

Michael Clayton  
w/ Arthur M-M

MICHAEL

It's not that kind of problem.

HENRY

How much longer are we doing this?

MICHAEL

I don't know.

EXT. TRIBECA STREETS -- DAY

Half hour later. THE MERCEDES cruising Tribeca.

EXT. TRIBECA STREET -- DAY

Later. THE MERCEDES double parked. MICHAEL walking back to the car. Another dead-end.

INT. THE MERCEDES -- DAY (CONT)

MICHAEL driving. Scanning. HENRY's patience has thinned.

HENRY

If we're not gonna get to the movies  
why don't you just say so.

(beat)

I want to go home.

MICHAEL

Hang on, Henry --  
(something they just  
passed--)

MICHAEL whips the car to the curb --

MICHAEL

(already jumping out--)  
-- stay right here -- lock the doors --  
I'll be right back -- don't move! --

EXT. TRIBECA STREET -- DAY (CONT)

MICHAEL up the sidewalk to the alley --

EXT. ALLEY -- DAY (CONT)

ARTHUR walking away.

MICHAEL

(jogging after him)  
Arthur! Arthur! Wait up!

ARTHUR stops. Turns. Caught. In his arms he's cradling  
twenty-five fresh baguettes.

ARTHUR

Whoaa...

(almost losing his  
loaves--)

Michael. Jesus. You scared me.

MICHAEL

Making a delivery?

ARTHUR

No...

(smiling)

Very funny. Nothing like that...

(as if it were all  
completely natural  
and needed no further  
explanation--)

Have one...go on...really...

(offering)

It's still warm. Best bread I've  
ever had in my life.

MICHAEL suddenly holding warm French bread.

MICHAEL

So welcome home.

ARTHUR

I know. The hotel. I'm sorry.  
I was getting a little overwhelmed.

MICHAEL

But you're feeling better now?

ARTHUR

Yes. Definitely. Much better.

MICHAEL

Just not enough to call me back.

ARTHUR hesitant. Straining to keep the mania down.

ARTHUR

I wanted to organize my thoughts.  
Before I called. That's what I've  
been doing.

MICHAEL

And how's that going?

ARTHUR

.Good. Very good. I just...

(fighting the flood)

I need to be more precise. That's  
(MORE)

ARTHUR (cont'd)

my goal.

(he smiles)

Speak softly and carry a big baguette.

There's a beat. Their history rushing in around them.

MICHAEL

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

ARTHUR

No. You're wrong. What feels so good is not knowing where it goes.

MICHAEL

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

I hear everything.

MICHAEL

Then hear this: You need help. Before this gets too far, you need help. You've got great cards here. You keep your clothes on, you can pretty much do any goddamn thing you want. You want out? You're out. You wanna bake bread? Go with God. There's one wrong answer in the whole pile and there you are with your arms around it.

ARTHUR

I said I was sorry.

MICHAEL

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

ARTHUR

I don't know what you're talking about.

MICHAEL

I'm out there trying to cover for you! I'm telling people everything's fine, you're gonna be fine, everything's cool. I'm out there running this Price-Of-Genius speech for anybody who'll listen and I get up this morning and I find out you're calling this girl in  
(MORE)

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Wisconsin and you're messing with documents and God knows what else and --

ARTHUR

How can you know that?

MICHAEL

-- they'll take everything -- your partnership, the equity --

ARTHUR

How do you know who I call?

MICHAEL

-- they'll pull your license!

ARTHUR

HOW DO YOU KNOW I CALLED ANNA?

MICHAEL

From Marty! You're denying it?

ARTHUR

How does he know?

MICHAEL

I don't know. I don't give a shit.

ARTHUR stepping back. Flushed. Paranoia rising.

ARTHUR

You're tapping my phones.

MICHAEL

(it's to weep)  
Jesus, Arthur...

ARTHUR

Explain it! Explain how Marty knows.

MICHAEL

You chased this girl through a parking lot with your dick hanging out! You don't think she got off the phone with you and speed-dialed her lawyer?

ARTHUR

She wouldn't do that. I know that.

MICHAEL

Really. You think your judgement is state-of-the-art right now?

(before he can step away)

They're putting everything on the table

(MORE)



MICHAEL (cont'd)

here. You need to stop and think this through. I will help you think this through. I will find someone to help you think his through. Don't do this. You're gonna make it easy for them.

ARTHUR draws himself up. We saw a glimpse of this in Milwaukee. The teeth. The shark beneath the breadloaves.

ARTHUR

I have great affection for you, Michael, 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've kept me in Wisconsin where the arrest record, videotape, and eyewitness accounts of my inappropriate behavior had jurisdictional relevance. I have no criminal record in the State of New York and the crucial determining criteria for involuntary commitment is danger: "Is the defendant a danger to himself or others." You think you've got the horses for that? Good luck and God bless. But I'll tell you this, the last place you want to see me is in court.

ARTHUR muscles up his bread. He's leaving.

MICHAEL

I'm not the enemy.

ARTHUR

Then who are you?

And he's walking. MICHAEL almost calling after him. Then not. Then nothing. Standing on the sidewalk with a baguette in his hand and a great variety of failures arranging themselves around his heart.

EXT. HILTON HOTEL GYM -- NIGHT

A glass box. Like an aquarium from this distance. It's empty this late, one lonely runner pounding a treadmill. As MUSIC -- this catchy, electronic pulsing theme -- starts playing, and if it sounds a little like a jingle, that's okay, because it is --

CHORAL VOICES

"...we grow your world together...we grow your world together...we grow your world together..."