

"THE MAN WHO LOVED HITCHCOCK"

Original Screenplay

by

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FADE IN:

DREAM SEQUENCE (PHOTOGRAPHED IN SOFT FOCUS BLACK AND WHITE LIKE AN OLD MOVIE.)

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

Near the turn of the century. Cars of the Model T vintage struggle in and out between the horse-drawn traffic. The street full of peddlers and merchants. The screen is silent with piano accompaniment as in silent movies.

CAMERA MOVES IN FOCUSING on ONE SMALL BOY about 7 years old, a short, chubby boy, round faced, elbowing his way through the streets, stopping to look with envy at a group of young ruffians fighting and rolling in the gutter. For this small boy would have none of that. He is well-dressed. Obviously a proper youth. He carries in his hand a sealed envelope.

TRUCKING SHOT - ENVELOPE - CAMERA MOVING UP TO MED. SHOT

The boy as he proceeds down the street finally reaching the forbidding structure that is the local police station.

BOY'S POV - LOW ANGLE - The police station seems gigantic looming up before him.

CLOSE-UP - THE BOY - CAMERA RISING as he starts toward the steep stairway leading up to the station house.

BOY'S POV - CAMERA TRUCKING FORWARD closer and closer. CAMERA CRANING UP the steps toward the entrance to the police station.

CLOSE-UP - THE BOY - CAMERA PULLING BACK as he rises up the steps. (All this done in parody of classic Hitchcock style.)

INT. POLICE STATION

The small boy crossing toward the large desk behind which a UNIFORMED OFFICER is seated.

BOY'S POV - The desk seems very high. The officer seems very big and he himself feels very small indeed.

HIGH ANGLE - The small boy standing now before the desk sergeant who pays no attention to him. The police are busy arraigning a prisoner, a thief struggling against the cops who have him handcuffed.

CLOSE-UP - THE YOUNG BOY - what will be forever etched in his mind.

CLOSE-UP - THE HANDCUFFS - on the felon's wrist chained to the wrist of a London Bobby.

CLOSE-UP - THE YOUNG BOY - glancing from the villain to the stern POLICE SERGEANT at the desk.

LOW ANGLE SHOT - The Sergeant peering down at the boy. He asks him a question. We hear no dialogue.

The boy passes the envelope he carries to the police sergeant. Meanwhile the criminal has been hustled away to a cell. The small boy turns and looks around. PANNING SHOT.

BOY'S POV - There are PEOPLE around the station house. In one corner, a COUPLE OF PROSTITUTES. They stare at the boy and motion to him and giggle.

ANGLE ON THE BOY - as he tries to ignore them. Something about these women scares him.

ANGLE ON THE SERGEANT - as he motions at the prostitutes to be quiet. He opens the letter and reads it carefully. Peering over the letter down at the boy and reading the letter again. He motions for one of the other OFFICERS to come over and shows him the note. The other officer reads and concurs with a wink.

ANGLE ON THE SMALL BOY - wondering what they are whispering about. He sneaks another glance back at the prostitutes.

BOY'S POV - One of the women is fixing her stocking showing more leg than the young boy has ever seen before. He immediately averts his eyes. His eyes focus on a BEAUTIFUL, SVELT, BLOND WOMAN, a "Grace Kelly" type. She has been arrested, her handbag is being ransacked and various articles are being placed on the sergeant's desk. Stolen articles. The woman is evidently a very well-groomed, elegant shoplifter and she has been caught in the act. She stands forward, an icy glare, oblivious to her predicament, every inch a lady, every inch a criminal.

ANGLE ON THE SMALL BOY - This too becomes a part of his memory. He looks back at the sergeant.

LOW ANGLE - The Sergeant leaning forward and wagging his finger, pointing at the letter and then at the boy.

CUT TO:

TITLE ON THE SCREEN (AS WOULD HAVE BEEN SEEN IN AN OLD SILENT FILM): "Your father wants us to show you what happens to naughty boys."

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP - THE SMALL BOY - His reaction. The troubled little face almost breaks into tears.

ANGLE ON THE POLICE OFFICER - Enormous as he circles around and takes the boy by the arm.

TRUCKING SHOT - The child being led across the police station.

BOY'S POV - TRUCKING TOWARD a giant iron door.

ANGLE ON THE OFFICER - taking out a key.

CLOSE-UP - THE KEY - being inserted in the giant door.

CLOSE-UP - THE BOY - TRUCKING SHOT as he is led into a corridor.

POV TRUCKING FORWARD - A cell block. Fully occupied. Criminals of all sizes and shapes and sexes.

The GROTESQUELY GLEEFUL FACES peering out from behind the bars.

LOW ANGLE - CELL DOOR SWUNG OPEN

CLOSE-UP - THE BOY - as he is prodded into the narrow cell.

EXTREME LOW ANGLE

Cell door slamming shut. The bare lightbulb in the corridor casts harsh, strongly defined shadows.

CLOSE-UP - BOY'S EYES - Wide, the pupils fully dilated.

HIGH ANGLE ON THE BOY - TRUCKING around above him in a 360 degree circle. CAMERA completely circles him, then moves forward as he presses his face against the bars, peering out.

SHOCK CUT:

A HAND GRASPING AT US. A long scrawny arm from the adjoining cell.

The boy recoils--and backs farther into his cell--backing up to the small barred window that looks out on the London Street.

ANGLE ON THE STREET - as the boy sees the world. The silence up to now is broken by a SUDDEN SCREAM AS A TRAIN RUSHES PAST ON A TRESTLE ABOVE THE JAIL and pulls into the nearby station, clouding the city sky with dark smoke. THE SMOKE SEEMS TO ENVELOP US--SWALLOWING US UP IN BLACKNESS.

FADE UP TO

CLOSE-UP - The benevolent countenance of one ALFRED HITCHCOCK, movie director, raconteur, wit and undisputed master of suspense.

HITCHCOCK

Hardly any wonder I've been terrified of the police ever since. I won't even drive a car for fear of getting a ticket. And fear has also made a loyal and devoted husband of me.

(pause)

You see a good marriage and a good murder have the same thing in common. Not getting caught.

There is off camera laughter. CAMERA PULLS BACK revealing that Hitchcock is in front of a class at the USC Cinema Department. The chamber is packed with undergraduates who even sit in the aisles. It's being conducted by the famous French director, JEAN-PAUL.

JEAN-PAUL

The class should note that you direct scenes of murder as if they were love scenes.

HITCH

Ah, yes, and love scenes as if they were murders.

JEAN-PAUL

And if it wasn't for the censors you'd like nothing better than to let the killer get away with it.

HITCH

Now don't take me too seriously, Jean-Paul. My films are not slices of life, they're slices of cake.

JEAN-PAUL

But laced with arsenic?

ANGLE ON STUDENTS - PANNING THE FACES of the YOUNG MEN and WOMEN who aspire to careers in the cinema.

HITCH'S VOICE

You've all heard, of course, of two goats who were eating up cans containing reels of film taken from a best seller.

ANGLE ON HITCH - CONTINUING

HITCH

And one goat says to the other:
"Personally I prefer the book."

JEAN-PAUL

Let us now take questions from the
class.

WIDER ANGLE - THE LECTURE ROOM - as a cluster of hands go
up.

HITCH

(pointing)

What would you like to know?

ANGLE ON CLASS - as DANIEL realizes that he has been called
upon. He rises.

DANIEL

Well...I was wondering if you hadn't
had this emotional outlet of making
movies about murder, do you think
you might've eventually killed
someone yourself?

ANGLE ON HITCHCOCK - He blinks for a moment. The face
totally immobile. A mask hiding any possible reaction.

HITCH

Good night.

WIDE ANGLE - THE LECTURE ROOM - Hitch turns abruptly and
exits. Much to everyone's shock and surprise.

ANGLE ON THE CLASS - their reaction.

DANIEL

What did I say wrong?

ANGLE ON JEAN-PAUL - as he rushes across the lecture room
in pursuit of Hitchcock.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - DAY

Hitchcock's limousine moving in and out of traffic.

INT. HITCHCOCK'S LIMO, BACK SEAT - DAY

Jean-Paul and Hitchcock.

HITCH

You put that young man up to that
didn't you, Jean-Paul?

JEAN-PAUL
Nonsense. But why did it upset you so?

Hitchcock glares at Jean-Paul in silence.

JEAN-PAUL
(continuing)
That boy simply asked if you'd learned to control your murderous instincts by turning them into mass entertainment. And you felt like choking him--just as you feel like choking me now.

CLOSE-UP - HITCHCOCK'S HANDS - the fingers extend and then clench in an almost strangling sensation.

JEAN-PAUL
(continuing)
You have large and surprisingly strong hands.

TWO SHOT - JEAN-PAUL AND HITCHCOCK

HITCH
You're quite a decent director yourself, Jean-Paul. Why are you so obsessed writing about me?

JEAN-PAUL
I am your complete biographer. In search of the secret man. The man you do not wish us to see. The man who perhaps murders in his heart quite often.

Hitchcock raps on the glass behind the driver.

HITCH
Pull over to the curb. Jean-Paul is getting out.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Somewhere on Wilshire Boulevard. Jean-Paul standing on the curb as the limousine door slams shut and it pulls away. Jean-Paul is left abandoned.

JEAN-PAUL

(shouts)

I have put five months in on the book.

A moment later a battered Volkswagen Bug pulls up to offer Jean-Paul a ride. John-Paul opens the door to get in then realizes the driver is none other than Daniel, the young man whose very question put Hitch into a frenzy.

JEAN-PAUL

What are you doing here?

DANIEL

Offering you a ride.

JEAN-PAUL

With you? Never! You are the cause of all this!

DANIEL

What did I say? What was wrong with asking a question?

JEAN-PAUL

Go away!

Reluctantly Daniel complies and drives off with Jean-Paul kicking the VW in the rear bumper as it chugs away.

JEAN-PAUL (CONTD)

I shall finish this book anyway--without Hitch.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FILM STUDIO - NIGHT (ESTABLISHING SHOT) AERIAL VIEW

Most of the lot is shut down, a few security guards on patrol.

ANGLE ON BUNGALOWS - adjoining the sound stages, one bearing the shingle: HITCHCOCK PRODUCTIONS.

INT. HITCHCOCK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A paneled sanctuary furnished in standard English provincial. The lights are off.

Then a SHADOW crosses the window. A small square of glass is shattered with a low tinkling sound, an ARM reaches through and unlatches the window.

A rather small man slides easily through the window. Now he pulls the Venetian blind closed and switches on a flashlight. By the reflected beam we recognize Jean-Paul.

He seems to know exactly where he's going, crossing behind Hitchcock's desk to a paneled filing cabinet. He takes out a screwdriver and begins to jimmy the lock.

EXT. HITCHCOCK'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

As a security vehicle passes without slowing down.

INT. HITCHCOCK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

As Jean-Paul opens the drawer and begins to remove Hitchcock's private files, scanning the documents.

JEAN-PAULS POV - Typewritten pages, other notes in Hitchcock's own handwriting, a variety of pen and ink sketches done by Hitchcock himself.

A selection of story board drawings of bizarre murders. WE focus on one drawing in particular. A WHITE ROSE WITH ONE SOLITARY DROP OF RED BLOOD DRIPPING FROM ITS PETAL.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES FREEWAY - DAY

A morass of vehicles, the smog already sweeping in over the valley. We look down on the freeway from a HELICOPTER SHOT, CAMERA DROPPING LOWER AND LOWER, hovering now over an open-back truck which bounces along. MOVING CLOSER AND CLOSER to the rear of the truck where a loosely hung canvas covers its contents.

My God, we're seeing what looks like a pile of corpses, dozens of bodies stacked one on top of the other. As the vehicle jiggles, the corpses seem to shift position.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BACK OF TRUCK - DAY

The corpses piled high.

We are no longer on the freeway. The truck is pulling into the entrance to a movie studio. Of course the corpses in the back of the truck are only props, dummies, being brought onto the lot.

The truckload of dead dummies passes the guard gate.

As the truck slows down alongside the sound stages, one of the dummies sits up, then hops off the back of the truck. It's DANIEL ZIETMAN, the young USC cinema student who so offended Mr. Hitchcock.

TRUCKING SHOT - Daniel moving quickly through the narrow alleys between the sound stages. Then up ahead he sees something that stops him dead in his tracks.

DANIEL'S POV - A UNIFORMED COP coming right at him, staring him down--and then suddenly ANOTHER COP and then TWO more.

CLOSE-UP - DANIEL - He feels cornered. Surely he's been caught sneaking onto the lot.

WIDER ANGLE - as more cops emerge, six, eight, a dozen. Daniel is surrounded by cops.

Now we realize they're all extras in a police movie, on a "break."

DANIEL
How's it going, officer?

ACTOR DRESSED AS COP
(happily)
Great. We're into meal penalties!

Daniel ducks into one of the studio office buildings.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Daniel moves quickly along the corridor hoping not to attract too much attention. He reaches one unmarked door, opens it and goes in, closing it quickly after him. He's breathing heavily.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A tall, healthy looking brunette named PAM, pretty enough to be an actress, is seated behind the desk typing feverishly.

PAM
What happened to you?

DANIEL
You've got to get me a drive-on pass. I can't keep sneaking onto the lot like this every day.

He removes a handwritten manuscript from inside his jacket and hands it to her.

PAM

Oh, not more revisions?

We note that the walls of the office are full of story boards. That is, cartoon-like drawings depicting sequences in an action movie. A blueprint for the scene. In addition, there are numerous newspaper clipping tacked up on the wall.

PAM

I can't get to this today. The typing pool is sending me over to Goldfarb. His girl's got the flu.

DANIEL

Did I get any calls?

PAM

A couple of agents want to send over their client list.

(beat)

How long do you think you can get away with this?

DANIEL

Listen, the producer who belongs to this office is six weeks behind schedule in Spain right now. I don't have to worry about him walking in.

PAM

We could probably get arrested for this.

DANIEL

By the time anybody catches on, I'll have my picture all put together. The studio will thank me for making this my home.

Pam gets up and crosses around the desk to Daniel.

PAM

I just never met anybody like you. I mean, when most guys take me out they make passes at me. They promise to get me an SAG card and I laugh at them. I mean, they're so dumb.

(a beat)

And all you want is for me to do your typing.

DANIEL

I'm going to pay you for it. We just have to defer it until we get the budget approved. Oh, the budget's in the back. Could you retype that too?

PAM

I don't care about the money. I just want the part of "Julie."

DANIEL

Didn't I give you the lead in my student film?

PAM

You didn't tell me it was going to be eight millimeter.

DANIEL

Super eight.

PAM

I'm just getting so tired of being cooped up in this same old office.

DANIEL

Hey, now don't go changing jobs again.

PAM

I like to switch jobs. It prepares me for all kinds of different roles.

The telephone RINGS.

PAM

Hello. Production.

(a beat)

I'll be right there.

(she hangs up)

Goldfarb's waiting.

DANIEL

Don't let him lock the door.

She picks up her steno pad and exits. He follows her.

INT. CORRIDOR - TRUCKING SHOT

Pam hurries down the hallway, Daniel catching up with her.

DANIEL

I'm going in that direction.

PAM

I don't want to be around when you
get kicked off the lot.

A man coming from the opposite direction seems to recognize
him.

JOE

Get a "go" on your picture yet?

DANIEL

Any day.

JOE

Well, keep me in mind.

Daniel continues walking. CAMERA PULLS BACK out of the
corridor and into the studio street. Pam turns in one
direction, Daniel in the other.

DANIEL

(calls out)

If you need me I'll be on Music
Stage 5.

PAM

What's there?

DANIEL

My composer.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSIC STAGE 5 - DAY

A SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA being conducted by the eminent
composer MR. BERNARD HERRMANN, affectionately known as
'Benny' by only a very few. Herrmann is every inch the
maestro, stout, his hair shooting off wildly in all
directions, he wears his glasses at the tip of his nose
peering over them in an owlish glowering fashion that
serves to intimidate all who cross his path. He usually
walks with his cane, not so much for support but rather to
be in control of a weapon at all times for he views the
world around him as his adversary.

The orchestra is arranged in front of a huge motion picture
projection screen onto which sequences of the movie "Taxi
Driver" are being projected. Herrmann, who has written his
score to accompany the film, seems in absolute control of
every phase of the orchestra, dominating it completely.

CAMERA RISES UP AND SWEEPS OVER the huge orchestra and DOWN
TO Benny as he concludes this particular music cue.

Orchestra members rise, many of them applauding him.

ANGLE ON ENTRANCE TO MUSIC STAGE 5 - Daniel has entered and begins to applaud himself.

An AGENT brushes past Daniel approaches Benny, leading TWO STUDIO EXECS. In the background Daniel edges closer.

AGENT

Benny, old friend. Sorry I couldn't meet your flight. I hope the hotel is alright.

BENNY

It's dismal. Whoever heard of building a hotel on a back lot? I look out of my window and what do I see? Hitchcock's bungalow!

AGENT

Want me to let him know you're back in town?

BENNY

I haven't talked to him in nine years. Why should I start now?

