

ACHTUNG HOLLYWOOD

Written by

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Inspired by True Events

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TEASER

INT. BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: "HOLLYWOOD, 1935"

INGE GLAS, 26, sits naked, legs pulled up to her chest, huddled between a dresser and the wall. Her movie-star looks cut through a black eye and split lip. Staring into space, she mumbles to herself, mostly incoherent, in GERMAN.

RICK "DIX" DIXON, 37, lean and muscular in a form-fitting suit, stands in the doorway. World weary and hard to rattle. He sizes up the situation with a glance.

Dix slips on white surgical gloves. Snatches a tangled dress from the floor.

DIX

Inge. It's going to be okay.

Dix hands the dress to Inge.

DIX (CONT'D)

(calm, assertive)

Can you stand?

Inge nods. Dix helps her stand.

Inge dresses. Dix turns away. He spies earrings and a watch on the bedside table. Points them out.

DIX (CONT'D)

Don't forget these.

Inge, more lucid, takes the jewelry.

DIX (CONT'D)

Is there anything else?

INGE

No.

Dix checks the room one last time -- takes Inge by the arm.

HALLWAY

Dix walks Inge toward a staircase.

Inge looks down the flight of stairs -- recoils.

INGE

No.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS

TAYLOR CHRISTIAN, 57, is sprawled out naked and bloody at the bottom of the stairs. A pair of scissors stuck into his neck.

Inge steps back from the stairs.

INGE

No. Rick, please.

Dix puts his arm around her shoulder. Pulls her close.

DIX

Just look at me.

Inge buries her head in Dix's shoulder. Keeps it there.

Dix inches her down the stairs to the landing. Helps her step over Taylor.

FRONT DOOR

Dix holds Inge's face in his hands.

DIX

Inge, did you call anyone else?

INGE

I... He... hit me.

DIX

I know.

INGE

He hit me a lot.

DIX

Did you call anyone else?

INGE

Just you.

DIX

Good girl. You'll hear from me first thing in the morning. Until then, stay inside and stay quiet. Understood?

Inge nods

DIX (CONT'D)
I've got to hear you say it.

INGE
I won't speak to anyone.

Dix opens the door.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - BUNGALOW - NIGHT

REG MURPHY, 60, stocky and stoic, waits on the porch.

Dix hands Inge over to Murphy.

DIX
Take her home.

Dix slips a bottle of pills to Murphy.

DIX (CONT'D)
Give her two of these. When she
wakes up, give her two more. And
keep her quiet.

Murphy nods. Escorts Inge to a car.

INT. AMERICAN PICTURES - HOWARD GINSBURG'S OFFICE - NIGHT

HOWARD GINSBURG, 70, well-groomed, well-tanned and well-off,
sits behind a large desk.

Three Large letters mounted on the wall, "A. P. G."

Under the letters the words, "American Pictures Group."

His phone RINGS. He answers.

HOWARD GINSBURG
(into phone)
How's the movie?

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dix's on the phone. He turns toward Taylor.

DIX
(into phone)
The ending looks bleak.

INTERCUT BETWEEN COLT AND HOWARD

HOWARD GINSBURG
Can we rewrite it?

Taylor's mouth opens and closes like a fish out of water. A grotesque gurgling follows each GASP for air.

DIX
We'll need one helluva of a script doctor.

Howard goes silent. Sighs. Then...

HOWARD GINSBURG
Occasionally the hero dies.

DIX
The hero has a wife and daughter.

HOWARD GINSBURG
The kid's adopted, Dix. She's not real family.

Dix holds the receiver away from his ear. Rubs his brow.

HOWARD GINSBURG (CONT'D)
His sell-by date was approaching, anyway. Hell, a good tragedy will keep his name alive forever.

DIX
You're sure about this?

HOWARD GINSBURG
Audiences love a good tearjerker.

CLICK! Howard hangs up in Dix's ear. The line goes dead.

Dix hangs up the phone in disbelief. Walks over to Taylor.

DIX
You shouldn't have hit her.

Taylor's eyes plead with Dix.

Dix pulls the scissors from Taylor's neck. A thin stream of blood squirts out and splatters over the wall.

Taylor puts his hands to his neck. Blood seeps through his fingers. Sickening WET SOUNDS leave his mouth.

Dix takes Taylor's hand. Holds it.

DIX (CONT'D)
It's almost over.

