

"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

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

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

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

INSIDE THE CONVERTIBLE

shirt  
bouncing  
along  
The middle-aged driver is in a tuxedo with a rumpled and cocked bow tie. He is flushed, a Rogue forelock over his forehead, and he merrily sings "Casey Jones" 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.

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

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

MAN  
Number Seven.

She trots away.

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

MAN  
Zing!

MOTEL ROOM

is The man enters and looks around. The young woman's dress 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  
burnin' love! I got fire in my  
boiler and a fuh -- a fuh --

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

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

YOUNG WOMAN  
Tickets, please.

The man is stripping off his clothes.

MAN

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

YOUNG WOMAN  
Pull in your ears, Rexie -- you're  
comin' to a tunnel!

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

looks  
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  
like Clarence Thomas with a mustache.

MAN  
I'm gonna nail your ass!

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

Rex  
The man with the video charges around the room following

THE VIDEO IMAGE

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

and  
Faintly, from the television monitor we hear screaming  
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

cellular

A handsome, fortyish man in a town car talks into 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

Finding

Rex is trying his key in the front door of his house.

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 Marylin, 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

Marylin?

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

of  
humidor

You may have seen it in the issue before last of "World Interiors." There's a Rothko on the wall, an Elle Bleu 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.

desk,  
deepest

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. Marylin 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

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

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 Gieselenssen. 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.

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

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

WAITING ROOM - MASSEY MEYSEYERSON

Marylin her The receptionist leans over her partition to chirp at  
and her attorney Ruth Rabinow. Ruth is a sturdy woman in  
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.

and, They appraise each other for a beat. They are impressed  
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?

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

MARYLIN  
These are yours.

MILES  
Not according to Mrs. Rabinow.

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

sweats  
his  
He  
and

A woman walking across a gymnasium floor. Suddenly, she's assaulted by a huge, grotesquely garbed assailant. His barely cover his massive, overdeveloped musculature. On 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. Marylin 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.

the  
gym.

Marylin watches as a new "victim" begin her walk across

MARYLIN

(Grinning)  
Lilly's up.

SARAH

Oh, God!

toward  
sight

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  
from

exit. Marilyn and Sarah giggle, but reproachful looks  
the other students force them to affect concerned looks.

MARYLIN  
(Whispers)  
Every week --

SARAH  
I'm dying.

sobbing  
group

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

Marilyn.

The INSTRUCTOR, a vivacious phys ed major, approaches

INSTRUCTOR  
Marilyn? Ready.

MARYLIN  
Huh? Oh, yeah. Sure.

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

SARAH  
That's completely odd.

up

Marilyn begins the Victim walk. The Mugger quickly moves  
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, Marylin. But you forgot to yell "no."

MARYLIN

Ah.

(Calmly, to the Mugger)

No.

CUT

TO:

ELEGANT RESTAURANT - EVENING

Miles rises from his seat as Marylin 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."

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

sips A waiter appears and pour a taste of wine which Miles 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.

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

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

faint:  
Leaking tinnily through the headsets we hear a very

VOICE

I'm gonna nail your ass.

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

LATER

on  
attitude  
Marylin Rexroth now struggles to maintain her composure  
the witness stand. She is modestly dressed and her  
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..."

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

something

MILES

Do you know those lines, Mrs. Rexroth?

Marylin examines him with guarded eyes. Ruth sensing 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 Marylin 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.

Marylin, 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  
way of greeting.

PATRICIA  
Hi, Sweetie.

MILES  
Hard to believe I know. I'm sure you  
are frequently mistaken for sisters.

