

FINAL DRAFT
October 17, 1980

" A R T H U R "

Written

by

Steve Gordon

1 OMIT

2 OMIT

3 EXT: LEXINGTON AVENUE AROUND 52ND STREET - NIGHT

Late. Not much traffic. A couple of very attractive hookers stand on the corner. Tired. Yawning. It's been a long night. One looks at her watch. The other lights a cigarette. Suddenly! The biggest Rolls Royce limousine in the world screeches to a halt in front of them. The back window of the limo goes down. The head that sticks out of that window is that of Arthur Bach. He is in his mid-thirties. Good looking. He wears a tuxedo. He is rip roaring drunk. He holds a bottle of scotch in one hand which he drinks from, from time to time. This is an outrageous man. Every night is New Year's Eve. Everything is at the top and hysterically funny to him.

ARTHUR

(very drunk and slurring
his words)

Girls! Girls! Hello girls!
Would the more attractive of you
please step forward?

(he laughs a huge
drunken laugh)

God...that's funny!

(settles down)

Actually...you're both very
attractive. Would the one who
thinks I'm attractive please
step forward? Uh...as quickly
as possible. Time is money...

One of the girls approaches the car. In the front seat, the driver in full chauffeur's dress stares straight ahead. This is BITTERMAN, a black man in his forties. The back seat of the limo has a bar, TV set, a refrigerator and almost every device known for mixing a drink. The girl is GLORIA.

GLORIA

What did you have in mind?

ARTHUR

VD! I'm really into penicillin!

(he laughs)

Now...that's funny!

Gloria stares at him.

3 CONTD:

ARTHUR (cont.)

I know this is last minute.

(he laughs)

Ahh...I finally heard someone laughing. Oh...it was me. What I have in mind...is spending the evening with a stranger who loves me.

GLORIA

It's going to cost you a hundred dollars.

ARTHUR

Oh yeah...what time do you get off work?

(he laughs)

I'm kidding. If you laugh a little I throw in nylons and Hershey bars. Let's make it two hundred. But I will ask you to Simonize my car.

Gloria stares at him.

ARTHUR (cont.)

(looking at her staring)

Tell me...has there been a death in your family? This is funny stuff here.

GLORIA

Who are you?

ARTHUR

I'm rich. That's who I am. Get in the car.

Gloria takes a look at the other hooker who has been watching. She shrugs. She hesitantly gets into the car. Arthur pushes a button to talk to the driver.

ARTHUR (cont.)

(to Bitterman)

Bitterman, give her friend a hundred dollars. She came in second.

Bitterman gets out of the car. He approaches the other hooker and gives her a hundred dollars.

GIRL

(to Bitterman)

Who is that guy?

3 CONTD:

BITTERMAN

I'd rather not say.

GIRL

I think I know. I've seen his picture in the paper. That's Arthur Bach...isn't it?

BITTERMAN

Uh...what if it is?

GIRL

Is there something wrong with him?

BITTERMAN

Yes.

The credits start. Under the credits, Bitterman gets back into the car and starts the engine. The huge Rolls turns right on 49th Street and continues west. It turns right on Park. The credits stop.

CUT TO:

4 INT: BACK SEAT - LIMOSINE

Arthur drinks. Gloria sits.

ARTHUR

Permit me to introduce myself.

He reaches up to his head to doff his top hat but it isn't on his head.

ARTHUR (cont.)

Where the hell is my hat?

GLORIA

It's on the floor.

ARTHUR

I hate it when that happens.
I am Arthur.

GLORIA

I'm Gloria. What are you drinking?

ARTHUR

Scotch. Would you like some?

GLORIA

Why not?

4 CONTD:

ARTHUR

You're with me and you can ask that question? We also have cocaine, marijuana, vodka, gin and some prune danish.

GLORIA

Scotch. You are funny.

ARTHUR

I know.

(he laughs)

Sometimes I just think funny things.

Arthur mixes her a drink.

GLORIA

What do you do for a living?

ARTHUR

I race cars. I play tennis...

I fondle women...but I get weekends off and I'm my own boss.

Arthur makes a toast.

ARTHUR (cont.)

(toasting)

Here's to us...and all the little people who made this possible.

GLORIA

Are you into anything kinky?

ARTHUR

Nah. What good are whips and chains when you're dating a turtle?

Gloria laughs.

ARTHUR (cont.)

I really am the funniest person I know.

CUT BACK TO:

5 EXT: LIMO ROLLING UP PARK AVENUE

Credits again roll. As the credits continue we hear the conversation from the limo.

GLORIA (OC)

Are we going to your place?

5 CONTD:

ARTHUR (OC)

Of course not! We just met!
Whatever happened to dinner?
Whatever happened to dancing?
Whatever happened to Doris Day
for Christ's sakes?

(to Bitterman)

Bitterman...the Plaza and step on it.

BITTERMAN (OC)

Sir...if I may say so...

ARTHUR (OC)

Bitterman...don't talk...just drive.

GLORIA (OC)

Can I have another drink?

ARTHUR (OC)

Yes! Isn't this fun! Isn't fun
the best thing to have! Don't
you wish you were me! I know I do.
Go through the park, Bitterman!
You know I love the park!

The limo turns left on 72nd and goes through the park.
It is a lovely night. The city is glowing. There is
little traffic. The credits end as the limo pulls up to

CUT TO:

6 EXT: THE PLAZA - NIGHT

The limo glides to a stop. Bitterman gets out of the car
and opens the back door. Gloria gets out. Arthur falls
out of the car and onto the curb. He laughs heartily
at this.

ARTHUR

(on the curb laughing)

I fell out of the goddamned car!
Is that funny!

Bitterman is helping him up.

BITTERMAN

Are you hurt, sir?

ARTHUR

Bitterman! I fell out of the car!
Is that the funniest thing ever!
Ahh...you had to be there.

6 CONTD:

BITTERMAN
You are quite amusing, sir.

ARTHUR
Well then laugh it up, Bitterman.
Bitterman laughs.

CUT TO:

7 INT: THE OAK ROOM

Gloria stands at the entrance.

CAPTAIN
I'm sorry Madam...we have no...
Arthur stumbles in.

ARTHUR
It's alright Raymond...she's with
me.

CAPTAIN
Mr. Bach! So good to see you!
He shakes Arthur's hand.

ARTHUR
If only someone I knew felt that
way.

CAPTAIN
We have your regular table.

They start to follow the captain. Many people stare at
Gloria who obviously doesn't belong here. Arthur sees
this. He puts his arm around her.

ARTHUR
(to Gloria)
They're used to seeing me with
the turtle.

They wend their way thorough the Oak Room. Arthur staggers.
A white-haired prosperous-looking gentleman seated along
the way with his wife, a rather portly bejeweled dowager.
This is Arthur's uncle and aunt, PETER and PEARL BACH.
Arthur moves towards them.

ARTHUR
Uncle Peter! And Aunt Pearl!

7 CONTD:

PETER

(rising to greet him)

Arthur...you're looking well...

Arthur kisses his aunt on the cheek.

ARTHUR

Aunt Pearl...may I say you are
looking younger every day.

(to Gloria)

Doesn't Aunt Pearl look wonderful,
darling?

GLORIA

She looks great.

PEARL

Arthur...I don't believe we've
had the pleasure of meeting this
young woman. Would you introduce
us?

ARTHUR

How stupid of me! Princess Gloria
...may I introduce my Aunt and
Uncle...Peter and Pearl Bach.

GLORIA

How are you?

PEARL

Princess? Did you say princess,
Arthur?

ARTHUR

Yes.

He gets very close to his Aunt's face. She wishes he
would not do this. His breath is all scotch.

ARTHUR (cont.)

There is a very small country in
the West Indies. I mean small.

PEARL

(hating him this close)

I see. Thank you.

ARTHUR

It's terribly small. Tiny little
country. Rhode Island could beat
the crap out of it in a war.
That's how small it is.

7 CONTD:

PEARL

Small...

ARTHUR

Very little. It's 85 cents in a cab from one end of the country to the other. I'm talking small here.

PETER

We understand it's small, Arthur.

Arthur leans up to receive this comment to his Uncle. He goes back right next to Pearl's face for his next drunken speech.

ARTHUR

They recdntly had the whole country carpeted. This is not a big place.

PETER

We understand that it's small, Arthur. We also understand that you are very drunk. Why don't we meet again when you're sober?

He stops. He looks down at them.

ARTHUR

(sadly)

Right. I'm sorry. I can't help it.

PETER

Grow up, Arthur. You'd make a fine adult.

CUT TO:

8 INT: OAK ROOM - ARTHUR'S TABLE - NIGHT

Arthur and Gloria are seated. A waiter approaches the table.

WAITER

How are you, Mr. Bach.

ARTHUR

Scotch.

(to Gloria)

I hate small talk.

WAITER

The usual for you.

8 CONTD:

GLORIA

I'll have a steak, medium, shrimp
cocktail, baked potato and a Bud.
I'll walk it off.

ARTHUR

And hurry up with that drink.
I'm due at an Alcoholics Anonymous
meeting in an hour.

The waiter and Gloria laugh.

ARTHUR (cont.)

Everybody loves me.

The waiter withdraws.

GLORIA

How rich are you?

ARTHUR

All I can tell you is...I wish I
had a dime for every dime I have.
The service here is terrible.
Where the hell is my drink?

GLORIA

We just ordered.

ARTHUR

That's always their excuse.

GLORIA

Are you married?

ARTHUR

There's only one woman for me and
I can't stand here. Her name is
Susan. I can't tell you her last
name because that would be indiscreet.
Johnson. Susan Johnson. My father
wants me to marry her...but I'm not
going to! You're the only woman at this
table.

The waiter returns with a bottle of beer and a glass of
scotch. He places the bottle in front of Gloria and the
glass in front of Arthur.

ARTHUR (cont.)

(to the waiter)

Sure...you bring her a whole bottle
...me you bring a glass.

8 CONTD:

The waiter chuckles and withdraws.

ARTHUR (cont.)

Aren't waiters wonderful? You ask them for things and they bring them. Same principle as Santa Claus. Tell me about yourself.

GLORIA

You mean...why am I a hooker?

ARTHUR

Are you a hooker? Jesus...I forgot. I just thought I was doing great with you. Okay...why are you a hooker?

GLORIA

My mother died when I was six.

Arthur bangs on the table.

ARTHUR

Son of a bitch! Don't they know what they do to kids!

GLORIA

My father raped me when I was 12.

ARTHUR

So...you had six relatively good years. I'm sorry. Listen...my father screwed me too. Do you like me?

GLORIA

You're cute.

ARTHUR

I know that. Do you like me?

GLORIA

Yes.

ARTHUR

Well Princess...we're going to have fun. Tonight is New Year's Eve! Third time this week! Is my hat on my head?

GLORIA

No.

8 CONTD:

 ARTHUR
I hate that. Here's to you.

CUT TO:

9 OMIT

10 INT: ARTHUR'S GIGANTIC BEDROOM

This is a triplex apartment. Arthur's room features an enormous bed. Among the original paintings, there are also pictures of Willie Mays and Reggie Jackson. The picture of Mays is enormous and takes up the entire wall across from Arthur's bed. One of the chairs in the room is an enormous throne with a red carpet leading to it. This is a crazed man. Half boy. Half man...who can't make up his mind. Gloria and Arthur lie in bed sleeping. A set of electric trains circle around an enormous miniature landscape behind the bed. Gloria starts to wake. She rolls into Arthur.

 ARTHUR
 (feeling his head)
Oooh...oooh...
 (he sees Gloria)
Hello darling...good morning...
did you sleep well?

 GLORIA
Fine.

 ARTHUR
Good. Who are you?

 GLORIA
Gloria.

 ARTHUR
I'm Arthur. I meet more people here.
What do you do, Gloria? I'll bet
we're both naked.

 GLORIA
I'm a hooker.

 ARTHUR
Another conquest. I remember now.
I'm very fond of you...right?

 GLORIA
You were last night.

10 CONTD:

ARTHUR

Yeah! Can I have a free kiss?

GLORIA

Yeah.

He kisses her. The door to the bedroom opens and a very stiff, determined, formal man enters in a well-tailored suit. This is Hobson. A career servant, but a man with great breeding and taste. He is also the driest, most sarcastic person ever. Hobson has great distaste for everything. Every word Hobson utters is clipped, precise and possibly damaging. He has great distaste, apparently, for the antics of his master. Hobson is about 60. He carries orange juice and aspirins on a tray as he enters. He enters on the kiss.

HOBSON

(observing the kiss)

Please stop that.

Arthur and Gloria look up. Arthur is glad to see him. It is obvious that he has real affection for the older man.

ARTHUR

Hobson! Good to see you!

Each word of Hobson's is clipped, precise and alone from the other words.

HOBSON

Thank you so much. I have taken the liberty of anticipating your condition. ...and I have brought orange juice, coffee and aspirins. Or...do you have to throw up?

ARTHUR

(downing the aspirins)

No...Gloria...I would like you to meet Hobson. My best friend in the world.

HOBSON

I relish the compliment. It is thrilling to meet you, Gloria.

GLORIA

Hi.

Hobson moves towards the drapes to open them.

10 CONTD:

HOBSON

Yes. You obviously have a wonderful economy with words, Gloria.

(mutters)

A total illiterate.

(to Gloria)

I look forward to your next syllable with great eagerness.

He has completed opening the drapes.

HOBSON (cont.)

Yes...as we all can see.. it is a lovely day...which would indicate that the night is over. Gloria... I have arranged breakfast for you on the East Patio.

ARTHUR

You have to get to know him.

Hobson reaches into the closet and pulls out a robe. He hands it to Gloria.

HOBSON

This is a robe. Please put it on. You may dress in the bedroom to your right as you leave the elevator. I have placed your footgear and your blouse and your various undergarments in there. There was no time for dry cleaning. Say goodbye to her, Arthur.

ARTHUR

Hobson...must you treat our guest so badly?

HOBSON

(to Gloria)

I can only pray that I have not offended you. If I have...a thousand pardons. Perhaps some day...I can introduce you to the New York Giants. Arthur, your father wants to see you at noon.

(to Gloria)

It would be wonderful of you to leave. Your breakfast is waiting.

ARTHUR

(to Gloria)

You'd better go.

Gloria stands. As she passes Hobson she stops and looks at him for a moment.

10 CONTD:

GLORIA

What's the matter old man? Don't you like sex?

HOBSON

I adore sex. Now go suck your coffee.

GLORIA

(to Arthur)

It's been a kick.

ARTHUR

I love you. Want to make a quick thousand dollars?

GLORIA

Yeah.

ARTHUR

Smile. It'll get me through the day.

GLORIA

(smiling)

You're a very nice man. I can use the money. I have a sick kid...and...

ARTHUR

Hobson...when she leaves...give her ten thousand dollars...

HOBSON

Of course.

(to Gloria)

And we have the matched set of luggage... the trip to Acapulco...and the dinner service for eight. Congratulations...and thank you for playing...Schtup the rich playboy. And now...you really must go.

Gloria steps into the elevator.

GLORIA

(to Arthur)

Ten thousand dollars! I'm going to tell you something that I've never told to anybody in my life...

The elevator doors close.

ARTHUR

Hobson...you treated her like trash.

10 CONTD:

HOBSON

Yes. May I suggest that you get your ass out of bed? Your father is enormously upset. Please get dressed. Drink your coffee.

Arthur laughs. He crosses to the throne in his bedroom.

HOBSON (cont.)

(looking into the bed)

Many pubic hairs...

Arthur sits in his throne. Hobson brings him a newspaper, gives Arthur the sports section and keeps page one for himself.

ARTHUR

Hobson...

HOBSON

Yes?

ARTHUR

You know what I'm going to do?

HOBSON

No, I don't.

ARTHUR

I'm going to take a bath.

HOBSON

I'll alert the media.

ARTHUR

Do you want to run the bath for me?

HOBSON

It is what I live for.

Arthur rises from his throne. He exits into the bathroom. Hobson sits on the throne, opens the paper.

HOBSON (cont.)

Maybe you'd like me to come in there and wash your dick for you... you little shit.

CUT TO:

11 INT: HUGE BATHROOM - DAY

It is the biggest bathroom in the world. Every appointment is perfect. An enormous tub. The floor is marble. As he is in the huge bathtub, Arthur is happy and singing. Next to Arthur, on the wall, is an intercom system for every room in the large old apartment. Arthur wears his top hat in the tub. The water runs.

