

"INTOLERABLE CRUELTY"

Screenplay by

Robert Ramsey, Matthew Stone

Ethan Coen & Joel Coen

Based on a story by

Robert Ramsey, Matthew Stone

and John Romano

FIRST DRAFT

3/25/97

BEVERLY HILLS STREET - NIGHT

It is late night, and deserted. Engine noise approaches; headlights appear; as the car draws closer we hear singing.

It is a Mercedes convertible and as it roars by, the singing – a sloppy baritone and a giggling soprano – whooshes by with it.

We hold as another car approaches. This one is a conservative sedan, whose occupant does not sing.

INSIDE THE CONVERTIBLE

The middle-aged driver is in a tuxedo with a rumpled shirt and cocked bow tie. He is flushed, a Rogue forelock bouncing over his forehead, and he merrily sings "Casey Jones" along with the passenger, a young woman in a party dress who squeals, rocks with the motion of the car, and enthusiastically pipes in on the chorus.

ANOTHER EMPTY STREET

The convertible makes a hot turn onto the street and approaches with its singing.

REVERSE

The car enters and roars away. After a beat of quiet, the conservative sedan enters and recedes.

BEACH

We are at the Malibu Guest Quarters Motel. The singing, squealing Mercedes screeches into the lot and rocks to a halt.

The young woman staggers out still giggling, and holding a half-empty bottle of champagne.

The man tosses her a key with a large plastic tag.

MAN
Number Seven.

She trots away.

The man twists his rear-view mirror to look at himself. He straightens his bow tie. He puffs his bounding forelock with one finger, nods his head to make it bounce, grins approvingly, and cocks a pistol-finger at his own reflection.

MAN
Zing!

MOTEL ROOM

The man enters and looks around. The young woman's dress is tossed onto the bed but she is nowhere to be seen.

The man pulls an imaginary train whistle.

MAN
Choo! Choo!...

He looks around, in a closet, under the bed.

MAN
I'm a locomotive, baby! I'm the Wabash
cannonball! I'm a hunka-hunka

burninnnnn' love! I got fire in my
boiler and a fuh – a fuh –

He is reacting to a long leg which pokes out from behind the window curtain.

A salacious smiles spreads across his lips. He pulls on the cord to draw back the curtain and reveal the young woman in red panties and a bra and a saucily cocked conductor's cap.

YOUNG WOMAN

Tickets, please.

The man is stripping off his clothes.

MAN

Excuse me, Miss, is this the train
to Ecsssstasy?

YOUNG WOMAN

Pull in your ears, Rexie – you're
comin' to a tunnel!

Rex lunges at the young woman and they tumble onto the bed just as –

CRASH – the door is kicked open and a short stocky black man built like a bulldog and wearing a porkpie hat rushes into the room with a video camera glued to his eye. He looks like Clarence Thomas with a mustache.

MAN

I'm gonna nail your ass!

The young woman screams, clutching the sheets to her naked bosom. Rex leaps from the bed, still clad only in his chemindefer boxers, and darts around the room seeking egress.

The man with the video charges around the room following Rex

THE VIDEO IMAGE

Rex is stumbling around the room in a panic, looking for his clothing. The camera swish-pans back to the young woman still screaming in the bed.

MAN

I'm gonna nail your ass!!

We swish-pan back to Rex as he bends over to pick up his trousers, mooning us.

MAN

I'm gonna nail your ass!

PULL BACK FROM THE VIDEO IMAGE

To reveal that we are in the detective – Gus Petch's – office.

GUS

I nailed his ass.

Faintly, from the television monitor we hear screaming and mayhem.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Trains...

THE WOMAN

Watching the monitor, MARYLIN REXROTH is a sensual beauty, with intelligence and class. She watches the monitor without expression.

MARYLIN

...I thought he'd outgrown trains.

Gus Petch sits behind a desk.

GUS

They never grow-up, lady. They just get tubby. Me, I've always had ample proportions. But it's all muscle – I'm hard as a rock. I'm not on of these cream puff sit-behind-a desk private dicks; I'm an assnailer

MARYLIN

So I see.

Faintly, from the monitor:

VOICE

I'm gonna nail your ass.

We hear the Young Woman SQUEAL. Marilyn reacts.

MARYLIN

Hard to believe that's the best he could do.

GUS

Probably you're the best he could do.

MARYLIN

Oh. Thank you.

GUS

You're takin' it pretty well. I seen 'em weep like they'd hired me to prove their husbands weren't fooling around. And I seen 'em celebrate. Like I just handed 'em a winning lottery ticket.

Marilyn turns her attention back to the screen.

MARYLIN

I'm just enjoying the movie.

TRACKING SHOT

All from the perspective of a moving automobile.

The moving shots show mansions, palm trees, boutiques; we pass joggers, strolling businessmen holding cellular phones to their ears, male models working as waiters at sidewalk cafes, young women on roller blades who turn, smile, and wave at the camera. It is la dolce vita Los Angeles style.

THE DRIVER

A handsome, fortyish man in a town car talks into cellular

phone. This is MILES MASSEY.

MILES

– hello Marjory, any messages? Yeah? Yeah? Yeah. Yeah. Have Wrigley look up Oliphant v. Oliphant for its relevance to the Chapman filing. She took the kids where? Tahoe? Which side of Tahoe. Great. If the cruise goes all the way around the lake, she left the state and she's in breach. She can't leave the state. Tell Wrigley to prepare a filing to attach everything. Primary residence, autos, stocks...

(Beat)

Sure. Put him through.

(Beat)

Hello Ross. What? She's sleeping with the nanny? Well, you're separated. She can sleep with – is this the one you slept with? Oh. A guy? Interesting career choice. Hmmm? Yes. I know you want her dead. Everyone in your tax bracket wants their ex wives dead.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS MANSE

Rex is trying his key in the front door of his house. Finding it doesn't, work he rattles the knob, then leans on the doorbell.

We hear distant chimes.

REX

Honey! ...Honey?!

Finally, through the intercom:

MARYLIN

Rex. Get away from the door.

REX

Look, Marylin, can't we have a

civilized discussion about this?

MARYLIN

We are. And it's winding down.

REX

But Marilyn, you know a divorce would ruin me right now. Everything I have – everything we have – is tied up in my business. The business is my entire life.

MARYLIN

Are you forgetting about the Atcheson, Topeka and the Santa Fe?

REX

Marilyn?

MARYLIN

Rex. Go away. I don't want to have to sic the dogs on you.

REX

Dogs?

From inside the house we hear the menacing sound of LARGE DOGS BARKING.

LETTERING

On an interior wall; it says MASSEY, MEYERSON, SLOAN & GURALNICK.

A pull back shows that we are in a waiting room, and a receptionist leans over her partition to chirp at Rex Rexroth.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Massey will be right with you.

INT. MASSEY MEYERSON CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Miles addresses a group of young Attorneys at the firm.

MILES

The problem is that everyone is willing to compromise. That's the problem with the institution of marriage – it's based on compromise. Even through its dissolution. One attorney will try to score some points, the opposition will try to impeach. The process will find an equilibrium point determined by the skill of the opposing lawyers, and then each party will walk away with their portion of the "goodies." Some say, "Life is compromise." But at Massey Myerson we believe life is struggle and the ultimate destruction of your opponent.

The Receptionist pokes her head into the conference room.

RECEPTIONIST

Your eleven o'clock is here.

MILES

Ladies and Gentlemen – we will continue this at the Associates Meeting next Friday. In the meantime, I want you to consider this... Ivan the Terrible, Henry the VIII, Attila the Hun – what did they have in common?

As he exits.

ASSOCIATE

Middle names?

MILES MASSEY'S OFFICE

You may have seen it in the issue before last of "World of Interiors." There's a Rothko on the wall, an Elle Bleu humidor on the desk, peonies in the vase, and the diploma is from Yale.

MILES

Mr. Rexroth.

REX
Rex, please.

MILES
Miles Massey. Please sit, relax, and consider this office your office, your haven, your war room – for the duration of the campaign.

REX
Thank you.

MILES
Now Rex.

He leans back in the leather executive chair behind his desk, makes a steeple of his fingers, and dons his look of deepest concern.

MILES
– Tell me your troubles.

Rex, nervous, laughs ruefully.

REX
Jeez. Where do I start?

Miles gives an encouraging, rueful smile in return.

REX
...Well, my wife has me between a rock and a hard place.

MILES
That's her job. You have to respect that.

REX
When I first met Marylin – Well, we were crazy about each other. Not emotionally, of course. We just couldn't keep our hands off each other.

MILES

Mm.

REX

But then... But then...

Quietly.

MILES

Time marches on. Ardor cools.

REX

No. Not exactly. It didn't exactly cool. Marilyn is a knock-out. And very sexy – but – there's a lot of it out there.

MILES

Ah.

REX

You know what I mean when I say "it."

MILES

Gotcha. No need to get anatomically correct with me, Rex.

REX

Seems like there's more of it than ever before –

MILES

Well, with the expanding global population – Let me ask you this – your wife. Has she pursued the opportunities which must present themselves to the "knock-out, sexy woman" you described?

REX

I don't know. I can assume...

MILES

Not in court you can't. Has she retained counsel?

REX

I'm not sure.

MILES

And your wife is aware of or has evidence of your activities?

REX

Video.

MILES

Mmm... And to cut to the chase, forensically speaking – is there a pre-nup?

Rex hangs his head.

Miles sighs sympathetically.

MILES

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves. Well, let me ask you this: what kind of settlement do you seek? What are, for you, the parameters of the possible?

REX

That's the problem. I can't afford to give her anything.

MILES

Nothing?

REX

I know that sounds rough but I'm about to close on a deal to develop some mini-malls, and I'm mortgaged up to my ass. If this deal goes south, I'm ruined – I'll lose millions.

MILES

So, you propose that in spite of demonstrable infidelity on your part,

your unoffending wife should be tossed
out on her ear?

REX

Well – is that possible?

Miles smiles at him.

EXT. RUNNING PATH - SAN VICENTE BLVD. - MORNING

Marylin power walks along the San Vicente Bike Path with her friends SARAH SORKIN and RAMONA BARCELONA. It's early, but the path is crowded with bikers, bladers, runners, power walkers, wheelchair racers etc. Ramona pushes her infant in a baby jogger.

SARAH

You want to come out to the beach
house tomorrow?

MARYLIN

I didn't know Barry had a beach house.

SARAH

Neither did I until my lawyer found
it – quite a paper trail – he had
it in the dog's name.

RAMONA

(To Marylin)

So who'd you hire?

MARYLIN

Ruth Rabino.

SARAH

She's a legend. Didn't she do Kravis
or a Pearlman? She definitely did a
Factor.

MARYLIN

She did a Harriman.

SARAH

Wow.

MARYLIN

In the words of my Private Investigator, we're going to nail his ass.

RAMONA

I've been trying to nail George's for years, but he's very careful. I'll just keep having children. I think I'm pregnant, by the way.

SARAH

Ramona! Don't get Mia Farrow on us.

RAMONA

Three is not Farrow.

SARAH

Who's Rex's guy?

MARYLIN

Miles Massey.

SARAH

Of Massey Myerson?

MARYLIN

Do you know him?

SARAH

By reputation. He got Ann Rumsey that cute little island of George's.

RAMONA

George was so impressed he hired him when he divorced his second.

SARAH

Muriel Rumsey.

MARYLIN

Who's she?

SARAH

Now? She's a night manager at McDonalds.

RAMONA

You should have tried to get pregnant Marilyn – solidify your position.

MARYLIN

No.

RAMONA

You like kids.

MARYLIN

I can't have a baby with a man I don't love... And I can't submit a child to divorce.

SARAH

It's not so bad these days. Kids like joint custody. Two sets of toys.

RAMONA

Maybe next time.

MARYLIN

Maybe.

SARAH

We do have a man for you.

RAMONA

Thorstenson Gieselensen. He just separated from his third. He's in fish. He is fish.

SARAH

She's keeping his name. And one of his planes. And all seven of his children

RAMONA

And only two are hers.

MARYLIN

Please. I'm not seeing anyone until this is over. One husband at a time.

SARAH

I wish I had your discipline.

A COURTROOM

We are close on the person on the witness stand, a woman in her 60's.

LAWYER

Mrs. Guttman, you have testified that you were your husband's sexual slave for thirty-six years, ever since you were married –

WITNESS

Except for two years when he was in the Navy, in Korea.

LAWYER

Prior to your marriage, what was your profession?

WITNESS

I was a hostess. For Trans-World Airlines.

LAWYER

What is your husband's profession?

WITNESS

He manufactures staples and industrial brad-tacks. He's very successful.

