

A FISH CALLED WANDA

Wanda: Otto, what are you doing?

Otto: It's a Buddhist meditation technique. It focuses your aggression. The monks used to do it before they went into battle.

Wanda: What kind of Buddhism is this, Otto?

Otto: It's an early Tantric medita---What is this?

Wanda: In order to get information, I might have to get friendly with him.

Otto: When you say "friendly," what are we talking about here? Cordial? Courteous? Supportive? What?

Wanda: I don't know. Let's just see what happens.

Otto: So friendly might include, actual, what, penetration, would you say?

Wanda: Look, I don't need your jealousy now.

Otto: Jealousy?

Wanda: Yes

Otto: Hey, I'm merely curious. Me, jealous of that fop? The tits?

Wanda: What about my tits?

Otto: Does he get to handle them?

Wanda: Yes, that's my forecast. I'll stand by that.

Otto: Nuzzling?

Wanda: I think \$20 million is worth nuzzling. Eighty percent chance there.

Otto: Sucking?

Wanda: I thought you weren't jealous.

Otto: I'm not. I don't believe in jealousy. It's for the weak. One thing, though: touch his dick, and he's dead.

A FISH CALLED WANDA (2)

36. INTERIOR. ARCHIE'S CHAMBERS – DAY

ARCHIE sits at his desk, working on a brief. WANDA comes into view outside. He gets up and pulls out a legal tome. As he does so he becomes aware of being watched. He looks out of the window. WANDA waves. ARCHIE stares, then returns the way. WANDA mouths, "Can I see you." ARCHIE waves her round to the main door. He hurries across the room, opens the door on the corridor and calls to his clerk.

ARCHIE: Davidson. (*Davidson appears from his office*) There's an American legal student here, wants to see me for a moment. What time's Sir John due?

DAVIDSON: Half past twelve, sir.

A: Right.

DAVIDSON goes, and ARCHIE hurries back to his room. He checks himself in the mirror and goes and sits at his desk. WANDA hands her umbrella to DAVIDSON and knocks at the door.

A: Come in.

She enters.

WANDA: Hi.

A: How very nice to see you.

W: Am I interrupting?

A: No, no, really. Delighted to see you.

He offers his hand. WANDA takes it, then steps forward and kisses him on the cheek, which startles him.

W: So...this is the place, huh? Very nice. I was over at the courts this morning. Boy it's fascinating. So much to know.

A: Really, you like it?

She sees his wig lying beside the bookcase. She puts it on.

W: Everybody wears these. Do you wear one?

A: Ridiculous. (*they laugh*) Well...um...I only have a few minutes before...

W: Oh, I'm sorry.

A: But...until then, I'm all yours, as they say.

WANDA puts on her spectacles and sits. ARCHIE goes round the desk to sit.

W: I just have a couple of questions. Um...I'm having a little problem understanding preliminary criminal procedures.

A: Good!

W: What exactly is the committal?

A: Ah, interesting. Well, er, basically it's a preliminary investigation where the prosecution presents prima facie evidence that the accused has a case to answer for trial.

As he speaks, WANDA runs an eye over the briefs on his desk for anything on George.

W: Well, that's what it says in the books. Let's just take, for example...my friend George Thomason.

A: Thomason?

W: Yes.

A: George Thomason?

W: Yes...do you know him?

A: I'm defending him!

ARCHIE is rather pleased.

W: ...What are you talking about?

A: I'm his barrister – his lawyer.

W: That's so great! That's so weird, though. Isn't that weird? Oh, I'm so happy it's you that's defending him.

A: *(taking the compliment a little eagerly)* Thank you.

W: He's sure to get off now. Wow! I can watch you work now.

A: *(still grinning)* Please...

W: Amazing... Well, anyway...at the committal George will plead...?

A: *(obviously)* Not guilty.

W: Really?

A: Oh yes, he...the evidence against him is largely circumstantial.

W: But there was an identification, wasn't there?

A: True, but a very...elderly lady. I think they've got the wrong man.

W: ...You don't think he did it?

A: ...No.

W: Well, let's just say, for argument's sake, that you did think he did it.

ARCHIE is a little confused.

A: If further evidence against him came to light, for example...

W: Right. You would then advise him to plead guilty and turn over the jewels to get his sentence cut. And he would turn them over to who...to you?

A: ...Theoretically. Yes, well...oh I'm so sorry, I've forgotten your name.

W: Wanda.

A: Wanda. What a fool, what a fool. Well, Wanda, there are really *three*...(A strange look comes over his face. It begins to dawn on him...) Not Wanda Gershwitz?

W: Yes.

A: *(quietly)* Oh my God.

W: What?

A: *(almost speechless)* You're his alibi! I can't talk to you. My dear young lady, you are a defense witness. *(he rises)* I'm sorry, I must ask you to leave immediately. I'm so sorry.

W: What did I say?

A: Well, it's not ethical for me to talk to a witness.

W: Everybody does it in America.

A: Well, not in England. It's strictly forbidden. Please, I must insist, otherwise I may have to give up the case. I'm sorry. Please.

WANDA is looking at ARCHIE oddly. She gets up and goes across to him.

W: Oh, Archie...I didn't come here today to talk about boring criminal procedures.

ARCHIE stares.

W: Come on, you know...you knew the minutes I walked in here. I want you.

ARCHIE experience truly profound puzzlement.

A: What?

The intercom buzzes. ARCHIE answers it automatically.

A: Hallo?

DAVIDSON: Sir John is here.

A: Right. Show him in please.

W: *(spelling it out)* I want you to make love to me.

D: *(OOV)* Pardon?

A: Nothing. Nothing.

W: Will you take me to bed, Archie?

A: ...No. Sorry.

The door opens revealing Davidson and Sir John. WANDA kisses ARCHIE full on the mouth.

W: Bye, Uncle.

She walks out past Sir John. ARCHIE sees Sir John, who looks at him strangely.

A: ...Hi!