ARTHUR

(in the tub, singing)

You'd better watch out.

You'd better not cry.

You'd better not pout.

I'm telling you why.

Santa Claus is coming to town...

He pushes a button on the wall. This connects him with Hobson's room.

HOBSON (OC)

Yes?

Arthur loves Hobson. He smiles as he does the rest and laughs at Hobson's sarcasm and wit. These two have been at it a long time.

ARTHUR

(smiling)

Hobson...this is Arthur.

HOBSON (OC)

How delightful to hear from you.

ARTHUR

I'm in the bathtub. What are you doing?

HOBSON

I'm in bed with the lovely Gloria.

I'll be with you in a moment.

ARTHUR

How about a pitcher of martinis?

HOBSON (OC)

No, thank you.

ARTHUR

(laughing)

I'm not facing my father sober.

If you don't bring them I'll have someone else do it.

11 CONTD:

 HOBSON (OC)
I'll bring them. Say goodbye.

 ARTHUR
Goodbye.

Hobson rings off. Arthur laughs. He's having a good time.

 ARTHUR (cont.)
 (to himself)
He treats me like a kid.

He starts to sing again.

 ARTHUR (cont.)
He knows when you are sleeping.
He knows when you're awake.
He knows when you've been bad
or good.

He pauses. The next line is spoken.

 ARTHUR (cont.)
He's a peeping tom for Christ
sakes!

Arthur watches television and plays with boats in the bathtub. He laughs. He pushes another button. A female voice answers. This is Greta, the cook.

 GRETТА (OC)
Gretta here.

 ARTHUR
Gretta...good morning...this is
Mr. Bach. I'm in the bathtub.

 GRETТА (OC)
Yes, sir.

 ARTHUR
I won't be having any breakfast
this morning.

 GRETТА (OC)
Yes, sir.

 ARTHUR
I'm not really hungry this morning.
Secondly...I'm a little on edge.
My father wants to see me. I don't
get along with him that well. He
hates me.

11 CONTD:

GRETТА (OC)

Yes, sir.

Hobson enters. He carries a pitcher of martinis and a glass. He hands them to Arthur in the tub. He starts to exit.

ARTHUR

(into the wall phone)

Well, I really have to go, Gretta.

GRETТА (OC)

Yes, sir.

Arthur unplugs Gretta's button. He pours himself a Martini.

HOBSON

You know, Arthur...your father
is going to demand that you
marry Susan.

Hobson starts to exit.

ARTHUR

I don't care what he demands.
Stay with me a minute, Hobson.
You know how I hate to be alone.

HOBSON

Yes. Bathing is a lonely
business.

ARTHUR

Except for fish...

HOBSON

I beg your pardon. Did you say
"except for fish"?

ARTHUR

Yes. Fish all bathe together.
Although they do tend to eat
one another. I often think that
fish must get tired of seafood.
What are your thoughts, Hobson?

HOBSON

Pardon me...

11 CONTD:

Hobson picks up a big sponge, hits Arthur on the head with it. Arthur laughs.

HOBSON (cont.)

Your father is going to demand
that you marry Susan. Please
refrain from talking about fish!
Shall I hit you again?

ARTHUR

Please.

Hobson hits him again. Arthur laughs like a child.

ARTHUR (cont.)

I love you, Hobson. No one
else ever hits me over the
head in the bathtub. I'm not
marrying Susan.

Hobson throws the sponge into the tub. It floats along.

HOBSON

(kneeling down to
Arthur, more serious)
Why not? She's a lovely girl.

ARTHUR

Hobson...I've decided to marry
Gloria. Where else would I
find a woman who makes 10,000
dollars a night?
(he laughs)
Is that funny?

Hobson points to the sponge floating in the tub.
Arthur hands it to him. Hobson hits him over the head.

HOBSON

Arthur...I don't want you to
be alone.

ARTHUR

I'll never be alone. I have
you. Isn't life wonderful,
Hobson!

HOBSON

Yes, Arthur. It is. Do your
armpits.

ARTHUR

(drinking)
A hot bath is...wonderful!
Girls are wonderful!

11 CONTD:

HOBSON

Yes. Imagine how wonderful a girl who bathes would be. Get dressed.

ARTHUR

Jesus, Hobson...every time a plane leaves the ground it's going somewhere else! Isn't it all wonderful? Am I boring you, Hobson?

HOBSON

Let's say that I am less than titillated. Why don't you write a book entitled crap that I have talked about?

Hobson exits. Arthur lies alone in the tub.

ARTHUR

How can I get married? Who would take care of him?

CUT TO:

12 OMIT

12A OMIT

13 EXT: THE BACH BUILDING - DAY

Arthur's limo is parked in front, Bitterman at the wheel. A large plaque on the building says "THE BACH BUILDING."

CUT TO:

14 INT: THE RECEPTION AREA OF THE OFFICE OF STANFORD BACH - DAY

Arthur sits with a drink with Hobson in the reception area of the office of Stanford Bach.

ARTHUR

(in a low voice)
I hate it here.

HOBSON

Of course you hate it. People work here. Here, read this magazine. There are many pictures.

14 CONTD:

ARTHUR

Look how nobody ever smiles here.
Why doesn't anybody ever smile
here?

HOBSON

They smile at lunchtime. Lower
your voice, Arthur. And sit up.

Arthur does so.

HOBSON (cont.)

And stop being so nervous. Later
...we'll get ice cream.

Mrs. Street calls from her desk.

MRS. STREET

Mr. Bach...your father will see
you now.

ARTHUR

(rising)

Come on, Hobson.

MRS. STREET

He wants to see you alone.

ARTHUR

(nervous)

Oh.

Arthur exits into his father's office. An executive
enters the room, picks up a phone.

EXECUTIVE

(to Hobson)

He gets all that money. And he
pays his family back by being a
stinking drunk. It's enough to
make you sick.

HOBSON

I really wouldn't know, sir.
I'm just a servant. On the other
hand...go screw yourself.

EXECUTIVE

(into the phone)

Hello...Betty....

CUT TO:

15 INT: STANFORD BACH'S ENORMOUS OFFICE - DAY

Stanford Bach sits behind his gigantic desk. Trim. Tough. About 55. Good looking. Smart. And not the nicest man. Arthur stands in the middle of the office. Mr. Bach looks up from his reading and they face each other. On the wall and desks are pictures of Stanford Bach with practically every luminary of the past thirty years. Roosevelt, Truman, Kennedy, Nixon, Ford and others. The whole office speaks of power. This is a powerful man. There is a long pause as Arthur and his father face each other.

MR. BACH
(finally)
Sit down, Arthur.

ARTHUR
How long will this take, sir?

MR. BACH
(reading)
I don't know. Do you have any pressing appointments?

ARTHUR
No.

MR. BACH
I wouldn't think so. Sit down please.

Arthur sits on a couch rather distant from his father. His father continues to read the report in his hands.

MR. BACH(cont.)
Pardon me for a moment, Arthur.
I have to read this. It's important.

ARTHUR
Father...

MR. BACH
(reading)
Yes, Arthur...

ARTHUR
It's good to see you.

MR. BACH
Really, Arthur?

15 CONTD:

ARTHUR

Yes. Somehow...no matter what...
it's always good to see you. I
don't know why. I tell people I
hate you.

MR. BACH

(smiling)

You've always been honest. It's
good to see you too, Arthur...
Let me read this...

ARTHUR

I used to hide in your closet...

MR. BACH

Pardon?

ARTHUR

I just remembered...I used to
hide in your closet.

MR. BACH

Why?

ARTHUR

You went to work and your
clothes stayed home. Remember
that huge closet in your
bedroom in Harrison? Before I
was sent away? I used to hide
in there.

MR. BACH

From what?

ARTHUR

Lions...tigers...Indians...the
main thing was...nobody could see
me...and I used to put on your
suits...and your shirts...and
your ties...and I would become
you...and I would want to come
home from work and play with my
son Arthur...

MR. BACH

You're too gentle to live in
this world, Arthur...

ARTHUR

Yes. May I get a drink?

15 CONTD:

 MR. BACH
 Help yourself.

Arthur rises. He crosses to the elaborate bar and prepares himself a drink. He drinks. Mr. Bach puts down what he is reading and picks up a rather large folder. He pulls out several press clippings.

 MR. BACH (cont.)
 The press has a good time with you,
 Arthur...millionaire drunk playboy.

 ARTHUR
 Yes...

 MR. BACH
 You're the weakest man I've ever
 known! I despise your weakness!

 ARTHUR
 (pouring himself a
 drink)
 What weakness?

Mr. Bach rises. He starts to cross to Arthur at the bar.

 MR. BACH
 (on the cross)
 Arthur...I'm afraid we have to
 talk.

 ARTHUR
 (almost to himself)
 I'll be good. I'll be good.

Mr. Bach reaches Arthur at the bar. He pours himself a drink.

 MR. BACH
 Arthur...surely you realize that
 we can't let you go on like this...

 ARTHUR
 Yes. Shall we sit down and discuss
 this? I'm glad we're talking. I
 have been excessive.

Arthur crosses to the couch. His father follows.

 ARTHUR (cont.)
 (almost to himself)
 I'm in such trouble....

15 CONTD:

MR. BACH

You're going to marry Susan Johnson. One month from today. We want this marriage, Arthur. We want your children. If you do nothing else with your life... you're going to father a Bach!

Arthur crosses back to the bar. His father sits on the couch.

ARTHUR

(on the cross)

Excuse me a moment.

(to himself)

This is big trouble.

He turns to his father.

ARTHUR (cont.)

I'm not going to marry her.

I've told you that a thousand times.

MR. BACH

Fine. Arthur...if that is your decision, then the family has no choice. I'm sorry, Arthur... very sorry, but as of this moment, you are cut off.

ARTHUR

(very nervous)

Do you mean...cut off from you and grandmother and the family?

Mr. Bach shakes his head no.

ARTHUR (cont.)

So you mean that I'm cut off from the uh...the...uh...

MR. BACH

The money, Arthur.

ARTHUR

May I have another drink? I don't need it...but it's something to hold in my hand.

MR. BACH

Your grandmother and I have had the papers drawn up. We want this marriage, Arthur. I want it. Burt Johnson wants it.

15 CONTD:

ARTHUR

Burt Johnson is a criminal!

MR. BACH

We all are, Arthur. And as you know, we usually get what we want.

ARTHUR

(drawing himself up)

So...that's it, is it? I marry a woman I don't love...or lose the money? Well, father...I'd rather starve. And I will.

Arthur starts for the door.

ARTHUR (cont.)

I'll get married when I fall in love with somebody.

MR. BACH

Fine. I respect your integrity. You just lost 750 million dollars.

There is a long silence.

ARTHUR

Actually...Susan is a very nice girl.

MR. BACH

Very nice.

ARTHUR

Have you ever seen her when the light hits her face just right? She looks very beautiful. Of course, you can't depend on that light. And she does wonderful things with a chicken. I love a chicken made at home.

MR. BACH (overlapping)

The wedding's one month from today. The invitations will be mailed tonight.

ARTHUR (overlapping)

I love that Susan.

Mr. Bach goes to his desk and opens a drawer. He crosses back to Arthur. He carries a ring box.

15 CONTD:

MR. BACH

Arthur...this is the engagement ring your grandfather gave to your grandmother. She wants you to give it to Susan.

He opens the box, revealing an enormous exquisite diamond ring.

ARTHUR

(looking at the ring)
This is to marry one girl?
Father - please don't do this to me.

MR. BACH

Arthur, I've waited for you to grow up. I can't wait any longer. There will be an engagement party at our summer house in Southampton next Wednesday. Everything is taken care of, Arthur. All you have to do is show up...

ARTHUR

You win, father. Congratulations.

MR. BACH

I had every intention of winning. Congratulations to you, Arthur. You're going to be a wealthy man for the rest of your life.

ARTHUR

Good.

CUT TO:

15A EXT: SPEEDWAY - DAY

The SOUND of a racing car going through gears.

One car races around the track. It is Arthur in a jazzy little open race car speeding around the track. Alone. Very fast. Hobson stands to one side of the track with the owner of the speedway. They are the only people on the track.

OWNER

Very few people would rent this track just for themselves...

15A CONTD:

HOBSON

Yes...it's the only way he is
assured of winning.

Arthur pulls up in front of Hobson.

ARTHUR

Want to take her for a spin,
Hobson?

HOBSON

No, thank you.

OWNER

(to Hobson)

Call me whenever you need the
track.

The owner leaves. Hobson joins Arthur.

ARTHUR

Say ready - set - go!

HOBSON

I'd rather not.

ARTHUR

How is it - in all my years of
racing, I've never won a race.

HOBSON

Yes...I feel strongly that you
are one of the few men in the
history of the Grand Prix to be
arrested for drunk driving.

ARTHUR

Hobson...do you know how miserable
I am?

HOBSON

You're miserable? I have all
this and I'm on a salary.

Arthur pulls out a bottle of scotch, takes a swig.

ARTHUR

You know the worst part of
being me?

HOBSON

I would imagine your breath.

15A CONTD:

Arthur smiles at Hobson.

ARTHUR

Let me be unhappy, will you?
The worst part is...I never got
to meet her.

HOBSON

Who?

ARTHUR

The girl I never met.

HOBSON

I am not confused.

Arthur takes off, drives for fifty yards. Fast. He stops.

ARTHUR

You know, Hobson...I could love
somebody. I never got to love
anybody! What do I have to live
for? I'm a failure at everything
I do. I'm just in everyone's way.

HOBSON

Yes. Step outside the car for
a moment.

Arthur climbs out of the car.

HOBSON (cont.)

Would you remove your helmet,
please?

ARTHUR

Why?

HOBSON

Please...

Arthur removes his helmet.

HOBSON (cont.)

And the goggles...

ARTHUR

Why?

HOBSON

Please...

15A CONTD:

Hobson slaps him hard across the face.

HOBSON (cont.)

You spoiled little bastard!
You're a man who has everything!
But that's not enough! Is it?
You feel unloved, Arthur? Welcome
to the world. Everyone is unloved!
Now stop feeling sorry for yourself.
And incidentally, I love you.
Did I hurt you?

Arthur starts to cry.

HOBSON

Now...that's a good idea. Crying
is a wonderful release.

ARTHUR

(crying)

I hate to cry in front of you.

HOBSON

You did when you were little.
...Get it out. Marry Susan,
Arthur. Poor drunks do not find
love, Arthur. Poor drunks have
very few teeth. They urinate
outdoors. They freeze to death
in the summer. I can't bear to
think of you that way.

ARTHUR

Me neither.

HOBSON

Arthur...you're being asked to
be 35 when you've never been 27.
It really is very unfair.

CUT TO:

16 OMIT

17 OMIT

18 INT: BERGDORF GOODMAN MEN'S DEPARTMENT - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Arthur stands by a counter buying some shirts. Hobson
stands wearily by.

18 CONTD:

ARTHUR

I'll take three dozen of these shirts. Assorted colors.

(to Hobson)

I hate my father.

HOBSON

Then purchase four dozen.

ARTHUR

Four dozen. And I want 14 of those sweaters, all green.

SALESLADY

All green?

ARTHUR

I don't wear sweaters. Give her the card, Hobson. Send them to my address.

Behind Arthur and Hobson, LINDA MAROLLA is browsing among the ties. She looks around. She quickly stuffs one of the ties into her satchel. Arthur and Hobson see this. As does a man on the floor who, if we don't know it already, will turn out to be the security guard. The girl, after her crime, nonchalantly looks around.

ANGLE ON Arthur and Hobson near the shirts. Hobson has completed filling out the card to buy the shirts and sweaters. Arthur is strangely excited by what he has seen.

ARTHUR (cont.)

(whispering to Hobson)

Hobson! Did you see that!?

HOBSON

Yes.

ARTHUR

(very excited)

She stole that tie! It's a perfect crime! Girls don't wear ties.

(pause)

Although...some do. It's not a perfect crime! But, it's a good crime.

HOBSON

Yes. If she murdered the tie... it would be a perfect crime. Why are you so happy about this?

18 CONTD:

The girl, Linda, starts to walk slowly toward the Fifth Avenue exit of the store. Following her is the security guard. Following him are Arthur and Hobson. Arthur is totally intrigued with the whole thing.

