

INT. SHELDRAKE'S OFFICE - DAY

Sheldrake is talking into the phone.

SHELDRAKE

Yes, dear -- I called you earlier -- where were you? Oh, you took Tommy to the dentist --

During this, Bud has risen from his chair, started inching toward the door.

SHELDRAKE

(turning to him)

Where are you going, Baxter?

BUD

Well, I don't want to intrude -- and I thought -- since it's all straightened out anyway --

SHELDRAKE

I'm not through with you yet.

BUD

Yes, sir.

SHELDRAKE

(into phone)

The reason I called is -- I won't be home for dinner tonight. The branch manager from Kansas City is in town -- I'm taking him to the theatre Music Man, what else? No, don't wait up for me -- 'bye, darling.

(hangs up, turns to Bud)

Tell me something, Baxter -- have you seen Music Man?

BUD

Not yet. But I hear it's one swell show.

SHELDRAKE

How would you like to go tonight?

BUD

You mean -- you and me? I thought you were taking the branch manager from Kansas City --

SHELDRAKE

I made other plans. You can have both tickets.

BUD

① THE APARTMENT
M-M
SHELDRAKE
+
BUD
BUD LOANS
HIS APT. TO
SHELDRAKE FOR
THE EVENING

Well, that's very kind of you --
only I'm not feeling well -- you
see, I have this cold -- and I
thought I'd go straight home.

SHELDRAKE

Baxter, you're not reading me. I
told you I have plans.

*start getting
a little aggressive*

BUD

So do I -- I'm going to take four
aspirins and get into bed -- so you
better give the tickets to somebody
else --

SHELDRAKE

I'm not just giving those tickets,
Baxter -- I want to swap them.

BUD

Swap them? For what?

Sheldrake picks up the Dobisch reports, puts on his glasses,
turns a page.

SHELDRAKE

It also says here -- that you are
alert, astute, and quite
imaginative --

"a little forceful"

BUD

Oh?

(the dawn is breaking)

Oh!

He reaches into his coat pocket, fishes out a handful of
Kleenex, and then finally the key to his apartment. He holds
it up.

BUD

This?

SHELDRAKE

That's good thinking, Baxter. Next
month there's going to be a shift
in personnel around here -- and as
far as I'm concerned, you're
executive material.

BUD

I am?

SHELDRAKE

Now put down the key --
(pushing a pad toward him)
-- and put down the address.

Bud lays the key on the desk, unclips what he thinks is his fountain pen, uncaps it, starts writing on the pad.

BUD

It's on the second floor - my name is not on the door -- it just says 2A --

Suddenly he realizes that he has been trying to write the address with the thermometer.

BUD

Oh -- terribly sorry. It's that cold --

SHELDRAKE

Relax, Baxter.

BUD

Thank you, sir.

He has replaced the thermometer with the fountain pen, and is scribbling the address.

BUD

You'll be careful with the record player, won't you? And about the liquor -- I ordered some this morning -- but I'm not sure when they'll deliver it --

He has finished writing the address, shoves the pad over to Sheldrake.

SHELDRAKE

Now remember, Baxter -- this is going to be our little secret.

BUD

Yes, of course.

SHELDRAKE

You know how people talk.

BUD

Oh, you don't have to worry --

SHELDRAKE

Not that I have anything to hide.

BUD

Oh, no sir. Certainly not. Anyway, it's none of my business -- four apples, five apples -- what's the difference -- percentage-wise?

SHELDRAKE

Here you are Baxter have a
good time BUD - you too sir....