

Superior Donuts
Luther Side (pg 46-49)

Franco: Extend my credit. Give me the Bears on Sunday.
Double or nothing.

Luther: That's how we got into this mess. I knew better than to let you double down at eight but I was doin' you a solid. It's over now; I can't do it. Cutler tanks and you're into me for thirty—two thousand and that can't happen. Anyway, you want to gamble on paper only and I need cash in hand, right?

Kevin: Meanwhile the juice is adding up.

Franco: I'd lay it off with another bookie if I could—

Kevin: If you could find someone who'll let you bet sixteen grand that you don't have. And you can't find that.

Luther: Credit's dried up all over.

Kevin: And word's out on you.

Franco: Let it ride, double or nothing, one more week.

Kevin: The fuck.

Franco: Let it ride. Bears plus three-and-a-half.

Kevin: Right.

Luther: How about your Mom? Can you hit her up for it?

Franco: Luther, my mom is livin' on a government check.

Kevin: There's a shocker.