ARTHUR

(whispering)

I think the guy following her is the security guard! We've got to be calm! Isn't she beautiful! Jesus!

HOBSON

May I ask...what we have to do with this?

ARTHUR

Look at her! If she's willing to do this for a tie...imagine what she'd do for a suit! I love that she's walking slow. I'd be running...wouldn't you?

They've stopped at the cosmetic counter. Arthur toys with a powder compact.

HOBSON

If you're not going to purchase that compact, please put it back.

CUT TO:

19 EXT: BERGDORF GOODMAN - DAY

The Fifth Avenue exit. Linda exits the building. The security guard exits a few moments later. Arthur and Hobson follow. The caravan travels a block or so before the security guard stops Linda.

SECURITY GUARD

(showing her his badge)

I beg your pardon, Miss. I'm the security guard in the store.

LINDA

(most definitely from New York)

Yeah? Trust me...you don't need the badge. No customer would be wearing that jacket. Well, whattya want?

19 CONTD:

Arthur and Hobson are watching the confrontation along with a small group of spectators.

SECURITY GUARD
I'm afraid I'm going to have to look in your bag, Miss. I saw you put something in it.

Linda takes out a pencil and pad.

LINDA
You got trouble, mister! You're never going to work on the East Coast again. What's your name?

ANGLE ON Arthur and Hobson watching.

ARTHUR
She's sensational! I love her!

HOBSON
(bored)
She does have a certain Eleanor Roosevelt quality.

ANGLE ON Linda and the security guard.

LINDA
(writing)
Chester Manning. Okay. What's your address, Chester?

SECURITY GUARD
Uh...Miss...

LINDA
(screaming)
What's the address, Chester!
(louder)
Let's have it! I'm not playing games with you!

SECURITY GUARD
Look! I saw you put a tie in that bag!

LINDA
(furious)
What did you say?
(to the crowd)
Somebody call a cop. Chester...
I don't want you to move out of my sight. Get your hands off me.

19 CONTD:

His hands are nowhere near her.

Arthur steps forward.

ARTHUR

(to the security guard)

Uh...Chester...I'm Arthur Bach...
I think I can straighten this out.

SECURITY GUARD

Hello, Mr. Bach. You really should
stay out of this.

LINDA

Well...he's in it, Chester. Tell
him, Alfred.

ARTHUR

Uh...I know this young woman.
In fact...we were shopping together.

LINDA

Right. Where the hell have you been?

SECURITY GUARD

She's a friend of yours, Mr. Bach?

LINDA

He just said that, Chester. You're
such a schmuck, Chester.

ARTHUR

He's just doing his job, darling.

LINDA

Well...this whole thing is being
handled badly. You're lucky he
showed up, Chester.

ARTHUR

I asked her to pick out a tie for
me. I was going to put it on my
bill at the shirt counter.

LINDA

And you didn't pay for it? Chester
...what can I say? I had no idea.

Arthur starts to reach into Linda's satchel.

ARTHUR

(to Linda)

May I look at the tie?

19 CONTD:

LINDA

Of course. I hope you like it.

Arthur pulls out the tie.

ARTHUR

I love it. Thank you. You're really wonderful.

Arthur grabs her and kisses her fully on the lips. After the kiss, Linda looks at him menacingly.

LINDA

(after the kiss)

Not in front of all these people, dear. They might think you're an animal.

SECURITY GUARD

Mr. Bach...you understand that it's my job to...

ARTHUR

And you did it well. I'll mention it to Mr. Peterson when I see him.

LINDA

Me too.

ARTHUR

Would you ask the woman at the shirt counter to put this on my bill?

The security guard goes back into the store. The small crowd disperses.

Hobson joins them. Linda and Arthur look at each other for a beat. Arthur is smiling a huge almost grotesque smile.

ARTHUR (cont.)

Were you scared?

LINDA

Yes. Why are you smiling like that?

Arthur continues to smile at her.

19 CONTD:

LINDA (cont.)

I see. You're a little strange.
But cute.

(to Hobson)

How are you?

(to Arthur)

So...have a safe trip home...
thank you...I'm going to walk
to the bus stop now...

ARTHUR

I don't know your name.

LINDA

I know. A lot of people would
walk with me.

They start to walk to a bus stop on Fifth. As they walk:

ARTHUR

Why did you steal the tie?

LINDA

I don't know. I'm a wonderful person.
I'm serious.

(to Hobson)

I'll be with you in a minute.

He's starting to get on my nerves.

They arrive at the bus stop.

LINDA (cont.)

(to Arthur)

Could you stop smiling like that?

So far I'm talking to your teeth.

(she looks at Hobson
again)

Is he with us?

ARTHUR

My name is Arthur and this is Mr.
Hobson.

HOBSON

Good afternoon.

LINDA

(to Arthur)

Good afternoon? My name is Linda.
I'd like to thank you. You did a
nice thing. That was an interesting
kiss. Is that the way you kiss your
wife?

19 CONTD:

The bus pulls up.

ARTHUR

I'm not married.

The bus pulls away.

LINDA

Keep smiling. 688-5549. Don't expect big things on the first date.

HOBSON

Yes...Well...it has been a distinct pleasure meeting you. We really must be going, Arthur. Thank you for a memorable afternoon. Usually one must go to a bowling alley to meet a woman of your stature.

LINDA

(to Arthur)

Wouldn't it be funny if he called me?

HOBSON

Yes...Arthur...I see no reason to prolong this conversation. Unless we start planning to knock over a fruit stand later this evening.

(to Linda)

Good luck in prison.

LINDA

(to Arthur)

What does he do?

ARTHUR

He helps me.

LINDA

What do you do?

ARTHUR

Nothing.

LINDA

(to Hobson)

You got a good job.

ARTHUR

Who was the tie for?

19 CONTD:

LINDA

A guy. Look how he stopped smiling.
My father. It's his birthday.
You're cuter than I am. 688-5549.
...Look how nobody writes it down.

A bus rolls up.

ARTHUR

Don't get on that bus!

LINDA

Okay. Take it easy.

The bus pulls away. She puts her hand on his shoulder.
She feels his suit.

LINDA (cont.)

Silk?

ARTHUR

Silk.

LINDA

Very nice...

ARTHUR

This tie needs a box. I mean
you can't just give an unwrapped
gift.

He giftwraps the tie by unwrapping one of his shirts
and putting the tie in the empty box.

LINDA

You're really nice.

ARTHUR

The nicest.

LINDA

Are the...uh...pants silk?

ARTHUR

Silk.

LINDA

we're talking eight...nine hundred
dollars here, right?

HOBSON

Oh dear...

19 CONTD:

ARTHUR
I really don't know.

LINDA
(as casual as possible)
What's your last name, Arthur?

ARTHUR
Bach

LINDA
You're the son of...

ARTHUR
Stanford Bach.

LINDA (overlapping)
Stanford Bach...

Linda puts a cigarette in her mouth.

LINDA (cont.)
Got a light?

Arthur reaches into his pocket. He pulls out the ring box.

ARTHUR
Here. You want a ring?

LINDA
What the hell is this?

HOBSON
(grabbing it)
I'm afraid there's been some mistake.

Bitterman in the limo pulls up. Linda sees this.

LINDA
Why are you carrying around that ring?

ARTHUR
I'm having it cleaned for my grandmother.

LINDA
Right. At a car wash? A Rockefeller would mug for this ring.

ARTHUR
What are you doing tomorrow night?

19 CONTD:

LINDA

I don't know. I have plans for tomorrow night. What should I wear?

HOBSON

Steal something casual.

LINDA

(to Arthur)

I like him.

HOBSON

Likewise I'm sure.

ARTHUR

I'll have Bitterman drive you home.

LINDA

No...Bitterman doesn't have to drive me home.

(waves)

Hi, Bitterman. You know...I really don't take the bus ever...but it's so hard to get a cab...I'm sure we know a lot of the same people.

ARTHUR

(opening the door
to the limo)

Shhhh. Get in. You just tell Bitterman where to take you.

And make sure he gets your address and phone number.

(to Bitterman)

Take good care of her.

He closes the door. The car drives off.

ARTHUR (cont.)

Come on, Hobson. She's terrific.

HOBSON

Yes..So much better than an arsonist.

CUT TO:

20 EXT: SMALL APARTMENT COMPLEX IN QUEENS - AFTERNOON

The limo approaches Linda's address. Bitterman has to blow the horn because three kids are playing softball in the middle of the street. The limo continues to the address. The kids run alongside the car. They stop in front of Linda's building.

LINDA

You'd think they'd never seen a car before. Could you children please allow us our privacy. Please.

BITTERMAN

I believe this is the address, Madam.

LINDA

Yes, it is. Thank you very much.

BITTERMAN

Not at all.

LINDA

Uh...Bitterman...could I just sit here until one of my neighbors walks by?...I just want one person to see me get out of this.

BITTERMAN

(smiling)

I understand.

LINDA

Good. So...Bitterman..have you been with Mr. Bach long?

BITTERMAN

Many years.

LINDA

That long? Smart. Nobody wants a chauffeur who's been with a lot of different families. They might be talkers. Do you drive Mr. Bach to his dates? It's none of my business. Do you?

BITTERMAN

Madam, I really...

LINDA

Of course. That's confidential information. Good, Bitterman. Who is the ring for? Give me a break, will you, Bitterman?

20 CONTD:

BITTERMAN

I am not at liberty...

LINDA

Alright! Here comes Mrs. Nesbit.
This should kill her.

A lady walks near the limo.

BITTERMAN

Don't touch the door. Let me
do it. Mrs. Nesbit should get
the entire treatment.

LINDA

Yeah. Hurry up.

Bitterman gets out of the car. He walks to the rear
door. Mrs. Nesbit's attention has already been caught
by the limo. Bitterman lets Linda out.

LINDA (cont.)

(casually exiting the
limo)

Thank you, Bitterman. Hello Mrs.
Nesbit.

BITTERMAN

Will that be all, Madam?

LINDA

I think so.

Bitterman doffs his cap and re-enters the limo. He drives
off.

LINDA (cont.)

Have a nice evening, Mrs. Nesbit.

MRS. NESBIT

Linda, what is this?

LINDA

A way of life, Mrs. Nesbit. Just
another way of life.

She walks into her building.

21 INT: LINDA'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

RALPH, Linda's father, sits at the dining table playing solitaire. He is attired in a tee shirt. Linda enters. She is radiating happiness. She carries the shirt box.

RALPH

Marie called you...I didn't find a job...the Mets won...the Yankees lost...a guy in Staten Island killed his wife and three kids. It's raining in Detroit. Why are you so happy?

LINDA

Come here. I want you to see something.

RALPH

I can't imagine what.

LINDA

Right. Would you come here?

Ralph crosses to the living room. Linda hands him the box and kisses him.

LINDA

(kissing him)

Happy birthday, dad!

RALPH

Is it my birthday? I forgot.

LINDA

Right. Every year you forget. Like a priest forgets Easter. Open it, you phoney.

RALPH

Bergdorf's?

LINDA

And Goodman.

RALPH

(shaking it)

Could be a big tie...

LINDA

It is a tie.

RALPH

Then guessing would be out of the question.

He opens it.

21 CONTD:

RALPH (cont.)

It is a tie!

LINDA

Surprise!

She kisses him again.

RALPH

I love it. It goes with everything I have. I hope you like it. If I don't get a job soon...you may get it back for your birthday.

LINDA

Dad...shut up. A funny thing happened today.

RALPH

Yeah?

LINDA

Yeah. You know why girls marry badly?

RALPH

Is this a joke? Are these Polish girls?

LINDA

No. The reason is...there are so many girls and there are so few princes.

RALPH

You met a prince?

LINDA

I met a nice guy. With my help, he could become a prince.

RALPH

Who is he?

LINDA

Just this guy.

RALPH

What does he do?

LINDA

Nothing.

RALPH

Another beauty. How does he make a living?

21 CONTD:

She starts towards the kitchen.

LINDA

Look...I have to make dinner.

RALPH

I take it this bum is going to call you.

LINDA

He's a millionaire.

RALPH

You have my permission to marry him.

CUT TO:

22 EXT: MADISON AVENUE IN THE 60'S - DAY

Arthur is at the wheel of a beautiful Lamborghini convertible. The top is down. He glides into a space in front of a plant store. He is excited like a child.

23 INT: PLANT STORE - DAY

The owner, an older man with a Jewish accent, comes around to wait on Arthur. Arthur is at the top.

ARTHUR

(to the owner)

I love your place! Plants really make a place look great!

OWNER

(Jewish accent)

Yeah. A plant store looks better den a delicatessen... because a delicatessen is hanging salamis. What's your problem?

Arthur smiles. He likes this man already. He puts his hand on the owner's shoulder. The owner looks at the hand.

ARTHUR

Listen..here's the thing. I met this girl!

OWNER

Good. Roses. Yellow. She'll drop dead. She'll love them.

23 CONTD:

ARTHUR

Okay. Yellow roses. Two dozen.
I think something else would be
nice, too.

OWNER

Red roses. With the yellow...
she won't know what hit her.
You'll be aces with her. You're
a nice boy.

ARTHUR

Right. Two dozen red. You know
what happened?

OWNER

No. I don't.

ARTHUR

A couple of days ago, I met her
outside Bergdorf's.

OWNER

Good. Good.

ARTHUR

And I can't stop thinking about
her! Are you married?

OWNER

Once. She's alive.

ARTHUR

Did you ever feel that way?

OWNER

I felt dat way this morning. I
got Joe Namath's sex life...only
it's all with the same lady. Why
am I telling you this?

ARTHUR

What's that?

OWNER

A yucca plant.

ARTHUR

I'll take it.

OWNER

How many?

23 CONTD:

ARTHUR

Four.

OWNER

Where were you when I was selling cars?

ARTHUR

(grabbing his arm)

How did you know when you first fell in love? I mean...how does anybody know?

OWNER

I was on a train. It came from Washington. It went to New York.

ARTHUR

I love this! Yeah? Yeah?
What's that?

OWNER

A fern. You need five. A girl got on the train. Skinny. Gave me a smile. By Baltimore I was a dead duck.

ARTHUR

Did you whistle a lot? I find that I whistle.

OWNER

I whistled.

ARTHUR

Did you feel funny? I feel funny.

OWNER

No. You may have a cold.

Arthur writes down the address and hands him a credit card.

ARTHUR

Send that stuff and anything else you can think of to this address. Here's the name. And send two dozen roses to your wife. The skinny one from the train.

23 CONTD:

OWNER

You're the rich one? The one
who drinks?

ARTHUR

Yeah.

OWNER

How does it feel to have all
that money?

ARTHUR

It feels great.

CUT TO:

23A EXT: ROOFTOP CAFE - DUSK

Arthur and Linda seated at a table on a rooftop atop
Rockefeller Center. The spires of St. Patrick's are
in the b.g. Three wandering musicians are playing.

ARTHUR

What do you do? I never asked
you.

LINDA

I'm going to be an actress. I
mean, I'm studying to be an
actress. But I work as a waitress.
A lot of talented girls do that.

ARTHUR

What's that like?

LINDA

Well, it's interesting.
Yesterday a man walked in
and pulled out...

The musicians have crossed to their table. The violinist
leans in playing. They stop talking. He finishes and
moves away. They clap.

LINDA (cont.)

Anyway, this guy walks in and
pulls out...

23A CONTD:

Now the accordionist moves in and continues playing where the violinist left off.

LINDA (cont.)
(interjecting)
A gun!

ARTHUR
Thank God.

They laugh, toast and drink.

CUT TO:

24 EXT: MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Linda and Arthur speed through the night in Arthur's convertible.

ARTHUR
(screaming to be
heard)
Isn't this terrific!

LINDA
Yeah. Terrific. I'm freezing
my ass off. Watch where you're
going! Jesus!

ARTHUR
Was that dinner sensational?

LINDA
I could make that same soup
for less than a dollar.

They stop at a traffic light. Arthur hands her a rose.

ARTHUR
Here's a rose. I stole it from
the restaurant.

LINDA
Thank you.

ARTHUR
If you're cold...I'll put the
top up.

24 CONTD:

LINDA

Nah. It's your toy. Play with it. Are you cute...

ARTHUR

Where do you want to go?

LINDA

I'll get out wherever you have the accident.

