

## HONEYMOON IN VEGAS

BETSY: Are you out of your mind?

JACK: I said you wouldn't do it.

BETSY: Is that what you really said?

JACK: Of course, what do you think.

BETSY: He actually said "*If she spends the weekend with me you owe me nothing*"

JACK: Yes!

BETSY: I am sooo nauseous!!!

JACK: You don't think this is totally killing me.

BETSY: You know I had this feeling Jack when you left...and I guess I just talked myself out of it...Something about it was just not right.

JACK: You know, just forget it...Forget I even mentioned it...There's options.

BETSY: Like what, Jack? Neither of us has any money...GOD GEEZ...  
Jack. I mean what does he want me to do...walk around in her clothes?

JACK: He wasn't that specific.

BETSY: How can you put me this position?

HONEYMOON IN VEGAS

JACK: What do you think, I know it was coming? I wanted this to happen?  
I was completely blindsided.

BETSY: I still don't understand this...you went in there with \$500, right.  
We had a discussion.

JACK: I had a straight flush...DO you know what a straight flush is...  
*It's like...UNBEATABLE!*

BETSY: *Like unbeatable...is NOT UNBEATABLE!*

JACK: HEY I KNOW THAT NOW, OKAY!!!

BETSY: Don't yell at me.... I hate this place...I won't sleep with him...  
I don't care who he is.

JACK: Are you crazy? Of course not...that's not even a consideration.

BETSY: No?

JACK: NO.

BETSY: Well, what if he holds a gun to my head?

JACK: Betsy, he's a gambler not a gangster. He was a garment center guy originally.

BETSY: Oh, a garment center guy, oh well... Phew that's a relief.

JACK: I'm not saying that's great but...

## HONEYMOON IN VEGAS

BETSY: Look at all these families here...Happy families...I'm a whore, Jack.  
You've made me into a whore.

JACK: Honey, you don't think this is destroying me. I don't know what to do.

BETSY: You brought me to Las Vegas and turned me into a whore, Jack.

JACK: Shh...shh...Let's just forget about this, alright. This is insanity...and somehow I'll get the money.

BETSY: From *whom*? My parents don't have it...One weekend, he said?!

JACK: Yes.

BETSY: I can't!

JACK: I don't want you to. This is nuts!