

Shermans Sitter

By

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BEN

So you're not gonna miss fire on me
are you?

SHERMAN

Depends...did you fuck my daughter?

Sherman coldly stares and reaches inside his coat, slowly.

SHERMAN

Bang!

Ben jumps. Sherman unsheathes his hand, shaped like a gun.

BEN

Jesus Christ! Don't do that!

SHERMAN

Don't curse! Next time I have to
tell you, you will regret it, boy.

BEN

Ben. You know it's Ben.

SHERMAN

Sorry, I wasn't listening, hard of
hearing. What'd you say shit head?

Ben grabs the whiskey, pours a shot. But Sherman takes it.

SHERMAN

I'll help myself if I don't mind!

BEN

(bitter sarcasm)

Sorry. Thought you were offering.