

The Producers  
an original screenplay by  
Mel Brocks

March 1967

INT. DAY. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF MAX BIALYSTOCK'S OFFICE.

CLOSE-UP OF LITTLE OLD LADY. She blows a kiss and WAVES GOOD-BYE.

CUT TO CLOSE-UP OF MAX BIALYSTOCK. HE RESPONDS WITH SIMILAR GESTURES.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO FULL SHOT. LEGEND ON FROSTED GLASS OF BIALYSTOCK'S OFFICE DOOR READS:

MAX BIALYSTOCK - THEATRICAL PRODUCER

LITTLE OLD LADY BEGINS TO DESCEND STAIRWAY. SHE STOPS, TURNS, BLOWS ANOTHER KISS AND ONCE MORE WAVES GOODBYE.

BIALYSTOCK GRACIOUSLY ANSWERS IN KIND.

BIALYSTOCK

Don't forget the checkee. Can't produce playees without checkees.

LITTLE OLD LADY

You can count on me-o, you dirty young man.

CAMERA BACK TO BIALYSTOCK'S FACE FROZEN IN A LITTLE GOODBYE SMILE. THE LITTLE OLD LADY'S FOOTSTEPS. BEGIN TO FADE.

BIALYSTOCK'S FACE QUICKLY RESUMES ITS NORMAL EXPRESSION --

DESPAIR AND DISGUST. HE THEN REACHES INTO HIS VEST POCKET, PULLS OUT AN OLD-FASHIONED, POCKET WATCH AND EARNESTLY CONSULTS ITS FACE.

CAMERA STAYS WITH HIM AS HE RUSHES INTO HIS OFFICE.

BIALYSTOCK MOVES WITH A QUICK SHUFFLING GAIT TO HIS DESK.

FROM THE TOP OF IT HE PICKS UP A FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH.

CAMERA INSERT: CLOSE-UP OF PHOTOGRAPH. IT IS FACE OF LITTLE OLD LADY WHO HAS JUST LEFT.

CAMERA BACK TO BIALYSTOCK. HE OPENS DESK DRAWER. IT IS FILLED WITH TAGGED KEYS. HE PICKS UP A KEY.

CAMERA INSERT: TAG ON KEY READS: INVESTORS FILE.

CAMERA BACK TO BIALYSTOCK. WITH PHOTOGRAPH IN HAND, HE MOVES ACROSS HIS OFFICE TO A LARGE, DOUBLE-DOORED CABINET.

HE UNLOCKS CABINET.

CAMERA SHOWS CABINET INTERIOR FILLED WITH HUNDREDS OF SIMILARLY FRAMED PHOTOGRAPHS OF LITTLE OLD LADIES.

CAMERA BACK TO BIALYSTOCK. HE PLACES PHOTOGRAPH IN ITS PROPER NICHE AND BEGINS TO LOOK THROUGH THE FACES.

CAMERA SLOWLY PANS ROWS OF PHOTOGRAPHS, BIALYSTOCK'S P.O.V.

BIALYSTOCK

(Voice Over)

"Hold me, touch me', 'hold me, touch me', 'hold me, touch me', where is 'hold me, touch me'? Ahhh ... here we are. 'Hold me, touch me.'"

CAMERA STOPS PANNING AND REMAINS ON ONE OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS.

BIALYSTOCK'S HAND MOVES INTO THE FRAME AND PICKS UP PHOTOGRAPH.

CAMERA MOVES IN TO CLOSE-UP OF PHOTOGRAPH DISSOLVE THROUGH TO MATCHING CLOSE-UP OF SAME FACE WE HAVE JUST SEEN IN PHOTOGRAPH.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL LITTLE OLD LADY IN REAR SEAT OF LIMOUSINE. EXTERIOR. DAY.

CAMERA KEEPS MOVING BACK TO EXTERIOR OF LIMO AS IT MOVES ALONG THROUGH NEW YORK'S THEATRICAL DISTRICT.

LONG SHOT. 45TH STREET. SAME LIMOUSINE PULLS UP IN FRONT OF ONE OF THE THEATRES THAT LINE THE BLOCK.

MEDIUM SHOT. CHAUFFEUR BRISKLY HOPS OUT, AND SMARTLY OPENS REAR DOOR. THE LITTLE OLD LADY EMERGES. SHE LOWERS HER VEIL AND FURTIVELY DUCKS INTO THE BUILDING ENTRANCE.

INT. MEDIUM SHOT.

DILAPIDATED THEATRE OFFICE BUILDING. THE LITTLE OLD LADY ENTERS. SHE RAISES HER VEIL, CHUCKLES GLEEFULLY, AND BEGINS TO ASCEND THE STAIRS.

MEDIUM SHOT. UPON REACHING THE LANDING, SHE SPOTS THE FIRST LITTLE OLD LADY COMING DOWN. SHE QUICKLY DROPS HER VEIL.

THE FIRST LITTLE OLD LADY DISCREETLY HIDES HER FACE WITH HER PURSE AS THEY PASS EACH OTHER ON THE LANDING.

DISSOLVE TO FOURTH FLOOR LANDING. THE LITTLE OLD LADY MAKES HER WAY TO THE TOP. SHE HANGS ONTO THE BANISTER FOR SUPPORT AS SHE CATCHES HER BREATH. SHE RAISES HER VEIL, REACHES INTO HER PURSE, TAKES OUT A SMALL FLACON OF PERFUME AND SPRAYS DELICATELY BEHIND BOTH EARS. THOROUGHLY COMPOSED, SHE APPROACHES BIALYSTOCK'S DOOR.

SHE RAPS ON THE DOOR THREE TIMES IN QUICK SUCCESSION, WAITS A MOMENT, RAPS TWICE AND THEN THREE TIMES AGAIN. SUDDENLY THE DOOR IS FLUNG OPEN.

MEDIUM SHOT. MAX BIALYSTOCK.

BIALYSTOCK  
(leering)  
Darling!

MEDIUM SHOT OVER BIALYSTOCK'S SHOULDER. LITTLE OLD LADY.

LITTLE OLD LADY  
(passionately)  
Hold me, touch me.

CUT TO TWO SHOT. BIALYSTOCK CLUTCHES THE LITTLE OLD LADY IN A PASSIONATE EMBRACE.

BIALYSTOCK  
Devil woman.

FREEZE ACTION.

SUPER-IMPOSE FIRST CREDIT: ZERO MOSTEL.

RESUME ACTION.

THE LITTLE OLD LADY GIGGLES JOYOUSLY AND THEN SLIPS FROM BIALYSTOCK'S GRASP, DARTS INTO THE OFFICE AND DUCKS BEHIND THE COUCH. SHE POPS HER HEAD UP.

LITTLE OLD LADY  
Finder's keepers.

FREEZE ACTION.

SUPER-IMPOSE: TITLE OF FILM RESUME ACTION.

BIALYSTOCK  
Here I come, ready or not.

BIALYSTOCK LEAPS THROUGH THE AIR TOWARDS THE COUCH.

FREEZE-ACTION.

CREDIT.

RESUME ACTION.

BIALYSTOCK LANDS BADLY. HE WRITHES IN PAIN. LITTLE OLD LADY COQUETTISHLY CRAWLS TO HIM.

LITTLE OLD LADY  
What's the matter? Papa no want to  
play with baby?

BIALYSTOCK  
Ohhhhhh.

FREEZE-ACTION.

CREDIT.

RESUME ACTION.

BIALYSTOCK REACHES OUT FOR HER. SHE ELUDES HIM, DARTS INTO  
A CHAIR, CROSSES HER LEG SEDUCTIVELY, RAISES HER SKIRT JUST  
ABOVE HER KNEE REVEALING A GOLDEN ROSE AND GARTER.

FREEZE-ACTION.

CREDIT.

RESUME ACTION.

BIALYSTOCK STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
Come to Papa. Come to Papa do.

LITTLE OLD LADY LEAPS OUT OF HER CHAIR AND POSES, COYLY.

LITTLE OLD LADY  
To the victor go the spoils.

BIALYSTOCK STARTS FOR HER. SHE RUSHES AROUND A CHAIR AND  
DUCKS BEHIND IT. BIALYSTOCK TIPTOES ON TO CHAIR AND PEEKS  
OVER IT.

BIALYSTOCK  
I'm gonna get you.

FREEZE-ACTION.

CREDIT.

RESUME ACTION.

CUT TO LITTLE OLD LADY WEDGED BETWEEN DESK AND BACK OF CHAIR.

SHE STRAIGHTENS HER LEGS AND SENDS THE CHAIR HURLING ACROSS  
THE ROOM.

CLOSE-UP OF BIALYSTOCK'S FACE: TERROR.

FREEZE-ACTION.

CREDIT.

RESUME ACTION.

BIALYSTOCK CRASHES INTO RADIATOR.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
Ohhhhhhhh.

CUT TO LITTLE OLD LADY. SHE IS LYING PHONE ON THE DESK,  
PREENING HERSELF AND PURRING.

LITTLE OLD LADY  
Meeow. Meeow. I wonder where Old  
Tom is tonight? Meeow.

BIALYSTOCK, WITH GREAT WILL, PUSHES THE HATE OUT OF HIS FACE  
AND REPLACES IT WITH SWEETNESS.

BIALYSTOCK  
Rowrrr.

BIALYSTOCK GLIDES IN TOM-CAT FASHION OVER TO HIS PREENING  
PUSSY-CAT.

FREEZE-ACTION.

CREDIT.

RESUME ACTION.

BIALYSTOCK FINISHES CROSSING TO DESK, PUTS HIS FACE DOWN  
NEAR HERS AND SOFTLY MEWS INTO HER EAR. SHE SUDDENLY LETS  
OUT A FIERCE HOWL AS SHE REBUFFS HIM WITH A SAVAGE SWIPE OF  
HER "PAW". BIALYSTOCK GRABS HIS STRICKEN FACE WITH BOTH  
HANDS AND SHRIEKS.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
Aieeeeeyiyiyiyiyi,

CLOSE-UP OF BIALYSTOCK'S PAIN-RIDDEN FEATURES.

STOP ACTION.

CREDIT.

RESUME ACTION.

BIALYSTOCK FALLS INTO THE CHAIR MOANING. SHE HOPS ON TO HIS  
LAP. FROM HIS BREAST POCKET SHE TAKES A HANDKERCHIEF AND  
TENDERLY DABS HIS CHEEK WITH IT.

LITTLE OLD LADY  
Oh, Bialy, Bialy, darling, did I  
hurt you?

FREEZE-ACTION.

CREDIT.

RESUME ACTION.

BIALYSTOCK

My hand. My hand. I can't turn my  
hand.

HE TURNS HIS HAND. THERE IS A RAPPING AT THE DOOR. WE HEAR  
IT, THEY DON'T.

LITTLE OLD LADY

(taking his hand)  
Don't worry. I'll kiss it and make  
it well.  
(she smothers his  
hand with kissers)

BIALYSTOCK

(trying to rescue his  
hand)  
Enough. It's better. Please,  
Lambchop, it's better. Stop.  
You're hurting it again.

CUT TO DOOR. IT OPENS. LEO BLOOM ENTERS.

BLOOM

(his forward motion  
arrested by the  
unbelievable scene)  
How do you do. I mean ... Excuse me  
... I mean ...

BIALYSTOCK

You mean oops, don't you? Say oops  
and get out.

BLOOM

I'll wait in the hall ...

BIALYSTOCK

Oooooooooops!

BLOOM

(backing out of door)  
Oooooooooops.

LITTLE OLD LADY HOPS OFF BIALYSTOCK'S LAP AND GOES TO DOOR.

LITTLE OLD LADY

I can't abide a peeping Tom.  
(MORE)

LITTLE OLD LADY (CONT'D)  
There's one in the apartment just  
opposite my bedroom window. I swear  
that man NEVER takes his field glasses  
off me for a minute.

SHE LOCKS DOOR AND STARTS BACK TOWARD BIALYSTOCK.

LITTLE OLD LADY (CONT'D)  
Feeling better?

BIALYSTOCK NODS HIS HEAD IN ASSENT.

LITTLE OLD LADY (CONT'D)  
Good. Let's fool around. Now, I'll  
be the innocent little milk maid and  
you'll be the naughty stable boy.  
(she goes into her  
act)  
Oh, this milk is so heavy. I'll  
never reach the house. Help. Will  
someone help me?

BIALYSTOCK  
(stopping her)  
Wait. Wait. We can't play today.  
I have too many appointments.

LITTLE OLD LADY  
(crushed)  
We can't play today?

BIALYSTOCK  
Thursday. Thursday. We'll play  
Thursday. We'll play the Contessa  
and the chauffeur.

LITTLE OLD LADY  
Oh, the best one.

BIALYSTOCK  
(trying to steer her  
towards the door)  
Until Thursday, then, Contessa Mio.

LITTLE OLD LADY  
(she sits on the sofa)  
Oh, Bialy, please, just a little.  
Just a little.

BIALYSTOCK  
(harassed)  
All right. All right.

HE SQUATS DOWN IN FRONT OF HER IN CHAUFFEUR FASHION, HIS HANDS ON THE WHEEL.

LITTLE OLD LADY

So, the Count hired you this morning,  
Rudolfo ... Watch the road ... Watch  
the road.

BIALYSTOCK

I can't take my eyes off you. How  
can I drive when you drive me mad.  
Mad.

LITTLE OLD LADY

(she squeals with  
delight)  
Rudolfo, you dirty pig! Pull over.

BIALYSTOCK

(upright)  
Good. That's enough. We'll do the  
rest on Thursday.  
(he reaches down and  
helps her off the  
couch)  
That's a good girl.  
(leading her to the  
door)  
It's always such fun to see you.

BIALYSTOCK OPENS THE DOOR AND USHERS HER OUT ONTO THE LANDING.

CUT TO HALLWAY. FAR SHOT. REVEALING BLOOM WAITING OUTSIDE.

WE SEE HIM. THEY DO NOT. BLOOM, VERY EMBARRASSED, HUGS THE WALL TRYING TO MAKE HIMSELF LESS CONSPICUOUS.

MEDIUM SHOT. BIALYSTOCK AND THE OLD LADY IN FRONT OF BIALYSTOCK'S DOOR.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)

Until Thursday, then, you bawdy wench.

HE SLAPS HER ON THE RUMP.

LITTLE OLD LADY

Ooh. I love it. Hold me, touch  
me.

CUT TO BLOOM IN SHADOWS, AGHAST.

BACK TO MEDIUM SHOT LITTLE OLD LADY AND BIALYSTOCK.

BIALYSTOCK

Thursday. I'll see you Thursday.

LITTLE OLD LADY  
And we'll finish playing the Contessa  
and Rudolfo.

BIALYSTOCK  
Good. Yes. Thursday.

LITTLE OLD LADY  
And after that we'll play the  
Abduction and cruel rape of Lucretia  
... And I'll play Lucretia.

CUT TO BLOOM IN SHADOWS. IT IS ALL TOO MUCH FOR HIM. HE  
LOOKS THE OTHER WAY. SUDDENLY HIS EYES WIDEN IN SURPRISE,  
AS HE DISCOVERS ANOTHER MAN HIDING IN THE NEXT DOORWAY. THE  
MAN PUTS A FINGER TO HIS LIPS INDICATING SILENCE. THERE IS  
NO PLACE LEFT FOR BLOOM TO LOOK. HE LOOKS TO HEAVEN.

BACK TO LITTLE OLD LADY AND BIALYSTOCK.

LITTLE OLD LADY (CONT'D)  
Oh, Thursday. Will Thursday ever  
come?

BIALYSTOCK  
(to himself)  
Like clockwork.

SHE STARTS TO DESCEND.

LITTLE OLD LADY  
I shall count the minutes.

BIALYSTOCK  
Goodbye, my angel ... My angel!  
(calling after her)  
Hey, touch me ... wait! Hey, uh ...  
Lucretia, Lucretia!

WE HEAR A MOUNTING CLATTER OF FOOTSTEPS AS THE LITTLE OLD  
LADY FLIES BACK UP THE STAIRS.

LITTLE OLD LADY  
(eagerly)  
Yes???

BIALYSTOCK  
Oh, Angelcake, you forgot to give me  
the check. Can't produce a play  
without money, ha, ha, ha.

CUT TO BLOOM. ONCE MORE HE STEALS A GLANCE AT THE STRANGER  
HIDDEN IN THE SECOND DOORWAY. ONCE AGAIN THE MAN GESTURES  
FOR HIM TO BE SILENT.

CUT BACK TO BIALYSTOCK AND THE OLD LADY.

LITTLE OLD LADY  
 (opening her handbag  
 and reaching inside)  
 Of course, the check, I had it with  
 me all the time.

SHE TAKES OUT THE CHECK AND HANDS IT TO HIM.

LITTLE OLD LADY (CONT'D)  
 I don't know what's happening to me.  
 I must be getting old.

BIALYSTOCK TAKES CHECK AND READS IT.

LITTLE OLD LADY (CONT'D)  
 Is it all right? I made it out to  
 cash. You didn't tell me the name  
 of the play.

BIALYSTOCK  
 Oh, it's fine. Fine. Good. Good.  
 Bye. Bye.

LITTLE OLD LADY  
 Til Thursday, my Darling, I shall  
 count the minutes.

SHE STARTS TO DESCEND.

LITTLE OLD LADY (CONT'D)  
 (descending)  
 Ta. Ta.

BIALYSTOCK  
 (waving check at her)  
 Ta. Ta.

THE MAN, WHO HAS BEEN LURKING IN THE SECOND DOORWAY, SUDDENLY  
 SPRINGS INTO ACTION. HE DARTS FORWARD AND QUICKLY TAKES THE  
 CHECK OUT OF BIALYSTOCK'S HAND.

THE MAN (LANDLORD)  
 He who signs a lease, must pay rent.

HE SHOVES THE CHECK INTO HIS POCKET AND STARTS DOWN THE  
 STAIRS.

LANDLORD  
 That's the law.

BIALYSTOCK  
 Murderer! Thief! How can you take  
 the last penny out of a man's pocket?

LANDLORD  
 (turns back, shrugs)  
 I have to ... I'm a landlord!

BIALYSTOCK  
 (shouting to heaven)  
 Oh Lord, hear my plea. Destroy him.  
 He maketh a blight on the land.

CUT TO LANDLORD ON THE WAY DOWN.

LANDLORD  
 (to the Lord)  
 Don't pay attention. He's crazy.

CUT BACK TO BIALYSTOCK. HE TURNS TO RE-ENTER HIS OFFICE.

BIALYSTOCK  
 (biting his knuckle)  
 Nnnnn. That hurt.  
 (he sighs)  
 I'll have to make another call.

HE STARTS IN AND STOPS. HE NOTICES BLOOM.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
 (to Bloom, quietly)  
 Have you been there all this time?

