

**BEACH PLAY**

by

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(The first sound we hear is the sound of the DUMBELLS clanking as lights come up to show PHIL, thirties, shirtless, built like a fire plug, doing sets on the Ocean deck at Joe's Malibu beach house. The sound of waves hitting the shore and seagulls cawing in the b.g. Note: The deck is adjoined to a sleek furnished living room. On the deck are a few beach chairs, two boogie boards, a bench press and free weight dumbbells and barbells. Phil finishes his set, does push-ups, a set of wrist curls, then starts shadow boxing. He waves to imaginary opponent, then takes a box out from under the bench press that holds a gun, some loose joints and a lighter. He lights joint, takes a couple of monster hits, puts it out with his finger and begins to improvise meeting imaginary people at a party.)

PHIL: Hello, nice to see you again too... you're lookin' good yourself... OH, you know, same old thing and you?...I said, same old thing... (He throws out the fuck finger) Fuck it.

(He goes back to boxing for a few vicious blows then lights the joint again, takes a few hits and fondles the gun. He snuffs the joint then goes to the edge of the deck and stares out at the ocean.

The sound of a door opening comes from O.S. right Phil moves quickly, hiding by the wall near door. Arnie, twenties, thin, disheveled, dressed in a wrinkled white shirt and slacks enter. As soon as he looks around,

checking the place out, Phil has him in a choke hold with the gun in his face.)

ARNIE: Jesus Christ!

(Phil tosses him to the side and grins.)

PHIL: yeah...

ARNIE: yeah what? You almost killed me Phil.

(Phil lowers the gun as he looks Arnie over.)

PHIL: What that thing on your chin?

ARNIE: It's just a cold sore.

PHIL: Sure, soon they be all over your fuckin' face.

ARNIE: Phil, listen, I'll come back later. I just stopped by to...

PHIL: Come on in. You're already in aren't ya?

ARNIE: Yeah, I'm in.

(Phil forcefully escorts Arnie out to the deck. He puts the gun back in his box, comes back to Arnie.)

PHIL: Hey if you're not in...so, how ya doin'?

ARNIE: Huh?...I'm, ah...I'm alright. How you doin'?

PHIL: You know...

ARNIE: So...your brother around?

PHIL: Nah, he's in Mexico with some broad.

ARNIE: Renee? Is it Renee?

PHIL: Yeah, that's the one... Renee.

ARNIE: So, ah... What are you doin'?

PHIL: Watchin' the place...you know.

(Arnie fumbles around nervously as Phil does a another set on the dumbbells.)

ARNIE: Hey, you're in good shape. Been workin' out a lot, huh?

PHIL: There's nothin' else to do. What else is there to do. Wanna know what I've been doin'?... Bend over. I'll show ya what else I been doin'.

(laughing)

So, how you doin'?

ARNIE: I went boogie boardin' with you before, when I was living here. You came out to visit from New York and...

PHIL: Yeah, but you weren't any good. Anybody can ride little waves...now the big one...

(Phil does a set of curls as Arnie stares out at the ocean. Phil stops and applies sun tan oil. He strokes one of the Boogie boards fondly.)

ARNIE: What are you, Duke Boogie master?

PHIL: I've been ridin' for years.

ARNIE: I'm fuckin' crazy...

PHIL: Want some coffee?

ARNIE: What? I don't know. I guess so.

PHIL: You guess so? What is that, a big fuckin' decision for you?

ARNIE: Alright Phil, I'll have some coffee.

(Phil gets on the bench press and does a set as Arnie watches.)

ARNIE: So what do you do Phil, lift weights all day?

(Phil finishes his set and gets back in Arnie's face.)

PHIL: What do you do, worry all day?

ARNIE: I been workin'.

PHIL: you don't work. I know you.

ARNIE: What do ya mean, you know me? I've been workin'.

PHIL: Doin' what? Tryin' to sell your ass?

ARNIE: No...I'm sellin' light bulbs right now.

PHIL: Light bulbs? You don't sell light bulbs.

