

Michael Clayton vs Karen Crowder

Michael:

“How’d it go in there? Pretty freaky, huh? Did you see Arthur? He’s been wandering around here somewhere.

I’m kidding, lighten up.

Got one of these? It’s a great memo. It’s an oldie but a goodie.

I got your heart racing, don’t I?”

Karen:

“I don’t know what the hell it is you’re think you are doing.”

Michael:

“What do you think I am doing?”

Karen:

“This is over, we got a deal. Whatever that is, it is meaningless at this point.”

Michael:

“You think? I must have gotten it wrong, I thought you have a tentative proposal. I didn’t realize you’d signed all those checks. It’s a drag, I got a thousand of these things, what the hell am I gonna do with them?”

Karen:

“I’m calling Marty’

Michael:

“Good. Good. Do it. That’s a great place to start. Let’s find out who told him that Arthur was calling Anna Kaisers - let’s find out who tapped those phones.”

Karen:

“This - this memorandum - even if it’s authentic which I doubt - I highly doubt...”

Michael:

“I know what you did to Arthur”

Karen

“... it’s protected, it belongs to U-North”

Michael:

“I know you killed him”

Karen:

“It’s a cut and dry case of attorney client coverage”

Michael:

“Now, that’s just not the way to go there, Karen, for such a smart person you really are lost, aren’t you?”

Karen:

“This conversation is over”

Michael:

“I’m not the guy that you kill, I’m the guy that you buy. Are you so fucking blind you don’t even see what I am? I am the easiest part of your whole goddamn problem and you’re gonna kill me?”

Don’t you know who I am? I’m a fixer, I’m a bag man - I do everything from shoplifting housewives to bent congressmen and you’re gonna kill me?”

What do you need, Karen? Lay it on me.

You want a carry permit? You want a heads up on an insider trade in subpoena?

I sold out Arthur for eighty grand and a three year contract and you’re gonna kill me?”

Karen:

“What do you want?”

Michael:

“What do I want... I want more... I want out. And with this - I want everything.”

Karen:

“Isn’t there a number?”

Michael:

“Ten is a number.”

Karen:

“Ten? Ten what? Ten million? Why do you... why do you think I’m gonna get ten million dollars?”

Michael:

”Do you know what’s great about this? Did you read all the way to the end? Did you see who signed it? Let’s go to that ballroom and ask Don Jeffries if he wants to pass the half for a worthy cause.”

Karen:

“This would have to be a longer conversation and would have to take place somewhere else.”

Michael:

“Where? My car? Alright... I’m gonna make it easy. Let’s make it five. Five and I’ll forget about Arthur.”

Karen:

“Five is easier. Yeah, five is something we could talk about.”

Michael:

“Good. And then the other five is to forget about the fourhanded and sixty eight people that you knocked off with your weed killer.”

Karen:

“Let me finish up this meeting, I’ll talk to Don...”

Michael:

“Do I look like I’m negotiating?”

Karen:

“Yes”

Michael:

“Ten million Dollars. Bank of my choosing, off shore, immediately.”

Karen:

“Yes”

Michael:

“Say it”

Karen

“Ten Million Dollars, your account, the moment this meeting is through. You have a deal.”

Michael:

“You’re so fucked.”

Karen:

“What”

Michael:

“You’re fucked”

Karen:

“What do you mean?”

Michael:

“Take a wild guess”

Karen:

“I don’t understand”

Michael:

“Here, let me get a picture while I’m at it.”

Karen:

“You don’t want the money?”

Michael:

“No, you keep the money, you’re gonna need it..... I’m Shiva the god of death.”