ARTHUR

I've never taken care of anyone ...everyone's always taken care of me...but if you got sick...or anything...I would take care of you.

LINDA

Then I'll get sick.

The car goes forward.

CUT TO:

25 INT: PENNY ARCADE - NIGHT

One of those bears in a penny arcade that groans and goes the other way when it gets hit. PULL BACK to see Arthur and Linda engrossed in shooting the bear. Arthur has the gun. They are in a cheap penny arcade.

LINDA

When do I get a turn?

ARTHUR

Shhh! Don't you realize I'm after a new world's record? After only 12 games - I've got 80 coupons!

LINDA

I knew it would be different spending an evening with a millionaire.

ARTHUR

I'm 17 for 17. This is where you really have to have it in the clutch.

He shoots.

ANGLE ON the bear. Groaning and turning.

25 CONTD:

ARTHUR (cont.)

Two more...I'm 20 for 20 and it's
35 more coupons.

(to everyone around)

Could we have some quiet please?

LINDA

You nut! Can you come to dinner
next Tuesday?

Arthur looks at her. Goes back to his gun.

ARTHUR

No...uh...no...you see...

He shoots.

ANGLE ON the bear. It groans and turns.

ARTHUR (cont.)

That's 19 for 19! Uh...I'm going to
be out of town.

An old man stands nearby watching them.

LINDA

Oh. I get it...it's one thing
to take a waitress to Coney
Island and shoot a bear, but
you wouldn't be caught dead
eating at my house, right? If you
think you're slumming, hot shot,
take me home.

ARTHUR

What time do we eat?

LINDA

How's seven o'clock Tuesday?

ARTHUR

Fine. Now can I shoot my bear?

LINDA

So shoot the bear. Look at him
with his gun.

ANGLE ON the bear. He keeps going. He has not been hit.

ARTHUR

I missed!

25 CONTD:

LINDA

Sure you missed. Go shoot
a bear with a beautiful girl
standing next to you. Let's
get out of here. Are you cute...

The man with the coupons approaches.

ARTHUR

(to the man)

Nineteen.

COUPON MAN

For nineteen you get fifteen
coupons.

ANGLE ON Arthur and Linda walking through the arcade.

25A INT: PENNY ARCADE - PRIZE COUNTER - NIGHT

Arthur and Linda arrive at the prize counter.

ARTHUR

(to the prize man)

What can I get for 95 coupons?

PRIZE MAN

An International Beauty Pageant
doll...

He shows them the doll.

LINDA

If you wind it up does it have
sex with an international beauty
pageant judge?

PRIZE MAN

...or two back scratchers or
three Roman warriors or a skull
cup.

ARTHUR

(pointing to another
prize)

What's that?

PRIZE MAN

It's a mophead. But it's 120
coupons.

25A CONTD:

ARTHUR

Oh no. I've got to get that for you.

Linda produces 40 coupons.

LINDA

(to the prize man)

We'll take the mophead.

(to Arthur)

I'll be honest. On the way back from the bathroom I shot a duck.

ARTHUR

Are we great together!

(to the man)

One mophead.

Arthur hands the mophead to Linda.

ARTHUR (cont.)

Take care of this.

LINDA

Take care of it? I just named it.

ARTHUR

What?

LINDA

For my grandmother on my mother's side...Arthur.

CUT TO:

26 EXT: ARTHUR'S CAR OUTSIDE LINDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ARTHUR

Goodnight.

LINDA

Goodnight? Are you out of your mind? I don't know what they do on Park Avenue...maybe you just rub each other's money...but here we kiss each other.

ARTHUR

Well...

26 CONTD:

He kisses her lightly on the cheek.

LINDA

What the hell was that? That was a kiss to make a boo boo better. Arthur...is there a woman in your life? Are you in love with somebody? Tell me now. Because this is big for me...

ARTHUR

I don't love anybody else.

LINDA

Then kiss me, you jerk. The lips. Kiss the lips.

They kiss passionately.

ARTHUR

That's the first thing I've ever done that I like better than drinking.

LINDA

Wait. I'll show you stuff you'll like better than heroin. See you next Tuesday. Dinner.

Linda gets out of the car. She gets back in.

LINDA (cont.)

I like this rose better than all the other roses you sent me. God forbid you should date a girl with hayfever. I had fun. So did you.

CUT TO:

27 EXT: A GORGEOUS TOWNHOUSE ON SUTTON PLACE - DAY

Arthur's convertible pulls up.

28 INT: DINING ROOM OF THE SPACIOUS OLD APARTMENT - DAY

Seated at the dining room table with a drink is Arthur's grandmother, MARTHA. She is old. But a tough, old dowager. The absolute matriarch of the family. In the room is a birdcage. It is a talkative, whistling parrot, Oscar. Martha speaks in dulcet, high-pitched tones. Arthur enters the room. He rushes to kiss his grandmother. These two are fond of each other.

28 CONTD:

ARTHUR
(kissing her)
Martha! You look great!

MARTHA
(sweet, almost Eleanor
Roosevelt)
How very kind of you to visit
me, Arthur. Don't you love
the roses? You have always been
my favorite grandchild. But...then...
you are my only grandchild.

She laughs. The quiet laugh of an older woman. But long.

MARTHA (cont.)
That's quite funny...don't you think.

ARTHUR
Yes.

He sits.

MARTHA
Then do an old woman a favor
and laugh.

Arthur laughs.

MARTHA (cont.)
Thank you. Excuse me...I'm going
to sneeze.

Martha does not change her expression for a few moments.
She takes out her handkerchief and looks calmly across
the table at Arthur. Finally, she starts to get the first
sign of a sneeze.

MARTHA (cont.)
Huh! Huh! Huh!

She finally sneezes. The sneeze is not audible. Not a
sound.

ARTHUR
Did you do it?

MARTHA
Yes. Now...how about a drink?
I could use another one myself.

The bird starts to carry on.

28 CONTD:

MARTHA (cont.)
Oh, Oscar...shut up!

ARTHUR
Scotch.

MARTHA
I'll call Harriet.

Martha suddenly starts to get lower and lower at the table.

MARTHA (cont.)
The buzzer is under the table.

ARTHUR
Of course. I remember. It might
be smarter to keep Harriet under
the table.

Martha is getting lower and lower. She is almost out of sight.

MARTHA
When you get to my age, Arthur...
you can be set in your ways, too.
I seem to have gotten shorter over
the years.

There is finally the sound of a buzzer from the kitchen.

MARTHA (cont.)
There!

The kitchen door opens and a black maid enters. This is Harriet. Harriet goes directly to Martha and pulls her up from her almost prone position.

MARTHA (cont.)
(after being pulled up)
Gin and tonic for me. Scotch on
the rocks for my grandsom.

Harriet exits into the kitchen.

ARTHUR
I've come to you to ask you a
favor, Martha.

Martha starts to get lower and lower at the table again.

28 CONTD:

MARTHA

Peanuts. I forgot to tell her
peanuts. What kind of favor, Arthur?

ARTHUR

I don't want to marry Susan
Johnson.

Martha is getting lower and lower at the table.

MARTHA

(almost prone again)
I don't know why. She's a lovely
girl. Where is that buzzer?

Martha is just about out of sight. Arthur is talking to
an empty chair.

ARTHUR

Martha...why don't we just take
the table away and sit around the
buzzer?

Finally there is the sound of the buzzer from the kitchen.
Harriet appears from the kitchen. She goes to Martha.
She picks her up.

MARTHA

(to Harriet)
Peanuts. You may serve us in
the drawing room.

Harriet goes back into the kitchen. Arthur and Martha
rise.

MARTHA (cont.)

I must get away from this bird.
(to the bird)
You are a pain in the ass, Oscar.
Goodby.

29 INT: MARTHA'S ENORMOUS DRAWING ROOM - DAY

Martha's hand rips open brown paper covering a painting.
A Vermeer is revealed.

MARTHA

This Vermeer just came today, Arthur.
It's called 'Woman Admiring Pearls.'
Isn't it lovely? The dealer jerked me
around on the price... but what the
hell. You live once.

29 CONTD:

ARTHUR

Martha...

MARTHA

What's the matter, Arthur?

ARTHUR

I can't marry Susan Johnson.

MARTHA

Really?

ARTHUR

See....I met this girl...

MARTHA

You're a charming boy, Arthur.
Unfortunately...every time you
have an erection...it makes the
papers. Goodness, I sound like a
dime novel.

Harriet enters with drinks and peanuts.

MARTHA

Peanuts! Isn't my grandson handsome,
Harriet?

HARRIET

Yes.

MARTHA

Thank you, Harriet.

Harriet exits.

MARTHA (cont.)

Is it wonderful to be promiscuous,
Arthur?

ARTHUR

At your age, Martha, it just might
be dangerous.

MARTHA

Who is she? The one you met?

ARTHUR

I don't know. She lives in Queens.
She's nobody.

29 CONTD:

MARTHA

I see. Don't make any mistakes, Arthur.
You're too old to be poor. You don't
know how. We are ruthless people. Don't
screw with us.

She hugs him.

MARTHA (cont.)

I love you, Arthur. And if you
don't marry Susan, I'll cut you
off without a cent.

ARTHUR

You're a scary old broad, Martha.

MARTHA

Yes. And you are a delightful
child, Arthur. Marry Susan and
cheat with the nobody from Queens.
Do you like the Rembrandt?

CUT TO:

30 INT: ARTHUR'S BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

Arthur is getting dressed. He picks up the phone. He
dials.

31 INTERCUT - A TWO-WAY CONVERSATION WITH LINDA IN HER
LIVING ROOM - ARTHUR IN HIS BEDROOM

ARTHUR

(into the phone)

Hello...Linda...how are you?

LINDA

Fine. I got off work early.
Do you like lasagna?

ARTHUR

Yes.

LINDA

Thank God!

ARTHUR

Uh...Linda...listen...I know
this is last minute...but...
something's come up...I can't
make it tonight.

31 CONTD:

LINDA
Fine. No problem.

ARTHUR
I've got the flu.

LINDA
Gee, that's tough. Stay in touch.

ARTHUR
Linda, listen...the truth is...
I'm getting engaged tonight.
The easiest thing in the world
would be to lie to you, but I
do like you and...

LINDA
Look! No sweat! We had some laughs.
Good luck.

ARTHUR
Right. I wanted to tell you the
other night.

LINDA
Don't worry about it. I really
have to go.

CUT TO:

31A INT: LINDA'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

ON Linda. Ralph is next to her.

RALPH
What is it! What is it! Why
can't he come?

LINDA
Forget it, Dad. Our millionaire
can't come. He's getting engaged.

Ralph sits at the table. He starts to weep.

RALPH
(weeping)
Oh no! There goes everything!
There goes the Buick, there goes
Florida, there goes my heart!

LINDA
Can I get you anything?

31A CONTD:

RALPH

(crying)

I'll be okay. I just want to
be alone for a minute. That's
all.

LINDA

You'll be fine.

RALPH

That's easy for you to say.
You're young.

CUT TO:

32 INT: ARTHUR'S BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

Arthur in his bedroom. Bitterman enters.

BITTERMAN

Shall I get the car, Mr. Bach?

ARTHUR

No, Bitterman. Tonight...I'll
drive myself. How often does a
young man get engaged? Where's
Hobson?

BITTERMAN

Mr. Hobson was tired, sir. He
is resting.

ARTHUR

He's been tired quite a bit
lately...Bitterman...

BITTERMAN

I'm sure he's fine, sir.

CUT TO:

32A INT: HOBSON'S BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

Hobson lies in bed. He doesn't look well. He takes a
pill, grimaces in pain. There is a knock on the door.
Hobson hides the pill bottle.

HOBSON

Come in.

32A CONTD:

Arthur enters. He carries a drink. He sits in a chair across from the bed.

ARTHUR

What's wrong with you?

HOBSON

I told you, I have a cold.

ARTHUR

Then sneeze.

HOBSON

Arthur...stop looking at me like that.

(playfully)

All I have is this little pain in the left side of my chest.

ARTHUR

Stop it!

HOBSON

(a mock heart attack)

Uh...uh...

Hobson does his mock death scene. He closes his eyes and dies.

ARTHUR

Will you cut it out!

Hobson opens his eyes.

HOBSON

Actually...I didn't want to tell you...there's this tumor in my head. Did you lights go off?

ARTHUR

(smiling)

Hobson...just talk to me.

HOBSON

With a tumor in my head?

He reaches for his head.

HOBSON (cont.)

Ahhh! Ahhh! There are three books...this is important...

32A CONTD:

ARTHUR

Yeah?

HOBSON

Take them back to the library...

Hobson again dies. Arthur laughs. Hobson opens his eyes.

HOBSON (cont.)

I have a cold. Go get engaged.

Arthur rises.

ARTHUR

I told Linda that I was getting engaged.

HOBSON

I don't know why. A little tart like that could save you a fortune in prostitutes.

Arthur suddenly becomes furious.

ARTHUR

Look old man! Don't you ever talk that way about her again! She's the best person I know! Goddamn it! Why are you such a snob?

Arthur exits the room and slams the door. One moment later he opens the door.

ARTHUR (cont.)

(softly)

Hobson, I raised my voice to you. I've never done that before.

HOBSON

That's quite alright. You know... you may be growing up. And I'm sorry for what I said about Linda.

ARTHUR

You want anything?

HOBSON

I want to be younger.

32A CONTD:

ARTHUR
I'm sorry. It's your job to be
older. I'll go get engaged now.

Arthur exits. We stay on Hobson. He is in pain. He is
sick.

CUT TO:

33 EXT: WEST SIDE HIGHWAY - EARLY EVENING

Arthur drives a spiffy little Packard convertible.
He's really whipping along the road. The top is down.
He drinks from a bottle of scotch in a paper bag as he
drives.

34 INT: CONVERTIBLE - EARLY EVENING

Arthur drinking and driving.

ARTHUR
(singing)
He's making a list,
Checking it twice.
Gonna find out who's naughty
and nice,
Santa Claus...

He stops singing. He reflects on the song. He's drunk.
He talks to himself.

ARTHUR (cont.)
It would be impossible for one
old man in a red suit to deliver
all those toys to all those kids
in one night. I don't buy it!
(pause)
Damn it...I do buy it.

CUT TO:

35 EXT: A HUGE DRIVEWAY - EARLY EVENING

The driveway leads to a huge mansion in upstate New York.
Arthur's convertible zips up the driveway. He turns off
the motor. He drinks one last gulp from his bottle of scotch.

CUT TO:

36 INT: LARGE FOYER OF MANSION - EARLY EVENING

The doorbell rings. A rather stiff older butler answers it. Arthur enters. He is happy drunk.

BUTLER

(stiff)

Good evening, Mr. Bach.

ARTHUR

Good evening, Mr. Butler. I'm here to get engaged.

Arthur enters.

ARTHUR (cont.)

(yelling up the
marble staircase)

Susan! Susan!

BUTLER

Miss Susan is expecting you.
She's dressing. I'll tell her
that you're here.

ARTHUR

Tell her it's Chief Inspector
Flanigan, homicide. That should
get her down here. Nothing...
Offer to take my coat.

BUTLER

You don't have a coat.

ARTHUR

Well offer to take my tie.

The butler stares.

ARTHUR (cont.)

Just a little joke. Take the
rest of the week off. You're
obviously under alot of tension.

BUTLER

Would you care to wait in
the library?

ARTHUR

Yes, I would...The bathroom is
out of the question. Another little
joke.

36 CONTD:

Arthur laughs. The butler stares.

BUTLER
Follow me, please.

Arthur follows the butler into the library.

ARTHUR
I'm a little nervous. I'm
getting engaged.

37 INT: LIBRARY - EVENING

Arthur and the butler enter the beautifully appointed library. There are stuffed fish and moose heads on the walls. Mr. Johnson is obviously a sportman.

BUTLER
You may wait here.

ARTHUR
Right.

BUTLER
Would you care for anything while
you wait?

ARTHUR
Do you have today's Pravda?
I like to keep up with Russia.

BUTLER
No.

ARTHUR
Then fill a glass with scotch.
Are you sure you want to be a
nightclub comic?

The butler goes to the bar and mixes Arthur a drink.
Arthur picks up the phone.

ARTHUR
(into the phone)
Marty...he's pouring a scotch.
I'll get back to you. No, you
bring the potato salad.

He hangs up. The butler brings him a drink.

