My Bodyguard

(Clifford and Linderman on the roof)

(Clifford comes up on the roof, he doesn’t know Linderman is there)

Linderman:

Hey.

Clifford:

How’d you get up here?

Linderman:

I need some money.

Clifford:

Where were you? I’ve been looking all over for you.

Linderman:

Got any money Cliff? Come on, give me some money.

Clifford:

Six bucks is all I got.

Linderman:

Thanks, Cliff, you’re a good kid.

Clifford:

Oh, that’s great. Give me some money, thanks bye. That’s some real class. Where you goin’? Linderman! Linderman!

Linderman:

Stay home Clifford. You got a nice place, a nice family. Just leave me alone.

Clifford:

It’s the fight, isn’t it?

Linderman:

I couldn’t’ fight. So what. I never wanted to be anyone’s damn bodyguard anyway. I told you that.

Clifford:

It’s on account of your brother. You can’t fight because of what happened to your brother? That’s it, isn’t it?

Linderman:

What do you know?

Clifford:

It’s a lousy excuse is what I know. It’s nothing, Linderman.

Linderman:

Shut up!

Clifford:

You don’t talk to anybody for more than a year. You walk around like a damn ape, for nothing.

Linderman:

Shut up, Clifford!

Clifford:

You build a bike to run away for no reason. To go nowhere and then some jerks throw it into the lake…

Linderman:

Shut up!

Clifford:

All for something you had nothing to do with. I mean, anybody could have found your brother, it just happened to be you, that’s all!

Linderman:

SHUT UP! SHUT UP! I didn’t find him! I killed him! I shot him!

Clifford:

Jesus.

Linderman:

We were home alone. We were playing with my dad’s gun. I was showing off, showing off like a damn fool. He said let me hold it and I said no, no, you’re not allowed to. Then he got mad, and he grabbed it and it fired. My god I was laughing, I was laughing when it went off. Blood gushed out of the side of his head and he didn’t even know it. You know what he was worried about? He was afraid that when dad got home, he’d get spanked. The last thing he said to me, he said “You’re gonna have to take the blame for this on”. I couldn’t even do that right. I lied. I put the gun in his hand and said I found him that way. Damn it. I never told anyone before.

Clifford:

It wasn’t your fault. You didn’t mean for it to happen.

Lindeman:

I’m sorry, Clifford. I know you mean well. I let everybody down. It’s just the way I am. Stay home Clifford.