Taylor's entire body kicks and shakes.

Blood spreads out. Dix steps out of its path.

Taylor stops moving. Eyes wide. Mouth open.

Dix takes a seat on the stairs. Pulls a flask from his jacket pocket. Unscrews the top. Takes a long pull.

DIX (CONT'D)
Goddamn, this is a fucked-up town.

Dix watches the blood flow across the floor.

END TEASER

ACT ONE**ON A MOVIE SCREEN**

Walt Disney's "THE BAND CONCERT" featuring Mickey Mouse plays in all of its Technicolor glory.

INT. SCREENING ROOM - EVENING

HELGA GOEBBELS, 3, adorable with blonde hair in pig tails, watches in wonder.

ON THE MOVIE SCREEN

The cartoon ends with a bright MUSICAL CRESCENDO.

SCREENING ROOM

The lights come up.

ADOLPH HITLER, 49, CLAPS wildly, eyes blazing.

HITLER
(German, subtitled)
Genius.

Helga leaps into Hitler's lap. Hugs him tightly

HELGA
(German, subtitled)
Can we watch it again... please?

HITLER
(German, subtitled)
Not tonight.

Hitler puts Helga down. Rises.

MAGDA GOEBBELS, 37, stern, pretty, and seriously pregnant, picks Helga up.

JOSEPH GOEBBELS, 51, with rat-like features, presents Hitler with a stack of film canisters -- each labeled "WALT DISNEY."

HITLER (CONT'D)
(German, subtitled)
Joseph, such a gift.

GOEBBELS
 (German, subtitled)
 My pleasure.

Goebbels places the Disney films on a table.

Hitler places his hand on top of the stack.

HITLER
 (German, subtitled)
 Germany must find her own Disney.

Joseph CLICKS his heels.

JOSEPH
 (German, subtitled)
 The hunt is on, Mien Fuhrer.

HITLER
 (German, subtitled)
 Now, who wants to join Uncle Adolf
 for hot chocolate?

Helga cheers and jumps in place. Hitler pats her cheek.

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - DAY

LAPD cops mill about.

A MAID, 40, on the couch, CRIES and PRAYS.

LAPD DETECTIVE DEAN FLACO, 40, burly, commanding, and short on patience, stands by Taylor's body.

A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER takes pictures of the room.

FLACO
 (to Photographer)
 Make sure you get the scissors.

The Photographer lines up the shot.

Flaco points to the pair of bloody scissors in Taylor's hand.

FOOM! The camera flashbulb POPS.

The Photographer walks away.

DETECTIVE STEVEN MAYS, 31, thin and fit with a look younger than his age, edges into the bungalow. He spots Flaco. Anxiously approaches him.

MAYS
Lieutenant Flaco? Detective Mays.

Mays extends his hand. Flaco puts his hands in his pockets.

MAYS (CONT'D)
I was told you'd be expecting me.

FLACO
You're the newbie?

MAYS
New to homicide, but--

FLACO
Well kid, your first day looks like
a bust.

Flaco points to the scissors.

FLACO (CONT'D)
Run of the mill suicide.

Mays takes a closer look.

MAYS
Suicide. By scissors.

FLACO
Sure. Why not?

Mays steps back. Flaco gestures to the sobbing Maid.

FLACO (CONT'D)
Waterworks over there found him.
We've already contacted his wife.

Flaco reaches into his jacket pocket. Takes out a notebook.

FLACO (CONT'D)
It's all in here. Head back to the
station and type it up.

Mays looks at the notebook. Then back to Flaco.

FLACO (CONT'D)
You know how to type, right, kid?

OFFICERS SNICKER. Mays stands silent -- pissed.

FLACO (CONT'D)
We gonna have a problem on day one?

Mays takes the notebook. Smiles.

MAYS

No sir.

Mays turns in a huff. Flaco watches him go.

The Photographer shoots Flaco a concerned look.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

A full moon shines down on a 1935 Lincoln Convertible parked in the middle of nowhere.

INT. LINCOLN - NIGHT

Dix, behind the wheel, stares out into the night.

A pair of headlights emerge from the distance.

Dix flicks his headlights twice.

The approaching car, a 1934 Packard, pulls up alongside Dix's Lincoln.

The Driver side door opens. Flaco climbs out of the car. Looks around at the vast emptiness.

FLACO

These meetings are getting further and further out.