37 CONTD:

ARTHUR (cont.)

Thank you. I'm glad we had this
time together. You're a funny guy.

The butler bows.

ARTHUR (cont.)

(holding his neck, as
if in pain)

You got that too? Terrible, isn't
it?

The butler exits. Arthur drinks and looks around. He
looks at the moose.

ARTHUR (cont.)

(to the moose head)

This must be awfully embarrassing
for you.

MR. BURT JOHNSON enters. Susan's father. He is dressed
impeccably but there is something menacing about him.
A time bomb ready to go off. The man is a killer.

MR. JOHNSON

Hello, Arthur. Haven't seen much
of you lately.

ARTHUR

Hello, Mr. Johnson. The reason
you haven't seen much of me is
because I usually pick Susan up
at her apartment in town. And you
live here. Have a drink.

MR. JOHNSON

I never drink. No one in my
family drinks.

ARTHUR

That's great! I'll bet you've
never run out of ice in your
whole life.

MR. JOHNSON

I don't drink because drinking
affects your decision making.

ARTHUR

You may be right. I can't decide.
Just a little humor.

37 CONTD:

Arthur stands on one side of the moose. Mr. Johnson on the other.

ARTHUR (cont.)
Where's the rest of this moose?

MR. JOHNSON
Arthur...I think we should get to know one another...

ARTHUR
I do too. That's why I had you come over today.
(he laughs)

Mr. Johnson stares at him.

ARTHUR (cont.)
(to the moose)
This is a tough room. But I don't have to tell you.
(to Mr. Johnson)
You must have hated this moose.

MR. JOHNSON
Why don't we forget the moose for a moment?

ARTHUR
Somehow it's not an easy moose to forget.

MR. JOHNSON
I didn't inherit money like you did, Arthur. I started with nothing. And yet...I was a millionaire when I was 18. Anybody stood in my way ...got hurt.

Arthur glances at the moose. He nods.

MR. JOHNSON (cont.)
When I was 11 years old...I killed a man.

ARTHUR
Well...when you're 11...you probably don't even know there's a law against that.
(he laughs)
Is Susan here?

37 CONTD:

MR. JOHNSON

I knew what I was doing. We were very poor. He came to our house to steal food...

ARTHUR

Well...he was asking for it.

MR. JOHNSON

(strange, loud)

I took a knife! I killed him in our kitchen!

ARTHUR

All I can say is...you're under arrest. No. I'm joking. I'll have another drink.

Arthur moves to the bar.

ARTHUR (cont.)

You probably ate out that night. I mean...with that man lying in your kitchen.

He drinks a drink quickly.

MR. JOHNSON

You seem to find humor in everything.

ARTHUR

Sorry.

Mr. Johnson comes very close to Arthur's face. Nose to nose. He speaks louder. More menacingly.

MR. JOHNSON

Arthur...do you know what I consider to be my most precious possession?

ARTHUR

No.

MR. JOHNSON

My daughter! She is my gold! She is my treasure!

ARTHUR

She's very nice.

37 CONTD:

MR. JOHNSON

I protect what is mine, Arthur.
I do it in an ugly way! I'm from
the gutter.

ARTHUR

I understand. The gutter. You seem
upset...

MR. JOHNSON

Susan loves you, Arthur. And I want
you to make her happy!

ARTHUR

You can count on it.

MR. JOHNSON

I insist that you make her happy!

ARTHUR

Listen..uh...what happens...I mean
...this is just hypothetical...
if I don't make her happy?

(fast)

Which is out of the question! I
swear she'll be happy. But...
let's just say...I make her...
cranky? For cranky...I guess you
would probably just break my ankles...

MR. JOHNSON

You'll make her happy. I don't
like your drinking. It makes you
unreasonable. And I want you to
work. Your father and I have
talked about it. I want you to
work for me.

Mr. Johnson puts his arm around Arthur.

ARTHUR

Is this it? She's not happy already?

MR. JOHNSON

(laughing)

Arthur...Susan loves you. So I love
you, too. You'll find me a friend.

ARTHUR

That's really nice. Now what if I
told you I'd like to go into your
kitchen and have a little snack?

Mr. Johnson laughs. Arthur laughs. They exit.

CUT TO:

38 INT: BARBETTA'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Arthur and SUSAN sit at a table. Susan is pretty. Bright. Serious. Knows what she wants. She wants Arthur. Susan eats her fish. Arthur has only a glass of scotch in front of him. No food. Arthur is drunk and nervous.

SUSAN

This poached bass is wonderful.
May I give you some?

ARTHUR

No, thanks. You want some of my
scotch? They do it beautifully
here.

SUSAN

Why don't you eat something?

ARTHUR

I don't want to put anything
suspicious into my body. And
I'm not hungry.

SUSAN

What's the matter, Arthur?

ARTHUR

Are you looking at me lovingly?

SUSAN

Yes. Arthur...don't you get it?
You can get drunk...you can throw
up...you can forget to call me
for months...you can't lose with
me. I know you too well. And I'm
much stronger than you are.

She takes his hand.

SUSAN (cont.)

I know how alone you are. I hate
how alone you are. I've cried
because you're so alone. Don't
be afraid, Arthur. You're never
going to be alone again.

ARTHUR

Waiter!

38 CONTD:

A waiter comes to the table.

ARTHUR (cont.)
I'll have another one.
(to Susan)
You want another fish?

SUSAN
Don't drink anymore, Arthur.

ARTHUR
Don't be the sheriff.
(to the waiter)
I'm Arthur Bach. Millionaire drunk.
A smart waiter could spend the
rest of his life in Florida from
this one dinner. Know what I
mean? Don't be a stranger.

The waiter withdraws.

ARTHUR (cont.)
Susan...you're such an asshole!
This is what I am! Everyone who
drinks is not a poet! Some of us
drink because we're not poets!

SUSAN
A real woman could stop you from
drinking.

ARTHUR
It would have to be a real big
woman.

Susan reaches for Arthur's hand.

SUSAN
Arthur...will you take my hand?

ARTHUR
That would leave you with one.
Sorry. Here's the hand.

They hold hands.

SUSAN
I love you, Arthur.

38 CONTD:

ARTHUR

Good. I have to talk to the waiter now.

The waiter puts another drink in front of Arthur.

ARTHUR (cont.)

(to the waiter)

My doctor has told me that I have to drink ten of these an hour.

WAITER

I understand, Mr. Bach.

The waiter chuckles and withdraws. Arthur pulls out the ring box and puts it on the table.

ARTHUR

This is the ring that my grandfather have to my grandmother. Then... he died and...subsequently, she gave it to me...

SUSAN

I'll always love you, Arthur.

ARTHUR

Actually, she gave it to my father who then gave it to me in his office about a week ago. It's just a great ring, isn't it?

SUSAN

It's a beautiful ring. It's a magical night.

ARTHUR

Yes. Do you have any objection to naming a child Vladimir? Even a girl?

There is a huge silence. Susan stares at Arthur lovingly. Soon Arthur takes the ring box and begins to throw it up and down.

SUSAN

Ask me, Arthur.

ARTHUR

Will you marry me, Susan?
Take the weekend if you want.

38 CONTD:

SUSAN

Yes.

ARTHUR

Congratulations!

SUSAN

You put it on, Arthur.

He puts the ring on her finger after several misses.

ARTHUR

Would you mind if I took you
home now? I have a terrible headache.

CUT TO:

39 EXT: LINDA'S APARTMENT IN QUEENS - 3:00 IN THE MORNING

Arthur's convertible weaves to a stop. He staggers out
of the car.

ARTHUR

(a whispered scream
to nobody)

Linda! Linda! This must be her
building.

He rings the bell of an apartment. While he waits.

ARTHUR (cont.)

I hope it's not late. Who am I
talking to?

A fat, dragon-lady in curlers answers the door. She wears
a robe.

LADY

(screaming)

What do you want?

Arthur almost falls over backward from her scream.

ARTHUR

(very drunk)

I'm very sorry to disturb you,
Madam. I'm looking for Linda.
I hope I have the wrong house.
No offense.

39 CONTD:

LADY
(at the top of
her lungs)
My husband has a gun!

ARTHUR
(again, almost falling
over from her)
I'm sure he does, madam. For all
I know he shot it while you
screamed. Do you suppose you
could scream in a lower tone.
Some people around here are trying
to sleep. Do you know where Linda
Marolla lives?

Arthur covers his ears.

LADY
(screaming)
Why do you want to know!
(to her husband
behind her)
Perry! Come here!

Her husband, a huge man, comes to the door.

LADY (cont.)
(a shout)
Perry! He wants to know where
Linda lives!

PERRY
She lives in 2478. Apartment A.
Next door.

His wife belts him in the face.

LADY
(belting her husband)
You tell a stranger that? Don't
you think you should ask him
who he is?

PERRY
(calm)
He looks okay.

ARTHUR
Thanks, Perry. Hey, Perry...
come here.

39 CONTD:

Perry steps closer to Arthur.

ARTHUR (cont.)

She's terrible, Perry! Does she always hit you like that?

PERRY

Yeah. What can I do?

ARTHUR

Perry...hit her back. She's going to kill you.

Arthur pats Perry on the back.

ARTHUR (cont.)

Get in there, Perry. Give her a shot. Jesus.

Perry goes back in the house. Arthur starts to walk next door to the next building. He looks for the address.

ARTHUR (cont.)

2478....

He bumps into a hedge.

ARTHUR (cont.)

Pardon me. Oh...you're a hedge.

40 INT: HALL OUTSIDE LINDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

He comes to Linda's door. He rings the bell. He waits.

ARTHUR (cont.)

Linda! Linda! I know you're in there. Linda! Linda!

From inside the apartment we hear Ralph's voice.

RALPH (OC)

Who is it?

ARTHUR

Arthur Bach.

Ralph opens the door. Linda is standing in the background in a night shirt. Arthur shakes Ralph's hand.

ARTHUR (cont.)

(to Ralph)

You must be Linda's father.

40 CONTD:

RALPH

Yeah. It's kind of late. Although
I wasn't sleeping.

(very charming)

Nice meeting you.

ARTHUR

Hi Linda. Could I come in?
Don't you hate Perry's wife?

LINDA

Let him in.

41 INT: LINDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Arthur enters the apartment. He walks directly over to
Linda. On the cross he knocks over a letter holder.
Holder and letters fall to the floor.

ARTHUR

Oh, I'm so sorry, Linda.

RALPH

It happens.

Linda and Arthur sit on the floor to pick up the letters.

LINDA

What the hell is the matter
with you? Nobody knocks on a
door at three in the morning!
You're so drunk you can hardly
stand up. You're totally obnoxious.
And your engaged!

Arthur is attempting to fix the broken letter holder.
He lays it, in pieces, in Linda's lap.

LINDA (cont.)

Can it! You haven't met my
father. Arthur...this is Ralph.
Arthur is the schmuck I met at
Bergdorf's.

ARTHUR

Hi Ralph.

RALPH

Hi Arthur. Let me help you up.
I wish you'd been here last night.
Nobody can cook like my Linda.
This little lady is quite remarkable.
Her take home is \$88.29 a week.

41 CONTD:

ARTHUR

I'm sure it mounts up.

RALPH

And yet she's managed to take this apartment from nothing and turn it into what you're looking at now. I'm just so damn proud of her. She cooks. She sews...

ARTHUR

She steals.

LINDA

Shut up! Okay, hot shot, this better be good. What do you want?

ARTHUR

I have to talk to you. Can we go into your bedroom?

LINDA

Don't be silly. Why should you have to travel? I'll send my father to a movie and we can have sex right here.

RALPH

(laughing)

She's funny.

ARTHUR

I'm not talking about sex. I just have to talk to you without your father around. Where's your mother?

LINDA

She's dead. You happy?

RALPH

Linda's bedroom is over here, son.

He leads Arthur towards Linda's room.

41 CONTD:

RALPH

When you get a chance, I'd like to talk to you about an idea I have for drive-in restaurants.

LINDA

Dad, don't you understand what's going on here? He's playing with us. We're a novelty to him. He's a rich, spoiled playboy. Who got engaged tonight. And I'm not the stag party. Goodnight.

She exits, slams the bedroom door.

RALPH

(to Arthur)

She's highstrung, but she's a very nice girl. Would you like to go into her bedroom?

ARTHUR

No. She seems a bit upset.

Arthur starts to leave. He falls. Ralph helps him up.

RALPH

Take care of yourself. We need each other.

Ralph leads Arthur to the front door.

ARTHUR

You're a very nice man, Ralph. You're a very nice man. Thank you.

RALPH

Thank you. Goodnight.

Arthur leaves. Ralph returns to the living room.

RALPH (cont.)

Millions!

CUT TO:

42-48 OMIT

49 EXT: BACH'S SOUTHAMPTON MANSION - TENNIS COURTS - DAY

We watch Arthur and Mr. Bach play a point which Mr. Bach wins. Then they meet at the net.

MR. BACH

Arthur...Burt told me you went to see a young woman after your date with Susan the other night.

ARTHUR

(picking up a can of tennis balls)

Don't worry about it, father.
(he drinks from the can)

Fuzzy drink. I want the money
I'll never see her again.

He looks around. The house. The beach. The pool. The grounds.

ARTHUR (cont.)

We really are rich, aren't we?

MR. BACH

Yes. Yes, we are.

ARTHUR

If the poor people knew about this...they'd be even madder than they are.

MR. BACH

But they don't know about this.

ARTHUR

I love the money. I love having everything!

He hits a tennis ball over the fence.

ARTHUR (cont.)

Everything!

He hits another tennis ball over the fence.

ARTHUR (cont.)

I want it all.

He turns to his father.

49 CONTD:

ARTHUR (cont.)
Don't worry about me marrying
Susan. Now serve.

Mr. Bach goes back to the service line. He serves.
Arthur hits a blistering winner.

MR. BACH
Nice shot, Arthur! I didn't know
you were that good.

ARTHUR
I have a tendency to let you
win. Serve.

CUT TO:

50 EXT: LINDA'S HOUSE - EARLY AFTERNOON

The limo pulls up, Bitterman at the wheel. Hobson exits
the car and starts to walk towards Linda's door.

50A INT: LINDA'S APARTMENT - EARLY AFTERNOON

Ralph sits at the kitchen table clad in his undershirt
playing solitaire. The doorbell rings. Ralph crosses to
answer it.

RALPH
(to Hobson)
Yeah?

HOBSON
Good afternoon.

RALPH
Good afternoon?

HOBSON
Yes...Pardon me for ringing
without a prior appointment,
but could you tell me if Linda
Marolla is receiving callers?

RALPH
Is she what?

HOBSON
Yes..to put it briefly...is
she here?

50A CONTD:

RALPH
Who wants to know?

HOBSON
A person with very little
patience, my good man. Is
she here?

RALPH
Yeah.

HOBSON
Then would you be good enough
to fetch her? May I come in?
If you and your undershirt
could take two paces back I
could enter this dwelling.

Ralph goes to the bedroom. Hobson enters the house.
He looks around.

HOBSON (cont.)
(to himself)
How revolting...

Linda and Ralph enter from the bedroom.

LINDA
Look who's here. The British Tonto.
If you're here to apologize for that
jerk you work for, forget it! I'm
dating a doctor.

HOBSON
Very well. Then I shall leave.

LINDA
Actually, I went to a doctor. I
had a little kick in the side.
A little gas. How you been? How's
Arthur?

RALPH
(to Hobson)
You know, ever since I met that
Arthur...I just liked him. I just
hope that these two wonderful kids
can get together.

HOBSON
(to Linda)
Who is this person?

50A CONTD:

LINDA
He's my father.

RALPH
Yes, I...

HOBSON
(to Ralph)
Try not to speak. Could you get
me a cup of tea? I should like
to speak to Linda.

RALPH
Sure.

He exits to the kitchen. He listens.

HOBSON
The tea is in the top cupboard
on the right.

RALPH
That's right.

LINDA
Would you care to sit down?

HOBSON
(looking at the
furniture)
Where? There is an engagement
party tonight at Arthur's father's
house in Southampton. Here is the
address. Perhaps you should attend.

LINDA
Why? Are all the ones he passed
up coming?

HOBSON
Young woman...this is a tie you
cannot steal. I'm afraid this is
a tie you are going to have to
work for.

Ralph peeks out. Hobson waves him off.

LINDA
Are you inviting me to Arthur's
engagement party?