ANGLE ON DANIEL - eavesdropping.

BACK TO BENNY, THE AGENT AND STUDIO EXECS.

AGENT

Let me introduce you to Hal Johnson, the new V.P. at Near Horizons.

STUDIO EXECUTIVE

Hello, Bernie. We came in from Century City to buy you some lunch.

BENNY

Why do I have to eat with you to find out what you want?

STUDIO EXECUTIVE

The truth is we're in trouble. We've got this picture with about thirty two million tied up in it and it needs help.

2ND STUDIO EXECUTIVE

We want you to give us a better score than you did for "Citizen Kane."

BENNY

(explodes)

Then why didn't you make a better movie than "Citizen Kane." Why would I want to put my music on your rubbish?

BACK TO DANIEL - Getting out of the way of the studio executives who stalk out of the studio in a fury.

STUDIO EXECUTIVE

What a nasty old man.

2ND STUDIO EXECUTIVE

That's probably why Hitchcock fired him.

Everybody else has broken. The musicians have stepped out into the bright sunshine for a breath of fresh air. Herrmann looks like a lonely old man as he sits nibbling on a sweet roll at the snack table and tapping his cane nervously. Daniel approaches quietly. Suddenly Benny speaks to him without even looking up as if he has known the boy was there all along:

BENNY

So what did you think of those big shot producers, sonny?

DANIEL

Oh--well, I didn't mean to listen in--

BENNY

They'll tell everybody I'm impossible. I am impossible, so what?

(beat)

So you want me to sign an album?

DANIEL

I'm Daniel Zietman.

BENNY

(finally looking up)

Should that get me excited?

DANIEL

I want to talk to you about doing the score for my new film.

BENNY

New film? You mean you had an old film?

DANIEL

I've directed "Escape in the Sand Dunes," "The Last Deadly Night," and...

BENNY

Who did the music?

DANIEL

You did. I mean I borrowed tracks from your records. Some "Psycho" and "Vertigo" mixed with some "North by Northwest."

BENNY

So tell me your new picture. What about it?

DANIEL

The whole thing? Now?

BENNY

Start with "fade in." I'll tell you when to stop.

DANIEL

Okay. It starts off with a bizarre murder. The camera hovering high over a valley and then dropping down directly above this huge hothouse where they grow rare tropical flowers...

As Daniel begins to speak the CAMERA MOVES IN VERY VERY TIGHT, VERY VERY CLOSE, MOVING IN ON HIS EYES.

DISSOLVE TO:

The sequence Daniel describes:

AERIAL SHOT - FLYING OVER AN ORCHARD

SWOOPING DOWN on a hothouse, falling faster toward the glass roof, plunging down toward the glass enclosure which houses a veritable botanical garden. CAMERA DROPS FURTHER, PASSING THROUGH THE GLASS ROOF AND DOWN THROUGH A VERITABLE JUNGLE OF EXOTIC FAUNA, THE LEAVES OF WHICH WIPE THE LENS OF THE CAMERA BLOCKING OUR VIEW FOR A FRACTION OF AN INSTANT.

Then, as the CAMERA REACHES THE FLOOR OF THE HOTHOUSE, WE ARE SHOCKED TO FIND OURSELVES FACE TO FACE WITH A CORPSE STARING WIDE-EYED UP AT US, A DEAD BODY IN A POOL OF BLOOD. THE HAND OF THE MURDERER REACHES INTO FRAME AS CAMERA CONTINUES TO MOVE FORWARD INTO EXTREME CLOSE-UP.

(THERE HAS NOT BEEN A CUT. THIS HAS BEEN A CONTINUOUS CAMERA MOVE FROM THE AERIAL SHOT PASSING THROUGH THE ROOF OF THE HOTHOUSE AND THEN DOWN TO THE EXTREME CLOSE-UP OF THE CORPSE.)

CAMERA CONTINUES TO MOVE FORWARD, WE SEE THE KILLER HAS SOMETHING IN HIS HAND, SOMETHING QUITE SMALL. IT IS AN EYE DROPPER. He places the eye dropper in the pool of blood which is still flowing from the victim, picks up a solitary drop of blood in it. CAMERA MOVING UPWARD IN EXTREME CLOSE-UP WITH THE EYE DROPPER FOLLOWING ITS PATH.

THE EYE DROPPER POISED NOW ABOVE THE PETALS OF A WHITE ROSE. CAMERA MOVING IN STILL CLOSER as the MURDERER'S FINGERS SQUEEZE THE RUBBER END OF THE EYE DROPPER ALLOWING ONE DROP OF WARM BLOOD TO FALL.

THE BLOOD FALLS IN SLOW MOTION, THE SOLITARY DROP STRIKING THE ROSE, RUNNING ACROSS IT, SUSPENDED FOR A MOMENT AT THE EDGE OF THE PETAL.

FREEZE FRAME - THE IMAGE, A DROP OF BLOOD CLINGING TO THE PETAL OF A WHITE ROSE. A DIABOLICAL IMAGE TO BE SURE.

DISSOLVE TO:

TIGHT TWO SHOT - DANIEL AND BERNARD HERRMANN
as Benny rises to his feet.

BENNY

You can stop.

DANIEL

You didn't like it?

BENNY

It's brilliant but it's not yours.
You crook!

DANIEL

Huh?

Benny is furious. For a minute we think he might strike the young man with his cane.

BENNY

I don't know how you found out about this scene. Hitch never told anybody but me. Maybe he talks to the wrong people nowadays.

Benny turns and begins shouting at the concertmaster.

BENNY

Call the musicians back! I want to finish and go home to London where I belong, where everybody's not a thief!

ANGLE ON DANIEL - he doesn't know quite what to say, but he has to defend himself.

WIDER ANGLE - as Daniel crosses over to the podium where Herrmann has gone to study the next section of the score.

DANIEL

Look, I didn't steal anybody's ideas. I got that scene from a murder that really happened a couple of weeks ago. The blood on the rose, everything. I have the actual newspaper clippings in my office right here on the lot.

(a beat)

If you take something from real life, is that stealing? I thought I was adapting.

CLOSE-UP - BENNY - still staring at the score.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT - over Benny's shoulder LOOKING DOWN at Daniel. His eyes drop. He realizes he's lost. He backs away.

ANGLE ON BENNY - tapping his baton.

ANGLE ON THE ORCHESTRA - The violins come up into place. Everyone is ready to play.

ANGLE ON DANIEL - walking away, heading toward the exit.

ANGLE ON BENNY - the conductor, his arms raised about to start the movement.

ENGINEER

Ready for projection.

Then slowly Benny's arms come down.

BENNY

Take another five.

ANGLE ON DANIEL - the words reach him in the distance. He takes another step toward the exit then he realizes what's happening, he turns around, grinning.

CUT TO:

INT. DANIEL'S OFFICE - DAY

The office he has commandeered for himself illegally. The door opens and Daniel comes in with Bernard Herrmann behind him.

BENNY

Who gave you an office like this?

DANIEL

The clippings are up there.

Benny removes one of the clippings from the wall, reads it. He moves down the wall pulling out the stickpins, reading one clipping after another.

BENNY

Remarkable. And they haven't caught this killer yet?

Benny picks up the next clipping, studies it, reacts.

BENNY

(continuing)

It's like somebody got inside Hitch's head.

DANIEL

That one too?

BENNY

We were riding in Hitch's limo past a college graduation when he cooked up this idea. But he could never find a story to fit it into.

CAMERA MOVES IN over Benny's shoulder to the clipping. The headline: MURDER AT COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

AN ENACTMENT IN BENNY'S MIND as he imagines the sequence as Hitchcock would have directed it.

EXTREMELY HIGH ANGLE SHOT - COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

VISUALLY THERE IS A CHANGE IN COLOR AND DIFFUSION.

Throngs of people massed below. CAMERA CRANES DOWN over the graduation ceremonies in progress. Literally hundreds of students of the graduating class wearing dark blue caps and gowns.

The graduates filing in an orderly fashion up on the stage to receive their degrees.

From above, everyone looks alike. All masked by the similarity of their dress. CAMERA CRANING DOWN and INWARD TOWARD the platform on which the Chancellor continually distributes diplomas and handshakes. He has become like an automaton, each handclasp combined with a quick turning up of the corners of his mouth, a semblance of a smile.

THERE HAS NOT BEEN A CUT, THE CAMERA HAS MOVED IN A CONTINUOUS ARC CLOSER AND CLOSER UNTIL ALL WE SEE IN THE FRAME IS THE HAND OF THE CHANCELLOR AND THE INCOMING HANDS OF THE GRADUATES AS THEY ARE ALLOWED ONE QUICK GRASP AND FIND THEIR ROLLED UP DIPLOMA THRUST AT THEM.

The repetition is maddening and then, suddenly, a difference, THE CHANCELLOR'S HAND REACHES OUT BUT INSTEAD OF BEING GREETED BY A GRADUATES PALM, THERE IS A SMALL GUN GRIPPED IN THE HAND OF THE BLUE-CLOAKED GRADUATE (WHOMEVER SHE OR HE MIGHT BE). THE GUN EXPLODES IN CLOSE-UP. THE BODY OF THE CHANCELLOR TUMBLES AND FALLS OUT OF FRAME. Now, CAMERA PULLS BACK, CRANES UPWARD (STILL WITHOUT A CUT) AS THE MURDERER FLEES, LEAPING FROM THE PLATFORM INTO A CROWD OF GRADUATES WAITING TO RECEIVE THEIR DIPLOMAS.

Hundreds of capped and gowned men and women scatter in all directions.

It's the old shell game: keep your eye on the killer. But once he jumps into that crowd he becomes part of the mass of caps and gowns. CAMERA RISES STRAIGHT UP LOOKING DOWN at the SWIRLING CONFUSION. In an instant, the killer is lost. The SECURITY GUARDS at the college are on the platform looking over the dead body of the chancellor, others are racing through the crowd trying to find the killer. There are screams and pandemonium everywhere. The members of the glee club trail off their rendition of the school song. The most orderly of events has turned to anarchy in the flash of an instant.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. STUDIO OFFICE - DAY

Benny and Daniel. Benny moves down the wall pulling out the various stickpins and studying the clippings. He looks at one, crumples and discards it.

BENNY

No, not this.

He examines another clipping.

BENNY (CONTD)

But this one, sure. This was one of Hitch's. The killer murders the girl. Then, in plain view of everybody in the beauty parlor, he does full make up and a hair style on the corpse.

(he looks at more clippings)

Not this. Not this. But three.
Three is coincidence enough.

DANIEL

You don't mean Hitchcock's going around killing people?

BENNY

Not him. But somebody close to him.

At that moment the door flies open and studio security guards burst in.

GUARD

We've been looking for you.

DANIEL

Please, not now!

GUARD

Okay, sonny, let's go.

BENNY

(intercedes)

Just a minute. Take your hands off that boy!

GUARD

Who the hell is this guy?

Benny brandishes his cane as the security guards grab Daniel physically and begin to hustle him out.

BENNY

You throw him off, you throw me off too!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. STUDIO GATE - DAY

Daniel and Benny being forcibly removed from the lot. The guards have got them by the arms and are hustling them along while others look on. Since Benny's a newcomer to

the studio, nobody recognizes him. The studio guards assume that anybody with Daniel must also be a gate crasher.

ANGLE ON WINDOW OF FIFTH FLOOR EXECUTIVE OFFICE BUILDING

Pam happens to be looking out the window.

WHAT PAM SEES

HIGH ANGLE SHOT - Benny and Daniel being manhandled as they are kicked off the lot.

CLOSE-UP - PAM - Her reaction.

EXT. THE STREET ACROSS FROM THE STUDIO - DAY

The gate in the background as the security guards dump Daniel and Benny on the corner.

GUARD

You're lucky we don't run you both in for trespassing.

2ND GUARD

And don't come back!

Benny and Daniel find a bench by a bus stop and sit down. Benny reaches into his pocket and retrieves the stack of clippings. That's all he's thinking about.

DANIEL

Why didn't you tell them who you are?

BENNY

Why should I do them a favor?

CUT TO:

INT. MUSIC SOUND STAGE - DAY

A hundred musicians waiting. No conductor.

ANGLE ON THE MIXING BOOTH - Everyone's tearing their hair out. EXECUTIVES are pointing at the clock. One of the sound crew exits the booth. For a moment we can hear voices inside.

VOICE

(shouting)

I told you he was a total lunatic but you had to hire him.

The door slams shut and the chaos continues.

EXT. DANIEL ZIETMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Westwood. A colonial one-family home. Daniel's dented up Volkswagen--an old beetle--pulls into the driveway. Daniel and Bernard Herrmann get out.

INT. DANIEL ZIETMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

A nicely furnished middle income home. Daniel enters followed by Benny. They cross the foyer toward the stairs to the second floor. Benny's already halfway up when Daniel's mother SONYA emerges from the kitchen. She doesn't notice Benny as she storms up to her son.

SONYA

So may I ask when I can have my living room back?

CAMERA PANS to the LIVING ROOM. It's full of movie equipment. 16mm camera, all kinds of lights, umbrella-type reflectors, and an entire miniature set--miniature buildings, a street, tiny little cars. All the normal furniture is piled up in a corner.

ANGLE ON MOTHER AND SON

SONYA

I can't sit down on my sofa. I can't clean house. You've taken over every inch of space.

Benny comes down the few steps from above and peers around the corner. The mother catches sight of him. An available man. Her entire expression and attitude changes instantly.

SONYA

(continuing)

Oh, hello there, I didn't know we had company. Daniel, why didn't you tell me you brought somebody?

Sonya immediately puts on her attractive, flirtatious look.

SONYA

(continuing)

I always tell Daniel to bring home friends.

DANIEL

This is Mr. Herrmann.

SONYA

The living room is a studio, so come in the kitchen and I'll fix you something to eat.

BENNY

My dear woman, we are investigating a murder. You may bring a cup of tea upstairs. Extra lemon, no sugar. And anything but Lipton's.

Benny continues upstairs. Sonya whispers to her son.

SONYA

You couldn't find anybody younger?

CUT TO:

INT. DANIEL'S ROOM - DAY

A veritable museum of movie memorabilia. Props, books, posters, many Hitchcock films like "Psycho," "Rear Window," "Vertigo." There's a professional looking tape recorder, an array of microphones, video tape machines, and stacks of cassettes. Even a 16mm Moviola. There's hardly room to move around. Aside from a bed, this could be an editing room. Benny looks over additional clippings that Daniel presents while dialing the phone hastily. He seems to know the number by heart.

BENNY

(into phone)

Hitchcock's office.

(pause)

Hello. Let me talk to Hitch. This is Bernard Herrmann and don't tell me he's not there.

CUT TO:

INT. HITCHCOCK'S OFFICE, HITCHCOCK'S BUNGALOW

TIGHT SHOT ON HITCH.

HITCH

I'm not here.

CAMERA PULLS BACK, THE ANGLE WIDENS to include the SECRETARY who speaks with a clipped British accent.

SECRETARY

And Jean-Paul is on the other line.
He refuses to stop calling until you
check your filing cabinet. Under
"M". I don't quite understand his
meaning.

Hitchcock gets up, crosses behind his desk to the filing
cabinet, finds it unlocked.

TIGHTER SHOT - as Hitchcock rifles through his files.
CAMERA TILTING UP to his expression--total amazement.

HITCH

My murder file! I've been robbed.

CAMERA FOLLOWS as Hitch moves to the telephone. He grabs
the receiver off the hook and shouts into it?

HITCH

(into phone)

I believe you're trying to provoke
me to violence and if you were
present in this room I should take
extreme pleasure in breaking your
scrawny neck.

CUT TO:

OTHER END OF THE LINE

It's Benny. Hitch has picked up the wrong line.

BENNY

(barks back)

This is where we left off nine years
ago, Hitch.

BACK TO HITCH

He recognizes that voice on the other end of the line.

HITCH

It's Benny. I'm being besieged.

Hitch quickly hangs up on Benny.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON BENNY - as the line goes dead.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON HITCH - punching the other button and getting
Jean-Paul.

HITCH

What have you done with my
"murders"?

CUT TO:

INT. BUNGALOW, BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL

Jean-Paul on the phone is seated next to a stack of papers
and drawings. Hitchcock's very own files.

JEAN-PAUL

You'll get your murders back when
you agree to complete your
interviews for the book.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP - HITCH - He does not allow his anger to get the
better of him. He maintains his control.

HITCH

I will not be psychoanalyzed by you
or anyone else.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON JEAN-PAUL - in his elegant bungalow.

JEAN-PAUL

Shall we discuss it further tonight
at eight in bungalow number ten at
the Beverly Hills Hotel?

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP - HITCH

HITCH

No, we shall not. And if my
property is not promptly returned...

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP - JEAN-PAUL - taunting him.

JEAN-PAUL

What will you do? Go to the police?
Ha!

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP - HITCHCOCK - his reaction. The old childhood fear returns. The police. The thing that terrifies him most.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP - JEAN-PAUL

JEAN-PAUL

I think you will be here.