ARNIE: Yeah, I sell light bulbs.

PHIL: Light bulb...

ARNIE: It's a big company. They sell to hospitals, restaurants, office buildings. Some guys make a thousand dollars a week commission.

PHIL: Yeah, but you don't make no thousand dollars a week.

ARNIE: I could if I worked hard at it. It's all in the pitch. I just have to study about bulbs more.

PHIL: You don't wanna sell light bulbs.

ARNIE: Everybody uses light bulbs Phil. You get your regular customers, work your own hours... How about you, you been workin'?

PHIL: Work? How do ya spell that? Work, what does that mean?

(Arnie just looks at him.)

PHIL: Ask me what time it is?

ARNIE: Huh?

PHIL: Ask me what time it is?

ARNIE: What time is it?

(Phil pushes him.)

PHIL: You a fuckin' wise ass?

(He puts his wrist in Arnie's face, showing off his Cartier watch.)

PHIL: It's car..tea..a, time.

ARNIE: Where did you get that?

PHIL: Wouldn't you like to know. Bet you wish you had one of these.

ARNIE: Phil...

PHIL: Listen, you know what ya do? You get all dressed up nice and ya go to these parties.

ARNIE: What parties?

PHIL: Parties. There's lots a parties around here. Up in the hills. You know...

ARNIE: No, I don't know.

PHIL: Yeah you know. You go to these parties and ya give that familiar look.

(Phil does his greeting imaginary people routine.)

PHIL: "Hi, how ya doin'...you look good too"

(to Arnie) See, ya do that and you're in. Ya act all social for a while then ya go upstairs. Ya find the room where they put the coats, furs, bags, all that shit, then ya look for an open window. The other guy, he's waitin' in the bushes outside the mansion.

ARNIE: What mansion?

PHIL: They're all in mansions, those parties, you know... So ya get all the furs and coats and ya throw em' out the window. Then ya go through the bags for credit cards and money and shit and ya check all the drawers in the room for jewelry, shit like that. Ya take it. The guy in the bushes, he takes the furs and coats to the car and leaves. Ya go back down to the party, say your "Thanks a lot, see ya later", ya say that shit and ya slip pit of the mansion and meet the guy down the block...Boom! You're outta there.

ARNIE: Boom?

PHIL: Yeah, Boom!

ARNIE: You're nuts.

PHIL: I'm nuts? You're sellin' lightbulbs.

ARNIE: At least I'm not stealin'.

PHIL: You don't think you're stealin' when you rip people off with your light bulbs?

ARNIE: I'm not rippin' em' off.

PHIL: Of course you are. What do you pay for a bulb?

ARNIE: I, ahh...it's a different price for each bulb.

PHIL: What does the customer pay, your restaurant guy? Not the same price right? Ya make a profit, right?

ARNIE: You make commission.

PHIL: You're rippin' them off.

ARNIE: I am not.

PHIL: Sure you are. What do ya think... you outta look out for those envelopes when cash in em'. Ya look around for one of those envelopes when ya go into that lightbulb office, in the head guy's office.

ARNIE: The aah...chief engineer.

PHIL: They won't miss it. What else ya gonna do? Ahh, you couldn't do it.

ARNIE: What do you mean, I couldn't do it? I don't wanna do it.

PHIL: You need to be a professional, you're not a professional. I'm tellin' ya, you go to own of these parties... how did you start sellin' lightbulb?

ARNIE: I'm really an actor.

PHIL: Yeah me too. So how come you're sellin' lightbulbs?

ARNIE: Well, I needed a little quick cash so I got a job in this restaurant as a waiter...well, a busboy. I coulda been a waiter...anyway, I was clearing off a table, I was little drunk too and cracking jokes, makin' the customers laugh and this one guy, he was a lightbulb salesman... he said I had an outgoing personality and that I could make a lot more money selling lightbulbs than clearing tables.

