

All
2.

SCHEIDER. Nobody says you have to apologise for anything, Richard.

DREYFUSS. Yeah, well I got morals, principles. "Give peace a chance!" That's what I say. Nonviolence—talk things over. Hell, if Nixon and Kissinger and Brezhnev and Minh and Mao all got together and smoked a little weed all our problems would be solved!

SHAW. How profound.

Beat.

You sound like a village idiot!

SCHEIDER. *(To Dreyfuss.)* Richard, I take your point, and god knows 'Nam is 'Nam, but don't you think sometimes you have to fight—maybe even die—for what you believe in?

Start

During this last exchange, Dreyfuss has begun to feel seasick.

DREYFUSS. I think I'm gonna throw up.

Dreyfuss dashes off onto the deck and leans over the side as if to throw up.

SCHEIDER. Well that was something of an overreaction.

SHAW. Hasn't got his sea legs yet!

SCHEIDER. You know he adores you.

SHAW. He adores himself.

SCHEIDER. No, he does, he's very keen for you to introduce him to Harold Pinter.

SHAW. *(Laughs.)* Good god! What a car crash that would be.

SCHEIDER. Yes, I'd heard he was quite a character.

SHAW. He'd eat Richard alive. All that would be left would be a pile of bones.

Dreyfuss returns to the cabin gingerly.

DREYFUSS. I'm okay. False alarm!

Scheider takes out a handkerchief and blows his nose loudly.

SCHEIDER. Jesus! It's been two weeks and I still can't get the stink of that rotting fish out of my nose.

DREYFUSS. That shark was ripe when it came out of the box and it only got worse.

SCHEIDER. It makes sense, so—I looked this up, it's fascinating—sharks are one of the quickest species to decompose. It's because they're so primitive—they're, like, four hundred million years old. They're older than trees! No skeletons, just cartilage.

DREYFUSS. Sharks don't have skeletons? Nobody told me this.

SCHEIDER. And get this: Sharks have survived five mass-extinction events.

DREYFUSS. Five?

SCHEIDER. Yeah, and scientists figure there's going to be another one. Probably gonna be something to do with the weather—everything'll get real hot, humans'll die, mammals, but the sharks are just gonna keep on swimming. Hell, they might end up being the dominant species.

SHAW. So, if this film survives, perhaps it'll be watched by sharks one day.

DREYFUSS. Yeah—but to them it'll be a tragedy about a mild-mannered shark just going about his day eating a few people who gets senselessly murdered by three assholes!

They laugh.

SHAW. That's very funny...two sharks leaving the cinema, and one says to the other "Well I quite liked it, apart from the ending."

SCHEIDER. I suppose that puts it all into perspective. The human race won't exist some day and here we are worrying about a stupid movie.

DREYFUSS. Hey, don't knock this "stupid movie," man. This is gonna make us famous.

SHAW. Is *that* why you're doing this?

DREYFUSS. Well who doesn't want to be a movie star?

SHAW. Speak for yourself! I'd rather be known for my writing. Jesus! The problem with the acting profession these days is that every little pissant wants to be a movie star, but nobody wants to play a Wednesday matinee at the...Stockton-on-Tees Forum! I had this bellboy come up to me the other day who told me he'd love to be famous like me. He'd got it the wrong way round. Fame is the by-product. It is the shit of art!

DREYFUSS. Okay, man, okay, calm down! Christ! I'm an artist, okay, I want to make art. If I happen to make a million bucks, get blown a hell of a lot, maybe make the cover of *Time* magazine along the way, then where's the harm? You think Shakespeare didn't get blown? Sure he did!

SHAW. So put your money where your mouth is, for god's sake! There are plenty of theatres in this country!

DREYFUSS. Well that's what I'd love to do... You know Harold Pinter, right?

Shaw and Scheider exchange a glance.

SHAW. Mr. Pinter and I have worked together on a number of occasions, yes.

DREYFUSS. What's he like?

SHAW. He is a great man. He is also an accomplished sprinter. He used to sprint for his county.

SCHEIDER. Pinter the sprinter.

SHAW. (*Sarcastic.*) Well done, Roy!

DREYFUSS. Well...do you think you could, you know, put in a good word for me? I'd love to do, you know, serious theatre work in some of his stuff—on Broadway, or London even. Do you think you could do that?

SHAW. Alright! If you're deadly serious, I'll give you his number. Don't fuck it up. Pinter is a very friendly man, Richard.

Shaw writes down Pinter's number and gives it to Dreyfuss.

SCHEIDER. Huh.

SHAW. There's nothing he enjoys more than chatting to people who appreciate his work. Just call him up—he's an early riser by the way—and say "Harold"—make sure you use his first name, he can't bear formality—"Harold, let's work together!"

SFX: Launch approaches.

DREYFUSS. Yeah?

SHAW. Yes! The other thing he likes is when people come up with theories as to what his plays are about. He gets a tremendous kick out of that.

DREYFUSS. Ooh, that's great because I've got one of those—the, what's it called, oh yeah, *The Dumb Waiter*, they're dead, right? And they're in hell.

SHAW. In hell? Oh that's very good. He won't have heard that one before.

DREYFUSS. That's great, cos I...

SFX: Launch strikes boat.

Just a moment.

Exit Dreyfuss.

SCHEIDER. Robert?

SHAW. Hmm?

SCHEIDER. Do you ever think you're too hard on him?

SHAW. It is the grit in the oyster that produces the pearl, Roy. I am that grit. He's giving a better performance because of me.

SCHEIDER. So...that's why you're doing this—making his life hell—to improve his performance?

SHAW. Of course.

Beat.

What?

SCHEIDER. Nothing—it's just um...I'm not sure that's what it is.

Reenter Dreyfuss.

DREYFUSS. You're not going to believe this... They get the replacement shark, they strap it to the rig, they take it underwater, they bring it back up and it's got a huge dent in its chin. Fucking thing looks like Kirk Douglas.

SCHEIDER. So?

DREYFUSS. So they got to take it back to base and hammer the goddamn dent out of it.

SCHEIDER. Ah shit.

DREYFUSS. Jim says we might as well call it a day. Fog's moved in anyway. Sorry guys.

SCHEIDER. Jesus!

DREYFUSS. I know. What a waste of time.