JUMP BACK

At the counsel's table in the foreground Miles chats, voice lowered with WRIGLEY, a boyish, bespectacled junior associate. Beyond them we see the woman on the witness stand continuing her testimony.

WRIGLEY

Wait... He wants to give her...?

MILES

Nothing.

WRIGLEY

And she has...?

MILES

Video.

WRIGLEY

What the fuck...?

Miles turns to Wrigley with a look of indignation. He gestures to their surroundings.

MILES

Wrigley!

WRIGLEY

Sorry.

MILES

Sometimes I have serious doubts about you.

WRIGLEY

I am very sorry.

MILES

Am I mentoring the wrong mentee?

WRIGLEY

No. You're not.

MILES

I could be mentoring Kramer. Kramer clerked for Scalia.

Wrigley looks suicidal.

BACKGROUND LAWYER (O.S.)

Couldn't you simply walk away from this abusive relationship?

WOMAN

No, he had the videos...

MILES

Anyway, I need a challenge. This –

He waves dismissively at the courtroom.

MILES

– is not a challenge. I need something I can sink my teeth into, professionally speaking.

WOMAN

He would invite these girls home from the staple factory to our condominium in Palm Springs. He had a device he called the Intruder.

JUDGE

Mr. Massey! I ask again, if you have any questions for the complainant.

MILES

I'm sorry, your honor, I was just conferring with my associate...

He rises.

MILES

Now then, Mrs. Guttman. Do you know a gentleman named Morris Rudnick?

MRS. GUTTMAN

Well, yes, Morris is my accountant.

MILES

(sadly)

Accountant.

He reaches back and Wrigley puts a manila file in his hand.

MILES

We would like to offer these photographs into evidence...

WAITING ROOM - MASSEY MEYSEYERSON

The receptionist leans over her partition to chirp at Marylin and her attorney Ruth Rabinow. Ruth is a sturdy woman in her late 60's. If Mrs. Guttman had gone to law school...

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Massey will see you now.

CONFERENCE ROOM

In the middle of the Massy Meyerson conference table is a large fruit and pastry plate.

The door swings open. Miles rises.

MILES

...Ruth!

They shake hands.

MILES

– Ruth Rabinow, this is Rex Rexroth.
And you must be Mrs. Rexroth.

MARYLIN

And you must be Mr. Massey.

They appraise each other for a beat. They are impressed and, they are impressive. As they settle in:

MARYLIN

(Sadly)
Hello, Rex.

REX

Marylin.

MARYLIN

Are you alright? You lost weight.

REX

My whole metabolism is – off.

Miles has been staring at Marilyn. She notices this, and smiles shyly. He snaps out of it.

MILES

So, Ruth. How's Sam?

RUTH

Sam is Sam. He's taking up fly fishing. He's in a yert in Montana.

MILES

A yert.

(To Rex)

Ruth is a living legend, Rex. At a time when most women are in Boca, having early bird specials – she's working so her husband can be in Montana. In a yert.

REX

What's a yert?

RUTH

(Dryly)

I ran into your mother at the radiologist last week.

MILES

What?!

RUTH

Oh, just a routine mammogram. She said to say hello. She's going to Positano with your brother's family.

A tight, terse smile from Miles.

MILES

How nice.

MARYLIN

Positano is beautiful. Remember when we were there, Rex? We stayed in the Santo Pietro? That hotel on the cliff?

REX

Yeah.

They drift for a moment.

RUTH

So, Miles. If you have a proposal,
let's hear it.

MILES

At this point my client is still
prepared to consider reconciliation.

RUTH

My client has ruled that out.

MILES

My client is prepared to entertain
an amicable dissolution of the
marriage without prejudice.

RUTH

That's delusional.

MILES

My client proposes a thirty day
cooling off period.

RUTH

My client feels sufficiently
dispassionate.

MILES

My client asks that you not initiate
proceedings pending his setting
certain affairs in order.

RUTH

Ha Ha.

MILES

(conceding the point)
Heh heh.

REX

What's so goddamn funny?

Miles lays a hand on his arm.

MILES

Please – let me handle this.

He puts the clipboard away and looks carefully at Ruth.

MILES

– So much for the icebreakers.
What're you after, Ruth?

RUTH

My client is prepared to settle for
fifty percent of the marital assets.

MILES

Why only fifty percent, Ruth? Why
not ask for a hundred percent?

RUTH

Oh brother. Here we go.

MILES

Why not a hundred and fifty percent?

RUTH

Yes. Maybe you're right, Miles. Maybe
we're being too conservative. Seventy
five percent.

Rex winces. Rubs his stomach. Marilyn leans forward and
whispers to him.

MARYLIN

Do you need a Tagamet?

REX

You have some?

She removes a pack of the tablets from her purse, along with
several vials of prescription drugs.

MARYLIN

These are yours.

MILES

Not according to Mrs. Rabinow.

She hands the pills to a grateful Rex. Their hands touch for a moment.

MARYLIN

Have you been taking your digestive enzymes?

REX

(Contrite)

Sometimes I forget.

She looks at him like a concerned parent. Miles and Ruth watch the interaction.

MARYLIN

(To the attorneys)

I'm sorry. Where were we?

RUTH

We were about to request the primary residence, and thirty percent of the remaining assets.

MILES

Are you familiar with Kirshner?

RUTH

Kirshner does not apply. Kirshner was in Kentucky.

REX

What's Kirshner?

MILES

Please – let me handle this. Okay, Ruth, forget Kirshner – what's your bottom line?

RUTH

The primary residence and FORTY

percent of the remaining assets.
You're becoming tedious Miles.

REX

Aren't we going in the wrong
direction?

MILES

Shhh. Please. Let me do my job.

(To Ruth)

Buy a clue, Ruthie. Have you forgotten
about Kirshner?

Ruth stands and closes her attach₂ case.

RUTH

See you at the preliminary.

Miles calls to Ruth's retreating back.

MILES

Fine. We'll eat all the pastry.

Going through the door, Ruth doesn't react, but Marilyn
following, glances back – bemused, but with a trace of a
smile.

Rex swallows two more tablets. He sits, looking despondent.

MILES

I think that went as well as could
be expected.

REX

She always looked out for me.

MILES

And she had private investigators
assisting her.

REX

(Sentimental)

She brought my digestive enzymes.

MILES

In anticipation of making you sick.

REX

Maybe I should reconsider my...

Miles looks at him. Shakes his head, sadly.

MILES

A superficial display of marital solicitude, and you lose your resolve? Rex. I underestimated you. But I'm your attorney, and if you choose to reward her for that mediocre charade of spousal concern...

He shrugs, helplessly.

REX

You're right. Screw her.

INT. GYM - CLOSE ON

A woman walking across a gymnasium floor. Suddenly, she's assaulted by a huge, grotesquely garbed assailant. His sweats barely cover his massive, overdeveloped musculature. On his head, a ski mask stretches over a padded football helmet. He grabs the woman, yanks her back towards him. She reacts swiftly. With a ferocious "NO," she stomps on his foot, and smashes him in the face. The mugger raises his hands in a gesture of submission.

APPLAUSE

We pull back and see that we are in a Self Defense Class. Two instructors, two "muggers" and ten women students all wearing T-shirts with the words IMPACT-Personal Safety. Marilyn and Sarah sit against the wall.

MARYLIN

I don't know what his game is. He dismissed every one of Ruth's proposals. And Sarah, we weren't unreasonable.

SARAH

Well what does he want?

MARYLIN

I don't know. Ruth kept her cool,
but I could tell she was surprised.

SARAH

He has a reputation for being tough.

Marylin watches as a new "victim" begin her walk across the gym.

MARYLIN

(Grinning)

Lilly's up.

SARAH

Oh, God!

The mugger emerges from his station and makes his way toward the "victim." She glances over her shoulder, and at the sight of the monster bearing down on her, screams and runs to the exit. Marylin and Sarah giggle, but reproachful looks from the other students force them to affect concerned looks.

MARYLIN

(Whispers)

Every week –

SARAH

I'm dying.

The two Instructors and the Mugger try to coax the sobbing woman back into the room. They clasp her in an empathic group hug.

MARYLIN

Anyway, even Rex seemed perplexed by his intransigence. If I didn't know better, I'd swear Massey had some personal investment in my ruination.

SARAH

So where are you now?

MARYLIN

Well, if he continues to maintain
this position – we're in court.

SARAH

Shit.

MARYLIN

Get this! He called and invited me
to dinner.

The INSTRUCTOR, a vivacious phys ed major, approaches Marilyn.

INSTRUCTOR

Marylin? Ready.

MARYLIN

Huh? Oh, yeah. Sure.

Marylin gets up and coolly walks to center stage, passing
the traumatized Lilly.

SARAH

That's completely odd.

Marylin begins the Victim walk. The Mugger quickly moves up
from the rear.

MARYLIN

(To Sarah)

I know. That's why I accepted. Find
out what's up with this clown.

The Mugger is upon her. He grabs her hair. She stomps his
foot, and smoothly wheels around SMASHING him in the nose
with her elbow, while KNEEING HIM in the groin.

The women Cheer.

INSTRUCTOR

That was excellent, Marilyn. But you
forgot to yell "no."

MARYLIN

Ah.

(Calmly, to the Mugger)
No.

CUT TO:

ELEGANT RESTAURANT - EVENING

Miles rises from his seat as Marilyn enters.

MILES
Mrs. Rexroth. Thank you for coming.

The Maitre d' is pulling out a chair for her.

MARYLIN
I have to admit. I was curious. And hungry.

MAITRE D'
Something to start? Some wine, perhaps?

Miles glances at the wine list.

MILES
French?
(She smiles)
Bordeaux? Hmmm. Chateau Margaux '57.

Miles nods at the maitre d' who returns the nod and withdraws.

MARYLIN
I assume this is on Rex?

MILES
Isn't everything?

Miles regards her.

MILES
Your husband told me you were beautiful, but I was unprepared.

MARYLIN
"Dismiss your vows, your feigned

tears, your flattery, for where a heart is hard, they make no battery."

Miles leans back, props his chin on one fist, and considers her.

MILES
Simon & Garfunkel?

She laughs.

MILES
Do you have a hard heart, Marilyn.

MARYLIN
Did you see the tape?

MILES
Not yet.

MARYLIN
See the tape. Then we can discuss my heart.

A waiter appears and pour a taste of wine which Miles sips and – He nods at the waiter who pours two glasses.

MARYLIN
Tell me Mr. Massey. What was your performance about this afternoon?

MILES
What does your lawyer think?

MARYLIN
Ruth says you've been too successful, that you're bored, complacent, and you're on your way down.

MILES
But you don't agree?

MARYLIN
How do you know?

MILES

Why would you be here?

MARYLIN

I told you. I was hungry.

FLAP a menu enters frame. It is handed to Marilyn; another is handed to Miles.

MILES

I'll have the tournedos of beef. And the lady will have the same?

(To Marilyn)

I assume you're a carnivore.

MARYLIN

I know you do.

She addresses the waiter.

MARYLIN

Risotto with white truffles, please.

Miles looks at her with appreciation.

MILES

"Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?"

MARYLIN

You didn't ask me here to pick me up. You could get in trouble for that.

MILES

Not really. You're not my client. Freedom of association. Big issue with the First Amendment fans. Want to go to Hawaii for the weekend?

MARYLIN

Have you ever been married, Miles?

MILES

No.

MARYLIN

You don't believe in it.

MILES

As a matter of fact, I'm a huge fan.

MARYLIN

You just haven't met the right person.

MILES

No. I haven't. Have you?

She regards him for a moment.

MARYLIN

All right, Miles. Let me tell you everything you THINK you know. I was married to Rex for a long time. I was an excellent wife, a partner, a lover, a hostess and a friend. There was only one thing I did wrong during the five years we were together. I got five years older. Think he should be able to ditch me for that?

MILES

He wants a reconciliation.

MARYLIN

See the tape. Then we can discuss reconciliation. Rex screwed up and I nailed his ass. Now I'm going to have it mounted and have my girlfriends over to throw darts at it. Then I'm getting on with my life. That's all I'm after.

MILES

Gotcha.

MARYLIN

What is it you're after, Miles?

MILES

Oh, I'm a lot like you – just looking for an ass to mount.

MARYLIN

Well, don't look at mine!

VOICE (O.S.)

Oyez. Oyez. Family court for the fifth district of Los Angeles County is now in session.

COURT ROOM

A large black woman in judicial robes and raiment enters from behind the Solomonic Platform.

CLERK

– The Honorable Marva Munson presiding. All rise.

