

BARTON FINK (Barton and Geisler office scene)

BEN GEISLER

(Barton knocks on door and opens) Yeah, Fink...come in. Come in. (Barton Enters)
What do you got for me? What the hell happened to your face?

BARTON FINK

Nothing. It's just a mosquito bite.

BEN GEISLER

Like hell it is. There are no mosquitoes in Los Angeles. Mosquitoes breed in swamps. This is a desert. What do you got for me? On the Beery picture, where are we?

BARTON FINK

Well....I....

BEN GEISLER

Whattaya got?

BARTON FINK

Well, I'm having a little trouble getting started.

BEN GEISLER

Getting start...Jesus Christ, started? You mean you don't have anything yet?!

BARTON FINK

Well, not much.

BEN GEISLER

What the hell do you think this is, Hamlet? Gone with the...Wind...It's a goddamn B picture...big men in tights....you know the drill.

BARTON FINK

I'm afraid I really don't understand that genre. Maybe that's the problem.

BEN GEISLER

Understand? Shit! I thought you were going to consult another writer on this.

BARTON FINK

Well. I've talked to Bill Mayhew.

BEN GEISLER

Mayhew!?! Some help. The guys a souse.

BARTON FINK

He's a great writer.

BEN GEISLER

A great souse.

BARTON FINK

You don't understand, he's pain because he can't write.

BEN GEISLER

Souse! Souse! Can't write? He manages to writes his name on the back of his paycheck every week.

BARTON FINK

But, I thought no one cared about this picture.

BEN GEISLER

Thought? Where the hell did you get that idea? You thought? I don't know what the hell you said to Lipnick, but the son of a bitch likes you. Understand that fink? He likes you! He's taken an interest! Never make Lipnick like you. NEVER!

BARTON FINK

I ..don't understand.

BEN GEISLER

Are you deaf? He likes you. He's taken an interest. What the hell did you say to him?

BARTON FINK

I didn't say anything.

BEN GEISLER

Well. He's taken an interest. That means he'll make your life hell. Which I couldn't care less about, but since I drew the short straw to supervise this turkey, he's gonna be all over me too. Fat-ass son of a bitch called yesterday...to ask how it's going...Don't worry, I covered for you, I said you were making progress. We were all very excited. I told him..(pause) it was great. Understand that? So, now my ass is on the line. He wants you to tell him all about it tomorrow.

BARTON FINK

I can't write anything by tomorrow.

BEN GEISLER

Who said write? Jesus, Jack can't read. You got to tell it to him. Tell him something for Christ's sake.

BARTON FINK

Well, what do I tell him?

BEN GEISLER

(Thinks. Has an idea. Picks up phone) PROJECTION! Jerry, Ben Geisler here. Any of the screening rooms free this afternoon? GOOD! Book it for me. I got a writer here. Fink, he's coming in. You're going to show him Wrestling Pictures. I don't give a shit which ones! WRESTLING PICTURES! (Hangs up phone. To Barton) All right. This will give you some ideas. (He writes down Lipnick's address on piece of paper) 8:15 tomorrow morning at Lipnick's house. (give him address) Ideas. Broad strokes. Don't cross me Fink.

-END