PHIL: And I'm sayin', what are you doin' sellin' lightbulbs? You could make a lot more with the fur coats...Ahh forget it. You need to be a professional. You don't sell bulbs anyway. It would be the same with the furs, same as your acting...nothin'.

ARNIE: What if I got caught stealin, Phil?

PHIL: You don't get caught. You think those rich people miss those furs and coats? They don't. How do ya think they get the money to buy that shit anyway?

ARNIE: (Sarcastic) Ripped somebody else off?

PHIL: That's right. Those rich people, they expect to get ripped off, makes em' feel better about themselves.

ARNIE: But what if you get caught?

PHIL: I'm tellin' ya, ya don't have get caught. You remember that movie, Dances with Wolves?

ARNIE: Yeah, so?

PHIL: You see it?

ARNIE: Yeah, I SAW IT PHIL.

PHIL: You see the way the white man ripped off the Indians?

ARNIE: Ahh, yeah...

PHIL: So there ya go.

ARNIE: See if you get caught, you tell the police, "Didn't you see Dances with Wolves"?

PHIL: Yeah, that's what you tell em'.

(Phil glares at Arnie then breaks out laughing. He gives him one hard shove then does a set of push ups. Arnie tries to compose himself.)

ARNIE: Didn't you say there was some coffee?

PHIL: Over there. Like I told ya.

(Arnie looks back inside the living room for the coffee, can't see it, can't ask again, so he just comes back and stares out at the ocean. Phil finishes his set and oils up his body again.)

PHIL: (CONT'D) See any broads out there?

ARNIE: I don't know.

PHIL: You know.

ARNIE: Jesus Phil, you're crazy.

PHIL: Yeah? I'm crazy?

ARNIE: Okay, there's a couple of girls out there.

PHIL: Nice?

ARNIE: I don't know.

PHIL: You know.

ARNIE: When is Joe coming back?

PHIL: Who?

ARNIE: Your brother, Joe, when is he comin' back from Mexico?

PHIL: Today, five o'clock.

ARNIE: I thought he wasn't comin' back for a while, like the end of the summer.

(Phil grabs Arnie around the neck.)

PHIL: Then why you askin', huh? Just bring your bags in.

ARNIE: What bags?

PHIL: I know they're out there by the door, bring em' in.

ARNIE: I, ahh...

PHIL: Go ahead, I won't tell Joe.

ARNIE: Tell him what?

PHIL: That you broke into his house when he told you not to come over.

ARNIE: Phil, listen, I can explain... Phil, you don't understand. I had no place to go. The past couple of months have been really bad for me... everything just fuckin' fell apart. I found my roommate dead of an OD.

Then I, oh shit, I moved in with this ex girlfriend...before that my agent fired me...I was kinda strung out...Jesus, then I got the job as the busboy, met the lightbulb guy and my bitch ex girlfriend throws me out because I smash up her car...first day on the job...sellin' the bulbs. She called me a piece of shit loser, said my dick wasn't worth the misery she went through when she saw my face...Listen, Phil, you know I have a key to the place. Shit, I used to live here!.. I took the fuckin' bus man. I wasn't breakin' in...I don't have any place else to go...please, my luck's been so bad lately...

PHIL: Been sellin' lightbulbs from the bus?

ARNIE: Stop it!

PHIL: (Mocking) Stop it! You sound like you're gettin' it up the ass. You want it up the ass? Bend over!

ARNIE: No I don't want it up my ass.

PHIL: Stop it. (Laughs) You sure sound like you do. Go on get your bags, don't worry about it.

(Arnie hesitates)

PHIL: (CONT'D) Go on, get em'. You're safe with me.

(Arnie swallows hard then goes O.S. as he returns with his duffel bag, Phil goes out to the deck.)

PHIL: (CONT'D) Put it down, relax. Come on out and look at the ocean.

(Arnie puts down his duffel bag and comes out to where Phil is standing, gazing out. The sound of seagulls and waves come up in the b.g.)

PHIL: (CONT'D) I mean come on, it's a nice fuckin' day.

ARNIE: Huh? Yeah, I guess so.

