

playing cards or you spend it hooking up with me. Not that I'm complaining about that, you understand. But you can't even look after yourself so how you gonna take care of me, let alone a family? Do I think about the future? Yeah, I think about the future. But my future is tomorrow. Will I have enough to eat or do I gotta go hungry again? Will I have enough money to give to my pimp or do I gotta walk around with a black eye and a broken rib while I try and turn tricks? That's all the future I have to think about. There ain't no room for day-dreaming and there ain't no future for me with a broke drunk like you. Now... you got my money?

JOHNNY

Yeah. Yeah. I got your money.

Johnny gets out of bed and picks up a pair of trousers from the floor. He puts them on and walks to the shelf where he takes a few notes out from a tin and hands them to Trixie. She counts them and then stuffs them into her bra.

Trixie gets up and kisses Johnny.

JOHNNY

You're blowing hot and cold. Thought you were off the clock. What was that for?

TRIXIE

You paid me five bucks extra by mistake. If you got the money, you've always got Trixie.

Trixie exits through the door, closing it behind her.

Johnny sits on the bed and puts on a pair of shoes. He sighs then gets up and puts on a shirt.

The door bursts open and MRS. COHEN (50s/60s) enters the apartment.

MRS. COHEN

You got my rent?

JOHNNY

Hey, hey, hey! Mrs. Cohen! You can't

just barge in here like that! This is my apartment!

MRS. COHEN

It's my building! You don't pay the rent, I'll barge in here whenever I feel like it! You're three weeks late! Again! You're driving me *mashuguna*.

JOHNNY

Come on, you know I'm good for it. Don't I always come through in the end? Things have been a bit hard recently, that's all.

MRS. COHEN

Oh, I know exactly how *hard* things have been for you - I just passed that floozy of yours on the stairs. I told you to stop bringing her back here.

JOHNNY

It ain't like that with me and Trixie. We got something.

MRS. COHEN

Yeah, well, you ain't got my rent. All you ever have is excuses and I am out of patience. You sleep all day and you're out drinking and gambling all night. You smell like a goddamn distillery!

JOHNNY

Yeah, well, I've had a bad run of luck recently. The cards aren't being dealt in my favour... it happens. But I'm due a big win any day now. That's how these things work.

MRS. COHEN

I'll tell you how things work! The way it works now is you've got your ass until next week to pay everything you owe me, in full. Plus a month in advance -

JOHNNY

A month in advance?!

MRS. COHEN

- a month in advance. Otherwise, you are outta here. And I mean it this time. There are plenty of people in this city looking for apartments and ain't none of them would give me the headache you do. One week! All of the rent money or you can go live on the streets with the rats!

Mrs. Cohen exits, slamming the door behind her.

Johnny opens up the tin on the shelf and looks inside.

JOHNNY

Where am I meant to get that amount of money from? I'm down to my last twenty-one bucks and the run of luck I've been having with the cards recently... why, I might as well throw it out the window. Hell, I might be as well off throwing myself out of the window.

(sticking his head out of the window)

Hey! You down there! Watch out, I'm gonna jump!

PASSERBY (O.S.)

Then jump already!

JOHNNY

Still, it can't last forever, can it? I know I'm due a break. I must be. Maybe I need to try a new joint, see if that leads to a change in fortune. Yeah. Yeah, that's what I'll do.

INT. BAR - EARLY EVENING

BARMAN and OLD MAN at the bar. The barman is washing glasses and the old man looks drunk and depressed, staring at his whiskey.

A group of three men (CARLO, STEFANO and MARCO) - all in black suits - sit at a table, playing cards.

JOHNNY enters.

BARMAN

What'll it be?