Jean-Paul quietly hangs up the telephone.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP - HITCHCOCK - dropping the phone on the desk. The secretary goes over and hangs it up properly.

HITCH

Well, what are you staring at?

SECRETARY

Shall I cancel tonight's dinner reservations?

HITCH

I've eaten at Chasen's every Thursday for the past thirty two years. You certainly will not cancel.

Hitchcock returns to the table where he's been sipping his afternoon tea. He lifts the cup, takes one more final sip then tosses the china cup over his shoulder shattering it on the floor behind him. A very old habit when he's under pressure.

CUT TO:

INT. DANIEL'S ROOM - DAY

Benny stares at the dead phone. He's angry and determined.

BENNY

The son of a bitch hung up on me!
It's Thursday. We're going to Chasen's.

DOWNSTAIRS FOYER - DAY

As Daniel opens the front door to find Pam standing there with a stack of scripts and story boards in her hand.

PAM

I saw what happened. I managed to rescue your stuff before the security guards got back.

CAMERA PULLS BACK with them as Pam enters--obviously seeing the house for the first time.

PAM

You still live at home?

DANIEL

Only temporarily.

Benny takes one look at Pam and perks up. He still likes young girls. He enjoys flirting.

BENNY

Who's this? Your girl friend?

PAM

Absolutely not.

DANIEL

Why do you have to be so absolute about it?

Pam sees all the movie gear in the living room. She can't believe it.

PAM

Do normal people live like this?

BENNY

I don't know any normal people.

ANGLE WIDENS - to reveal Daniel's mother coming through the swinging doors from the kitchen carrying a tray of tea and sandwiches. She's all dressed up now.

SONYA

This'll just whet your appetite for dinner, Mr. Herrmann.

Benny's instincts tell him that this lady is after him. He turns out and puts his arm around Pam in self defense.

BENNY

You've met my fiance?

CLOSE-UP - SONYA - Her reaction. She almost drops the tray.

WIDER ANGLE - as Benny heads for the door, dragging Pam.

BENNY

Come on, darling.

DANIEL

We have to go to Chasen's.

SONYA

I can be ready in a minute.

DANIEL

Ma, we're after a murderer.

SONYA

I don't care.

(a beat)

How old a man is he, this murderer?

Are you sure he did it? He may be a nice man. There might be extenuating circumstances.

CAMERA MOVES CLOSER AND CLOSER on her as she is talking and then we hear the SLAM of the front door. They're gone. Sonya settles down in a chair in the foyer and begins devouring her own finger sandwiches.

CUT TO:

INT. DANIEL'S VW MOVING THROUGH BEVERLY HILLS STREETS -
EARLY EVENING

Daniel's driving, Benny's up front next to him. Pam in the back, crowded because of her long legs.

BENNY

Whatever you do, don't let Hitchcock find out you're trying to be an actress.

PAM

What has he got against actresses?

BENNY

Everything.

Pam opens her purse and begins wiping off some of that blush.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE OF THE BEVERLY HILLS STREETS - The VW passes.

EXT. CHASEN'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A bastion of Hollywood respectability. The VW pulls to the curb and Benny gets out cane in hand. The PARKING ATTENDANTS stare at him. His tie is askew, his vest unbuttoned, he doesn't look quite like the usual Chasen's patron.

BENNY

(to Pam)

Stay with the car, darling.

(to Daniel)

Follow me!

INT. CHASEN'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

As Benny enters, trailed by Daniel. The CAPTAIN steps up to receive them.

HITCH

We're joining Hitchcock. Don't lead me. I know his table.

Benny sweeps on past without any condescension to the Captain, with Daniel at his heels.

ANGLE ON HITCHCOCK'S TABLE - He's deep in discussion with BARRY KINNY, one of his attorneys. A very stiff and proper young expert in theatrical law--who is chewing on a huge portion of rare roast beef.

HITCH

I want you to meet this fellow tonight and negotiate for the return of my murders.

KINNY

The man should be locked up for burglary.

HITCH

No, no, no. We mustn't! Absolutely no police.

BENNY'S VOICE

Hello, Hitch.

HITCH'S POV - A pair of unpolished shoes, baggy pants and a nervously tapping cane. CAMERA TILTING UP slowly to reveal the hawklike visage of Bernard Herrmann.

As usual, Hitchcock maintains his cool.

HITCH

Well, Benny, it seems we got cut off in the middle of our conversation today. I didn't know where to call you back.

ANGLE ON BENNY - as he slides into the booth without further invitation. Daniel remains standing in the aisle in the path of irritated waiters carrying huge trays of food.

BENNY

Let's talk right now.

KINNY

(interrupts)

We happen to be in the midst of a complex legal problem.

HITCH

Now, Benny, I see no sense in airing past differences in front of the waiters and busboys.

BENNY

This is about now. And about murder!

The WAITER walks over to the table.

WAITER

Another glass?

BENNY

I'd never turn down a Clos-des Lambrays' 49.

Benny toasts, clinking glasses with Hitch.

HITCH

Stop that! We're never going to work together again, Benny. It isn't in the cards.

BENNY

I didn't come looking for a job.

HITCH

Yes, I'm sure you must have found great satisfaction doing those shoddy imitations of my pictures.

BENNY

I thought you were the one doing the shoddy imitations of your pictures.

KINNY

Gentlemen, please...

BENNY

(barreling in)

And since you're talking
imitations...

(to Daniel)

Come over here.

Daniel reaches into his pocket and comes up with the now crumpled news clippings. One involves the Hothouse Murder, the other, from tonight's late edition, covers the graduation killing. He passes them on to Benny.

HITCH

(to Daniel)

Where have I seen you before?

BENNY

Actual homicides--

HITCH

I assure you, I have all the murders
I need.

(taps his forehead)

Right up here.

BENNY

Somebody is pinching a few.

HITCH

I beg your pardon?

BENNY

Don't you follow the news?

HITCH

I never read anything but the London
Times. It's the only worthwhile
paper, y'know.

Hitch refuses to even look--brushing the clippings away toward Kinny, who picks one up.

BENNY

Your very personal fantasies are
acted out.

HITCH

(interrupts)

Oh, I can't be concerned with how
lunatics respond to my work. Some
teen-ager went to see "Psycho" and
(more)

HITCH (CONTD)

then went home and stuffed his mother into a mattress. Well, it turned out he'd committed two killings before that. I wonder what pictures he'd seen those nights.

(he rises)

Fortunately, I have a pressing appointment at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Excuse me.

Hitch waddles out of the restaurant. Benny starts collecting his clippings prior to going after him. Kinny refuses to give them up.

KINNY

(reading)

These are incredible.

BENNY

All of them are ideas Hitch told me years ago. He must've told somebody else.

KINNY

Oh, my God. Jean-Paul!

CUT TO:

EXT. CHASEN'S - NIGHT

Hitch's limo pulling away from the curb with the great director visible in the back seat. PAN to Pam watching from beside the VW with some confusion.

PAM

He's getting away.

CUT TO:

INT. CHASEN'S - NIGHT

Benny at table with Kinny filling Benny and Daniel in on what he knows. Daniel can't resist munching on the dinner rolls as he listens in.

KINNY

He's gone there now to confront Jean-Paul and get his files back.

DANIEL

Or get murdered himself.

KINNY

(shouts)

Waiter. Bring me a phone.

(to Benny)

Hitch is going to hate me for this
but I'm calling the police.

BENNY

Give them my full description and
tell them not to shoot me. I'm
going after him.

Benny runs out, dragging Daniel after him.

BACK TO TABLE

KINNY

Hurry with that phone!

Somebody slides into the booth beside him, without
invitation. It looks very much like Jean-Paul. But it
could be a clever disguise.

KINNY

Do I know you?

MURDERER

You must not violate the rules by
calling in the authorities.

KINNY

Who the hell are you?

MURDERER

Someone who must convince Mr.
Hitchcock to take the game
seriously.

Without further warning, the murderer strikes Kinny in the
chest very hard, over the heart--several powerful blows.
It knocks the wind out of the man, he falls forward with a
clatter. A water glass topples off the table, shattering.

VARIOUS POVS

The waiter approaching with the phone registers shock.
CAMERA PANNING to the other customers. Some of them rising
to their feet, aghast. It's Chasen's restaurant,
Hollywood's most honored watering hole, where nothing
startling ever happens.

ANGLE ON THE TABLE - As the murderer grips poor Kinny
around the waist, pulling him out of the booth. Grabbing
him from behind, he wraps his arms around him, making a

fist and exerting all of his pressure, he thrusts hard with both hands clasped together smashing them into Kinny's chest again and again. The Heimlock maneuver!

ANGLE ON KINNY'S LEGS - as they go completely limp.

ANGLE ON KINNY'S EYES - rolling up into his head.

WIDER ANGLE AS PEOPLE GATHER

MURDERER

(to waiter)

He's choking on a piece of your damned roast beef.

HEAD WAITER

Will everyone kindly return to their table.

MURDERER

Give us a hand. The poor bastard. I told him not to order that beef rare.

With that, the murderer gives the victim a few more hard thrusts. He's killing his victim in Chasen's in front of witnesses.

TRUCKING SHOT - MOVING ACROSS RESTAURANT

Two waiters have poor Kinny's feet and another has his arms as they carry him through Chasen's.

VOICE

Heart attack?

2ND VOICE

No. Choking on the prime rib.

HEAD WAITER

There's a private dining room up front--lay him down until the paramedics get here.

INT. PRIVATE DINING ROOM

Just adjacent to the front entrance. The murderer and the waiters carry the unconscious victim past the famed painting of W.D. Fields dressed as Queen Victoria, into the private dining room where he is lowered slowly to the floor.

LOW ANGLE - Murderer leaning over the body.

MURDER

I'll take care of him.

HEAD WATER

Everybody out now. Come on. He's being looked after. We've called the fire department.

They all exit, leaving the victim helpless with the killer. The murderer reaches out with his powerful hands, taking the victim by the neck, the poor bastard is still breathing. We notice that the pinky finger of the killer's left hand is amputated at the joint. CAMERA MOVES UP to the murderer's face. We hear a horrific crunch as the killer breaks the victim's neck.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

ANGLE ON HEAD WAITER - returning. He sees the door to the private dining room is open, the murderer is gone, the victim is quite dead. In a moment, the fire department's PARAMEDIC UNIT rushes in.

MEDIC

This guy's dead. You better get the police. It looks like a murder.

HEAD WAITER

It can't be. This is Chasen's!

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Daniel's VW with Benny and Pam as passengers. All the lights and traffic seem to be against them as they head for the hotel in pursuit of Hitch.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL, MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Hitchcock's limousine pulls up. The driver opens the back door and the Master of Suspense lurches out.

HITCH

Wait here and keep the engine running for a fast getaway.

Hitchcock heads toward the lobby.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - NIGHT

The pathway leading from the main building of the Beverly Hills Hotel and weaving around the several dozen private bungalows.

A room service WAITER passes carrying a tray on his shoulder with several mixed drinks. Hitchcock steps out of the way at the same moment reaches out deftly pilfering one of the drinks from the tray. The waiter departs down the pathway not realizing he is missing a scotch-on-the-rocks.

Hitchcock downs the drink in two quick gulps then tosses the unwanted glass into the bushes. He continues on his route, following the directions of the signs that point the way to Bungalow 10.

SUBJECTIVE POV SHOT - HITCHCOCK'S VIEW MOVING FORWARD AROUND THE PATHWAY TOWARD BUNGALOW 10.

These bungalows are so similar they are virtually interchangeable.

TRUCKING SHOT - Hitchcock moving toward that bungalow.

HIS POV - again CLOSE ON Bungalow 10. The windows are tightly shut, the blinds are drawn.

CLOSE-UP ON HITCH - as he stops short. He hears something from inside. A SUDDEN SHORT GASP IN A WOMAN'S VOICE!

ANGLE THROUGH BUSHES - CAMERA HAND-HELD moving out from behind a clump of carefully manicured foliage to reveal Hitchcock some 15 feet away, lurking outside Bungalow 10, listening hard.

But someone is watching Hitchcock. It is through the eyes of this watcher that we now see as the CAMERA CONTINUES TO MOVE from one hiding place to another drawing closer and closer to the unsuspecting Hitchcock. We HEAR the SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS crunching on the fallen leaves that line the concrete pathway, but Hitch doesn't hear it. He's too intent on hearing what's going on in the bungalow.

SLOW TRUCKING CLOSE-UP OF HITCH - trying to find an open slat to peep through or a bit of curtain pulled away that might give him visual access to the interior of Bungalow 10. Then from within, he hears a GROAN, or is it a MOAN. What's the difference? Hitch's mouth gapes open in shock.

HITCH

...a woman.

SHOCK CUT:

The crunch of bushes being crushed, branches snap and HANDS RUSH IN grabbing Hitchcock by the shoulders. BUT HITCH RETAINS HIS COOL. HITCH DOESN'T GET GOOSEBUMPS, HE GIVES THEM.

HITCH

Oh, it's you.

ANGLE WIDENS - to reveal Benny with Daniel and Pam. They've caught up with Hitch and just in time. Hitch looks curiously at the young couple, Daniel and Pam.

HITCH

(continuing)

I see you've brought reinforcements.

PAM

You can't go in that bungalow, Mr. Hitchcock.

HITCH

Why are all these strangers giving me advice?

BENNY

We're trying to save your life. This Jean-Paul could be a homicidal maniac.

HITCH

He's writing my biography. How could he be insane?

DANIEL

He's actually killing people.

HITCH

Oh, those same tired clippings??

BENNY

For once, listen.

HITCH

I am listening--so keep your voice down. He's got some female in there.

Hitch leads Benny, Daniel and Pam around the corner of the bungalow still in search of an open window.

HAND HELD ANGLE THROUGH ADJACENT TREES TO THE EYES OF SOMEONE ELSE hiding in the bushes, then ducking behind the wall of the bungalow just opposite.

BACK TO TIGHT SHOT - HITCH, BENNY, DANIEL AND PAM

Hitch is staring at Daniel suspiciously again.

HITCH

Where have we met before, young man?

DANIEL

We didn't actually meet. I asked you a question once and you didn't answer me.

HITCH

Oh my God. Film school. Spare me.

PAM

Look. That window's open part way.

HITCH

Ah, the bathroom.

They approach the partially open window and slowly push it all the way open to reveal a large tile bathroom.

THEIR POV - through the window into the bathroom. CAMERA ZOOMING IN ON the sink. A VERY LARGE STRAIGHT RAZOR stands glistening.

ANGLE ON HITCH AND THE OTHERS - peering in the window.

HITCH

The bathroom's always the best place for a murder. Easy to clean up afterwards. Remember, young man, if you're going to do a murder, always stage it in the bathroom.

PAM

Could we not talk about murder?

HITCH

What else is there?

They all freeze at the SUDDEN SCREAM of a female from the room beyond the bathroom.

PAM

What's he doing to her?

HITCH

Why ask me?

BENNY

Because it's probably something you thought up.

PAM

I'll go to the next bungalow and call the police.

HITCH

Must you?

Pam vaults over a hedge, cuts across the grass to the opposite bungalow, Bungalow 12. She raps on the door.

ANGLE ON BENNY AND HITCH - watching Pam's graceful dash for help.

HITCH

Admit it, Benny, she's your lady friend? And the young fellow is the "beard."

BENNY

(winks)

Naturally, the world's oldest composer with the world's youngest girls.

CAMERA PANS TO Daniel, listening at the window. ANOTHER SCREAM rings out!

DANIEL

I'll break the glass. That should bring him out. I distract him-- while you run in and rescue the female victim.

HITCH

This young man evidently fancies himself a director.

ANGLE ON BUNGALOW 12 - Pam still rapping on that door.

PAM

Oh, hurry, this is an emergency!

The door to Bungalow 12 opens slightly. There's a MAN silhouetted, backlit.

VOICE

Yes?

PAM

There's an attempted murder. I've got to phone for help. Please.

VOICE

Of course.

The door opens wider and Pam steps into the bungalow.

INT. BUNGALOW 12 - NIGHT

As the door is shut, Pam turns looking for the telephone. CAMERA PANS BACK to the door. The man is just putting on the latch and turning to face us. My God, it's Jean-Paul. The same man we just saw commit the murder at Chasen's. He's had enough time to get here. It was his POV we've been seeing with through the shrubbery. Pam has walked right into it.

EXT. BUNGALOW 10 - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP WINDOW OF BUNGALOW #10 - as Daniel breaks the glass. He waits. No reaction. He breaks another pane of glass.

DANIEL

What's keeping him? Hey, Jean-Paul!
Get your ass out here!

CAMERA WHIPS to Hitch and Benny still hiding in the bushes, their dialogue overlapped by Daniel's attempts to draw Jean-Paul outside.

HITCH

You're every bit as unattractive as I am. How the hell do you get such girls?

BENNY

Fame is the aphrodisiac. You're Hitchcock for christsake! You could have any woman.

HITCH

Oh, stop it. I never even went out with a girl until I was twenty-three and then I married her.

(a beat)

You know, I've always been jealous of you, Benny.

BENNY

Sure. I know. Why shouldn't you be?

