

*Michael sees Arthur walking into an alley with a bag full of fresh french baguettes.*

Michael: Arthur! Arthur, Whoa! Wait up!

Arthur: Michael. Geez you scared me.

Michael: You making a delivery?

Arthur: No, no, no, no. Very funny. No, no uh. Nothing like that. Uh, here, take one, please. It's... really, it's, it's-it's still warm. It's the best bread I ever tasted.

Michael: So welcome home.

Arthur: Oh. I-I know, the, uh... the hotel. I'm sorry, I-I was beginning to feel a little overwhelmed.

Michael: But you're feeling better now?

Arthur: Oh, yeah, yes, yes, much better, definite

Michael: Just not enough to call me back.

Arthur: Well, I-I-I was trying to, um gather my thoughts, that's... before I called you, and... that's what I was doing.

Michael: And how's that going?

Arthur: Yes, it's good, very good, but I just, uh... well, I just need to make my thoughts a little bit, uh, more precise. That's... that's my goal.

Michael: As good as this feels, you know where it goes.

Arthur: No, no, no, no, no, you're wrong-- I mean, what makes this feel good is that I don't know where it goes.

Michael: (sighs) How do I talk to you, Arthur, so you hear me? Like a child? Like a nut? Like everything's fine? What's the secret? Because I need you to hear me.

Arthur: Well, I-I... I hear everything.

Michael: Then hear this. You need help. Before this goes too far, you need help. Now you've got great cards here. If you keep your clothes on, you can do pretty much any goddamn

thing you want. You want out, you're out. You want to bake bread, go with God. There's only one wrong answer in this whole goddamn pile, and you've got your arms wrapped around it.

Arthur: Well, I-I said I was sorry.

Michael: You thought the hotel was overwhelming? You keep pissing on this case, and they're gonna cut you off at the knees.

Arthur: I-I-I don't know what you're talking about.

Michael: I'm out there covering for you. Telling them everything's fine, You're fine, everything is going to be fine, everybody's cool. I'm out there running this "price of genius" story to anybody who will listen and then I wake up this morning, and I hear that you're calling this girl from Wisconsin, and you're messing with documents and God know whatever else...

Arthur: How can you know that?

Michael: They're gonna take everything away from you-- your partnership, your equity.

Arthur: How... how can you know who I call?

Michael: They are going to pull your license.

Arthur: How do you know I called Anna?!

Michael: Marty told me. Are you denying it?

Arthur: Well, how does he know?!

Michael: I don't know! I don't give a shit!

Arthur: You're tapping my phone.

Michael: Oh, Jesus, Arthur...

Arthur: Well, then explain it-- tell me how Marty knows!

Michael: Because you're walking through a parking lot, you're chasing a girl through a parking lot with your dick hanging out. You think she didn't get off the phone with you and speed-dial her attorney?

Arthur: No, she wouldn't do that,

Michael: Oh, really?

Arthur: I know that.

Michael: Really? You think that your judgement is state-of-the-art right now? (beat) They're putting everything on the table. You need to stop and think this through. I will help you think this through. I'll find somebody to help your think this through. Don't do this. You're making it easy for them.

Arthur: Michael I have great affection for you, and you lead a very rich and interesting life, but you're a bagman, not an attorney. If your intention was to have me committed, you should have kept me in Wisconsin, where the arrest report, the videotape, and eyewitness accounts of my inappropriate behavior would have had jurisdictional relevance. I have no criminal record in the state of New York, and the single determining criterion for involuntary incarceration is danger. Is the defendant a danger to himself or others? You think you got the horses for that? Well good luck and God bless, but I tell you this. The last place you want to see me is in court.

Michael: I'm not the enemy.

Arthur: Then who are you?

*Arthur turns and walks away.*