

Scene 8

Lights up.

Dreyfuss is at the table replaying lines. He's already shot. He gets more and more anxious, as he thinks he's messed up the scene.

DREYFUSS. "That's it. Goodbye. I'm not gonna waste my time arguing with a man who's lining up to be a hot lunch..."

Pause.

"That's it. Goodbye..."

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Pause.

"That's it. Goodbye. I'm not gonna waste my time arguing with a man who's lining up to be a hot lunch...oh shit!"

He bows his head, beaten.

Dreyfuss's hands fall on Quint's cap. He puts it on.

(With sinister frustration.) Piece of advice, boy. Listen to me—when I was on the London stage playing *Macbeth* back in 1906, Sir Robertson Fuckwad said to me, he said to me "Shaw, you are the biggest douchebag I have ever had the misfortune to have met." And since that day, boy, I have striven, with the sweat of my brow and the strain of my sinew to become the largest douchebag in the history of the universe. And I have done it, boy, I have done it! *GIGGLE* Now where's my booze? I've only had six bottles of rum today! I need more!

SFX: A launch approaches.

Dreyfuss does not notice Scheider appear and come to the door.

Dreyfuss finds a bottle.

Ah! Marvelous! Don't you think so, Roy?

SFX: A launch strikes the boat.

Dreyfuss takes off the cap and moves to Scheider's normal position.

(Impersonating Scheider.) Actually Robert, here's an interesting fact, interestingly enough.

Scheider enters and observes.

The douchebag is a contraceptive device first used by Martha Washington in the eighteenth century. Now isn't that interesting? Don't you think that's interesting?

SCHEIDER. Am I interrupting?

DREYFUSS. *(Rumbled.)* No, no, no! Just doing some lines. Script lines.

SCHEIDER. You want me to go over them with you?

DREYFUSS. There's no need... We already shot the scene.

SCHEIDER. Uh-huh... Why are you doing them, then?

DREYFUSS. Oh, just the usual... You know, torturing myself. —

Scheider sits down and yawns.

Tired?

SCHEIDER. I didn't sleep last night.

DREYFUSS. *(Pruriently.)* Oh, ho, ho!

SCHEIDER. No...I was uh, watching TV. They had on a documentary of the war, and they were showing pictures of the burning monk, and the naked girl with the napalm burns and...I couldn't get the images out of my mind.

Pause.

DREYFUSS. Roy?

SCHEIDER. Yes?

DREYFUSS. Remind me to never double-date with you.

Scheider smiles.

Have they fixed the shark, perchance?

SCHEIDER. No, but that's not the current problem.

DREYFUSS. What is the "current" problem?

SCHEIDER. The townsfolk. The, uh, "local authorities." They're complaining about the set that Joe Alves built, you know—Quint's shack.

DREYFUSS. What?

Scheider goes to fetch a soft drink.