MARYLIN

by

(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.

her She laughs merrily at some private joke between her and 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 Marilyn)  
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, Marylin. 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

friend,  
Cohiba  
Moves a

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

beat,  
He stares contemplatively at the ceiling and, after a  
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

gloomy.  
small,  
shape  
and

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

sourceless,

A voice -- old, dry, rasping, lightly accented of a long-gone Brooklyn boyhood -- seems disembodied and  
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

appendage

An arm is being extended toward us and the glinting  
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.

with

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

VOICE

-- Counseluh, you are the engine

that drives this foim --

Swiftly-

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

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

examining

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

MILES

Marilyn! How nice.

suave

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

MILES

Marilyn! How lovely, uh --

puts

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

MILES

-- Marilyn! What a pleasure --

DOORWAY

On Miles as he opens the door, suavely smiling.

MILES

Marylin, what a pleas -- who the fuck are you?

middle

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

Just behind him is Marylin 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 Marylin)

After you, Doll.

couch.

Marylin glides into the office. Seats herself on the

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.

money.

Doyle pulls out a deranged piece of felt stuffed with

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, Marylin. 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.

Howard  
was  
in

He removes a family photo from the felt wallet. It's of  
and two fat teenagers. Apparently the former Mrs. Doyle  
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 -- Marylin 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 Marylin.

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 Marylin.

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

out  
Marylin and Howard wait for an elevator as Miles trots  
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.

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

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.

shelters  
He has backed her against the wall of an alcove which  
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  
sign  
She deftly slides out of the way. Miles watches her as  
heads down the hall. As she gets on the elevator, Howard  
grabs her butt with one hand, while giving Miles a high  
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  
Marylin 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

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

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

in a  
A pullback reveals Howard D. Doyle before the altar with Marylin. He is in a tuxedo and yarmulke. She is dressed

simple, Kennedy-type gown.

BOLENSKY

-- she once was a true love of mine.

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

sniffing.  
As Miles and Wrigley seat themselves, Wrigley is

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?

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

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 decaffe 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 Marylin 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, Marylin 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?

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

DOYLE

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

one  
Howard D. turns to one side to address Marylin, taking  
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!

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

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

DOYLE

-- this is for you, Darling.

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

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

PILOT

Jesus --

CO-PILOT

What --?

PILOT

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

CO-PILOT

What?!

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

miniature  
bellowing

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

The woozy track finds the cadaverous hand at the end of  
arm with an IV tube swinging from it. Miles stands next  
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...

is

Miles shoots -- Bonnie falls. Then Mrs. Guttman. Marylin  
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

phone.

He gazes stuporously about, reaching for the ringing

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

although

Marylin sits in the den. She's had some coffee and,  
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.

stands

The Woman has her arm around one of them. The other 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.

see  
something  
Marylin looks at the picture again. And yes -- you can  
how hesitant Miles was. Marylin is moved. A flash of  
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, Marylin! 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 Marylin -- 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 -- Marylin -- 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, Marylin. 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. Marylin,  
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!

Marylin 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  
his  
it. Miles grabs the pre-nup, and as he turns to Marilyn,  
tone softens.

MILES

Marilyn, 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 Marylin,  
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, Marylin 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

wakes,

Miles and Marylin asleep in bed. The ALARM RINGS. Miles  
turns to his beautiful wife -- kisses her good morning.  
She gives him a sleepy Smile.

bathrobe

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

ties

breakfast.

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

berry

office.

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

the

MILES OFFICE

married

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

uneventful,

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.

Marylin

Miles exits a flower store with a bouquet of tulips.

at the doorway, greets Miles as he arrives home.

(khakis?)

As Miles changes into his casual after work outfit,

about

Marylin sits at the edge of the bed. He's telling her

his day, and she is rapt with attention.

The

The Massey's have a candlelit dinner of fish and pasta.

tulips are in the middle of the table.

pillows,

Miles and Marylin snuggle on a couch and watch Seinfeld. Miles in bed on the new Frette Linen. A few too many

and

but he's making it work. Marylin enters the bedroom in a nightshirt that is the perfect combination of innocence

with

nastiness. He puts down his book as she gets into bed

him.

and

They gaze at one another -- the picture of contentment

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?

hand. The young associates look confused. Wrigley raises his

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

on Miles and Marilyn watching a cable movie crowded together  
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. QUATRAIN 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

is  
Miles is buying a huge bouquet of flowers. As he exits he  
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.

