

# SWIMMING WITH SHARKS

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BUDDY:

What do you want? You are in big trouble. Start making funeral arrangements because you are dead in this town. I'm not kidding you.

GUY:

Apologize.

BUDDY:

Excuse me what? Ow my hair.

GUY:

I want you to apologize.

BUDDY:

For what?

GUY:

Apologize.

BUDDY:

Fuck you.

*Guy beats Buddy*

BUDDY (CONT'D):

What do you want? You sick twisted fuck. Why are you doing this to me?

GUY:

This is so cool. Saw this in a movie once. Matter of fact it was one of yours I think

*Guy continues to torture Buddy*

BUDDY:

This isn't going to fix things. This isn't going to help any of your problems.

GUY:

You're right. But it makes me feel so much better!

*More torture*

GUY (CONT'D)

Is this good? This ought to loosen up the chicks' right? Let me ask your opinion. What's the best getting laid music? I mean The Carpenters and that kind of stuff just puts them right to sleep. Let's just suppose somebody were to come over here tonight. Just suppose. Am I boring you? I'm sorry. What is you said about me once? The personality of a roof

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GUY (CONT'D):

shingle. That was good. That was funny. Everybody laughed. I don't want to bore you so let's get back to work.

*Walks into kitchen*

GUY (CONT'D):

Come on. There's got to be one in here somewhere. Big kitchen drawer ought to have one. You know Buddy, I only dreamt about doing these things - one of those lonely nights in the office - one of those weekends, playing out these torture scenarios in my head. Thinking about it again and again, you can't imagine what I've come up with.

BUDDY:

Whatever you're thinking of doing... Please don't!

GUY:

Paper cuts. Now they can be a bitch. Occupational hazard I guess, but I'll bet it's been a while since you have had one huh? Me. I'm starting to get used to them.

*Cuts Buddy with an envelope*

GUY (CONT'D):

Stings, doesn't it. Well, like I said, you'll get used to them. Now the ones that I could never handle... say ahhh. Now you're only going to make it harder on yourself. Forget about the shitty mint flavor on these things the real pain in the ass is when you get a paper cut on your tongue.

*Cuts Buddy's tongue with the envelope*

GUY (CONT'D):

Loss... they say that real pain, real suffering is caused from loss... loss of family, loss of love, loss of the things that matter most. I like it. It's a little different look for you. OK? Now let's forget all the other shit we've been doing here tonight. Let's think big... grand - abondante if you will. I'll be right back so don't go anywhere.

*Shows Buddy a mirror*

GUY (CONT'D):

Ta-da. So what do you think? That's it? That's all? Come on look at yourself. Look at your face. Look at your precious hair. There's no way Rogaine is going to help you out of this one. You are fucked up. Fine you want to go back to the hot sauce that's fine with me.

*Drops mirror and it breaks*

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BUDDY:  
Seven years.

GUY:  
What?

BUDDY:  
The mirror... seven years of bad luck

GUY:  
Shut up. Shut up. I said shut up.

BUDDY:  
Oh, that's brilliant. That's fucking brilliant.

GUY:  
Protect my interests. Serve my needs Christ, you're dense. No wonder your wife left you. That's another thing, all this time that I've worked for you and I still don't know a thing about you ex-wife. Jesus there's not a trace not even a picture in the whole house of her. Was she beautiful?

BUDDY:  
Yes.

GUY:  
Did you love her?

BUDDY:  
Yes?

GUY:  
Well how nice. When's she coming home? I forgot. She left you.

BUDDY:  
What do you want?

GUY:  
What do I want? Tell me a story. Tell me about a young Buddy in love with a woman who didn't want him. Was it a painful separation? Did you find her in the passionate throws of a secret lover? Did she take you for everything you had or did the lousy bitch only get half?

BUDDY:  
She died.

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GUY:

Oh, Is that all? Well boohoo. What a line. My wife died... can you come home with me? Hold me, love me, fuck me. You are such an asshole.

BUDDY:

Christmas Eve twelve years ago. She was on her way to the mall. I was supposed to have gone with her. We hadn't started our shopping yet but it was going to be simple. Just some stuff for our parents. Money was tight. Shopping was a hassle anyway. We even promised not to get each other gifts. On the way there was a car that had broken down. Malorie pulled over to help. I always told her she was such a busy body but she just called it being nice. She got out and asked if everything was alright or something stupid. Anyway it was a scam. Bunch of punk kids stealing cars. They shot her. I was stuck at the office wrapping gifts for my boss, a lot of gifts, we had a good year that year. I was there till' three A.M. The whole time I'm thinking to myself oh boy is she going to be pissed. When I get home I am a dead man. Anyway, I got home I got the message went down to the hospital to identify her. I was a whole week into the New Year when I found them. These stupid wind up toys and a note, "in the constant rat race of life don't ever forget to unwind." She was never really any good at writing notes.

GUY:

I didn't know anything about that.

BUDDY:

Guy didn't know. Imagine that boy genius her didn't know something.

GUY:

Look, that's no excuse for your behavior.

BUDDY:

You think you know it all don't you? Your twenty-five years old. You're a baby. You don't know shit!

GUY:

Look I know what's fair. OK. I know what's right.

BUDDY:

Look I can appreciate this. I was young too. I was just like you... hated authority, hated all my bosses. I thought they were full of shit. Look it's like they say if you're not a rebel by the age of twenty you've got no heart but if you haven't turned establishment by age thirty you've got no brains. Because there are no story book romances no fairy tale endings. So before you run out and change the world, ask yourself. What do you really want?