

Dreyfuss # 1

DREYFUSS. Is that so?

SCHEIDER. I don't know, I mean he...Steven...changed a lot of things for the script.

DREYFUSS. Yeah?

SCHEIDER. Yeah, uh, for example, in the book Hooper is having an affair with Brody's wife.

DREYFUSS. He is? ...Damn!

Beat.

SCHEIDER. What do you think of Steven?

DREYFUSS. Well he's, I mean, the first thing is I think people underestimate him. He may be just a kid, but he's, you know, he's an old head on young shoulders... Having said that...I think he may be clinically insane!

SCHEIDER. Really?

DREYFUSS. Yeah! He's shooting on the ocean. Nobody shoots on the ocean! You know how many water tanks Universal has? I mean, you know what it's like man, you work your butt off, you're at the mercy of nature—wind, rain, tides, sun—overexposure to all of them. Jews should stay away from water. Nothing good ever happened to any Jew on the water.

SCHEIDER. Didn't Jesus walk on water?

DREYFUSS. Yeah! ...And look what happened to him!

Beat.

I mean, call me old-fashioned, but I think when you're making a four-million-dollar studio picture you should have a script. It seems to me that we talk about something over dinner and the next day it's in the scene Gottlieb hands us! You can't make big-budget Hollywood movies on the fly, man.

SCHEIDER. Somebody...uh, one of the crew...told me that we're already two million dollars over budget.

DREYFUSS. Who told you that? Was it Tom? Sure feels like it's true, and we still got all of the shark stuff to shoot. If the fucking thing ever starts working that is. Otherwise we're going to be in Planet of the Apes without the monkeys, man!

SCRIPT

END

SCHEIDER. If this is going to be such a turkey, why did you sign up?

DREYFUSS. Oh, (Laughs.) I fucked up, is what happened. I shot this thing last year—*The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*...serious drama, and I thought "This is it, baby, this is the big time. This is gonna make you a star!" but...I saw the premiere up in Montreal and, fuck, man I stink in it.

But I was the same with *American Graffiti*. So I'm watching the rough cut, right?—I go clammy cold. All of a sudden, I'm seeing me...and I'm shaped like Smokey the Bear, and I've got this awful monotonal, nasal voice and I'm the worst, right? George Lucas sees me and says "What do you think?" and I say "Well, George, it's a nice movie...and I've already figured out how you can cut me out." Lucas told me I was crazy.

SCHEIDER. You were terrific. It's a great movie. You know, when I signed, Dick let slip that the studio wanted Charlton Heston for Brody!

DREYFUSS. Yeah? Well, you know who they wanted for Hooper? Jon Voight—you know, that big, blond son of a bitch. How the hell did they end up with us?

SCHEIDER. Maybe Steven doesn't like big stars.

DREYFUSS. Doesn't like big stars? Why the hell not?

SCHEIDER. I don't know, but I would guess for reasons of realism.

DREYFUSS. Realism? They got a shark out there the size of a truck and they're worried about realism?!

SCHEIDER. Well maybe this is a new kind of movie. I mean, you saw *2001*, right? The Kubrick film? No big names in that.

DREYFUSS. Yeah! That movie made absolutely no sense whatsoever.

SCHEIDER. You know, Robert told me that Kubrick offered him a lead role in it.

DREYFUSS. Really? What, one of the astronauts?

SCHEIDER. No. Actually he wanted him to play the lead monkey...

DREYFUSS. Hahahaha! Wait, really?

SCHEIDER. Robert turned him down. He said "You're not going to make a monkey out of me!"

Douchebag #2

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..."

Pause.

"That's it. Goodbye..."

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!

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.