

THE PRODUCERS

by
Mel Brooks

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1 INT. DAY. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF MAX BIALYSTOCK'S OFFICE.
CLOSE-UP OF LITTLE OLD LADY. She blows a kiss and
WAVES GOOD-BYE.

1A 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-e, you dirty
 young man.

1B 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.

2 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.

2A CAMERA INSERT: CLOSE-UP OF PHOTOGRAPH. IT IS FACE OF
LITTLE OLD LADY WHO HAS JUST LEFT.

2B CAMERA BACK TO BIALYSTOCK. HE OPENS DESK DRAWER. IT
IS FILLED WITH TAGGED KEYS HE PICKS UP A KEY

2C CAMERA INSERT: TAG ON KEY READS: INVESTORS FILE.

2D 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.

2E CAMERA BACK TO BIALYSTOCK. HE PLACES PHOTOGRAPH IN
ITS PROPER NICHE AND BEGINS TO LOOK THROUGH THE FACES.

2E CONTD

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.

3 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.

3A LONG SHOT. 45TH STREET. SAME LIMOUSINE PULLS UP IN FRONT OF ONE OF THE THEATRES THAT LINE THE BLOCK.

3B 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.

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

4A 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.

5 DISSOLVE TO FOURTH FLOOR LANDING. THE LITTLE OLD LADY MAKES HER WAY TO THE TOP. SHE HANGS ONTO THE BANNISTER 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

5 CONTD

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

6 MEDIUM SHOT. MAX BIALYSTOCK

BIALYSTOCK
(leering)
Darling!

6A MEDIUM SHOT OVER BIALYSTOCK'S SHOULDER. LITTLE OLD
LADY.

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

6B 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

6C 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.

6C CONTD

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 wih 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-BUD GARTER.

FREEZE ACTION.

CREDIT.

RESUME ACTION.

BIALYSTOCK STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET.

BIALYSTOCK
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.

6D CUT TO LITTLE OLD LADY WEDGED BETWEEN DESK AND BACK OF CHAIR. SHE STRAIGHTENS HER LEGS AND SENDS THE CHAIR HURLING ACROSS THE ROOM.

6E CLOSE-UP OF BIALYSTOCK'S FACE: TERROR.

FREEZE ACTION.

CREDIT.

RESUME ACTION.

BIALYSTOCK CRASHES INTO RADIATOR.

BIALYSTOCK

Ohhhhhhhh.

6F CUT TO LITTLE OLD LADY. SHE IS LYING PRONE 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

Rowfff.

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

Aieeeeeyiyiyiyi.

6G CLOSE-UP OF BIALYSTOCK'S PAIN-RIDDEN FEATURES.

STOP ACTION.

CREDIT.

6G CONTD

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 kisses)

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

6H CUT TO DOOR. IT OPENS. LEO BLOOM ENTERS.

LEO 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 ...

6H CONTD (2)

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.

7 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.

7A MEDIUM SHOT. BIALYSTOCK AND THE OLD LADY IN FRONT OF BIALYSTOCK'S DOOR.

BIALYSTOCK
Until Thursday, then, you bawdy wench.

HE SLAPS HER ON THE RUMP.

LITTLE OLD LADY
Oooh. I love it. Hold me, touch me.

7B CUT TO BLOOM IN SHADOWS. AGHAST.

7C 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.

7D 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.

7E BACK TO LITTLE OLD LADY AND BIALYSTOCK.

LITTLE OLD LADY
Oh, Thursday. Will Thursday ever come?

BIALYSTOCK
(to himself)
Like clockwork.

SHE STARTS TO DESCEND.

LITTLE OLD LADY
I shall count the minuces.

7E CONTD

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.

7F 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.

7G 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.

I don't know what's happening to
 me. I must be getting old.

BIALYSTOCK TAKES CHECK AND READS IT.

LITTLE OLD LADY
 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.

7H SHE STARTS TO DESCEND.

LITTLE OLD LADY

(descending)

Ta. Ta.

BIALYSTOCK

(waving check at her)

Ta. Ta.

8 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.

8A CUT TO LANDLORD ON THE WAY DOWN.

LANDLORD

(to the Lord)

Don't pay attention. He's crazy.

8B 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.

8B CONTD

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

BLOOM NODS.

BIALYSTOCK
 And did you see and hear everything?

BLOOM NODS.

BIALYSTOCK
 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)
 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.

9 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.

