

"INTOLERABLE CRUELTY"

Screenplay by

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Based on a story by

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**FIRST DRAFT**

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**BEVERLY HILLS STREET - NIGHT**

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

singing -- It is a Mercedes convertible and as it roars by, the  
with 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 The middle-aged driver is in a tuxedo with a ruffled  
bouncing and cocked bow tie. He is flushed, a Rogue forelock  
along 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  
The car enters and roars away. After a beat of quiet,  
conservative sedan enters and recedes.

**BEACH**

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

holding a  
The young woman staggers out still giggling, and  
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**

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

**MAN**

Choo! Choo!...

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

**MAN**

I'm a locomotive, baby! I'm the Wabash

cannonball! I'm a hunka-hunka  
burninnnnn' love! I got fire in my  
boiler and a fuh -- a fuh --

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

the A salacious smiles spreads across his lips. He pulls on  
woman in cord to draw back the curtain and reveal the young  
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 Ecsssstasy?

**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 --

black CRASH -- the door is kicked open and a short stocky  
rushes man built like a bulldog and wearing a porkpie hat  
looks 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. chemindefer boxers, and darts around the room seeking

following Rex The man with the video charges around the room

**THE VIDEO IMAGE**

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

**MAN**

I'm gonna nail your ass!!

his  
We swish-pan back to Rex as he bends over to pick up  
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**

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

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

**MARYLIN**

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

**REX**

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

with her  
but  
power  
infant in

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

**SARAH**

You want to come out to the beach house tomorrow?

**MARYLIN**

I didn't know Barry had a beach house.

**SARAH**

Neither did I until my lawyer found

it -- quite a paper trail -- he had it in the dog's name.

**RAMONA**

(To Marylin)  
So who'd you hire?

**MARYLIN**

Ruth Rabino.

**SARAH**

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

**MARYLIN**

She did a Harriman.

**SARAH**

Wow.

**MARYLIN**

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

**RAMONA**

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

**SARAH**

Ramona! Don't get Mia Farrow on us.

**RAMONA**

Three is not Farrow.

**SARAH**

Who's Rex's guy?

**MARYLIN**

Miles Massey.

**SARAH**

Of Massey Myerson?

**MARYLIN**

Do you know him?

**SARAH**

By reputation. He got Ann Rumsey

that cute little island of George's.

**RAMONA**

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

**SARAH**

Muriel Rumsey.

**MARYLIN**

Who's she?

**SARAH**

Now? She's a night manager at McDonalds.

**RAMONA**

You should have tried to get pregnant Marylin -- solidify your position.

**MARYLIN**

No.

**RAMONA**

You like kids.

**MARYLIN**

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

**SARAH**

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

**RAMONA**

Maybe next time.

**MARYLIN**

Maybe.

**SARAH**

We do have a man for you.

**RAMONA**

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

**SARAH**

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

children

**RAMONA**

And only two are hers.

**MARYLIN**

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

**SARAH**

I wish I had your discipline.

**A COURTROOM**

woman in  
We are close on the person on the witness stand, a  
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**

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

**WRIGLEY**

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

**MILES**

Nothing.

**WRIGLEY**

And she has...?

**MILES**

Video.

**WRIGLEY**

What the fuck...?

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

**MILES**

Wrigley!

**WRIGLEY**

Sorry.

**MILES**

Sometimes I have serious doubts about you.

**WRIGLEY**

I am very sorry.

**MILES**

Am I mentoring the wrong mentee?

**WRIGLEY**

No. You're not.

**MILES**

I could be mentoring Kramer. Kramer clerked for Scalia.

Wrigley looks suicidal.

**BACKGROUND LAWYER (O.S.)**

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

**WOMAN**

No, he had the videos...

**MILES**

Anyway, I need a challenge. This --

He waves dismissively at the courtroom.

**MILES**

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

**WOMAN**

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

**JUDGE**

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

**MILES**

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

He rises.

**MILES**

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

**MRS. GUTTMAN**

Well, yes, Morris is my accountant.

**MILES**

(sadly)  
Accountant.

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

**MILES**

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

**WAITING ROOM - MASSEY MEYSESON**

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

**RECEPTIONIST**

Mr. Massey will see you now.

**CONFERENCE ROOM**

a

In the middle of the Massy Meyerson conference table is  
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.

and

Miles has been staring at Marylin. She notices this,  
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. Marylin 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.

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

**MARYLIN**

Have you been taking your digestive enzymes?

**REX**

(Contrite)  
Sometimes I forget.

