

Dustin Hoffman and Dorothy Michaels have Coffee

For: Shouts and Murmurs

By: David Lettis

Dustin Hoffman: Tootsie! Man, you look great. When you agreed to have coffee with me, I assumed you meant I could bring it to you in your dressing room.

Dorothy Michaels: Oh dear, Mr. Hoffman, I'm afraid you caught me with my pants down. I even have curlers in my hair. Typical male, taking advantage of me like this.

DH: Oh, Dorothy, I'm doing no such thing. No such thing at all. You have a great figure, though. A great figure. Perhaps I should take my pants down so you feel more comfortable.

DM: Oh don't be so crass! I'm a lady! (Mrs. Michaels accepts the coffee and then hits Mr. Hoffman over the head with a rolled-up newspaper featuring her latest positive review.)

DH: When we worked together in the 80s, didn't you invite me into your dressing room after you landed the role as the hospital administrator?

DM: Now that is positively disgusting. Disgusting, I say! If you could only spend one day in a woman's shoes, I don't think you'd make such vile suggestions. I suppose I shouldn't be surprised to hear you speak like that. As I recall, you did enter my dressing room. You inappropriately placed your hand on my head and removed my hair. I swear it happened. I'm sure you remember. We were standing in front of the mirror and when you removed my hair, we looked just like one another. Strike me dead if I'm lying!

DH: Removed your hair! No I don't remember that. No I don't remember that at all. No, I distinctly recall entering your dressing room and exposing myself because it's clearly what you wanted. That I do remember. But I'm sure I would have remembered removing your hair. You are after all, a very attractive woman. If I could be a woman, I would want to look just like you.

DM: Mr. Hoffman, all these rumors flying around about your behavior. It's abhorrent. You should be ashamed, even if I do appreciate the coffee. Tell me, how do you sleep at night?

DH: I sleep very well at night. I'm a liberal and a feminist and I have great respect for women. Great respect. I think the way I've been treated is not only false, it's totally unfair. Totally unfair. At least the ladies in Hollywood can use the awards season to sound off on their abhorrent treatment. I just have to take it. I'm the victim here. But I sleep great.

DM: You men are just so awful. Pigs, really. All my favorite old movies like *The Graduate* or *Midnight Cowboy* or *Hook* or *Rain Man*, I have to Google the lead actor to see if he's been accused of some kind of wickedness.

DH: Well it's Tom Cruise, what do you expect? Listen, let me make it up to you. I hear Bill Murray is penning a new Broadway musical. I'll have my agent secure one of the multi-scene speaking roles for you. No no, you're putting your hair on wrong. Here, let me show you.