

RUSTY

I thought you drank bloody Mary's
at the track, Sal (Saul).

SAL / SAUL

A man shouldn't drink on the job.

RUSTY

(re: race)

Who we rooting for here?

SAL / SAUL

Number four.

There's the BELL; the electronic rabbit is released and the dogs
break out of the gate. From this point on S's eyes never leave
the race.

SAL / SAUL

You gonna ask me? Or should I
just say no and get it over with?

RUSTY

Saul, you're the best there is.
You're in Cooperstown. What do
you want?

SAL / SAUL

Nothin'. I got a duplex now, I
got wall-to-wall and a goldfish,
I'm seeing a nice lady, she works
the unmentionables counter at
Macy's. I've changed.

RUSTY

Guys like us don't change, Sal (Saul).
We stay sharp or we get sloppy,
but we don't change.

SAL / SAUL

Quit connin' me.

They watch the race.

(CONTINUED)

RUSTY

That your hound way in the back
there?

SAL / SAUL

He breaks late. Everyone knows
this.

On the track: The dogs are now coming around the back
stretch, and the crowd on the bleachers rises, cheering.

SAL / SAUL

You gonna treat me like a grownup
at least? Tell me what the scam
is?

Under the noise: Rusty leans in and whispers in Sal/Saul's ear.
Sal/Saul's eyes widen, then glaze over as all around her/him
people are standing and shouting. Rusty places an envelope in
Sal/Saul's lap, then gets up and walks out as, on the track, the
#4 dog crosses the finish line... last by several lengths.
Sal/ Saul considers her/his options. In one hand: a fan of
losing tickets. In the other (courtesy of Rusty): a ticket to
Las Vegas.