9 CONTD

BIALYSTOCK

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

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

You know who I used to be? Max Bialystock! The King of Broadway! Six shows running at once. Lunch at Delmonico's. Two hundred

9 CONTD

BIALYSTOCK (Continued)
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
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
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.

9A CUT TO BLOOM. HE IS OBVIOUSLY TOUCHED BY THE GREAT
MAN'S DILEMMA.

9B CUT TO BIALYSTOCK.

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

9C CUT TO BLOOM. HE IS REALLY TRYING TO CHANGE HIS
EXPRESSION.

9D CUT TO BIALYSTOCK.

BIALYSTOCK
Do the books! Do the books!

9E CUT TO BLOOM. HE IS GREATLY RELIEVED.

BLOOM
(sighing)
Yes, sir. Thank you.

HE PLUNGES INTO HIS WORK.

9F 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

9G CAMERA: SHOT OF STREET. BIALYSTOCK'S POINT OF VIEW.
A WHITE ROLLS ROYCE SLOWLY MAKES ITS WAY UP THE BLOCK.

BIALYSTOCK

(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 ...

9H

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

I have hurt your feelings.

BLOOM NODS.

BIALYSTOCK

Good, what is it?

BLOOM

Sir, may I speak to you for a
minute?

H CONTD

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
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.

9H CONTD (2)

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.

9H CONTD (3)

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.

9H CONTD (4)

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 WRITES TOTAL BELOW.

9I BACK TO TIGHT SHOT OF BLOOM. HE COMPARES PAGES.

BLOOM

(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.

9J QUICK CUT TO BIALYSTOCK'S SLEEPING FACE. HIS EYES POP
OPEN.

9K CUT BACK TO BLOOM.

BLOOM

Yes. Yes. It's quite possible.
If he were certain the show would
fail, a man could make a fortune.

9L

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.

9L CONTD

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

Ahhhhhh! 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?

9L CONTD (2)

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

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 out
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

(sings)

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

9L CONTD (3)

BLOOM

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

Mr. Bialystock. No. Wait. Please.
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
judgement, 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

OOOOHH! OOOOHH! OOOOHH!
OOOOHH! I WANT THAT MONEY!

9M 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?

9N 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
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. I'm hysterical. I
can't stop. When I get like this,
I can't stop. I'm hysterical.

9N CONTD (2)

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

BLOOM
I'm wet! I'm wet! I'm
hysterical and I'm wet!

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

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

BIALYSTOCK RAISES HIS HAND AGAIN.

BLOOM
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. 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.

9N CONTD (3)

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

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

Avanti!

BLOOM GRACIOUSLY COMPLIES. THEY EXIT.

10 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.

11 CUT TO MURRAY THE BLINDMAN WORKING 45TH STREET.

11A CAMERA BACK TO BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM.

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

BIALYSTOCK
(pointing to his hat)
My hat.

BLOOM
I'll get it.

HE RACES AFTER IT.

BIALYSTOCK DETOURS SLIGHTLY TOWARDS 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.

11A CONTD

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??

11A CONTD (2)

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!

12 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

(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)

12 CCNTD

BIALYSTOCK
 Everybody's a big shot.
 (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.

13 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
 (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
 Bialysto-o-o-o-ckk.

14 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
 Money is honey. Money is honey.
 Money can put soft things next to
 your skin. Silk ... satin ... women.

14A CLOSE-UP OF BLOOM'S EYES. THEY WIDEN ON THE WORD "WOMEN".

15 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

(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!

15 CONTD

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
Oiiiiiii!!!

BLOOM
Ohhhhhhhh!!!

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM DROP OUT OF FRAME.

16 SLOW DISSOLVE TO BIALYSTOCK'S OFFICE. NIGHT. OVER-
HEAD 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.

16A 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

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:

16A CONTD

BIALYSTOCK
It's good!!!

17 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
 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.

17A CUT TO BIALYSTOCK. HE IS STANDING. AT HIS FEET LIES A SCRIPT. HE DANCES AROUND IT, HIS ARMS FOLDED ACROSS HIS CHEST.

BIALYSTOCK
 (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.

17B CUT TO MEDIUM SHOT.

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

17B CONTD

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.

17C CUT TO CLOSE-UP. TITLE OF SCRIPT.

BLOOM

(voice over)

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

17D BACK TO TWO SHOT. BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM.

BIALYSTOCK

It's practically a love letter
to Hitler!

BLOOM

(ecstatic)

It won't run a week!