BLOOM NODS.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
 And did you see and hear everything?

BLOOM NODS.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
 Then what do you have to say for  
 yourself?

BLOOM  
 Uh ... uh ... ooooooops?

BIALYSTOCK  
 (shouts)  
 Who are you? What do you want?  
 Why are you loitering in my hallway?  
 Speak, dummy, speak! Why don't you  
 speak?

BLOOM  
 Scared. Can't talk.

BIALYSTOCK

All right. Get a hold of yourself.  
Take a deep breath, let it out slowly  
and tell me who you are.

BLOOM BREATHES DEEPLY. WORDS TUMBLE FROM HIS MOUTH AS HE  
EXHALES.

BLOOM

I'm Leo Bloom, I'm an accountant,  
I'm from Whitehall and Marks, I was  
sent here to do your books and I'm  
terribly sorry I caught you with the  
old lady.

HE HAS RUN OUT OF BREATH.

BIALYSTOCK

"Caught you with the old lady."  
Come in, Mr. Tact.

CUT TO OFFICE. THEY ENTER. BLOOM ENTERS TIMOROUSLY. HE  
DOESN'T KNOW QUITE WHERE TO GO. HE LOOKS TO BIALYSTOCK FOR  
GUIDANCE. BIALYSTOCK STUDIES BLOOM CURIOUSLY FROM HEAD TO  
TOE.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)

So you're an accountant, eh?

BLOOM

(timidly)  
Yes sir.

BIALYSTOCK

Then account for yourself! Do you  
believe in God? Do you believe in  
gold? Why are you looking up old  
lady's dresses? Bit of a pervert,  
eh?

BLOOM, WHO HAS BEEN QUAKING UNDER THE ASSAULT, REACHES INTO  
HIS POCKET AND TAKES OUT THE TATTERED CORNER OF AN OLD BLUE  
BABY BLANKET. HE TWISTS THE BLUE BLANKET NERVOUSLY IN HIS  
HANDS.

BLOOM

Sir, I ...

BIALYSTOCK

Never mind. Never mind. Do the  
books. They're in that desk over  
there. Top drawer.

BLOOM DUTIFULLY GOES TO DESK. OPENS TOP DRAWER AND BEGINS  
REMOVING BOOKS.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
 How dare you condemn me without  
 knowing all the facts.

BLOOM  
 But sir, I'm not condem ...

BIALYSTOCK  
 Shut up. I'm having a rhetorical  
 conversation.  
 (to himself)  
 How humiliating. Max Bialystock.  
 Max Bialystock.

BIALYSTOCK SUDDENLY WHEELS AND SHOUTS AT BLOOM.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
 You know who I used to be? Max  
 Bialystock! The King of Broadway!  
 Six shows running at once. Lunch at  
 Delmonico's. Two hundred dollar  
 suits. Look at me. Look at me now!  
 I'm wearing a cardboard belt!

HE RIPS THE BELT OFF AND HOLDS IT IN THE AIR.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
 I used to have thousands of investors  
 begging, pleading, to put their money  
 into a Max Bialystock production.

HE PICKS UP THE PICTURE ON DESK ('HOLD ME, TOUCH ME') TAKES  
 IT OVER TO OPEN CABINET FILLED WITH SIMILAR PICTURES.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
 Look at my investors now. Voila!  
 (gestures at pictures)  
 Hundreds of little old ladies stopping  
 off at Max Bialystock's office to  
 grab a last thrill on the way to the  
 cemetery.

HE PUTS PICTURE BACK IN ITS PLACE. LOOKS TOWARD BLOOM.

CUT TO BLOOM. HE IS OBVIOUSLY TOUCHED BY THE GREAT MAN'S  
 DILEMMA.

CUT TO BIALYSTOCK.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
 You have exactly ten seconds to change  
 that disgusting look of pity into  
 one of enormous respect. One ...  
 Two ...

CUT TO BLOOM. HE IS REALLY TRYING TO CHANGE HIS EXPRESSION.

CUT TO BIALYSTOCK.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)

Do the books! Do the books!

CUT TO BLOOM. HE IS GREATLY RELIEVED.

BLOOM

(sighing)

Yes, sir. Thank you.

HE PLUNGES INTO HIS WORK.

CUT TO BIALYSTOCK. HE GOES TO WINDOW, LOOKS OUT.

BIALYSTOCK

(to himself)

Window's so filthy, can't tell if  
it's day or night out there.

HE WIPES WINDOW WITH HIS CUFF. LOOKS AT WINDOW. NO GOOD.

LOOKS AT HIS GRIMY CUFF. GRIMACES. FROM HIS DESK HE TAKES  
THE REMAINS OF A CARDBOARD CONTAINER OF COFFEE AND SLOSHES  
IT AGAINST THE WINDOW. HE WIPES WITH HIS TIE. HE LOOKS  
OVER HIS SHOULDER AT BLOOM TO SEE IF HE IS WATCHING. BLOOM  
IS WATCHING. THEIR EYES MEET. BLOOM'S EYES RETREAT.

BIALYSTOCK VICTORIOUSLY TURNS AWAY AND LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW  
DOWN INTO THE STREET.

CAMERA: SHOT OF STREET. BIALYSTOCK'S POINT OF VIEW. A  
WHITE ROLLS ROYCE SLOWLY MAKES ITS WAY UP THE BLOCK.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)

(voice over as camera  
follows Rolls)

Look at that. A white Rolls Royce.  
That's it baby, when you got it,  
flaunt it.

BLOOM

(off screen)

Koff, koff ... ahem, ahem ...  
harrumph ...

BIALYSTOCK

I assume you are making those cartoon  
noises to attract my attention. Am  
I correct in my assumption, you fish-  
faced enemy of the people?

BLOOM IS WOUNDED.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
I have hurt your feelings.

BLOOM NODS.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
Good, what is it?

BLOOM  
Sir, may I speak to you for a minute?

BIALYSTOCK  
(looking at his watch)  
Go! You have fifty-eight seconds.

BLOOM  
Well, sir, it seems ...

BIALYSTOCK  
(interrupting)  
You have forty-eight seconds left.  
Hurry. Hurry.

BLOOM  
(speedily)  
In looking at your books, I've  
discovered that ...

BIALYSTOCK  
(interrupting)  
Twenty-eight seconds, hurry, hurry,  
you're using up your time.

IN HIS ANXIETY, BLOOM UNCONSCIOUSLY REACHES INTO HIS POCKET  
TAKES OUT THE OLD BLUE BLANKET AND NERVOUSLY STROKES HIS  
CHEEK WITH IT.

BLOOM  
Mr. Bialystock, I cannot function  
under these conditions.

BIALYSTOCK CURIOUSLY EYES THE BLANKET.

BLOOM (CONT'D)  
You're making me extremely nervous.

BIALYSTOCK  
What is that? A handkerchief?

BLOOM QUICKLY BEGINS TO PUT AWAY HIS BLUE BLANKET.

BLOOM  
It's nothing ... nothing.

QUICK AS A FLASH, BIALYSTOCK REACHES OVER AND SNATCHES IT OUT OF BLOOM'S HAND.

BIALYSTOCK

If it's nothing, why can't I see it?

BLOOM LEAPS UP IN HOT PURSUIT OF HIS BLANKET.

BLOOM

(shrieking in panic)

My blanket. Give me my blue blanket.

BIALYSTOCK, TAKEN ABACK, HURRIEDLY GIVES THE BLANKET BACK TO BLOOM.

BIALYSTOCK

Here, don't panic.

BLOOM

(clutching his blanket)

I'm sorry ... I don't like people touching my blue blanket. It's not important. It's a minor compulsion. I can deal with it if I want to. It's just that I've had it ever since I was a baby and ... and ... I find it very comforting.

HE KISSES IT AND SHOVES IT INTO HIS POCKET.

BIALYSTOCK

(to himself)

They come here. They all come here. How do they find me?

BLOOM

(recovering his dignity)

Mr. Bialystock ...

BIALYSTOCK

Yes, Prince Mishkin, what can we do for you?

BLOOM

This is hardly a time for levity. I've discovered a serious error here in the accounts of your last play.

BIALYSTOCK MOVES AROUND THE DESK TO EXAMINE THE LEDGER.

BIALYSTOCK

Where? What?

BLOOM

According to the backer's list you raised \$60,000. But the show you produced only cost fifty-eight thousand. There's two thousand dollars unaccounted for.

BIALYSTOCK

I went to a Turkish bath, who cares? The show was a flop. What difference does it make?

BLOOM

It makes a great deal of difference. That's fraud. If they found out, you could go to prison.

BIALYSTOCK

Why should they find out? It's only two thousand dollars, Bloom, do me a favor, move a few decimal points around. You can do it. You're an accountant. The word 'count' is part of your title.

BLOOM

(aghast)

But that's cheating!

BIALYSTOCK

It's not cheating ... It's charity. Bloom, look at me ... look at me! I'm drowning. Other men sail through life. Bialystock has struck a reef. Bloom, I'm going under. I am being sunk by a society that demands success, when all I can offer is failure. Bloom, I'm reaching out to you. Don't send me to jail. Help! Help!

DURING BIALYSTOCK'S LAST SPEECH, BLOOM UNCONSCIOUSLY REACHES INTO HIS POCKET, TAKES OUT THE BLUE BLANKET AND RUBS IT ACROSS HIS CHEEK.

BLOOM

Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, oh dear.

BIALYSTOCK

(faintly)

Help!

BLOOM

All right. I'll do it. I'll do it.

BIALYSTOCK

Thank you, Bloom. I knew I could  
con you.

BLOOM

Oh, it's all right ... wha?

BIALYSTOCK

Nothing. Nothing. Do it. Do it.

BLOOM

(pouring over the  
accounts)

Now let's see, two thousand dollars.  
That isn't much. I'm sure I can  
hide it somewhere. After all, the  
department of internal revenue isn't  
interested in a show that flopped.

BIALYSTOCK

Yes. Right. Good thinking. You  
figure it out. I'm tired. I'm gonna  
take a little nap.

(crossing to couch)

Wake me if there's a fire.

HE HURLS HIMSELF DOWN ONTO THE COUCH.

CAMERA MOVES IN TO TIGHT SHOT OF BLOOM.

BLOOM

Now let's see, if we add these  
figures, we get ...

CAMERA MOVES INTO CLOSE-UP OF BLOOM'S FINGER SWIFTLY MOVING  
DOWN LONG COLUMN OF FIGURES. HE COMES TO THE END AND  
IMMEDIATELY WRITHES TOTAL BELOW.

BACK TO TIGHT SHOT OF BLOOM. HE COMPARES PAGES.

BLOOM (CONT'D)

(musing to himself)

Heh, heh, heh, amazing. It's  
absolutely amazing. But under the  
right circumstances, a producer could  
make more money with a flop than he  
could with a hit.

QUICK CUT TO BIALYSTOCK'S SLEEPING FACE. HIS EYES POP OPEN.

CUT BACK TO BLOOM.

BLOOM (CONT'D)

Yes. Yes. It's quite possible.

(MORE)

BLOOM (CONT'D)

If he were certain the show would fail, a man could make a fortune.

CUT TO BIALYSTOCK. BY NOW HE IS HALFWAY ACROSS THE ROOM.

HIS WHOLE BEING TINGLING WITH ALERTNESS. HE MOVES TO BLOOM'S DESK AND HOVERS OVER HIM, WAITING EXPECTANTLY FOR MORE INFORMATION. BUT BLOOM IS LOST IN HIS WORK, UNAWARE THAT BIALYSTOCK IS HANGING ON HIS EVERY WORD.

BIALYSTOCK

Yes???

BLOOM LOOKS UP. HE IS STARTLED TO SEE BIALYSTOCK'S FACE SO CLOSE TO HIS OWN.

BLOOM

(at a loss)

Yes, what?

BIALYSTOCK

What you were saying. Keep talking.

BLOOM

What was I saying?

BIALYSTOCK

You were saying that under the right circumstances, a producer could make more money with a flop than he could with a hit.

BLOOM

(smiling)

Yes, it's quite possible.

BIALYSTOCK

You keep saying that, but you don't tell me how. How could a producer make more money with a flop than with a hit?

BLOOM, SLIGHTLY EXASPERATED, PUTS HIS PENCIL DOWN AND FACES BIALYSTOCK. HE SPEAKS TO BIALYSTOCK AS A TEACHER WOULD A STUDENT.

BLOOM

It's simply a matter of creative accounting. Let us assume, just for the moment, that you are a dishonest man.

BIALYSTOCK

Assume away!

BLOOM

Well, it's very easy. You simply raise more money than you really need.

BIALYSTOCK

What do you mean?

BLOOM

You've done it yourself, only you did it on a very small scale.

BIALYSTOCK

What did I do?

BLOOM

You raised two thousand more than you needed to produce your last play.

BIALYSTOCK

So what? What did it get me? I'm wearing a cardboard belt.

BLOOM

Ahhhhh! But that's where you made your error. You didn't go all the way. You see, if you were really a bold criminal, you could have raised a million.

BIALYSTOCK

But the play only cost \$60,000 to produce.

BLOOM

Exactly. And how long did it run?

BIALYSTOCK

One night.

BLOOM

See? You could have raised a million dollars, put on a sixty thousand dollar flop and kept the rest.

BIALYSTOCK

But what if the play was a hit?

BLOOM

Oh, you'd go to jail. If the play were a hit, you'd have to pay off the backers, and with so many backers there could never be enough profits to go around, get it?

BIALYSTOCK

Aha, aha, aha, aha, aha, aha!! So,  
in order for the scheme to work,  
we'd have to find a sure fire flop.

BLOOM

What scheme?

BIALYSTOCK

What scheme? Your scheme, you bloody  
little genius.

BLOOM

Oh, no. No. No. I meant no scheme.  
I merely posed a little, academic  
accounting theory. It's just a  
thought.

BIALYSTOCK

Bloom, worlds are turned on such  
thoughts!

BIALYSTOCK STARTS MOVING IN ON BLOOM.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)

Don't you see, Bloom. Darling, Bloom,  
glorious Bloom, it's so simple.  
Step one: We find the worst play in  
the world -- a sure flop. Step two:  
I raise a million dollars -- there's  
a lot of little old ladies in this  
world. Step three: You go back to  
work on the books. Phoney lists of  
backers -- One for the government,  
one for us. You can do it, Bloom,  
you're a wizard. Step four: We  
open on Broadway and before you can  
say 'step five' we close on Broadway.  
Step six: We take our million dollars  
and fly to Rio de Janiero.

BIALYSTOCK GRABS BLOOM IN HIS ARMS AND BEGINS TO LEAD HIM IN  
A WILD TANGO AROUND THE ROOM.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)

(sings)

"Ah, Rio, Rio by the seao, meo, myo,  
meo ... "

BLOOM

(afraid of the scheme,  
afraid of the dance,  
afraid of Bialystock)

Mr. Bialystock. No. Wait. Please.

(MORE)

BLOOM (CONT'D)  
 You're holding me too tight. I'm an  
 honest man. You don't understand.

BIALYSTOCK  
 (leading Bloom as he  
 talks)  
 No, Bloom, you don't understand.  
 This is fate, this is destiny.  
 There's no avoiding it.

AT THIS POINT, BIALYSTOCK SWEEPS BLOOM INTO AN ELABORATE  
 DIP.

BLOOM  
 (the back of his head  
 practically touching  
 the floor)  
 Mr. Bialystock, not more than five  
 minutes ago, against my better  
 judgment, I doctored your books.  
 That, sir, is the ultimate extent of  
 my criminal life.

BIALYSTOCK RAISES HIS FISTS TO THE HEAVENS IN DESPAIR.

BLOOM, EXPERIENCING A DEFINITE LACK OF SUPPORT, GOES CRASHING  
 TO THE FLOOR.

BIALYSTOCK  
 OOOOOHH! OOOOOHH! OOOOOHH!  
 OOOOOHH! I WANT THAT MONEY!

CAMERA ON BLOOM AS HE LIES STRICKEN ON THE FLOOR.

BLOOM  
 (to himself)  
 Oh, I fell on my keys.  
 (he shifts slightly  
 to make himself more  
 comfortable)  
 I've got to get out of here.

BIALYSTOCK  
 (angrily hovering  
 over Bloom)  
 You miserable, cowardly, wretched  
 little caterpillar. Don't you ever  
 want to become a butterfly? Don't  
 you want to spread your wings and  
 flap your way to glory?

BIALYSTOCK FLAPS HIS ARMS LIKE A HUGE PREDATORY BIRD.

BLOOM  
 (his eyes widened in  
 terror)  
 You're going to jump on me.

BIALYSTOCK STARES AT HIM INCREDULOUSLY.

BLOOM (CONT'D)  
 You're going to jump on me. I know  
 you're going to jump on me -- like  
 Nero jumped on Poppea.

BIALYSTOCK  
 (nonplussed)  
 What???

BLOOM  
 (by now he is shrieking)  
 Poppea. She was his wife. And she  
 was unfaithful to him. So he got  
 mad and he jumped on her. Up and  
 down, up and down, until he squashed  
 her like a bug. Please don't jump  
 on me.

BIALYSTOCK  
 (shouting and jumping  
 up and down next to  
 Bloom)  
 I'm not going to jump on you!

BLOOM  
 (rolling away in terror)  
 Aaaaaaaaaa!

BIALYSTOCK  
 (hoisting Bloom to  
 his feet)  
 Will you get a hold on yourself.

BLOOM  
 (up on his feet and  
 running for cover)  
 Don't touch me! Don't touch me!

HE RUNS TO A CORNER OF THE ROOM. TRAPPED! HE TURNS.

BIALYSTOCK  
 What are you afraid of? I'm not  
 going to hurt you! What's the matter  
 with you?

BLOOM  
 I'm hysterical. I'm having hysterics.  
 (MORE)

BLOOM (CONT'D)  
 I'm hysterical. I can't stop. When  
 I get like this, I can't stop. I'm  
 hysterical.

BIALYSTOCK RUSHES TO THE DESK. PICKS UP A CARAFE OF WATER  
 AND SHOSHES ITS CONTENTS INTO BLOOM'S FACE.

BLOOM (CONT'D)  
 I'm wet! I'm wet! I'm hysterical  
 and I'm wet!

BIALYSTOCK IN A DESPERATE MOVE TO STOP BLOOM'S HYSTERICS,  
 SLAPS HIM ACROSS THE FACE.

BLOOM (CONT'D)  
 (holding his face)  
 I'm in pain! And I'm wet! And I'm  
 still hysterical!

BIALYSTOCK RAISES HIS HAND AGAIN.

BLOOM (CONT'D)  
 No! No! Don't hit. It doesn't  
 help. It only increases my sense of  
 danger.

BIALYSTOCK  
 What can I do? What can I do?  
 You're getting me hysterical.

