

GOMEZ

Mal: Interesting chair. Antique?

Gomez: Fifteenth century. "The Heretic's chair." Once owned by Thomas de Torquemada, Grand Inquisitor of Madrid.

Mal: You collect this stuff?

Gomez: A man must have his hobbies. Some play cards, some play golf. Me, I collect "instruments of persuasion." Why, you ask? Go on, ask. Ask!

Mal: Why?

Gomez: It's fun! The history of the world told in agony and dismemberment. Get up, I show you. You sit, they ask you a question. They don't like the answer... (Gomez pulls a lever and a spike shoots up) Ooooooooooooooh! That'll make you believe, eh? Sit down. Let me ask you a question.

Mal: Some other time.

Gomez: Okey-dokey. So how about these crazy kids, eh?

Mal: What about 'em?

Gomez: They seem very fond of each other, no?

Mal: I guess, but it's not like they're getting married.

Gomez: Married? Of course not. They're so young. Of course they marry young these days, do they not?

Mal: I dunno what they do.

Gomez: Then speak about you? The Beineke Saga. Your lives, your hopes, your dreams. Your son.

Mal: Lucas? He is a little soft like his mother. But when he gets out of college, I'll toughen him up. Teach him the business. Make him a man.

Gomez: May I say something? You and I – I feel we understand each other. Do you feel this?

Mal: No. So tell me Addams – ten thousand square feet in the middle of a public park. How'd you swing this place?

Gomez: These ten acre have been in my family ever since Queen Isabella of Spain deeded it to my great ancestor Alfonso the Enormous, for services rendered.

Mal: What services?

Gomez: Alfonso the Enormous. The Enormous – do I have to draw you a diagram?