

**PARIS.** Funny thing about my job - we're supposed to be all-knowing and all-seeing. It's a pretty hefty responsibility considering the complete imbalance between the job description and the realities of execution. Most of the time, the caddie stands idly by knowing all the answers and knowing his words will fall upon the deaf ears of everyone in the game. He's just the flunky. The mule so to speak. Never to talk unless he is asked a direct question. And even then, his words of wisdom, his suggestions -- his seer-like advice will most likely go unnoticed and basically ignored. *(Pause)* Sometimes it's pretty funny -- other times, it's very much like watching a car crash -- unable to do anything. *(Thunder crashes. He looks into the sky.)* What's tough is when the caddie looks on and wants so desperately to intervene and guide conversations away from destructive words -- away from anger - but that's not my job. *(Thunder crashes. He looks up, then out at the audience.)* I'm just the guy in charge of the golf bags