

Al and Fred

Int. Bullpen-the next day

Fred is at His desk typing. Al enters and offers his rear end to Fred

Al:

— Feel this

FRED:

Feel what?

AL:

— My rock hard buns

Fred:

That's a no.

Al:

— I didn't get the commercial. They like the sportscaster image but they were expecting tighter buns. How Much tighter can they get? Come one, feel.

Fred:

I rather not

AL:

Are these not tight? I ask you.

Fred:

All right. People are watching.

AL:

Just touch it. Please

Fred:

Ooh, firm. Now go away.

Al:

My agent said they did some testing  
And women don't find me appealing.  
I mean, I understand it once they get to know me,  
But these are women I've never even met.

Fred:

Look, Al, you know I love you.

AL:

I know you do man.

HE HUGS ME.

Fred:

I think you're a great guy, bright, funny, a lot of fun, so don't  
Take this the wrong way.

AL:

Fred, I won't

Fred:

You're a whore

AL:

What?

Fred:

A whore, Al. Street walking, stiletto wearing, Hugh Grant,  
Pleasing, anything for money whore.

AL:

I'm afraid I'm gonna have to take that the wrong way.

FRED:

You've got to set limits. Don't just take every gig your agent  
Throws at you.

AL:

Freddy, ~~time~~<sup>fame</sup> can be fleeting. We have a narrow window opportunity  
Here in which to cash in. This is all I have to sell. This is my product.  
This is what I bring to market. Oh my God. I am a whore.

END.