

Side 1

(Please prepare to read for Booth)

BOOTH: Oh, come on, man, we could make money you and me. Throwing down the cards. 3-Card and Link: look out! We could clean up you and me. You would throw the cards and I'd be your Stickman. The one in the crowd who looks like just an innocent passerby, who looks like just another player, like just another customer, but who gets intimate connections with you, the Dealer, the one throwing the cards, the main man. I'd be the one who brings in the crowd, I'd be the one who makes them want to put their money down, you do your moves and I do mine. You turn your head and I turn the card—

LINCOLN: It ain't as easy as all that. There's—

BOOTH: We could be a team, man. Rake in the money! Sure there'd be some cats out there with fast eyes, some brothers and sisters who would watch real close and pick the right card, and so there'd be some days when we would lose money, but most of the days we would come out on top! Pockets bulging, plenty of cash! And the ladies would be thrilling! You could afford to get laid! Grace would be all over me again.

LINCOLN: I thought you said she was all over you.

BOOTH: She is she is. I'm seeing her tomorrow but today we gotta solidify the shit twixt you and me. Big brother Link and little brother Booth—Scheming and dreaming. No one throws the cards like you, Link. And with your moves and my magic, and we get Grace and a girl for you to round out the posse. We'd be golden, bro! Am I right?

LINCOLN: I don't touch thuh cards...I don't touch thuh cards no more.

BOOTH: You know what Mom told me when she was packing to leave? You was at school motherfucker you was at school. You got up that morning and sat down in your regular place and read the cereal box while Dad read the sports section and Mom brought you your dick toast and then you got on the damn school bus cause you didn't have the sense to do nothing else you was so into your own shit that you didn't have the sense to feel nothing else going on. I had the sense to go back cause I was feeling something goin on, I was feeling something changing—So I—She was putting her stuff in bags. She had all them nice suitcases but she was putting her stuff in bags.

(Rest)

Packing up her shit. She told me to look out for you. I told her I was the little brother and the big brother should look out for the little brother. She just said it again. That I should look out for you. Yeah. So who gonna look out for me. Not like you care. Here I am interested in an economic opportunity, willing to work hard, willing to take risks and all you can say you shiteating motherfucking pathetic limp dick uncle tom, all you can tell me is how you don't do no more but I be wanting to do. Here I am trying to earn a living and you standing in my way. **YOU STANDING IN MY WAY, LINK!**