BLOOM  
 Go away from me. You frighten me.  
 (he indicates the  
 sofa)  
 Sit over there.

BIALYSTOCK SITS ON THE SOFA.

BIALYSTOCK  
 (exasperated)  
 Okay. I'm way over here. Is that  
 better?

BLOOM  
 It's a little better, but you still  
 look angry.

BIALYSTOCK  
 How's this?  
 (he smiles sweetly)

BLOOM  
 Good. Good. That's nice.  
 (MORE)

BLOOM (CONT'D)

That's very nice. I think I'm coming out of it now. Yes. Yes. I'm definitely coming out of it. Thank you for smiling. It helped a great deal.

BIALYSTOCK

(for want of something sensible)

Well, you know what they say, "Smile and the world smiles with you." Heh, heh.

(to himself)

The man should be in a straight jacket.

(to Bloom)

Feeling better?

BLOOM

Much, thank you. But I am a little lightheaded. Maybe I should eat something. Hysterics have a way of severely depleting one's blood sugar, you know.

BIALYSTOCK

They certainly do. They certainly do. Come, let me take you to lunch.

BLOOM

That's very kind of you, Mr. Bialystock, but I ...

BIALYSTOCK

(interrupting)

Nonsense, nonsense, my dear boy. I lowered your blood sugar, but least I could do is raise it a little.

BLOOM LOOKS AT HIM SUSPICIOUSLY.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)

And I promise you faithfully, I won't discuss that silly scheme to make a million dollars anymore.

BIALYSTOCK DONS HIS CAPE AND "BELASCO" HAT. FROM A RACK HE SELECTS A GOLD-TOPPED WALKING STICK. HE GOES TO DOOR, OPENS IT, AND WITH A GRAND FLOURISH, MOTIONS BLOOM TO PRECEDE HIM.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)

Avanti!

BLOOM GRACIOUSLY COMPLIES. THEY EXIT.

CUT TO EXTERIOR. ENTRANCE OF BIALYSTOCK'S OFFICE BUILDING.  
THE DOOR OPENS. IT IS HELD BY BIALYSTOCK. BLOOM EXITS  
BUILDING INTO STREET.

BLOOM  
(to Bialystock, who  
is holding door)  
Thank you.

BIALYSTOCK  
Je vous empris.

THEY TURN UP 45TH STREET AND HEAD TOWARD BROADWAY.

BIALYSTOCK REACHES INTO HIS POCKET AND COUNTS HIS MONEY. HE  
LOOKS WORRIED. SUDDENLY HIS FACE BRIGHTENS.

WE SEE WHAT BIALYSTOCK SEES.

CUT TO MURRAY THE BLINDMAN WORKING 45TH STREET.

CAMERA BACK TO BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM.

BIALYSTOCK DROPS A STEP BEHIND, QUICKLY TAKES OFF HIS HAT  
AND FLINGS IT THROUGH THE AIR.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
(pointing to his hat)  
My hat.

BLOOM  
I'll get it.

HE RACES AFTER IT.

BIALYSTOCK DETOURS SLIGHTLY TOWARD MURRAY THE BLINDMAN, WHO  
WEARS A LARGE CARDBOARD SIGN WITH THE LEGEND: "MURRAY THE  
BLINDMAN. YOU CAN SEE. I CAN'T. GIVE!" INSCRIBED ON IT.

BIALYSTOCK REACHES DOWN INTO HIS CUP AND GRABS A FIST FULL  
OF COINS.

BIALYSTOCK  
Murray, I'm going to lunch. I took  
two dollars.

MURRAY THE BLINDMAN  
Okay, Bialy, that makes six eighty  
you owe me.

BIALYSTOCK  
I know. Don't worry. You'll get  
it. You'll get it.

MURRAY THE BLINDMAN

(tapping his way along)

Well, don't forget about it. I need it. Nobody understands. I'm competing with giants. The Greater New York Fund. The March of Dimes. The Community Chest. They're driving me out of business.

BLOOM COMES DASHING BACK WITH HAT IN HAND.

BLOOM

(out of breath)

I got it, Mr. Bialystock.

HE PROFFERS HAT TO BIALYSTOCK. BIALYSTOCK TAKES IT.

BIALYSTOCK

Thank you, Leo. And call me Max. You know, I don't let everybody call me Max. It's only people I really like.

BLOOM

(trying it on)

Okay ... Max! And you can call me Leo.

BIALYSTOCK

I already have. Come on.

BLOOM

Oh.

BIALYSTOCK

Where would you like to eat?

BLOOM

Well, Max, I don't know, Max. What do you think, Max?

BIALYSTOCK QUIETLY WINCES AT THE SURFEIT OF MAX.

BIALYSTOCK

Let me see ... it's such a beautiful day. Why waste it indoors. I've got it! Let's go to Coney Island! We'll lunch at the sea shore.

BLOOM

Coney Island??

BIALYSTOCK

What's the matter, Leo? Don't you like Coney Island?

BLOOM

I ... I love it. I haven't been there since I was a kid. But it's nearly two o'clock. I really should be getting back to Whitehall and Marks.

BIALYSTOCK

Nonsense! As far as Whitehall and Marks are concerned, you're working with Bialystock, right?

BLOOM

Right.

BIALYSTOCK

Then stick with Bialystock!

SWISH PAN CUT TO CONEY ISLAND.

FAR SHOT OF BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM AMIDST THE CROWD AT A CUSTARD STAND.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN. TWO SHOT.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)

(to Custard Man)

We'll have another round.

CUSTARD MAN

What kind now, sports?

BIALYSTOCK

What kind now, Leo?

BLOOM

(he's loosening up)

I don't know. Let's see. We've had chocolate, vanilla, banana - let's go green.

BIALYSTOCK

(to Custard Man)

Two pistachios, my good man.

CUSTARD MAN

I'm not your good man, I happen to own this establishment.

(he turns to fill the order)

BIALYSTOCK

Everybody's a big shot.

(MORE)

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)

(turns to Bloom)

Well, Leo, are you having a good time?

BLOOM

I don't know. I think so. I feel very strange.

BIALYSTOCK

Maybe you're happy.

BLOOM

Yes. That's it. Happy. Well, whatta ya think of that. Happy.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM ON THE WHIP (A CONEY ISLAND RIDE). THEY ARE TIGHTLY SQUEEZED INTO ONE OF THE MOVING SEATS. THEY ARE BETWEEN "WHIPS".

BLOOM (CONT'D)

(licking his pistachio custard. He is ecstatic)

I love it. I love it. Get set. We're coming to another turn.

BIALYSTOCK

(working, relentlessly working on Bloom)

Bloom, it can always be like this. Life can be beautiful. Let me show you. Stick with ...

THEY HIT THE TURN.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)

Bialysto-o-o-o-ckk.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO BARKER SELLING TICKETS IN FRONT OF TUNNEL OF LOVE. MEDIUM SHOT OF EXIT. A LITTLE BOAT COMES OUT. IN IT ARE A MAN AND A WOMAN EMBRACING. IT IS FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER. IN IT THERE IS A SAILOR KISSING A GIRL. BOAT NUMBER THREE COMES OUT. IN IT ARE BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM.

CLOSE IN TO A TIGHT TWO SHOT. BLOOM IS MESMERIZED.

BIALYSTOCK SPEAKS IN A SOFT, ENCHANTING TONE.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)

Money is honey. Money is honey. Money can put soft things next to your skin. Silk ... satin ... women.

CLOSE-UP OF BLOOM'S EYES. THEY WIDEN ON THE WORD "WOMEN."

QUICK DISSOLVE TO PARACHUTE JUMP. BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM ARE SEATED IN A LITTLE GONDOLA THAT SWINGS BENEATH A HUGE PARACHUTE. THEY ARE BUCKLING THEMSELVES IN.

BLOOM

But if we're caught, we'll go to prison.

BIALYSTOCK

(sensing victory, he marshals his forces for the final assault)  
You think you're not in prison now? Living in a grey little room. Going to a grey little job. Leading a grey little life.

BLOOM

You're right. You're absolutely right. I'm a nothing. I spend my life counting other people's money -- people I'm smarter than, better than. Where's my share? Where's Leo Bloom's share? I want, I want, I want, I want everything I've ever seen in the movies!

THE PARACHUTE BEGINS TO ASCEND. WE FOLLOW.

BLOOM (CONT'D)

(coming out of it)  
Hey, we're going up.

BIALYSTOCK

You bet your boots, Leo. It's Bialystock and Bloom -- on the rise. Upward and onward. Say, you'll join me. Nothing can stop us.

BIALYSTOCK OFFERS HIS HAND TO BLOOM.

BLOOM

(shouting at the top of his lungs)  
I'll do it! By God, I'll do it!

BLOOM GRABS BIALYSTOCK'S HAND AND SHAKES IT FIRMLY.

BIALYSTOCK

This is where we belong, Leo. On top of the world. Top of the world!

THEY HIT THE TOP. THE PARACHUTE IS RELEASED, THEY QUICKLY PLUMMET DOWN.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)

Oiiiiiii!!!

BLOOM

Ohhhhhhhh!!!

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM DROP OUT OF FRAME.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO BIALYSTOCK'S OFFICE. NIGHT. OVERHEAD SHOT.

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM ARE BATHED IN A SMALL POOL OF CONCENTRATED LIGHT. THEY ARE DOWN TO THEIR SHIRT SLEEVES.

THEY ARE FEVERISHLY READING PLAY MANUSCRIPTS. ALL ABOUT THEM ARE STREWN COFFEE CONTAINERS, SOME EMPTY, SOME HALF-FILLED. THERE IS A HUGE PILE OF DISCARDED SCRIPTS ON THE FLOOR.

CUT TO TIGHT SHOT OF LEO BLOOM AS HE READS SCRIPT. HE LOOKS UP, PUSHES HIS GLASSES BACK AND MASSAGES THE BRIDGE OF HIS NOSE.

BLOOM

Max, let's call it a night. It's two in the morning. I don't know what I'm reading anymore.

PULL BACK TO TWO SHOT.

BIALYSTOCK

Read, read. We've got to find the worst play ever written.

BIALYSTOCK TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO A NEW SCRIPT. HE CRACKS IT OPEN AND BEGINS READING.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)

Hmmnn. "Gregor Samsa awoke one morning to find he had been transformed into a giant cock-a-roach."

IN A RAGE BIALYSTOCK FLINGS THE MANUSCRIPT ONTO THE PILE OF DISCARDS AS HE BELLOWS:

BIALYSTOCK

It's good!!!

CAMERA MOVES UP AND WE DISSOLVE THROUGH TO MEDIUM SHOT OF OFFICE. BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM ARE THOROUGHLY DISHEVELED AND BADLY IN NEED OF A SHAVE.

BLOOM  
 (mumbling to himself  
 as he reads)  
 Wait a minute, I've read this part.  
 I'm reading plays I read this morning.

HE GETS UP, STRETCHES, GOES TO WINDOW AND RAISES SHADE.

SUNLIGHT FLOODS THE ROOM. HE REELS BACK AS THOUGH STRUCK.

BLOOM (CONT'D)  
 Good lord, it's morning. Let's face  
 it, we'll never find it.  
 (he turns to face  
 Bialystock)  
 Max, tomorrow's another day.  
 Today's another day.

BIALYSTOCK  
 (off-camera. Crazy  
 little voice)  
 We'll never find it, eh? We'll never  
 find it, eh? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

CUT TO BIALYSTOCK. HE IS STANDING. AT HIS FEET LIES A  
 SCRIPT. HE DANCES AROUND IT, HIS ARMS FOLDED ACROSS HIS  
 CHEST.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
 (as he does an insane  
 little jig around  
 the script)  
 You can't smell it when it's under  
 your nose. You can't see it when  
 it's right before your eyes. You  
 can't feel it when it's in your hand,  
 when it's in your pocket.

CUT TO MEDIUM SHOT.

BLOOM  
 Max, what is it? What are you doing?  
 What's happening?

BIALYSTOCK  
 I'll tell you what's happening.  
 We've struck gold. Not fool's gold,  
 but real gold. The mother lode.  
 The mother lode. The mother of them  
 all.

BLOOM  
 (brightening)  
 You found a flop!

BIALYSTOCK

A flop, ha! That's putting it mildly.  
A disaster! A catastrophe! An  
outrage! A guaranteed-to-close-  
In-one-night beauty!

HE BENDS DOWN, PICKS UP THE SCRIPT AND SHAKES IT IN BLOOM'S  
FACE.

BIALYSTOCK

This is freedom from want forever.  
This is a house in the country.  
This is a Rolls Royce and a Bentley.  
This is wine, women and song and  
women.

BLOOM SNATCHES THE SCRIPT FROM HIS HANDS AND READS ALOUD THE  
TITLE.

CUT TO CLOSE-UP. TITLE OF SCRIPT.

BLOOM

(voice over)

"SPRINGTIME FOR HITLER, A Gay Romp  
with Adolph and Eva in  
Berchtesgarten." Fantastic!

BACK TO TWO SHOT. BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM.

BIALYSTOCK

It's practically a love letter to  
Hitler!

BLOOM

(ecstatic)

It won't run a week!

BIALYSTOCK

Run a week? Are you kidding? This  
play has got to close in the first  
act.

BLOOM

Who wrote it?

CUT TO AUTHOR'S NAME ON THE MANUSCRIPT: By FRANZ LIEBKIND.

DISSOLVE THROUGH AUTHOR'S NAME TO BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM, SHAVED  
AND DAPPER, WALKING DOWN STREET IN A RUN-DOWN TENEMENT  
NEIGHBORHOOD.

BLOOM (CONT'D)

Here it is -- 415.

THEY MARCH UP STOOP TO NUMBER 415. THEIR MOTION IS ARRESTED BY A QUERULOUS COMMAND ISSUED IN PHLEGMATIC TONES BY THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE BUILDING (A WOMAN IN HER LATE FORTIES) WHO IS LEANING OUT OF HER WINDOW WHICH IS ADJACENT TO THE STOOP.

SUPER

Who do you want?

BLOOM

(taken aback)

I beg your pardon?

SUPER

Who do you want? No one gets in the building unless I know who they want ... I'm the concierge. My husband used to be the concierge. He's dead. Now I'm the concierge.

BIALYSTOCK

(imperiously)

We are seeking Mr. Franz Liebkind.

SUPER

Oh, the kraut. He's on the top floor. Apartment twenty-three.

BLOOM

Thank you.

THEY START INTO THE BUILDING.

SUPER

But you won't find him there. He's up on the roof with his birds. He keeps birds. Dirty, disgusting, filthy, lice-ridden birds. You used to be able to sit out on the stoop like a person. Not anymore. No sir. Birds! You get my drift?

BLOOM

We ... uh ... get your drift. Thank you, Madam.

SUPER

I'm not a madam. I'm a concierge.

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM ENTER THE BUILDING.

CUT TO FRANZ LIEBKIND. HE IS IN HIS EARLY FORTIES. HE IS WEARING, AS ALWAYS, A GERMAN HELMET. HE CROUCHES BESIDE A HUGE PIGEON COOP. IN HIS LEFT HAND HE TENDERLY HOLDS A PIGEON. IN HIS RIGHT, A SMALL PHOTO OF ADOLPH HITLER.

HE SHOWS THE PICTURE TO THE BIRD. HE MOVES IT BACK AND FORTH UNTIL HE IS SURE THE BIRD IS FOCUSED ON IT PROPERLY.

LIEBKIND

(to pigeon)

Hilda, look ... look good ...  
Hilda, you're not looking. Hilda,  
if he lives, I know you will find  
him.

HE KISSES THE BIRD AND TOSSES IT SKYWARD.

CUT TO ROOF DOOR. BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM ENTER ONTO THE ROOF.

THEY LOOK FOR LIEBKIND. HE IS NOT ON THAT SIDE OF ROOF.

THEY WALK AROUND TO OTHER SIDE. AS SOON AS THEY TURN THE CORNER, THEY SPOT LIEBKIND CROUCHED NEAR THE COOP.

BLOOM

(quietly to Bialystock)

He's wearing a German helmet.

BIALYSTOCK

(in a fierce whisper)

Shhh. Don't say anything to offend  
him. We need that play.  
(cups his hands to  
his mouth and calls  
up to the coop)  
Franz Liebkind?

LIEBKIND IS NOT AWARE OF THEIR PRESENCE UNTIL HE HEARS HIS NAME CALLED.

STARTLED, HE QUICKLY FLIPS HITLER'S PICTURE UNDER HIS HELMET.

LIEBKIND

(he speaks with a  
German accent)

I was never a member of the Nazi  
party. I am not responsible. I  
only followed orders. Who are you?

BIALYSTOCK

Mr. Liebkind, wait. You don't  
understand.

LIEBKIND

Why do you persecute me? My papers  
are in order. I love my country.  
(he sings)

"Oh, beautiful for spacious skies,  
For amber vaves of grain."

BIALYSTOCK

Mr. Liebkind, wait ...

LIEBKIND

(singing)

"I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy ...

BIALYSTOCK

(interrupting)

Mr. Liebkind, relax, relax, we're not from the government. We came here to talk to you about your play.

LIEBKIND

My play? You mean, "Springtime For ... " you know who?

BIALYSTOCK

Yes.

LIEBKIND

Vat about it?

BIALYSTOCK

We loved it. We thought it was a masterpiece. That's why we're here. We want to produce it on Broadway.

LIEBKIND

You're not, as you Americans say, dragging my leg, are you?

BLOOM

No, not at all sir, we're quite serious. We want to produce your play.

(he reaches into his  
attache case and  
displays a legal  
looking document)

I have the contracts right here.

LIEBKIND

(looking up)

Oh joy of joys! Oh, dream of dreams!  
I can't believe it.

(he turns to the  
pigeons)

Birds, birds, do you hear? Otto,  
Bertz, Heintz, Hans, Wolfgang, do  
you hear? We are going to clear the  
Fuhrer's name. Fly, fly, spread the  
words.

HE OPENS THE CAGES AND SETS THE BIRDS FREE.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)  
 (singing at the top  
 of his lungs)  
 "Deutschland, Deutschland, uber alles,  
 Uber alles in der velt."

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM LOOK AT EACH OTHER IN ALARM.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)  
 (singing for all he's  
 worth)  
 "Deutschland, Deutschland ... "

BLOOM  
 (shouting)  
 Mr. Liebkind, Mr. Liebkind.

LIEBKIND STOPS SINGING.

LIEBKIND  
 Vat?

BLOOM  
 People can hear you.

LIEBKIND  
 OH.  
 (he sings)  
 "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy, Yankee  
 Doodle is my ... " Listen, this is  
 not place to talk. Come! We go to  
 my flat. An occasion like this calls  
 for Schnapps.

