Whatever's left of the virile, the virileness. You know, I ain't been humpin' nothin'? I been a little mushy.

FRANK: Yeah?

FRITZY: Yeah.

FRANK: The pipe is down, huh?

FRITZY: Well, you know, you get depressed if that's what happens. It was good there for the week and a half there, for a little while there.

FRANK: ...tired, I get home late...

FRITZY: Before I got the fuckin' report, my pipe was really big.

FRANK: Yeah?

FRITZY: I knew I was in good shape. I saw it getting longer and longer. I says, ya know, I'm starting to come around. Then, all of a sudden, I got a little down. Then all of a sudden it mushad again. But I got, you know what I gotta do? I gotta play with it for a couple of days.