17D CONTD

BIALYSTOCK

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

BLOOM

Who wrote it?

17E CUT TO AUTHOR'S NAME ON THE MANUSCRIPT: By FRANZ
LIEBKIND.

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

BLOOM

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.

18 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.

19 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.

19A 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.

(MORE)

19A CONTD

BIALYSTOCK (Contd)
(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 waves 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.

19A CONTD (2)

LIEBKIND

Wat about it?

BLALYSTOCK

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

(singing at the top of his lungs)

"Deutschland, Deutschland, uber alles, Uber alles in der velt."

BLALYSTOCK AND BLOOM LOOK AT EACH OTHER IN ALARM.

LIEBKIND

(singing for all he's worth)

"Deutschland, Deutschland ... "

19A CONTD (3)

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

LIEBKIND STOPS SINGING.

LIEBKIND
Wat?

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.

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

LIEBKIND
(as he hands glasses
to Bialystock and
Bloom)
Mr. Bloom, Mr. Bialystock.
Gentlemen, 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.

20A CUT TO TIGHT SHOT OF FRANZ LIEBKIND.

LIEBKIND
(a fervent whisper)
Adolph Hitler.
(he downs drink)

20B CUT TO TIGHT SHOT OF BLOOM.

BLOOM
(whisper)
Sigmund Freud.
(he downs drink)

20C CUT TO TIGHT SHOT OF BIALYSTOCK

BIALYSTOCK

(whisper)

Max Bialystock.

(he downs drink)

20D 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 vere 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)

(MORE)

20D CONTD

LIEBKIND (Contd)

Churchill, wit 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

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!

20E 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

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

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 ...

20E CONTD

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!

20E CONTD (2)

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.

20F CUT TO BLOOM'S FACE. IT IS A SILENT OI.

LIEBKIND
Fingers, please.

20G 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
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.

21 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?

21 CONTD

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

(to cab driver as
he opens rear 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

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.

22

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.

22 CONTD

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 ENTERTWINES 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.

- 23 CUT TO CLOSE-UP OF BIALYSTOCK'S FOOT POISED OVER VIOLINIST'S FOOT. BIALYSTOCK PROCEEDS TO CRUSH VIOLINIST'S FOOT.
- 24 CUT TO VIOLINIST'S FACE. SOMEHOW IT CONVEYS TO US ALL THE MISERY AND PAIN OF THE HUMAN CONDITION. WITH EYES CROSSED BY GRIEF, HE LIMPS TO ANOTHER TABLE. BIALYSTOCK QUICKLY REACHES OUT AND SNATCHES THE CHECK.
- 25 SWISH PAN CUT TO HANSON CAB THREADING ITS WAY THROUGH CENTRAL PARK. NIGHT.
- 25A CUT TO INTERIOR OF CAB. BIALYSTOCK IS COZILY ENSCORGED WITH LITTLE OLD LADY #4.

BIALYSTOCK
 (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.

- 26 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
 Clear the road! Clear the road!

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

- 27 SWISH PAN CUT TO POSH PARK AVENUE APARTMENT. NIGHT. A PRIVATE CONCERT 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.

27 CONTD.

LITTLE OLD LADY
(slightly flustered)
Go on with the concert! Go
with the concert! It's not
Nothing.

BIALYSTOCK STARES STRAIGHT AHEAD.

LITTLE OLD LADY
(to Bialystock, smiling)
You dirty man.

28 SWISH PAN CUT TO NEW YORK STREET. OLD
LIMOUSINE PULLS INTO VIEW. THE WINDOW
DRAWN. AS IT PASSES, WE DETECT STRANGE
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.

29 SWISH PAN CUT TO SCULPTOR'S ATELIER. DAY.
LITTLE OLD LADY WEARING A SCULPTOR'S SMOCK
CHIPPING AWAY WITH CHISEL AND HAMMER AT A HUGE
BLOCK OF MARBLE. SHE MAKES NOT A SCRATCH ON
CAMERA DOLLIES BACK TO REVEAL BIALYSTOCK, HE
STANDING NUDE, EXCEPT FOR LOIN CLOTH, HOLDING
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.
Oi. (to the heavens)

30 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
STRAINS OF SCHEHERAZADE IN A
SUDDENLY A WHIP COMES SOFTLY
WHACKS AGAINST

30 CONTD

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
How's this?

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

30A CUT TO CLOSE-UP OF BIALYSTOCK'S FACE AS HE DANCES.

