

The Producers

- > Max: Who are you? What do you want? Why are you loitering in my hallway?
- > Speak dummy! Speak! Why don't you speak?
- >
- > Leo: Scared. Can't talk.
- >
- > Max: All right. Get a hold of yourself. Take a deep breath. Let it out,
- > slowly. Now, tell me who are you?
- >
- > Leo: I'm Leo Bloom. I'm an accountant. I am from Whitehall & Marx. I was
- > sent here to do your books and I'm terribly sorry I caught you with the old
- > lady.
- >
- > Max: (mimicking) I caught you with the old lady. Come in Mr. Tak.
- > (continued) So, you're an accountant huh?
- >
- > Leo: Yes, I am.
- >
- > Max: Then account for yourself. Do you believe in god? Do you believe in
- > gold? Why are you looking up old lady's dresses? Bit of a pervert huh?
- >
- > Leo: Uhh!
- >
- > Max: Never mind, never mind. Do the books; they're over there in that desk,
- > top drawer. I'll take your coat.
- >
- > Leo: Thank you.
- >
- > Max: You're welcome. (pause) How dare you condemn me without knowing
- all
- > the facts?
- >
- > Leo: Mr. Bialistock, I'm not trying to condemn you...
- >
- > Max: Shut up! I'm having a rhetorical conversation. How humiliating. Max
- > Bialistock. Max Bialistock. Do you know who I used to be? Max Bialistock,
- > king of Broadway. Six shows running at once. Lunch at Delmonico's. Six
- > hundred dollar suits. You see this, this once held a pearl as big as your
- > eye. Look at me now, look at me now. I'm wearing a cardboard belt! I used
- > to have thousands of investors begging, pleading to put their money in a Max
- > Bialistock production. Look at my investors now. Va-la. Hundreds of
- > little old ladies stopping off at Max Bialistock's office to grab a last

> thrill on the way to the cemetery. (pause) You have exactly ten seconds to
> change that look of disgusting pity into one of enormous respect. One,
> two...do the books, do the books.
>
> Leo: I appreciate that sir.
>
> Max: Window's so filthy you can't tell whether it's day or night out there.
> That's it baby, when you got it, flaunt it, flaunt it.
>
> Leo: Cough, cough (noises to get Max's attention).
>
> Max: I assume you are making those cartoon noises to attract my attention?
> Am I correct in my assumption my fish-faced enemy of the people? Oh, I hurt
> your feelings. Good. What is it?
>
> Leo: May I speak to you for a minute?
>
> Max: (Pulling out watch) Go! You have 58 seconds.
>
> Leo: Well, in glancing at your books, I notice that in the columns marked
> for the...
>
> Max: You have 48 seconds left. Hurry, hurry.
>
> Leo: (Faster) Oh, uh I glanced at your books I noticed that you have...
>
> Max: (Overlapping now) You have 28 seconds. You're running out of time
> tick-tock, tick-tock...
>
> Leo: The money is not...
>
> Max: Tick tock, tick
>
> Leo: Mr. Bialistock, I cannot function under these conditions (pulls out
> blanket/hanky to wipe his face). You're making me extremely nervous.
>
> Max: What is that? A handkerchief?
>
> Leo: Oh, nothing, it's nothing.
>
> Max: If it's nothing, why can't I see it?
>
> Leo: My blanket, my blanket, my blue blanket! Give me my blue blanket!!!!
>

> Max: Shhhh. Here, here. Don't cry.
>
> Leo: I'm sorry. I don't like people touching my blue blanket. It's not
> important. It's a minor compulsion. I can deal with it if I want to, it's
> just that I've had it ever since I was a baby. I find it very comforting.
>
> Max: (aside) They come here, they all come here. How do they find me?
>
> Leo: May I speak to you?
>
> Max: Yes, Press. Mishkin, what can we do for you.
>
> Leo: This is hardly a time for levity. Mr. Bialistock, I've discovered a
> serious error here in the accounts of your last play.
>
> Max: Where? What?
>
> Leo: Well, according to the backer's list, you raised \$60,000, but the play
> you produced only cost \$58,000, that's \$2,000 unaccounted for.
>
> Max: I went to a Turkish bath. Who cares, the play was a flop, what
> difference does it make?
>
> Leo: What difference does it make? That's fraud, if they found out you
> could go to prison.
>
> Max: Who's going to find out, it's only \$2,000. Bloom, do me a favor, move
> a few decimal points around, you can do it, you're an accountant. You're in
> a noble profession.
> The word count is part of your title.
>
> Leo: That's cheating.
>
> Max: It's not cheating, it's charity. Bloom, look at me. Look at me,
> Bloom. I'm drowning. Other men sail through life, Bialistock has struck a
> reef. Bloom, I'm going under. I'm being sunk by a society that demands
> success when all I can offer is failure. Bloom, I'm reaching out to you.
> Don't send me to prison. HELLLLLLLLLLP! (Grovels)
>
> Leo: I'll do it, I'll do it, I'll do it.
>
> Max: Thank you. I knew I could con you.
>
> Leo: That's all right. What?

