

MIKE:

I know you're in here.

WORM:

Mike? Hey, I thought you were the janitor man.

MIKE:

You know, it's a good thing Gramma doesn't know you as well as I do.

WORM:

Hey, c'mon, I'll play you horse, fifty bucks a letter.

MIKE:

Yeah? And when I win, are you gonna pay me back with my own fuckin money?

WORM:

Whoa whoa easy. Relax. Don't wing it, just step and throw... You know, you need to work on your accuracy a little.

MIKE:

Will you just stop fuckin around for five goddamn minutes for once in your fucking life?

WORM:

Whoa, Jesus, what happened, my old man just walked through the door.

MIKE:

I should beat the fucking shit out of you like he used to!

WORM:

You remember when we found this place man?

MIKE:

Yeah, I remember when we found this place, when you were hiding out from that Tommy menendez cos you thought he was gonna fucking pound you into oblivion.

WORM:

Yeah, now see, what did I ever do to that guy?

MIKE:

You fucked his mother.

WORM:

Yeah, but she was a good looking older woman you gotta give me that.

MIKE:

She was that. You spent a year of your life hiding in this fucking gym. Hiding from that sick fuck until he pissed off the wrong gut and someone dropped a garbage can on his head.

WORM:

What do you want me to say? Those were wild times, you were there too.

MIKE:

Nothing's changed. Nothing has changed. You were hiding from your troubles then, and you're hiding from your troubles now!

WORM:

I like to hide, and that's part of the fun for me, you know. I just don't like running solo. It's like I used to have a running partner you know what I'm saying?

MIKE:

if we fucked up back then and got caught the worst thing that was gonna happen was we were gonna maybe catch a beating, get expelled. But man you're fixing to go down hard, and it almost seems like you want to.

WORM:

Oh come. You know what? Stop worrying so much about me. I'm turning things around, I'm not gonna let anyone drop a garbage can on my head!

MIKE:

No no, you're gonna get outta the way and it's gonna land on me. I'll see ya.

WORM:

Mike, hey c'mon, c'mon. I'm sorry ok? I'm sorry about the money. I should've told you. It's just, what do you want me to say? It's fuckin embarrassing right. I just got out in a big fuckin hole. I need something to get going, I gotta get started.

MIKE:

And?

WORM:

Well, I'm not gonna lie. There's been some reversals.

MIKE:

some reversals? How much money do you have??

WORM:

900. Man, I caught a frozen wave of cards like you fucking read about.

MIKE:

You gotta be kidding me? I mean, I think I'm getting you outta hock and I find out I'm seven grand in!

WORM:

I know man, I was really, I was really up big. I was cruising along. I tried to beat the blackjack game over at the horseshoe club in Brookland.

MIKE:

That place is a mid joint.

WORM:

I know, it was like outch, it's so stupid. I got so good with this, I thought I could neutralise.

MIKE:

AH, I mean you're really jamming me up here man, seven grand?

WORM:

I know.

MIKE:

That's it, I can't go any deeper than that. You're off the tit.

WORM:

I understand. It's ok.

MIKE:

And you gotta go talk to gramma. You gotta square things away with gramma.

WORM:

Oh come on, no way mike. I'm not talking to that fucking Judas.

MIKE:

You think there's any other way?