DISSOLVE TO FRANZ LIEBKIND'S APARTMENT. LIEBKIND HAS JUST  
 FINISHED POURING THREE GLASSES OF SCHNAPPS. HE PUTS THE  
 BOTTLE ON A TRAY.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)  
 (as he hands glasses  
 to Bialystock and  
 Bloom)  
 Mr. Bloom, Mr. Bialystock. Gentleman,  
 with your permission, I would like  
 to propose a toast to the greatest  
 man that ever lived. Let us say his  
 name quietly to ourselves. The walls  
 have ears.

CUT TO TIGHT SHOT OF FRANZ LIEBKIND.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)  
 (a fervent whisper)  
 Adolph Hitler.  
 (MORE)

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)  
(he downs drink)  
CUT TO TIGHT SHOT OF BLOOM.

BLOOM  
(whisper)  
Sigmund Freud.

HE DOWNS DRINK.

CUT TO TIGHT SHOT OF BIALYSTOCK.

BIALYSTOCK  
(whisper)  
Max Bialystock.

HE DOWNS DRINK.

BACK TO SCENE.

LIEBKIND  
I vas vit him a great deal, you know.

BIALYSTOCK  
With whom?

LIEBKIND  
(astonished by the  
question)  
Vit the Fuhrer, of course. He liked  
me. Out of all the household staff  
at Berchtesgarden, I vas his favorite.  
I vas the only one allowed into his  
chambers at bedtime.

BIALYSTOCK  
No kidding?

LIEBKIND  
Oh, sure. I used to take him his  
hot milk and his opium. Achhh, those  
were the days. Vat good times ve  
had. Dinner parties vit lovely ladies  
and gentlemen, singing und dancing.  
You know, not many people knew about  
it, but the Fuhrer vas a terrific  
dancer.

BIALYSTOCK  
Really, I never dreamed ...

LIEBKIND

(flies into an  
indignant rage)

That's because you were taken in by  
that verdampfer Allied propaganda.  
Such filthy lies. But nobody said a  
bad vord about Winston Churchill,  
did they? Oh no, Vin Vit Vinnie!

(he gestures V for  
victory)

Churchill, vit his cigars and his  
brandy and his rotten paintings.  
Couldn't even say Nazi. He would  
say Narzis, Narzis. Ve vere not  
Narzies, ve vere Nazis. But let me  
tell this, and you're getting it  
straight from the horse, Hitler vas  
better looking than Churchill, he  
vas a better dresser than Churchill,  
had more hair, told funnier jokes,  
and could dance the pants off  
Churchill!

BIALYSTOCK

(swinging along)

That's exactly why we want to do  
this play. To show the world the  
true Hitler, the Hitler you knew,  
the Hitler you loved, the Hitler  
with a song in his heart.

(to Bloom)

Leo, quick, the contract.

BLOOM QUICKLY WHIPS THE CONTRACT OUT OF HIS POCKET, PRODUCES  
A PEN, HANDS THEM TO BIALYSTOCK. BIALYSTOCK SPREADS THE  
CONTRACT OUT ON THE TABLE BEFORE LIEBKIND.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)

Here, sign here, Franz Liebkind.  
And make your dream a reality.

HE HANDS LIEBKIND THE PEN. LIEBKIND REFUSES IT.

LIEBKIND

Wait. No. How do I know I can trust  
you? How do I know you vill present  
this play in the manner and spirit  
in which it vas conceived?

BIALYSTOCK

We swear it!

LIEBKIND

Not good enough... Would you be  
villing to take the Siegfried oath?

BIALYSTOCK

Yes. We would!

INSERT: CLOSE-UP BLOOM. HE LOOKS WORRIED.

LIEBKIND

Good. I will make the preparations.

LIEBKIND LEAVES THE ROOM.

BLOOM

(anxious whisper)

Max, I don't want to take any  
Siegfried Oath. I don't know what  
it is, but I don't want to take it.  
We might end up in the German Army.

BIALYSTOCK

Shut up, you idiot. He's a harmless  
nut. Play along with him. It's  
almost in the bag.

LIEBKIND ENTERS. HE IS LADEN DOWN WITH ALL SORTS OF  
RITUALISTIC PARAPHERNALIA. LIEBKIND PLACES ALL THE STUFF ON  
THE TABLE. WITHOUT A WORD TO THEM, HE GOES TO PHONOGRAPH.

IN A FEW SECONDS WE HEAR THE OPENING STRAINS OF WAGNER'S  
"RIDE OF THE VALKYRIES." AS THE MUSIC BOOMS LOUDER, LIEBKIND  
ADDRESSES THEM.

LIEBKIND

Please to don your helmets.

FROM THE TABLE THEY TAKE CLASSIC WAGNERIAN HELMETS (WITH  
HORNS) AND PLACE THEM ON THEIR HEADS.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)

Please to light your candles.

THEY EACH TAKE A HUGE WHITE CANDLE FROM THE TABLE AND LIGHT  
IT. LIEBKIND FLICKS THE LIGHT SWITCH. NOW THEY ARE IN THE  
DARK EXCEPT FOR THE GLOW OF THEIR CANDLES.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)

Please repeat after me. I solemnly  
swear...

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM

I solemnly swear...

LIEBKIND

By the sacred memory...

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM

By the sacred memory...

LIEBKIND  
Of Siegfried...

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM  
Of Siegfried...

LIEBKIND  
Wagner...

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM  
Wagner...

LIEBKIND  
Nietzsche...

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM  
Nietzsche...

LIEBKIND  
Bismark...

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM  
Bismark...

LIEBKIND  
Hindenburg...

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM  
Hindenburg...

LIEBKIND  
The Graf Spee...

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM  
The Graf Spee...

LIEBKIND  
The Blue Max...

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM  
The Blue Max...

LIEBKIND  
And last, but not least, Adolph...  
you know who.

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM  
And last, but not least, Adolph...  
you know who.

LIEBKIND  
(saluting)  
Heil you know who!

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM  
 (spiritlessly saluting)  
 Heil you know who!

LIEBKIND  
 Good. Good. Now ve sign the  
 contract.

BIALYSTOCK  
 Good. Good.  
 (he hands Liebkind  
 the pen)

LIEBKIND  
 No. No. Not in ink. We'll desecrate  
 the oath. It must be done in blood.

CUT TO BLOOM'S FACE. IT IS A SILENT OI.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)  
 Fingers, please.

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM EXTEND THEIR FOREFINGERS AND LOOK THE  
 OTHER WAY. LIEBKIND PRICKS THEM WITH THE SACRED SAFETY PIN,  
 AND SQUEEZES A FEW DROPS OF BLOOD FROM EACH INTO THE SACRED  
 VESSEL (A JAR COVER). HE DOES THE SAME WITH HIS OWN FINGER.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)  
 Ve vill sign vit this sacred qvill  
 taken from the last chicken I served  
 at Berchtesgarten.

LIEBKIND SIGNS. "THE RIDE OF THE VALKYRIES" REACHES ITS  
 ZENITH. IT ECHOES THROUGH THE ROOM AS WE FADE OUT.

FADE IN ON BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM AS THEY WALK UP STREET AWAY  
 FROM TENEMENT. IT IS LATE AFTERNOON. THEY ARE BOTH WEARING  
 SWASTIKA ARM BANDS.

BIALYSTOCK  
 (triumphantly whacking  
 the contract with  
 the back of his hand)  
 There it is... in red and white!  
 "Springtime For Hitler," signed,  
 sealed and delivered.  
 (he notices Bloom's  
 dour expression.)  
 What's the matter with you?

BLOOM  
 Look, I'm just not wearing this arm  
 band. I don't care how big the deal  
 is.

BIALYSTOCK  
 (placating him)  
 Okay, take it off, take it off.

THEY TAKE OFF THEIR ARM BANDS AND TOSS THEM INTO A LITTER BASKET. BIALYSTOCK SPOTS A PASSING TAXI. HE WHISTLES. IT STOPS.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
 (to cab driver as he  
 opens door)  
 The Blue Gypsy.

BLOOM  
 (about to enter cab  
 with Bialystock)  
 Why are we going to the Blue Gypsy?!

BIALYSTOCK  
 (stopping Bloom from  
 entering cab)  
 We are not going to The Blue Gypsy.  
 I am going to The Blue Gypsy.

BIALYSTOCK GETS INTO CAB AND SLAMS THE DOOR. HE CONTINUES SPEAKING TO BLOOM THROUGH THE WINDOW.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
 I have a rendez-vous with a lady of  
 some means. You see dear Bloom,  
 phase one is complete, the play is  
 ours. We are now entering phase two --  
 the raising of the money.  
 In the days to come, you will see  
 very little of me, for Bialystock  
 is launching himself into little-  
 Old-lady-land.  
 (to cab driver)  
 Avanti!

THE CAB SPEEDS AWAY.

SWISH PAN CUT TO TIGHT SHOT OF LITTLE OLD LADY #3. IN HER HAND SHE HOLDS A BUBBLING GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE. SHE RAISES IT TO BIALYSTOCK.

PULL BACK TO TWO SHOT OF BIALYSTOCK AND LITTLE OLD LADY.

THEY ARE SEATED IN A CORNER BOOTH OF A LITTLE VIENNESE CAFE.

LITTLE OLD LADY #3  
 Here's to the success of your new  
 play.

BIALYSTOCK RAISES HIS GLASS.

BIALYSTOCK

Our play, my love.

HE GALLANTLY INTERTWINES HIS ARMS IN HERS IN A LOVER'S TOAST.

IT IS HARD TO DRINK WITH ARMS ENTWINED, ESPECIALLY IF ONE OF THE ARMS IS ATTACHED TO A LITTLE OLD LADY. THE TOAST IS A FIASCO, BIALYSTOCK GETTING MOST OF THE CHAMPAGNE OVER HIS VEST AND TROUSERS.

LITTLE OLD LADY #3

Oh, I'm sorry, Bialy, did I wet you?

BIALYSTOCK

Think nothing of it, my dear. A mere trifle. A mere trifle. Did you bring your checkbook?

LITTLE OLD LADY #3

It's right here in my purse and I made it out just as you told me -- To cash. That's a funny name for a play.

BIALYSTOCK

Think nothing of it.

SHE SNAPS OPEN HER LITTLE BEADED PURSE, TAKES OUT THE CHECK AND BEGINS TO HAND IT TO BIALYSTOCK. AT THIS MOMENT, WE ARE ASSAULTED BY THE PASSIONATE SOUND OF A CRYING VIOLIN.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL A VIOLINIST IN GYPSY ATTIRE CLOSING IN ON THE TABLE. THE LITTLE OLD LADY IS DELIGHTED BY THE VIOLINIST AND UNFORTUNATELY FOR BIALYSTOCK STOPS THE PASSAGE OF THE CHECK AS HER ATTENTION IS DIVERTED.

BIALYSTOCK CAUTIOUSLY REACHES OUT TO SNATCH THE CHECK BUT EACH TIME THAT HE DOES, A TURN IN THE MUSIC MAKES THE LITTLE OLD LADY CLUTCH HER HEART. BIALYSTOCK IS VERY UNHAPPY. HE QUIETLY BRINGS HIS FOOT FROM BENEATH THE TABLE AND PLACES IT DIRECTLY OVER THE FOOT OF THE VIOLINIST.

CUT TO CLOSE-UP OF BIALYSTOCK'S FOOT POISED OVER VIOLINIST'S FOOT. BIALYSTOCK PROCEEDS TO CRUSH VIOLINIST'S FOOT.

CUT TO VIOLINIST'S FACE. SOMEHOW IT CONVEYS TO US ALL THE MISERY AND PAIN OF THE HUMAN CONDITION. WITH EYES CLOSED BY GRIEF, HE LIMPS TO ANOTHER TABLE. BIALYSTOCK QUICKLY REACHES OUT AND SNATCHES THE CHECK.

SWISH PAN CUT TO HANSOM CAB THREADING ITS WAY THROUGH CENTRAL PARK. NIGHT.

CUT TO INTERIOR OF CAB. BIALYSTOCK IS COZILY ENSCONCED WITH LITTLE OLD LADY #4.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
 (taking check from  
 old lady)  
 Thank you, my dear.

LITTLE OLD LADY #4  
 Oh, Bialy, Bialy, tell me again.  
 Tell me again.

BIALYSTOCK  
 Edna, I swear on my life, you don't  
 look a day over sixty-five.

SWISH PAN CUT TO CITY TRAFFIC. DAY. A TAXI FILLS THE SCREEN.  
 AS IT MOVES OUT OF FRAME, WE DISCOVER BIALYSTOCK AND LITTLE  
 OLD LADY #5 ASTRIDE A RED AND WHITE HONDA MOTOR SCOOTER. AS  
 THEY ROAR PAST THE CAMERA, BIALYSTOCK SHOUTS.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
 Clear the road! Clear the road!

LITTLE OLD LADY #5  
 (clutching Bialystock  
 fiercely)  
 Go, Bialy, baby, go!

SWISH PAN CUT TO POSH PARK AVENUE APARTMENT. NIGHT. A  
 PRIVATE CONCERN IS IN PROGRESS. A THIN, CONSUMPTIVE-LOOKING  
 YOUNG MAN FINGERS HIS WAY THROUGH A CHOPIN NOCTURNE.

CAMERA SLOWLY PANS THE ROOM. SEATED IN A SEMI-CIRCLE AROUND  
 THE PIANO ON VARIOUS PIECES OF DELICATE EMPIRE FURNITURE IS  
 AN AUSTERE GROUP OF ELDERLY DIGNIFIED PATRONS OF THE ARTS.

SUDDENLY AN OLD LADY'S SHRIEK RENDS THE AIR. EVERYONE'S  
 HEAD TURNS.

LITTLE OLD LADY #6  
 (slightly flustered)  
 Go on with the concert! Go on with  
 the concert! It's nothing. Nothing.

BIALYSTOCK STARES STRAIGHT AHEAD.

LITTLE OLD LADY #6 (CONT'D)  
 (to Bialystock, smiling)  
 You dirty man.

SWISH PAN CUT TO NEW YORK STREET. OLD FASHIONED LIMOUSINE  
 PULLS INTO VIEW. THE WINDOW SHADES ARE DRAWN. AS IT PASSES,  
 WE DETECT STRANGE SOUNDS EMANATING FROM THE INTERIOR.

LITTLE OLD LADY #7  
 (off camera)  
 Tee hee, ha ha ha, ho ho, ooo, ooo,  
 teehee hee.

BIALYSTOCK  
 (off camera,  
 simultaneously)  
 Heh, heh, heh. Hah, hah, hah.

THE CAR DRIVES OUT OF FRAME.

SWISH PAN CUT TO SCULPTOR'S ATELIER. DAY. AN ANCIENT LITTLE OLD LADY WEARING A SCULPTOR'S SMOCK IS FEEBLY CHIPPING AWAY WITH CHISEL AND HAMMER AT A HUGE SQUARE BLOCK OF MARBLE.

SHE MAKES NOT A SCRATCH ON IT.

CAMERA DOLLIES BACK TO REVEAL BIALYSTOCK, HER SUBJECT, STANDING NUDE, EXCEPT FOR LOIN CLOTH, HOLDING UP AN ENORMOUS GLOBE. HE IS OBVIOUSLY ATLAS.

LITTLE OLD LADY #8  
 (stepping back to admire her work)  
 Well, Bialy, how's it coming?

BIALYSTOCK  
 It's beautiful, Alma, beautiful.  
 (to the heavens)  
 Oi.

SWISH PAN CUT TO LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. BIALYSTOCK, DRESSED AS A TURKISH SLAVE, IS ASLEEP ON THE SOFA. THE ROOM HAS BEEN DONE IN A BYZANTINE DECOR. THE STRAINS OF SCHEHERAZADE SOFTLY FILL THE ROOM. SUDDENLY A WHIP COMES FLASHING INTO THE FRAME AND WHACKS AGAINST THE TORSO OF THE SLEEPING BIALYSTOCK.

SHOT WIDENS TO REVEAL 'HOLD ME, TOUCH ME' WIELDING THE WHIP.

SHE IS DRESSED IN AN 'ARABIAN NIGHTS' COSTUME.

HOLD ME, TOUCH ME  
 Dance! Dance, slave!

BIALYSTOCK IS UP IN A FLASH AND INTO A QUICK TURKISH TIME STEP SO AS TO AVOID THE DEADLY LASH.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
 How's this?

HOLD ME, TOUCH ME  
 Faster, faster, you dog. Excite me,  
 delight me. Hold me, touch me.

CUT TO CLOSE-UP OF BIALYSTOCK'S FACE AS HE DANCES.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
 (murmuring to himself)  
 Money is honey, money is honey.

DISSOLVE TO BIALYSTOCK'S OFFICE. NIGHT. BIALYSTOCK IS SEATED AT THE DESK. ON ONE SIDE OF HIM IS A LARGE STACK OF SIGNED INVESTOR CONTRACTS. ON THE OTHER AN EQUALLY LARGE PILE OF UNSIGNED ONES. BIALYSTOCK SIGNS FURIOUSLY, AS BLOOM FEEDS THE CONTRACTS TO HIM.

BLOOM  
 (handing Bialystock  
 contract)  
 Mrs. Sarah Catheart. She owns 50%  
 of the profits.

BIALYSTOCK DUTIFULLY SIGNS. BLOOM TAKES ANOTHER AND PLACES IT BEFORE BIALYSTOCK.

BLOOM (CONT'D)  
 Mrs. Eleanor Biddlecombe. She also  
 owns 50% of the profits.

BIALYSTOCK SIGNS. BLOOM PUTS THE NEXT ONE DOWN.

BLOOM (CONT'D)  
 Mrs. Virginia Resnick. She also  
 owns 50% of the profits.

BIALYSTOCK SIGNS. BLOOM TAKES ANOTHER.

BLOOM (CONT'D)  
 Mrs. Alma Wentworth. She owns 100%  
 of the profits.

BIALYSTOCK SIGNS. THEN LOOKS UP AT BLOOM.

BIALYSTOCK  
 Leo, what if this play is a hit?

BLOOM  
 Then the Department of Justice owns  
 100% of Bialystock and Bloom.

BIALYSTOCK  
 (Bloom's thought makes  
 him unhappy)  
 OI. I'm depressed. Leo, do me a  
 favor. Open the safe. I want to  
 see the money.

LEO, HUMORING HIM, SPINS THE COMBINATION DIAL ON SAFE AND OPENS IT.

CUT TO INSIDE OF SAFE. IT IS JAMMED FULL OF NEATLY STACKED PILES OF MONEY.

CUT TO BIALYSTOCK ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES IN FRONT OF SAFE.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
 (to himself. Inhales  
 deeply)  
 That's better.

BIALYSTOCK TAKES OUT A STACK OF NEATLY FOLDED BILLS. HE SMELLS IT, KISSES IT AND PUTS IT IN HIS POCKET.

BLOOM  
 What are you doing?