Ruth She looks at him like a concerned parent. Miles and 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**

she's  
sweats  
his  
helmet. He  
and  
a

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

**APPLAUSE**

Class.  
We pull back and see that we are in a Self Defense

all

Two instructors, two "muggers" and ten women students 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

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

**MARYLIN**

(Grinning)  
Lilly's up.

**SARAH**

Oh, God!

toward  
sight  
the  
from  
looks.

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

**MARYLIN**

(Whispers)  
Every week --

**SARAH**

I'm dying.

sobbing

The two Instructors and the Mugger try to coax the

group

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.

Marylin.

The INSTRUCTOR, a vivacious phys ed major, approaches

**INSTRUCTOR**

Marylin? Ready.

**MARYLIN**

Huh? Oh, yeah. Sure.

passing

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

**SARAH**

That's completely odd.

moves up

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

**MARYLIN**

(To Sarah)

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

his

The Mugger is upon her. He grabs her hair. She stomps

nose

foot, and smoothly wheels around SMASHING him in the  
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, Marylin.

**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 Marylin;  
is handed to Miles.

**MILES**

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

(To Marylin)

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**

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

**CLERK**

-- The Honorable Marva Munson  
presiding. All rise.

and Massey, Wrigley, and Rex Rexroth in between, rise. Rex  
as Wrigley remain respectfully standing, facing forward,  
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 We are on a close lateral track of the jurors faces as  
illuminated 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  
Ruth  
The track ends over at Marylin's table, where Marylin  
wearing headphones, looks on with studied stoicism.  
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 --

be  
He paces, hands clasped behind his back, affecting to  
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  
with a  
Marylin looks up from her handkerchief with a look of  
irritation. Miles stops pacing and turns to face her  
faint smile.

**MILES**

Do you know those lines, Mrs. Rexroth?

something

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 hypomanic. 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?

wave by

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

**PATRICIA**

Hi, Sweetie.

**MILES**

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

**MARYLIN**

(Mumbles)

He'll regret this.

**MILES**

Have you ever met Mr. Rexroth?

**PATRICIA**

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

(Little girlish wave)

Hello, Rex. Hello there.

**MILES**

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

**PATRICIA**

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

**RUTH**

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

**JUDGE**

Sustained.

**MILES**

Did you know Mrs. Rexroth was married?

**PATRICIA**

Of course. Of course she was married.  
What else would she be? Single? I  
don't think so.

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 Marylin)

I'm happy for you Patty

**INT. SARAH SORKIN'S BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT**

are  
Pasta being cooked. Salad being tossed. Wine glasses  
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**

Miles is at his weekly chess game with his college friend,  
Cohiba  
Moves a  
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  
long-  
sourceless,  
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.  
A voice -- old, dry, rasping, lightly accented of a  
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  
down  
An arm is being extended toward us and the glinting  
swings with it: we see that it is an IV which snakes  
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 --

a  
Swiftly-  
dark.  
He leans back in his chair, breathing heavily, and runs  
tongue over his sandpapery lips. He is wearing oversize  
Lazar style glasses, heavily tinted in spite of the

At length

**MILES**

Thank you Herb.

**INT. MILES OFFICE**

at  
Miles sits behind his desk, fingers steepled, staring  
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**

Marilyn, 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 Marilyn Rexroth, looking as coolly beautiful as ever. She smoothly puts in:

**MARYLIN**

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

**DOYLE**

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

**MILES**

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

**DOYLE**

(To Marilyn)  
After you, Doll.

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

**MILES**

And how is Mrs. Reiser?

**DOYLE**

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

**MILES**

So she's uh, flourishing?

**DOYLE**

She makes felt wallets. Got one right here.

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

Most of the contents slip to the floor.

**DOYLE**

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

**MARYLIN**

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

Miles is stunned.

**MILES**

Muh -- Well, uh -- Huh?

**DOYLE**

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

**MARYLIN**

(Thinks)

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

**DOYLE**

(To Miles)

Here. Got pictures.

Howard

was

visible 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 the shot.

**MILES**

I... uh guess congratulations are in order.

**DOYLE**

Well -- Marilyn and Rex broke up and...

**MARYLIN**

Honey, I don't think this is really

relevant to...

**DOYLE**

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

**MARYLIN**

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

**MILES**

No!

**DOYLE**

I had no idea until after, but --

He looks at her with predatory lust.

**DOYLE**

Baby. You are so HOT!

**MARYLIN**

(Coy)

Howard!

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

**MILES**

What a touching story.

**DOYLE**

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

(man to man)

I like my women with two boobs.