50A CONTD:

HOBSON

My dear child...

LINDA

Look...why don't I skip the engagement party and just go with them on the honeymoon.

HOBSON

This is not an invitation. However, if there is one thing that old gentlemen can still do - they can still spot young gentlemen in love. Please go to the party.

He coughs.

LINDA

Are you okay?

HOBSON

Yes, I'm fine.

He sits down.

LINDA

Does Arthur know you're here?

HOBSON

No. Arthur is far too fine a person to be involved in something as devious as this. This is best left to scalawags such as myself. And perhaps you.

LINDA

Listen...we're two of the nicest scalawags I know. You really watch out for him, don't you?

Hobson coughs.

HOBSON

Yes. And it's a job that I can recommend highly. I have something for you.

He crosses to the kitchen area and gives her a box.

LINDA

What is this?

50A CONTD:

HOBSON

If I told you it would ruin
the surprise, wouldn't it?
Don't open it.

RALPH

I have your tea.

HOBSON

I despise tea. Now would you
please go to the bathroom and
get two aspirins. They're on the
top shelf to the left. Behind
the untouched shaving cream.

RALPH

How does he know that?

Ralph exits. Hobson coughs again.

LINDA

That sounds bad. Have you seen a
doctor?

HOBSON

Yes. And he has seen me.

LINDA

I see. Thank you. I think Arthur
has a good friend. May I kiss you
on the cheek?

HOBSON

Is it something you feel strongly
about?

LINDA

Yes.

Hobson nods. Linda kisses him.

LINDA (cont.)

What about the aspirins?

HOBSON

The aspirins are for you, my dear.

He exits. Linda opens the box. In the box is a dress, shoes,
etc. and a note. Ralph enters with the aspirins.

50A CONTD:

RALPH
Where did he go? What's all
that?

Linda takes the aspirins and tea from Ralph.

CUT TO:

51 OMIT

52 INT: BACH SUMMER MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ANGLE ON Martha discoing.

PULL BACK to reveal Martha dancing with Arthur in the
Bach's enormous Southampton living room. People everywhere
watching, drinking, dancing.

ANGLE ON Susan dancing.

PULL BACK to reveal Susan dancing with Mr. Bach.

ANGLE ON Arthur dancing.

The band continues playing.

CUT TO:

53 OMIT

54 EXT: BACH SUMMER MANSION - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Parking attendants are parking the cars of the very rich
as they arrive at the door of the summer mansion in
their expensive cars. The guests are attired in summer
tuxedos and gowns.

ANGLE ON a cab rolling up to the mansion. Linda gets out
of the cab. She looks at the house. The cab pulls away.
Linda stands by herself. The house is aglow.

LINDA
Oh my God...

CUT TO:

55 INT: BACH SUMMER MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

A butler stands by the door. He opens the door and Linda enters. The band plays.

LINDA

Hi.

BUTLER

Good evening. May I have your name, please?

Linda assumes a posture as if she's been doing this her whole life.

LINDA

Ms. Marolla.

BUTLER

You're not on the list...

LINDA

You're new, aren't you?

BUTLER

No.

LINDA

My good man...I am on no list. I recently arrived from Panama for the singular purpose of congratulating Arthur on his nuptials. Now you may take my wrap.

BUTLER

If you would just wait a moment...

Governor Bradley walks by the door. She grabs his arm.

LINDA

Governor Bradley...how are you?

(to the butler)

Please return to your post.

Anyone could walk in.

55A INT: BACH SUMMER MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The party.

LINDA (cont.)

(to Governor Bradley)

You're looking well. It's Linda.

55A CONTD:

GOVERNOR BRADLEY

How are you? Linda...

LINDA

Well...it's been run...run...
run...ever since the tennis in
Monaco. Oh - all the best people
are here.

GOVERNOR BRADLEY

It's good to see you, Linda.

LINDA

(sotto, to the
Governor)

Father wants you to announce
for your next term - soon.
Now I want you all to mingle.
I really must fly.

(to the Governor's
wife)

Keep in touch, Ruth.

Linda goes into the crowd to find Arthur. She walks into
another room. Disappears. A moment later she emerges on the
arm of a dowager.

LINDA

Don't worry about your son.
It's just a phase he's going
through. As far as your sister-
in law is concerned, what does
she know from suffering?
...It's over there.

The dowager leaves. A young gentleman approaches Linda.
Drink in hand. Nice looking, young rich social person.
PRESTON.

PRESTON

Hello.

The band continues to play in the background.

LINDA

Good evening.

PRESTON

Don't you hate these things?

LINDA

Despise them.

55A CONTD:

PRESTON

It's terribly hard to begin
any sort of relationship at
a party like this.

LINDA

So true. And yet...one must
meet one's friends somewhere.
And Arty insisted that I come.

PRESTON

Oh. Are you good friends with
Arthur?

LINDA

(laughing)

For ages. I'm so pleased that
he finally found the right woman.
Where is she?

PRESTON

Over there. Isn't she just
beautiful?

LINDA

Of course she is. Why would
Arthur marry a dog?

PRESTON

Pardon?

LINDA

Nothing at all.

The music stops.

ANGLE ON Arthur. A waiter comes by with a tray of drinks.
Arthur takes the tray.

ARTHUR

God knows when I'll see you again.

The waiter goes into the crowd. Susan comes over to Arthur.

SUSAN

Arthur...will you play
something?

The crowd murmurs.

GUESTS

Yes!

55A CONTD:

ANOTHER GUEST
Play something, Arthur.

ANOTHER GUEST
Will you sing, Arthur?

They move to the piano. Linda, with Preston, watches Arthur doing his turn at the piano.

ARTHUR
(fiddling with the
keys)
This is all very nice... if only
I knew how to play the piano.
Well...as you know...songs come
and go...but I love the classics...
I hope you all like this....

He plays a very classical introduction with a great flourish. Then:

ARTHUR (cont.)
(singing slowly with
great feeling)
You'd better watch out...
You'd better not cry...

The crowd laughs. Arthur nods his recognition.

ARTHUR (cont.)
(with great feeling)
You'd better not pout...
I'm telling you why...
Santa Claus is coming to town...

GUEST
How do you feel about getting
married, Arthur?

ARTHUR
(singing)
Blue Moon...

The crowd laughs. Arthur isn't kidding.

ARTHUR (cont.)
You saw me standing alone.
Without a song in my heart,
Without a dream of my own...

55A CONTD:

SUSAN

Thanks alot. That's flattering.

ARTHUR

(singing)

If you knew Susan like I
knew Susan...

Arthur sees Linda talking to Preston.

ARTHUR (cont.)

Oh...Oh...I need a drink.

He rises from the piano, goes looking for a drink.
The band starts to play again.

ANGLE ON Linda and Preston. Arthur is approaching now.
Linda sees him.

LINDA

Tell me your entire name,
darling.

PRESTON

Preston Langly.

For Arthur's benefit Linda squeezes Preston's hand and
laughs flirtatiously.

LINDA

(laughing)

Oh Preston! Really! If you don't
remember when we met! Honestly!

(lower)

Put your arm around me, Preston.

PRESTON

Of course.

Preston does so. Arthur is now close enough for Linda to
talk to him conversationally. Arthur is surprised, amused,
perhaps a little frightened to see her. He looks back
to Susan. Preston's arm is around Linda.

ARTHUR

Linda! You're here!

LINDA

(formally)

So true. Arthur, join us.

55A CONTD:

She extends her hand which Arthur takes. Arthur can't get over her.

LINDA (cont.)
Congratulations. Father sends his regards.

Arthur and Linda are playing a game only for them.

ARTHUR
(equally as formal)
Does he?

LINDA
Yes. He does.
(to Preston)
Wednesday night may be difficult for me.

PRESTON
What?

ARTHUR
You're looking wonderful, my dear...

LINDA
Don't I? Thank you...

PRESTON
Wednesday?

ARTHUR
It's difficult for her that night, Preston...isn't that the night you and your father usually attend the ballet, darling?

LINDA
Yes.

PRESTON
Actually...I feel foolish, but I don't recall ever...

Linda smacks Preston playfully but hard on the arm.

LINDA
Preston....would you be a darling and get me a gin and tonic?

55A CONTD:

ARTHUR
Scotch for me, Preston.

PRESTON
(to Linda)
Wait here for me.

LINDA
If it takes forever.

Preston exits. Arthur looks at Linda for a long time.
He starts to laugh. So does she.

ARTHUR
What are you doing here? And
why are you talking like that?

LINDA
I was in the neighborhood. It
took me two busses, two trains
and a cab to get me in the
neighborhood...but what the hell.
(looking around)
Nice place. I like a living room
you can land a plane in.

ARTHUR
There's a lot more of it. Like
a tour?

LINDA
I've seen bedrooms. Don't be a
lover. Be a person.

ARTHUR
You make me happy.

LINDA
You're looking at me like my
father looks at a pot roast.
Blink a little.

ARTHUR
Right.

Preston arrives with drinks.

LINDA
Thank you, Preston.

55A CONTD:

ARTHUR
Thank you, Preston.

Preston waits. After a moment:

LINDA
(to Preston)
290 East 73rd Street. Apartment
15D. I think it'll look better
if you leave first.

Preston goes.

LINDA (cont.)
Where's Mr. Hobson?

ARTHUR
He's in the city. Why?

LINDA
Just looking for a familiar
face.

ARTHUR
Come with me.

LINDA
Where? So far...Susan isn't thrilled
with me.

She looks over at Susan who is staring at them. Arthur
and Linda make their way through the crowd to a door that
leads to a veranda overlooking the ocean.

CUT TO:

56 EXT: BACH SUMMER MANSION - VERANDA - NIGHT

Arthur and Linda arriving on the veranda. It's a
beautiful night. The ocean is in the distance.

ARTHUR
That's the ocean.

LINDA
Thank you. Do you wish you were
a sailor?

ARTHUR
Yes.

LINDA
I knew that.

56 CONTD:

ARTHUR

Also a pirate.

LINDA

I knew that too.

ARTHUR

And also a chiropractor.

LINDA

That I didn't know.

Arthur puts his hands on her shoulders.

ARTHUR

What are you doing here?

LINDA

We're very fond of each other.
Did you know that?

ARTHUR

I want to be with you. I mean...
alone....you know what I mean?

LINDA

No. I'm real stupid. Look, hot
pants...I came to this party to
give you one more shot at me.
Don't blow it.

(softer)

Arthur...I've never been happier
than this moment.

Susan and Martha appear on the veranda. Arthur quickly
takes his hands off Linda's shoulders. Susan and Martha
come over to where Arthur and Linda are standing.

MARTHA

Isn't it a little bit cold out
here, Arthur? Oh...I don't believe
I've met your friend.

ARTHUR

Linda...this is my grandmother...
Martha Bach, and my finacee, Susan
Johnson. This is Linda Marolla.

SUSAN

Nice to meet you, Linda.

56 CONTD:

 LINDA
Love your ring...

 SUSAN
This is the ring that Arthur's
grandfather gave to Martha many
years ago.

She squeezes Martha's hand.

 SUSAN (cont.)
I'll always treasure it.

 LINDA
You should always insure it.

There is a forced laugh from Arthur and Martha.

 MARTHA
What an adorable retort, my dear.
Your friend is adorable, Arthur.

 ARTHUR
Yes...anyway, Linda...tell Harold
the next time I'm in Boston...
we'll spend some real time together.
 (to Martha and Susan)
Harold is Linda's husband. I met
him in prep school.

Linda is appalled by this.

 SUSAN
Is Harold here?

 ARTHUR
No, Susan. Harold is in Boston.
You know...it is cold out here
and...

 LINDA
Harold is quite ill.

Arthur gives Linda a stern look.

 SUSAN
What's wrong with him?

 ARTHUR
It's really nothing. I just
spoke to Harold last week.

56 CONTD:

LINDA
Harold's eyes are failing.

SUSAN
I'm so sorry.

LINDA
Last week he stepped on our
cat. The man can't see.

She starts crying. Arthur puts his arm around her.

ARTHUR
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, Linda.

LINDA
Listen...we'll be okay. Both
boys are doing poorly in school.
It's not easy living with a man
who is going to be sightless.

MARTHA
Arthur...why don't you and Susan
go back to the party. I'd like
to talk to Linda.

ARTHUR
What about?

MARTHA
Harold.

ARTHUR
(to Linda)
I'll see you before you leave?

LINDA
Go back to your party.

Susan and Arthur exit. Linda is crying.

MARTHA
Linda...I know who you are.
Burt Johnson, Susan's father,
knows who you are. It is hopeless,
my dear. We don't lose to people
like you...

LINDA
(crying)
People like me? I just...

56 CONTD:

MARTHA

I know. And it is a very romantic notion...but I'm afraid Arthur will marry Susan and you will go back to... which borough do you come from?

LINDA

Queens.

MARTHA

Yes. I'm sorry.

LINDA

(furious)

Look! Don't be so sorry! I'm not losing here! Everybody's losing here! That means you too, Martha! So far, I'm the only person at this party I'd want to meet. Goodnight. And try some makeup.

57 INT: BACH SUMMER MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Arthur and Susan walk in from the veranda. Mr. Johnson approaches them.

MR. JOHNSON

Susan! Arthur!

He joins them.

SUSAN

My two favorite guys.

MR. JOHNSON

Mind if I borrow your young fellow for a minute, Susan?

SUSAN

Not too long.

He kisses Susan, then strolls with Arthur. In the background we see Linda storm in from the veranda and cross to the front door. She exits.

MR. JOHNSON

I don't want you to see that girl again.

57 CONTD:

ARTHUR

Uh...I really should say goodnight
to my guest.

MR. JOHNSON

Don't.

ARTHUR

Don't ever tell me what to do
again...okay? I don't like it...
Burt.

Arthur goes to the door and exits. Burt goes to a servant
and whispers something.

CUT TO:

57A EXT: BACH SUMMER MANSION - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Linda stands alone in the driveway waiting for her cab.
She is crying. In the background we see Arthur exit the
house. He comes over to Linda.

ARTHUR

(to the parking
attendant)

Get my car, will you?

ATTENDANT

Right away, Mr. Bach.

LINDA

(to the attendant)

How about my cab.

ATTENDANT

Ten minutes.

They stand in silence.

LINDA

Why do I have a Harold?

ARTHUR

You mean - old, blind Harold!
You come to my engagement party
uninvited....

LINDA

I've gone to better places
uninvited...

Arthur's car arrives.

57A CONTD:

LINDA (cont.)

Now get in your Donald Duck
car and leave.

ARTHUR

Get in the car.

LINDA

Screw you!

ARTHUR

When I was a kid I used to play
baseball over there.

LINDA

So?

ARTHUR

I wanted you to see it.

LINDA

Show Susan. Were you good?

ARTHUR

No. I played with Hobson.

LINDA

He's a nice man.

ARTHUR

How do you know?

LINDA

I just know.

ARTHUR

You're ruining my life.

LINDA

Big deal.

ARTHUR

Let's not talk.

LINDA

You got it.

They get in the car. Arthur pulls the top down. They drive
off.

CUT TO:

58 OMIT

59 EXT: PLAZA HOTEL - NIGHT

They pull up front.

LINDA
This isn't home.

ARTHUR
One drink.

LINDA
One.

DISSOLVE TO:

60 OMIT

60A INT: PLAZA HOTEL - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Arthur and Linda stand in the elevator. Three other people are in the elevator with them.

LINDA
(smashed)
I love that bar downstairs.
Where are we?

ARTHUR
(equally smashed)
We're in an elevator.

Linda laughs hysterically. The people in the elevator react.

LINDA
God...you're funny! Who are these people?

ARTHUR
These are the other people who are riding on this elevator.
(introducing them)
This is Mr. Furgeson...his wife Margaret...and of course you remember Janice.

Linda shakes hands all around. The people are bewildered.

LINDA
Where are we going?

60A CONTD:

ARTHUR

My family has a suite in this hotel.

(nudging and winking
at one of the passengers)
I have to get a shirt I left there.

LINDA

(to the passengers)
He's engaged.
(nudging and winking
at another passenger)
But...we like each other.

The elevator doors open and they exit.

CUT TO:

61 INT: HUGE ORNATE PLAZA HOTEL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LINDA

(smashed)
I love that bar downstairs.
Where are we?