Massey, Wrigley, and Rex Rexroth in between, rise. Rex and Wrigley remain respectfully standing, facing forward, as they whisper out of the side of their mouths:

REX

Have you sat before her before?

Wrigley considers.

WRIGLEY

– the judge sits. We argue. We argue before her. She sits before us.

REX

Okay. Has she sat before you before?

WRIGLEY

You can't sit before her. That's the rule! She sits before we argue!

Miles glances over and hisses:

MILES

Shut! Up!

A GAVEL CRASHES

LATER

We are on a close lateral track of the jurors faces as they sit, with earphones on, in the darkened courtroom, illuminated by a flickering TV monitor.

Leaking tinnily through the headsets we hear a very faint:

VOICE

I'm gonna nail your ass.

The track ends over at Marylin's table, where Marylin also wearing headphones, looks on with studied stoicism. Ruth lays a consoling hand on her shoulder.

LATER

Marylin Rexroth now struggles to maintain her composure on the witness stand. She is modestly dressed and her attitude is one of shocked, wounded innocence.

MARYLIN

I was devastated. Of course.

RUTH

Thank you, Mrs. Rexroth.

JUDGE

Mr. Massey, any questions?

Miles soberly rises.

MILES

Mmmm –

He paces, hands clasped behind his back, affecting to be lost in thought.

Marylin watches him.

Finally Miles, still pacing, declaims:

MILES

"Dismiss your vows, your feigned
tears, your flattery, for where a
heart is hard, they make no
battery..."

Marylin looks up from her handkerchief with a look of startled
irritation. Miles stops pacing and turns to face her with a
faint smile.

MILES

Do you know those lines, Mrs. Rexroth?

Marylin examines him with guarded eyes. Ruth sensing something
unscripted going on, tries to cut it off.

RUTH

Objection, your honor!

JUDGE

Grounds?

RUTH

Uh... poetry recitation.

MILES

Let me rephrase. Mrs. Rexroth, how
high is that wall around your heart?

Marylin eyes him suspiciously.

RUTH

Your honor, this is harassment! Arid
frankly it's still a little...

She flutters one hand.

RUTH

...arty farty!

MILES

Rephrase. Mrs. Rexroth, have you
ever been in love?

Marylin hesitates, gives a "what does this mean look" to
Ruth. She returns a "beats me."

MARYLIN

Yes. I loved my husband, Rex.

MILES

And you've always loved him?

Smiles slips out:

MARYLIN

"Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at
first sight?"

Miles returns a fleeting smile.

MILES

And you hoped to spend the rest of
your life with him?

MARYLIN

Yes. Why is that so difficult for
you to understand?

She looks at Rex with tender sorrow.

MARYLIN

Rex was – is – a very appealing
man. I am sorry I couldn't...

(Tearing up)

I tried my best.

Miles almost smiles. She's good.

MILES

That'll be all Mrs. Rexroth. Please
forgive me for causing you additional
anguish.

(To the Judge)

Thank you, Your Honor. No further
questions.

A Bailiff offers to help Marilyn off the stand. She politely
and courageously declines.

JUDGE

Who's next, Mrs. Rabinow.

RUTH

We rest, Your Honor.

JUDGE

Mr. Massey?

MILES

Yes, Your honor. I call Patricia Kennedy DeCordoba Isenberg.

BAILIFF

Patricia Kennedy DeCordoba Isenberg.

Marilyn, in the process of reseating herself behind her table, pauses.

Ruth notices this and leans in.

RUTH

Who's that?

MARYLIN

Jesus.

An attractive woman in her mid fifties advances to be sworn. She was a beauty, but her glory days are past and she's not taking it well. She looks tense and slightly hypo-manic. She speaks in a breathy, giggly voice, and smiles frequently for no apparent reason.

BAILIFF

Mrs. Isenberg.

PATRICIA

Banderas.

BAILIFF

Mrs. Banderas, do you solemnly swear that the testimony you are about to give shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth so help you God?

PATRICIA
Yes, Mr. Bailiff. I do.

MILES
Now, Mrs. Banderas. What is your
relationship to Mrs. Rexroth.

PATRICIA
We don't have much of a relationship
anymore. I haven't seen her since
before she married Rex. We had some
very nice times prior to that. We
were quite close.

RUTH
(To Marylin)
Is this a lover?

MARYLIN
Please!

MILES
And how would you define your
relationship to Mrs. Rexroth. You
know – you are her...?

PATRICIA
Mother?

RUTH
What?!

Marylin sighs.

MILES
Her Mother?

Patricia smiles coyly. Gives Marylin a silly little wave by
way of greeting.

PATRICIA
Hi, Sweetie.

MILES
Hard to believe I know. I'm sure you

are frequently mistaken for sisters.

MARYLIN

(Mumbles)

He'll regret this.

MILES

Have you ever met Mr. Rexroth?

PATRICIA

No. I haven't. But I've been out of town.

(Little girlish wave)

Hello, Rex. Hello there.

MILES

You were never invited to meet your son-in-law?

PATRICIA

No. Uh uh. I don't think so. Hmm?

No. Well... no.

RUTH

Objection, Your Honor. This isn't about Mrs. Rexroth's filial obligations.

JUDGE

Sustained.

MILES

Did you know Mrs. Rexroth was married?

PATRICIA

Of course. Of course she was married.

What else would she be? Single? I

don't think so.

She laughs merrily at some private joke between her and her psyche.

PATRICIA

Let me tell you something about Patty.

MILES
Who's "Patty."

PATRICIA
Oh. That's her name. Patricia. Like mine. I was Pat and she was Patty. But she changed it after seeing "Some Like It Hot." To Marylin. After Marylin Monroe.

MILES
I see. And what were you going to tell us about Patty slash Marylin?

PATRICIA
When she was a tiny girl? And people asked her what she wanted to be when she grew up? She never said the usual things little girls say – like – nurse – ballerina – anchorwoman? She always said –
(Very Shirley Temple)
"When I grow up, I want to be divorced."

She laughs happily at the memory.

MILES
Divorce was her childhood aspiration?

PATRICIA
Well, not just divorce. She used to say "I want to be divorced from some big dumb rich guy..." And I guess her dream is coming true.
(To Marylin)
I'm happy for you Patty

INT. SARAH SORKIN'S BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Pasta being cooked. Salad being tossed. Wine glasses are filled. It's Girl's Night at the beach.

MARYLIN
It was like that scene in The

Godfather. Frankie Pentangeli is called to testify against the Family. And he's in court, and he looks into the spectators gallery, and sees his Brother. They brought the brother from Sicily. And Frankie can't say a word. He can't testify. That's what it was like seeing Pat in there. I couldn't even have Ruth cross examine her.

RAMONA

Why do you think she did it?

MARYLIN

(Shrugs)

Maybe she wanted a free trip to LA. Maybe they offered her money. Massey is very seductive. Who knows.

RAMONA

Maybe they put a horse head in her bed?

SARAH

That stinks. They left you with absolutely nothing. It makes you wonder about the entire legal system. Like Rodney King.

MARYLIN

They bought her speech. If I was only in it for Rex's money, he shouldn't have to give me any.

RAMONA

That doesn't make sense. It's like punishing you for being goal oriented.

SARAH

Well, you can live here as long as you want. Do you have any plans?

MARYLIN

Nothing specific, but I'll have my

own place soon.

SARAH

So, Marilyn. Is that what you said when you were a little girl?

MARYLIN

Probably. Every woman in my life was divorced at least twice. What was I supposed to say. Anthropologist?

RAMONA

I begged you to have a baby!

MARYLIN

In the Godfather, after the courtroom scene, Frankie Pentangeli opens his veins in the bathtub.

SARAH

You're not...

MARYLIN

No. I'll see some blood before this is over, but it won't be mine.

CUT TO:

INT. GIANT MOCK TUDOR - BEVERLY HILLS

Miles is at his weekly chess game with his college friend, DR. KENNETH BECK, a disaffected plastic surgeon. Miles, Cohiba in hand, studies the board. Dr. Ken sips his Merlot. Moves a piece.

MILES

She got absolutely nothing. Zero. Zip.

KENNETH

So. I won't be seeing her? Your clients usually visit me after the settlement.

MILES

Not this one. Not unless her HMO covers plastic surgery, which, incidentally, she does not need.

KENNETH

Everyone needs plastic surgery. You need it.

MILES

I don't need it.

KENNETH

You want Botox?

MILES

What the hell is Botox?

KENNETH

It's a form of botulism. I just inject it into your forehead, and it paralyzes your eyebrows so you can't raise them...

MILES

Why in God's name would I want...?

KENNETH

No frown lines.

(Notices Miles watch)

New watch?

MILES

It's a LeCoultre Revers. You can flip the face, and set it for two time zones.

KENNETH

Why would you need two time zones? You never leave Beverly Hills.

MILES

It was a gift from a client.

KENNETH

Set one side for Bel Air.

MILES

Botox. Christ. We had aspirations when we were in college.

KENNETH

We did not.

MILES

You were going to be a Cardiac Surgeon. I was going to clerk for the Supreme Court.

KENNETH

I was going to play golf. You were going to have Asian girlfriends.

MILES

Denial is not a river in Egypt.

Kenneth moves a chess piece.

KENNETH

You're in check.

MILES

I should be in therapy.

INT. MILES MASSEY'S OFFICE

Miles addresses BONNIE DONOVAN, a client.

MILES

Yes. Your husband did show remarkable foresight in taking those pictures. And, yes, absent a swimming pool, the presence of the pool man would appear to be suspicious. But Bonnie, who is the real victim here? Let me suggest the following. Your husband, who on a prior occasion slapped you – beat you –

BONNIE

(Reacts)

Well, I wouldn't say –

MILES

Your husband, who has beaten you –
repeatedly –

BONNIE

He –

MILES

Please – was at the time brandishing
your firearm, trying in his rage to
shoot an acquaintance – friend of
long standing –

BONNIE

They hate each other –

MILES

So he says now! But if not for your
cool headed intervention, his tantrum
might have ended this schmoe's life
and ruined his own... As for the
sexual indiscretion which he imagined
had taken place, wasn't it in fact
he who had been sleeping with the
pool man?

He stares contemplatively at the ceiling and, after a beat,
responds to the silence:

MILES

Am I going to far here?

A squawk box interrupts with a female voice.

VOICE

Mr. Massey, Mr. Meyerson would like
to see you when you have a moment.

Miles is surprised.

MILES

Herb wants to see me?

VOICE

When you have a moment.

INT. OFFICE

Slatted shades are drawn against the sun. It is dim, gloomy. We can just make out the shape of an ancient man – small, hunched – seated behind an enormous desk. A gallows shape next to him is hard to make out; it is tall, rail thin and fixed with a swinging, glinting appendage.

A voice – old, dry, rasping, lightly accented of a long-gone Brooklyn boyhood – seems disembodied and sourceless, as if it is the voice of the gloom itself.

VOICE

Thoity-six objections sustained,
tree overruled; fawteen summary
judgements sought, toiteen ranite,
eighteen movments to voice fuh
respondent's prejudice, eighteen
ranite which is a hunnut pissent

An arm is being extended toward us and the glinting appendage swings with it: we see that it is an IV which snakes down and into the hunched man's suit sleeve.

VOICE

– Twelve cawt days on the Rexrawt
case alone; tree hunut'n twenty
billable hours paralegal soivicies;
four hunnut'n two billable associate
counsel and consultative; six hunnut'n
eighty billable at full attorney
rate and eightyfive lunches charged.

Miles takes the man's offered hand, withered and roped with veins, and accepts its clammy shake.

VOICE

– Counseluh, you are the engine
that drives this foim –

He leans back in his chair, breathing heavily, and runs a tongue over his sandpapery lips. He is wearing oversize Swifty-

Lazar style glasses, heavily tinted in spite of the dark.

At length

MILES
Thank you Herb.

INT. MILES OFFICE

Miles sits behind his desk, fingers steepled, staring at nothing, a haunted look on his face.

His intercom SQUAWKS:

VOICE
Mr. Massey –

MILES
Please! No calls! I'm feeling very fragile.

VOICE
I'm sorry, Mr. Massey, but I felt certain you'd want to know – Marilyn Rexroth wants to see you.

MILES
Marilyn Rexroth? When does she –

VOICE
She's here now.

INT. PRIVATE BATHROOM

Miles runs his fingers through his hair, carefully examining himself in the mirror. Suavely smiling.

MILES
Marilyn! How nice.

He clears his throat, begins again with lower pitch, suave smile still in place

MILES
Marilyn! How lovely, uh –

He runs a finger across his teeth, which squeak, then puts back the suave smile

MILES

– Marilyn! What a pleasure –

DOORWAY

On Miles as he opens the door, suavely smiling.