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

Marylin 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 Marylin 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 Marylin? 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, Marylin. It is YOU.

INT. KITCHEN

Marylin 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. Marylin 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

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

SARAH  
Vishu! Knock it off. That hurts.

VISHNU  
Breathe through it.

hard.  
Sarah tries a few deep breaths. Marylin concentrates

VISHNU  
That's good, Marylin.

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

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

MARYLIN  
Yes? Can I help you?

POLICE OFFICER  
Marylin Hamilton Rexroth Doyle Massey?

MARYLIN  
Yes.

POLICE OFFICER  
We have a warrant for your arrest.

MARYLIN  
What?

INT. POLICE STATION - MONTAGE - DAY

other  
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  
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, Marylin, now you cut a  
deal or find out how Jean Harris  
made it work for her.

INT. MASSEY HOUSE - DAY

Miles opens the door. Marylin 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.

Marylin 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?"

expertly

She reaches into her purse. Pulls out a Dunhill and 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

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

swaps She now places it up on the IV gantry and connects, and  
drainage. the now empty drip under the wheelchair to collect

dark, We are once again in Herb Meyerson's gloomy office, its  
venetians blocking most of the light and making Herb a  
enigmatic figure.

HERB

This woman has humbled, shamed and  
disgrazed 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.

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

HERB  
-- We SOIVE 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.

TO:

CUT

CLOSE ON

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

at His labored breath rattles as he stares across the table  
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?

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

inhaler                   The gangster stares expressionlessly. He raises the  
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

On                   An enormous oak paneled room. Furnished with chairs sofas  
and a huge circular bed. A fire roars in the far corner.

the wall above the bed a film loop is being projected --  
soft core pornographic images.

smearred           On the bed, Rex is surrounded by three naked beauties,  
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... AWWWWWWW.

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  
AWWWWWWWW --

The girls are all watching now. One of them steps

forward.

TART  
-- Whatsa matter, Rexie?

INT. KENNETH'S HOUSE

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

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

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

hear The ring of the distant telephone is interrupted and we  
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.

indeed The figure on the couch pulls away the pillow. It is  
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 Marylin.

He looks up a at Kenneth.

MILES

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

KENNETH

So, that's good, right?

MINUTES LATER

the  
a

Miles paces with the telephone. He punches numbers with thumb of the hand holding the phone; his other hand holds 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 Marylin 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

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

MILES  
Get her out, buy some time; get her  
out --

INT. MASSEY MANSION - NIGHT

to  
In the bedroom, the phone starts ringing. A hand enters  
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.

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

He We pan with her continued walk to bring Joe into frame.  
for stands with his back pressed to the wall. She's started  
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

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

MILES  
(Whispers)

Marylin?

DINING ROOM

through  
himself

Miles tiptoes through, looking warily about. He backs the swinging doors connecting to the kitchen. Finds 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 -- Marylin appears.

MARYLIN

It's a no go, Joe.

MILES

Marylin!

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.

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

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

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

Joe stumbles a bit, but regains his footing.

toward 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  
the door, seeking egress.

blindly BANG -- still firing, he pulls out the inhaler but  
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

Marilyn. 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!

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

Silence.

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

MILES

WE told him it was no go...

INT. MASSEY MYERSON CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

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

Miles sits gazing sadly out the window.

The room is empty.

There is the whir of ventilation.

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

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

looks

There is an uncomfortable shifting in seats. Wrigley  
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.

middle

Miles ignores the paper, which lies unclaimed on the  
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...

suit  
the  
Miles, with his eyes still on Marylin, reaches into his  
coat. He withdraws a piece of paper, spreads it flat on  
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.

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

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

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

quickly  
Gardeners look up briefly from the leaf blowing -- but  
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

the  
Breaks the beautiful wood panelling in the room next to  
master suite.

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

CONSTRUCTION WORKER LOOKS UP

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

box  
Miles looks at the box, then at his wife. He tosses the  
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