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

31 ~~DELETED~~

32 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 Cathcart. She owns 50% of the profits.

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

BLOOM
Mrs. Eleanor Biddlecombe. She also owns 50% of the profits.

BIALYSTOCK SIGNS. BLOOM PUTS THE NEXT ONE DOWN.

BLOOM
Mrs. Virginia Resnick. She also owns 50% of the profits.

BIALYSTOCK SIGNS. BLOOM TAKES ANOTHER.

32 CONTD

BLOOM
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.

32A CUT TO INSIDE OF SAFE. IT IS JAMMED FULL OF NEATLY
STACKED PILES OF MONEY.

32B CUT TO BIALYSTOCK ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES IN FRONT OF
SAFE.

BIALYSTOCK
(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?

33 DISSOLVE TO CLOSE-UP, FACE OF A GORGEOUS BLONDE,
ULLA. DOLLY BACK TO REVEAL THE REST OF HER. SHE IS
INCREDIBLY WELL-ENDOWED.

33A CUT TO BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM. THEIR EYES GLUED TO HER FORM.

BLOOM
That's a toy?

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

BLOOM STARES AT HIM.

BIALYSTOCK
 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
 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, ooh, ohh."

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 THE MUSIC.

33A CONTD

BIALYSTOCK

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

ULLA STOPS, GOES TO PHONOGRAPH AND TAKES NEEDLE OFF.

BIALYSTOCK

Go to desk. Answer telephone.

HE PICKS UP PHONE TO SHOW HER.

BIALYSTOCK

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

Max, maybe ...

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

BLOOM

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.

33A CONTD (2)

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

Come on. We'd better hurry. We're late.

33A CONTD (3)

BIALYSTOCK BUZZES. ULLA ENTERS.

BIALYSTOCK
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.

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

BIALYSTOCK
Very nice girl.

34 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
(to chauffeur)
Thank you, Rudolfo.

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM CLIMB THE STEPS TO THE FRONT DOOR. BIALYSTOCK PUSHES THE DOORBELL. WE HEAR CHIMES.

BIALYSTOCK
(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.

34 CONTD

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.

35 THEY ENTER THE VESTIBULE. CARMEN CLOSSES THE DOOR BEHIND THEM.

CARMEN

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

White, white, white is the color of our carpets.

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM REMOVE THEIR SHOES.

CARMEN

(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.

35AA INT: ELEVATOR.

35A

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.

35B

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.
(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.

35B CONTD

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

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

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

(MORE)

35B · CONTD (2)

BIALYSTOCK (Contd)
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
Um... 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.

35B CONTD (3)

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

(MORE

DE BRIS (Contd)
Storm Troopers, black patent
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.

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

37 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.

37A 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)
(MORE)

37A CONTD

BIALYSTOCK (Contd)

Roger, what about that one?
The fat Hitler on the right?

DE BRIS

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

37B 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.

37C 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

(clapping his
hands for
attention)

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

37D 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.

37D CONTD

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

(sings)

My boy Bill will be strong
and as tall as a ...

DE BRIS

Thank you.

ARTHUR SHRUGS AND LEAVES THE STAGE.

DE BRIS

Next please.

CARMEN

Jason Green.

37E 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."

37F BEGINNING OF "STOUT-HEARTED MEN" MONTAGE.

THERE IS A SHORT PIANO INTRODUCTION.

JASON GREEN

(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.

37G 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.

37H DISSOLVE TO ANOTHER HITLER (ITALIAN BASSO)

37H CONTD

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.

37I 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.

37J 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.

37K CUT TO CARMEN GIYA ON STAGE. IT IS NOW EMPTY.

CARMEN

Well, that's it.

38 CUT TO FIRST ROW OF AUDIENCE. SLOW PAN BIALYSTOCK,
BLOOM, DE BRIS, AND 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.

38 CONTD

FROM OFF-STAGE WE HEAR THE SHARP CLICK OF BOOTS
APPROACHING. ALL EYES TURN TOWARD THE STAGE.
FROM OUT OF THE WINGS STEPS

38A 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

(to Carmen)

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?

38A CONTD

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.

38B 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???

38B CONTD

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.

39 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.

39A 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.

39B 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.

39C 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.

39C CONTD

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

LIEBKIND
 (to Bloom)
 Good luck.
 (to Bialystock)
 Good luck.

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

LIEBKIND
 (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.

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

BIALYSTOCK
 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.

(MORE)

40 CONTD

DRAMA CRITIC (Contd)

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 (GIRL)

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.

