

introduction

(Mike and John are down and out, shaking and coughing etc)

John: Fine brother you turned out to be.

Mike: Shut up, I'm sick of your whining.

John: Huh, Mr. Smarty pants... "Hey John let's forget chemistry and physics and start writing comedy. In a couple of years we'll be famous and girls will be ripping our clothes off"...

Mike: Shut up and pass me the bottle.

John: And so here we are... five years later with nothing... at the absolute bottom of the ladder. Eating Crawdads and paint chips.

Mike: Pass me the paint chips.

John: Let's face it Mike we made a big mistake, no one can help us now.

(Mike pulls a piece of raw bacon from his sock and begins to eat it)

John: Raw bacon/ Where did you get that? Give me some.

Mike: Forget it, I stole it. Leave me alone.

John: Oh Mike has it come to this? You won't even share a piece of raw bacon with me.

Mike: Make your own dinner.

John: What ever happened to the dreams of fame, fortune, girls, and glamour? What happened to our youth and vitality?

Mike: I hacked it to buy some socks.

John: Our problem is that we never had any direction, never had a driving force, never had someone to guide us and bring our work to the forefront.

Mike: Pass me the crawdads.

John: Give me some of that bacon you vermin... (begin to fight)

(enter Steve on video Tape)

Steve: (surrounded by gals) Look at these two, they're pathetic. Hey you two, pull yourselves together.

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Mike: Oh

John: My

Mike: God