

The Salton Sea

Pooh Bear: Got a feeling there is a proposition looming here, Danny Boy.

Danny: I got a guy, reliable, wants to buy a quarter's worth.

Pooh Bear: Crank, huh?

Danny: No glass, the good stuff.

Pooh Bear: Glass

Danny: Can u handle that?

Pooh Bear's girlfriend sits down with a plate of eggs and prepares to feed him.

Danny: Can we talk price?

Pooh Bear: Make me an offer. Wait, have a taste of this...

He takes the spoon from his girl's hand and shoves it in Danny's face.

Danny: Oh no, I'm good.

Pooh Bear: Come on, have a taste of this. It's delicious.

Danny remains hesitant

Pooh Bear: Danny boy, have a taste. I'm telling you, it's good. Have a taste, come on.

Danny reluctantly lets Pooh Bear feed him. He chews slowly.

Danny: *It's fantastic.*

Pooh Bear: *Secret recipe.*

Danny takes a big gulp of his beer. Pooh Bear returns to being spoon fed by his girlfriend.

Danny: *How about 14000 a kilo?*

Pooh Bear: *I only deal in U.S. pounds, none of that fagot metric crap.*

Danny: *That's around 40 pounds for 6000 a pound.*

Pooh Bear: *Ok.*

Danny: *We got a deal?*

Pooh Bear: *Anything for a dear friend.*

Danny: *40 pounds at 6000 a pound?*

Pooh Bear: *If you say so.*

Danny: *Listen, I don't mean to be rude but I just don't think you're taking me seriously.*

Pooh Bear: *It's you who's not taking me serious.*

Danny: *I'm just here to do a deal.*

Pooh Bear: *I welcomed you here with open arms, I did. And you're sitting here like some slick used car salesman trying to lowball me.*

Danny: *I'm not trying to...*

Pooh Bear: *Oh now, I'll tell you something about the last guy who tried to jam me up.*

Danny: Look, I'm not trying to jam you up, I'm not.

Pooh Bear: Oh I love this goddamn story. This dude, he shorted me \$11, thought I wouldn't count it before I got home. He was wrong. Know what I did? I put his head in a vise. He was screaming and howling. You should have seen it. I cut this guy's head open with a hacksaw. I was staring at this boy's brain and I was thinking, he doesn't need this thing. Anybody stupid enough to try to jam me up must not have much use for his brain. So I took it, I did. I keep it in the freezer. Every once in a while, I cut off a slice and mix it in my dinner. Or my breakfast.

He mixes his food around.

Pooh Bear: Ten thousand a pound.

Danny: Thanks for your hospitality.

Pooh Bear: Nine thousand, take it or leave it.

Danny: I'll leave it. Eight's as high as I can go.

Pooh Bear: Alright, eight's good. Eight sounds good, Danny Boy.

He gets up and approaches Danny, shaking his hand.

Pooh Bear: Eight's where I was going, eight's my lucky number. Looks like we got a deal. You know, you got a lot of nerve, a lot of nerve. Pooh Bear likes that in a young man.

Danny turns to leave.

Pooh Bear: Hey hang on a second..

He takes some raw meat and slams it on the table.

Pooh Bear: *Want to stay for lunch?*

He begins laughing uproariously.

Pooh Bear: *I got your ass! I'm a dog! Hey, look at this...*

He takes two socks, puts them near his ear, and starts barking.

Pooh Bear: *I'm a fucking dog! Haaa. Shit.*