

Tootsie

George :
Hang on one second-
Micheal, will you wait outside a minute. I'm talking to the coast

Micheal:
This is a coast, too, George. New York is a coast, too.

George:
Sy, Sy...
Look what you did.-
Margaret, Margaret, Get him back Margaret. I cut myself off.
Now what is it, Micheal?

Micheal:
Terry Bishop is doing Iceman Cometh, right? Didn't you promise to send me up for that part? Am I wrong? Didn't you tell me I was going to get a reading for that part? Aren't you my agent?

George:
Stewart Preston wants a name, Micheal

Micheal:
Oh, Terry Bishop is a name.

George:
NoNoNo. Micheal Dorsey is a name. When you want to send a steak back.
Micheal Dorsey is a name.

Micheal:
OK

George:
Wait. Wait. Wait. Wait. sheesh You always do this to me. You won't listen to a thing I say. Let me start all over again. Terry Bishop is on a soap opera. Millions of people watch him every day. He's known.

Micheal:
Does that qualify him to ruin The Iceman Cometh? Do you know I can act circles around that guy? I already played that part in Minneopolis.

George:
He wants a name. That's his affair. OK? I know this is going to disgust you,

Micheal, but a lot of people are in this business to make money.

Micheal:

Don't make me to be some kind of flake, George. I am in this business to make money, too.

George:

Really?

Micheal:

Yeah!

George:

Arnold Theatre for the Blind? Strindberg in the Park? The People's Workshop in Syracuse?

Micheal:

OK, now wait a minute. I did 9 plays in eight months up in Syracuse. I happened to get great reviews from the New York critics. (Not that that's why I did it.)

George:

Of course not. God forbid you should lose your standing as a cult failure.

Micheal:

Do you think I'm a failure? George. Is that what you're saying to me?

George:

I will not get sucked into this conversation, Micheal. I will not.

Micheal:

I sent you a play to read, that my roommate wrote. It had a great part in it for me. Did you read it?

George:

Where the hell do you get off sending me your roommate's play to star in? I'm your agent, not your mother. I'm not supposed to find you plays to star in. I'm supposed to field offers. That's what I do.

Micheal:

Field offers? Who told you that? The Agent Fairy? That was a significant piece of work. I could have been terrific in it.

George:

Nobody's going to do that play.

Micheal:
Why?

George:
Because nobody wants to produce a play about a couple who moves back to Love Canal.

Micheal:
But that actually happened!

George:
Who gives a shit? Nobody wants to pay \$20 to see a play about people who live next to chemical waste. They can see that in New Jersey.

Micheal:
Now I don't want to argue about it. OK. I'll raise the \$8000 myself, so I can produce his play. And I want you to send me up for anything. I don't care what it is. I'll do dog food commercials. I'll do radio voice overs.

George:
Micheal, I can't put you up for anything.

Micheal:
Why not?

George:
Because... no one will hire you.

Micheal:
Oh, that's not true. I bust my ass to get a part right. And you know I do..

George:
And you bust everybody else's ass, too. That's what you do. A guy's got 4 weeks to put on a play. Do you think he wants to argue whether Tolstoy can walk when he's dying? Or walk when he's talking? Or sing when he's walking-

Micheal:
Oh, that was 2 years ago. And that guy's an idiot.

George:
They can't all be idiots. Micheal, you argue with everybody. You have one of

the worst reputations in this town, Micheal. Nobody will hire you.

Micheal:

Are you saying that nobody in New York will work with me?

George:

Oh, no. That's too limiting. Nobody in Hollywood wants to work with you either. I can't even send you up for a commercial. You played a tomato for 30 seconds. They went a half day over schedule, because you wouldn't sit down.

Micheal:

Yes. It wasn't logical.

George:

You were a tomato! A tomato doesn't have logic. A tomato can't move.

Micheal:

That's what I said. A tomato can't move, so how's he going to sit down? George, I was a stand-up tomato. A juicy sexy beefsteak tomato. Nobody does vegetables like me. I did an evening of vegetables off Broadway. I did the best tomato, the best cucumber. I did an endive salad that knocked the critics on their ass.

George:

Micheal, I'm trying to stay calm here. You are a wonderful actor.

Micheal:

Thank you.

George:

But you're too much trouble. Get some therapy.

Micheal:

Ok. Thanks. I'm going to raise the \$8000. And I'm gonna do Jeff's play.

George:

Micheal, you're not gonna raise 25 cents. No one will hire you.

Micheal:

Oh, yeah?