DIX

The city's expanding.

FLACO

They're also getting more and more frequent.

DIX

Tired of seeing your picture in the paper?

Flaco puts his hands in the air in deference.

FLACO

Just saying, keeping things quiet is one thing, but this--

DIX

--Heard they're calling it the Tinseltown Tragedy.

FLACO

I call it messy. You usually don't do messy.

Dix nods. Opens his glove compartment. Takes out a large envelope. Tosses it to Flaco.

DIX

This should more than compensate for the mess.

Flaco pockets the envelope.

Dix starts his Lincoln. Flaco leans down.

FLACO

So's you know, I've been assigned a partner. Some kid. Naturally I'll try to keep him out of our business, but we may need to cut him in.

DIX

You're telling me you can't handle a rookie?

FLACO

Rookies are like young actors. Head full of dreams. Ready to make a name for themselves. I envy 'em.

DIX

Don't.

Dix puts his car in gear. Flaco steps back. Dix roars off.

INT. LOFT APARTMENT - MORNING

SUPER: "BERLIN, GERMANY."

A large, sprawling space, combining art deco and rustic charm.

FITTS KELLER, 43, dressed in a stylish bathrobe, sits at a large table. Sips tea. Reads the morning paper with a monocle over his left eye, a red ribbon dangles down.

POUNDING on the door. Fitts puts the paper down. Ties his bathrobe. Cracks the door open.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Two NAZI BROWNSHIRTS stand in the hall.

NAZI BROWNSHIRT #1, 25, eyes the inside of the apartment.

NAZI BROWNSHIRT #2, 23, steps into the doorway.

NAZI BROWNSHIRT #2
(German, subtitled)
Good morning, Herr Keller.

FITTS
(German, subtitled)
Good morning.

NAZI BROWNSHIRT #1
(German, subtitled)
Herr Keller, we've been sent to
retrieve you on behalf of the
Ministry of Propaganda.

Fitts smiles.

FITTS
(German, subtitled)
Is that so?
(looks at his bathrobe)
May I change.

BROWNSHIRT #1
(German, subtitled)
Of course. We'll wait here.

Fitts nods. Shuts the door. Loses his smile. Rushes to the window. Peeks outside.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

A car idles outside his building. A THIRD BROWNSHIRT leans against the vehicle.

INT. LOFT APARTMENT - MORNING

Fitts steps away from the window.

INT. LOFT APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

A CURVY WOMAN, 35, with long brown hair sleeps on top of the covers. Fitts, wearing his best suit, snaps his cufflinks in place. Tiptoes out of the bedroom.

AT THE DOOR

Fitts conjures his easy smile. Opens the door.

INT. MINISTRY OF PROPAGANDA - GOEBBELS' OFFICE - DAY

A large portrait of Hitler hangs between two large Swastika banners.

Fitts sits in a plush chair by a large oak desk.

The door opens. A Handsome GESTAPO OFFICER struts in.

Fitts stands alert. Raises his arm in the Nazi salute.

FITTS
(German, subtitled)
Heil Hitler.

The Gestapo Officer ignores Fitts. Takes a seat in the corner of the room. Picks lint off his black uniform.

GOEBBELS (O.S.)
(German, subtitled)
Fitts.

Fitts spins on his heel.

Goebbels walks in. Wears a double-breasted jacket with a Swastika armband.

Fitts strides across the room.

FITTS
(German, subtitled)
Herr Goebbels.

Goebbels greets Fitts with a gold-plated cigarette case.

GOEBBELS
(German, subtitled)
Cigarette?

FITTS
(German, subtitled)
Thank you.

Fitts takes a smoke. Goebbels SNAPS the case closed. Places it on the table. Strikes a match. Lights Fitts's cigarette. Gestures to a leather chair.

GOEBBELS
(German, subtitled)
Please. Sit.

Goebbels slides a crystal ashtray to Fitts. Sits next to him.

GOEBBELS (CONT'D)
(German, subtitled)
Thank you for meeting with me
today.

FITTS
(German, subtitled)
Of course, Herr Goebbels.

GOEBBELS
(German, subtitled)
The Fuhrer and I have seen your
films many times. We are
particularly fond of Tommorrowland.

FITTS
(German, subtitled)
I'm honored.

Goebbels turns to Hitler's portrait.

