

Excerpt from "Speed-The-Chow"
Written by Bruce J. Robinson

GARRY

(screaming)

Neshi!

(Neshi immediately appears.)

NESHI

Yessirs.

GARRY

I was hoping that this wouldn't be necessary.

NESHI

(exiting and reentering with a huge stack of pancakes)

Right out here, sir. It pays to prepare, Mr. Glens.

GARRY

(stacking new cakes on his pile)

I'm Glen Garry, mother-fucker. My dad's family were the royalty of Russian Jews...dinettes manufacturers to the czar. My mom's people were German and such high-class Jews: when they were in Dachau, they had unlisted numbers.

(squatting to lift the stack)

I'm Bronx Science, Harvard, Yale - you little schnorrer! To the manor...

(lifting)

...a thief in the night. When "Swiftly" Lazar tried this, he got a "killer." I was there at the beginning. I taught Danny Thomas how to spit coffee. I taught Gene Barry how to fix his cufflinks. Whose coffee table's verathaned with Cher's latest liposuction? Who put the fucking show in fucking business? Glen Garry, mother-fucker.

(He puts down the stack.)

Don't fuck with me.

(pause)

ROSS

Pass the syrup.

(He does. They eat in silence.)

Pass the jelly.

(He does. They eat in silence.)

You know, I went to 'nam. Part of me...will always be...always be on patrol on the Mekong...and part me...will always be in the underwear drawer of Morgan Brittany.

(Ross takes out a spoonful of jelly. He catapults it across the table. It either hits or comes close to hitting Garry.)

(If it misses; he says, "I miss, but I keep firin'.")

ROSS (CONT'D)

Life's toughened me up, Glennie-baby. I was different from the other kids. We were so poor that my mom knit my prom tux from used dental floss. We never stayed in one place for long. We would follow the winter... follow the cold and flu season from one center of decadent wealth to the next. Yes! My father was a migrant nose-picker. But even so: how I longed for that man who would return nightly from the homes of the rich - caked and bitter... how I longed for him to... to take my face in his hands... and... well, actually... to wash up...and to take my face and...

(Ross interrupts himself by flinging another spoonful of jelly.)

'nam! 'nam! 'nam! Hard to come back from that war. Only recently, I feel like...like I've found my way home. Thing is, I made a left at Afghanistan. Took the wrong exit. Too butch to ask directions. Got involved in a fast-shashlik franchise...

(Then, Ross jumps onto the chair. He's bobbing and waving his arms like a crazed crane.)

I am not to be fucked with. I've seen it all. I was in 'nam. The only Jew in 'nam. What a shit-ass war! Now fucking World War Two was a fucking war! Those mother-fuckers got to fight big blonde guys who looked like Tab Hunter - leather drawers and all. We fought little chinks in cocktail pajamas...looked like Ann-Margaret's back-up dancers. In WW II; they came back to Betty Grable, with legs that go on forever. We came back to Martha Raye, with gums that chew corn. I'm a desperate man. You see, everything is important to me. I can be a strong friend. I can be a frightful enemy.

(very polite)

Pass that knife.

(Garry does - showing no fear.)

Thanks.

(Ross cuts his wrist. He bleeds profusely for awhile.)

Enough!

(By act of will, he stops the bleeding. He sits.)

(They eat in silence for awhile.)