MILES

Marilyn, what a pleas – who the fuck are you?

Facing him in the doorway is a large roughly handsome middle aged man in a business suit.

Just behind him is Marilyn Rexroth, looking as coolly beautiful as ever. She smoothly puts in:

MARYLIN

Miles, how nice of you to see us – may I introduce Howard D. Doyle of Doyle Oil.

DOYLE

I told you we know each other, baby. Mr. Massey represented my ex-brother-in law. Martin Reiser?

MILES

Oh. Right. Won't you have a seat?

DOYLE

(To Marilyn)
After you, Doll.

Marilyn glides into the office. Seats herself on the couch. Doyle sits next to her, one proprietary hand on her knee.

MILES

And how is Mrs. Reiser?

DOYLE

Few suicide attempts, little inpatient stint. Naturally, she misses her kids. Six weekends a year and alternate Yom Kippurs seemed harsh to us but – hey – all's fair. Anyhoo, she lives with a "nurse," takes her meds and goes to occupational therapy at a local sheltered workshop.

MILES

So she's uh, flourishing?

DOYLE

She makes felt wallets. Got one right here.

Doyle pulls out a deranged piece of felt stuffed with money.

Most of the contents slip to the floor.

DOYLE

Yeah. I know. Leather would be more practical, but whatcha gonna do?

MARYLIN

Miles, I know you're busy and that you charge by the hour so I'll come to the point. Howard and I are planning to marry.

Miles is stunned.

MILES

Muh – Well, uh – Huh?

DOYLE

Yep. My divorce just came through. Shoulda called you. Coulda cut a better deal! My wife still has health insurance and gets to see the children. But, I don't know. Guess I'm just a softie. After all Amanda and me were together for – what – you'd know better than me, Marilyn.

She was your best friend.

MARYLIN

(Thinks)

Sixteen years? Howard Jr. is fourteen and Mandy must be what – twelve?

DOYLE

(To Miles)

Here. Got pictures.

He removes a family photo from the felt wallet. It's of Howard and two fat teenagers. Apparently the former Mrs. Doyle was cut out, but an ear and part of a hairdo are still visible in the shot.

MILES

I... uh guess congratulations are in order.

DOYLE

Well – Marilyn and Rex broke up and...

MARYLIN

Honey, I don't think this is really relevant to...

DOYLE

...and one day, this sweet girl calls me, asks me to lunch. Just a shoulder to cry on deal. One thing leads to another and before I know it –

MARYLIN

– we realized we'd always been very attracted to one another.

MILES

No!

DOYLE

I had no idea until after, but –

He looks at her with predatory lust.

DOYLE

Baby. You are so HOT!

MARYLIN

(Coy)

Howard!

He pulls her close to him and plants a massive kiss on her.

MILES

What a touching story.

DOYLE

You know, Miles, after my wife – wife's mastectomy – things were never the same. This might sound cold, well, maybe not to you, Massey, but...

(man to man)

I like my women with two boobs.

Miles flashes Marylin a "you are KIDDING" look, but she assiduously avoids eye contact.

MARYLIN

Howard and I are here, Miles, because I have learned through bitter experience that when it comes to matrimonial law, you are the very best.

Miles acknowledges this with a curt nod.

MARYLIN

As you are well aware, my previous marriage ended with an unjustified strain on my reputation My motives were questioned. I was slandered in court.

DOYLE

You did good, Massey!

MARYLIN

Therefore in an effort to remove any trace of suspicion from my sweet Howard – I wish to execute a pre-nuptial agreement.

DOYLE

And – there's no talking her out of it. Believe me, I've tried.

MARYLIN

They say the Massey pre-nup has never been penetrated.

DOYLE

She said "penetrate." Heh heh heh.

He gropes her. She giggles like a teenager.

MILES

Oh, for the love of...

MARYLIN

That is true, isn't it Miles? Your pre-nup is the best there is?

MILES

That is correct. Not to blow my own horn, but they devote an entire semester to it at Harvard Law.

DOYLE

Harvard? Whoa, Daddy!

MILES

I just want to make sure that you both –

He eyes Marilyn.

MILES

– understand what you're asking for here. The Massey pre-nup provides that in the event of a dissolution of the marriage for any reason, both parties shall leave it with whatever

they brought in, and earned during.
No one can profit from the marriage.
The pre-nup protects the wealthier
party.

DOYLE

Well – at the moment, that'd be me.

MILES

And without it, that party is exposed –
a sitting duck. No wriggle room.

DOYLE

A Wriggle Room! Maybe we should put
that in the Malibu house. Screw the
screening room!

MILES

(slightly sickened)

– and we are sure...

Eyes boring into Marilyn.

MILES

– we are both sure that's what we
want?

MARYLIN

Absolutely.

DOYLE

Course I can't do much "wriggling"
if you tie me up like that again.
Massey – this is one bad bad little
girl.

MARYLIN

(laughing)

We'd better go before we get thrown
out.

ELEVATOR BANK

Marilyn and Howard wait for an elevator as Miles trots out
to catch them.

MILES

Excuse me, Mr. Doyle, if I could just borrow your charming fiancée for a moment.

DOYLE

What part?

MILES

I'd just like to have a word with her.

DOYLE

Why not? I'm going to have her for a lifetime.

Miles drags her to the side as Doyle checks his Sports Pager.

MILES

What are you doing?

She backs up as he tries to close the space between them.

MARYLIN

Getting married.

MILES

To him? He's a sick freak.

MARYLIN

He's passionate.

MILES

Passionate! He's a pervert. He should have to register when he moves.

MARYLIN

All girls enjoy a little rough trade from time to time.

MILES

Marylin! Listen to me.

MARYLIN

No. You listen to me.

(Very quiet and deliberate)

You busted me, Miles. You left me with nothing! What did you expect me to do? Get a degree in counseling? Write a book about table linen? Because that's what wives do when they get dumped, and frankly, I'm not quite ready for that.

MILES

But why him?

MARYLIN

We told you. We realized we've always been in love.

He has backed her against the wall of an alcove which shelters a flowering ficus.

MILES

The Massey pre-nup has never been pene – successfully challenged.

MARYLIN

So I hear. Is that all?

MILES

No, that's not all.

He moves to kiss her.

MILES

You fascinate me.

She deftly slides out of the way. Miles watches her as she heads down the hall. As she gets on the elevator, Howard grabs her butt with one hand, while giving Miles a high sign with the other.

INT. HOWARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Miles stares at the chessboard.

MILES

Do you think I'm going to end up like Herb Myerson, with a colostomy bag instead of a family?

KENNETH

Got any symptoms?

MILES

Yes. The inability to experience pleasure.

KENNETH

Oh. That.

(beat)

Don't waste time with your queen.

MILES

What?

KENNETH

The Center Counter Defense. The thing is not to move your queen too early.

MILES

She can't really love that idiot, can she?

KENNETH

What?

MILES

Marilyn Rexroth. She came into my office and signed a pre-nup with Howard Doyle.

KENNETH

Doyle Oil?

(Miles nods)

A Massey Pre-nup?

(Miles nods again)

She loves him.

MILES

He's the wrong man.

KENNETH

Miles! Don't waste time with someone else's queen, either.

EXT. A WEDDING BOWER - AKA CHUPPA

From behind the bower, RABBI BOLENSKY emerges, strumming his guitar and singing:

BOLENSKY

Parsley sage, rosemary and thyme –
Remember me to one who lives there...

A pullback reveals Howard D. Doyle before the altar with Marilyn. He is in a tuxedo and yarmulke. She is dressed in a simple, Kennedy-type gown.

BOLENSKY

– she once was a true love of mine.

The last arpeggiated chord rings out; birds tweet, everyone sits.

As Miles and Wrigley seat themselves, Wrigley is sniffing.

Miles is irritated.

MILES

What the hell is wrong with you?

WRIGLEY

I can't help it. Even with the business we're in, I – it gets me every time. It's so – optimistic.

MILES

Is she going through with it?

As the crowd quiets with the end of the song, Wrigley murmurs:

WRIGLEY

If she's not going through with it,
she's cutting it awful close.

RABBI BOLENSKY

Parsley Sage Rosemary and Thyme.
Ingredients. Spices. Spicy ingredients
for the banquet we call – life.

Marriage is like a Great Feast.

Courtship is the Appetizer. A small
mixed green taste of things to come.

The Early Years – The First Course –
a carefully poached fish dish
dependent on freshness and delicate
handling. Or perhaps a light pasta –
a tortellini stuffed with cheese and
hope.

WRIGLEY

(Whispers, to Miles)

You have any gum or mints?

RABBI

The main course – Mature Love – a
hearty stew, cooked slowly in the
oven of companionship until the meat
falls off the bone. And then –
dessert. The reward for years spent
together – the sweetness of a Life
Well Lived. A sorbet of grandchildren,
followed by the decafe demitasse of
retirement.

There is silence, broken only by the twitter of birds and
the restlessness of a hungry audience.

Finally:

RABBI BOLENSKY

Do you Chaim David Doyle, take Marilyn
to be the Barbara to your Wolfgang
though the lean years as well as
those that are heavily marbled?

DOYLE

I do.

RABBI BOLENSKY

And do you, Marilyn Rexroth, take

Chaim to be the roux in your bechamel?
The stock in your sauce?

MARYLIN

I do.

MILES

Argh.

Heads turn. Miles bites a knuckle. Birds twitter.

RABBI BOLENSKY

Then, by the power vested in me by
the state of California, and as the
maitre'd in the Prix Fixe Four Star
Restaurant of Life, I now pronounce
you – man and wife...

A kiss. Cheers. Applause.

A RECEPTION ON THE GROUNDS

Rabbi Bolensky strolls through the crowd with a heaping
platter of smoked salmon.

Miles is darkly brooding as Wrigley opens a Tiffany box to
show him the contents.

WRIGLEY

What do you think?

MILES

What are they?

WRIGLEY

Berry spoons.

MILES

Spoons! Honestly Wrigley, I'm
surprised at you. What is this? Some
Martha Stewart suggestion? Those are
the most cockamamie things I've ever –

WRIGLEY

Miles – why so angry?

Miles sounds wistful:

MILES

Why couldn't we be the club sandwich?

Ding Ding – Howard D. is tapping a knife against his wine glass. The crowd quiets.

DOYLE

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls:
I have something to say to my bride.

Howard D. turns to one side to address Marylin, taking one of her hands between his paws, as she beams up at him.

DOYLE

– Darling, like the rabbi said...
life is a banquet, A Grand Bouffe,
and Marylin, darling... I just want
you to know that I am IN the kitchen
and I CAN STAND THE HEAT!

Laughter from the gallery.

DOYLE

And I'm going to start this marriage
by EATING MY WORDS. Because the hot
hors d'oeuve of this love story is –
Pre-nup Primavera!

He reaches into his breast pocket and withdraws a piece of paper.

DOYLE

Carmine! Bring on the Pesto!

A Caterer places a plate and a bowl of sauce in front of Doyle. Marylin looks on, surprised and bemused.

DOYLE

– This is for you, darling.

He starts tearing strips off the piece of paper, dipping them into the sauce, and eating them. His mouth stuffed with

paper, Doyle repeats:

DOYLE

– this is for you, Darling.

The crowd is murmuring—the murmurs grow in volume – a smattering of applause – cheers – more applause – wild cheers. Slowly rhythmically, Miles starts thumping his hand together, nodding comprehension.

MILES

Brilliant.

Next to him Wrigley is puzzled.

WRIGLEY

Why is he doing that?

Miles' hand-clapping accelerates.

MILES

Brilliant. It's brilliant. He's eating the pre-nup.

Wrigley's eyes widen. He looks back at Doyle eating the paper.

DOYLE

This is for you, Darling!

Wrigley bursts into tears.

WRIGLEY

That's – the most romantic thing I've ever seen – in my LIFE!

DOYLE

THIS IS FOR YOU, DARLING!

LATER

Marylin stands at the punch bowl accepting congratulations.

Miles approaches and draws her aside.

MILES

I'd like to offer my congratulations.
That was a beautiful gesture of
Howard's.

MARYLIN

Howard is a beautiful person.

MILES

Yes. He's a diamond in the rough.
And I have a feeling that someday
soon you'll be taking that diamond
and leaving the rough.

MARYLIN

Miles. Miles. Miles.

MILES

I am thrilled for you, but tell me
this... How'd you get Howard to do
it? I've addressed enough juries to
appreciate the power of suggestion,
but it seemed like he thought it was
his own idea.

MARYLIN

It was his idea. It was a gesture of
love and trust. Be happy for me,
Miles.

MILES

Well, when this goes south – promise
you'll have dinner with me?

