

Meeting Between Larry Drivon and Dick Bridgman

August 4, 1985

LD: Hi Dick

DB: Hi Larry

LD: Did you look over the Amended Complaint and the copy of the original letter to me from the business firm that referred the case?

DB: Yes, I did

LD: What do you think?

DB: I think that if this stuff can be proven, we could buy Maui. Why don't you want the case anymore?

LD: I'm just a simple farmer and the Hula looks silly to me

DB: Did you bring the Interrogatories?

LD: Yes. Here they are. I'm sorry for the catsup smudges. I was thumbing through them over a rib-eye steak and fries earlier this afternoon

DB: Let me take a few minutes to read them while you eat your *Cervelle de veau aubeurre noir* [sic]. I wonder what's taking my sweet breads so long. Well, anyway...

LD: Psst. Waitress. Bring me some catsup, a beer, and another half bottle of that fancy French wine for Dick here. And what's taking his balls and brains so long? (I wonder what this shit is that I'm eating that Dick ordered for me)

DB: ...Well, Larry, these are some mighty fine questions. One of them, though, might be more proper in a lawsuit dealing with an accident leading to personal injuries. It seems a bit too nebulous and broad

LD: Ah, music to my ears. You're just right for the case. How about it?

DB: Well, I'll have to do some more thinking on it. It's kind of hard to turn down yet kind of hard to accept. I think I could nail this Hag Barbarian [sic] guy to the cross. But Wells Fargo won't want to approach the matter on a cooperational [sic] bullshiting [sic] level and they'll probably try to paper me to death

LD: Oh, don't worry about them.-Piece of cake. You'll probably have to get an additional mail-box for the client though

DB: How did you like your dinner?

LD: Oh, I like anything, especially with a little bit of Hunt's, Heinz or Del Monte...For Pete's sake. You didn't even touch your brains and balls

DB: Larry, they aren't brains or balls. (Next time I'll order him some *Huîtres de montagne*) For some reason, by the time the dish had arrived, I was more in the mood for *Kalua Pua'a*

LD: You what?

DB: Never mind, Larry...What do you think of the Pearls of Cassanova set in 24 carat gold on my pinky finger?

LD: I think they'd make for better eatin'

DB: Touché

LD: Bye, Dick

DB: Aloha, Larry.