

The Color of Money

Eddie:

How could I get suckered like that... you got to work hard, I mean that takes a real gift to show your ass like that. Everything you got in a stack, everything - just probably a little to much booze - a little to cocky - a right amount of jerk - to miss all the signals.

Vincent:

Hey you'll get him next time... huh

Eddie :

How much would you need to go it on your own.... from here to Atlantic City?

Vincent:

What?

Eddie :

I should have wiped the floor with that guy

Vincent:

Yeah so?

Eddie :

How much would you need to go from here to Atlantic City? A couple thousand?

Vincent:

Come on Eddie, you had a little to much to drink.... let's go to the hotel and forget about it alright?

Eddie :

Hey I got nothing left to teach you kid, and that was the last lesson in here.
Come on take the money, front for yourself, you'll do fine.

Vincent:

What are you talking about man, you walking off? You dumping us?

Eddie :

I'm not dumping you. I'm giving you a stake. I showed you all I got. I showed you my ass in here. Now what the hell else do you want? That's it - that's all!

Vincent:

What, what are we suppose to do? I mean, where are we suppose to go from here?

Eddie:

Well here is you see, and here is Atlantic City. And in between there is about 27 pool halls. Three weeks, a couple thousand dollars. What the hell else you need, an Indian guide? Use you brain.

Vincent:

Why are you talking to me this way? Some guy comes in and plays you for a chump and you walk out on me? I mean come on....we'll get this guy next time Eddie.

(Eddie starts walking out)

Vincent – (cont)

Hey... Hey! You do this to some guy on the street, you don't do this to me, not me! What about all the stuff you told me? All we talked about....me and you? You gonna ruin everything?

Eddie:

Ah...Yeah

Vincent:

Carmen and me, what you told me about that...Okay - Look – Eddie – Hey - it's my attitude right? Okay from now on..... I swear to you.... I swear to you.

Eddie:

Your attitude is bullshit.... your always do what you want to do.

Vincent:

Don't tell me that.

Eddie:

If I tell you to do this, you do that.

Vincent:

Don't tell me that!

Eddie:
I'm tired.

Vincent:
I try to do everything that you tell me to do.

Eddie:
You don't need me anymore....take the money....it's the last thing I've got left I
can give to you.

Vincent:
You want to give me the money or get rid of me?

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You're young kid.....you got a long way to go.

Vincent:
Alright ... you want to give me money, you give me money. But this is nickel
and dime shit you been giving me all along...

Eddie:
I'll give you money.... but don't you tell me what I'm about.

Vincent:
Shut up and give me the money....I'm the one been making the fucking money
anyway.

Eddie:
I'll give you what I got

Vincent:
You know what... you just keep the fucking money pal..... Here.... Fuck
it.....Fuck...