BIALYSTOCK  
 I'm going to buy a toy. I worked  
 very, very hard and I think I deserve  
 a toy.

BLOOM  
 (quizzically)  
 A toy?

DISSOLVE TO CLOSE-UP, FACE OF A GORGEOUS BLONDE, ULLA.

DOLLY BACK TO REVEAL THE REST OF HER. SHE IS INCREDIBLY WELL-ENDOWED.

CUT TO BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM. THEIR EYES GLUED TO HER FORM.

BLOOM (CONT'D)  
 That's a toy?

BIALYSTOCK  
 Yes. She's an adult, educational  
 toy made in Sweden for children over  
 fifty.

BLOOM STARES AT HIM.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
 Stop looking at me like that. She's  
 not an indulgence. She happens to  
 be our new receptionist. She goes  
 with our new surroundings.

QUICKLY PAN POSH NEW WALL-PAPER, FURNISHINGS, ETC.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
 Ulla, I'd like you to meet my partner  
 and associate, Mr. Leo Bloom.

ULLA  
Got dag pa dig.

BLOOM  
How do you do.  
(to Bialystock)  
Have you gone mad? A receptionist  
that can't speak English. What will  
people say?

BIALYSTOCK  
They'll say, "Oooh, wah, wah, wah,  
oooh, oohh."

BLOOM  
What is she gonna do here?

BIALYSTOCK  
I'll show you. Ulla, go to work.

ULLA  
Ya, sur.

ULLA GOES TO PHONOGRAPH AND PLACES NEEDLE ON RECORD. THE  
DRIVING SOUND OF A TWIST FILLS THE ROOM. ULLA SENSUOUSLY  
TWISTS, VIBRATES, FRUGS, WATUSIS AND ROCKS HER BODY IN TIME  
WITH MUSIC.

BIALYSTOCK  
See, it helps the day go by. Ulla,  
okay. Okay.

ULLA STOPS, GOES TO PHONOGRAPH AND TAKES NEEDLE OFF.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
Go to desk. Answer telephone.

HE PICKS UP PHONE TO SHOW HER.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
Bialystock and Bloom. Bialystock  
and Bloom.

ULLA  
(repeating to herself  
as she leaves)  
Bialystock and Blum. Bialystock and  
Blum. Bialystock and Blum. Got dag  
pa dig. Bialystock and Blum.

BIALYSTOCK  
(to Bloom, opening up  
a box on his desk)  
Hey, Blum, have a cigar.

BLOOM

No thanks.

BIALYSTOCK TAKES AN ENORMOUS BLACK CIGAR.

BLOOM (CONT'D)

Max, maybe...

BIALYSTOCK REACHES UNDER HIS DESK. PRESSES BUZZER. WE HEAR BUZZING SOUND IN ANTE-ROOM.

BLOOM (CONT'D)

What's that?

BIALYSTOCK

Nothing. Nothing. Go on.

ULLA ENTERS. GOES TO DESK, PICKS UP CIGARETTE LIGHTER, LIGHTS BIALYSTOCK'S CIGAR, KISSES HIM.

ULLA

(pinching Bialystock's  
cheek)

Min Bialystock.

ULLA LEAVES.

BIALYSTOCK

Nice girl.

BLOOM

Max, as I was saying, maybe we should go easy on the spending. I mean these offices and everything.

BIALYSTOCK

Why? Take it when you can get it! Flaunt it, baby, flaunt it!

BLOOM

But if something should... God forbid... go wrong, at least we could give them some of their money back. It would look better in court.

BIALYSTOCK

Stop talking like that, you white mouse! Nothing's going to go wrong. As a matter of fact, today I have taken steps to insure total disaster. At two o'clock we have an appointment with none other than Roger De Bris.

BLOOM  
 (searching)  
 Roger De Bris. Roger De Bris. Oh  
 yes, the director. Is he good... I  
 mean bad?

BIALYSTOCK  
 Roger De Bris is the worst director  
 that ever lived.

BLOOM  
 Do you think he'll take the job?

BIALYSTOCK  
 Only if we ask him.

BIALYSTOCK CONSULTS HIS WATCH.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
 Come on. We'd better hurry. We're  
 late.

BIALYSTOCK BUZZES. ULLA ENTERS.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
 Call chauffeur. Get car.

ULLA  
 (smiling)  
 Good. Good. We go Motel.

BIALYSTOCK  
 No. We go.  
 (he indicates Bloom  
 and himself)

ULLA  
 You, Blum go Motel.

BIALYSTOCK  
 No. No Motel. Get car. Get car.

ULLA  
 (as she leaves)  
 Get car. Get car.

BIALYSTOCK  
 Very nice girl.

DISSOLVE TO STREET IN FRONT OF CHIC TOWNHOUSE UPPER SIXTIES.

DAY. A WHITE ROLLS ROYCE LIMO PULLS UP. A LIVERIED CHAUFFEUR  
 WITH SMALL LATIN-TYPE MUSTACHE GETS OUT AND OPENS DOOR FOR  
 PASSENGERS. BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM GET OUT.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
(to chauffeur)  
Thank you, Rudolfo.

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM CLIMB THE STEPS TO THE FRONT DOOR.

BIALYSTOCK PUSHES THE DOORBELL. WE HEAR CHIMES.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Now don't let anything he does or  
says upset you. He's a little  
peculiar.

BLOOM  
What do you mean?

THE DOOR OPENS. FRAMED IN THE DOORWAY IS A THIN, STRANGE  
LOOKING MAN IN A BLACK TURTLENECK SWEATER. (CARMEN GIYA)

HE CONTEMPLATES THEM COLDLY.

CARMEN  
Yesssssss?

BIALYSTOCK  
I am Max Bialystock. This is my  
associate, Mr. Bloom. We have an  
appointment with Mr. De Bris.

CARMEN  
Ah, yes, you're expected. Please  
come in.

THEY ENTER THE VESTIBULE. CARMEN CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND  
THEM.

CARMEN (CONT'D)  
How do you do. I'm Carmen Giya, Mr.  
De Bris' private secretary. Would  
you be so kind as to remove your  
shoes.

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM LOOK AT EACH OTHER BEWILDERED.

CARMEN (CONT'D)  
White, white, white is the color of  
our carpets.

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM REMOVE THEIR SHOES.

CARMEN (CONT'D)  
 (to Bloom indicating  
 a rack of slippers)  
 Now, let's see, you're wearing grey.  
 I would suggest the crimson. They're  
 a little vivid, but your suit is so  
 quiet.  
 (To Bialystock,  
 studying his mish  
 mash attire)  
 Why don't you... Oh, take anything.  
 Please follow me.

CARMEN LEADS THE WAY. BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM SCUFF AFTER HIM.

WE FOLLOW THEM DOWN A NARROW CORRIDOR LINED WITH EXAMPLES OF  
 CLASSIC GREEK SCULPTURE -- EACH ONE DEPICTING NUDE MALES IN  
 VARIOUS POSES.

INT: ELEVATOR.

CUT TO ROGER DE BRIS' BOUDOIR SITTING ROOM. IT IS ELEGANTLY  
 FEMININE.

CHAISE LOUNGE, ANTIQUE MIRRORS, LOUIS XVI ARMOIRE AND DRESSING  
 TABLE. FROM BEHIND AN ORNATE DRESSING SCREEN, WE HEAR MUFFLED  
 SOUNDS OF DISCONTENT.

DE BRIS  
 (from behind screen)  
 I'll never get into this damned thing.

CUT TO BOUDOIR ENTRANCE. CARMEN, BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM ENTER.

CARMEN  
 (to De Bris)  
 We're not alone.

DE BRIS' HEAD POPS OVER THE SCREEN. HE IS A ONCE HANDSOME,  
 NOW DISSIPATED MAN IN HIS LATE FORTIES.

DE BRIS  
 Ah, Messers Bialystock and Bloom, I  
 presume. Ha, ha, ha, forgive the  
 pun.

BLOOM  
 (to Bialystock)  
 What pun?

BIALYSTOCK  
 (a curt whisper)  
 Shut up. He thinks he's witty.  
 (MORE)

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)

(to De Bris)

It's good to see you again, Roger.  
Did you get a chance to read  
"Springtime For Hitler?"

DE BRIS EMERGES FROM BEHIND THE SCREEN. HE IS WEARING A  
"LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN" STYLE DRESS.

DE BRIS

Remarkable. Remarkable. A stunning  
piece of work.

BLOOM

(shocked, whispers)

Max! He's wearing a dress.  
(his mouth remains  
open)

BIALYSTOCK

Shhhhhh.

DE BRIS

(continuing)

I think it's a very important play.  
I, for one, never realized that the  
Third Reich meant Germany. I mean  
it's drenched with historical goodies  
like that.

DE BRIS IS SUDDENLY AWARE OF BLOOM'S EXPRESSION. (BLOOM'S  
MOUTH IS STILL AGAPE.)

DE BRIS (CONT'D)

Oh, dear, you're staring at my dress.  
I should explain. I'm going to the  
Choreographer's Ball tonight. There's  
a prize for the best costume.

CARMEN

(smugly)

We always win.

DE BRIS

(looking in the mirror)

I'm not so sure about tonight. I'm  
supposed to be the Grand Duchess --  
I think I look more like Tugboat  
Annie. What do you think?

HE PARADES BACK AND FORTH, EXECUTING SHARP TURNS LIKE A MODEL  
AT A FASHION SHOW.

DE BRIS (CONT'D)

No be cruel. Be brutal. Be brutal.  
Because heaven knows they will.  
Well, what do you think, Mr. Bloom?

BLOOM

(very embarrassed)  
Well, it's... uh... it's nice and  
long... I mean, it's... uh... uh...  
where do you keep your wallet?

BIALYSTOCK

(jumping in)  
It's gorgeous. Absolutely gorgeous.  
You couldn't have picked a better  
color. It brings out your eyes.  
Let's face it, Roger, that dress is  
you.

DE BRIS

(his eyes flashing  
flirtatiously)  
Do you really think it brings out my  
eyes?

CARMEN

(irritated)  
We can't tell a thing without your  
wig. As far as I'm concerned, you're  
only half-dressed.

DE BRIS

Ummmm. Well, if you're so worried  
about the wig, get it, o' wicked  
witch of the west.

CARMEN TURNS IN A HUFF AND LEAVES TO GET THE WIG. DE BRIS  
REACHES INTO CUT CRYSTAL CIGARETTE BOX, TAKES CIGARETTE,  
TAPS IT, AND HOLDS IT FOR A LIGHT.

BIALYSTOCK

(in a whisper to Bloom)  
Quick, light his cigarette. He likes  
you.

BLOOM NERVOUSLY REACHES FOR A BOOK OF MATCHES, RIPS ONE OUT  
AND STRIKES IT. IT DOESN'T LIGHT. HE TRIES ANOTHER AND  
ANOTHER. ONE FINALLY CATCHES FIRE. HE TRIES TO HOLD IT  
STEADY, BUT HE IS TOO NERVOUS. DE BRIS FIRMLY PLACES HIS  
HAND OVER BLOOM'S TO STEADY THE FLAME.

DE BRIS

Didn't I meet you on a summer cruise?

HE LIGHTS THE CIGARETTE BUT CONTINUES TO HOLD BLOOM'S HAND.

BLOOM

I've... I've... never been on a  
cruise.

DE BRIS

Oh, quel dommage.

CARMEN ENTERS CARRYING WIG. HE SEES DE BRIS HOLDING BLOOM'S  
HAND.

CARMEN

(snidely)

Oh, I see we're getting acquainted.

DE BRIS DROPS BLOOM'S HAND AND TURNS ON CARMEN.

DE BRIS

How would you like to go back to  
teasing hair, big mouth?

BIALYSTOCK

Roger, do you mind if we talk a little  
business?

DE BRIS

Please, please, that's what we're  
here for.

(to Carmen, who is  
adjusting the wig)

Be careful, that hurt.

BIALYSTOCK

I think this would be a marvelous  
opportunity for you, Roger. Up to  
now, you've always been associated  
with musicals, and...

DE BRIS

Yes. Dopey show-girls in gooey  
gowns. Two-three-kick-turn! Turn-  
turn-kick-turn! It's enough to make  
you throw up! At last a chance to  
do straight drama! To deal with  
conflict, with inner truth. Roger  
De Bris presents history. Of course,  
I think we should add a little music.  
That whole third act has got to go.  
They're losing the war. It's too  
depressing. We'll have to put  
something in there.

(gripped by his vision)

Aaahghhh! I see it!

A line of beautiful girls, dressed  
as Storm Troopers, black patent

(MORE)

DE BRIS (CONT'D)  
 leather boots, all marching  
 together... Two-three-kick-turn!  
 Turn-turn- Kick-turn!

BIALYSTOCK  
 That's genius. That's genius.  
 Roger, I think I speak for Mr.  
 Bloom and myself when I say that  
 you're the only man in the world who  
 can do justice to SPRINGTIME  
 FOR HITLER.

DE BRIS  
 (in one rush)  
 Wait a minute. This is a very big  
 decision. It might effect the course  
 of my entire life. I'll have to  
 think about it. I'll do it.

DE BRIS EXTENDS HIS HAND. BIALYSTOCK SHAKES IT.

BIALYSTOCK  
 Congratulations.

DE BRIS  
 (to Carmen)  
 Get on the phone. Send out a casting  
 call. Call every agent in town. I  
 want to see everybody.  
 Everybody.

DISSOLVE TO STAGE DOOR OF BROADWAY THEATRE. DAY. SIGN ON  
 DOOR READS: CASTING TODAY -- SPRINGTIME FOR HITLER.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO INTERIOR OF THEATRE. THE PLACE IS A  
 MADHOUSE. HUNDREDS OF WOULD-BE HITLERS FILL THE STAGE.

EACH AND EVERY ONE WITH THE FUHRER'S HAIRCUT AND LITTLE SQUARE  
 MUSTACHE. THERE ARE TALL HITLERS, SHORT HITLERS, FAT HITLERS,  
 SKINNY HITLERS, METHOD HITLERS, SHAKESPEAREAN HITLERS, ALL  
 KINDS HITLERS.

CUT TO FIRST ROW OF AUDIENCE. SEATED THERE, WATCHING THE  
 BEDLAM, ARE BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM, DE BRIS, CARMEN GIYA AND  
 FRANZ LIEBKIND.

BIALYSTOCK  
 (looking for the least  
 likely Hitler)  
 Roger, what about that one? The fat  
 Hitler on the right?

DE BRIS

I don't know. I rather fancy that one.

CUT TO BEAUTIFUL, BLOND, MUSCULAR, YOUNG MAN, WHO LOOKS AS IF HE IS POSING FOR "BODY BEAUTIFUL." HE BEARS NOT THE SLIGHTEST RESEMBLANCE TO HITLER EVEN THOUGH HE DOES SPORT A LITTLE BLACK MUSTACHE.

CUT BACK TO BIALYSTOCK.

BIALYSTOCK

Not bad. Not bad. What do you think, Franz?

LIEBKIND

(very emotional)

I don't know. I don't know. For some strange reason, I'm deeply moved.  
(he wipes away a tear)

DE BRIS

(getting to his feet)

Oh, this is bedlam, bedlam. We must have some order.

DE BRIS, FOLLOWED BY CARMEN, HOPS TO THE STAGE AND ADDRESSES THE MILLING MOB.

DE BRIS (CONT'D)

(clapping his hands  
for attention)

Will all the dancing Hitlers please wait in the wings. We're only taking the singing Hitlers.

AS THE DANCING HITLERS LEAVE THE STAGE, CARMEN ARRANGES THE SINGING HITLERS SO THAT THEY ARE IN A LONG STRAIGHT LINE AGAINST THE BACK OF THE STAGE WALL. CARMEN READS OUT A NAME AND THE FIRST SINGING HITLER WALKS DOWNSTAGE TO AUDITION.

EXCEPT FOR A SPORTY LITTLE HITLER MUSTACHE, HE BEARS LITTLE RESEMBLANCE TO THE FUHRER.

CARMEN

Arthur Packard.

DE BRIS

Hello, Arthur. Tell us something about yourself.

ARTHUR PACKARD  
 (in a strangulated  
 tenor's voice)  
 I was the lead tenor of the  
 Albuquerque Opera Company for two  
 seasons. I just finished a road  
 tour of STUDENT PRINCE. And last  
 season I was up for the lead in the  
 Broadway production of Circus Man.

DE BRIS  
 What happened?

ARTHUR PACKARD  
 I didn't get it.

DE BRIS  
 What are you going to sing for us  
 Arthur?

AS ARTHUR TELLS HIM THE TITLE OF HIS SONG, DE BRIS MOUTHS IT  
 WORD FOR WORD TOWARD HIS FRIEND, CARMEN.

ARTHUR PACKARD  
 The soliloquy from CAROUSEL.

FROM THE PIT THE PIANO PLAYS A FOUR BAR INTRODUCTION.

ARTHUR PACKARD (CONT'D)  
 (sings)  
 My boy Bill will be strong and as  
 tall as a...

DE BRIS  
 Thank you.

ARTHUR SHRUGS AND LEAVES THE STAGE.

DE BRIS (CONT'D)  
 Next please.

CARMEN  
 Jason Green.

JASON GREEN COMES DOWNSTAGE. HE IS A BIG, BARREL-CHESTED  
 MAN. HE ALSO WEARS HITLER-TYPE MUSTACHE.

DE BRIS  
 Well, Jason, what have you been doing  
 lately?

JASON GREEN  
 (in basso profundo)  
 For the last sixteen years, I've  
 been touring with "Naughty Marietta."

DE BRIS  
Good. And what are you going to  
sing for us, Jason?

AS JASON TELLS HIM THE SONG'S TITLE, DE BRIS ONCE AGAIN MOUTHS  
IT WORD FOR WORD WITH HIM.

JASON GREEN  
"Stout-hearted Men."

BEGINNING OF "STOUT-HEARTED MEN" MONTAGE.

THERE IS A SHORT PIANO INTRODUCTION.

JASON GREEN (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
"Give me some men Who are stout-  
hearted men Who will fight for the  
right they adore."

DE BRIS  
(off-camera voice)  
Thaaank you.

DISSOLVE TO A NEW HITLER SINGING (LITTLE BALD MAN)

BALD HITLER  
(singing)  
"Show me some men Who are stout-  
hearted men And I'll soon show you  
ten thousand more."

DE BRIS  
(off-camera voice)  
Thaaank you.

DISSOLVE TO ANOTHER HITLER (ITALIAN BASSO)

ITALIAN HITLER  
(singing)  
"Shoulder to shoulder and bolder and  
bolder They grow as they march to  
the war."

DE BRIS  
(voice off camera)  
Thaaank you.

DISSOLVE TO DELICATE HITLER

DELICATE HITLER  
(singing)  
"There is nothing in this world can  
halt or mar our plan."

