

LEO BLOOM FIRST AUDITION PIECE PAGE 1

LEO

(opening bathroom door)

May I come out of the bathroom now, Mr. Bialystock?

MAX

Yeah, yeah, all right.

LEO

(coming timidly out of the bathroom)

I'm terribly sorry I caught you feeling up the old lady.

MAX

"Feeling up the old lady." Thank you, Mr. Tact. May I take your coat?

LEO

Thank you.

MAX

So you're an accountant, huh?

LEO

Yes, sir, I am, sir.

MAX

Then account for yourself! Do you believe in God? Do you believe in gold? Why are you looking up old ladies' dresses? A bit of a pervert, huh?

LEO

Oh!

MAX

I know what you're thinking. How dare you condemn me without knowing all the facts?

LEO

Mr. Bialystock, I'm not con ...

MAX

Shut up! I'm having a rhetorical conversation. Do you know who I used to be?

LEO

Yes, you're Max Bialystock. The king of Broadway.

MAX

No! I'm Max Bialy-! That's right. That's right.

LEO

May I say, Mr. Bialystock, and please don't take this the wrong way, you're not just a dirty old man ...

MAX

Thank you.

LEO

... you're also a great Broadway producer. And there's something about me you should know. When I was a kid, I had the good fortune to be taken to "Bialy-Hoos of 1942". I still have the ticket stub and ever since I've had this secret desire to be a Broadway produ - a Broadway produ - a Broadway produ -

MAX

Producer?

LEO

Yes sir.

MAX

A secret desire, huh? Well kid, can I give you a little advice.

LEO

Yes sir.

MAX

Keep it a secret. Do the books, do the books.

LEO

Yes, sir.

HE sits and begins doing the books as MAX wanders over to the French door, upstage right, and gazes idly out

MAX

Oh my God, will you look at that. There's a great big gorgeous blonde stepping out of a white Rolls Royce limo.

(flinging open the French door and shouting out to the street below)

That's it, baby, when you got it, flaunt it! Flaunt it! Ha ha.

(closing the French door and stepping back into the room)

LEO

Mr. Bialystock.

MAX

Yeah?

LEO

May I speak to you for a minute?

MAX

A minute?

LEO

Yes, a minute.

MAX

(pulling out a pocket watch)

Okay. One minute.

LEO

In glancing at

MAX

Go. You have 58 seconds left. You've wasted two seconds.

LEO

Well, in glancing at your books, I notice that in the columns marked...

MAX

You have 48 seconds left, hurry, hurry.

LEO

(flustered)

Oh! Uh, in the columns marked monies received ...

MAX

28 seconds. You're running out of time.

Tick-tock. Tick-tock. Tick-tock. Tick-tock

17 seconds. 15 seconds.

LEO

There's a discrepancy between the figures

I can't make the figures add up...

If I can have a moment...

I think I can explain

LEO, beyond the point of endurance, pulls a piece of blue material from his pants pocket.

LEO

Mr. Bialystock, I cannot function under these conditions. You're making me extremely nervous.

MAX

What is that? A handkerchief?

LEO

No, It's nothing. It's nothing.

MAX

(grabbing the material from LEO)

If it's nothing, why can't I see it?

LEO

(reaching for the material to get it back from MAX)

My blanket! My blanket! My blue blanket. Give me back my blue blanket!

(mumbling, moaning)

MAX

(giving the blue blanket back)

Shhh. Here, here, here, here. Don't panic. Don't panic.