

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

CASINO

INT. RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

SAM

First of all, he's not gonna wear fuckin' thousand dollar suits. But, lets say he did, which he won't. How you gonna get fitted for Twenty five suits in three days? I mean, how could you get fitted that fast? I can't get fitted that fast and I pay twice as much.

GINGER

I bought him a watch, too.

SAM

Yeah. But, even if you bought him a watch, a really nice watch. One that he thought was nice. He doesnt know what the fuck a good watch is. So, you go five, ten, twelve grand.

GINGER

Yeah.

SAM

At the most. Which is impossible for him. Plus, at the most, three suits, a thousand a piece, that still leaves what? Around ten thousand?

GINGER

Would you knock it off Sam?

SAM

I'm just tryna figure it out.

GINGER

There's nothing to figure out. I'm home. We're working it out.

SAM

Yeah, but I've told before we're working out. You think that you're home, after what you just put me through with Amy, is a favor to me? So, counting the watch, lets say another four thousand for expenses over the weekend...of which you must've had a good time.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

I know he did. Thats for sure. I know that fuckin' piece of shit had a good fuckin' time. On my money. You mind as well have fucked him, which you probably did anyway. You're lookin at me a certain way?! You're teary-eyed, huh? You're upset? You're a good actress, you know that? Good fuckin' actress. You can fuckin' get that pitty out of people. I'm not a Jon, you understand?! You always thought I was, but I'm not. I'm not a sucker. That fuckin' pimp cock sucker. He's lucky I didn't kill him last time. Lucky he's fuckin' living. If you would have stayed with Amy and you would have ran away, he would've been fuckin' dead. Both of you, dead, dead.