40 CONTD

BLOOM
Come on, they've started the
overture.

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM ENTER THE THEATRE.

41 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
(casually shrieking)
Well, Max, this is it!!!

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

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

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

42 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.

42 CONTD

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

43 CUT TO AUDIENCE. NUMBER ON STAGE CONTINUES.

CLOSE-UP OF MAN AND WOMAN ON AISLE.

 WOMAN (DOWAGER)
 This is shocking!

43A CUT TO ANOTHER AREA OF AUDIENCE. ANOTHER COUPLE.

 MAN (STUFFED SHIRT)
 Outrageous!

43B CUT TO CRITIC ON THE AISLE. BIALYSTOCK'S P.O.V. HE
SCOWLS AS HE FURIOUSLY MAKES NOTES.

43C 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.

44 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,
 (MORE)

44 CONTD

ENTIRE CHORUS (Contd)

Is Springtime for Goebbels,
Is Springtime for Himmler,
Is Springtime for you and me!!

44A CURTAIN FALLS. THE NUMBER IS RECEIVED BY THE AUDIENCE WITH HUSHED SILENCE. FOLLOWED BY A SURGE TOWARD THE DOORS. THE AISLES ARE CHOKED WITH UNLAPPY PEOPLE, WHO CAN'T WAIT TO GET OUT.

44B 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 DOWN-STAGE. 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. Er liebt mir.
(the last petal)
Er liebt mir nicht.

45 CUT TO PEOPLE IN AISLE. THEY HAVE NOTICEABLY SLOWED DOWN. SOME ARE WALKING BACKWARDS. THEY ARE INTRIGUED.

46 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.

47 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.

47A CUT TO WOMAN.

WOMAN

Hey, Harry, he's funny.

NOW THERE IS A MAD RUSH TO REGAIN THEIR SEATS.

48 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

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)

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

49 CONTD

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.

50 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.

51 CUT TO BAR. BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM ARE A LITTLE GIPSY. 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.

51 CONTD

DRUNK
 (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,

51 CONTD (2)

BIALYSTOCK

"Keep a shining in ..."

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

BIALYSTOCK

Intermission! Quick, hide your face. They'll tear us to pieces.

51A 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."

51B 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.

A 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."

51B CONTD

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 smasheroo.

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.

51C 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 ...

51D 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.

51D CONTD

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)
(MORE)

51D CONTD (2)

BLOOM (Contd)

The majority. The majority.
Yes. Let's hear from the
majority.

THEY START TO LEAVE.

52 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

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.

53 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.

54 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!

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

56 CUT TO LIEBKIND. HE HAS RIPPED OFF THE ARM OF HIS
CHAIR AND IS ERNESTLY 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.

57 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.

58 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.

59 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.

60 CURTAIN STARTS TO RISE. LIEBKIND HURLS HIMSELF AT 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
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.

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

62 CUT BACK TO LIEBKIND.

LIEBKIND

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

LIEBKIND DISAPPEARS INTO THE FLIES.

63-64 DELETED.

65 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.

65A HE CLOSES 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

"Congratulations. It's the
biggest hit on Broadway."

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

BIALYSTOCK

"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.

65A CONTD

BIALYSTOCK
 (boiling with rage)
 Congratulations!

HE TEARS TELEGRAM.

Congratulations!

HE TEARS TELEGRAM.

Congratulations!

HE TEARS TELEGRAM.

Congratulations!

HE TEARS TELEGRAM.

t.6 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 thing, Bloom. Adolf Hitler always drew a crowd.

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

BIALYSTOCK

What are you doing?

66A 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!

66A CONTD

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

(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.

67

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.

57A CUT TO THE DOOR. IT FLIES OPEN. FRAMED IN THE DOORWAY IS FRANZ LIEBKIND, SMOKING LUGER IN HAND.

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

57B 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
Where are you?

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

ULLA
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.
(with great emphasis)
Why don't you ask the gentleman
with the gun ... The gentleman
who is shooting at us ... and
(MORE)

67B CONTD

BIALYSTOCK (Contd)
trying to kill us ... what he
will have.

ULLA
(to Liebkind)
You like coffee?

67C 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 HER.

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

LIEBKIND
And now we 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
will 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
(exhorted)
Soon I will be with mine Fuhrer,
und Goering, und Goebbels, und
Himmler. I'm coming boys!

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

67C CONTD

LIEBKIND

(in utter anguish)

Boy, when things go wrong!