MARYLIN

(She holds a plate of
food for him)

Have you tried the duck?

MILES

I figure a couple of months. That's
how long it should take for the ink
on the settlement to dry.

He takes the plate of food from her.

MARYLIN

It has bones. Be sure to swallow one.

MILES

Although knowing you as I do – there will be no settlement. This time it will be complete and total annihilation.

With a ROAR we CUT TO:

INT. LEAR JET COCKPIT

A uniformed pilot and copilot are cruising the corporate jet high above a vast ocean of clouds. The pilot is wearing a headset. After a long moment of listening he shakes his head.

PILOT

Jesus –

CO-PILOT

What –?

PILOT

– I've heard some – I've heard some sick things – in my –

CO-PILOT

What?!

The pilot reaches above his head and throws a small toggle switch and the cockpit is Awash with the sound of screaming, laughter and music:

MALE VOICE

Oh Casey Jones was the rounder's name, T'was on the 6:02 that he rode to fame!

INT. CABIN OF LEAR JET

Screaming with laughter, two naked damsels in conductor's caps are pushing Rex Rexroth around the cabin on a miniature locomotive. He is wearing his railroad boxers and bellowing

"The Ballad of Casey Jones."

BACK TO THE COCKPIT

CO-PILOT
Who is that guy?

PILOT
Rex Rexroth, the mini-mall king.
Getting to be the richest man on the
West Coast, from what they say.

The copilot shakes his head.

CO-PILOT
Jesus.

FROM THE SPEAKER
Hup! Come all you rounders if you
wanna hear...

CO-PILOT
Why're they going to Muncie?

The pilot shrugs.

PILOT
He's thinking of buying Indiana.

EXTERIOR

WHOOOSH – the plane roars away.

INT. MILES OFFICE

MILES
And of course we shall have to
litigate. Sentence. Paragraph.

WIDER

A secretary seated by his desk is taking notes.

MILES
– Naturally the first concern for

both parties is the welfare of little Wendell junior. Nevertheless, we question whether the continuing expenses for his special ed classes are truly justified given the great strides –

Wrigley enters.

WRIGLEY

I'm sorry I'm late. I was having lunch with Ruth Rabinow's assistant. Guess what? Marilyn Rexroth is divorced!

MILES

(Delighted)

HA!

WRIGLEY

...and I hear she's richer than Croesus.

MILES

Ah, but is she richer than Mrs. Croesus?

WRIGLEY

She could buy and sell you ten times over.

MILES

She deserves every penny. They pay great athletes a fortune. Well, Marilyn Rexroth is an athlete at the peak of her power.

He hits the call button.

MILES

Get me Marilyn Rexroth Doyle.

WRIGLEY

What...?

MILES

She owes me a meal.

WRIGLEY

I'd stay away from her, Miles.

MILES

I know you would, Wrigley. But would Kramer?

We hear the Receptionist Voice:

RECEPTIONIST

Mrs. Doyle for you.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT

We move in on one of the tables where Marilyn and Miles sit as a waiter pours them champagne.

WAITER

Le Veuve Clicquot Ponsardin, 1982.

MILES

Thank you. I'll take care of it.

As he fill Marilyn's glass: Raises his own in a toast.

MILES

To victory.

MARYLIN

I don't feel victorious Miles. I feel betrayed, abandoned and humiliated. I have pictures of him with another woman...

MILES

More pictures? My God, Marilyn. You can open an erotic art gallery.

MARYLIN

Did you invite me here to score some cheap laughs.

MILES

No. Just to comfort you, and appreciate you –

MARYLIN

(Reproachfully)

You really think I engineered the whole thing. You think the marriage and the divorce was part of some scheme. You came here to celebrate because you think I'm without morality or soul. You –

(With difficulty)

sound like my mother.

The Waiter hands Miles a menu.

WAITER

Should we order?

MARYLIN

Yes, I – well, I'm not really...

MILES

Not hungry, huh? Neither am I.

A long pensive moment.

Miles reaches across the table and takes her hand. She lets him. He strokes it.

INT. CAR

Miles drives. Marilyn sits silently looking out the window.

DOYLE MANSION

Miles pulls up to the huge house.

MARYLIN

Thank you. And good-night.

He takes her hand again.

MILES

Marylin –

She puts a finger to his lips.

Sadly, Miles relinquishes her hand.

She exits the car and walks up to the front door. Miles watches her go.

INT. BEDROOM - MASSEY MANSION

We hear Court TV on in the background. Miles alone in bed, reading Art In America.

ON THE TV

A Witness is being examined by the Prosecutor:

PROSECUTOR

...and he asked you if...?

WITNESS

..if I reckon I could find someone to keel him his wife.

PROSECUTOR

Who asked you this?

WITNESS

Dean Leonard. Da defendant.

(Points to the defendant)

That guy!

CLAP OF THUNDER – BOLT OF LIGHTNING

In a boiling night sky.

There are distant, echoing wails.

WOOZY DUTCH TRACK

Along a pointing suitcoated arm.

SANDPAPERY VOICE

Eighteen hunnut billable hours. Twelve
hunnut'n twenty-one motions tuh
void...

The woozy track finds the cadaverous hand at the end of the
arm with an IV tube swinging from it. Miles stands next to
the arm. He's holding an assault type weapon.

SANDPAPERY VOICE

...five nunnut'n sixty faw summary
judgenents. A hunnut'n twenty-nine
thousand four hunnut'n seventeen
lunches charged...

Miles shoots – Bonnie falls. Then Mrs. Guttman. Marylin is
next. Miles hesitates.

SANDPAPERY VOICE

Counseluh? Counseluh?

Miles points the gun at Herb.

RING. RING. RING.

MILES BEDROOM

He bolts up in bed, sweating.

RING

He gazes stuporously about, reaching for the ringing phone.

MILES

Hello?

MARYLIN

Miles?

MILES

Yes? Marylin?

MARYLIN

You're right about me. I am worthless.
I am nothing. I don't deserve to
live.

MILES

Marylin? When did I say...?

MARYLIN

I don't blame them for betraying me.
I don't blame Rex, or Howard or my
father. You see, Miles, I'm going to
tell you something about me. Something
you may or may not know. I suck!

We hear the SCREECH of Tires.

MARYLIN

(yelling at someone)

Screw you, asswipe!

MILES

Marylin? Forgive me but are you –
drunk?

MARYLIN

A little.

(Scream)

You get out of the car. That's right,
Fuctard. I'm talkin' to you!

MILES

You shouldn't be driving. Where are
you?

MARYLIN

I'm on Sunset. Near the Beverly Hills
hotel. Wanna meet me for a drink in
the Polo...?

MILES

I live right near there. The 800
Block of Maple. Come here. Marylin –
come here right now before – just
come here.

MARYLIN

Okay. Should I stop at Starbucks and
pick up a blended for –

MILES
No. Don't stop.

MARYLIN
Okay Miles.

INT. DEN - MASSEY MANSION

Marylin sits in the den. She's had some coffee and, although teary and disheveled, is no longer psychotic.

MARYLIN
I just cried when I got home. Somehow, your disdain for me – I'm pretty tough Miles, but I'm human. All my life people have been ascribing these terrible motives to me. I used to think they were jealous, or they didn't understand, but... I dunno. Maybe others see something in me. Something I'm not even aware of. Anyway, thank you for letting me come here. I guess I was a little drunk.

She takes the coffee cup and has a sip. She looks like a lost waif.

MARYLIN
You have a very nice home, Miles. Very inviting.

MILES
Thank you.

MARYLIN
You have wonderful art. I love that lithograph. Hockney?

MILES
Yes. I just got that, actually. It was a gift.

MARYLIN

From a – girlfriend.

MILES

No. No. I don't have a... no. It was from a client.

MARYLIN

No kidding. I'll bet you have some very grateful clients. What'd Rex buy you?

MILES

Rex sent me two humidors full of pre-Castro Cubans.

Marilyn looks at a photograph Miles has on a side table.

A WOMAN AND TWO SMALL BOYS.

The Woman has her arm around one of them. The other stands close to her. Smiling, but awkward and tentative.

MARYLIN

Is that you?

MILES

Me. Yes.

MARYLIN

Oh. And that is – mom?

MILES

Yeah. Mom. Mom and brother.

MARYLIN

You look like you were a very sensitive child. You have expressive eyes.

Miles walks over to look at the picture.

MILES

Hmmm...

MARYLIN

And your mother was very beautiful.
She must be proud of you.

MILES

She never particularly cared for me.

MARYLIN

She didn't love you?

MILES

No. She loved me. She would never not love her son. She just didn't... I wasn't her "type." She said I was a very, colicky baby. You know? Difficult. Not a good sleeper? Didn't eat well? We got off to a bad start, and she never seemed to recoup –

MARYLIN

She held that against you?

MILES

Apparently she was very disappointed.

MARYLIN

Boy. Boy, oh boy.

Marylin looks at the picture again. And yes – you can see how hesitant Miles was. Marylin is moved. A flash of something genuine crosses her face.

MARYLIN

And here I thought my mother was...

MILES

Your mother was.

MARYLIN

Oh right. You met Patricia.

She takes a sip of coffee. Regards Miles.

MARYLIN

We're damaged goods.

MILES
No, we're not!

MARYLIN
We are, Miles. You know I'm right. There's something "off" about you and me Miles. And maybe it isn't because of these women – maybe they were just extremely insightful and recognized our "deficiencies" very early on. Maybe...

MILES
That is bullshit! Mine is a bitch and yours is a psycho. I can't believe you're saying this, Marilyn! There's nothing wrong with us. We're attractive and charismatic and successful and... I like us.

MARYLIN
I'm sorry Miles. You shouldn't listen to me. I'm sure you have a very fulfilling life. I'd better go. I'm depressing.

MILES
No.

MARYLIN
Thank you for the coffee. It's very robust.

She stands. Picks up her purse. Walks over to him with an outstretched hand.

MARYLIN
Friends?

MILES
Don't go. Stay with me for a while.

He doesn't release her hand. Instead he draws her to him, and kisses her. She kisses him. He kisses her back. She...

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mile and Marilyn – making love.

LATER

They are in post coital wrap.

MILES

I have to say – I'm speechless. No.
I'm never speechless.

MARYLIN

I'm a little embarrassed. I'm not
used to losing control with such –
volume.

MILES

And I'm not used to – Marilyn –
there's something I want to ask you.

MARYLIN

What is it Miles?

MILES

I want... I want to...

She waits, puzzled.

MILES

I want to be your – your wife.

MARYLIN

Huh?

MILES

No... That wasn't right. I want YOU
to be MY wife.

MARYLIN

Did you just propose to me?

MILES

Yes. I am. What else could those words mean? I believe we belong together and we can make one another happy. And we should be happy because happiness is better than the alternative which is – just jump in any old time, Marilyn. You have more experience at this than I do.

MARYLIN

Yes.

MILES

Yes? Yes, you do have more experience?

MARYLIN

Yes, Miles. I accept.

MILES

You do?

MARYLIN

Do you want me to sleep on it?

MILES

No.

MARYLIN

Do you want to sleep on it?

MILES

No ma'am. I have been asleep all my life up to this moment. Marilyn, will you marry me?

MARYLIN

Yes. Again.

They kiss.

MILES

I don't have a ring!

MARYLIN

I know.

MILES
I have a watch.

She laughs. Kisses him.

MARYLIN
I'm happy.

INT. CHAPEL

Miles and Kenneth wait. Dressed in suits. Miles looks nervous.

KENNETH
I'm happy for you, pal.

MILES
Thanks, buddy.

KENNETH
Is she Asian?

MILES
Asian? No.

KENNETH
Well... I'm still...

Wrigley, rushes in, carrying a briefcase.

MILES
Wrigley?

WRIGLEY
Miles.

MILES
Kenneth this is my associate, Wrigley.
Wrigley this is my friend, Dr. Beck.

WRIGLEY
The plastic surgeon! I read about
you in LA Style.

MILES

Do you have it?

KENNETH

I have it.

MILES

You have the pre-nup?

KENNETH

No. I have the ring. Was I supposed to have a pre-nup?

MILES

No. You have the ring. Wrigley has the pre-nup.

KENNETH

Oh. I thought maybe –
(He sees someone)
Gee!

Marilyn enters. She looks outstanding. Her friends, Sarah Sorkin and Ramona Barcelona (who is now visibly pregnant) accompany her.

SARAH

Dr. Beck!

KENNETH

Sarah! How are you?

MILES

You know each other? Of course you do.

RAMONA

You're Dr. Beck? I have an appointment to see you in March. Right after I lose the babyweight. Which of course, will be after I have the baby...