CAMERA PANS BACK to Daniel breaking still a third pane of glass with no response from within. He continues to shout:

DANIEL

Okay, Jean-Paul, I know what you're probably doing in there. Do you hear me? The place is surrounded.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNGALOW 12 - NIGHT

THE TELEPHONE as it is raised to Pam's ear. She tries dialing the operator.

PAM

Something's wrong with this phone.

WIDER ANGLE - as Jean-Paul crosses toward her, taking the phone out of her hand.

MURDERER

The instrument may not be on the hook in the bedroom. Should we not go in there and see?

He moves ominously close to the girl, who backs off, noticing the accent.

PAM

Are you French...what's your name...?

MURDERER

I think you know quite well.

His eyes flash with menace.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUNGALOW 10 - NIGHT

Daniel has tried everything. Still no reaction from inside the bungalow.

HITCH

We don't seem to be doing particularly well at this game.

Suddenly the blind flies up and the window is shoved open. A MAN and A WOMAN are inside staring out angrily and they're both naked. She's holding a small towel over her breasts and they're both totally infuriated.

GUY

What the hell is going on? This is supposed to be the Beverly Hills Hotel

The couple appear dishevelled. They have been interrupted in the midst of lovemaking.

GIRL

Somebody's putting us on, honey.

HITCH

Where the hell is Jean-Paul?

GUY

Oh, that Frenchman. They moved him out of here this afternoon. We had the place reserved weeks ago.

The girl drops her towel, picks it up hastily.

GIRL

This is the honeymoon cottage!

HITCH

Then I assume no one's being butchered, yet.

GUY

I think your Frenchman is across the way in number twelve.

Daniel whirls and looks at the opposite bungalow that Pam disappeared into.

DANIEL

PAM!!!

CUT TO:

INT. BUNGALOW 12 - NIGHT

Pam backing away from the killer, knocking over lamps, throwing furniture in his path, but she's cornered.

PAM

Why do you want to kill people?

MURDERER

Why do audiences like looking at murders? It's fun!

He grabs Pam's arm. She wrestles herself free, knocking over the one remaining lamp. The room goes pitch black.

EXT. BUNGALOW 12 - NIGHT

As the lights go out. Daniel running up the steps, reaching the door first. Hitch and Benny not too far behind considering their size and age.

DANIEL

(yelling)

Pam! Pam! Answer me?!

The room service waiter is returning with an empty tray.

WAITER

What's the trouble?

BENNY

Murder! Have you got a passkey?
Quick!

INT. DARKENED BUNGALOW 12 - NIGHT

A chair is thrown through one of the windows, shattering it. The entire window goes flying out. Some kind of struggle is going on in the darkness.

EXT. BUNGALOW 12 - NIGHT

As Daniel runs backward, getting himself some momentum, and then he throws himself against the door.

ROOM SERVICE WAITER

Please don't damage hotel property!
I've got a key someplace.

Daniel isn't waiting. He hits the door a second time and this time it bursts open and he goes running inside followed by the waiter, and Hitch and Benny.

INT. BUNGALOW 12 - NIGHT

DANIEL

Where's the light switch?

ROOM SERVICE WAITER

Over here.

The room service waiter reaches behind the door and flips on the lights. Hitch and Benny step hesitantly inside.

WHIP PAN TO PAM - lying on the floor, quite still. Then she rolls over and looks up. She's okay.

PAM

I think he went out the window.

WHIP PAN TO THE WINDOW - which has been smashed completely out so the murderer might make his getaway into the night.

INT. BUNGALOW - WIDE ANGLE

Hitch, Benny and Daniel helping Pam to her feet. The room service waiter looking at all this incredulously.

HITCH

Since the man's gone, shall we begin combing the place with a fine tooth comb? At least I'd like to have my files back.

Daniel looks into the bedroom for a moment, peering around to see if perhaps the murderer is still on the premises.

DANIEL

Have a look in the next room. I think somebody bought the farm.

HITCH

Are you making reference to a corpse? Where?

DANIEL

Under the bed.

HITCH

Unimaginative hiding place. I'm disappointed.

DANIEL

Well, Jean-Paul didn't have much time to be creative with Pam knocking on the door.

PAM

He was about to make it a twosome.

Hitch walks to the bedroom door, looks in.

HITCH

Was the bed big enough for both of you to fit under?

PAM

Yes, it's king size.

ROOM SERVICE WAITER

We don't get many murders here at the Beverly Hills. I should alert the manager.

HITCH

And bring me a double brandy. Make certain it's at least ten years old.

PAM

And a Bailey's Irish Cream, please.

ROOM SERVICE WAITER

Anything else?

DANIEL

Nothing for me.

BENNY

Maybe some little watercress sandwiches. I think we'll be here for a while.

ROOM SERVICE WAITER

I'll rush it.

The Room Service Waiter leaves. Benny stares through the bedroom door at the hand sticking out from beneath the bed. Hitch waddles into the bedroom quite curious.

HITCH

You know I've never seen a "fresh" stiff before. At funerals they're always cosmetized beyond all recognition. But to think there's an honest to God corpse under that bed.

DANIEL

Well, we could drag it out for you, Mr. Hitchcock, but the police might not like it.

HITCH

Here I am enjoying my first cadaver and you have to pour ice water over the event.

Benny reaches over with the cane and pokes the hand.

BENNY

I wonder if it's anyone we know.

Daniel puts his arm around Pam, protectively, like a boyfriend.

PAM

I guess you saved my life busting in like that.

DANIEL

I did it to impress you.

PAM

In that case, thanks.

She gives him a very fleeting kiss on the cheek. He's visibly disappointed.

HITCH

(still circling the
corpse)

He seems rather unconvincing lying
under there. I mean to say, there's
not even a pool of blood or
anything.

All at once the hand under the bed begins to flutter.

HITCH

(continuing)

I'm speaking from inexperience, but
real corpses are not supposed to do
that.

DANIEL

If he's alive, I guess we're allowed
to help him out. Pam, give me a
hand.

With Pam's aid, Daniel pulls the body out from under the
bed.

HITCH

You're doing a very poor job of
playing dead whoever you are. I
hope you're not an actor.

DEEMS

(dazed)

As a matter of fact, I am an actor.

HITCH

Oh, my Lord, last thing I needed
tonight.

DEEMS

(getting up)

Jesus, it's Mr. Hitchcock. I've
been in one of your pictures, you
know that? A walk on.

HITCH

Whatever little you were hired to do you accomplished without making any lasting impression.

BENNY

Don't pay any attention to Hitch. He once said that actors are cattle and now he's trying to live up to that.

HITCH

Please. What I said was: actors should be treated like cattle.

CLOSE-UP - PAM - She rolls her eyes to heaven.

MED. SHOT - THE GROUP

PAM

I'll get a cold compress for you head, Mr...

DEEMS

Richard Deems. Doesn't anybody recognize me. I mean I've been in the business for over twenty years.

HITCH

That's why I always envied Walt Disney. If he didn't like an actor, all he had to do was tear him up.

DANIEL

What were you doing here in Jean-Paul's cottage?

DEEMS

He called me. Didn't even go through an agent. Left a message at the Screen Actors Guild. He said he knew my work in pictures. Said he wanted me over here tonight. Well, I guess I was more than a little bit flattered.

BENNY

I think you were being cast for a very important role but you might not have had many lines.

DANIEL

He was planning to knock you off.

HITCH

Killing actors. Now why didn't I think of that?

BENNY

That's exactly why he's doing it. Imitating Hitchcock. Doing in reality what you'd like to do in your fantasies. Knock off the cast when you're through with them.

HITCH

Laying the blame on me again, Benny. I'm sure you're going to say that when the officers walk in: "Hitch hates actors so he has this surrogate running around slaying them."

DANIEL

Look at this. He "type-cast" his victims.

CLOSE-UP - LARGE THICK VOLUME - that Daniel has picked up. It's the Academy Players Directory. He flips through pages, on every one of them pictures of actors. TILT UP to Daniel.

DANIEL

(continuing)

You could find all the potential corpses you want in these pages.

ANGLE ON BENNY - crossing to where Hitchcock is sitting.

BENNY

Now cheer up, Hitch, we found the killer. Isn't that a big step forward?

HITCH

Hardly, since my "murder collection" is still nowhere to be found. He must've flown the coop with it.

DEEMS

You mean there wasn't going to be any picture? You mean I wasn't up for the lead.

HITCH

Don't be absurd. Why don't you run on home?

PAM

He's not allowed to go home. He's got to wait for the police.

HITCH

Why the police? Call them off! No crime has been done.

DEEMS

Well, I've sure as hell been hit over the head.

HITCH

Surely you've been hit over the head before. Professionally, I mean.

DEEMS

I once did a fall down two flights of stairs in a "Lethal Weapon." If you ever make another picture, I hope you'll think of me, Mr. Hitchcock.

HITCH

What do you mean" if I ever make another picture? I'm always about to make another picture. Now exit left..

Deems straightens his tie, looks at himself in the mirror.

DANIEL

I'll remember you, Mr. Deems. You can always be in one of my pictures, too.

DEEMS

Who are you?

DANIEL

(handing him a card)

That's my home number. If my mother answers she'll take a message.

DEEMS

A job's a job. Good night.

PAM

G'night, Mr. Deems. Take two aspirin and sleep with your feet raised.

Deems walks to the door of the bungalow.

DEEMS

And Mr. Hitchcock...moo...moo...

His lame imitation of cattle.

Pam laughs as does Benny. Hitchcock is not amused. Deems shrugs and exits. A distant police siren is heard.

HITCH

I think we're on the wrong set.

Hitch hurries out of the bungalow with Benny, Pam and Daniel close behind. The NIGHT MAID is entering. WE FOLLOW her as she moves the bed and pulls down the spread. She SCREAMS.

PAN TO THE BED: tucked between the pillows is a latex rubber false face that looks like a shriveled up Jean-Paul. THEN CAMERA PANS TO A CLOSET DOOR. We HEAR kicking and pounding and a MUFFLED VOICE cursing in French. Someone's locked in there.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEL-AIR ROAD - NIGHT

A procession of Hitchcock's car followed by Daniel's VW, going up the winding road toward Mr. Hitchcock's house.

EXT. HITCHCOCK'S BELLARIO ROAD HOME - NIGHT

The limousine pulls in followed by the VW driven by Daniel.

Hitch dismisses his chauffeur for the night. The limousine departs.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT

As they all approach the front door--it abruptly opens and Hitch's HOUSEKEEPER is standing there breathlessly buttoning up her uniform. The housekeeper, a tall heavily built woman with reddish hair, obviously was aroused from her sleep.

Hitch's two pet terriers, GEOFFREY and STANLEY greet him.

HITCH

(to housekeeper)

We have company. Unexpectedly! Put out the cold leg of lamb and the La Moutonne, the good one.

INT. HITCHCOCK'S LIVING ROOM

as they all enter. Benny seems to be getting on famously with Hitch's two terriers, they're all over him.

BENNY

You see, Hitch, they remember me.

Daniel walks to the mantelpiece. There's an Oscar (the Academy Award statuette) standing there.

DANIEL

I didn't know you won the Oscar.

HITCH

Of course I didn't win one. It was a gift! The Academy figured that after fifty pictures it was embarrassing for me not to have one. Embarrassing for them. My God, even Benny's got one!

BENNY

Two.

HITCH

You must try the La Moutonne,. It's not too awful.

BENNY

My doctor doesn't allow it.

Hitch pulls up his shirt showing a surgical scar.

HITCH

Stop bemoaning your condition. Look at this. I've got a pacemaker in me but do you think I'm going to give up the good life?

BENNY

All right, we'll all have one glass of your La Moutonne.

Hitch looks regretfully at the young couple--wishing he didn't have to share.

PAM

Just a little drop.

HITCH

That's all you're going to get.

DANIEL

None for me. It makes me sleepy.

HITCH

That's a good boy.

Benny takes a swallow of the wine and erupts into coughing.

HITCH

I'd get myself outfitted with one of these, Benny. No one's a worse coward than I am. If I did it...

BENNY

(yells)

Hitch, it's my heart. Don't tell me how to eat whitefish.

HITCH

What may I ask has a pacemaker to do with eating whitefish?

BENNY

My friend Odets, the playwright, was married to the great actress Louise Rainer who was always correcting his manners. Well, they were in Kanter's Deli on Fairfax--

HITCH

I don't know the place.

DANIEL

Open twenty-four hours.

PAM

I waitressed there, graveyard shift.

BENNY

They had good whitefish in those days and Odets was enjoying his when Rainier started telling him he was eating it wrong. Finally, Clifford got up and threw down his fork and said to her: "Louise, you can tell me how to talk--you can tell me how to dress--but my ancestors have eaten whitefish for two thousand years--don't tell me how to eat whitefish." And he walked out and divorced her and never saw her again.

Benny pours a half glass of wine and holds it up defiantly for everyone to see before downing it, with relish.

The housekeeper enters with a tray of snacks.

HOUSEKEEPER

Will there be anything else, Mr. Hitchcock?

HITCH

Put on some tea, Miss Danvers, then you may retire.

HOUSEKEEPER

Thank you, Mr. Hitchcock. Good night.

(to the others)

Good night.

She no sooner is gone than a car is heard OUTSIDE.

EXT. HITCHCOCK'S BELLAGIO ROAD HOME - NIGHT

as a Beverly Hills taxi pulls up. Jean-Paul gets out carrying the stack of Hitch's files. He pays the driver and rings the doorbell at the very moment Hitchcock opens the door himself. Hitch is aghast! A murderer at his doorstep!

INT. HITCHCOCK'S HOME, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jean-Paul brushes past Hitch and enters. He seems angry.

JEAN-PAUL

I am returning your damned files. I only wish to write the book. It is no reasons to have me brutally beaten, tied--locked in the closet!

HITCH

Did I do all that?

INT. HITCHCOCK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ANGLE ON BENNY, PAM and DANIEL - They hear Jean-Paul and slip into the study and hide, before Hitch and the Frenchman enter. Pam grabs a poker from the fireplace for protection.

JEAN-PAUL

(entering)

You suspect perhaps that I have connected so many of these real murders to their inspiration! "You!"

HITCH

You were onto that and thought I might have gone berserk. That explains all those insulting questions.

JEAN-PAUL

No, not you, Hitch. Never you.

HITCH

Clearly you suspect someone--

JEAN-PAUL

How much do you really know of this eccentric, Bernard Herrmann? You fire him years ago so he hates Hollywood. He is driven mad. He comes back and begins to kill--in a perverse imitation of your techniques.

HITCH

Don't be absurd. Benny doesn't kill people, he tortures them with words.

Daniel, Benny and Pam emerge from the darkened den at that moment. Jean-Paul backs away upon seeing Pam. He's scared. Well, she's still carrying that heavy poker in her hand.

JEAN-PAUL

Who is this woman?

PAM

You better back up after what you tried to do to me in that bungalow!

JEAN-PAUL

I deny everything. It was the imposter that attacks you!

DANIEL

Put the poker down, Pam, you're scaring the guy.

PAM

Sure looked like you--only you were taller.

JEAN-PAUL

I am never taller. I am only released from the linen storage closet by the maid minutes ago. I come here.

DANIEL

And you didn't stash that actor under the bed either?

HITCH

Well, it seems we have a multitude of detectives and no villain.

DANIEL

Then who is it? Who else has access to all of your papers, to all your ideas?

They look up for a moment. The housekeeper is standing there.

HITCH

Oh, Danvers, I thought you had retired.

HOUSEKEEPER

I beg pardon. I am terribly sorry...but...

HITCH

Yes, whatever it is, later...

HOUSEKEEPER

No, now.

It is only then that we realize that the housekeeper, sweet and matronly as she is, is holding a revolver in her hand.

DANIEL

Tell me your maid always carries a gun, Mr. Hitchcock.

HOUSEKEEPER

Please don't make any sudden moves. There are five of you and I am quite certain I should panic and begin firing wildly and goodness knows who will be hit first or how many times.

HITCH

My dear Miss Danvers...

HOUSEKEEPER

Not exactly, Mr. Hitchcock.

With that she pulls off her wig.

JEAN-PAUL

(fascinated and perhaps
turned on)

The page out of your own book,
Hitch. The Murderer in Women's
Clothes.

BENNY

We're up against a bloody quick
change artist!

HITCH

This is the worst thing to happen in
my house since Paul Newman drank his
beer out of a can at my dinner
table.

PAM

(to the person with the
gun)

You make some good looking woman.
Great legs.

JEAN-PAUL

Oh, yes, and a most interesting
man...

Daniel sees his chance and makes a move to seize "Danver's"
gun. The killer fires one quick warning shot.

HITCH

My carpet! Now stop that shooting!

HOUSEKEEPER

Then proceed into the kitchen by way
of the butler's pantry. Lead the
way, Mr. Hitchcock.

HITCH

What are you going to make us do in
there? The dishes?

INT. THE HUGE KITCHEN

It's an "eat in" kitchen with every modern convenience, and
a door to a giant walk-in freezer.