ARTHUR

(making drinks)
This is a suite my family
keeps at the hotel.

Linda grunts towards the bar, indicating that she wants a drink. Arthur grunts back.

LINDA

Were we recently in an elevator?

ARTHUR

Yes.

LINDA

So...basically...we're in the
same hotel...only on a higher
floor...is that it?

ARTHUR

Yes. We came here to make love.

LINDA

You got a fat chance hot shot....
although...you shouldn't give up.

61 CONTD:

ARTHUR

(holding Linda's foot, ad lib,
doing a shoe salesman bit)
This is much too tight. We just
got a shipment in from Florence...
Florence! Bring in the six-inch
heel.

LINDA

(toasting)
Well...here's to you and Susan...
and me and Harold...

ARTHUR

The bed is in the next room..
We call it the bedroom.

LINDA

Really? So this room is just
for foreplay...I'm drunk.

ARTHUR

Stop drinking. I hate amateurs.

LINDA

Just what the world needs. A
chauvinist lush. You know...
I hate it when the man I'm with
has an engagement party earlier
in the evening...

ARTHUR

Jesus! Will you stop harping on
that! That was hours ago! Linda...
let's just take off our clothes
and lie down...we don't have to
do anything.

LINDA

You're pathetic. You're not even
good at this!

(she touches his face)

You have the face of a boy who
shaves. Do you love her at all?
Susan?

ARTHUR

I like her a lot. Want to see
how I kiss her?

LINDA

Yeah.

61 CONTD:

They lean forward.

ARTHUR

You're Susan. I'm kissing you
good night.

LINDA

I know my part.

He kisses her lightly on the lips.

LINDA (cont.)

I see. It's not as bad as
you think.

They are close together.

ARTHUR

Now...would you like to see
how I once screwed a nurse in
Philadelphia?

LINDA

(laughing)

Yeah. You got slides?

ARTHUR

Linda, I'm crazy about you!

LINDA

Arthur, take me to the bedroom.

They exit into the bedroom.

61A INT: PLAZA HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Arthur is lying on the bed. Linda walks around the room.

LINDA

(looking around)

Look at this room! It's not
easy to feel cheap here.

Linda walks to the window and looks out.

LINDA (cont.)

New York...is all lit up.

61A CONTD:

ARTHUR

You were expecting Pittsburgh?

LINDA

It looks like a gigantic Christmas tree. Central Park lake looks that big.

(she gestures)

I feel like we're a young couple from the Midwest on our first trip to New York.

ARTHUR

(lying back on the bed)

Come here.

Linda goes to the bed and lies next to him. He puts his arms around her. They lie like that for a beat.

LINDA

What are we waiting for?

ARTHUR

The other girl will be here in a minute. You didn't think this was going to be you and me, did you? You'll like her.

Linda laughs.

LINDA

(laughing)

Why do I feel so comfortable with you?

ARTHUR

Because we are that couple from the Midwest. And we're very nice people.

He kisses her. Light at first. Then it quickly turns to passion.

ARTHUR (cont.)

(breathing heavily)

You're a nice girl...but you don't turn me on physically.

LINDA

You're not going to marry that girl. And you know it.

61A CONTD:

Arthur kisses her again.

ARTHUR

Let's not talk anymore. Okay?

LINDA

I know you're not going to marry her.

ARTHUR

She's talking. Linda...let's not talk.

He rolls over and kisses her again. After the kiss:

LINDA

Let's talk for a second...

ARTHUR

I'm having sex here! Do you mind!

LINDA

Why would you marry a woman you don't love?

ARTHUR

I have to. Can I help you with that?

LINDA

What do you mean...you have to?

ARTHUR

Could we talk about this later?

LINDA

Just tell me what you mean... you have to?

ARTHUR

My family is forcing me to marry her.

LINDA

You asshole! Nobody gets married like that! That hasn't happened since 1850!

ARTHUR

They'll cut me off if I don't! Without a cent!

61A CONTD:

LINDA

So! You'll get a job like everybody else! How much money is it?

ARTHUR

750 million dollars.

LINDA

Try it with her for a few years. Maybe it'll work out.

ARTHUR

Linda...you see this suite? I have to be in suites like this.

LINDA

Why?

ARTHUR

Because...that's who I am. I'm Arthur Bach. I've got nothing but the money.

LINDA

Me. You got me.

ARTHUR

(touching her face)
Yeah. We have each other. How would you like to share the money with me?

LINDA

What do you mean?

ARTHUR

I mean, we can always be together. We can have anything we want.

LINDA

Including Susan?

ARTHUR

Yes. I have to marry Susan. Grow up, Linda. This is life.

LINDA

We're not that nice young couple from the Midwest, are we? I'll get a cab.

61A CONTD:

Linda crosses to the door. Arthur sits on the bed.
She stops.

LINDA (cont.)

You can't have everything, Arthur.
If you get the potato you don't
get a vegetable.

ARTHUR

Would you turn down this money?

LINDA

Are you crazy? Of course not!
I steal ties for Christ sakes!
But when you look for a mistress
...make it a mistress! She should
speak French and give back rubs.
Don't come to me. I want to get
married. What do I know about
being a mistress? You'd get me an
apartment and I'd want to know if
it's near a good school.

ARTHUR

Goodby, Linda.

LINDA

Don't pout. You're lovely. I'll
remember you the rest of my life.

Linda exits. The phone rings. Arthur picks it up.

ARTHUR

(into the phone)
Hello...Bitterman?...oh no.
(he looks at his
watch)
I'll meet you there in an hour.

62-66 OMIT

67 INT: HOBSON'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Hobson lies in bed. He looks very much worse than the last
time we saw him. He wears a hospital robe. He reads a book.
Bitterman and Arthur enter the room.

HOBSON

(looking up)
Oh my goodness! Is there no
place I can go to get away
from you?

67 CONTD:

BITTERMAN

I had to tell him, Mr. Hobson.

Arthur walks over to the bed. He reaches out for Hobson's hand and holds it.

HOBSON

Promise me that when I die...
you will not conduct a seance
and try to contact me. I do
not relish coming from another
world to tell you where your
underwear is.

ARTHUR

(smiling, holding
his hand)

You're not going to die.

HOBSON

Really? Excellent. I would
appreciate it...on your next
trip...if you would bring presents.

ARTHUR

Bitterman...

Bitterman exits the room.

HOBSON

(to Arthur)

What did you do?

ARTHUR

Santa Claus is coming to town.

Bitterman enters with his arms totally loaded with things.
They are all wrapped. He puts them down near the bed.

HOBSON

(to Arthur)

And you didn't drink?

ARTHUR

(snaps his fingers)

I forgot!

HOBSON

I should die more often.

ARTHUR

I'm not going to let you die.

67 CONTD:

HOBSON

How reassuring. Arthur...I
promise you that this is real.
I am not a brave person. In fact,
I'm frightened. I'm frightened
to close my eyes and go to sleep
because I may never open them
again. It will hurt you to be
with me.

ARTHUR

Who else do you have? You old
fart! I swear to you that we'll
walk out of this place together.
Stop talking.

BITTERMAN

Yes. Save your strength.

ARTHUR

It's not that. He's boring.

Hobson smiles. A young doctor enters the room.

DOCTOR

How are you feeling, Mr. Hobson?

HOBSON

I'm not quite sure. Ask me at
the funeral.

(to Arthur)

First they tell you you are
expiring and then they inquire
about your health.

DOCTOR

(to Bitterman
and Arthur)

Would you excuse us for a
moment?

ARTHUR

Of course.

(to Hobson)

We'll be in the hallway.

They exit.

DOCTOR

(to Hobson)

Now, would you relax...please.

CUT TO:

68 INT: HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Arthur and Bitterman stand in the hallway outside Hobson's room. Arthur stands with his hand against the wall looking down.

ARTHUR

Are you okay, Bitterman?

BITTERMAN

Yes, sir. Would you like me to get you some scotch, sir?

ARTHUR

No. We'll get through this, Bitterman.

BITTERMAN

Yes, sir. It's very hard. I'm glad to have you here, sir.

ARTHUR

Bitterman...do me a favor. Go back to the house and call my father and Mr. Johnson and Miss Susan. Tell them what's happened. The wedding will have to wait. And then bring me some clothes here.

BITTERMAN

Yes, sir.

Bitterman walks toward the elevators. The doctor now exits from the room.

ARTHUR

Doctor...I'm...family...what is it?

DOCTOR

I'm sorry. It's lymphoma.

(off Arthur's
reaction)

A cancer of the lymph glands.

ARTHUR

Is there an operation that...

DOCTOR

It's too far advanced for surgery. I'm sorry.

68 CONTD:

ARTHUR
Are you saying that he...

DOCTOR
Yes. I'm afraid it's terminal.
I'm very sorry. We can keep
him out of pain.

ARTHUR
(louder)
Doctor...do you know who I am?

DOCTOR
No, I don't.

ARTHUR
I'm Arthur Bach. My father is
Stanford Bach. Half this hospital
was built on a donation from my
family.

DOCTOR
I know who you are.

ARTHUR
Good. Then you know that I
don't care what this costs.

DOCTOR
I'm sorry. This isn't a financial
problem.

The doctor walks away from Arthur.

69 INT: HOBSON'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Arthur enters.

ARTHUR
(to Hobson)
Let's open the presents.

Arthur walks over to Hobson's bed. He puts all the presents
on the other bed. He begins to unwrap one.

HOBSON
I'm sorry, Arthur...

ARTHUR
For what?

69 CONTD:

HOBSON

You know what.

Arthur unwraps the first present. It is a basketball.

HOBSON (cont.)

(very dry)

Why...it's a basketball.

ARTHUR

What the hell. I knew you didn't have one. We'll put this over here.

Arthur puts the basket ball on the other bed.

HOBSON

Yes. If I feel the urge to dribble...I can call the nurse.

(smiling)

You really are funny.

Arthur starts to unwrap the next present.

ARTHUR

(while unwrapping)

Do you remember playing catch with me when I was a kid?

HOBSON

(very dry)

Yes. What fun we had.

He unwraps a huge toy locomotive. An engine. Big.

HOBSON (cont.)

Yes. You purchased a choo-choo.

Hobson starts to laugh. Arthur begins laughing.

ARTHUR

(laughing)

Look...the wheels go around.

HOBSON

(laughing)

I'm very pleased.

Arthur puts the engine on the tray table. He starts to unwrap another present.

ARTHUR

Do you remember playing hide and seek with me? I would hide. You never found me.

69 CONTD:

HOBSON

Did you know I never looked?

ARTHUR

Come on...

HOBSON

I looked a little...

Arthur unwraps a large Texas ten-gallon hat. He unwraps another one.

ARTHUR

One for you and one for me.
Put it on.

HOBSON

I don't wish to put it on.
I'll put it on.

(he puts it on)

If I start to die...please
take this off my head. This
is not how I wish to be
remembered.

ARTHUR

(with hat on)

Aren't these great? And I've
got guns and holsters for both
of us.

(Texan accent)

Just in town for supplies...
pardner....

HOBSON

I'm frightened, Arthur. Give
me my basketball.

Arthur does so.

ARTHUR

I know. And I'm going to take
care of you.

CUT TO:

70 OMIT

71 INT: HOBSON'S HOSPITAL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

It is seven days later.

ANGLE ON the door. The door opens. An orderly walks in with a tray of food for Hobson.

PAN the room. Arthur is sleeping in another bed next to Hobson. Arthur rises and takes the tray from the orderly.

ARTHUR

I'll take that.

The room now has bookshelves, paintings and other things of Hobson's.

ORDERLY

Mr. Bach...you look terrible...
You haven't slept in a week.

ARTHUR

We didn't have a good night.
He was up.

ORDERLY

I got the kippers and eggs.
I'm going to be fired.

ARTHUR

No you won't.

He hands the orderly a large bill.

ARTHUR (cont.)

Listen...for lunch...I want
the trout almandine from Lutece.
Tell Henri it's for me.

ORDERLY

He shouldn't be eating this
stuff.

ARTHUR

I don't want his last meal to be
jello. Thank you. I'll see you
later.

Hobson wakes up. Arthur stands by his bed with the tray.

ARTHUR

Okay...we got kippers and eggs
...we got toast...we got orange
juice...we got blueberry cakes...
we got great coffee.

71 CONTD:

HOBSON

(weakly)

You know, Arthur...I'm very glad
you're here.

ARTHUR

Eat something. You know what this
costs? I got chefs working at six
in the morning all over town.

He feeds Hobson a bite of egg. Hobson refuses it.

HOBSON

You look awful, Arthur.

ARTHUR

You've just never seen me sober.
Eat. Come on...you used to make
me eat...

HOBSON

Arthur...

ARTHUR

What?

HOBSON

It's not so bad. You don't have
to be so frightened of it.

ARTHUR

What?

HOBSON

Dying. It seems natural...even
comforting now.

ARTHUR

You're even teaching me how to
die?

HOBSON

I'm through teaching you, Arthur.
You've grown up. Arthur...

ARTHUR

What?

HOBSON

You can do anything with your
life that you want to.

71 CONTD:

ARTHUR
What does that mean?

HOBSON
Figure it out. Seen Linda Marolla lately?

ARTHUR
Linda Marolla? Why would you ask about her?

HOBSON
I don't know what I'm saying.
I'm dying.

ARTHUR
You want me to read you some Shakespeare? Hamlet was in trouble when we left off.

HOBSON
No. Arthur.....

ARTHUR
Yeah?

HOBSON
You're a good son.

71A INT: ARTHUR'S APARTMENT - HOBSON'S ROOM - DAY

Arthur looks around Hobson's room. He sits in a chair facing a chess set. He moves a piece. He looks to the empty chair opposite. After a moment he gets up, crosses to the door.

71B INT: ARTHUR'S APARTMENT - HALL OUTSIDE HOBSON'S ROOM - DAY

Arthur locks Hobson's door.

CUT TO:

72 EXT: ST. BARTHOLEM EW'S - DAY

WE HEAR the SOUND of church bells ringing. St. Bartholemew's.

73 INT: ST. BARTHOLEMEW'S - DAY

The entire church is filled with wedding guests. The minister and a huge choir are in place at the front of the church. They are all waiting for Arthur.

CUT TO:

74 EXT: ST. BARTHOLEMEW'S STEPS - DAY

Mr. Bach and Mr. Johnson are walking up the steps. Mr. Bach looks at his watch.

MR. JOHNSON

I want you to know...that if he doesn't show up for this wedding ...I'm going to kill him.

MR. BACH

Don't worry about it. I've talked to Arthur every day. Since Hobson's death, Arthur has stopped drinking ...he's anxious to work...he's become a responsible citizen. He'll be a good husband.

CUT TO:

75 INT: LINDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

The doorbell rings. Linda crosses to answer it. Arthur is at the door in top hat and tails. He is incredibly drunk and furious. She opens the door.

ARTHUR

(mad and drunk)
God damn you!

LINDA

Oh Jesus. What are you doing here? Are you doing a musical?

ARTHUR

I'm getting married in thirty minutes. You're not invited.

LINDA

Are you dangerous?

ARTHUR

I came here to tell you a few things! Later...I'm marrying Susan. Who it turns out...I'm crazy about! Get me a drink.

75 CONTD:

LINDA
Go screw yourself.

ARTHUR
I thought you'd say that!
That's so like you.

He hits her in the arm. She punches him in the stomach.

ARTHUR (cont.)
(a little in pain)
You know...when I hit you in the
arm...it's just an indication
that I don't like you. But when
you hit me in the stomach...it
really hurts.

LINDA
(more conversational)
I'm worry. I've been working out.

ARTHUR
(conversational)
Oh really. Did you join a club?

LINDA
No. Just some jogging...watching
what I eat...

ARTHUR
(furious again)
God damn you! I've been going
through hell and you've been
watching what you eat! I despise
you!

He hits her in the arm.

ARTHUR (cont.)
Now be careful.

Linda hits him in the stomach. Arthur doubles over.

ARTHUR (cont.)
You don't understand about
hitting friends.

He sits down on the sofa.

ARTHUR (cont.)
Hobson died three weeks ago.
He weighed less than a hundred
pounds.

75 CONTD:

Linda sits on the sofa.

LINDA
I wish you had called me.

ARTHUR
I do too. You'd be amazed how few people I love.

LINDA
You love me?

