

Lincoln: This wasn't a bad job. I just outgrew it. I could put in a word for you down there, maybe when business picks up again, they'd hire you.

Booth: No thanks. That shit aint for me. I aint into pretending I'm someone else all day.

Lincoln: I was just sitting there in da getup. I wasn't pretending nothing.

Booth: What was going on in ya head?

Lincoln: I would make up songs and shit.

Booth: And think about women.

Lincoln: Sometimes.

Booth: Cookie.

Lincoln: Sometimes.

Booth: And how she came over here one night looking for you.

Lincoln: I was at Lucky's.

Booth: She didn't know that.

Lincoln: I was drinking.

Booth: All she knew was you couldn't get it up. You couldn't get it up with her so in her head you was tired of her and had gone to screw somebody new and this time maybe weren't never coming back. She had me pour her a drink or 2. I didn't want to. She wanted to get back at you having some fun on her own and when I told her to go out and have it, she said she wanted to have fun right here. With me. And then, just like that, she changed her mind. But she'd hooked me. That bad part of me that I fight down everyday. You beat yours down and it stays there dead but mine keeps coming up for another round. And the bad part of me took her clothing off and carried her in to da bed and had her, Link, your Cookie. It wasn't just the bad part of me it was all of me, man, I had her. Ya damn wife. Right in the bed.

Lincoln: I used to think about her all da time but I don't think about her no more.

Booth: I told her if she dumped you I'd marry her but I changed my mind.

Lincoln: I don't think about her no more.

Booth: You don't go back.

Lincoln: Nope.

Booth: Cause you can't. No matter what you do you can't get back to being who you was. Best you can do is just pretend to be ya old self.

Lincoln: You outta ya mind.

Booth: Least I'm still me!

Lincoln: Least I work. You never did like to work. You better come up with some kinda way to bring home the bacon or Grace will drop you like a hot rock.

Booth: I got plans!

Lincoln: Yeah, you gonna throw cards, right?

Booth: That's right!

Lincoln: You double left-handed motherfucker, who don't stand a chance in all get out there throwing no cards.

Booth: You scared. You scared I got ya shit.

Lincoln: You ain't never gonna do nothing.

Booth: You scared you gonna throw and I'm a kick ya ass—like ya boss kicked ya ass, like ya wife kicked ya ass—then I'm a go out there and do da cards like you do and I'm a be da man and you ain't gonna be shit. I'm a set it up. And you gonna throw. Or are you scared?

Lincoln: I'm gone.

Booth: Fuck that!

Lincoln: Damn. I didn't know it went so deep for you lil bro. Set up the cards.

Booth: Thought you was gone.

Lincoln: Set it up.

Booth: I'm a kick ya ass.

Lincoln: Set it up! Lean in close and watch me now: who see da black card who see da black card I see da black cards da winner pick da black card that's da winner pick da red card that's da loser pick da other red card that's da other loser pick da black card you pick da winner. Who see da black card who see da black card? You pick da red card you pick a loser you pick that red card you pick a loser you pick da black card da deuce of spades you pick a winner who sees da deuce of spades da one who sees it never fades watch now as I throw da cards. Red losers black winner follow da deuce of spades chase da black deuce. Dark deuce will get you da win. Ok, 3-Card, you know which card's da black deuce of spades? This is for real now, man. You pick wrong I'm in your wad and I keep mines.

Booth: I pick right I got your shit.

Lincoln: Yeah.

Booth: Plus I beat you for real.

Lincoln: Yeah. You think we're really brothers?

Booth: Huh?

Lincoln: I know we brothers, but is we really brothers, you know, blood brothers or not, you and me, what do ya think?

Booth: I think we're brothers.

Lincoln: Go ahead man, where's da deuce? You sure?

Booth: I'm sure!

Lincoln: Yeah? Don't touch da cards, now.

Booth: I'm sure.

Lincoln: Deuce of hearts, bro, I'm sorry. Da deuce of spades was this one. I guess all this is mines. You were almost right. Better luck next time. Ain't your fault your eyes ain't fast. And you can't help it if you got 2 left hands, right? Throwing cards ain't da whole world. You got other shit going for you. You got Grace.

Booth: Right.

Lincoln: What's da matter?

Booth: Mmm.

Lincoln: What's up?

Both: Nothing.

Lincoln: It takes a certain kind of understanding to able to play this game. I still got da moves, don't I?

Booth: Yeah you still got da moves.

Lincoln: I ain't laughing at you bro. I'm just laughing. Shit there is so much to this game. This game is – there is just so much to it. Whoa, she sure did tie this up tight didn't she?

Booth: Yeah. I ain't open it since she gave it to me.

Lincoln: You kidding. 500 and you ain't never opened it? Shit. Sure is tied tight. She said here's 500 bucks and you didn't undo da knot to get a look at the cash? You ain't needed to take a peek in all these years? Shit. I woulda opened it right away. Just a little peek.

Booth: I've been saving it. Oh, don't open it man.

Lincoln: How come?

Booth: You won it man, you don't gotta go opening it.

Lincoln: We gotta see what's in it. You thought you was finally happening, didn't you? You thought your ship had come in or some shit, huh? Thought you was a Player. But I played you, bro.

Booth: Fuck you. Fuck you. Fuck you. Fuck you!!

Lincoln: Whatever, man. Damn this know is tough. I'm a cut it. I'm not laughing at you bro, I'm just laughing. Turn your head. You may not wanna look.

Booth: I popped her.

Lincoln: Huh?

Booth: Grace. I popped her. Grace. Who da fuck she think she is doing me like she done? Telling me I don't got nothing going on. I showed her what I got going on. Popped her good. Twice. 3 times. Whatever. She ain't dead. She weren't wearing my ring I gave her. Said it was too small. Fuck that. Said it hurt her. Fuck that. Said she was into bigger things. Fuck that. She's alive not to worry, she ain't going out that easy, she's alive she's she's

Lincoln: Dead. She's ---

Booth: Dead.

Lincoln: I'm a give you back your stocking, man. Here bro—

Booth: Only so long I can stand that little brother shit. Can only take it so long. I'm telling you---

Lincoln: Take it back, man—

Booth: That little bro shit had to go—

Lincoln: Cool—

Booth: Like Booth went—

Lincoln: Here, 3 Card---

Booth: That Booth shit is over. 3 Cards da man now.

Lincoln: I'm a give you your stocking back, 3 Card—

Booth: Who da man now, huh? Who da man now?! Think you can fuck with me, motherfucker think again motherfucker think again! Think you can take me like I'm just some chump some left two left-handed pussy dick-breath chump who you can take and then go laugh at. Ain't laughing at me you was laughing bunch uh bullshit and you know it.

Lincoln: Here. Take it.

Booth: I ain't gonna be needing it. Go on. You won it open it.

Lincoln: No thanks.

Booth: Open it open it open it. Open It! Open it up, bro.

Lincoln: Don't.