DANIEL

Look at the size of that freezer. I
bet you could preserve a body in
there for months.

PAM

Stop giving him hints!

HOUSEKEEPER

I'll have to ask you all to step inside.

PAM

I knew it.

HITCH

Murder in cold blood--and cold storage.

BENNY

Don't worry--you'll get yours.

HOUSEKEEPER

Mr. Hitchcock had better pray I'm never caught. For if I am, I shall simply say it was all his idea. That I was just a weak minded individual carrying out his bizarre schemes--under his command. We shall both be imprisoned together for life.

HITCH

Don't even joke about such things.

INT. FREEZER.

There are huge sides of beef hung in here aging and just room enough for the five captives. There's a glass window in the door through which they can see out.

HITCH

(to the housekeeper)

By the way, you're fired.

BENNY

How do you expect us to get out of here, young man?

The murderer slams the door in reply.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

as the housekeeper latches the freezer. CAMERA DOLLIES IN CLOSE ON the Housekeeper's left hand as the latch is secured. The pinky finger is missing at the last joint.

HOUSEKEEPER

There are many more of your pet murders that haven't been used up. Yet!

INT. FREEZER

Hitchcock, Herrmann, Daniel and Pam, and Jean-Paul already beginning to feel cold and their breath is oxidizing when they speak.

PAM

Where are the thermostat controls?

HITCH

On the outside, of course.

Daniel is thumping his fist against the frozen side of beef.

DANIEL

How long can we last?

PAM

Well, at this temperature and our body temp at 98.6 with hypothermia occurring when the body reaches 92 degrees, I'd calculate one hour and ten minutes. Give or take a few minutes.

DANIEL

I'm sorry I asked. Who expected you to know?

PAM

I learned that when I was a lifeguard in Long Beach.

Daniel searches in his pocket and finds a deluxe Swiss army knife, withdrawing a long thin nail file.

DANIEL

I can slide the latch up and open it from the inside. Maybe.

BENNY

Well, let's see you earn your keep.

Daniel tries to wedge the blade through the crack in the door after cutting away the rubber liner that seals the door.

DANIEL

Damn, my hands are so cold.

PAM

Everybody! I still teach aerobics two nights a week. I'll show you an
(more)

PAM (CONTD)
exercise to keep the circulation
going. Jump up and down...

HITCH
I most certainly will not.

DANIEL
I've almost got it.

There's the sudden jangle of a telephone ringing--right in there with them. Everyone's amazes but Hitch.

HITCH
Would you mind moving that shoulder
of beef slightly to the left?

Jean-Paul uses all his strength to push the large side of beef which hangs from a hook out of the way to reveal a perfectly ordinary wall telephone which is installed within the freezer.

PAM
Whoever heard of a telephone in a
freezer?

HITCH
If you've ever been locked up as a
child, these things occur to you.
(answering telephone)
Hello, Freezer.
(a beat)
Yes? When? Well the nerve! I was
quite fond of him--and it'll take me
months to break in a new lawyer.
What? Choked on a bit of rare roast
beef! My idea again. He's not only
a killer. He's a plagiarist.
(back into phone)
By the way, would you kindly send
the Bel-Air patrol up here on the
double. I'm locked in the ice
chest.

He hangs up the telephone.

DANIEL
I'll have us out before they even
get here!
(his blade breaks off
in the door)
Shit!

BENNY
So there's been another murder?

HITCH

Knocking off strangers was irritating enough, but killing one's lawyer is totally objectionable. I shall nab this fiend personally! That should serve to clear my name.

BENNY

Now you're talking.

PAM

Your maid must've known this phone was in here. She didn't mean to kill us. She wanted a head start.

DANIEL

How long has she been with you?

HITCH

Only a few weeks. While my regular woman's on extended holiday in Scotland. Some agency sent her or so I thought. She was a very fine cook.

PAM

"He." I think.

HITCH

Well, men are the best chefs. I should have known.

CUT TO:

EXT. HITCHCOCK'S BELLAGIO ROAD HOUSE - DAWN

as a Bel-Air Patrol car pulls up. A not too spry OFFICER fiddles around for some keys and finally gains access.

INT. HITCHCOCK'S HOUSE - DAWN

The Bel-Air Patrolman comes in only to be attacked by Hitchcock's terriers. One rips his trousers.

PRIVATE COP

Hey, get back. Get back you! Bel-Air Patrol. It's okay. I'm supposed to be here. Get off!

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The private cop, besieged by biting dogs, is releasing our friends from their imprisonment in the freezer.

DANIEL

I would've had us out in a few more minutes.

PRIVATE COP

What were you doing inside the deep freeze?

HITCH

Past seventy, one will do anything to slow down the aging process.

Hitch strolls to the table where the tea service has been left. He warms himself with a sip of the tea, then tosses the cup over his shoulder. It shatters on the floor, startling everyone.

HITCH

Nasty old habit. It's good for the nerves. Relieves tension.

DANIEL

Where is the maid's room?

Hitch leads Benny, Pam and Daniel to the servants' section of the house.

INT. MAID'S ROOM, HITCHCOCK'S HOUSE - DAWN

The drawers have been emptied.

HITCH

It's so very difficult to find good help nowadays. They lock you in the freezer and take off without giving you any notice whatsoever.

PAM

She didn't leave much behind. He I mean.

Daniel is going through the wastebasket, picking out scraps.

DANIEL

Some doodles on this paper.

Daniel's referring to an upper corner of a copy of the Daily Variety--

HITCH

A trade paper! I don't allow them in my house.

DANIEL

Your lady scribbled something here.

PAM

Well, it's not a phone number.

HITCH

Let me see that. Of course. It's a number and departure time of the Amtrak to Chicago. That's been my hobby since boyhood, you see. Memorizing train schedules.

PAM

(to Daniel)

Whoever head of anybody memorizing train schedules for fun? He's as weird as you are.

DANIEL

But memorizing batting averages is normal!

HITCH

The maid deliberately left this for me to find.

DANIEL

Right! It's bait--he wants you to come after him--

HITCH

Then his wish will be granted.

CAMERA PANS to the doorway where Jean-Paul is sipping tea.

JEAN-PAUL

It is only natural he should attempt to kill someone on a train. A massive phallic symbol plunging ahead totally immoral, the representation of...

HITCH

Pardon me, Jean-Paul, but do shut up.

DANIEL

We can't waste time waiting for your limo to come back. I'll drive you to the depot.

PAM

Why don't we just call the police?

Hitch scowls at the thought--then takes the teacup out of Jean-Paul's hand and calmly smashes that one too.

PAM

Sorry. No police.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES FREEWAY - DAWN

Daniel's VW, weaving in and out of traffic.

INT. THE CAR - DAWN

Daniel at the wheel, Hitch in back with Jean-Paul, Benny up front with Pam balanced on his lap and he's delighted to have her there because he knows how much it bothers Hitch.

PAM

Step on it. You can make that light.

DANIEL

I know. You used to drive a cab. Well, I'm driving, so lay off!

HITCH

Yes, we certainly don't want the highway patrol in on this.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNION STATION - DAWN

A 6:00 a.m. departure is now in the station and is currently in the process of boarding. Los Angeles to Chicago.

VARIOUS SHOTS - The PASSENGERS boarding. Among them a SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA complete with all instruments, etc.

EXT. UNION STATION - DAWN

Daniel pulls up in the car, parks in a tow-away zone. Daniel, Pam, Benny, Hitch and Jean-Paul head toward the train.

HITCH

(to Jean-Paul)

You're supposed to be on an expense account, so obtain five first-class tickets to Chicago and meet us in the club car.

Jean-Paul departs for the ticket window.

ANGLE ON TRAIN PLATFORM

Passengers boarding all cars.

DANIEL

We wouldn't recognize the killer if we saw him, not with another disguise.

BENNY

But he'd sure as hell recognize us.

HITCH

Then shall we slip on board, inconspicuously.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON TRAIN PLATFORM - DAWN

A FIGURE mixed in with the ORCHESTRA MEMBERS---a figure carrying a large black case containing a cello. Behind the huge case and hidden by it, the portly figure of Alfred Hitchcock boards the train as incognito as possible.

ANGLE ON THE LOCOMOTIVE OF THE TRAIN - as it comes to life.

VARIOUS SHOTS - as the train begins to pull out of the station.

INT. CROWDED CLUB CAR - DAWN

Hitchcock finding his way to the last available table. Pam, Daniel and Benny join him.

PAM

Jean-Paul had better show up with those tickets.

The CLUB CAR WAITER crosses over.

HITCH

The wine list, please.

WAITER

Red or white? That's all we got.

HITCH

(sighs)

Red or white. Ah, trains are not what they were. Bring some fizzy water with a twist of fresh lime-- to prevent scurvy.

The train is moving rapidly now.

BENNY

So where the hell is he?

HITCH

I distinctly told him the club car.

BENNY

Let's go find him.

(to Pam)

The two of us.

He offers Pam his arm and the two of them hurry off to search the train, leaving Daniel and Hitch together.

HITCH

I think Benny's trying to make off with your girl.

DANIEL

I wish she was my girl.

HITCH

You're supposed to be a director. Simply stage everything to your own advantage.

DANIEL

I think I'm better at murders than love scenes.

HITCH

Don't ever come at her. Let her come to you. Never mention her good looks--she's had too much attention as it is. You've got to make her think it's all her idea. Look at her with an amused twinkle in your eye.

DANIEL

Amused?

HITCH

As if you're about to burst out laughing at her. As if she's got a large dollop of whipped cream on her nose that she doesn't realize is there.

DANIEL

Like this?

HITCH

Less teeth. More curled lip.

DANIEL

Will that work?

HITCH

It does in films. How should I know? I've only had one date.

DANIEL

What can I lose?

HITCH

Remember a train is always a good locale for initiating romance.

(rising)

Now I shall find Jean-Paul and my ticket. Good luck.

They set off in separate directions.

INT. CORRIDOR - MOVING TRAIN - DAY

Hitchcock lumbering down the narrow passageway. The train lurches and Hitch is thrown against the door to one of the compartments, it springs open and he stumbles inside.

INT. COMPARTMENT - DAY

As Hitch turns to apologize to the occupant.

WHAT HE SEES - A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN faces him, dressed in a smartly tailored suit, fitting tight enough to amply display her breathtaking figure. And she's a blond. The perfect Hitchcock blond. Cool and sophisticated, yet with fire burning inside. A replica of the icy blond Hitch saw at the police station in London as a small child.

HITCH

I beg your pardon. I seemed to have lost my balance.

MELINDA

Yes, trains can be dangerous. It's much safer to fly. You're not afraid to fly, are you, Mr. Hitchcock?

HITCH

Oh, you know who I am.

MELINDA

I saw you in the terminal. I was hoping we'd bump into one another.

(a pause)

You seem to have misplaced your cello.

HITCH

Oh, that wasn't mine. Perhaps you saw the young Frenchman who was with us? We seem to have misplaced him as well.

MELINDA

Yes, a young Frenchman would be just the thing for this long trip. Or an old Cockney. Are you prepared to go all the way?

HITCH

Well, one doesn't exactly know where the journey may lead.

MELINDA

The very best kind of trip. I just opened a bottle la La Chambertin.

Hitch looks at the bottle, impressed with the vintage.

HITCH

The 1947! You didn't order that from the club car.

MELINDA

Oh no, naturally I brought it along.

HITCH

Certainly not to drink all by yourself?

MELINDA

The finer things should be shared.

She crosses and closes the door to the compartment and flips the lock.

MELINDA

We wouldn't want it to spring open again.

She crosses toward Hitch who can't believe this is happening to him. Apparently the woman finds him attractive,

MELINDA

I can't tell you the hours of pleasure that you've given me.

HITCH

(winking slyly at his favorite fantasy figure)

Or all the years of pleasure you've given me.

MELINDA

How seldom it is that we reward artists for the joys that they...
(a beat)
You're not afraid of me.

HITCH

I'm afraid of most people.

MELINDA

Yes, it is terrifying, a chance encounter, an interval when time stops, when secret things can happen.

HITCH

I just finished instructing a young man on the technique of romance, but I seem to have forgotten what I told him.

She's touching him now, her hands brushing against his chest.

HITCH

Be careful...

MELINDA

Why?

HITCH

I believe we should be going through a tunnel about now.

At that moment as predicted, the train is plunged into darkness as it barrels into a tunnel.

After a moment of darkness, the train comes out of the tunnel, the lights flash back on. Hitch and Melinda are very close together facing one another. Something has happened in the darkness. We know not what.

MELINDA

I hope you weren't disappointed.

HITCH

Well, Benny said that fame was the great aphrodisiac.

MELINDA

We must do this again, soon.

HITCH

There should be quite a few more tunnels up ahead.

MELINDA

I'll leave the door off the latch for you. Do stumble back in.

Melinda crosses and unlocks the door as if only she had the power.

MELINDA

I hope you find your Frenchman.

HITCH

Oh, they always turn up.

Hitch exits the compartment into the corridor, looks back into the sleeper one last time.

HITCH

(pause)

That was memorable. The Chambertin, 1947 I mean.

MELINDA

Age makes the difference.

He closes the door silently. Hitch is about to walk away then stops and tries the door as an afterthought--contrary to her promise it's locked. Hitch knocks softly. Then tries the door. It swings open. (Note: THERE HAS BEEN NO CUT.)

Melinda has vanished. Hitch realizes it has all been in his imagination, but the BODY on the floor is not imaginary.

Jean-Paul is now sprawled out, quite dead. The window of the compartment is down and Jean-Paul's head seems to have been shattered. It's a mass of blood. Hitch crosses to the body.

HITCH

This one won't get up and walk away.

A FIGURE steps up behind Hitchcock, shocking him--and us. A tall, burly, mustached person with a gruff no-nonsense voice.

FELLOWS

Is he dead?

HITCH

I haven't touched him. Why don't you?

FELLOWS crosses in and leans over and examines the body. Then flashes some identification quickly.

FELLOWS

The name is Fellows. I'm in charge of security on this train. You've got some explaining to do.

HITCH

The color of the blood.

FELLOWS

What about it?

HITCH

We never can get it right. That's why I prefer black and white where blood is concerned.

FELLOWS

You know this man?

HITCH

He had our tickets.

FELLOWS

You don't seem too broken up over this.

HITCH

I've staged this sort of thing so many times--but I've never gone in for gore. I've left the decapitations to the younger directors.

FELLOWS

What in hell are you talking about?

HITCH

I don't suppose you know who I am.

FELLOWS

So tell me.

HITCH

I happen to be Alfred Hitchcock.

FELLOWS

Sure, pop, that makes me J. Edgar Hoover.

HITCH

But I am Hitchcock.

FELLOWS

Everybody knows that's a fictitious character! There's no such person.

HITCH

Well, here I am. That's the proof of it.

A SMALL CROWD has gathered in the corridor. Someone SCREAMS.

HITCH

Please don't do that.

FELLOWS

Everybody stand back. Go on, go back to your compartments folks. We've got the man that did it!

INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR

as the small group disperses.

FELLOWS

Okay, grandpa, let's see some I.D.

HITCH

I'm afraid I left home hurriedly. You see we were in the deep freeze--

FELLOWS

Where's your driver's license?

HITCH

I never drive. Don't know how!

FELLOWS

First he's Alfred Hitchcock, then he doesn't drive. Things are looking worse for you every minute, mister. And cut that phony accent!

HITCH

Can you think of a better accent?

FELLOWS

I'm going to slap the cuffs on you.

HITCH

Cuffs? Oh no--no cuffs!

At that moment, Benny and Pam appear in the corridor.

HITCH

(continuing)

Jean-Paul's been located!

CLOSE SHOT - BENNY AND PAM - Their reactions as they draw closer.

MED. SHOT - TRAIN CORRIDOR - DAY

FELLOWS

All of a sudden you know his name?

HITCH

You see we all thought he was a homicidal maniac. And then of course the body under the bed turned out to be an actor.

FELLOWS

Cut the double talk!

HITCH

(to Benny and Pam)

This man wants to arrest me. Will you tell him who I am?

BENNY

(enjoying this)

I don't know. Who are you?

HITCH

Benny, you sadist. This is no time to play jokes.

BENNY

(to Fellows)

Who does he say he is?

FELLOWS

Hitchcock.

BENNY

There isn't any such person, is there?

FELLOWS

That's what I thought. It's like a trademark, right?

HITCH

I used to have a television series. It's not on anymore.

FELLOWS

Then how am I supposed to recognize you if you're not on anymore?

HITCH

Benny, make him stop this. I'm an innocent bystander.

BENNY

Bystander, maybe. Innocent, never! Now where's...

BENNY'S POV

Jean-Paul's body, barely recognizable.

CLOSE-UP - BENNY - Seeing the body for the first time.

INT. THE TRAIN CORRIDOR

Benny turns.

BENNY

Okay, it's not so funny.

(to Fellows)

It's fine. He's Hitchcock.

FELLOWS

Sure he is. Let's see your wrist.