ARTHUR
You stupid asshole! I don't love you! How could I love you? I'm marrying Susan who is no bargain either, but who has never hit me in the stomach.

He hits her in the arm. She hits him in the stomach.
He doubles up.

ARTHUR (cont.)
You're not a kind person.

LINDA
Do you love me?

ARTHUR
(still doubled over)
Very much. I have a tendency to love the person who is maiming me. I hate you!

LINDA
Come on. This is important. You're getting married soon. Do you love me? I won't tell anyone.

ARTHUR
Love you? Let me tell you something...it will help you pass the time while you're watching what you eat. I was a kid...growing up... I went to school. I was rich. I drank. I was happy. I screwed the upstairs maid. I didn't have you bothering me! Then I got bigger. I went to Europe. I drank. I was rich. I was happy.

75 CONTD:

He stands up.

ARTHUR (cont.)

That was before I met you! Then
...I got bigger. I drank. I met
you! Now...I drink. I screw nobody!
I may lose all my money! And for
what? Forget it!

(losing control)

Yes! Yes! I love you! Oh shit!
My life is in the toilet! I can't
marry Susan. Oh shit! I'm going
to be poor!

LINDA

(holding him)

It's not so bad.

ARTHUR

Have you ever been rich?

LINDA

No.

ARTHUR

Then you know nothing about
being poor. I have to go tell
Susan I'm not marrying her.
Do you love me?

LINDA

Somebody has to. Hobson told me.

ARTHUR

What?

LINDA

Who do you think dressed me for
your engagement party?

ARTHUR

He's still helping me.

CUT TO:

76 EXT: ST. BARTHOLEMEW'S - DAY

Arthur's limo pulling up in front of the church.
Bitterman gets out of the car to let Arthur out.
Arthur and Linda are necking in the back seat.

76 CONTD:

BITTERMAN

Your wedding, sir.

ARTHUR

God. What am I going to tell her, Bitterman? Women hate this kind of crap.

BITTERMAN

Sir...if I may say so...you are doing a very courageous thing. Just tell her the truth.

LINDA

Look! Get in there! What do you want for dinner tonight?

ARTHUR

I can't. I just can't.

BITTERMAN

Get in there! Right now!

ARTHUR

Bitterman...who do you think you are - Hobson?

BITTERMAN

Yeah...get your ass in there.

ARTHUR

Yes, Mr. Bitterman. Thank you.

(to Linda)

You understand...that if I'm killed...I can't marry you either.

LINDA

Just make sure you come back to this car single.

BITTERMAN

Good luck, sir. I'm sure that wherever Mr. Hobson is...he's enjoying this.

ARTHUR

Yeah. You have to be dead to enjoy this.

He walks up the steps to the church.

CUT TO:

77 INT: ST. BARTHOLEMEW'S - DAY

Arthur entering the back of the church. All the guests turn to look at him. Arthur starts to walk down the aisle. He stops at one of the guests.

ARTHUR

(whispering)

Pardon me...I'm Arthur Bach...
the groom...

GUEST

Yes. Congratulations!

ARTHUR

Thank you. Thank you very much.
I wonder if you could tell me
where the wedding party is?

GUEST

They're in that room over there.

ARTHUR

Thank you.

Arthur continues to walk down the aisle.

ANOTHER GUEST

Good luck, Arthur.

ARTHUR

That's very kind. Thank you.

Arthur cuts through an aisle on his way to the vestibule, tripping over guests as he goes.

78 INT: ST. BARTHOLEMEW'S - VESTIBULE - DAY

Arthur enters. Susan and the wedding party are there.
Susan in her wedding gown.

ARTHUR

(to everyone)

Hi! Sorry I'm late. Ahhh...
Susan...just the one I want
to talk to. Nice dress.

SUSAN

Arthur...the ceremony...

ARTHUR

Darling...just let's talk for
a moment away from these people.

78 CONTD:

Arthur guides Susan over to the side of the vestibule.

ARTHUR (cont.)
(barely audible)
Susan...I don't love you.

SUSAN
What?

ARTHUR
(a little louder)
I don't love you.

SUSAN
What darling?

ARTHUR
(loud)
I don't love you.

SUSAN
Arthur...you're drunk...you're
frightened...

ARTHUR
Yes...I'm both of those...but
(very quietly)
I am in love with another woman.

SUSAN
What, Arthur?

ARTHUR
(a little louder)
I am in love with another woman.

SUSAN
I can't hear you.

ARTHUR
(loud)
I am in love with another woman
and...

Susan starts to weep. Arthur puts his arms around her.

ARTHUR (cont.)
Susan...the one innocent person
in all of this has been you...
I'm so sorry...I...

78 CONTD:

SUSAN

Shut up! Just shut up, Arthur!
Daddy!

Mr. Johnson enters the vestibule, joins them.

ARTHUR

Oh, hi Mr. Johnson! I was
just telling Susan that...

79 INT: ST. BARTHOLEMEW'S - MAIN CHAPEL - DAY

The assembled guests sit quietly awaiting the ceremony.
WE HEAR an off-stage roar.

MR. JOHNSON (OC)

You son of a bitch!

WE HEAR a man being hit and falling against the wall.

The guests at the wedding start to murmur. WE HEAR another
roar.

MR. JOHNSON (OC)

I'll kill you!

CUT TO:

80 EXT: ST. BARTHOLEMEW'S STEPS - DAY

Linda and Bitterman standing on the steps of the church.
A lady comes out of the church.

LINDA

(to the lady)

What's going on in there?

LADY

I really don't know. It seems
someone is murdering the groom.
I'm going home.

Linda looks at Bitterman.

LINDA

I'm going in there, Bitterman!

80A INT: ST. BARTHOLEMEW'S - MAIN CHAPEL - DAY

Linda enters the church. As she does, everyone looks

80A CONTD:

back to see the bride. The organ starts playing "Here Comes the Bride." Linda waves at the organ player to stop. Linda starts to walk down the aisle.

LINDA

(to the same guest
that Arthur talked to)
Pardon me...I'm with the wedding
party...where are they? I'm late...
from out of town.

GUEST

They're in that room over
there.

LINDA

Thank you. Isn't everything just
lovely?

She starts to walk down the aisle.

LINDA (cont.)

(to a guest)
I'm late. I'm from out of
town. Isn't everything just
lovely?

There is another roar off stage. It is Mr. Johnson's
voice. Another body hits a wall.

MR. JOHNSON (OC)

I'm going to strangle you!

LINDA

Arthur was probably just nervous.

Linda passes through the same aisle on her way to the
vestibule. She opens the door.

80B INT: ST. BARTHOLEMEW'S - VESTIBULE - DAY

Arthur is on the floor. Mr. Johnson stands over him.

MR. JOHNSON

Come on, come on, stand up, son.
I'm going to kill you with my
bare hands.

SUSAN

Here's your ring, Arthur. I hope
you're happy.

80B CONTD:

Linda enters.

ARTHUR
(from the floor)
Hi, Linda! I think you know
everyone. This is Susan's father.

Linda runs to Arthur. She leans over him.

LINDA
Oh my God! You're really hurt!

ARTHUR
I've got him right where I
want him.

LINDA
(to Mr. Johnson)
Look...animal...it's over.
He doesn't love your daughter.
I'm sorry. It happens. He loves
me.

SUSAN
What about Harold?

LINDA
Harold...you poor thing.

Mr. Johnson goes to Linda and pushes her aside hard.

MR. JOHNSON
Is this the slut that you
disgraced my daughter for!

ARTHUR
Slut?...Slut?...

Arthur gets up. He rushes at Mr. Johnson. He hits him
hard. Mr. Johnson doesn't flinch. He belts Arthur very
hard. Arthur goes down. Linda bends over him.

LINDA
Arthur...God...are you alive?
(to Mr. Johnson)
You bastard!

ARTHUR
Get away from me, slut!

LINDA
Can you move, Arthur? Can you
move?

80B CONTD:

ARTHUR

No. You see, he knocked me out.

Susan tries to stop Mr. Johnson.

SUSAN

Stop it, Daddy! He's not worth it.

MR. JOHNSON

Susan, get out of here! Everybody out!

Susan and the bridesmaids leave. Mr. Johnson advances on Arthur. He picks up a knife.

ARTHUR

(to Linda)

He's taking the knife out of the cheese.

LINDA

He's taking the knife out of the cheese.

ARTHUR

Do you think he wants some cheese?

LINDA

No. I think we better get out of here.

ARTHUR

I can't move!

LINDA

We gotta get out of here.

Martha and Mr. Bach enter the vestibule.

MARTHA

Stop it this instant!

MR. BACH

What the hell is going on here?

MR. JOHNSON

Stay out of this, Martha! I'm going to kill him!

80B CONTD:

Martha slaps Burt hard across the face.

MARTHA

Don't screw with me, Burt! You'll find yourself doing business with no one in this country!

MR. JOHNSON

Arthur...some day...

MARTHA

Forget it, Burt! You're talking to a Bach! Now get out of here! The wedding is off! I'll explain to the guests.

Arthur saunters over to Burt Johnson.

ARTHUR

You're just lucky she stopped it, Burt.

Mr. Johnson exits.

ARTHUR (cont.)

Martha, if I may, I'd like to explain to our guests.

He exits.

MARTHA

(to Mr. Bach)

He's your son. Why didn't you do something?

MR. BACH

Well, Mom...I...

MARTHA

Shut up, Stanford!

Linda giggles.

MARTHA (cont.)

Shut up, Marolla!

LINDA

Right, Martha. You did good, Martha.

CUT TO:

81 INT: ST. BARTHOLEMEW'S - MAIN CHAPEL - DAY

Arthur staggers out of the vestibule. His tux is torn. His face is bleeding. He tries for dignity.

ARTHUR

Ladies and gentlemen...I'm sorry. As you probably have surmised by now...there will be no wedding. The bride has had second thoughts...and has decided not to marry me. Most of you know me...can you blame her? It would have been a beautiful wedding...and I am truly sorry. But there should be love, even at a beautiful wedding. I won't be seeing most of you anymore because I'm going to be poor. I'll miss you. And now... there is a good chance that I should go to a hospital.

Arthur faints.

CUT TO:

81A EXT: ST. BARTHOLEMEW'S - STEPS - DAY

The last guest exits the church.

81B INT: ST. BARTHOLEMEW'S - MAIN CHAPEL - DAY

Martha is seated at the back of the church. From her POV two tiny people stand in the front of the church. It is Arthur and Linda. They can't see her. Linda starts to take a cloth to Arthur's face.

LINDA

Okay...this has some iodine on it...so it may hurt a little.

ARTHUR

No....

LINDA

Look...if it doesn't hurt...it won't help.

ARTHUR

I'll yell if it hurts...and you'll stop...okay?

81B CONTD:

LINDA
(swabbing his face)
You must really love me. 750
million dollars.

ARTHUR
If it was 800 million....I really
would have had to think twice.
That hurts!

LINDA
I told you it would hurt!

ARTHUR
That hurts! I hate that! Stop
it!

Linda kisses him.

LINDA
I won't do it anymore. We're
in a church. Would I lie to you?

She kisses him. Then she quickly swabs his face one more
time.

ARTHUR
Why did you do that!

LINDA
Because I hate an infection.

They stand and look at each other. They are in an empty
church. They cannot see Martha who watches from a distance.

LINDA (cont.)
We're in a church. Do you promise
to love me...obey me...and be a
good boy?

ARTHUR
I do. Do you promise never to
put that stuff on my face again?

LINDA
I do, and I promise you on my
word of honor, you couldn't do
better. I am terrific.

81B CONTD:

ARTHUR

We'll be great! We'll be one of those poor couples on the subway...who hold hands...how much is the subway?

LINDA

Sixty cents. If you spit... it's a 500 dollar fine.

ARTHUR

Then I won't spit.

LINDA

None of the really good people do.

ARTHUR

I'll get a job! That's what I'll do! I'll get a job! I'll work! Gee...this is going to be great!

LINDA

Good. Look how excited he is...

ARTHUR

I'll come home from work...You'll be ironing...we'll eat some disgusting cheap food...

LINDA

We'll be accouple.

MARTHA

(from the back of the church)

Arthur!

LINDA

Who's that?

ARTHUR

I think we're in trouble.

LINDA

It's Martha!

ARTHUR

What are you doing back there, Martha?

81B CONTD:

MARTHA

Getting older, Arthur, and watching you. It is quite obvious that you two are in love.

LINDA

We are.

MARTHA

Yes. Love has triumphed over money. How I pity you, Arthur. And you too, Marolla.

ARTHUR

Martha...I'm going to get a job...I'm going to...

MARTHA

You are going to play at being poor, Arthur. I assure you that you will soon tire of it. You know, Marolla, money is a drug. Once you have it you can never forget it. It is more pleasurable to name a yacht than a child. I know. I've done both. Arthur will die without the money.

LINDA

Then I'll be a widow, because we're getting married.

MARTHA

I see. Goodby, Arthur. I shall never see you again.

She starts to walk towards the exit.

ARTHUR

(to Linda)

It's just too bad Martha will never see her great-grandchildren, isn't it, darling?

LINDA

Yes, it is.

ARTHUR

They'll be beautiful children... poor but beautiful. What do you think our son will grow up to be, darling?

81B CONTD:

LINDA

Well, my father was a welder.

ARTHUR

A welder...that would be nice.
Or a barber. Whatever he wants
to be.

LINDA

Right. You know what a sanitation
worker makes these days?

MARTHA

Stop! That is out of the question!
There is no such thing as a working-
class Bach!

LINDA

(to Arthur)

Do we have her?

ARTHUR

We got her.

MARTHA

Perhaps with a certain allowance
each year...

ARTHUR

No.

MARTHA

No?

LINDA

We had her.

ARTHUR

No allowance, Martha. The one
great lesson I think we can take
out of this is that money is a curse.
It took me a long time to learn
that, Martha. But I've grown up.
I'm a responsible person now.

He turns to look at Linda. Martha can't see. He is
cross-eyed.

81B CONTD:

ARTHUR (cont.)

Money has screwed me up my whole life. I just want my kids to have the advantages of growing up normally. We'd just like to raise a well-adjusted barber or welder. We don't want your money, Martha.

MARTHA

You are so full of crap, Arthur.

ARTHUR

Really? Try me, Martha. I don't want an allowance.

MARTHA

Very well.

Martha starts to exit.

LINDA

Asshole! You blew the allowance!

ARTHUR

She'll be back. I am a direct descendant of one of the greatest bargainers who ever lived. I'm a Bach! I'm doing business. She'll be back.

LINDA

Or we raise a barber.

ARTHUR

Right.

Martha turns.

MARTHA

Alright! What do you want, Arthur!

ARTHUR

You know what I want, Martha! Everything! Everything I was born for. I want all the money!

MARTHA

But you have disgraced the family.

81B CONTD:

LINDA

Don't look now, Martha, but
we are the family.

They all laugh.

MARTHA

I want a Bach in the White House
in 45 years.

LINDA

We'll get on it right away.

ARTHUR

That takes money, Martha.

MARTHA

Yes. It does.

ARTHUR

Plenty of money.

MARTHA

I know.

ARTHUR

How much money, Martha?

MARTHA

750 million dollars.

LINDA

That should do it.

MARTHA

You have your money, Arthur.
Do something about his drinking,
Marolla.

Martha exits.

CUT TO:

82 EXT: ST. BARTHOLEMEW'S - DAY

Ralph is running up the steps as Martha is walking down.

RALPH

Pardon me. Is Linda Marolla
in there?

MARTHA

Yes. Who are you?

82 CONTD:

RALPH
I'm Linda's father.

MARTHA
Oh dear Lord...Mr. Marolla,
I have just given your daughter
750 million dollars.

RALPH
I see.

CUT TO:

83 INT: ST. BARTHOLEMEW'S - MAIN CHAPEL - DAY

Linda and Arthur.

ARTHUR
Let's go. We got nine months.
They exit the church.

84 EXT: ST. BARTHOLEMEW'S - STEPS - DAY

Bitterman is slapping Ralph who has fainted on the steps.
Linda and Arthur go to them.

ARTHUR
(to Bitterman)
What happened, Bitterman?

BITTERMAN
I don't know, sir. He keeps
mumbling something about Buicks,
Florida and fast food restaurants.

Arthur, Linda and Bitterman carry Ralph to the limo.
They get in.

FADE OUT

ORIGINAL