DE BRIS  
 (voice off camera)  
 Thaank you.

DISSOLVE TO SHORT-HAIRED WOMAN HITLER

SHORT-HAIRED WOMAN HITLER  
 "When stout-hearted men Will get  
 together man to man."

DE BRIS  
 (voice off camera)  
 Thaaank you.

CUT TO CARMEN GIYA ON STAGE. IT IS NOW EMPTY.

CARMEN  
 Well, that's it.

CUT TO FIRST ROW OF AUDIENCE. SLOW PAN BIALYSTOCK, BLOOM,  
 DE BRIS, AD LIEBKIND. THEY ARE TIRED, DISHEVELED AND UNHAPPY.

BLOOM  
 I think that's enough Hitlers for  
 one day. Maybe we'll get lucky  
 tomorrow.

BIALYSTOCK  
 You think out of all those Hitlers  
 you could find just one...

LIEBKIND  
 It was the same thing in Germany.  
 We looked for years before we found  
 the right Hitler.

FROM OFF-STAGE WE HEAR THE SHARP CLICK OF BOOTS APPROACHING.

ALL EYES TURN TOWARD THE STAGE. FROM OUT OF THE WINGS STEPS  
 A YOUNG PERSON IN A LEATHER DOUBLET, HIGH LEATHER BOOTS, AND  
 EXTREMELY LONG HAIR. IT CARRIES A GUITAR. UNTIL IT SPEAKS,  
 WE ARE NOT SURE WHETHER IT IS A YOUNG MAN OR A YOUNG WOMAN.

(LORENZO ST. DU BOIS)

LSD  
 Hey, man.

CARMEN  
 I beg your pardon.

LSD  
 Is this where they're auditioning  
 Boomerang?

CARMEN

(studying him coldly)  
No, I'm afraid you've wandered into  
the wrong theatre.

LSD

(to himself, as he  
starts to leave)  
Man, freaked out again.

BIALYSTOCK

(leaping to his feet)  
Wait! This is Boomerang. This is  
Boomerang.

DE BRIS

(to Bialystock)  
What are you saying?

BIALYSTOCK

Let's hear him. What have we got to  
lose?  
(to LSD)  
What's your name?

LSD

Lorenzo Saint DuBois. But everybody  
calls me LSD.

DE BRIS

What have you done, LSD?

LSD

Six months, I'm out on probation,  
but it's cool now, baby.

DE BRIS

I mean in show business.

LSD

Oh, in show business. Well, let's  
put it this way, my next job will be  
my debut.

DE BRIS

What do you do best?

LSD

Hey, man, I can't do that here, that's  
what they put me away for.

DE BRIS

Oh, sing. Sing!

LSD

Hey, baby, that's where they put me,  
Sing-Sing. How'd you know that, you  
been up?

DE BRIS

(a little hysterical)

Sing a song! Just sing a song!

LSD

Here's a little thing I think you're  
going to see on the charts any day.  
I wrote it last night in my sleep.  
It's a Hindu Zen Folk Rock Ballad.

LSD SINGS "I'M THE VICTIM OF A MULTI-MYSTIC FREAK-OUT." THE  
SONG IS GEARED TO THE AU COURANT "RAGA ROCK" BEAT. PHRASES  
SUCH AS, "CONNECT WITH THE INFINITE" AND "TURN ON THE WORLD."  
LORENZO FINISHES THE NUMBER.

CUT TO BIALYSTOCK, BLOOM, LIEBKIND AND DE BRIS. THEY ARE  
STUNNED. BIALYSTOCK IS THE FIRST TO RECOVER.

BIALYSTOCK

(shouting)

That's our Hitler!

LIEBKIND

(howls of despair)

Vaaaat???

BIALYSTOCK

(quickly)

Franz, don't you see, Hitler was a  
man of his time. This is a man of  
his time.

LIEBKIND

But he has long hair!

BIALYSTOCK

Don't look at the outside, look at  
the inside. It's the inner Hitler  
we're after. The young beautiful  
Hitler, who danced his way to glory.

LIEBKIND

I don't know. I don't know.

DE BRIS

(he has been studying  
LSD intensely)

Could be an exciting piece of off-  
Beat casting. Of course, we'd have  
to do something about that coiffure.

LIEBKIND

But he's so crazy, he's so sloppy,  
he's so... so... American!

BIALYSTOCK

Franz, trust me. I promise I won't  
let you down.

LIEBKIND

All right, but remember, if you damage  
the Fuhrer's reputation, I kill you.

DISSOLVE TO MARQUEE OF BROADWAY THEATRE. MARQUEE READS:

OPENING TONIGHT - SPRINGTIME FOR HITLER.

Directed by ROGER DE BRIS.

PAN DOWN TO THEATRE ENTRANCE. THE SIDEWALK IS CHOKED WITH  
OPENING NIGHTERS, ALL AGLITTER IN DIAMONDS, FURS AND ELEGANT  
TUXEDOS. LUXURIOUS BLACK LIMOUSINES PULL UP TO THE CURB,  
DEPOSITING THEIR RICH CONTENTS, THE MAJORITY OF WHICH ARE  
LITTLE OLD LADIES.

CUT TO LOBBY. THERE IN THE MIDST OF THE SWIRLING CONFUSION  
STAND BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM IN THEIR OPENING NIGHT TAILS.

BIALYSTOCK IS RESPLENDENT IN A BLACK SILK CAPE, LINED IN  
CRIMSON SATIN. BLOOM'S TAILS ARE OBVIOUSLY RENTED. THEY  
ARE NEAR THE TICKET TAKER. AS SOME OF THE OPENING NIGHT  
"SUPPORTERS" ENTER THE THEATRE, THEY SHOUT ENCOURAGEMENTS TO  
BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM. TO EACH OF THE WELL-WISHERS, BIALYSTOCK  
RESPONDS WITH A SMILE AND A MUMBLE. THEY GET THE SMILE, WE  
HEAR THE MUMBLE.

FIRST WELL-WISHER

(a silver-haired  
gentleman in his  
late fifties)

Good luck, Max, I hope it's a big  
hit.

BIALYSTOCK

(mumbling)

Bite your tongue.

SECOND WELL-WISHER

(a little old lady)

We're gonna do it this time, Bialy,  
I just know it.

BIALYSTOCK

I hope you lose your bloomers.

THIRD WELL-WISHER  
 (another old lady)  
 My prayers go with you, Bialy.

BIALYSTOCK  
 God Forbid.

CUT TO LIMOUSINE PULLING UP IN FRONT OF THEATRE. DOORMAN OPENS DOOR, ASSISTS RICH COUPLE OUT OF CAR. LIMOUSINE PULLS AWAY. A MOTORCYCLE WITH SIDE-CAR ROARS UP TO FRONT OF THEATRE. AT THE HANDLEBARS, BEAUTIFULLY DECKED OUT IN TUXEDO AND HIS EVER POPULAR GERMAN HELMET IS FRANZ LIEBKIND.

CAMERA FOLLOWS LIEBKIND AS HE ENTERS LOBBY. HE MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE MILLING THROG TOWARD BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM.

LIEBKIND  
 (to Bialystock and  
 Bloom, very seriously)  
 Gentlemen, this is a very momentous  
 moment.

HE CLICKS HIS HEELS AND SHAKES HANDS WITH EACH OF THEM.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)  
 (to Bloom)  
 Good luck.  
 (to Bialystock)  
 Good luck.

HE STARTS INTO THEATRE, STOPS, TURNS BACK TO BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)  
 (a mad gleam in his  
 eye)  
 Tonight, New York. Tomorrow, the  
 world!

HE TURNS TRIUMPHANTLY AND ENTERS THE THEATRE.

OFF-CAMERA VOICE (GIRL)  
 Check your hat?

LIEBKIND  
 (off camera)  
 No!!

BIALYSTOCK  
 So much for Nutsy Fagin.

BLOOM  
 (nudging Bialystock,  
 whispers)  
 Here comes the Times Drama Critic.

BIALYSTOCK

Watch closely, as Bialystock drives  
the last nail into the coffin.

BIALYSTOCK AMBLES OVER TO THE TIMES CRITIC, WHO HAS STOPPED  
TO CHAT WITH SOME PEOPLE.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)

Always delighted to see the gentlemen  
of the press. There you are, sir.  
Two on the aisle, compliments of the  
management.

(he smiles unctuously)

DRAMA CRITIC

(haughtily accepting  
tickets)

Thank you. Here, wait a minute.  
There seems to be some mistake.  
There's a hundred dollar bill wrapped  
around these tickets.

BIALYSTOCK

(conspiratorially)

It's no mistake. Enjoy the show.

DRAMA CRITIC

(outraged)

Mr. Bialystock, just what do you  
think you're doing?

BIALYSTOCK

I'm bribing you. And if you play  
ball, there's a lot more where that  
came from.

BIALYSTOCK WINKS AND SAUNTERS OFF.

DRAMA CRITIC

(blustering with rage)

I... I... I... How dare he! I've  
never been so insulted in my life!  
The gall of the man! The incredible  
gall of the man! I'll fix his wagon.

THE CRITIC STALKS INTO THE THEATRE. AS HE PASSES BIALYSTOCK,  
HE CONTEMPTUOUSLY FLINGS THE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL TO THE FLOOR.  
HE DISAPPEARS THROUGH THE DOOR.

OFF-CAMERA VOICE

Check your hat?

DRAMA CRITIC

(off camera)

No!!

BIALYSTOCK REACHES DOWN, PICKS UP CRUMPLED DOLLAR BILL,  
STRAIGHTENS IT OUT, PUTS IT IN HIS POCKET.

BIALYSTOCK  
(grinning like a  
Cheshire cat)  
Heh, heh, heh. He'll kill us.

FROM INSIDE THE THEATRE, WE HEAR THE OVERTURE BEGINNING.

LIGHTS IN THE LOBBY BLINK.

BLOOM  
Come on, they've started the overture.

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM ENTER THE THEATRE.

CUT TO REVERSE ANGLE. BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM ENTERING DARKENED  
THEATRE. THEY TAKE POSITIONS AT THE BACK OF THE HOUSE.

BLOOM EXTENDS HIS HAND TO BIALYSTOCK. HE INTENDS TO SPEAK  
IN A CONFIDENT AND CONTROLLED MANNER BUT WHAT COMES OUT IS  
AN HYSTERICAL SHRIEK.

BLOOM (CONT'D)  
(casually shrieking)  
Well, Max, this is it!!!

HE SCARES HIMSELF AND QUICKLY CLAPS HIS HANDS OVER HIS MOUTH.

BLOOM (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
I'm sorry, I'm a little nervous.

BIALYSTOCK  
Relax, in two hours our worries will  
be over.

CUT TO STAGE. AS THE OVERTURE IS CONCLUDED, THE CURTAIN  
SLOWLY RISES. ON STAGE THERE IS A LINE OF GIRLS DRESSED IN  
SEXY STORM TROOPER COSTUMES--BLACK PATENT LEATHER BOOTS,  
ETC.

THEIR ARMS ARE LINKED ABOUT ONE ANOTHER AS THEY DANCE AND  
KICK IN RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL ROCKETTE FASHION.

STORM TROOPER CHORUS  
(singing)  
Germany was having trouble, What a  
sad, sad story. Needed a new leader  
To restore its former glory.  
Where, oh, where was he, Who could  
that man be, We looked around, And  
then we found, The man for you and  
me, And now its...

THE STORM TROOPER ROCKETTES PART AND FROM ABOVE THEM, DESCENDING TWIN STAIRCASES, WE SEE TWO LINES OF BEAUTIFUL SHOWGIRLS, HOLDING HUGE BALLOONS ABOVE THEIR HEADS. ON EACH BALLOON IS PAINTED A PICTURE OF THE FUHRER. EVERYONE SINGS AS THEY DESCEND.

ENTIRE CHORUS  
(singing)  
"Springtime for Hitler," etc.

CUT TO AUDIENCE. NUMBER ON STAGE CONTINUES.

CLOSE-UP OF MAN AND WOMAN ON AISLE.

WOMAN (DOWAGER)  
This is shocking!

CUT TO ANOTHER AREA OF AUDIENCE. ANOTHER COUPLE.

MAN (STUFFED SHIRT)  
Outrageous!

CUT TO CRITIC ON THE AISLE, BIALYSTOCK'S P.O.V. HE SCOWLS AS HE FURIOUSLY MAKES NOTES.

CUT TO BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM AT BACK OF THEATRE. THEY ARE SMILING. BIALYSTOCK POINTS TO COUPLE WHO HAVE LEFT THEIR SEATS AND STARTED UP THE AISLE.

BIALYSTOCK  
Ahhhhh, it's going better than I expected.

THE COUPLE COMES ABREAST OF BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM.

WOMAN  
(to man as they exit theatre)  
Well, talk about bad taste.

BIALYSTOCK  
(he chuckles as they leave)  
Come, let us repair to the bar across the street. I don't want to be caught here during intermission. We'll be stoned to death.

THEY LINK ARMS AND MERRILY MARCH OUT OF THE THEATRE.

CUT TO STAGE. "SPRINGTIME FOR HITLER" OPENING IS ENDING IN A GREAT CRESCENDO OF PATRIOTIC INSANITY.

## ENTIRE CHORUS

(singing)

So Springtime for Hitler, Is  
 Springtime for Goering, Is Springtime  
 for Goebbels, Is Springtime for  
 Himmler, Is Springtime for you and  
 me!!

CURTAIN FALLS. THE NUMBER IS RECEIVED BY THE AUDIENCE WITH HUSHED SILENCE. FOLLOWED BY A SURGE TOWARD THE DOORS. THE AISLES ARE CHOKED WITH UNHAPPY PEOPLE, WHO CAN'T WAIT TO GET OUT.

CURTAIN RISES. ON STAGE ARE EVA BRAUN AND HITLER (LSD).

EVA BRAUN IS A FETCHING BLONDE IN LONG BRAIDS. LSD IS PACING UP AND DOWN. EVA BRAUN SITS ON LOVE SEAT DOWNSTAGE.

IN HER HAND IS AN OVERSIZED DAISY. AS SHE PULLS THE PETALS FROM IT, SHE WHINES. SHE HAS A PRONOUNCED AMERICAN ACCENT.

EVA

Er liebt mir. Er liebt mir nicht.  
 Re liebt mir.  
 (the last petal)  
 Er liebt mir nicht.

CUT TO PEOPLE IN AISLE. THEY HAVE NOTICEABLY SLOWED DOWN.

SOME ARE WALKING BACKWARDS. THEY ARE INTRIGUED.

CUT BACK TO STAGE.

EVA

(turns to LSD)  
 Du liebt mir nicht!

LSD

(protesting vehemently)  
 I lieb you baby, I lieb you. You  
 know that.

EVA

If you lieb me, why are you leaving  
 me?

LSD

Hey, man, I can't spend all my time  
 with you. I took an oath, baby,  
 Deutschland uber alles.

CUT TO AUDIENCE IN AISLES. THEY HAVE ALL STOPPED LEAVING TO TURN AND WATCH. SOME BEGIN TO LAUGH AND OTHERS APPLAUD.

THEY LIKE LSD.

MAN

That's Hitler? I get it! It's a  
put-on.

CUT TO WOMAN.

WOMAN

Hey, Harry, he's funny.

NOW THERE IS A MAD RUSH TO REGAIN THEIR SEATS.

CUT TO INTERIOR BAR. IT IS EMPTY EXCEPT FOR THE BARTENDER  
AND A DRUNK AT THE FAR END OF THE BAR. BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM  
ARE SEATED ON STOOLS AT THE BAR. THEY CLINK GLASSES.

BIALYSTOCK

Here's to the one and only performance  
of "Springtime for Hitler."

THEY BOTH LAUGH AND DOWN THEIR DRINKS. BIALYSTOCK RAPS ON  
THE BAR WITH HIS CANE.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)

Innkeeper, innkeeper, another round  
of drinks here. As a matter of fact,  
a round of drinks for everybody in  
the place!

BARTENDER LOOKS AROUND AT THE ALMOST EMPTY BARROOM. DOES A  
LITTLE TAKE. HE THEN REPLENISHES THEIR DRINKS AND PLACES A  
GLASS IN FRONT OF THE DRUNK. THE DRUNK TIPS HIS HAT  
GRACIOUSLY TOWARDS BIALYSTOCK.

BLOOM

Just think, yesterday I was a  
meaningless little accountant --  
And today, I am the producer of a  
Broadway flop!

BIALYSTOCK

(raising his glass)  
To failure!

BLOOM

To failure!

DRUNK

(blushing)  
Oh, thank you! It's very kind of  
you.

(raises his glass and  
downs his drink)

CUT BACK TO STAGE. SAME SCENE. EVA  
STARTS TO CRY.

EVA

If the Duke of Windsor could give up  
the Throne of England for the woman  
he loved, why can't you?

LSD

It's different. I'm a tyrant, baby.

AUDIENCE LAUGHS.

CUT TO FRANZ LIEBKIND SEATED IN AN AISLE SEAT. HE NERVOUSLY  
PINCHES HIS FACE AS HE SEMI-COHERENTLY MUMBLES TO HIMSELF.

LIEBKIND

(becoming slightly  
unhinged)

Baby, why does he keep saying baby?  
I didn't write baby. The Fuhrer  
never said baby. Vat is it vit this  
baby?

WOMAN IN ADJOINING SEAT

(very annoyed)

Will you shut up!

LIEBKIND

You shut up! I'm the author. You're  
just the audience. I outrank you.

CUT TO BAR. BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM ARE A LITTLE TIPSY. BY  
NOW THE DRUNK HAS JOINED THEM AND ALL THREE ARE GOOD PALS.

BIALYSTOCK

Bartender, bartender, another drink  
for myself and my associate, Mr.  
Bloom. And don't forget our good-  
natured inebriate over there.

DRUNK TIPS HIS HAT GRACIOUSLY.

DRUNK

Eternally grateful. Sincerely yours,  
Oliver Wendell Drunk.

DURING DRUNK'S SPEECH, BARTENDER HAS REFILLED THEIR GLASSES.

HE STANDS BACK, WATCHING THEM AS HE DRIES GLASSES.

DRUNK (CONT'D)

(raises his glass)

A toast!

BLOOM

To what?

DRUNK

(stumped)

To... toast! I love toast.

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM

To toast.

BIALYSTOCK

(smacking his glass  
down on the bar)

Now I'll take the lead and I want  
you right behind me all the way!

One... two... three!

(singing)

"By the light,

BLOOM AND DRUNK

(singing)

"By the light, by the light,

BIALYSTOCK

"Of the silvery moon,

BLOOM AND DRUNK

"Of the silvery moooooon,

BIALYSTOCK

"I want to croon,

BLOOM AND DRUNK

"He wants to croon, he wants to croon,

BIALYSTOCK

"To my honey I'll croon,

BLOOM AND DRUNK

"He's gonna croon love's tune,

BIALYSTOCK

"Honeymoon,

BLOOM AND DRUNK

"Honeymoon, honeymoon,

BIALYSTOCK

"Keep a shining in...