Without further delay, Fellows clamps one ring of the handcuffs on Herrmann and slips the other on Hitchcock, handcuffing the two together. WE ZOOM IN CLOSE ON DETECTIVE FELLOWS' LEFT HAND, THE PINKY FINGER HAS BEEN AMPUTATED.

FELLOWS

(looks over at Pam)

What do you have to do with them?

PAM
(innocently)

Nothing whatsoever. I just met this old guy in the club car. I was helping him up the aisle. My good deed for the day. So now if you'll excuse me, my boyfriend is getting horny.

She strolls up the corridor, careful not to get arrested.

ANGLE ON PAM - moving into the next car. Stopping between cars, the wind blowing in her hair, she looks back.

HER POV - Benny and Hitch handcuffed together.

ANGLE ON DETECTIVE AND HIS PRISONERS - DAY

FELLOWS
Let's take a walk. This way.

TRUCKING SHOT - Hitch, Benny handcuffed together moving along.

CUT TO:

INT. BETWEEN TRAIN CARS - DAY

As Pam locates Daniel who has been looking for her. The scenery hurtles along behind them as Pam struggles to be heard over the rattle of the train. She's trying to tell him of Jean-Paul's death and he's trying to be romantic as per Hitch's coaching.

PAM
Where have you been? Why are you looking at me like that?

DANIEL
Exactly how am I looking at you?

PAM
Look--it isn't funny. Jean-Paul is dead.

DANIEL
What?

She comes closer, until she's right up against him and shouts in his ear.

PAM
They arrested Benny and Hitch.

DANIEL

You don't have to yell.

The bounce of the train jostles them up against one another.

DANIEL

What are you doing?

PAM

Me? I'm not doing anything. Jean-Paul's dead and you think I'd be in the mood to fool around?

DANIEL

Things happen when the adrenalin starts to flow. Things happen fast. Go ahead, kiss me if you feel like it.

PAM

I don't know why I feel like doing this.

She licks her lips then she kisses him--a long soulful open mouthed kiss--that he enjoys. Yet he controls himself.

DANIEL

Now isn't that better?

PAM

Yes, for some reason it is. But the killer is still on this train you know.

DANIEL

It's not going to stop for another four hours so he's not going anywhere. And you said our friends are being looked after by the police.

(a beat)

So...what's on your mind?

They're jammed tightly together in each other's arms. He's careful to let her initiate the second kiss. Their hands are all over each other.

PAM

It's--just that they looked so helpless handcuffed together like that.

Suddenly Daniel breaks the mood. The "cool" is replaced by the frantic.

DANIEL

Shit! A train...two people handcuffed...straight out of a Hitchcock picture. Come on!

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON HANDCUFFS - CAMERA MOVING up to the faces of Herrmann and Hitchcock handcuffed together. The detective behind them, headed back for the baggage car.

CUT TO:

IT. BAGGAGE CAR - DAY

The door slides open and Benny and Hitch enter. The baggage car is piled high with trunks, crates, and over one hundred instruments belonging to the symphony.

Hitch looks down at the handcuffs that bind him to Benny.

HITCH

This does seem rather familiar...

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Daniel and Pam catch up with a PORTER in the corridor.

PAM

Does the railroad have a detective on this train?

PORTER

Not that I know about. We're the security around here.

DANIEL

Then for God's sake, stop the train!

CUT TO:

INT. BAGGAGE CAR OF THE TRAIN - DAY

Detective Fellows unlocks the long sliding cargo door, pushing it back, revealing the onrushing landscape. The train is going at top speed now.

HITCH

I'd prefer you left that closed.

FELLOWS

Not enjoying the ride? Maybe it's
time you two got off.

THEIR POV - The blurred landscape. A steep incline leading
down a cliffside into oblivion.

EXT. FRENZIED TRAIN - WHIPPING BY

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP HITCHCOCK - His reaction.

CLOSE-UP HERRMANN - His reaction. They're facing certain
death out there.

TIGHT SHOT - THEIR HANDS - handcuffed together.

MED. SHOT - BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT - DAY

FELLOWS

People leap off trains in your
movies all the time and never get
hurt.

Fellows withdraws a mean looking knife. Using one hand,
Fellows slices the heavy rope that binds the crates--some
of them extremely heavy. The gigantic boxes, trunks and
musical instruments begin to slide around in the back of
the train.

Hitchcock and Herrmann are caught between the shifting
baggage and the wide open door leading to death. Several
packing cases slide past them as the train rounds an
incline--and straight out the door.

THEIR POV - The packing cases crashing down outside,
tumbling down the precipice along the tracks.

ANGLE ON BENNY AND HITCH - as Hitch pulls Benny out of the
way. A huge harp comes sliding across the baggage car just
missing Benny. The harp plunges through the open door of
the train crashing outside. We can hear the string-
breaking clatter.

ANOTHER ANGLE - Here comes a grand piano. Everything which
had been secured down now is loose. Instruments come
crisscrossing in all directions as the two handcuffed
victims dodge one way and then the other to get out of the
way of the stampede of suddenly animated objects.

EXT. THE TRAIN - DAY

A huge grand piano plunging out of the baggage compartment,
sussending in the air for almost a second as if it might

take flight. Then the Steinway plunges down the incline, smashing into a thousand pieces.

INT. REAR OF THE TRAIN BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT - DAY

Fellows cutting still more of the security ropes--still more baggage is loose, antiques, wardrobes, giant mirrors, everything skidding this way and that. A madhouse of objects.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN - DAY

CLOSE-UP - BODY OF JEAN-PAUL. CAMERA PULLS back to reveal the TRAIN CONDUCTOR, Daniel and Pam.

DANIEL

Can't you stop this train?

CONDUCTOR

Got to talk to my supervisor.

DANIEL

I don't have to talk to anybody.

Daniel reaches for the emergency cord. The conductor tries to stop him. Pam springs into action pinning the conductor's arm behind his back in a hammerlock.

PAM

I've got him. Pull the cord.

CLOSE-UP - DANIEL'S HAND - yanking the emergency cord.

VARIOUS SHOTS - The train ENGINEER pulling back on the throttle, the train grinds to a halt.

CUT TO:

INT. BAGGAGE CAR - DAY

The jolt of the train stopping causes more objects to fly out the open doorway. Benny and Hitch avoid being swept along with the objects. They suddenly realize the train has stopped.

There's a pounding on the door to the baggage compartment.

CONDUCTOR'S VOICE

Open up in there. Unlock this.

DANIEL'S VOICE

Benny, are you okay?

Benny takes the opportunity as Fellows' attention is turned away to smack him over the head with his cane. Fellows is stunned for a moment during which Hitch and Benny slide off the train, slipping over and dropping a few feet to the ground below. They are gone before Fellows recovers.

EXT. BAGGAGE CAR - DAY

A handcuffed Hitch and Benny scooting for safety. Benny drops his cane, goes back for it--then Hitch pulls him along--by the cuffs. The murderer can be heard behind them giving chase.

INT. BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT

of the stopped train, as Daniel and the conductor break down the door only to find that the baggage compartment is empty. Fellows is also gone.

CONDUCTOR

What happened to that Steinway?

CUT TO:

EXT. UP THE TRACKS - DAY

ANGLE ON - shattered remains of the Steinway.

PAN TO REVEAL Hitch and Benny hiding in bushes beside the tracks--until the killer passes and vanishes to the far side of the train. Benny and Hitch come out quickly. They step over some of the smashed musical instruments--a huge kettle drum, an upturned xylophone. Benny trips over it and it jingles loudly.

BENNY

He's coming back. How are you at cross-country hiking?

HITCH

Selznick once said I wasn't a man to go camping with.

EXT. THE TRAIN, STOPPED - DAY

As Daniel and Pam also slip off the train and try and get their bearings.

DANIEL

I think we passed a town back there a few miles.

PAM

It's more this direction.

DANIEL

I guess you were an Eagle Scout too?

PAM

That's right.

They hike in the direction Pam selected. CAMERA MOVING with them.

PAM

By the way, did all that kissing back there mean anything?

DANIEL

What's your opinion? You were doing it.

PAM

And you weren't?

Daniel just gives her that sly smile that Hitch taught him and trudges on.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEEP IN THE WOODS - DAY

Two handcuffed men battling their way through the bushes.

BENNY

I think we lost him...

HITCH

Or he lost us.

Benny pauses to urinate behind a clump of bushes, while Hitch stares politely in the opposite direction. Totally mortified, he tries to make small talk.

HITCH

Well, I suppose I probably shouldn't have fired you off that last picture, Benny.

BENNY

Then why the hell did you?

HITCH

You couldn't give me any hit tunes. The studio wanted hit tunes!

BENNY

Come on. That was only a lame excuse.

HITCH

(after a pause)

All right then. Damn you! I felt I was slipping. I didn't want anybody around from the old days to remind me. Are you satisfied?

BENNY

(he zips up his fly)

I'm relieved. Your turn.

HITCH

(uptight)

No thank you.

BENNY

Sooner or later even Hitchcock has to...show he's human.

HITCH

I wouldn't bet on it.

Hitch will not allow himself the indignity. They proceed on through the woods.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SMITHVILLE DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

A town like a hundred other American small towns, much like the town in Hitch's movie "Shadow of a Doubt." Still handcuffed, they try to thumb a ride but are ignored by passing motorists.

HITCH

They must be scared of us.

Benny has stopped walking and is pointing at something.

HITCH

(continuing)

Stop gesticulating. Are you having some sort of attack?

BENNY

The billboard.

THEIR POV - A billboard sniped against a brick wall. This is an ad for the local Smithville Movie Palace. It reads: "ALFRED HITCHCOCK FILM FESTIVAL."

TWO SHOT - BENNY AND HITCH

HITCH

So what? My pictures are revived everywhere.

BENNY

He picked this town! He was coming here to start with! I know it!

HITCH

Well, I know that I need a hotel suite with a feather bed. The last thing I need is a hard seat in a movie house.

(a beat)

What the hell's playing anyhow??

DIRECT CUT:

EXT. SMITHVILLE PALACE THEATER - DAY

The marquee says: "ALFRED HITCHCOCK FILM FESTIVAL--MATINEE TODAY ONLY--DIAL M FOR MURDER IN 3D."

The handcuffed Mr. Hitchcock and Mr. Herrmann huddle close together as they cross the front of the theater.

USHER

Next show starts in twenty-five minutes.

BENNY

We want to go in now.

HITCH

Yes, we know how it comes out.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER LOBBY - DAY

USHER

Don't you want glasses?

INSERT SHOT - BOX FULL OF 3D GLASSES. The paper glasses with plastic lenses which enable the audience to see the motion picture in 3D.

ANGLE WIDENS

HITCH

Thank you, but I'm going to be looking at the audience. Benny,

(more)

HITCH (CONTD)

we'll go straight down the center aisle. You focus on the right.

ANOTHER ANGLE - They cross to the doorway to the center aisle, doing their best to hide the cuffs.

BENNY

Sonny, loan me your flashlight ...to locate our friend.

(nods to Hitch)

Ready or not, here we come.

INT. DARKENED THEATER - DAY

About 100 patrons scattered around a 300 seat theater. Everybody wearing identical 3D glasses. Everybody looking very much like one another with those glasses on.

WIDE TRUCKING SHOT - Hitch and Benny coming down the center aisle, one looking to the right the other to the left.

BENNY'S POV - past the profiles of the audience as they stare straight ahead.

AUDIENCE MEMBERS shout out.

VOICES

Hey, you guys, sit down.

TRUCKING SHOT - Hitch and Benny as they reach the front row and start back up the center aisle again.

HITCH'S POV - scanning the faces of the audience.

LOW ANGLE SHOT - On the floor of one of the aisles as a plastic container full of Coca Cola falls to the floor splattering, the Coke running down the aisle. A moment later a package of popcorn spills into the same aisle. CAMERA MOVING UP to the face of the AUDIENCE MEMBER who had dropped the Coke and popcorn. The young woman's head hangs limply on her shoulder, the glasses slightly askew, a trickle of blood running down her chin. She's dead.

No one else in the audience notices the dead woman. Everybody is involved in the make believe world of murder and mayhem up on the screen.

ANGLE ON BENNY AND HITCH - crossing the theater through a vacant row of seats and accidentally casting silhouettes across the bottom of the screen, invoking hoots from the fans.

BENNY AND HITCH'S POV - Moving up the far left aisle, all those immobile faces hidden behind the masks with 3D glasses. And then in the midst of them a YOUNG MAN sits staring wide-eyed with no glasses on. The glasses have fallen off. He sits rigidly upright, his glance transfixed.

CLOSE-UP - BENNY - puzzled. Benny looks back at the screen.

BENNY'S POV - The movie screen without the glasses. The figures on the screen are virtually undistinguishable.

CLOSE UP BENNY - looking back, calling Hitch's attention to the man.

HITCH'S POV - the young man in the center seat staring at that screen, no facial movement, no glasses on.

TIGHT TWO SHOT - BENNY, HITCH - They realize the young man is dead and begin their struggle to move through the aisle to reach that seat. Benny prods patrons with his cane if they don't move their legs out of the way.

BENNY

Coming through.

CUSTOMER

There's no seats in here.

BENNY

Move your leg. Make it snappy.

WOMAN

Where do you think you're going?

HITCH

Madam, just watch the picture. It's marvelous.

They force their way through the aisle reaching the dead customer, touching him. The young man falls forward, toppling out of the seat onto the floor. Benny looks directly behind the seat where the victim was stabbed. There is an empty seat. Benny leans over.

BENNY

Who was sitting back there?

TEEN-AGER

How should I know? Who cares? Hey-how come you guys are handcuffed?

HITCH

That way we don't get lost.

MORE VOICES

Hey, find a seat! Are you coming in or going out? etc.

They cross, reaching the center aisle again.

HITCH

There's a young woman four rows from the rear who finds the picture intensely boring or else she's dead. Or both.

BENNY

Then he's all over in the theater-- killing people--

HITCH

All of us in Hollywood wondered whatever became of the American movie audience. Now we know: they've been murdered!

USHER

Will you sit down!

BENNY

Go call the police. Then keep all the doors locked.

USHER

That's against fire regulations.

HITCH

When we signal you with our torch, have the house lights turned up, full.

USHER

You mean, stop the show?

HITCH

It is my show. I'm Hitchcock.

USHER

No shit.

HITCH

Exactly. No shit!

BENNY

Now run and call the cops.

The astonished usher dashes up the aisle. Hitch looks up at the screen then back at Benny.

HITCH

Whatever possessed me to work in 3D?? At least I didn't throw objects into the audience. I was afraid they'd throw things back.

INT. PRODUCTION ROOM

The usher runs in. A bored PROJECTIONIST sits reading the sport page.

USHER

Get set to stop the picture!
Hitchcock says so! No shit.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE-UP - A PAIR OF THE 3D GLASSES

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal the killer--who wears them. We see him draw a large, sharp knife from under his coat. He turns to the figure seated next to him in the theater.

KILLER

Enjoy being frightened?

ELDERLY MAN

Shhhh. I'm gonna miss the dialogue.

KILLER

(whispers)

Yes, every bit of it.

Then the killer thrusts him with the knife. One slash.

WIDER SHOT - THE AISLE - the killer excusing himself, looking for another empty seat.

ANGLE ON HITCH AND BENNY

HITCH

Someone's coming down to about the sixth row.

BENNY

That must be our man. Let's nail him.

Hitch and Benny reach the shadowy figure and attack from behind, using their handcuffed wrists and the short length of chain between them to choke the villain and drag him to the floor. Then they realize the victim of their assault is Daniel.

BENNY

How did you get here?

DANIEL

I can't answer if you keep choking me.

HITCH

For God's sake help me up. I think I'm stuck to the floor.

DANIEL

We followed you off the train--and when we heard what was playing--

BENNY

Where's the girl?

DANIEL

Covering the lobby. That sonofabitch won't get out this time.

ANGLE ON THE ACTUAL KILLER--on the opposite aisle--
searching for an empty seat.

KILLER

Is that taken?

VOICE

No.

ANOTHER VOICE

I'll get my coat off of it.

KILLER

Thank you.

The murderer takes the seat beside a TEEN-AGE GIRL.

KILLER

Did I miss very much?

Once again he reaches inside his coat for the knife. He's working more quickly now. Then a voice rings out--

HITCH

I'm afraid you're in my seat.

KILLER

What?

BENNY

That's right. He was sitting there.

Daniel is working his way along the the row of seats from the opposite side. The killer is caught between them.

DANIEL

(yells)

I went back for popcorn and this guy grabs my seat!

The killer is trapped. He stares through 3D glasses.

KILLER'S POV - Daniel then whipping to Hitch and Benny as seen through the distorted colors of the 3D glasses.

HITCH

Would you mind rising?

ANGLE ON THE KILLER - slowly, ominously getting to his feet as Daniel is about to reach him.

ANGLE ON BENNY - as he blinks the flashlight toward the rear of the theater.

ANGLE ON PROJECTION BOOTH WINDOW - The usher peering through.

WIDE SHOT - THE THEATER - as the picture stops and the house lights start to come up. The crowd begins to boo.

ANGLE ON REAR DOOR OF THE THEATER - as it opens and FOUR COPS come rushing in--led by Pam.