MARYLIN

Sarah Sorkin. Ramona Barcelona – this is Miles Massey.

SARAH

Hello Miles.

RAMONA

Congratulations Miles.

MILES

Hi. Hello.

(To Marylin)

Marylin. You know my young associate,
Wrigley.

MARYLIN

I do. He was at my divorce and my
wedding. What would a marital related
event be without Wrigley?

WRIGLEY

It has become a tradition, hasn't
it?

MARYLIN

I loved the berry spoons.

(Wrigley beams)

I didn't have any. Thank you.

MILES

Well, Wrigley brought something else
for you today, darling.

Wrigley pulls a sheaf of papers from the briefcase.

MILES

This – is the Massey Pre-nup.

Wrigley hastily pulls a ballpoint from his pocket and clicks
it. Miles grabs the pre-nup, and as he turns to Marylin, his
tone softens.

MILES

Marylin, you're welcome to examine
it, but as you know – it's iron
clad.

SARAH

It is. It's famous.

WRIGLEY

I tried to reach Ruth, but we couldn't get her.

MILES

We wanted Ruth here for your protection as well –

WRIGLEY

The Judge is here. Over here, Judge Munson.

MARYLIN

Wasn't she the Judge at my divorce hearing?

MILES

Yes. Short notice you know, but I think there's nice closure to it. Hello Judge Muson. A pleasure as always.

JUDGE MUNSON

What's up with you two.

MILES

We're getting married.

Judge laughs.

JUDGE MUNSON

What's the gag?

MILES

A gag? No.

Marilyn looks at the pre-nup. Then pulls Miles aside.

MARYLIN

Excuse me, Judge Muson.

JUDGE

You got it, Patty.

MARYLIN

(To Miles)

You brought a pre-nup to our wedding?

MILES

Yes.

(She isn't having the
expected reaction)

It's for your protection, sweetheart.

You're the one with the – the...

WRIGLEY

– the coin?

MARYLIN

Miles. I don't want to sign this. I

want this marriage to be different.

Okay. Judge Munsen and Wrigley are
here, but other than that...

JUDGE

Should I go out for a smoke?

MILES

No. Judge – just a sec. But Marilyn,
if we sign it, I can't hope to benefit
from the marriage.

MARYLIN

(Sadly)

Oh Miles!

MILES

What I mean is, your wealth is
completely protected.

As if a lead veil had been drawn across. She looks deep into
his eyes. Into his soul.

MARYLIN

Miles. Listen to me. You are about
to become my husband. I don't want
to be protected from you. I want to
be protected for you.

WRIGLEY
(Moved)
Ohhh...

MILES
But?

MARYLIN
I want this to be a marriage based
on love, trust and community property.
That's all I've ever wanted.

SARAH
But Marylin, without this, you're
completely exposed.

MARYLIN
I want to be exposed.

RAMONA
You're vulnerable.

MARYLIN
It's about time.

JUDGE
You're a sitting duck.

MARYLIN
(To Miles, with great
affection)
Quack.

INT. CHAPEL

Miles and Marylin stand before the alter.

JUDGE MUNSON
Do you, Miles Herbert Massey of Massey
Meyerson take Marylin Hamilton-Rexroth-
Doyle?

MARYLIN
Yes.

JUDGE MUNSON
"Doyle", to be your lawful wedded
wife to –

MILES
I do, yah I do, uh huh –

JUDGE MUNSON
Let me finish!

She glares at Miles.

JUDGE MUNSON
– Jesus! Haven't you ever been
married before?

Chastened, Miles bows his head.

JUDGE MUNSON
– To have and hold, to love and to
cherish, till death do you part?

There is a long beat, through which Miles stares at his shoes.

Marylin looks at him.

MILES
– I do.

JUDGE MUNSON
And do you, Marilyn Hamilton-Rexroth
Doyle, take Miles Herbert Massey of
Massey Meyerson, to be your lawful
wedded husband, to have and to hold,
to love and to cherish, till death
do you part?

MARYLIN
I do.

JUDGE MUNSON
I now pronounce you man and wife.

Wrigley bursts into tears.

THE MARRIED MASSEY MONTAGE

CUT TO:

INT. MASSEY HOUSE - MORNING

Miles and Marylin asleep in bed. The ALARM RINGS. Miles wakes, turns to his beautiful wife – kisses her good morning.

She gives him a sleepy Smile.

Miles dressing for work. Marylin, in a Sabia Rosa bathrobe places a tray with coffee next to him. He holds up two ties for her-approval. She selects one. He puts it on.

Miles and Marylin reading Newspapers while eating breakfast. She serves him a bowl of fruit and indicates Wrigley's berry spoons. They laugh heartily.

Marylin waves good bye as Miles backs drives to the office. She waves at the gardeners who blow palm fronds around the lawn.

MILES OFFICE

He has managed to fill his credenza with pictures of married life. Due to its brevity – these pictures are uneventful, the Massey's wear the same outfit in most of them.

Miles works. He is interrupted by the voice of his SECRETARY.

SECRETARY

I have Mrs. Massey on line one for you.

Miles picks up.

MILES

Mom...?

He laughs and laughs. We hear Marylin's laughter coming through the receiver.

Miles exits a flower store with a bouquet of tulips. Marylin

at the doorway, greets Miles as he arrives home.

As Miles changes into his casual after work outfit, (khakis?) Marilyn sits at the edge of the bed. He's telling her about his day, and she is rapt with attention.

The Massey's have a candlelit dinner of fish and pasta. The tulips are in the middle of the table.

Miles and Marilyn snuggle on a couch and watch Seinfeld. Miles in bed on the new Frette Linen. A few too many pillows, but he's making it work. Marilyn enters the bedroom in a nightshirt that is the perfect combination of innocence and nastiness. He puts down his book as she gets into bed with him.

They gaze at one another – the picture of contentment and impending lust.

CLICK - LIGHTS OUT

EXT. MASSEY MYERSON - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Miles is addressing the young associates.

MILES

For the first time in my life, I stand before you naked... vulnerable... and in love. Love. A word matrimonial lawyers shy away from. Ironic isn't it – that I have been frightened of this emotion which is, in a sense, the seed of my livelihood. But today, I am here to tell you: Love should cause us no fear. Love should cause us no shame. Love... is good.

(He lets it sink in)

Let me ask you a question. When our clients come to us confused, angry, hurting because their flame of love is fluttering and threatens to die – should we seek to extinguish that flame, so that we can sift through the smoldering wreckage for our paltry

reward? Or should we seek to fan
this precious flame – this most
precious flame – back to loving,
roaring life?

The young associates look confused. Wrigley raises his hand.

WRIGLEY

Extinguish?

MILES

Should we counsel fear – or trust?
Should we seek to destroy – or to
build? Should we meet our clients'
problems with cynicism – or with
love?

MILES

(another raised hand)

Kramer?

KRAMER

Build?

MILES

The decision of course, is each of
ours. For my part, I have made the
leap of love, and there is no going
back –

Herb Myserson sits in the back of the room. He watches,
breathing heavily.

INT. DEN - MASSEY HOUSE

Miles and Marilyn watching a cable movie crowded together on
the small sofa.

MARYLIN

I'm sorry. I'm squishing you. I'll
move to the...

MILES

No. Stay. I want you close to me.
This couch is wrong. It's not a

"married couch."

He surveys his surroundings with a critical eye.

MARYLIN

Honey, I could sit...

MILES

In fact, this is not a married house –
it's a bachelor pad.

MARYLIN

Hardly. You have six bedrooms

MILES

I know. But I've converted most of
them into ridiculous "Guy" rooms –
a billiard room, a card room, a gym –
Honey, want you to go out, as soon
as you feel up to it – and buy
married things. Woman things.
Personalize it. Marylinize it. Make
this your house.

He hands her a credit card.

MILES

Here's my card. Spend as much as you
want. We get mileage.

MARYLIN

Well, I suppose I could "girly" it
up for you with a little Fortuny,
and some passementerie –

MILES

Good.

(Beat)

Are those foods?

MARYLIN

Fabric and fringe.

MILES

Exactly. And then – maybe – not

right away – There's a room right off the bedroom – It would be perfect for a nursery.

(He takes her hands)

It's a walk in humidior right now – but if I took out the refrigeration unit –

MARYLIN

Miles.

MILES

I think a nursery should be right off the master suite. My parents put mine in the guest house. Apparently they did have a Fisher Price intercom, but my mother turned it off when I was seven months old because I was so –

She stops him with a kiss.

MILES

You want children, don't you?

INT. QUATRIN ANTIQUES - DAY

A pricey antique store near Melrose.

RAMONA

You said 'yes' didn't you?

MARYLIN

I said yes.

She picks up an antique Chinese bowl.

MARYLIN

Is this Ming?

SARAH

It's not Ming. It's Tong.

RAMONA

Is Tong older than Ming?

MARYLIN

I think Ming is older than Tong.
(To the Salesman
hovering nearby)
What is this?

SALESMAN

That is a Chinese Prayer Bowl. It's
Chen dynasty.

MARYLIN

Ok. I'll take it.

He sets it aside next to the formidable pile of loot the
girls have accumulated.

MARYLIN

I can't do this anymore. Let's get
some lunch.

SARAH

What about rugs? I thought we were
stopping at Mansour?

MARYLIN

Right.

SALESMAN

(To Marylin)
And will this be check or –?

She hands him the Platinum Visa.

SALESMAN

(Glances at it)
Very good, Mrs. Massey.

He trots off with the card.

Marylin absently fingers an antique guided candelabra.

MARYLIN

(Sigh)
Well. He said to "make the house

mine."

RAMONA

Oh boy. If he only knew.

MARYLIN

Yeah. I guess. You know –

SARAH

What?

MARYLIN

He's not what I expected. He's very –
he's so – happy.

SARAH

But you're going through with it?

MARYLIN

Yes, yes, it's just – you know I've
never been the first wife. Rex was
married before me.

SARAH

So what?

MARYLIN

Miles is different. He's still so
idealistic.

SARAH

Well, that's about to change big
time.

MARYLIN

He has no cynicism or anger. For
once I'm not the repository of rage
at some other woman.

SARAH

Soon, you'll have your own rage!

MARYLIN

I guess.

INT. FLOWER STORE - EVENING

Miles is buying a huge bouquet of flowers. As he exits he is stopped by a WOMAN. She is in her 40's but looks older.

WOMAN

Wait. I know you.

MILES

Yes?

WOMAN

You're Miles Massey! You probably don't recognize me. The drugs made me put on weight and grow facial hair.

MILES

Excuse me?

WOMAN

You ruined my life you sonofabitch.
Gimme those.

She grabs the flowers. Pulls petal off one of the roses and eats it.

WOMAN

But my brother got you. He got you,
you slimeball.

A NURSE runs over.

NURSE

Emily!

MILES

What are you...
(To the nurse)
Is she yours?

WOMAN

Howard Doyle is my brother? You know
my brother, Howard Doyle. You do
know my brother, don't you?

NURSE

I'm sorry, Sir. Emily. Give the man back.

MILES

Yes, I know Howard Doyle.

WOMAN

He tricked you. With a phony wife and a fake pre-nup. Howard Doyle. He got you. You married Marilyn, didn't you? You thought she had money. HA HA HA. Howard Doyle made you think that because of what you did to me. And to Marilyn Rexroth. Yeah. I heard all about it. My brother Howard Doyle got you.

(singsong)

Neener neener neener.

INT. RUTH RABINOW'S OFFICE

Ruth calmly watches Miles ranting around her office.

MILES

He divorced his wife – he married Marilyn – he divorced Marilyn – and he – remarried his WIFE? What kind of sick –

RUTH

Marilyn was friends with Howard and Amanda Doyle. They don't like the way you operate. They helped her.

MILES

He never ate the pre-nup, did he!

RUTH

I have no idea what Howard Doyle eats. I'm not a damn dietician.

MILES

Did Marilyn end up with money?

RUTH

She's YOUR wife. Why don't you ask her? Anyway, I assume she signed the highly over rated Massey pre-nup.

MILES

I don't have a pre-nup

Miles hangs his head. Ruth sighs sympathetically.

RUTH

...The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars...

MILES

Don't give me that crap. That's MY crap.

RUTH

And it's good!

MILES

I'll have you suspended. I'll have you disbarred.

RUTH

Don't threaten me, Miles. I did nothing illegal.

MILES

...why did she do it, Ruth? Why?

RUTH

That's attorney client privilege.

(As she goes back
into her work)

Sorry, Miles. But as a great and clever man once said, What's good for the goose –

INT. MASSEY HOUSE - NIGHT

Marylin greets him at the door.