PHIL: You guess so? I just told ya it's a nice fuckin' day, so it's a nice fuckin' day. Come on, let's say, "Hi" to the seagulls.

ARNIE: What?

PHIL: Come on, together on three. One, two, three...  
(yells) Hi, seagulls!

ARNIE: (Weakly) Hi, Seagulls.

(Phil puts his arm around him.)

PHIL: Come on! Yell! One, two, three...

ARNIE: (Yelling) Hi, Seagulls!

(Phil looks at him straight in the eye)

PHIL: you're a fuckin' idiot, you know that?

ARNIE: What?

(Phil suddenly points into the air.)

PHIL: Look at that!

ARNIE: Huh?

PHIL: Some fuckin' Seahawk or somethin'. You missed it. Gotta be there when it happens, know what I mean? Ahh, you don't even look like you know your own name... Hey, Arnie!

ARNIE: (Exasperated) What?

PHIL: Roommate OD'd, huh? Bet you were fucked up too huh? Busboy loser. Girlfriend threw ya out? Agent dropped ya too? Sellin' lightbulbs from a bus, huh? Broke... Homeless too, I bet. What do ya think about that Arnie?

ARNIE: I don't know what to think.

PHIL: You don't know? You're feelin' bad now. You're at the bottom. There's no way you can make it. Know what I think? You should go out there in the ocean and drown yourself.

ARNIE: Stop it!

PHIL: Stop it! You sure you don't want it up the ass?... Hey, see any broads down there?

ARNIE: No, just a couple of guys, Phil. Maybe you should call em' up here, have them bend over.

PHIL: (Laughs) Hey, that's pretty funny. I'd be jokin' too, if knew I was gonna drown myself.

ARNIE: I'm not gonna drown myself.

PHIL: Yes you are. You know you got no reason for livin'.

ARNIE: Look, Phil, maybe I should just go.

(He starts to leave. Phil grabs him.)

PHIL: Where ya gonna go? Get on a bus? Sell a lightbulb? What were ya gonna do here, rob the place? It's a good thing the Watchdog was here.

ARNIE: What?

PHIL: That's right. I'm the fuckin' Watchdog, watchin' out for bums like you. Now give me the key to the door and get the fuck outta here.

(After a long awkward pause)

ARNIE: I thought you wanted me to drown myself...

PHIL: That's right, now you're talkin'. Now you know.

ARNIE: Jesus Christ, why did you have to be here? I just wanted to come here and be alone, I needed to be alone.

PHIL: You are all alone Arnie. All alone, except for the voice in the ocean callin' your name, callin' you to come... "Arnie, Arnie"...

(Arnie clenches his fists in silent rage. Phil laughs and starts to spar with him.)

PHIL: (CONT'D) Come on, loosen up. Stay loose and the Goose.

(He gooses Arnie in the groin. Arnie pushes him away and tries to retaliate but is powerless.)

ARNIE: Why don't you just leave me alone?

PHIL: Don't you think that would be worse?

ARNIE: How could it be worse?

PHIL: You know...

(A long pause as both stare out in their own frightening reflections of their lives)

PHIL: (CONT'D) Your whole life's been a fuckin' nightmare, hasn't it? Bet your old man hated your guts. Mine did too.

(Phil leaves Arnie with this thought and does another set of curls.)

PHIL: (CONT'D) So how did you get started out here?

ARNIE: I told ya Phil, I told ya that story when I first met you here. Remember?

PHIL: All I remember is we went Boogie boardin' and you were no good. That's what I remember.

ARNIE: I was probably lyin' anyway. My whole life has been shit, that's why I lie about it. My father fucked me up, told me I was nothin' but a zero. I don't remember ever really being happy except for when I was drunk or stoned. I was good looking and had a big dick so I got chicks but they dumped me when they saw how fucked up I was. So I ...ahh, was just getting' high, getting' laid, messin' around and I ended up with this stripper who brought me out here to do some movie... just a ...anyway she took me to a party where I met Joe. I was with her, stoned, jokin' around. He thought I was funny and gave me his number to keep in touch. When she dumped me I called him and he said I could move in... He thought I was funny.

