

LEO

Hello. Mr. Bialystock?

(taking a couple of steps in)

Anybody here? Mr. Bialystock?

MAX

(jumping up from the sofa; bellowing, scaring LEO half to death)

Who are you? What are you doing here? What do you want? Speak to me, dummy. Speak! Why don't you speak?

LEO

Scared. Can't talk.

MAX

All right. All right. Get a hold of yourself. Take a deep breath.

LEO

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah.

MAX

Who are you?

LEO

I'm Leopold Bloom. I'm an accountant. I'm from Whitehall and Marks. I've come here to do your books.

MAX

Oh, you have, huh? Well ...

Start Here

(knock on the door)

Who is it?

HOLD ME-TOUCH ME

(from off-stage)

Hold me. Touch me.

MAX

Hold Me-Touch Me. One of my backers.

(pushing LEO toward the bathroom door)

Listen, I have to meet with an important investor. Go to the bathroom.

LEO

I don't have to go.

MAX

Try, try. Think of Niagara Falls.

MAX pushes LEO into the bathroom. Another knock on the door.

Be with you in a moment, my darling.

(MAX hurries to a cabinet that HE opens to reveal the framed photographs of several dozen LITTLE OLD LADIES. HE hastily hunts through them, looking for HOLD ME-TOUCH ME while mumbling aloud to himself.)

MAX (CONT'D)

Lemme see, where is Hold Me-Touch Me, Hold Me-Touch Me? Kiss Me-Feel Me, Clinch Me-Pinch Me, Lick Me-Bite Me, Suck Me-F ... ah, yes, here she is, Hold Me-Touch Me.

HE grabs HOLD ME-TOUCH ME's 5x7 photograph from the cabinet, and closes it's door. At that moment, LEO comes out of the bathroom.

LEO

You know, it worked, as soon as I pictured Niagara Falls, I...

MAX

(in a loud whisper; hastily shoving LEO back into the bathroom and closing the door on him)
Back, back! Don't make a sound. And don't listen to anything you hear.

(HE hurries to the office door, placing the photograph prominently on the piano. He opens the door to reveal HOLD ME -TOUCH ME standing there with an umbrella in hand. SHE is a woman of eighty or so, a quintessential little old lady.)

Sweetheart.

HOLD ME-TOUCH ME

Hold me. Touch me.

MAX

As soon as I shut the door.

HOLD ME -TOUCH ME

What's the matter, Bialy? Don't you love me?

MAX

Love you, I adore you. Did you bring the checkee? Bialy can't produce play-ees without check-ees.

HOLD ME-TOUCH ME

(taking out a check, starting to hand it to him, and then yanking it back, just out of his grasp)
Here you go ... but first, can we please play a game, one dirty little game?

MAX

All right, you devil woman. What'll it be, "The Debutante and the Bricklayer"?

HOLD ME-TOUCH ME

No.

MAX

How 'bout "The Rabbi and the Contortionist"? You like that one.

HOLD ME-TOUCH ME

I know, let's play "The Virgin Milkmaid and the Well-Hung Stable Boy."

MAX

I don't think I have the strength

HOLD ME-TOUCH ME

Don't worry, I'll be gentle.

MAX

All right.

HOLD ME-TOUCH ME

(using her umbrella to represent a yoke on which SHE is pretending to carry two pails of milk)

Oooh, this milk is sooo heavy. I'll never reach the house.

MAX

Oy.

HOLD ME-TOUCH ME

Help. Help. Oh, you there, Well-Hung Stable Boy, won't you please help me?

MAX

Of course, my little Dairy Queen. First I'll take your milk and then I'll take your virginity.

HOLD ME-TOUCH ME

(as MAX grab her and holds her close)

No, no! Never, never! Yes, yes! Give it to me, Well-Hung, give it to me!

MAX

Easy! Easy!

LEO

(stepping out of the bathroom)

Omigod.

MAX

You mean "oops," don't you? Just say "oops" and get back in there!

LEO

Ahhhhahhhhhhhahhhh.

MAX

Not "ahhhhahhhhahhh," "oops."

LEO

Oops.

HOLD ME-TOUCH ME

(grabbing MAX back into her arms)

Send me to the moon you animal. Send me to the moon!

MAX

Yes, yes, my darling. Thursday. Come back Thursday. I'll send you to the moon Thursday. I may even join you.

HOLD ME-TOUCH ME

Oh.

MAX

But first please, the checkee. Get the checkee. The checkee.

HOLD ME-TOUCH ME

Checkee! Oh, yes. Here you go. I made it out like you told me. To the title of the play. Cash. That's a funny name for a play. Cash.

MAX

Yeah. So is "The Iceman Cometh". I'll see ya Thursday. Goodbye, my pouter-pigeon. Ta-ta.

HOLD ME-TOUCH ME

Goodbye, ta-ta.

MAX

Ta-ta. Bye bye.

(SHE exits, HE pockets the check & mutters)

You dirty old buzzard.

LEO

Stop →

(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?