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

**MARYLIN**

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

Miles acknowledges this with a curt nod.

**MARYLIN**

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

**DOYLE**

You did good, Massey!

**MARYLIN**

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

**DOYLE**

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

**MARYLIN**

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

**DOYLE**

She said "penetrate." Heh heh heh.

He gropes her. She giggles like a teenager.

**MILES**

Oh, for the love of...

**MARYLIN**

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

**MILES**

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

**DOYLE**

Harvard? Whoa, Daddy!

**MILES**

I just want to make sure that you both --

He eyes Marilyn.

**MILES**

-- understand what you're asking for here. The Massey pre-nup provides that in the event of a dissolution of the marriage for any reason, both parties shall leave it with whatever they brought in, and earned during. No one can profit from the marriage. The pre-nup protects the wealthier party.

**DOYLE**

Well -- at the moment, that'd be me.

**MILES**

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

**DOYLE**

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

**MILES**

(slightly sickened)  
-- and we are sure...

Eyes boring into 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.

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

**MILES**

What are you doing?

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

**MARYLIN**

Getting married.

**MILES**

To him? He's a sick freak.

**MARYLIN**

He's passionate.

**MILES**

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

**MARYLIN**

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

**MILES**

Marylin! Listen to me.

**MARYLIN**

No. You listen to me.

(Very quiet and deliberate)

You busted me, Miles. You left me with nothing! What did you expect me

to do? Get a degree in counseling?  
Write a book about table linen?  
Because that's what wives do when  
they get dumped, and frankly, I'm  
not quite ready for that.

**MILES**

But why him?

**MARYLIN**

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

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  
Howard  
sign  
She deftly slides out of the way. Miles watches her as  
heads down the hall. As she gets on the elevator,  
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**

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

**KENNETH**

Doyle Oil?

(Miles nods)

A Massey Pre-nup?

(Miles nods again)

She loves him.

**MILES**

He's the wrong man.

**KENNETH**

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

**EXT. A WEDDING BOWER - AKA CHUPPA**

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

**BOLENSKY**

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

with  
in a  
A pullback reveals Howard D. Doyle before the altar  
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 decaffeinated demitasse of retirement.

and

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

Finally:

**RABBI BOLENSKY**

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

**DOYLE**

I do.

**RABBI BOLENSKY**

And do you, Marilyn Rexroth, take Chaim to be the roux in your bechamel? The stock in your sauce?

**MARYLIN**

I do.

**MILES**

Argh.

Heads turn. Miles bites a knuckle. Birds twitter.

**RABBI BOLENSKY**

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

A kiss. Cheers. Applause.

**A RECEPTION ON THE GROUNDS**

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

to  
Miles is darkly brooding as Wrigley opens a Tiffany box  
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'oeuvre 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!

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

**DOYLE**

-- This is for you, darling.

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

**DOYLE**

-- this is for you, Darling.

wild The crowd is murmuring--the murmurs grow in volume -- a  
hand smattering of applause -- cheers -- more applause --  
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.

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

**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**

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

**PILOT**

Jesus --

**CO-PILOT**

What --?

**PILOT**

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

**CO-PILOT**

What?!

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**

conductor's  
miniature  
bellowing

Screaming with laughter, two naked damsels in 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? Marylin 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, Marylin Rexroth is an athlete at the peak of her power.

He hits the call button.

**MILES**

Get me Marylin 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**

sit

We move in on one of the tables where Marylin and Miles 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**

bed,

We hear Court TV on in the background. Miles alone in 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...

Marylin is

Miles shoots -- Bonnie falls. Then Mrs. Guttman.  
next. Miles hesitates.

**SANDPAPERY VOICE**

Counseluh? Counseluh?

Miles points the gun at Herb.

**RING. RING. RING.**

**MILES BEDROOM**

He bolts up in bed, sweating.

**RING**

He gazes stuporously about, reaching for the ringing  
phone.

**MILES**

Hello?

**MARYLIN**

Miles?

**MILES**

Yes? Marylin?

**MARYLIN**

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

**MILES**

Marylin? When did I say...?

**MARYLIN**

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

We hear the SCREECH of Tires.

**MARYLIN**

(yelling at someone)  
Screw you, asswipe!

**MILES**

Marylin? Forgive me but are you --

drunk?

**MARYLIN**

A little.

(Scream)

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

**MILES**

You shouldn't be driving. Where are you?

**MARYLIN**

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

**MILES**

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

**MARYLIN**

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

**MILES**

No. Don't stop.

**MARYLIN**

Okay Miles.