MARYLIN

Hi.

MILES

Hello Marylin.

MARYLIN

I have a surprise for you.

MILES

I bet.

She brings him inside. The place has been massively accessorized. Antiques, rugs, lamps and assorted tasteful chatchkies. There is a new Biedermeyer couch in the den.

MARYLIN

Ta Da.

Miles looks at it, expressionless.

MARYLIN

You don't like it?

He stares at her – a very dark look.

MARYLIN

You don't like me?

MILES

(Flatly)

I love you. I want to have your baby.

MARYLIN

What's wrong Miles? Did I spend too much?

She retrieves all the receipts from her purse.

MARYLIN

Miles. I have a very good relationship with all the salesmen. I can return everything.

MILES

Can you Marilyn? Can you return the trust? Can you return the hopes? The dreams? Can you just...

(Bitterly)

SEND IT ALL BACK FOR STORE CREDIT?

MARYLIN

Miles? You're scaring me.

MILES

(Pulls himself together)

I'm sorry, Darling. I love it. It's chic and timeless and elegant and eclectic and. It's you, Marilyn. It is YOU.

INT. KITCHEN

Marilyn is on the phone with Ruth.

MARYLIN

But Ruth – things have changed – yes – yes I understand. But you see – I couldn't file, did I? And maybe I wasn't going to file. Maybe – maybe Ruth – Yes. Okay.

OUTSIDE BEDROOM - MASSEY HOUSE - NIGHT

The bedroom door is closed. Marilyn knocks repeatedly.

MARYLIN

Miles? Open the door, Miles. Please open the door. I want to talk to you. Miles? I'm coming in. Here I come.

She pushes the door open. No Miles in sight. On the bed, scrawled on a piece of mMm stationery, taped to one of the mMm Frette pillows – a note which reads – "If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? AND IF YOU WRONG US SHALL WE NOT REVENGE?"

INT. KENNETH'S HOUSE

Kenneth stares at the chessboard. Court TV is on the background.

TV SCREEN

COURT TV REPORTER

We are back at the Trial of New Jersey v. Medrano. Mr. Medrano is accused of killing his wife, Alicia in 1992. He claims it was suicide. Let's return to the courtroom.

See the action in the courtroom –

The Prosecutor shows the jury an extremely large handgun.

PROSECUTOR

How far would this gun have to be in order to inflict a wound without leaving powder burns on the scalp.

EXPERT WITNESS

Approximately three feet.

PROSECUTOR

And how could Mrs. Medrano shoot herself in the back of the head from a distance of three feet?

KENNETH

Really long arms?

He moves a piece.

MILES

They won't get a conviction. The husband called it in as a suicide. The forensic guys weren't thinking murder. I'm sure some of the evidence was compromised.

KENNETH

It's your move, Miles.

MILES

(Sadly)
I already made my move, Kenneth.

INT. MASSEY HOUSE

A private yoga class. Marilyn, Sarah and Ramona are in the plow position. The yuppie Sikh instructor places his weight on Sarah.

SARAH
Vishu! Knock it off. That hurts.

VISHNU
Breathe through it.

Sarah tries a few deep breaths. Marilyn concentrates hard.

VISHNU
That's good, Marilyn.

MARYLIN
I don't even know where he is. He looked so devastated. If I could just talk to him for a few minutes.

SFX DOORBELL

MARYLIN
Was that the bell?

RAMONA
It sounded like a bell.

MARYLIN
I'll be right back.

INT. HALLWAY - MASSEY HOUSE

Marilyn walks to the door. Opens it. Two POLICE OFFICERS.

MARYLIN
Yes? Can I help you?

POLICE OFFICER
Marilyn Hamilton Rexroth Doyle Massey?

MARYLIN

Yes.

POLICE OFFICER

We have a warrant for your arrest.

MARYLIN

What?

INT. POLICE STATION - MONTAGE - DAY

Marylin is photographed front and profile. She is finger printed; she is searched and relieved of her jewelry; and finally, she is throw into a holding tank with several other women – trapped. She clings despondently to the bars.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Ruth is admitted to the holding area.

INT. HOLDING TANK - DAY

A Police Officer walks down the hall. Unlocks the door.

POLICE OFFICER

You can go now, Mrs. Massey. Someone made bail.

Marylin exits.

INT. RUTH'S CAR

Marylin sits next to Ruth.

MARYLIN

Forgery and Fraud?

RUTH

You used his credit card.

MARYLIN

He told me to – he said he wanted me to –

RUTH

Quite a little shopping spree. How do you spend six figures in less than six hours? Oh, never mind I've seen it before. I've seen everything.

MARYLIN

Do you think he set me up? Do you think that was his intention?

RUTH

Like I know his intention? Or yours for that matter?

(Sighs)

I should join Sam. I'm too old for this bullshit.

MARYLIN

He never even asked. He just assumed –

RUTH

He was right, wasn't he?

MARYLIN

So. Now what?

RUTH

Now? Well, Marilyn, now you cut a deal or find out how Jean Harris made it work for her.

INT. MASSEY HOUSE - DAY

Miles opens the door. Marilyn is standing there.

MILES

Well. Well. Well. Look who made bail!

MARYLIN

May I come in?

MILES

I don't know. Maybe I should grab my mace. I'm a civil attorney. I have little experience with "the criminal

mind."

MARYLIN

I'd just like to pick up a few of my things

MILES

I don't believe you have "things."

MARYLIN

On the contrary. We're married and we have no pre-nup, so a case could be made that everything in here is mine.

Marilyn walks into the den. Sits on the new sofa.

MARYLIN

Comfy!

MILES

What do you want?

MARYLIN

I want to nail you ass.

MILES

Are you threatening me, because I'm sure that's a violation of the terms of your bail.

MARYLIN

I'm reporting you to the IRS.

MILES

The IRS? They owe me. I'm expecting a refund.

He laughs. She looks at him, dead serious.

MILES

I'm clean with the IRS. I've reported every dollar I've ever made. Try again, girlfriend.

MARYLIN

I'm not talking about dollars,
studmuffin. I'm talking about –

She opens a humidor and takes out a Cigar.

MARYLIN

STUFF.

(Chomping on the Cigar)
Got a light?

MILES

What kind of "stuff?"

She reaches into her purse. Pulls out a Dunhill and expertly
lights the cigar.

MARYLIN

Arty Farty stuff.

(Pointing to the
Hockney)

Lithographs and pre Castro Cubans.
Watches and mileage on private jets.
Stuff, Miles. Stuff you get from
grateful clients.

MILES

Those are gifts.

MARYLIN

Salary. Unreported income.

(Glancing at his watch)
By the way, what time IS it on
Bellagio Road?

MILES

You can't prove anything.

MARYLIN

I don't have to. That's what the IRS
guys do. And they do it with great
zeal. See, they work at these tortuous
civil service jobs, and when five
hundred dollar an hour boys like you
take their trade out in luxury

goodies, these saps feel.. well,
they feel like saps. And they feel
bitter and they feel vengeful and
they feel WRATH.

(Puffing on the cigar)

What is this? A Romeo and Julieta?

MILES

You're out of your league, Marylin.
Rexroth was a primate. I'm a
professional.

MARYLIN

I know. So am I, right? And so is
Agent Wilson of the Internal Revenue
Service. He's a dedicated, underpaid
graduate of Southwestern University –
very tenacious, and never more so
than when he's dealing with an
unscrupulous colleague.

(She stands to leave)

I think it's only fair to warn you:
I'm going to file an action, Miles.
And after a decent interval I plan
to have Ruth seek an injunction that
will forbid your approach within 500
feet of my house.

MILES

Meaning my house.

MARYLIN

I believe the residence will be part
of the settlement.

MILES

Did our marriage ever mean anything
to you?

MARYLIN

Drop the bogus forgery charge and
I'll forget about your generous
friends slash clients.

MILES

That's blackmail.

MARYLIN

That's marriage.

She gives him a peck on the cheek. As she leaves:

MARYLIN

You'll always be my favorite husband.

Miles sits dejectedly on the new sofa looking at the paintings. He looks at the watch. And the cigars. And the picture of his mother.

MILES

Pity you can't be here. You'd enjoy this.

CLOSE ON A BAG OF FLUIDS

We pull back from the milky yellowish bag of fluid to show that a nurse is unhooking and removing it from under Herb Meyerson's wheelchair where it collects drainage.

She now places it up on the IV gantry and connects, and swaps the now empty drip under the wheelchair to collect drainage. We are once again in Herb Meyerson's gloomy office, its venetians blocking most of the light and making Herb a dark, enigmatic figure.

HERB

This woman has humbled, shamed and disgraced the entire foim.

A reverse shows Miles standing in front of Herb's desk.

MILES

Yes Herb,

HERB

Counseluh, this foim deals in powuh. This foim deals in p'seption. This foim cannot prospuh... nor long endowwa. if it is p'seeved as dancin' to the music..

He waves his free arm to the beat of music unheard.

HERB

– of the hoidy-goidy.

MILES

I understand Herb... I just... for the first time in my career – I don't know what to do. I'm a patsy. A sitting duck. I'm lost.

HERB

Lost! I'll tell you what you can do, you can –

He brings himself up short and turns to the nurse.

HERB

– leave us.

She heads for the door.

HERB

– You can act like a man. Let me tell you sumpn, smart guy. You tawt you had it all figgud out. Trust. Marriage. All ya goddamn love love love. Well now you lissean me. I'm gonna talk to you about the goddamn LAW.

He climbs unsteadily to his feet and tries to pace, gesticulating, with the IV swaying dangerously behind him.

HERB

– We SOME THE LAW! We HONUH the law! We make our goddamn bread and BUTTUH by the law! And sometimes, counseluh, we OBEY THE LAW –

He pauses to let this sink in.

HERB

– but conseluh – This is not one a

those times.

INT. BEDROOM - MASSEY HOUSE

Miles is in bed, morosely watching Court TV.

TV SCREEN

Close on NIKKI ROSEN - A COURT TV ANCHOR

NIKKI

We are interrupting our scheduled weekend coverage because we have just received word there is a verdict in the Kentucky v Leonard Case. We now join the case – live.

THE COURTROOM

BAILIFF

(Reads)

Of the charges of murder in the first degree, we the jury find the defendant – not guilty.

THE STUDIO

Nikki speaks to her Guest Host.

NIKKI

He got away with it.

GUEST

Simpson started a trend.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON

An edgy looking gangster, JOE. He is perspiring heavily. He breathes through his mouth with the rasping wheeze of an asthmatic.

His labored breath rattles as he stares across the table at someone off. At length, a voice:

VOICE

...Are you Joe?

Still staring, but perhaps by way of answer, the gangster raises an inhaler, sticks it in his mouth, and squeezes. WHUSH.

GANGSTER

...Dumbarton?

A reverse shows Miles seated across a small round table in a seedy low-lit clam house. Photos of Ted Kennedy and the Pope adorn the walls..

MILES

I am here representing Mr. Dumbarton, on a... matter of some delicacy.

GANGSTER

Who's the pigeon?

MILES

Excuse me?

GANGSTER

Who do you want me to kill?

MILES

Well – I, uh, that is to say Mr. Dumbarton – would like you to uh, neutralize a, uh, business associate by the name of Marilyn Rexroth Doyle Massey uh Dumbart – uh, Massey.

GANGSTER

Is that... one person?

MILES

Here's her picture...

He is shoving an envelope across the table.

MILES

...and the address where she's

staying. It's the residence of a Mr. Massey. Uh, Dumbarton. Massey. Uh, it's not Mr. Dumbarton's house. Though he's not involved. And because of an impending legal action this needs to happen within a certain... time frame. Uh... on an expedited basis.

The gangster stares expressionlessly. He raises the inhaler again and, with his eyes still on Miles, squeezes. WHUSH.

GANGSTER
You're in a rush.

MILES
Mr. Dumbarton is, yes.

A long beat. Finally, Miles explodes

MILES
She won't suffer, will she?

He bites a knuckle, gazing fearfully at the gangster. The gangster stares impassively back.

GANGSTER
...not unless you pay extra.

INT. REX REXROTH MANSION

An enormous oak paneled room. Furnished with chairs sofas and a huge circular bed. A fire roars in the far corner. On the wall above the bed a film loop is being projected – soft core pornographic images.

On the bed, Rex is surrounded by three naked beauties, smeared in cola dust and wearing conductor caps.

REX
I've been working on the railroad –

TARTS
All the livelong day!

REX

I've been working on the railroad

TARTS

Just to pass the time away!

REX

Can'tcha hear the whistle... the
whistle... AWWWWWWWW.

Rex hunches over, clutching his left arm.