PHIL: You're fuckin' hilarious. Hey, I'm laughin' at ya...

ARNIE: He was working on a screenplay, writing sixteen hours a day. I guess he just needed someone to crack jokes once in a while and pick up chicks for him... That's when I met you.

PHIL: I don't remember. Go on...

ARNIE: After I saw how depressing I really was he told me to leave. Then I stayed at my cousin's but her yuppie prick husband told me to get out... so, I moved in with some other girl, gave her a few good fucks, got an agent, did one movie. Not a big part but I thought I was on my way up...then she threw me out and I moved in with this cool older musician dude...

PHIL: The OD guy...

ARNIE: Yeah... I got... I fucked up with dope... lost my agent... We were gonna cut an album together, I was gonna play harp... I can't play the harmonica worth shit... I'm full of shit, that's what I really am, full of fuckin' shit... (starts sobbing) Why me? Why me? Why me?

(Phil shows Arnie genuine concern)

PHIL: Hey, take it easy, calm down. You think I got it any better? I can hardly even read, didn't even get past eighth grade. Fuckin' runnin' bets on the street for my old man, havin' him kick my ass when he was drunk, which was every fuckin' day. I used to run to my mother and he'd rip me out of her arms and beat me. I started shopliftin' at ten, in and out of juvie hall then in and out of prison. You think I had it easy? I had a miserable piece of shit life. Fuckin' Joe got all the brains, ten years old, he's in sixth grade when I'm on the street. Went to college on a scholarship when he was sixteen. Now he feels bad, sends me a ticket to come out here, sets me up in a bachelor shack in Culver City so I'm close by when he needs me to watch the place. Never when people are here though. Joe

says I make his guests "Uncomfortable." So I gotta do the routine or I'm locked up again. I lift my weights, maybe shoplift once in a while to get extra cash for a hooker. Can't have a real broad cause they want ya to be a certain way.

ARNIE: I hear ya.

PHIL: You better hear me, I'm talkin' right in your fuckin' ear.

(Phil bursts out laughing. Arnie tries to join in.)

PHIL: (CONT'D) Come on, laugh it up.

(He tickles Arnie who squirms uncomfortably but can't help from laughing. This goes on for a few moments in a flirtatious way.

ARNIE: (Still laughing) Why did you want me to drown myself?

PHIL: (Laughing) Cause I was thinkin' the same thing when you showed up. That or blowin' my brains out.

ARNIE: Why?

PHIL: That's what I thinkin' now. Why? At least I got Joe to take care of me but you, you got no one except for that little voice in the ocean... what else you gonna do?

(Arnie thinks this over for a moment, morbidly, then has a sudden turn of emotion.)

ARNIE: Wait! Phil, I got it. How about if I help you with that party scam you were talkin' about? I could be the guy in the bushes or, no I could be the guy that goes into the party. I look pretty good when I'm all dressed up... I can be good with people...for a short time. I mean that's all we'll need right? I go in and I say, listen, I'll do it.

(doing routine) "Hi, how ya doin'...yeah, you look good too...great party isn't it?...I've been busy on a project, and you?" How's that Phil? I added the great party and the project dialogue. Sounds pretty convincing huh?

PHIL: Ahh, you need to be professional, you're not a professional.

ARNIE: I could be if I practiced.

PHIL: You can't even sell a fuckin' lightbulb.

ARNIE: I never really tried. I never committed to anything but I could commit to this.

PHIL: Ahh...

ARNIE: Come on Phil, I know I could do it. Those rich fucks, they deserve to be ripped off. You even said it. Now I see what you mean, it's like something somebody has to do and why not us? We both deserve to rip them off. We could hit all the parties, make a shitload of money, even

get our own place. You wouldn't have to scrounge off Joe anymore...