BIALYSTOCK STOPS ABRUPTLY. HE POINTS TOWARD THE DOOR. WE  
HEAR THE SOUND OF PEOPLE ENTERING THE BAR.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)

Intermission! Quick, hide your face.

They'll tear us to pieces.

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM HOP ON THEIR STOOLS AND COVER THEIR FACES WITH THEIR HANDS. THE DRUNK SHRUGS, HOPS ON THE STOOL NEXT TO THEM AND ALSO HIDES HIS FACE. A HORDE OF FIRST NIGHTERS SWEEPS INTO THE BAR. THEY ARE ALL AROUND BIALYSTOCK, BLOOM AND THE DRUNK, CLAMORING FOR DRINKS.

CROWD

(ad-lib)

"Scotch on the rocks,"

"Bourbon and soda."

"Two martinis."

"Whiskey sour."

THE CROWD IS VERY CHEERFUL. THEY ARE STILL BUBBLING FROM THE FIRST ACT.

WOMAN

(to her escort)

Well, so far that's about the funniest thing I've ever seen on Broadway.

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM LOOK AT EACH OTHER.

WOMAN'S ESCORT

Never laughed so much in my life.

MAN

(to his friend)

Hysterical, absolutely hysterical.

MAN'S FRIEND

I thought I'd split my sides.

BIALYSTOCK

Take it easy, don't panic. There are a lot of plays on this street. They are not necessarily talking about "Springtime For Hitler."

HUSBAND

(to his wife)

Honey, I never in a million years thought I'd ever love a show called "Springtime For Hitler."

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM FREEZE. A LITTLE OLD LADY COMES UP BEHIND BIALYSTOCK. SHE RAPS HIM ON THE BACK WITH HER UMBRELLA.

LITTLE OLD LADY # 8

Bialy, you sly fox, you've done it. It's a smasher.

BIALYSTOCK  
 (in a daze)  
 Smasheroo. Smasheroo.

THE CROWD STARTS TO LEAVE.

LITTLE OLD LADY  
 Oh, I'd better hurry back. I don't  
 want to miss one minute of it.

THE FIRST NIGHTERS LEAVE THE BAR. ALL THAT REMAIN ARE  
 BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM, THE BARTENDER AND THE DRUNK.

BIALYSTOCK SLIPS OFF THE STOOL AND WANDERS TO MIDDLE OF  
 BARROOM.

BIALYSTOCK  
 (dazed)  
 Got to think... Got to think... Got  
 to think... Got to think... Got to  
 think...

CUT TO BLOOM AT THE BAR, FROZEN, STARING STRAIGHT AHEAD.

HIS EYES ARE GLAZED WITH SHOCK. HE STROKES HIS CHEEK WITH  
 HIS LITTLE BLUE BLANKET.

BLOOM  
 Mrs. Cathcart -- 50% Mrs. Biddlecombe --  
 50% Mrs. Wentworth -- 50% Mrs. Resnick --  
 100%

THE DRUNK STARES FROM ONE TO THE OTHER. UNHAPPY WITH THEIR  
 PRESENT MOOD, HE DECIDES TO LIVEN THINGS UP AGAIN. HE TIPTOES  
 OVER TO BIALYSTOCK, PUTS HIS ARMS AROUND BIALYSTOCK'S WAIST,  
 ROCKS BACK AND FORTH AND BEGINS TO SING.

DRUNK  
 (singing)  
 "By the light...  
 By the light, by the light...  
 Of the silvery..."

BIALYSTOCK PICKS HIM UP AND THROWS HIM ACROSS THE BAR.

BIALYSTOCK  
 Get away from me, you drunken bum!

DRUNK PICKS HIMSELF UP AND DUSTS HIMSELF OFF.

DRUNK  
 (indignantly)  
 Fairweather friend!

THE DRUNK STAGGERS OUT OF THE BAR. BIALYSTOCK GETS A HOLD OF HIMSELF.

BIALYSTOCK  
Maybe it's not true!

BIALYSTOCK RUSHES OVER TO BLOOM.

BLOOM  
(still mumbling to  
himself)  
No way out. No way out.

BIALYSTOCK  
Bloom, Bloom, maybe it's not true.

BLOOM DOES NOT RESPOND. BIALYSTOCK SHAKES HIM.

BLOOM  
(droning monotonously)  
No way out. No way out. What?  
Who?

BIALYSTOCK  
Why don't we go over to the theatre  
and see what's really happening?  
After all, we've only heard from a  
small portion of the audience.  
Let's hear what the majority thinks.

BLOOM  
(in a trance)  
The majority. The majority. Yes.  
Let's hear from the majority.

THEY START TO LEAVE.

DISSOLVE TO BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM ENTERING LOBBY OF THEATRE.

AS THEY OPEN DOOR TO THEATRE, THEY ARE GREETED BY A SHOCK WAVE OF LAUGHTER. THEY PAUSE STRICKEN.

BLOOM (CONT'D)  
I don't want to go in.

BIALYSTOCK  
Come, we have to.

THEY TAKE EACH OTHER'S HANDS LIKE TWO FRIGHTENED LITTLE BOYS AND CAUTIOUSLY WALK IN.

CUT TO BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM AS THEY ENTER. THEY TAKE THEIR POSITIONS AT THE BACK OF THE HOUSE AND WATCH THE PROCEEDINGS MEEKLY, LIKE TWO LAMBS AWAITING THE SLAUGHTER.

CUT TO STAGE. HITLER HAS OBVIOUSLY CALLED A COUNCIL OF WAR.  
THE FUHRER IS SURROUNDED BY HIS GENERAL STAFF.

GENERAL  
(making a report)  
We are falling back on all fronts.  
Our soldiers are retreating.

LSD  
No good, baby, no good. You heard  
my orders. Nobody retreats.  
Attack! Attack!

GENERAL  
Who can we attack? They're all too  
big.

LSD  
(getting an inspiration)  
Hey, man, let's stomp Switzerland!

GENERAL  
We can't... we keep our money there!

CUT BACK TO BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM. THEY STARE STRAIGHT AHEAD,  
STONY-FACED. HUGE TEARS WELL UP IN THEIR EYES AND RUN DOWN  
THEIR CHEEKS.

CUT TO LIEBKIND. HE HAS RIPPED OFF THE ARM OF HIS CHAIR AND  
IS EARNESTLY GNAWING AT IT.

LIEBKIND  
Baby, again with that baby. There  
must be no more babies.

LIEBKIND LEAPS FROM HIS SEAT AND HEADS TOWARD THE SIDE  
ENTRANCE LEADING TO THE STAGE.

CUT BACK TO STAGE.

LSD  
Where's Goebbels? Where's my little  
Joe?

GENERAL  
(to the wings)  
Send for Goebbels.

LSD  
He's the only cat left that still  
grooves me.

GOEBBELS ENTERS LAUGHING.

GOEBBELS

Heil, baby! I just finished the morning propaganda broadcasts.

LSD

What did you tell the people?

GOEBBELS

I told them we invaded England.

LSD

Hey, baby, that's good! How'd we come out?

GOEBBELS

We won.

LSD

Groovy!

THEY SMACK HANDS.

LAUGH FROM AUDIENCE.

CUT TO BACKSTAGE. LIEBKIND COMES CHARGING IN LIKE A LUNATIC.

LIEBKIND

Bring down the curtain! Bring down the curtain!

HE RUSHES FOR THE CURTAIN ROPE. A STAGEHAND ATTEMPTS TO STOP HIM. HE RIPS OFF HIS HELMET AND BANGS HIM OVER THE HEAD WITH IT. AS HE SLUMPS TO THE GROUND, LIEBKIND UNDOES THE CURTAIN ROPE.

CUT TO ACTORS ON STAGE.

LSD

Goebbels, you're the only one...

THE CURTAIN DROPS WITH A THUD. FROM BENEATH IT CRAWLS LIEBKIND. HE JUMPS UP AND ADDRESSES THE AUDIENCE.

LIEBKIND

I am the author of this play. You are the victims of a hoax. These are not my words. The Fuhrer never said baby. The Fuhrer was sweet, the Fuhrer was kind, the Fuhrer was good.

STAGE MANAGER

(off camera)

Get that curtain up.

CURTAIN STARTS TO RISE. LIEBKIND HURLS HIMSELF IT, AND HOLDS IT DOWN.

LIEBKIND

No! No! The curtain must not go up!

DESPITE HIS EFFORTS, THE CURTAIN SLOWLY RISES. LIEBKIND DOES NOT RELEASE HIS HOLD ON IT. HE STARTS TO GO UP.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)

Stop! Stop!

AS THE CURTAIN RISES, WE SEE A BEWILDERED GROUP OF ACTORS AND STAGE HANDS WATCHING LIEBKIND'S ASCENT. THE AUDIENCE, THINKING LIEBKIND'S BEHAVIOR PART OF THE SHOW, ENJOYS THE PROCEEDINGS TREMENDOUSLY. THEY BREAK INTO APPLAUSE.

CUT TO CRITIC. HE IS LAUGHING UPROARIOUSLY AND TEARING UP HIS NOTES.

CUT BACK TO LIEBKIND.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)

We have been betrayed! I will return!  
I will returnnnnn...

LIEBKIND DISAPPEARS INTO THE FLIES.

DISSOLVE TO ANTEROOM OF BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM'S OFFICE. DAY.

ULLA, WEARING A BELTED RAINCOAT, SITS AT THE TYPEWRITER.

MUSIC FROM A RECORD PLAYER SOFTLY ROCKS IN THE BACKGROUND.

IN HER LEFT HAND SHE HOLDS A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE, FROM WHICH SHE SIPs, WHILE HER RIGHT HAND, INDEX FINGER EXTENDED, STABS AT THE FUNNY LITTLE KEYS. SHE IS HAPPY, IT IS THE RIGHT ONE.

THE DOOR FLIES OPEN. THE DESPERATE BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM ENTER. ULLA LEAPS UP, QUICKLY UNDOES HER RAINCOAT, EXPOSING HER DELICIOUS BODY, CLOTHED ONLY IN BLACK LACE UNDERTHINGS.

ULLA

We make love?

BIALYSTOCK

No! No! We don't make love. Go to work.

ULLA IMMEDIATELY TURNS UP RECORD PLAYER TO A CRASHING BLARE AND DOES HER GROOVY DANCE. BIALYSTOCK HOWLS IN DESPAIR AND FLEES INTO HIS OFFICE TOGETHER WITH BLOOM.

HE CLOSSES THE DOOR, SHUTTING OUT THE NOISE. THE OFFICE IS FILLED WITH FLOWERS AND CONGRATULATORY TELEGRAMS. BIALYSTOCK SWOOPS DOWN ON THE TELEGRAMS. HE RIPS ONE OPEN AND BEGINS READING.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
 "Congratulations. It's the biggest hit on Broadway."

HE TEARS IT UP AND THROWS IT AWAY. HE PICKS UP ANOTHER AND READS.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
 "Congratulations. Hitler will run forever."

HE THROWS IT AWAY. BIALYSTOCK ATTACKS THE PILE OF TELEGRAMS. WITHOUT OPENING THEM UP, HE TEARS THEM ONE AT A TIME.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
 (boiling with rage)  
 Congratulations!

HE TEARS TELEGRAM.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
 Congratulations!

HE TEARS TELEGRAM.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
 Congratulations!

HE TEARS TELEGRAM.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
 Congratulations!

HE TEARS TELEGRAM.

THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN. POSED IN THE DOORWAY IS ROGER DE BRIS. IN ONE HAND HE CARRIES AN OPEN, BUBBLING MAGNUM OF CHAMPAGNE.

DE BRIS  
 (ecstatic)  
 Congratulations! Have you seen the reviews? Have you seen the lines at the box office? It's a torrent, it's an avalanche, it's the biggest hit on Broadway!

HE STARTS INTO THE ROOM. BIALYSTOCK GROWLS AND LUNGES AT HIM.

BIALYSTOCK

You lousy fruit. You've ruined me!

HE SMASHES DE BRIS UP AGAINST THE WALL. THE CHAMPAGNE GOES FLYING.

DE BRIS

(shrieking)

Help! Help! He's crazy! He's going to kill me. Call the police! Call the police! Help, help, murder, murder, rape, rape!!!

BIALYSTOCK THROWS HIM OUT, SLAMS THE DOOR AND LOCKS IT. HE FALLS INTO THE CHAIR AND PUTS HIS FEET UP ON THE DESK.

BIALYSTOCK

(moaning)

How could this happen? I was so careful. I picked the wrong play, the wrong director, the wrong cast. Where did I go right? We forgot one important, Bloom. Adolf Hitler always drew a crowd.

BIALYSTOCK IS SUDDENLY AWARE THAT BLOOM IS DOING STRANGE THINGS AT THE NEXT DESK.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

CUT TO BLOOM. HE IS FEVERISHLY PILING LEDGERS AND ACCOUNT BOOKS TOGETHER. HE SWOOPS THEM UP IN HIS ARMS, CLUTCHES THEM TIGHTLY AND BEGINS BACKING TOWARDS THE DOOR.

BLOOM

(defensively)

Don't try to stop me. I've made up my mind.

BIALYSTOCK

What are you doing with those books? Where are you going?

BLOOM

(with hysterical conviction)

I'm turning myself in. It's the only way. I'm going to cooperate with the authorities. They'll reduce my sentence and then there's time off for good behavior. And maybe I'll get a job in the prison library. So long.

HE TURNS THE KNOB. THE DOOR IS LOCKED. HE FIDDLES WITH THE CATCH. TOO LATE! BIALYSTOCK IS UP AND AT HIM IN A FLASH.

HE BLOCKS THE DOOR.

BIALYSTOCK  
(reasonably)  
Leo, take it easy. Relax, you're overwrought. You don't know what you're doing. You're acting out of panic... GIMME THOSE BOOKS!

BIALYSTOCK LUNGES AT BLOOM AND GRABS FOR THE BOOKS. BLOOM STILL RETAINS A FIRM HOLD. THEY STRUGGLE BACK AND FORTH.

BLOOM  
I never should have listened to you.

BIALYSTOCK  
I never should have listened to you.

BLOOM  
Ohhhhhhhhh, how I hate you.

BIALYSTOCK  
Double. Double. Double.

WITH A MIGHTY WRENCH, BIALYSTOCK RIPS THE BOOKS OUT OF BLOOM'S HANDS.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
(clutching the books triumphantly)  
Haaaaa! Haaaaa! Haaaaa!

BLOOM FLIPS. HE ATTACKS BIALYSTOCK LIKE A CRAZY KID, SCREAMING HYSTERICALLY AND PUNCHING WITH ONE ARM AS HE PROTECTS HIS FACE WITH THE OTHER.

BLOOM  
(shrieking)  
FAT! FAT! FAT! FAT! FAT!

BIALYSTOCK GOES CRASHING TO THE FLOOR UNDER THE ONSLAUGHT.

BLOOM DIVES ON TOP OF HIM. THEY ROLL ON THE FLOOR LOCKED IN MORTAL COMBAT. SUDDENLY THREE SHOTS RING OUT IN SUCCESSION.

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM IMMEDIATELY STOP WHAT THEY'RE DOING AND TURN TOWARD THE DOOR.

CUT TO LOCK AND HANDLE OF DOOR. THEY DROP OFF. A LITTLE SMOKE RISES FROM THE HOLE.

LIEBKIND  
 (off screen, outside  
 door)  
 I am betrayed!

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM LOOK AT EACH OTHER.

CUT TO THE DOOR. IT FLIES OPEN. FRAMED IN THE DOORWAY IS  
 FRANZ LIEBKIND, SMOKING LUGER IN HAND.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)  
 (solemnly)  
 You have broken the Siegfried Oath.  
 You must die.

HE BLASTS AWAY. THE WINDOW IS SHATTERED. PIECES OF WALL GO  
 WHIZZING THROUGH THE AIR. BIALYSTOCK DROPS THE LEDGERS AND  
 HE AND BLOOM DIVE FOR COVER BEHIND THE DESK.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)  
 This is no good. I'm not killing  
 you. Don't you understand, you have  
 broken the Siegfried Oath. You must  
 die. Will you cooperate!!!

CUT TO TIGHT TWO SHOT. BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM SCRUNCHED BEHIND  
 DESK. THEY STARE AT EACH OTHER IN AMAZEMENT. THERE IS A  
 TIMOROUS KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM  
 (together)  
 Come in. Come in.

ULLA ENTERS.

ULLA  
 I hear noise. You call?

SHE LOOKS AROUND.

ULLA (CONT'D)  
 Where are you?

SHE CONTINUES WALKING UNTIL SHE SEES THEM CROUCHED BEHIND  
 THE DESK.

ULLA (CONT'D)  
 Ahhh. I see you. You like something?  
 Coffee?

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM LOOK AT EACH OTHER IN DISBELIEF.

BIALYSTOCK  
 Coffee. Yes. That's a good idea.  
 (MORE)

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
 (with great emphasis)  
 Why don't you ask the gentleman with  
 the gun... The gentleman who is  
 shooting at us... and trying to kill  
 us... what he will have.

ULLA  
 (to Liebkind)  
 You like coffee?

CUT TO BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM. THEY STARE AT EACH OTHER,  
 DUMBFOUNDED.

LIEBKIND  
 Yes, please. Black. Two sugars.

ULLA REPEATS TO HERSELF AS SHE STARTS FOR THE DOOR.

ULLA  
 Three coffees. Two regular. One  
 black... two sugars.

SHE EXITS AND CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

BIALYSTOCK LOOKS UP TO THE FATES AND MAKES A SMALL SOUND OF  
 DESPAIR.

LIEBKIND  
 And now ve must resume hostilities.  
 Are you coming out from behind that  
 desk or not?

BIALYSTOCK  
 Not.

LIEBKIND  
 Cowards, miserable cringing cowards.  
 Clinging to life like baby  
 butterflies. Vatch, vatch and  
 remember. Franz Liebkind vill show  
 you how to die like a man!

HE PLACES THE MUZZLE OF THE GUN AGAINST HIS TEMPLE. BLOOM  
 AND BIALYSTOCK PEER OVER THE DESK TO SEE.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)  
 (exhalted)  
 Soon I vill be vit mine Fuhrer, und  
 Goering, und Goebbels, and Himmler.  
 I'm coming boys!

HE PULLS THE TRIGGER. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. THE GUN IS  
 JAMMED. HE THROWS THE GUN DOWN IN DISGUST.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)  
 (in utter anguish)  
 Boy, when things go wrong!

HE FALLS INTO A CHAIR AND SOBS LIKE A CHILD.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)  
 I'm a failure. I'm a failure. I'm  
 a failure.