HE FALLS INTO A CHAIR AND SOBS LIKE A CHILD.

LIEBKIND

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-seeek 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
(MORE)

67C CONTD (2)

BIALYSTOCK (Contd)
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
(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
(MORE)

67C CCNTD (3)

BIALYSTOCK (Contd)
 or us. There's no way out.
 What can we do, blow up the
 theatre?

BIALYSTOCK FREEZES AS THE THOUGHT TAKES HOLD.

67D CUT TO CLOSE-UP OF BLOOM. HIS EYES NARROW AS HE
 SERIOUSLY CONSIDERS THE PROPOSAL.67E 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:

68 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 CON-
 SULTING 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
 Fuse cap.

BIALYSTOCK REACHES INTO HIS POCKET AND HANDS HIM A
 FUSE CAP. LIEBKIND PUTS CAP IN PLACE.

LIEBKIND
 Fuse.

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

LIEBKIND
 Thank you.

LIEBKIND TIES FUSE IN PLACE.

LIEBKIND
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
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.

68A CAMERA INSERT: CLOSE-UP SIMILAR FUSE PROTRUDING FROM
SECOND TUNNEL.

68B 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.

68B CONTD

LIEBKIND

Now we take the two fuse leads,
attach them to the terminals of
the conductor and we'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

Quiet. Quiet. This is very
important.

HE TURNS BACK TO HIS WORK.

LIEBKIND

Wait a minute. Wait a minute.
Male to male? Male to female?
Female to male? Female to female?
Wait a minute. In people, male to
female. But electricity is
strange. It's male to male.

683 CONTD (2)

HE QUICKLY FINISHES THE CONNECTION.

LIEBKIND

Sehr gut.

(to Bialystock)

Slow fuse, please.

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

LIEBKIND

Thank you.

HE BEGINS TYING SLOW FUSE TO CONDUCTOR.

LIEBKIND

(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

Come, ve go to the detonator.

THEY BEGIN TO MOVE BACK AS LIEBKIND SLOWLY SPOOLS OUT FUSE. THEY START UP THE STAIRS.

LIEBKIND

Wait 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

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

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

68B CONTD (3)

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

Let's face it. That was dumb.

HE TROTS BACK.

LIEBKIND

Boys, where is you?

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM COME CRAWLING OUT FROM BEHIND STAIRS.

LIEBKIND

(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!

68B CONTD (4)

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

69 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
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
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

69 CONTD

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,"

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

DRUNK

"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. Aarrh,
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.

70 CONTD

DRUNK
Shine 'em up!

HE PUSHES PLUNGER DOWN WITH HIS FOOT.

70A CUT TO LONG SHOT OF THEATRE. (MOCK UP) THERE IS A
TERRIFIC EXPLOSION. PIECES OF THE THEATRE GO FLYING
THROUGH THE AIR.

70B 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
(bravely singing)-
"Sa-an Fra-ancisco, open your golden gates,
Don't let a stranger wait ...

71 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?

71A. CUT TO TIGHT SHOT OF JUDGE.

JUDGE
Has the jury reached a verdict?

71B 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?

71B CONTD

FOREMAN
We find the defendants
incredibly guilty.

71C CUT TO JUDGE.

JUDGE
Will the defendants please
rise and approach the bench.

71D CUT TO BIALYSTOCK, BLOOM AND LIEBKIND; THEY STRUGGLE
TO THEIR FEET AND HOBBLE TO THE JUDGE'S BENCH.

JUDGE
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. 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.

71D CONTD

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)

- 72 DISSOLVE THROUGH TO SIGN ON STONE WALL. SIGN READS:
STATE PENITENTIARY.
- 72A DISSOLVE THROUGH TO PRISON YARD. DETACHMENTS OF
PRISONERS, LED BY GUARDS, MARCH PAST CAMERA.
- 72B DISSOLVE THROUGH TO EXTERIOR OF PRISON BUILDING MARKED:
PRISON LAUNDRY. MUCH NOISE AND STEAM.
- CAMERA PANS TO ANOTHER BUILDING MARKED: MACHINE SHOP.
LOUD METALLIC CACAPHONY EMANATES FROM INSIDE.
- CAMERA CONTINUES ITS JOURNEY. IT COMES TO REST ON
PRISON AUDITORIUM. TINKLE OF PIANO IS HEARD FROM
INSIDE.
- 73 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!!!

73 CONTD

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."

74 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.