

The Perfect Storm

Bugsy: Hey beautiful. Yeah, you. Buy you a drink?

Irene: Seeing as how I've got two in front of me, I don't think so.

Bugsy: I'm not very observant, am I?

Irene: Oh, I got a feeling, yeah, along with a lot of other things.

Bugsy: Why don't we start over? Hey, you know what would look good on you? Me. No good?

Irene: Have a drink – it's not that bad.

Bugsy: Here's to crime.

Irene: You're pathetic.

Bugsy: What did you say your name was again?

Irene: Is that so tough?

Bugsy: I'm sorry. Thought maybe I'd take you home.

Irene: I don't think so. I came here to watch the game and instead I got schnockered with some guy named Bugsy. What does Bugsy stand for anyway?

Bugsy: Michael.

Irene: That's a nice name. Why don't you use it?

Bugsy: Because people know me as Bugsy.

Irene: Well, I'm going to shove off now. Big day tomorrow.

Bugsy: Can I take you home?

Irene: What, in a wheelbarrow? Crew guys like you never have cars.

Bugsy: Lay off. I've got feelings too.

Irene: Where – down in your pants?

Bugsy: Jesus lady, where's the passion in your life?

Irene: Home, in bed. One of them's six, the other one's eight.

Bugsy: Well, all I can say is, they're some lucky kids. They've got a wonderful mother.

Irene: You're not messing with me, are you?

Bugsy: No. Haven't got time. We're going out day after tomorrow.

Irene: Well, I'm sorry to hear that, Michael. Gotta go.

Bugsy: What do you mean? Where you going?

Irene: You can have this.

Bugsy: Thank you.

Irene: See you.