**INT. DEN - MASSEY MANSION**

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.

a

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

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

**A WOMAN AND TWO SMALL BOYS.**

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

**MARYLIN**

Is that you?

**MILES**

Me. Yes.

**MARYLIN**

Oh. And that is -- mom?

**MILES**

Yeah. Mom. Mom and brother.

**MARYLIN**

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

Miles walks over to look at the picture.

**MILES**

Hmmm...

**MARYLIN**

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

**MILES**

She never particularly cared for me.

**MARYLIN**

She didn't love you?

**MILES**

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

**MARYLIN**

She held that against you?

**MILES**

Apparently she was very disappointed.

**MARYLIN**

Boy. Boy, oh boy.

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, Marilyn! There's nothing wrong with us. We're attractive and charismatic and successful and... I like us.

**MARYLIN**

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

**MILES**

No.

**MARYLIN**

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

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

**MARYLIN**

Friends?

**MILES**

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

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

**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!

Sarah  
pregnant)

Marylin enters. She looks outstanding. Her friends,  
Sorkin and Ramona Barcelona (who is now visibly  
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.

clicks  
Marylin, his  
tone softens.

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

**MILES**

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

**SARAH**

It is. It's famous.

**WRIGLEY**

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

**MILES**

We wanted Ruth here for your protection as well --

**WRIGLEY**

The Judge is here. Over here, Judge Munson.

**MARYLIN**

Wasn't she the Judge at my divorce hearing?

**MILES**

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

always.

**JUDGE MUNSON**

What's up with you two.

**MILES**

We're getting married.

Judge laughs.

**JUDGE MUNSON**

What's the gag?

**MILES**

A gag? No.

Marylin 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 Marilyn, 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 Marilyn stand before the alter.

**JUDGE MUNSON**

Do you, Miles Herbert Massey of Massey  
Meyerson take Marilyn 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.

Marilyn looks at him.

**MILES**

-- I do.

**JUDGE MUNSON**

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

**MARYLIN**

I do.

**JUDGE MUNSON**

I now pronounce you man and wife.

Wrigley bursts into tears.

**THE MARRIED MASSEY MONTAGE**

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MASSEY HOUSE - MORNING**

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  
ties  
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.

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

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

**MILES OFFICE**

married  
uneventful,  
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.

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

**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.

Seinfeld.

Miles and Marylin snuggle on a couch and watch

pillows,

Miles in bed on the new Frette Linen. A few too many

a

but he's making it work. Marylin enters the bedroom in

and

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?

The young associates look confused. Wrigley raises his hand.

**WRIGLEY**

Extinguish?

**MILES**

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

**MILES**

(another raised hand)

Kramer?

**KRAMER**

Build?

**MILES**

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

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

**INT. DEN - MASSEY HOUSE**

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

**MARYLIN**

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

**MILES**

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

He surveys his surroundings with a critical eye.

**MARYLIN**

Honey, I could sit...

**MILES**

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

**MARYLIN**

Hardly. You have six bedrooms

**MILES**

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

He hands her a credit card.

**MILES**

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

**MARYLIN**

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

**MILES**

Good.

(Beat)

Are those foods?

**MARYLIN**

Fabric and fringe.

**MILES**

Exactly. And then -- maybe -- not right away -- There's a room right

off the bedroom -- It would be perfect for a nursery.

(He takes her hands)

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

**MARYLIN**

Miles.

**MILES**

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

She stops him with a kiss.

**MILES**

You want children, don't you?

**INT. QUATRRAIN 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 Marilyn)

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.

Marilyn 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**

he is

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

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

**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.

bed,  
the  
prick  
If

She pushes the door open. No Miles in sight. On the scrawled on a piece of mMm stationery, taped to one of mMm Frette pillows -- a note which reads -- "If you us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh?"

WE

you poison us, do we not die? AND IF YOU WRONG US SHALL  
**NOT REVENGE?"**

**INT. KENNETH'S HOUSE**

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

**TV SCREEN**

**COURT TV REPORTER**

Medrano  
claims it  
  
handgun.

We are back at the Trial of New Jersey v. Medrano. Mr. is accused of killing his wife, Alicia in 1992. He was suicide. Let's return to the courtroom.  
See the action in the courtroom --  
The Prosecutor shows the jury an extremely large

**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**

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

**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**

finger  
and  
other

Marylin is photographed front and profile. She is printed; she is searched and relieved of her jewelry; 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?"

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

**MARYLIN**

Arty Farty stuff.

(Pointing to the  
Hockney)  
Lithographs and pre Castro Cubans.  
Watches and mileage on private jets.  
Stuff, Miles. Stuff you get from  
grateful clients.