ANGLE ON THE KILLER - realizing he's trapped. The police on all sides coming down the aisles.

All at once the killer thinks fast, pulling off his 3D glasses he SHOUTS, pointing--

KILLER

Look! Look--its' Alfred Hitchcock!
It's really him.

WIDE SHOT - The crowd recognizes Hitch. Many cheer, applaud and spill out into the aisles. The police are blocked by onrushing patrons suddenly milling around Hitch; reaching out to touch him, to shake hands or to ask for autographs. It's not easy to shake hands with a multitude of fans while you're handcuffed. Poor Benny almost has his wrist torn off every time somebody tugs on Hitch's hand.

Daniel almost has his hands on the killer when the mob elbows him out of the way.

ANGLE ON HITCH AND BENNY - pushed back away from the killer by the onslaught of fans--teen-agers with their dates, middle-aged people with their kids. Some of them still wearing the 3D glasses. Hitch is outraged.

HITCH

Damnit! I pulled nearly that same cheap trick in "39 Steps"!

BENNY

Well it worked, didn't it?

HITCH

That son of a bitch is stealing my whole repertoire! Where'd he go?

THEIR POV - The killer lost in the crowd, making his escape through the fire door along with many others.

ANGLE ON HITCH, BENNY AND DANIEL

DANIEL

I think I saw him. Let's go!

Daniel leads Hitch and Benny through the crowd. What once was an orderly movie audience is now a frenzied mass of crazed movie fans.

VOICES

What's the budget for your next picture?

SECOND VOICE

Who's going to distribute?

THIRD VOICE

What was Cary Grant really like?

WIDE ANGLE - THE MOVIE THEATER - virtually empty now. Only the corpse of a woman on the floor, across the aisle another corpse slumped over the armrest, and still a third corpse seated upright still staring at the screen and still wearing those silly 3D glasses.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

The matinee patrons disperse in all directions. Benny and Hitch are looking for the killer. Daniel tackles the wrong man, then apologizes. The helpful usher now runs up to them.

USHER

I just quit. I don't mind having to clean up the theater after popcorn and Cokes, but all that blood--forget it.

More police cars are pulling at the theater.

USHER

There's gonna be hell to pay. One of those dead guys in there is a big boss over at the GM plant!

DANIEL

A car factory? Here--in this town? What does that do for you, Mr. Hitchcock?

HITCH

And where exactly is this monument to capitalist ingenuity?

USHER

Half a mile east of Route 50.

SHOCK CUT:

There is a sudden SCREECH of tires as a taxicab pulls to the curb beside them and Pam jumps out.

PAM

Quick--get in! Before the cops start asking questions.

BENNY

(shouts)

Don't sneak up on people!

DANIEL

And I'll try and get those cuffs off.

HITCH

Amputation at the wrist is beginning to sound like a reasonable solution.

INT. MOVING TAXI - SPEEDING THROUGH THE STREETS - DAY

CABBIE

Where to?

HITCH

Your local General Motors plant, of course.

BENNY

Murder on an assembly line! One of your greatest ideas, Hitch.

HITCH

But I could never think of any movie to put it into.

DANIEL

(struggling to open the cuffs with his Swiss army knife.)

Hold still. I've almost got it.

PAM

Can I see those cuffs for a minute? Those aren't regulation. They look like they're from a magic store.

(she presses on the cuffs)

Push 'em together. They spring open! See!

DANIEL

(terribly frustrated)

How'd you know to do that?

PAM

I bartended at The Magic Castle.

HITCH

My dear, I'm becoming impressed with your resume.

BENNY

That rotten bastard! Putting toy cuffs on us!

(Benny starts to cough)

When I catch him, he'll laugh out of the other side of his mouth!

DANIEL

Benny, are you all right?

BENNY

(coughing)

Being trampled in a stampede always agrees with me.

Everyone else exchanges a knowing glance. Benny is wheezing and coughing and struggling to breath.

HITCH

Driver, is there an emergency hospital nearby?

CABBIE

We're going to pass the turnoff to the hospital in a minute.

BENNY

Nothing doing. He just wants to put me in the hospital so he can call the whole thing off. As soon as I'm out of the way he'll throw in the towel.

DANIEL

We won't let him.

BENNY

He doesn't want anything to do with this chase! If I wasn't around to push him...

Benny erupts into more coughing.

HITCH

You have my word, Benny, I'll carry on.

BENNY

Take us to General Motors!

CABBIE

There's the hospital, what do I do?

BENNY

Keep going!

HITCH

I'm directing this! Pull in!

EXT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - DAY

as the taxi pulls in.

PAM

Now lean on me, Benny.

An ORDERLY is bringing another patient out at the time Pam and Benny arrive. Pam enlists his assistance.

PAM

I think my friend could use a wheelchair.

The orderly fetches a wheelchair but Benny refuses to sit in it.

BENNY

I can walk.

HITCH

Sit down in that chair. I'm the director. You're only a lowly composer. So sit!

BENNY

All right. Now when you catch up with this killer this time you--

HITCH

(interrupts)

Benny, don't tell me how to eat whitefish.

Benny smiles softly, shuts up instantly and allows himself to be seated in the wheelchair. He reaches up and squeezes Hitch's hand quite hard. Hitch squeezes back. They wheel Benny away.

HITCH

(to Pam)

Young woman, you've undoubtedly had experience as a nurse--so remain with him. Young man, you may accompany me. Get in.

DANIEL

Ready when you are, Mr. Hitchcock.

PAM

(to Daniel)

Be careful.

She plants another knockout kiss on his lips before turning away.

ANGLE ON HITCH - watching his old friend and crony depart with Pam and the nurse. Then Hitch gets in the cab, and it pulls away.

INT. MOVING TAXI - DAY

HITCH

(to Daniel)

The girl seems to be coming along.

DANIEL

Just following your direction.

CABBIE

On to General Motors?

HITCH

Cabbie? How long would it take to get to the local airport?

CABBIE

Ten minutes, tops.

DANIEL

I guess you could easily charter a plane back to Los Angeles.

HITCH

Damn right I could. But that wouldn't make for a very exciting climax. Let's go, and run all the traffic lights.

EXT. GENERAL MOTORS PLANT - DAY

as the taxi pulls up to security at the main gate. Daniel jumps out of the cab.

DANIEL

Mr. Alfred Hitchcock wants a quick tour of the plant--V.I.P. Right away.

GUARD

Hey, look guys, it really is Hitchcock.

DANIEL

I just said so.

One guard sticks his head in the cab window.

2ND GUARD

You know you scared my wife so much in that movie "Psycho" she hasn't been able to take a shower since.

HITCH

Have you ever thought of sending her out to be dry cleaned?

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - DAY

Pam is wheeling Benny through the hospital lobby when Benny jumps up, spry as ever, and bolts back to the doorway, looking out mischievously.

PAM

What are you up to?

BENNY

Quick, hail another cab. I gave Hitch enough of a head start.

PAM

You're not sick at all.

BENNY

I had to let Hitch do it on his own. The little boy had to grow up sometime.

PAM

You really scared me.

BENNY

Take it as an acting lesson. Let's go!

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A line of taxies. Benny and Pam jump into one of them.

BENNY

The G.M. plant. And hurry up!

CUT TO:

INT. AUTOMOTIVE PLANT, GENERAL MOTORS - DAY

VARIOUS SHOTS - The main assembly line, moving at 22 feet per minute. A MONTAGE of a car being put together, all controlled by a computer system. A code number triggers teletype instructions to 9 assembly stations for 14,000 parts to go in. Mass production the American way. CAMERA PANNING finally to Hitchcock surrounded by EXECUTIVES of General Motors and TWO PHOTOGRAPHERS from the publicity and promotion department, flashing away with enthusiasm.

G.M. EXECUTIVE

General Motors is pleased that you chose us, Mr. Hitchcock...and Mr...

DANIEL

(interrupts)

Forgive me. There's going to be a body turning up here at any minute.

G.M. EXECUTIVE

We've got thousands of bodies to choose from: compact, convertible -- you name it.

DANIEL

A dead body. Mr. Hitchcock is absolutely certain a murderer is on the premises.

G.M. EXECUTIVE

My God! What's he look like?

DANIEL

This guy wears disguises. He killed one of your executives this afternoon.

G.M. EXECUTIVE

We just heard. He shouldn't have been at the movies during working hours. Put Security on alert and call the local police.

HITCH

Not them again.

G.M. EXECUTIVE

Double check on all visitors and suspend the daily tours.

VICE PRESIDENT

Make yourself at home, Mr. Hitchcock. Ridges, you stay with Mr. Hitchcock and his friend.

The burly SECURITY GUARD positions himself at Mr. Hitchcock's side. Hitch is not too happy about it. He hates anything in uniform. Hitch moves timidly around so that Daniel is between him and the security guard.

DANIEL

It's not that Mr. Hitch doesn't like you, Ridges. It's that uniform.

HITCH

Could you go and take it off?

RIDGES

Can't leave you alone around the plant. You could get hurt.

EXT. G.M. FACTORY - DAY

As Benny and Pam arrive at the security gate, demand entry.

BENNY

We're with Hitchcock. Take us to him right away!

INT. FACTORY - DAY

There is a buzz as Ridges' walkie-talkie apparatus is activated.

RIDGES

(into walkie-talkie)

Ridges here.

VOICE ON WALKIE-TALKIE

We need you back at the main gate right away. We'll send Smithers down to escort Mr. Hitchcock.

RIDGES

(into walkie-talkie)

Okay, I'll wait until...

VOICE ON WALKIE-TALKIE

Give them your walkie-talkie and report up here on the double.

Ridges hands Daniel the walkie-talkie.

RIDGES

Stay put! And watch your step, Mr. Hitchcock. Heads up, you know.

HITCH

If you put your head up, it gets knocked off. Heads down.

Ridges departs, leaving Hitch and Daniel with the walkie-talkie which suddenly buzzes.

DANIEL

(answers)

Hitchcock party.

VOICE ON WALKIE-TALKIE

Well, we got rid of the uniform, didn't we, Hitch?

DANIEL

Jesus--it's "him."

Hitch grabs the walkie-talkie out of Daniel's hand.

HITCH

I recognize your voice.

VOICE ON WALKIE-TALKIE

Wherever I go, you're not far behind.

HITCH

Well, you leave so many goddamn clues.

VOICE ON WALKIE-TALKIE

Proceed to area 22. Straight ahead on your left.

DANIEL

Bullshit! We're not walking into any more traps. We're waiting here.

HITCH

(into walkie-talkie)

That ugly business in the movie house, that was all your idea... stabbing paying customers!

VOICE ON WALKIE-TALKIE

I'm delighted you're impressed. After all, you're the master, I'm only the pupil.

DANIEL

This guy is a tour director for "Guilt Trips."

VOICE ON WALKIE-TALKIE

Do we need this boy around? He only wants to make movies. You and I want to make murders.

DANIEL

Don't let him screw with your head, Mr. Hitchcock. Stay here until security comes.

HITCH

(walking on ahead)

All my life I've behaved myself. My father called me his "little lamb without a spot"! Why should I feel guilty?

(paused)

But I suppose I will all my life...

DANIEL

(catching up)

Turn it off. Don't listen.

VOICE ON WALKIE-TALKIE

Well, now you know, evil is as evil thinks.

Daniel desperately pulls the walkie-talkie away.

HITCH

What do you think you're doing?

DANIEL

Mr. Hitchcock, you're walking right into it.

HITCH

Surrender that machine, instantly.

DANIEL

I'm sorry, I can't.

Then suddenly a slab of steel comes swinging through the FRAME on a cable narrowly missing Hitch, but it sideswipes Daniel--rendering him unconscious.

ANGLE ON HITCH - leaning over the body.

HITCH

You will be all right, won't you?

Hitch touches the boys forehead, narrowly avoiding getting blood on his fingers. He sees that Daniel's breathing regularly and Hitch's attention goes to the walkie-talkie. He picks it up.

HITCH

Hello, hello? Why don't you answer? If you're going to kill anyone else, it may as well be me. Take me and be done with it. Let there be no more killings after that. I know you're listening so, goddamnit, answer! Goddamnit, answer me.

CUT TO:

EXT. GATE OF G.M. FACTORY

Benny, Pam and GM executives climb into golf carts that are used to speed around the plant grounds. In a moment, they are zigzagging around the plant, dodging other vehicles in the search of Hitch and Daniel.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THE HUGE MELTING FURNACE - A gigantic six ton ladle pouring molten metal 3000 degrees F. Hitchcock, a small figure indeed, dwarfed by the enormity of the great melting furnace. The voice on the walkie-talkie he holds continues to goad him.

VOICE ON WALKIE-TALKIE

At three thousand degrees Fahrenheit, a man's body would disintegrate completely--melt down and become part of this year's new automobiles. What poetic justice that you who hate cars so much could end up being one.

HITCH

I'd probably turn out to be a "lemon." You're way ahead of me. Quite the idea man.

VOICE ON WALKIE-TALKIE

Oh yes, you've gone dry, but I haven't and I've got the guts to do it for real, not hire a bunch of special effects people to do the tricks for me.

CLOSE-UP ON HITCH - SHOCK SOUND CUT - All noise is now EXAGGERATED OUT OF PROPORTION. We hear it as Hitch imagines it. The machines are great monsters capable of chewing him up.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE - DISTORTION

Almost a nightmare. A man who hates cars finds himself in the very place of their creation.

Here comes the chassis frame with front and rear suspension systems in place, upside down on the assembly line. The chassis is now flipped as an engine is loaded into it. A pneumatic gang wrench positions and tightens all five wheels simultaneously. CAMERA WHIRLS to the body moving down another feeder line. CAMERA WHIRLS to witness hordes of fenders coming from another direction.

ANGLE ON HITCH - moving through the SHOT as workmen position the hanging body onto the chassis.

INTER-DISSOLVE TO:

TRUCKING SHOT - HITCH - The end of the assembly line. The trim department had put in the instrument panel, windows, wiring, heater, radio, before the body was joined with the chassis. Now everything is in place. As the car reaches the end of the line, it is gassed up to be driven forward onto steel rollers on the floor to test the "power train." The time has come when an inspector opens the door of the car to get in and drive the car forward.

The QUALITY CONTROL INSPECTOR crosses to the vehicle, pulls open the front door, and a corpse falls out, a body topples out of the newly made vehicle. The inspector physically gasps. In a moment, a HALF DOZEN WORKMEN have run over and are staring at the lifeless form.

ANGLE ON HITCH - pushing through the group and looking down.

HITCH'S POV - The dead body. It's Ridges, the uniformed security guard. Only now the objectionable uniform is gone and he's naked.

FOREMAN

How the hell did Ridges get in the car? And where's his uniform?

Hitch is alone for a moment now. He presses the walkie-talkie.

HITCH

I bow to your ingenuity. How did you get him in the car?

VOICE ON WALKIE-TALKIE

Turn to your left. You'll see the exit sign. Walk through the door.

Hitch obeys, passing through the doorway.

INT. PLANT - HURRICANE ROAD - DAY

A tunnel with a 24 foot fan that blasts cars with 140 mph wind with temperatures ranging from 20 degrees below to 160 degrees above.

VOICE ON WALKIE-TALKIE

This is where endurance tests occur.

HITCH

Is that what this has been for me? An endurance test? Am I coming apart at the seams?

ANGLE ON HITCH - backing up. His head is aching, his eyesight beginning to blur. He nearly backs into a huge gadget which slams the door of a car 50,000 times in rapid succession, nearly getting his arm caught in the mechanism.

Hitch backs away from it, bumping into a car, its windshield wipers are going like crazy. Three million swish cycles of test. The exaggerated noise of the

windshield wiper, the continued slamming of the car door, the blast of air at 145 mph from Hurricane Road tunnel. CAMERA TRUCKING with Hitch as he continues to move through this madness. Squirming Irma up ahead bouncing on the upholstery of a car to pound a lifetime of wear on the seatcovers and cushions. WHACK WHACK WHACK! Like some gigantic spanking machine meting out punishment on the upholstery.

CUT TO:

INT. OTHER SECTION OF FACTORY - DAY

Several executives and workers crowd around Daniel.

G.M. EXECUTIVE

Lie still and we'll get you to the infirmary.

DANIEL

I'm okay. I've got to find Mr. Hitchcock. What's up that way?

FOREMAN

Hurricane Road and the endurance course.

DANIEL

(off and running)

Jesus. Come on.

CUT TO:

INT. THE G.M. PLANT - HURRICANE ROAD SECTION OF PLANT

ANGLE ON HITCH

VOICE ON WALKIE-TALKIE

There's a blue sedan coming off the ramp. Get into it.

Hitch sees a blue car coming down on the conveyer belt being moved toward an exit from the building. It stops. He notices that it has all kinds of electronic wiring on the roof and even a camera built into the front seat. Some kind of motion picture camera. Hitch crosses to the car and starts to get into the back seat. The voice on the walkie-talkie corrects him.

VOICE ON WALKIE-TALKIE

No--in the front behind the wheel.

HITCH

I don't drive.