One by one, the girls stop dancing and stare. There is a
somber silence, broken by another.

REX

AWWWWWWW –

The girls are all watching now. One of them steps forward.

TART

– Whatsa matter, Rexie?

INT. KENNETH'S HOUSE

A guest room. Dark, dirty and filled with empty bottles of
expensive French wine.

We hear a phone ringing in a different room. It rings several
times.

The figure on the bed stirs, rolls over, moans, clamps a
pillow over his head.

The ring of the distant telephone is interrupted and we hear
a muffled voice:

VOICE

Hello. Yes, he's here. Just a minute –

We hear approaching footsteps and Kenneth enters the
background, knotting a bathrobe. He turns on the light in
the room.

KENNETH

Miles. It's for you.

The figure on the couch pulls away the pillow. It is indeed Miles Massey. He blearily takes the offered phone.

MILES

Hello. Yes – what?! Yes – I see –

After another listening beat he drops the phone away. He remains staring dully out into space.

MILES

My God.

KENNETH

What?

MILES

That was Marvin Untermeyer.

KENNETH

Yes?

MILES

He was Rex Rexroth's personal attorney.

KENNETH

What do you mean, was.

MILES

Rex just had a massive coronary. In the middle of a business meeting. He's dead.

Kenneth is mildly puzzled.

KENNETH

I'm sorry to hear that. But you weren't close, were you?

MILES

Marvin says that Rex's will is four years old. He never redrafted it.

KENNETH

Yes.

Miles voice is still flat, expressionless:

MILES
Everything goes to Marilyn.

He looks up at Kenneth.

MILES
She's rich. We're still married. We
have no pre-nup.

KENNETH
So, that's good, right?

MINUTES LATER

Miles paces with the telephone. He punches numbers with the thumb of the hand holding the phone; his other hand holds a coffee cup from which he takes trembling slurps.

VOICE
This is Joe. Wuddya need?

Then a beep.

MILES
Joe. This is Mr. uh... friend of –
we met. This is to instruct you it's
No Go! Do you understand me?! NO GO
on Marilyn Rexroth Doyle – No Go.

He slams down the phone.

KENNETH
Who was that?

MILES
That was – oh, shit. What if he's
on his way over there?

KENNETH
Huh?

Consumed with remorse, Miles moans.

MILES

Marylin! What have I done?

KENNETH

I don't know, but don't call me
Marylin.

MILES CAR

Miles drives, speeding, taking corners hard while punching
numbers into his car phone.

MILES

Get her out, buy some time; get her
out –

INT. MASSEY MANSION - NIGHT

In the bedroom, the phone starts ringing. A hand enters to
pick it up. We follow the hand up to reveal

MARYLIN

Hello?

MILES SPEEDING CAR

MILES

Marylin?

MARYLIN

Miles? Miles! Where have you been?
I've been trying to get in touch.

MILES

You have to leave the house
immediately!

MARYLIN

I will, Miles. I will leave. But
Miles –

MILES

No buts. Now. Out.

MARYLIN

Just listen to me. I'm sorry, Miles.
It's true that my initial intention
was to...

MILES

Please! Leave the house.

MARYLIN

I fell in love Miles.

MILES

So did I. Now pack up a few basics
and –

MARYLIN

You do? You do love me?

MASSEY MANSION

Marylin hangs up the phone.

She walks slowly around the room, pausing at the mantelpiece
to pick up a framed picture of Miles, which she
contemplatively regards.

We pan with her continued walk to bring Joe into frame. He
stands with his back pressed to the wall. She's started for
a moment, but quickly recoups:

MARYLIN

Whoever sent you, I'll pay double.

JOE

Mr. Dumbarton.

She shows him the picture of Miles.

MARYLIN

Is this Mr. Dumbarton?

JOE

No...

She cocks an eye at him.

JOE
That's his lawyer.

MARYLIN
Triple!

JOE
Who's the pigeon?

We faintly hear a car screeching to a halt.

EXT. MASSEY MANSION

Massey exits the car. He clutches a can of mace.

INT. MANSION

We hear a key scrape in the lock. The front door swings open onto a dark foyer as Miles tiptoes in.

MILES
(Whispers)
Marylin?

DINING ROOM

Miles tiptoes through, looking warily about. He backs through the swinging doors connecting to the kitchen. Finds himself face to face with Joe.

MILES
Joe! Thank God you're in time. You're
not in time. I'm in time. Thank God
I'm in time.

Joe stares at him.

MILES
It's a no go! Get it? No one any the
wiser. Okay!

He makes a cow-herding motion with his hands.

MILES

You can go home now! Goodbye! Thanks so much!

Joe takes out his gun.

MILES

No no! No contract! It's all over.

This has no effect on Joe who is unscrewing his silencer.

Miles is exasperated. Suddenly – Marilyn appears.

MARYLIN

It's a no go, Joe.

MILES

Marilyn!

MARYLIN

It's okay Joe.

Joe glances at both of them with barely concealed contempt.

MILES

Wait! He works for YOU?

MARYLIN

Now. But first, he worked for you.

MILES

You were going to have this thug...?

MARYLIN

Wait just a second there. You sent him here. You unearthed this pestilence.

JOE

You're calling me a pestilence? That's a hoot!

MARYLIN

(To Joe)

I'm sorry. That was unkind and –

but, we changed our minds.

(To Miles)

Did you really mean what you said on the phone. It wasn't because you found out about Rex?

MILES

Nonono. Marylin – I'm your husband. I'd be entitled to Rex's money. No matter what happened to you.

MARYLIN

That's true.

JOE

Lemme tell you something. You are the pestilence. I'm the exterminator.

MARYLIN

Oh Joe, be happy for us. I'll pay you the twenty thousand.

MILES

It was fifty for you.

JOE

(To Miles)

That's cause you're a lawyer. I gave her the lawyer discount.

(Looks at Marylin)

But I shouldn't of. Cause you're a whore. A whore who worships the dollar.

MARYLIN

Well, actually, all whores worship the dollar, if you want to get technical.

JOE

Shut up. I was a lawyer. Just like you. And my clients? Whores just like you.

MILES

Were you with a firm?

JOE

Kaplan.

MILES

Kaplan? I know Kaplan. Wait. You're Joe Gittelson? I knew you looked – You were great – we studied you.

JOE

Twenty years in "matrimonial law" and it made me sick.

(He wheezes)

I broke up homes and families, never givin' it a second thought. Till one day. I had an epiphany. You know what that is?

(They nod)

Came with a damn stigmata if you can believe that! I said to myself – Joe – everyone you see wants blood. Everyone wants their ex's dead. So why jerk around with rest. You wanna best serve your clients? Kill em.

Joe is raising the gun at Miles. Miles sprays him with Mace.

BANG – Joe fires blindly, scrunching his eyes against the chemical, sucking for breath like a jet engine revving for a take-off.

SLAM – Marilyn elbows him in the face, breaking his nose. She finishes with a solid groin kick. It slows him down, but doesn't stop him.

Joe stumbles a bit, but regains his footing.

BANG – Joe is rampaging around the room, still firing, thumping at his chest with his free hand for his inhaler. Marilyn runs to Miles. He takes her hand and they run toward the door, seeking egress.

BANG – still firing, he pulls out the inhaler but blindly bobbles it.

Joe reaches with his gun hand to keep the inhaler from falling. He momentarily bobbles both gun and inhaler.

Miles pops up in front of him.

MILES

Marylin. Run. I'll distract him.

MARYLIN

I'm not leaving you. I took self defense

Joe recovers and raises the gun to his mouth as he points the inhaler at Miles.

He squeezes – WHUSH – Miles squints against the asthma mist and lets out a horrified:

MILES

Joe!

BANG! The off-screen gunshot is followed by the sound of a body dropping heavily to the floor.

Silence.

Marylin runs over to Miles. They look sadly down at the floor.

MILES

WE told him it was no go...

INT. MASSEY MYERSON CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Wrigley sits bouncing the steeped fingers of one hand against the other.

Miles sits gazing sadly out the window.

The room is empty.

There is the whir of ventilation.

The click of the door attracts both their attention and brings them to their feet.

Marylin walks in, chic and beautiful as ever, followed by Ruth, who sits next to her, places her attaché case on the table top, and snaps its clasps.

RUTH

Alright.

WRIGLEY

Ruth.

Miles and Marylin are looking at each other. Quietly:

MILES

Hello Marylin.

MARYLIN

Hello Miles.

MILES

Hard to believe this is the way it will end up for us.

MARYLIN

It's not something I wanted either.

MILES

But then – I guess – something inside me died when I realized that you'd hired a goon to kill me.

MARYLIN

Yes. I know. It's exactly how I felt when I realized you'd hired the goon to kill...

RUTH

Now you both wait a minute. Nobody hired anyone to kill anyone.

WRIGLEY

Hear, hear.

There is an uncomfortable shifting in seats. Wrigley looks at Miles.

WRIGLEY

Apparently, from what I can gather,
a burglar broke into your house –
became despondent over his lifestyle
and shot himself.

Miles is still looking at Marylin.

MILES

Where does that leave us?

RUTH

We've outlined a settlement...

She pushes a piece of paper across the table.

RUTH

We think it's more than generous.

Miles ignores the paper, which lies unclaimed on the middle
of the table. He looks at Marylin.

WRIGLEY

My client is prepared to consider a
reconciliation.

Marylin looks at Miles.

MARYLIN

How could I trust you, after... after
all of this.

Miles, staring at Marylin, cuts in:

MILES

You wounded me first, Marylin.

MARYLIN

Your forgetting Rex Rexroth?

MILES

You're forgetting Howard Doyle?

MARYLIN

Forgery? Fraud?

MILES
Income tax evasion?

MARYLIN
Murder?

MILES
Murder!

MARYLIN
I don't see how we can ever find our
way back from...

Miles, with his eyes still on Marylin, reaches into his suit coat. He withdraws a piece of paper, spreads it flat on the table in front of him and, still gazing at her:

MILES
You know... there's nothing in the
Massey pre-nup that says it can't be
executed after the parties wed.

He decisively clicks the button on a ballpoint pen, looks down at the paper in front of him and scribbles his name.

He pushes the paper across the table toward Marylin.

Gazing at him, seeking the truth in his eyes, she absently picks up the paper.

There is a long silence. We hear only the hum of ventilation, and Wrigley's quiet snuffling.

Ruth is looking down her nose through her glasses – over Marylin's shoulder – at the sheet of paper. Marylin however, looks only at Miles.

RUTH
It's the Massey pre-nup –

Marylin rips the paper in half.

RUTH

(bored)
O-kay. I'm going back to the office

Wrigley sobs openly.

RUTH
Come on Wrigley, I'll buy you a drink
and an anti depressant.

WRIGLEY
No one will ever love me that way.

RUTH
Not if you're lucky. No.

Miles rises slowly to his feet.

He puts his knuckles on the tabletop and leans forward.

Marylin rises slowly to her feet.

She leans forward.

They kiss.

MILES
Let's go home.

EXT. MASSEY HOUSE - DAY

We hear a SMASHING – BREAKING.

Gardeners look up briefly from the leaf blowing – but quickly
prioritize and continue blasting sycamore leaves from one
end of the yard to the other.

TRACK THROUGH HOUSE TO

INT. MASSEY BEDROOM

The smashing is becoming louder.

AN AXE

Breaks the beautiful wood panelling in the room next to the

master suite.

MILES

Wait. Just wait for one minute. Sweet Jesus, are you crazy?

CONSTRUCTION WORKER LOOKS UP

he's the one wielding the axe. His co-worker casts a look in our direction.

MILES

reaches under the rubble and removes one box of Cohiba Especials.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Sorry, Mr. Massey. Thought you cleared that shit out.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER #2

You know, man... those things'll kill ya. I know all you old boomer potheads like em. They're illegal, and you get to put em in fancy boxes – but – shit man! It's still tobacco.

ON MARYLIN

Mightily pregnant.

MARYLIN

You know, sweets, he's right.

Miles casts a rueful look at the cigars.

MILES

Pre-Castro.

MARYLIN

Fine. They were created during a dictatorship.

(Placing a protective hand on her BIG belly)

What if something happened to you?

What would I tell little Gus when he asked "what was my daddy like?"

Miles looks at the box, then at his wife. He tosses the box to the concerned construction worker.

MILES

Here, buddy. These are for you.

The construction worker gives him a very hostile look.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

(Mumbles)

Great. Now I can die.

MILES

Well. You'd say "they devoted a whole semester at Harvard to your Dad. But your Mom was the one that ever only nailed his ass."

MARYLIN

Sweet.

MILES

I thought so.

FADE OUT:

THE END