GOEBBELS
(German, subtitled)
The Fuhrer has also made it clear
that your vision is exactly what
Germany needs.

Fitts sits up.

GOEBBELS (CONT'D)
(German, subtitled)
We would like for you to head the
National Socialist Film Company,
under my leadership naturally, but
you will find that I am no
busybody. You will be in complete
control.

FITTS
(German, subtitled)
Herr Goebbels, I ... don't know
what to say.

GOEBBELS
(German, subtitled)
Say yes.

Fitts laughs. Goebbels doesn't.

GOEBBELS (CONT'D)
 (German, subtitled)
 Ultimately, you will determine what
 films deserve to be made. We will
 count on you to make sure the party
 is shown in the best light.

Fitts flicks ash into the crystal ashtray.

GOEBBELS (CONT'D)
 (German, subtitled)
 I understand that you are a working
 director. So you will be permitted
 to shoot two movies, of your
 choosing, each year.

FITTS
 (German, subtitled)
 This is quite the compliment.

GOEBBELS
 (German, subtitled)
 And yet you don't seem
 complimented.

Fitts looks up -- past Goebbels -- through the window --

A LARGE CLOCK

On a building outside. The time reads: "2:45."

Goebbels stares Fitts in the eye.

GOEBBELS
 Herr Fitts, what aren't you telling
 me.

Fitts glances over to the Gestapo Officer, clearly nervous.

Goebbels leans forward. Switches to English.

GOEBBELS (CONT'D)
 Speak.

FITTS
 (lowers his voice)
 It's... my Mother. She was--

GOEBBELS
 --Part Jewish.

Fitts shoots the Gestapo Officer another look. Turns back to
 Goebbels. Nods.

GOEBBELS (CONT'D)
 Herr Keller, I decide who is Aryan
 and who isn't. And your
 imagination... is pure German.

GOEBBELS (CONT'D)
 Your wife is a director as well?

FITTS
 She's developing quite a unique
 style.

GOEBBELS
 But so far her films have lacked--

He searches for the right word. Gives up.

GOEBBELS (CONT'D)
 Well, imagine what this move could
 do for her career.

Fitts glances back outside -- Checks the clock again: "2:50"

GOEBBELS (CONT'D)
 I understand that this is a big
 decision.

Goebbels stands. Fitts stubs out his cigarette.

GOEBBELS (CONT'D)
 Please, take twenty-four hours to
 think it through.

Goebbels walks Fitts to the door. They shake hands.

GOEBBELS (CONT'D)
 My car is waiting to take you home.

FITTS
 Thank you, Herr Goebbels.

Fitts exits. Goebbels closes the door.

EXT. MINISTRY OF PROPAGANDA - AFTERNOON

Fitts walks down the steps of the building.

The Brownshirts wait by their car.

BROWNSHIRT #1
 (German, subtitled)
 Herr Keller, where would you like
 to go?

FITTS
(German, subtitled)
It's such a lovely day I think I'll
walk.

BROWNSHIRT #1
(German, subtitled)
Are you sure?

FITTS
(German, subtitled)
It's no effort. But thank you.

The Brownshirts watch Fitts disappear around a corner.

SIDE STREET

Fitts takes off running. Darts across the street. Car horns
BLARE. Fitts dodges traffic and pedestrians.

EXT. BANK - AFTERNOON

Fitts grabs the doors. Pulls -- shakes the handles.

FITTS
No, no, no.

Fitts peers inside. The bank is empty.

Fitts checks his watch: "3:00."

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. MUSSO AND FRANK GRILL - BACK BOOTH - NIGHT**

Dix, drinks alone, scans the room. The classic restaurant is filled with HOLLYWOOD ROYALTY.

A WAITER sits down another drink.

Dix slips cash into the Waiters pocket

DIX
Time to open shop.

WAITER
As you wish.

The Waiter lights a candle on Dix's table.

DIX'S TABLE - TIME CUT

A nervous Hollywood MOVIE LEGEND, 40, sits next to Dix.

MOVIE LEGEND
I didn't know she was Torello's piece.

Dix shoots a look that cries, "Bullshit."

DIX
Everyone knows she's Torello's piece. That probably made you want her even more.

MOVIE LEGEND
Torello's talking about cuttin' my face up, Dix.

The Movie Legend wags his finger in Dix's face.

MOVIE LEGEND (CONT'D)
This is bad for you, too. They cut my face, my career is over. I don't think Howard's gonna like that.