**MILES**

Those are gifts.

**MARYLIN**

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

**MILES**

You can't prove anything.

**MARYLIN**

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

(Puffing on the cigar)  
What is this? A Romeo and Julieta?

**MILES**

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

**MARYLIN**

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

(She stands to leave)

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

feet of my house.

**MILES**

Meaning my house.

**MARYLIN**

I believe the residence will be part of the settlement.

**MILES**

Did our marriage ever mean anything to you?

**MARYLIN**

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

**MILES**

That's blackmail.

**MARYLIN**

That's marriage.

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

**MARYLIN**

You'll always be my favorite husband.

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

**MILES**

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

**CLOSE ON A BAG OF FLUIDS**

We pull back from the milky yellowish bag of fluid to show that a nurse is unhooking and removing it from under Herb Meyerson's wheelchair where it collects drainage. She now places it up on the IV gantry and connects, and swaps the now empty drip under the wheelchair to collect drainage. We are once again in Herb Meyerson's gloomy office, its

dark,

venetians blocking most of the light and making Herb a  
enigmatic figure.

**HERB**

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

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

**MILES**

Yes Herb,

**HERB**

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

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

**HERB**

-- of the hoidy-goidy.

**MILES**

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

**HERB**

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

He brings himself up short and turns to the nurse.

**HERB**

-- leave us.

She heads for the door.

**HERB**

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

He climbs unsteadily to his feet and tries to pace,

him.

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.

**CUT TO:**

**CLOSE ON**

heavily. He  
an  
table at

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

gangster  
squeezes.

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

**VOICE**

...Are you Joe?

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

**WHUSH.**

**GANGSTER**

...Dumbarton?

in a  
Pope

A reverse shows Miles seated across a small round table  
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  
WHUSH.  
again and, with his eyes still on Miles, squeezes.

**GANGSTER**

You're in a rush.

**MILES**

Mr. Dumbarton is, yes.

A long beat. Finally, Miles explodes

**MILES**

She won't suffer, will she?

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

**GANGSTER**

...not unless you pay extra.

**INT. REX REXROTH MANSION**

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

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

**REX**

Awwwwwww --

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

**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.

a  
The figure on the bed stirs, rolls over, moans, clamps  
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 --

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

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

**MILES**

My God.

**KENNETH**

What?

**MILES**

That was Marvin Untermeyer.

**KENNETH**

Yes?

**MILES**

He was Rex Rexroth's personal attorney.

**KENNETH**

What do you mean, was.

**MILES**

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

Kenneth is mildly puzzled.

**KENNETH**

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

**MILES**

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

**KENNETH**

Yes.

Miles voice is still flat, expressionless:

**MILES**

Everything goes to Marilyn.

He looks up at Kenneth.

**MILES**

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

**KENNETH**

So, that's good, right?

**MINUTES LATER**

the  
holds a

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

**VOICE**

This is Joe. Wuddya need?

Then a beep.

**MILES**

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

He slams down the phone.

**KENNETH**

Who was that?

**MILES**

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

**KENNETH**

Huh?

Consumed with remorse, Miles moans.

**MILES**

Marylin! What have I done?

**KENNETH**

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

**MILES CAR**

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 Marilyn)

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

**MARYLIN**

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

**JOE**

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

**MILES**

Were you with a firm?

**JOE**

Kaplan.

**MILES**

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

**JOE**

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

(He wheezes)

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

(They nod)

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

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

Mace.

the  
for a  
nose.  
down, but

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

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

Joe stumbles a bit, but regains his footing.

inhaler.  
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 toward 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

points

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

asthma

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

**MILES**

Joe!

of a

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

Silence.

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

**MILES**

WE told him it was no go...

**INT. MASSEY MYERSON CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

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

Miles sits gazing sadly out the window.

The room is empty.

There is the whir of ventilation.

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

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

**RUTH**

Alright.

**WRIGLEY**

Ruth.

Miles and Marylin are looking at each other. Quietly:

**MILES**

Hello Marylin.

**MARYLIN**

Hello Miles.

**MILES**

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

**MARYLIN**

It's not something I wanted either.

**MILES**

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

**MARYLIN**

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

**RUTH**

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

**WRIGLEY**

Hear, hear.

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.

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

absently  
picks up the paper.  
He pushes the paper across the table toward Marylin. Gazing at him, seeking the truth in his eyes, she

ventilation,

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

over

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

however,

**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**

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

**OUT:**

**FADE**

**THE END**