>
> Max: Nothing. Do it, do it.
>
> Leo: Let's see. \$2,000. \$2,000. Well, that isn't much. I'm sure I can
> hide it somewhere. After all, the IRS isn't interested in a show that
> flopped.
>
> Max: Yes, right, good thinking, you figure it out. I'm tired. I'm going to
> take a little nap. Wake me if there's a fire.
>
> Leo: Let's see. If we add these we get...Amazing, it's absolutely amazing.
> But under the right circumstances, a producer could make more money with a
> flop than he could with a hit. Hmmmmm. Yes, it's quite possible if he were
> certain that the show would fail, a man could make a fortune.
>
> Max: Yes.
>
> Leo: Yes what?
>
> Max: What you were saying, keep talking.
>
> Leo: What was I saying?
>
> Max: You were saying that under the right circumstances a producer could
> make more money with a flop than he could with a hit
>
> Leo: Yes, it's quite possible.
>
> Max: You keep saying that, but you don't tell me how! How can a producer
> make more money with a flop than he could with a hit?
>
> Leo: Well, it's simply a matter of creative accounting. Let's assume just
> for the moment that you are a dishonest man.
>
> Max: Assume away.
>
> Leo: It's very easy. You simply raise more money than you really need.
>
> Max: Wha' do ya mean.
>
> Leo: Well, you did it yourself, only you did it on a very small scale.
>
> Max: What did I do?
>

> Leo: You raised \$2,000 more than you needed to produce your last play.
>
> Max: So what, what did it get me? I'm wearing a cardboard belt!
>
> Leo: Well, that's where you made your mistake. You didn't go all the way.
> You see, if you were a really bold criminal you could have raised a million.
>
> Max: But the play cost only \$60,000 to produce.
>
> Leo: And how long did it run?
>
> Max: One night.
>
> Leo: You see! Do you see what I'm trying to tell you? You could have
> raised a million dollars, put on a \$60,000 flop and kept the rest.
>
> Max: But, what if the play was a hit?
>
> Leo: Well, then you would go to jail. You see, once the play is a hit, you
> have to pay off all of the backers. And with so many backers, there could
> never be enough profits to go around. Get it?
>
> Max: Uh-huh, uh-huh.(pause) Uh-huh! So, in order for the scheme to work,
> we'd have to find a sure-fire flop.
>
> Leo: What scheme?
>
> Max: What scheme? Your scheme! You bloody little genius!
>
> Leo: I meant no scheme. I merely posed a little academic accounting
> theory. It was just a thought.
>
> Max: Bloom, worlds are turned on such thoughts. Don't you see, Bloom.
> Darling, Bloom. Glorious, Bloom. It's so simple. Step one, we find the
> worst play in the world, a sure-fire flop. Step two, I raise a million
> bucks, a lot of little old ladies in the world. Step three, you go back to
> work on the books, only list 2 lists of backers, one for the government and
> one for us. You can do it Bloom, you're a wizard. Step four, we open on
> Broadway and before you can say Step five, we close on Broadway. Step six,
> we take our million bucks and we fly to Rio de Janeiro. (Singing) Rio, Rio
> by the sea-o, Rio...
>
> Leo: Wait a minute, you're holding me too tight...(still singing) I'm an
> honest man, you don't understand.

>
> Max: No, Bloom, you don't understand! This is fate, this is destiny, this
> is kismet! There's no avoiding it.
>
> Leo: Mr. Bialistock, not more than 5 minutes ago I doctored your books.
> That sir, is the ultimate extent of my criminal life.
>
> Max: (Screams) Wooooooo-a, I want that money.
>
> Leo: Ohhh, I fell on my keys.
>
> Max: You miserable, cowardly, wretched little caterpillar, don't you ever
> want to become a butterfly? Don't you want to spread your wings and flap
> your way to glory?
>
> Leo: You're going to jump on me!
>
> Max: Huh.
>
> Leo: You're going to jump on me! I know you're going to jump on me, like
> Nero jumped on Papaia.
>
> Max: Who.
>
> Leo: Papaia, she was his wife. She was unfaithful to him. So he got mad,
> and jumped on her, up and down, up and down until he squashed her like a
> bug. Please don't jump on me!
>
> Max: I'm not going to jump on you!
>
> Leo: Ahhhhhhhhh!!!!
>
> Max: Will you get a hold of yourself! What's the matter with you!
>
> Leo: I'm hysterical, I'm having hysterics. I'm hysterical. I can't stop
> when I get like this. I'm hysterical. I'm wet. I'm wet. I'm hysterical
> and I'm wet. (slap) I'm in pain. And I'm wet. And I'm still hysterical.
> (Max starts to hit) No, no, don't hit, don't hit, it doesn't help, it only
> increases my sense of danger.
>
> Max: What can I do? What can I do? You're getting me hysterical.
>
> Leo: Go away, go away, you frighten me!
>

> Max: Where shall I go?
>
> Leo: Go over there.
>
> Max: I'm over here, is this better?
>
> Leo: That's better. But you still look angry.
>
> Max: (smiles) How's this?
>
> Leo: Good. That's good, that's very nice. I think I'm coming out of it
> now. Yes, I'm definitely coming out of it. Thank you for smiling, that
> helped a great deal.
>
> Max: Well, you know what they say, smile and the world smiles with you.
> (aside) This man should be in a straight jacket. Feeling better?
>
> Leo: Oh, much, thank you, but I am a bit light headed. Maybe I should eat
> something. Hysterical attacks have a way of severely depleting one's blood
> sugar you know.
>
> Max: They certainly do, they certainly do. Come, let me take you to lunch.
>
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