DIX
You think Howard Ginsburg cares if you get cut? Bottom line, you owe American Pictures two more movies.

Dix laughs in the Movie Legend's face.

DIX (CONT'D)

Howard will personally come and staple your face back together if that's what it takes to get you in front of a camera.

The Movie Legend starts to tear up. His voice CRACKS.

MOVIE LEGEND

Just tell me what to do.

Dix rolls his eyes.

DIX

Stop nailing his girl. And apologize. I'll handle the rest.

The Movie Legend gushes. Throws his arms around Dix.

Dix pulls away from the Movie Legend's embrace.

TIME CUT - LATER

TORELLO, 35, a dapper Gangster, sits across from Dix.

TORELLO

The guy's a bum. We both know it.

DIX

Yes he is.

Torello FLICKS his cigarette lighter open and closed.

TORELLO

He's a bum and a glorified extra. He just got lucky's all.

DIX

For a bum he got very lucky. Still, I can't have you cutting his face.

TORELLO

What's between me and him is none of your business.

DIX

Hollywood is my business. Including screen tests.

Torello stops CLICKING the lighter.

DIX (CONT'D)

MGM wasn't it?

Torello eyes Dix suspiciously.

TORELLO
What about it?

DIX
You should have come to me. I could
have set you up.

TORELLO
Yeah?

Torello self-consciously smooths his hair back.

Dix reaches into his jacket pocket. Pulls out a business
card. Slides it toward Torello.

DIX
Call this number. Ask for Jinks.
She's always looking for new
talent.

Torello looks at the business card.

TORELLO
That's it?

DIX
Long as nobody gets cut.

Torello bites his lower lip.

Dix moves to take the business card back.

TORELLO
Fine. I was over the cooze, anyway.

Torello snatches the business card from the table.

TIME CUT - LATER

A BEAUTIFUL STARLET, 28, in a low cut dress sits close to
Dix. He lights her cigarette.

STARLET
I'm perfect for the role. Billy's
just being difficult.

DIX
Ex-husbands tend to get that way.

STARLET
Don't I know it. He's insufferable.

She plays with her long hair. Lowers her voice.

STARLET (CONT'D)

If you could just talk to him. I'd owe you.

DIX

You already owe me.

The Starlet cozies up to Dix.

STARLET

Well, I certainly don't want to be in arrears.

DIX

Cute. Save some of that charm for the camera.

STARLET

You're the only man in town that hasn't tried to fuck me.

DIX

Don't take it personally.

STARLET

Gorgeous, I take the weather personally.

Dix smiles. The Starlet kisses him on the cheek. Slinks out of the booth.

Dix leans forward -- blows out the candle.

A shadow falls over him. Dix doesn't bother looking up. Points to the unlit candle.

DIX

I'm closed.

A magazine is dropped down on the table.

The masthead reads: "PSST! MAGAZINE"

ON THE COVER: Inge Glas wears dark sunglasses and a black dress.

The headline reads: "FRAU-GILE!!!"

Dix studies the cover. Looks up to find

NORA LOYD, 28, pretty with a permanent smirk. The definition of intrepid, hovers over Dix's table.

DIX (CONT'D)

Miss Loyd. Still slinging trash for
Piss magazine.

NORA

I'd be more than happy to sling a
fact or two -- got anything for me?

Dix taps the magazine's headline.

DIX

Frau is technically reserved for
married women. Inge is single.
Therefore she should be addressed
as Fraulein.

NORA

Riveting.

DIX

You asked for facts.

Nora reaches into her purse. Pulls out a notebook and pen.

NORA

What if I have some facts for you?

Nora slides into the booth. Dix cocks an eyebrow. Raises his
hand. Grabs the Waiter's attention. Points to his glass.

DIX

(to the Waiter)
I'll take another.
(to Nora)
And whatever the lady would like.

Nora turns to the Waiter.

NORA

Don't let him kid you, I'm no lady.

The Waiter smiles awkwardly.

NORA (CONT'D)

I'll take a dirty martini.

The Waiter nods. Leaves Nora and Dix alone.

Nora flips her notebook open.

NORA (CONT'D)

Buzz is that Inge Glas is
devastated over Taylor's suicide.

She taps the photograph of Inge on the cover of the magazine.

NORA (CONT'D)

This picture was taken at his funeral just before you escorted her out.