PHIL: Either would you huh? Isn't that what you were gonna do? Stay here and wait for Joe, maybe the place a couple of times and act like you kept the place nice for him huh? Then weasel your way in with a couple of jokes when he came back? Isn't that what you were plannin' to do?

ARNIE: No I wasn't plannin' anything.

PHIL: You plannin' little weasel. What were you gonna do? Vacuum the place and leave?

ARNIE: I didn't know what I was gonna...but now...maybe we could work together.

PHIL: I'm tellin' ya, you need to a professional.

ARNIE: I can be, I wanna be, I will be. I could find out where the parties are at. I still have connections, well, kind of. I know I could find out through my old agent. I could tell him that I wanna make up, do anything he wants, then ask him where the party is. Then I could rip him off, I'd love to rip that asshole off...no, I'd have to show up in a disguise maybe a wig or die my hair red. That always makes you look different.

PHIL: how about shavin' your fuckin' head...maybe grow your hair longer and wear make-up and nice dress, skip around the party in high heels...

ARNIE: Com on, Phil... Watch I'll do it again.

(Doing routine) "You look stunning tonight, loved that last picture you were in". They love to be jerked off that way and like if it's a director, "loved that last movie you directed".

(Arnie gets carried away doing pantomimes of shaking hands, congratulating, waving.

PHIL: You feel like a loser?

ARNIE: What?...

PHIL: You feel like a loser, Arnie?

ARNIE: I don't know. I never felt any other way. You wake up and go to sleep feelin' like a loser for so many years, you don't feel like one anymore. It's just a way of life...sometimes I feel worse than a loser. You ever feel like that?

PHIL: It's the broads.

ARNIE: What?

PHIL: How old are you?

ARNIE: Twenty four... hey what about the routine? I do it right?

PHIL: Twenty four? You look older. How many good fucks you think you got left in ya?

ARNIE? What are you talkin' about now?

PHIL: You said you were a good lay, didn't ya? A professional maybe? Joe told me about the movies.

ARNIE: What movies?

PHIL: The porno movies. He shows em' to broads, ya know, to get em' hot. He says, "That's my friend Arnie." He uses you to get broads hot so he can fuck em'. What do ya think of that? You were a professional, Arnie. A professional fuck... Now, you're just a fuck up.

ARNIE: So what, so what Phil. You're a weight lifting, stealing stupid fuck.

PHIL: so maybe we should get married huh? Only I'm the top man. You and me could do a movie together. It starts like this...

(Phil grabs Arnie, bends him over the bench press and mounts him.)

PHIL: (CONT'D) Okay, roll em!

(Phil howls with laughter as Arnie struggles beneath him.)

ARNIE: Cut the prison humor Phil, come on, cut it out. That movie was just another mistake.

PHIL: You're a fuckin' mistake.

(In a surge of rage, Arnie wriggles his way out from under Phil and jumps up.)

ARNIE: I've had enough of your shit!

(Phil grins and lunges at Arnie like a wrestler, tackling him and putting him in a full nelson.)

PHIL: Oh, you'd go over big in prison. What a bitch.  
(Tightening full nelson) Say uncle.

ARNIE: Fuck you!

PHIL: Say uncle!

ARNIE: no!

PHIL: (Applying full pressure) Say uncle!

ARNIE: (Whining) Uncle, fucking uncle, okay? Now let me go.

(Phil releases his hold and jumps up victoriously.)

PHIL: We could never work together, never. You said Uncle, can't trust anyone who says Uncle.

(Arnie struggles onto his feet.)

ARNIE: If I didn't say Uncle, you would' a broke one of my arms.

PHIL: I could break your arm anytime I want to. I could snap you like a twig.

ARNIE: Big tough guy.

PHIL: That's right, skinny little loser faggot.

ARNIE: Whatever you say Phil.

PHIL: Why would any chick ever wanna fuck you?

ARNIE: I don't know.

(Phil stares at him for a moment, then goes and gets his box.)

PHIL: Wanna smoke a joint?

ARNIE: I think I'm paranoid enough.

