GAMBLER SIDES

At the poker table, Travers continues to play with the three gamblers as Jodie runs her hands all over him. One of the gamblers looks ready to explode, his blood boils as he glances from all Travers' cash to the woman fondling him.

GAMBLER
If you want to take his clothes off, why don't you go upstairs?

Jodie glares back, her hand down the front of Travers' shirt.

JODIE
From the looks of it, he's winnin'... and we ain't got no reason to leave.

She nibbles on Travers' ear as he finishes a glass of whiskey. Travers ignores the gambler as he matches Jack's bet, letting Jodie kiss his lips this time.

Behind some of the crowd, Sarah sees this. It hurts her to watch.

GAMBLER
Call!

The men all lay down their cards. Travers has three of a kind and wins again. Jodie's lips stretch into a huge grin. She leans over to collect the winnings, sticking her ass into Travers' face for show.

Sarah winces as she sees it but she can also tell that Travers cares more for drink than desire for Jodie.

GAMBLER
This is a table for gambling, not whoring around. I'm tired of you confusing the two.

JODIE
Why don't you pay attention to your cards? You might win for a change.

GAMBLER
Shut your cunt mouth.

She shows her teeth. This is what Travers was waiting for, an excuse. He pulls Jodie out of his eye line and stares down the gambler.

TRAVERS
Call her that again and we play a different game.

Cold stares.

TRAVERS
Another one you’ll most likely lose.

The other men pull their hands back. There is a moment of silence and then the gambler boils over.