

DAILY Actor

SUBURBIA by Eric Bogosian

BUFF: I wouldn't. I'd wake up every morning singing. I'd have a schedule, man. First, do my workout. Then, take a shower, followed by a hearty breakfast of steak and eggs, washed down with a pot of hot coffee and a six-pack of Bud Light. I'd smoke a joint, then I'd order my bodyguard to find my babe who would appear decked out in her all—black, leather Victoria's Secret custom-made bodysuit, so I'd like have to chew all her clothes off until she was completely and totally nude. Except she'd have these amazing dragon tattoos all over her body and pierced nipples with little gold peace signs hanging off 'em. And then she'd pull out this half ounce of blow and we'd snap out these prodigious lines, vaporize a few million brain cells, screw for about an hour, then spend the rest of the morning trashed, watching *American Idol* on TiVo.

I'd just keep doing the same thing round and round the clock with an occasional burger or slice thrown in for vitamins and energy. And instead of *Idol*, we'd watch *ThunderCats*.

Come on, man, tell me you wouldn't love it!