PHIL: It's all just broads. Come on, let's smoke this up.

(Phil takes a joint out of the box, licks the whole thing, puts in his mouth, takes the lighter out and puts down the box.)

ARNIE: I said no.

PHIL: (Mocking) I said no. What, are you scared?

ARNIE: What are we, twelve years old?

PHIL: You think it changes? Not for us pal. You and me, we're the same. We just don't have what it takes.

ARNIE: Shut up.

(Phil lights the joint and takes a big hit.)

PHIL: If we did, we wouldn't be here talking like this, would we? We didn't make the change you and me, we couldn't cut it. We're still kids in a man's world. Little loser kids.

ARNIE: Shut up man!

PHIL: I bet you wish you were in your momma's arm right now.

(Phil grabs Arnie around the neck, shoving the joint in his face.)

PHIL: (CONT'D) Come on, take a hit momma's boy.

ARNIE: Fuck you! Get that shit away from me.

(Phil takes a few hits of the joint, blowing the smoke into Arnie's face after each hit.)

PHIL: Suck it in momma's boy. Go on, you can't get any more scared than you are now. Take a hit, loser, faggot

baby. Get stoned, so you can go out there and drown yourself...whoa, I'm fuckin' baked. Baked baby.

(Laughs insanely) It's all comin' together now... I 'm gonna die through you and then I'm gonna be born again... You're in the suicide slot now Arnie.

(Phil takes another hit and blows into Arnie's mouth.)

PHIL: (CONT'D) It's all leavin' me and goin' into you. There is no place left for it to go except the bottom of the ocean... that's the way it's gonna be, you gotta go. You got no choice now.

(Phil releases him and motions his arms towards the sea.)

PHIL: (CONT'D) Go on, before it's too late, while you're still in the slot.

(Phil puts his hands on either side of Arnie as if he is putting him in a slot. Arnie's whole body shakes in fear.)

ARNIE: You're fuckin' crazy Phil.

(Phil doesn't answer. He just looks at Arnie with a dazed grin.)

ARNIE: (CONT'D) I mean really fuckin' crazy.

(Phil nods his head slowly in agreement then bends down casually, opens his box and in one swift move, has the gun pointed at Arnie's face.)

PHIL: That's right! Now get in the fuckin' ocean.

(Both stares into each other's eyes for a good thirty seconds. Time just stands still. A slight smile on Phil's face forms as Arnie keeps his eyes on him. Arnie talks carefully.)

ARNIE: (Forming a smile) Phil... that must be some weed, some strong fuckin' weed.

(Phil's smile turns into a grin then he bursts out laughing. He drops the gun, looks at it horrified, looks back at Arnie and laughs some more.)

PHIL: You came through Arnie. You came through just in the nick o'time.

(Arnie watches wide eyed as Phil gingerly places the gun on the bench press. Arnie stands stunned.)

ARNIE: What do ya mean?

PHIL: Don't worry what I mean. Better you don't know. You'd probably bring it back.

(He fondly puts his arm around Arnie.)

PHIL: (CONT'D) Now, you and me, we got a lot of work to do.

ARNIE: Work?

PHIL: Yeah, we're partners you and me, partners.

ARNIE: What about the faggot, baby, loser...

(Phil puts his finger up to Arnie's mouth.)

PHIL: Shhh... that's all behind us now, it passed through and it never would' a happened without ya.

ARNIE: Huh?

(Phil throws up both hands into the sky.)

PHIL: you broke the spell, believe me, you broke the fuckin' spell. (Looking at Arnie) From now on, we're gonna be all right, you and me. We're all takin' care of.

ARNIE: We are?

PHIL: Yeah, we are... but we got a lot of work to do.

ARNIE: Yeah?

(Phil places his hands on Arnie's shoulders.)

PHIL: Yeah...

(He grabs the gun and jabs it into Arnie's neck.)

PHIL: (CONT'D) Let's go for a swim.

(The sound of ocean waves and seagulls takes over as light fade.)

THE END