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM COME OUT FROM BEHIND DESK. BIALYSTOCK  
 LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

BIALYSTOCK  
 Five o'clock. Killed a whole day  
 playing hide-and-seek with a crazy  
 Kraut.

BIALYSTOCK PICKS UP LUGER.

LIEBKIND  
 (still sobbing)  
 I'm not crazy. I'm inept.

HE CONTINUES TO SOB. BLOOM WALKS OVER TO THE WEEPING LIEBKIND  
 AND COMFORTINGLY PATS HIM ON THE SHOULDER.

BLOOM  
 There, there.

LIEBKIND  
 (looking around)  
 Where? Where?... oh...

BIALYSTOCK  
 (to Liebkind)  
 You crazy lunatic! What are you  
 shooting at us for? Why don't you  
 use this  
 (indicates gun)  
 where it will do us some good? Why  
 don't you shoot the actors?  
 (the thought strikes  
 home)  
 Liebkind, have I ever steered you  
 wrong?

LIEBKIND  
 Always.

BIALYSTOCK  
 Never mind. Listen. Every night  
 people are laughing at your beloved  
 Fuhrer. Why?

LIEBKIND  
It's that LSD und his verdampfer  
babies!...

BIALYSTOCK  
(handing him the gun  
and some money)  
Here. Buy bullets. Kill. Kill  
them all!

BLOOM  
What???

BIALYSTOCK  
(to Bloom)  
Shut up.

LIEBKIND  
Yes. The actors. I must destroy  
the actors.

LIEBKIND STARTS TO GO.

BLOOM  
Stop! Stop! This is insanity.

HE LEAPS ACROSS THE ROOM AND WRENCHES THE GUN FROM LIEBKIND'S  
HAND.

BLOOM (CONT'D)  
(screaming)  
Have you lost your mind? What are  
you talking about? Kill the actors.  
You can't kill the actors -- they're  
not animals, they're human beings!

BIALYSTOCK  
They are? Have you ever eaten with  
one? Liebkind, go! Kill!

BLOOM  
Liebkind, no!

BIALYSTOCK  
(to Bloom)  
What are you doing? We're trapped.  
It's either the show or us. There's  
no way out. What can we do, blow up  
the theatre?

BIALYSTOCK FREEZES AS THE THOUGHT TAKES HOLD.

CUT TO CLOSE-UP OF BLOOM. HIS EYES NARROW AS HE SERIOUSLY  
CONSIDERS THE PROPOSAL.

CUT TO CLOSE-UP LIEBKIND. HIS FACE A POSTER OF SHINING APPROVAL.

CAMERA PULLS BACK. THE THREE OF THEM SEARCH EACH OTHER'S FACES EARNESTLY. THEY ARE OBVIOUSLY IN ACCORD.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN. DARKENED CELLAR OF THEATRE. WE SEE THE FAINT GLOW OF A SHIELDED LAMP AT THE END OF A TUNNEL. AS THE CAMERA MOVES THROUGH TUNNEL CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE LIGHT, WE MAKE OUT THE SHADOWY FORMS OF THREE MEN.

CAMERA DOLLIES IN TO REVEAL BIALYSTOCK, BLOOM AND LIEBKIND.

BLOOM IS HOLDING A MINER'S LAMP. LIEBKIND IS TRYING BRICK LOOSE FROM WALL. BIALYSTOCK IS CONSULTING MAP. BRICK COMES LOOSE. LIEBKIND REMOVES IT.

LIEBKIND  
(the surgeon at work)  
Dynamite.

BLOOM SLAPS A NEATLY TAPED BUNDLE OF DYNAMITE INTO LIEBKIND'S HAND. LIEBKIND GENTLY PLACES IT IN OPENING.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)  
Fuse cap.

BIALYSTOCK REACHES INTO HIS POCKET AND HANDS HIM A FUSE CAP.

LIEBKIND PUTS CAP IN PLACE.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)  
Fuse.

BLOOM REACHES IN POCKET, TAKES OUT SPOOL OF FUSE, HANDS IT TO LIEBKIND.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

LIEBKIND TIES FUSE IN PLACE.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)  
Gut. Now for the master connection.

CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM AS THEY MOVE BACK THROUGH THE TUNNEL.

LIEBKIND TRAILS FUSE FROM SPOOL. THEY FINALLY EMERGE INTO AN OPEN AREA OF CELLAR DIRECTLY BENEATH THE STAGE.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)  
Gut. Now where's the other fuse?

BLOOM RAISES HIS LAMP, REVEALING A SIMILAR TUNNEL ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CELLAR.

BLOOM  
There it is.

CAMERA INSERT: CLOSE-UP SIMILAR FUSE PROTRUDING FROM SECOND TUNNEL.

BACK TO SCENE.

LIEBKIND  
(to Bloom)  
Pick it up and bring it here, please.

BLOOM  
Okay.

HE STARTS TOWARD SECOND TUNNEL.

LIEBKIND  
(anxiously)  
Where are you going vit the light?

BLOOM  
I need it. How'm I gonna find the fuse?

LIEBKIND  
Oh, ve come vit you. All for one and all in the light.

THE THREE OF THEM GINGERLY TIPTOE OVER TO SECOND TUNNEL ENTRANCE. BLOOM PICKS UP THE FUSE. THEY TIPTOE BACK.

BLOOM HANDS FUSE TO LIEBKIND.

LIEBKIND REACHES INTO HIS KNAPSACK, TAKES OUT LITTLE BLACK METAL BOX WITH TWO TERMINAL CAPS AT EITHER END AND SETS IT DOWN ON CELLAR FLOOR.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)  
Now ve take the two fuse leads, attach them to the terminals of the conductor and ve're in business.

BIALYSTOCK  
(grinning)  
You mean out of business. Heh, heh.

LIEBKIND BEGINS FIDDLING WITH THE FUSE LEADS AND TERMINALS.

BLOOM  
Max, I...

BIALYSTOCK  
 (irritated. He has  
 not time for small  
 talk)  
 What is it?

BLOOM  
 Well, I... Well, it's just that...  
 I'm sorry I called you fat, fat,  
 fat.

BIALYSTOCK  
 (smacking Bloom  
 affectionately on  
 the shoulder)  
 Ahhhhhh. Leo, Leo, Leo.

LIEBKIND  
 (mumbling to himself)  
 Plus to minus. Negative to positive.  
 Male to...

BIALYSTOCK  
 Come on. Let's get going.

LIEBKIND  
 Qviet. Qviet This is very important.

HE TURNS BACK TO HIS WORK.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)  
 Vait a minute. Vait a minute.  
 Male to male? Male to female?  
 Female to male? Female to female?  
 Vait a minute. In people, male to  
 female. But electricity is strange.  
 It's male to male.

HE QUICKLY FINISHES THE CONNECTION.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)  
 Sehr gut.  
 (to Bialystock)  
 Slow fuse, please.

BIALYSTOCK REACHES INTO HIS POCKET AND HANDS LIEBKIND A ROLL  
 OF FUSE.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)  
 Thank you.

HE BEGINS TYING SLOW FUSE TO CONDUCTOR.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)

(as he works)

Now ve take the slow fuse. Tie one end to the master connection and the other ve attach to the detonator.

HE FINISHES CONNECTIONS.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)

Come, ve go to the detonator.

THEY BEGIN TO MOVE BACK AS LIEBKIND SLOWLY SPOOLS OUT FUSE.

THEY START UP THE STAIRS.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)

Vait a minute. Are you sure this is slow fuse? It feels like qvick fuse.

(to Bloom)

Shine your light on it.

BLOOM SHINES LIGHT ON FUSE.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)

I don't know. I don't know. The markings are so similar. Qvick fuse or slow fuse?

LIEBKIND TAKES A WOODEN MATCH OUT OF HIS POCKET.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)

I must find out. It is critical.

HE STRIKES THE MATCH AND LIGHTS THE FUSE. WHOOSH! IT IGNITES. THE SPARKS RUSH TOWARD THE MASTER CONNECTION.

LIEBKIND CHARGES DOWN THE STAIRS AND CHASES AFTER THE QUICK BURNING FUSE FOR ALL HE'S WORTH. HE CATCHES UP WITH IT JUST BEFORE IT REACHES THE MASTER CONNECTION AND QUICKLY STAMPS IT OUT.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)

Let's face it. That was dumb.

HE TROTS BACK.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)

Boys, where is you?

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM COME CRAWLING OUT FROM BEHIND STAIRS.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)

(seeing them)

Dot vas the qvick one.

BIALYSTOCK  
We assumed that.

LIEBKIND REACHES INTO HIS POCKET AND SHOWS THEM A ROLL OF FUSE.

LIEBKIND  
Here. You see. This is the slow fuse. It is much wider. It has more resistance, more density. Therefore, it burns slower.

BIALYSTOCK  
You mean you had the slow fuse in your pocket all the time and you forgot to put it on?

LIEBKIND  
Yes. Amazing isn't it?

BIALYSTOCK RAISES HIS CANE AND SMASHES LIEBKIND ON THE HELMET.  
BONNNG.

BIALYSTOCK  
You stupid kraut!

LIEBKIND  
Why do you always call me kraut? Kraut is cabbage! Do ve call you hot dogs? Ve call you Yanks not franks!

BIALYSTOCK  
All right. Finish the job. Let's get outta here.

CUT TO SIDE DOOR OF THEATRE. THE DOOR OPENS SLOWLY.

BIALYSTOCK, BLOOM AND LIEBKIND TIPTOE OUT. BLOOM SETS DETONATOR DOWN.

LIEBKIND  
Und now for the final connection.

HE WRAPS THE FUSE LEAD AROUND THE METAL CONTACT POLE AND RAISES THE PLUNGER.

BIALYSTOCK  
Wait. I'll check to see if the coast is clear.

HE RUNS TO THE END OF THE ALLEY. LOOKS BOTH WAYS AND RUNS BACK.

BIALYSTOCK (CONT'D)  
The coast is clear!

LIEBKIND  
Good. Get down.

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM CROUCH DOWN AND HOLD THEIR EARDRUMS.

LIEBKIND GRABS THE HANDLE OF THE DETONATOR. HIS EYES SUDDENLY GLISTEN WITH TEARS.

LIEBKIND (CONT'D)  
Goodbye, my foolish fancy. Goodbye,  
my misbegotten child. Goodbye, my  
tortured testament of twisted truths.

BIALYSTOCK  
Do it! Do it!

LIEBKIND TENSES HIMSELF FOR THE PLUNGE. HE STARTS AND STOPS.

LIEBKIND  
I can't. I can't do it. It's a  
demon. It's a gargoyle, it's a  
monster... but it's still my child.

HE SOBS INCONSOLABLY. BIALYSTOCK ROUGHLY PUSHES HIM ASIDE AND GRABS THE HANDLE OF THE DETONATOR AND PLUNGES IT DOWN.

HE HURLS HIMSELF TO THE GROUND AND COVERS HIS HEAD IN ANTICIPATION OF THE EXPLOSION. NOTHING HAPPENS. AFTER A WHILE THEY ALL RAISE THEIR HEADS CURIOUSLY.

BIALYSTOCK  
(quizzically)  
Nothing.

LIEBKIND GOES TO PLUNGER, RAISES HANDLE AND EXAMINES DETONATOR.

LIEBKIND  
Here is gut... of course, of course.  
In electricity, it's always male to  
female. But with people, it's not  
always so. Come ve must go back.

BIALYSTOCK  
Do you need us?

LIEBKIND  
Of course I need you. It's dark in  
there.

BLOOM  
Okay, okay. Let's not waste time.

THEY OPEN THE SIDE DOOR AND DISAPPEAR INTO THE THEATRE.

DRUNK  
 (off camera, singing)  
 "Honeymoon, keep a shinin' in June,"

CUT TO ENTRANCE OF ALLEY. DRUNK COMES STAGGERING INTO VIEW.  
 HE SPOTS DETONATOR.

DRUNK (CONT'D)  
 "your silvery beams, Will light love's  
 dreams," What the heck is that? A  
 bicycle pump? Naaah. Lemme see.  
 Could it be? Good grief, it's Eli  
 Whitney's cotton gin... Naaah. Aahh,  
 I know what it is.

HE WALKS OVER TO DETONATOR AND SITS ON FIRE STANCHION JUST  
 BEHIND IT. HE RAISES HIS FOOT AND STARTS IT DOWN TOWARD THE  
 PLUNGER.

DRUNK (CONT'D)  
 Shine 'em up!

HE PUSHES PLUNGER DOWN WITH HIS FOOT.

CUT TO LONG SHOT OF THEATRE. (MOCK UP) THERE IS A TERRIFIC  
 EXPLOSION. PIECES OF THE THEATRE GO FLYING THROUGH THE AIR.

CUT TO TIGHT SHOT OF DRUNK. HE IS ON HIS KNEES. DEBRIS  
 CRASHES ALL AROUND HIM. SMOKE AND NOISE FILL THE AIR. HE  
 STAGGERS TO HIS FEET. HE ROCKS BACK AND FORTH AS THOUGH HE  
 WERE IN AN EARTHQUAKE.

DRUNK (CONT'D)  
 (bravely singing)  
 "Sa-an Fra-ancisco, open your golden  
 gates, Don't let a stranger wait..."

DISSOLVE TO TIGHT SHOT OF JUDGE'S GAVEL SOLEMNLY RAPPING FOR  
 ORDER.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL CROWDED COURTROOM.

CAMERA MOVES IN TO FOREGROUND OF COURT. THERE, SEATED AT  
 THE DEFENDANT'S TABLE ARE, IN ORDER, BLOOM WITH HIS ARM IN A  
 SLING, BIALYSTOCK WITH HIS LEG IN A CAST, AND A MUMMY SWATHED  
 IN BANDAGES. WE KNOW THE MUMMY IS LIEBKIND BECAUSE IT IS  
 WEARING A GERMAN HELMET.

LIEBKIND  
 (mumbling through his  
 bandages)  
 Male to male? Male to female?

CUT TO TIGHT SHOT OF JUDGE.

JUDGE  
Has the jury reached a verdict?

CUT TO JURY. THEIR EXPRESSIONS INDICATE THAT THEY ARE NOT AT ALL WELL-DISPOSED TOWARD THE DEFENDANTS.

CAMERA CLOSES IN ON FOREMAN. HE RISES.

FOREMAN  
We have, your honor.

JUDGE  
(off camera)  
How does the jury find?

FOREMAN  
We find the defendants incredibly guilty.

CUT TO JUDGE.

JUDGE  
Will the defendants please rise and approach the bench.

CUT TO BIALYSTOCK, BLOOM AND LIEBKIND. THEY STRUGGLE TO THEIR FEET AND HOBBLE TO THE JUDGE'S BENCH.

JUDGE (CONT'D)  
Do the defendants have anything to say in their behalf before the court pronounces sentence?

BLOOM  
I would like to say a word, sir, not on my behalf, but in behalf of my partner, Max Bialystock.

JUDGE  
Proceed.

BLOOM  
Thank you, your honor. Max Bialystock is a very selfish man.

BIALYSTOCK  
(whispers to Bloom)  
Don't help me.

BLOOM  
He's a liar and a cheat and a scoundrel.

(MORE)

BLOOM (CONT'D)

He's taken money from little old ladies. He's talked people into doing things they never would have dreamed of. Especially me. But who has he really hurt? Who are the victims? Not me, I had the most exciting adventure of my life. And what about the little old ladies? What would their lives have been without Max Bialystock? He made them feel wanted and young and attractive again.

LITTLE OLD LADIES

(off camera, ad-lib)

"Oh, Max, Max, I love you Max."

"Let him go, let him go."

"Don't take my Bialy."

JUDGE

(rapping gavel)

Order. Order.

BIALYSTOCK

And may I humbly add, your honor, that we have learned our lesson and we'll never do it again.

JUDGE

I will take that into consideration. The defendants shall serve not more than five and not less than two years in the State Penitentiary.

(he pounds gavel)

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO SIGN ON STONE WALL. SIGN READS: STATE PENITENTIARY.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO PRISON YARD. DETACHMENTS OF PRISONERS, LED BY GUARDS, MARCH PAST CAMERA.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO EXTERIOR OF PRISON BUILDING MARKED:

PRISON LAUNDRY. MUCH NOISE AND STEAM.

CAMERA PANS TO ANOTHER BUILDING MARKED: MACHINE SHOP. LOUD METALLIC CACOPHONY EMANATES FROM INSIDE.

CAMERA CONTINUES ITS JOURNEY. IT COMES TO REST ON PRISON AUDITORIUM. TINKLE OF PIANO IS HEARD FROM INSIDE.

CAMERA MOVES THROUGH CLOSED DOORS TO INTERIOR. WE SEE A LONG LINE OF PRISONERS (20). FOR SOME REASON THEY ARE ALL HOLDING MONEY IN THEIR HANDS. LINE ENDS AT A DESK.

SEATED AT THE DESK, IN A GREY, PRISON UNIFORM, IS NUMBER:  
979345, FORMERLY KNOWN TO US AS LEO BLOOM. BESIDE THE TABLE  
IS A LARGE DISPLAY BOARD READING:

WORLD PREMIERE

979344 and 979345

PRESENT

"PRISONERS OF LOVE"

STARRING 778629 AND

Co-STARRING 440123

INVEST NOW!!!! HUGE PROFITS GUARANTEED!!!

A PRISONER HANDS BLOOM MONEY. BLOOM COUNTS IT AND PUTS IT  
INTO TIN BOX. HE HANDS PRISONER A RECEIPT.

BLOOM

Twenty-five dollars. Here's your  
receipt. You now own 28% of  
"Prisoners of Love."

CAMERA PANS TO STAGE. THE STAGE IS FILLED WITH A LINE OF  
CONVICT "CHORUS GIRLS." THEIR TROUSERS ROLLED UP ABOVE THEIR  
KNEES, SHOWING AN ASSORTMENT OF INTERESTING HAIRY LEGS.

AT THE PIANO, KNOCKING OUT THE LIVELY RHYTHM, IS FRANZ  
LIEBKIND AND HIS EVER POPULAR GERMAN HELMET.

ON STAGE DIRECTING THE REHEARSAL IS THE INDOMITABLE MAX  
BIALYSTOCK.

BIALYSTOCK

(waving his cane and  
shouting at the top  
of his lungs)

Higher, you animals, higher! We  
open Saturday night! Kick! Kick!  
Two-three-kick-turn! Two-three-  
kick-turn! Okay, let's hear it!

THE PRISONERS BREAK INTO SONG.

PRISONERS

(singing)

"We're prisoners of love, etc."

MUSIC SWELLS TO CRESCENDO.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO ENCOMPASS THE ENTIRE STAGE AS "THE END"

AND SUBSEQUENT TECHNICAL CREDITS APPEAR ON THE SCREEN.