

CURTIS

Hang on, Gerry.

(to Dora)

I'm sorry, will you excuse us a moment?

Curtis escorts Gerry away from the desk and into the...

81 **INT. GOLDSTRIKE CASINO MEN'S ROOM**

81

Gerry paces in front of the sinks, while Curtis interrogates him.

CURTIS

What happened?

GERRY

Nothing.

CURTIS

Where's the money?

GERRY

What money?

Curtis stares at Gerry, who stops pacing, slumps against the sink counter.

GERRY (CONT'D)

We're going to be all right.

CURTIS

What does that mean?

Gerry doesn't respond.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Gerry, your lips are saying we're all right, but you're slouching like a kid who just pissed his pants in the sandbox.

Gerry straightens up. Still no response.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Where are we at, Gerry!?

GERRY

(finally)

Ground zero. I tried to tell you before.

CURTIS

You tried to tell me?

GERRY

Fucking cunt! I was nailing her all night and she lands a queen on fifth street.

CURTIS

Are you telling me you lost in Memphis?

GERRY

I didn't know how to break it to you.

CURTIS

What were we doing in Little Rock?

Gerry looks away, ashamed. Curtis is piecing it together.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

No...

Gerry shrugs.

GERRY

I'm sorry.

Curtis turns away from Gerry toward the mirror, makes eye contact with himself. We hold on him for a long beat as he examines his reflection.

GERRY (CONT'D)

I can win it back. I can get us to twenty-five.

CURTIS

It's not about the money, Gerry.

GERRY

Of course it is! Do you think this is a vacation for me?

CURTIS

You're a piece of work, you know that?

GERRY

I played it right. It wasn't my fault. I can't catch a break. I just - can't - win!

Curtis rubs his head, exasperated, then--

CURTIS

This story doesn't have a happy ending. I think you should go back to Iowa.

GERRY

No way. I can't go back empty-handed.
I need this. Don't you see? I can't
go back!

Gerry kicks a bathroom stall door and slips on his ass to the floor. He's a pathetic sight.

CURTIS

You're trying to lose.

GERRY

Yeah right, I'm trying to lose.

Curtis stares at him.

GERRY (CONT'D)

I'm not trying to lose!

CURTIS

Gerry... You're sitting in piss on the floor of a Mississippi casino bathroom stall. Now be honest with yourself...

Gerry suddenly HOWLS from the depths of his soul, when...

THREE FRATTY TYPES (20s) enter the bathroom and approach the urinals.

FRAT BOY

What's up faggots?

His buddies laugh as they line up to PISS.

CLOSE ON CURTIS. He looks over to Gerry on the floor. He shrugs as if apologizing in advance for what he's about to do.

Curtis takes his time walking over to the homophobic Frat Boy, stopping directly behind him. He lifts his leg and firmly nudges the Frat Boy in the ass until he is wedged up against the urinal, thus pissing on himself.

FRAT BOY (CONT'D)

Get off me!

Curtis steps back and walks out of the bathroom, as Frat Boy spins around, piss all over his pants.

Before he even thinks to zip up, the Frat Boy starts towards the exit door to chase after Curtis, when Gerry jumps to his feet to distract him.

GERRY

Hey! Right here, tough guy. Let's go!