VOICE ON WALKIE-TALKIE

You won't need to. Get in--

INT. THE VEHICLE

as Hitch gets in. He sees all kinds of wires and cables hanging loose over the seat. The car dashboard is nothing like that of an ordinary vehicle. This is some kind of experimental job.

VOICE ON WALKIE-TALKIE

Fasten that seatbelt.

Hitch snaps the seatbelt closed. The car begins to move forward by itself. The electronic gadgetry turns the steering wheel automatically. The car is being operated from another source. Hitch doesn't like this at all. He fiddles with the seatbelt but it won't open.

VOICE ON WALKIE-TALKIE

Don't struggle. It's built to withstand 140,000 pound of pressure.

The car moves forward out of the building, going over a road of cobblestones known as Gelgian blocks, then over some macadam and gravel, and then over railroad ties.

ANGLE ON HITCH - Very unhappy and quite trapped.

HITCH

Fine! I'll buy the damn car! Now let's stop!

VOICE ON WALKIE-TALKIE

I'm controlling your vehicle from inside the yellow van across the field to your left.

ANGLE ON THE FIELD

PANNING left revealing a YELLOW VAN, a mobile unit. Across the field are several obstacle courses, a huge brick wall, a stretch of concrete filled with huge potholes, a number of barriers, and a dirt section filled with explosives timed to blast holes in the front tires of the car. Hitch is on the test field where vehicles are put through a grueling pattern of destruction simply to test their endurance and reaction to severe impact.

ANGLE ON ANOTHER CAR - as it whizzes by Hitch's vehicle almost colliding. Hitch looks at the driver.

HITCH'S POV - The driver is a dummy with wires protruding from every portion of it. The car is being run automatically by remote control. The dummy is wired with recording devices that will tell the researchers whether it could possibly survive the impact it is about to endure.

As Hitch watches in horror, the car that passed him crashes into a concrete wall head on.

SLOW MOTION SHOT - the crash.

SLOW MOTION SHOT - the dummy inside twisted and contorted.

ANGLE ON HITCH - as he attempts to twist the wheel, to turn it one way but the wheel insists on going another.

VOICE ON WALKIE-TALKIE

Don't bother. I'm in charge.

EXT. CAR - DAY

as it picks up speed, cruising around the field, going 60, 70, 75.

ANGLE ON THE YELLOW VAN

INT. VAN

HANDS of the murderer operating the controls. The pinky finger of the left hand is, of course, gone. CAMERA PANNING ACROSS THE FLOOR to the unconscious form of the real operator, the man who usually does this job totally out of commission, and probably dead. His place taken by the homicidal maniac who now has Hitchcock at his mercy.

ANGLE ON THE VEHICLE CONTAINING HITCHCOCK - as it continues to race around the field onto a section of road which could only be called an obstacle course. A jet explodes hitting the car with compressed air, causing it to swerve, almost out of control.

INT. HURRICANE ROAD

The foreman and Daniel split up and search in opposite directions.

CLOSE-UP - COMPUTER BOARD INSIDE VAN - as various information is fed to the board and recorded on a computer.

ANGLE ON THE CAR - as it hits a 60 degree grade and keeps going.

ANGLE ON HITCHCOCK - His hands off the wheel making no attempt to guide the vehicle, only to hold himself steady against the dashboard for the impending crash that he expects at any moment. The car is buffeting like mad, shaking him up.

HITCH

I suppose I'm to die of Terminal whiplash!

Hitch looks up at the high speed camera suspended from the roof of the car...the camera taking his picture, recording on motion picture film the agony he is going through.

For once, Hitchcock is the victim rather than the director of the proceedings, the tables have been turned, his picture is being taken in moments of peril.

HITCH

I'll never live to see dailies.

POV THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD OF THE CAR

as it races off the 60 degree incline and back onto the field smashing through a wood barrier at 55 mph, the car skidding and making a hairpin turn, racing back in the other direction narrowly smashing into another car with a dummy at the wheel. A car speeding in the opposite direction. The two cars are circling going opposite ways. Sooner or later their paths will cross. This too is one of the General Motors' tests, cars both manned by dummies that crash headlong into one another with the resultant damage recorded on computer tapes and on motion picture film in slow motion. Sadistic? Yes, if you happen to be a dummy.

ANGLE ON DANIEL - as he stops in shock. He sees Hitch going by at breakneck speed.

ANGLE ON HITCH'S CAR - as it passes what is called an "impact sled." Another car which stands on a set of rails is pulled back and forth and smashed into a brick wall at a speed of 75 mph. Technicians around the "sled" take notes. As soon in "SLOW MOTION" the car disintegrates before our very eyes.

ANGLE ON IMPACT SLED SUPERVISOR - as Daniel runs up shouting and pointing. He almost loses his hard hat. The supervisor looks up as Hitchcock's vehicle again whizzes past, Hitchcock waving frantically.

SUPERVISOR

Hey, you know, I thought I saw that dummy move.

DANIEL

That's Mr. Hitchcock in there-- and
he can't even drive.

ANGLE ON HITCH - His car speeding around the course one more time, frantically waving at Daniel and supervisor who stand near the impact sled. Hitch begins honking the horn madly.

ANGLE ON TEST SUPERVISOR AND DANIEL

SUPERVISOR

I never heard a dummy honk before.
What the hell's going on?

DANIEL

Where's that car controlled from?

ANGLE ON DANIEL AND SUPERVISOR - as they run to the yellow van. They find the door locked. They begin pounding on it.

SUPERVISOR

Hey, Charlie, open up. What's going
on in there? I'll go get a key!

He runs off toward the office leaving Daniel struggling with the steel door. Out comes Daniel's trusty Swiss Army knife.

ANGLE ON HITCH - in the car, racing around that course.

ANGLE ON THE OTHER CAR - dummy at the wheel, wires coming from everywhere, as it races in the opposite direction.

CLOSE UP ON THE DUMMY - one might swear it is grinning.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE-UP DANNY'S FINGERS - trying to pick the lock with still another pointed tool from his Swiss Army knife. Maybe this time he'll succeed.

ANGLE ON TEST TRACK - every time the two cars pass on the course, they come closer and closer to colliding.

ANGLE ON HITCH'S SEATBELT - as he struggles to get it opened, but can't.

CLOSE-UP - DUMMY'S FACE - blank, wires coming out of its forehead, the nostrils, the jaw. CAMERA MOVING UP to the high speed motion picture camera built into the front seat of the vehicle. The SOUND of the whirring camera mixes in with the screeches of the tires.

ANGLE ON HITCH'S VEHICLE - racing forward.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP - THE LOCK - with Daniel's elementary tool still desperately trying to pick it.

INT. VAN

A button is pushed by the murderer.

ANGLE ON HITCH'S VEHICLE - as an explosive goes off, blasting a hole in the front left tire.

ANGLE ON THE CAR DRIVEN BY THE DUMMY - bearing down rapidly doing 80 mph.

ANGLE ON HITCH'S VEHICLE - going into a spin.

ANGLE ON CAR DRIVEN BY THE DUMMY - as it swerves to make contact with Hitch, smashes a fender off, keeps going.

ANGLE ON THE YELLOW VAN - as the lock clicks, Daniel shoves the door inward. SUCCESS AT LAST!!

INT. THE VAN

The door bursts open and Daniel rushes in. The murderer jumps up from the computer board but too late. Daniel has a hold on him. A struggle begins. They fall back on the computer board. The killer with his hands around Daniel's throat.

DANIEL

For once in my life--let me win a fight!

Daniel breaks the hold, reaches to try and turn off the switch to halt the remote control of the vehicle. The killer pulls him away. Daniel gets loose again, almost reaches the switch and once again the killer catches him in a stranglehold from behind.

Then suddenly BENNY IS IN THE VAN - BIGGER THAN LIFE AND SWINGING WILDLY AT THE MURDERER, using the hard hat which fell off Daniel's head as a weapon to pummel his adversary. The killer lets go of Daniel, comes after Benny who continues slugging him with the hard hat.

BENNY

Go down already!

He hits the killer directly in the face--the fake nose crumbles and flattens. Then the killer tumbles forward--out cold!

Daniel leaps on the control panel.

CLOSE-UP - THE SWITCH - As it is flipped, the light goes out.

ANGLE ON DUMMY'S CAR - running out of control, it crashes a fence, then cuts back onto the test track headed for Hitch again.

MED. SHOT - BENNY AND DANIEL

SPEAKING INTO THE MICROPHONE.

BENNY

Hello, Hitch. It's me. The remote is off. You've got control. You've got the wheel. Drive, Hitch. Do you hear me?

DANIEL

You've got the wheel, Mr. Hitchcock. DRIVE!

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP - HITCHCOCK - behind the wheel, steering wildly.

HITCH

I don't know how.

VARIOUS STUNT SHOTS - The car veering around obstacles as Hitch drives to save his life and here comes the dummy car again.

BENNY'S VOICE

Steer it, Hitch. Steer the damn thing! Don't step on the brake, you'll go into a spin.

CLOSE-UP - HITCH - at the wheel.

HITCH

I'm aiming it as best I can.

DANIEL'S VOICE

You're doing good, Mr. Hitchcock. Look out, that dummy's coming around. Miss him! Now, steer right. Quick left turn. You're getting the knack.

ANGLE ON DUMMY DRIVEN CAR - now completely out of control.

INT. HITCH'S CAR

Hitch sees the "dummy driven car" this time coming straight for him. He twists the wheel.

ANGLE ON THE RACE COURSE - Hitch again misses the "dummy" car by inches. It whirls past frantically, crashing head on into a brick wall and exploding on impact. Hitch steers through a half dozen more hazards, then stops it with a jolt in the gravel pit. He finds the seatbelt opening of its own accord. Hitch disembarks from the vehicle, still dizzy, holding onto the fender to steady himself. He inhales some deep breaths, then smiles and pets the fender fondly.

ANGLE ON THE YELLOW VAN - as the killer bolts out--making a dash for freedom. Then Pam dives INTO FRAME bringing the murderer down with a perfect flying tackle. Daniel looks on in awe.

DANIEL

I might've known she could do that, too.

SECURITY OFFICERS are running across the field to give aid to Daniel and to take charge of the homicidal maniac that Pam has pinned down.

PAM

Now we're even for what happened in that bungalow.

Hitchcock crosses to where the killer is being restrained. When the man sees Hitchcock, he stops struggling, turns suddenly calm and quite charming.

HITCH

Well, who the hell are you, anyway?

MURDERER

I'm your audience. I've always been out there in the dark... waiting to get even.

DANIEL

This guy's wearing a fake nose and a hair piece! Look!

Daniel pulls off pieces of the disguise.

BENNY

It's him! That ham actor again!

MURDERER (DEEMS)

Then you do remember me this time.
Deems!

HITCH

Sir, you are the very best actor I
have ever come across. You had me
absolutely terrified.

DEEMS

Being brilliant and yet unable to
find a job can do strange things to
a person.

PAM

Tell me about it.

BENNY

You'll be busy from now on. You'll
do the female lead in all the future
shows at the asylum.

DANIEL

Could we get him out of here and get
Mr. Hitchcock to a doctor.

BENNY

Before I feel obliged to punch his
false nose.

DEEMS

I'll escape, you know. You'll
always have that to look forward
too.

HITCH

I don't believe in sequels.

(Hitch approaches the
killer closer and
whispers)

But just between the two of us...
how did you get the dead body in the
car?

DEEMS

(smiles tauntingly,
he's not telling)

Ask me next time.

The murderer is taken away without further struggle. Hitch
looks back at the smashed up vehicles all over the test
field, then grins at Daniel.

HITCH

What the hell, I enjoyed every minute of this!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT - British Airways Departures.

CUT TO:

INT. BOARDING GATE BRITISH AIRWAYS - DAY

Benny, being seen off by Pam and Daniel--and Hitch.

BENNY

You better help Daniel get his movie off the ground, if you know what's good for you.

HITCH

I'll see the boy gets what he deserves.

Pam kisses Hitch gratefully on his chubby cheek.

HITCH

Stop it, Pamela, you're turning me on.

PAM

I've got a confession to make.

HITCH

You're a starving actress. So what?
(he beams)
Kiss me again. More convincingly.

BENNY

I suppose you're just a late bloomer, Hitch. But look at it this way, you've got your entire old age ahead of you.

HITCH

As soon as I figure out how that bastard got that corpse into the car, I shall complete my script and come to London--for further abuse.

ATTENDANT

Last call for boarding, please.

There's a look between Benny and Hitch. With all good intentions, they may never see each other again, not in this life. There is the sadness of two old friends parting.

BENNY

So, Hitch. Don't just stand there, what about a bear hug.

HITCH

I don't think I've given out that many hugs. Well, let's see if I remember how.

Benny and Hitch embrace, patting each other on the back.

HITCH

I'm sorry we wasted so much time, Benny. So many films we didn't get to do...together. And it was all my fault.

BENNY

There you go. Taking all the credit again.

Benny passes through the boarding gate. He looks back, peering over his glasses owlshly.

BENNY

Hitch, from now on you can tell me how to eat whitefish any time.

Then Benny is gone. CAMERA HOLDS on Hitch who suddenly seems a very lonely old man, despite the presence of Pam and Daniel.

HITCH'S POV - as the gate is closed and the plane taxis away. There is something very final about it all.

CUT TO:

EXT. L.A. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Hitchcock's limousine awaits. The chauffeur holds the rear door open as Daniel and Pam pile into the back seat. Without warning, the limo lurches forward--pulls away from the curb--leaving the astonished chauffeur behind on the sidewalk.

But who the hell is driving???

INT. THE LIMOUSINE - DAY

HITCHCOCK IS AT THE WHEEL, OF COURSE.

HITCH
Comfortable back there?

DANIEL
(terrified)
Fine.

PAM
Oh, great. Just great. Look out!

In unison, Daniel and Pam snap on their seatbelts.

VARIOUS SHOTS - The limousine weaving in and out of airport traffic, pulling from one lane to another, being driven aggressively by an inexperienced driver who doesn't know what chances he's taking.

ANGLE IN BACK SEAT - Pam leans up against Daniel and whispers provocatively.

PAM
(sexy)
If we survive, y'know what I'd like
to do with you tonight?

DANIEL
(excited)
What?

PAM
Go to a movie.

She lets his disappointment register before she kisses him passionately on the lips. He's got it made!

ANGLE ON HITCHCOCK - Driving recklessly, a smile on his cherubic face, enjoying himself thoroughly. He seems to be totally without fear now.

HITCH
No visible displays in the back
seat, please. It distracts the
driver.

ANGLE ON AIRPORT BOULEVARD - the limousine zipping down the street about 20 miles over the speed limit.

INT. LIMOUSINE

Hitch turning the wheel sharply, tossing his embracing passengers around. They hardly notice.

EXT. THE LIMOUSINE

pulling onto a freeway entrance and heading back into town.

ANGLE ON DANIEL AND PAM - looking up from a kiss, closing their eyes...and kissing again. They can't bear to look so they may as well enjoy the ride.

HIGH ANGLE FREEWAY SHOT - Hitchcock's limousine zigzags in front of other cars. One would imagine that the driver is a liberated teen-ager hot-rodding it for the first time.

CAMERA PANS BACK as a POLICE CAR emerges from the traffic in pursuit of Hitchcock's limo.

INT. LIMOUSINE

Hitchcock looks in the rearview mirror. CAMERA MOVES UP TO MIRROR and we see reflected the police car rapidly gaining on the limo. CAMERA MOVES BACK DOWN to Hitch as he steps on the gas giving the police car a merry chase. The siren diverts Daniel's attention from Pam.

DANIEL

He's gaining on you, Hitch.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FREEWAY SHOT - Hitchcock's limo keeping well ahead of the police car whose siren is now blasting.

Finally Hitch pulls off onto a siding, the police car pulling up behind him and, surprisingly, a TALL BLONDE POLICEWOMAN, in full uniform gets out. Lord, she's the image of Melinda--the "Fantasy Girl" on the train. The tall, cool, blond "Ice Princess," her hair pulled tightly back, her eyes blue and dangerous. Daniel and Pam stare in disbelief as she approaches. They've never seen such a gorgeous cop.

TRUCKING SHOT - as the lovely lady cop ambles over to Hitchcock's car. Her handcuff's dangling from her belt. Hitch rolls down the window and beams happily up at her.

LOW ANGLE SHOT - from Hitchcock's POV, the policewoman looking at CAMERA. Quite stern and immensely beautiful.

ANGLE ON HITCH - looking up at her, not a trace of fear in his face. He has exorcised his fear of the police and women as well. Perhaps, the chubby little boy who was locked in that cell as a joke is finally free.

HITCH

My dear, I thought you'd never catch me.

LOW ANGLE - BEAUTIFUL COP

LADY COP (MELINDA)

(her voice deep and
provocative)

Why don't we look at your license?

CLOSE-UP - HITCH

HITCH

(smiles like a cherub)

I suppose this is what happens to
naughty boys.

He winks at her.

CAMERA HOLDS ON Hitch's cheerful countenance as we

FADE OUT.

THE END