

Bullets over Broadway  
m-m'

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CHEECH:

It's her, that's what it is. I can't keep turning a blind eye. It's Olive.

DAVID:

She's better than when we started.

CHEECH:

Yeah, sure she's better but that don't mean she's good enough.

DAVID:

You know... the critics... her notices were decent.

CHEECH:

Decent? Decent ain't good enough. She's killing my words.

DAVID:

Your words?

CHEECH:

Yeah.

DAVID:

Ok, so she's weaker than the rest of them. It doesn't seem to matter that much.

CHEECH:

Weak, weak, she's doing more damage than you think.

DAVID:

What am I going to do, fire her?

CHEECH:

I can't have her ruining my show.

DAVID:

Your show? What are you talking about your show?

CHEECH:

Alright, alright, so it's our show. But I put a lot into this and it could be perfect.

DAVID:

Yeah, so did I. But there's concessions we have to make. The show's a hit. It's going well.

CHEECH:

She throws the whole thing out of whack.  
Can't you see it? Come on.

DAVID:  
The audience doesn't know the difference.

CHEECH:  
Oh, they know.

DAVID:  
They do not know

CHEECH:  
They know, only they don't know how to  
say it. Every time I hear that voice  
it's like a knife in my fucking heart...

DAVID:  
Cheech.

CHEECH:  
...She can't act...

DAVID:  
Cheech.

CHEECH:  
...Are you listening to me?...

DAVID:  
Look, take a shower, do something.

CHEECH:  
...She makes stuff not work. Stuff she's  
not even in. It comes out all twisted.

DAVID:  
I can't fire her. You know this.

A beat.

CHEECH:  
She's not the best we could have done for  
the part. I'm telling you there's plenty  
of other girls around.

DAVID:  
What do you mean?

CHEECH:  
Well, I... you know... There are plenty  
of actresses who could play the part.

DAVID:

What did you do Cheech? What did you do?  
Tell me you didn't...

CHEECH:  
No one is going ruin my play.

DAVID:  
Oh, your play. That's the second time  
you called it your play.

CHEECH:  
You're right, our play. Didn't it cut  
you up inside to hear her say it? Huh?

DAVID:  
We would have survived it.

CHEECH:  
Survived it?

DAVID:  
Yes.

CHEECH:  
Is that what you want? When we had a  
great thing, a thing of beauty.

DAVID:  
But Cheech, to kill her.

CHEECH:  
She was a tramp.

DAVID:  
It's a free country.

CHEECH:  
Leave me alone.

DAVID:  
No. I will not leave you alone. Didn't  
anybody ever teach you that it's wrong,  
morally wrong, that it's a sin... Who I  
am I talking too, Jesus Christ.

CHEECH:  
The play was better with the understudy.

DAVID:  
That's not the point. Let me see if I  
can explain this to you in a way that you  
can understand. Let's say she was ruing  
the play... which she was not, she was  
only diminishing it.

CHEECH:  
She was ruining it.

DAVID:

Let's say she was ruining it. Does that mean she deserves to die?

CHEECH:

There was no way to fire her.

DAVID:

What kind of inhuman monster are you?

CHEECH:

I think you better leave.

DAVID:

I don't think I will. I think I'd better stay.

CHEECH:

You should be thanking me. We're both in this together.

DAVID:

Oh no, no, no we're not. Because I didn't want her dead. See? Do you understand what I'm saying? I'm not in anything.

CHEECH:

You'd choose her over the show.

DAVID:

Of course. Of course I do. Yes.

CHEECH:

You think it's right, some floozy walks in and messes up a beautiful thing like this, huh?

DAVID:

I wanted a great play as much as you did.

CHEECH:

No not as much.

DAVID:

But you don't kill for it.

CHEECH:

Yeah? Who says? My father used to listen to the opera. He loved the opera. But if a guy stunk...

DAVID:

What? He killed him?

CHEECH:

One time... in Palermo.

DAVID:

I'm an artist too. Not a great artist like you. But you know what? First I'm a human being. A decent, moral human being.

CHEECH:

Yeah, then what are you doing with Helen Sinclair?

DAVID:

What does that got to do with it? How did you know?

CHEECH:

Everybody in town knows, except maybe your girlfriend. Who do you think you're fooling?

DAVID:

Look, I may not be perfect, but you're a killer. You're a degenerate animal. You're a murderer. You belong in the electric chair.

CHEECH:

Listen to me, you. You listen to me. Nobody, nobody is going to ruin my work. Nobody.