DIX

They co-starred in five movies. She's entitled to grieve without innuendo.

NORA

I agree. That's why I want to ask about his politics.

The Waiter eases by. Puts down two drinks.

DIX

Politics? The only office Taylor cared about was the box office. That's a fact.

NORA

I hear he didn't take to the Nazis.

DIX

Not many people do.

NORA

'Cept maybe a German co-star.

DIX

A German co-star who ditched the Fatherland four years ago. She's no fan of the House Painter or his cronies.

Nora spears the olive from her drink, pops it in her mouth.

NORA

Ever heard of a movie called THE LAST ROAD OUT?

Dix shakes his head.

NORA (CONT'D)

That's because it never got made. A little birdie told me Taylor had shown it to every studio in town.

DIX

Lots of movies don't get made.

NORA

Only this one was about to. Seems Taylor was going to finance it on his own.

DIX

Is there a point to this story?

NORA

You tell me. A Hollywood big shot on the cusp of filming a known passion project with a decidedly anti-nazi bent is found dead by scissors. That doesn't interest you?

DIX

Sounds like something you'd read in PSST magazine.

Nora sits back. Sizes Dix up.

NORA

There are two types of people in this town. Those that know where the bodies are buried... and those that bury them. Which one are you?

Dix raises his hands. Smooth.

DIX

These hands look like they've ever touched a shovel?

Dix knocks back his drink. RATTLES the ICE in his glass.

NORA

Icing a girl out?

DIX

It's been a long few days.

Nora stands up.

NORA

Is it true that you once shot a cigarette out of a man's mouth.

DIX

Yep.

Nora flips her notebook shut.

NORA
How does one learn to do that?

DIX
You miss. I was aiming for the
bastard's head.

Nora smirks. Gulps down her martini. Sashays across the room
and out the door.

Dix watches every step she takes.

INT. FITTS APARTMENT LOFT - LATE AFTERNOON

The door unlocks with a CLICK. Fitts barrels inside. Shuts
the door. Locks it.

THEA VON FREDERSEN, 34, the curvy woman from the bedroom,
smokes on the window ledge.

She flicks her cigarette out the window.

THEA
Where have you been?

Fitts brushes past her. Looks out the window. Sees nothing.
Draws the curtains.

THEA (CONT'D)
You look as if you've seen a ghost.

FITTS
Worse... Goebbels.

THEA
Goebbels?

Fitts leads Thea to the table. They sit.

FITTS
The Fuhrer likes my movies.

THEA
Of course he does.

FITTS
He's asked me to run the UFA.

Thea looks at him with pride.

THEA
That's wonderful.

FITTS
It's dangerous.

THEA
You said no.

FITTS
Of course not. I have twenty-four
hours.

THEA
To decide?

FITTS
To run.

THEA
What are you talking about?

FITTS
We'll go to Paris. Then London. Or
maybe America.

Confusion creeps across Thea's face.

FITTS (CONT'D)
They kept me there until the banks
closed on purpose. We'll have to
sell some of your jewelry.

THEA
What are you saying?

FITTS
I'm saying that we're leaving
tonight.

THEA
Because you got a job offer?

FITTS
Job offer? I had to admit that my
Mother was Jewish in front of a
Gestapo officer.

Thea puts a hand up to her mouth. Whispers.

THEA
The Gestapo?

FITTS
Mmm.

Thea puts her hand up to her mouth with concern.

THEA

Did the Gestapo mention me?

FITTS

No. And they didn't pull my fingernails out, thanks for asking.

Thea reaches across the table and takes his hands.

THEA

Darling... calm down. Take the night. Things may look different in the morning.

Fitts pulls away from Thea. Rushes to

THE BEDROOM

FITTS

We don't have the luxury of time.

Fitts reaches behind a tall dresser. Stretches as far as he can. Smiles at the sound of RUSTLING paper.

Thea walks in. Fitts pulls an envelope from behind the dresser. Opens it. Eyes the cash inside.

FITTS (CONT'D)

This will get us to Paris.

Thea leans against the door. Watches Fitts pull another envelope from behind the radiator.

THEA

Fitts.

Fitts steps into the closet. Comes out with a third envelope. Opens it. Dumps out cash and two passports.

THEA (CONT'D)

Fitts!

Fitts looks up.

THEA (CONT'D)

I'm not going to Paris.