

THE HITCHCOCK MURDERS

Written by

Andy Maycock

(818) 731-3889
andymaycock@me.com

OVER BLACK:

The RATTLE and PUNCH of a manual typewriter.

The YANK of the platen as someone pulls the page free.

A Zippo OPENS, FLARES, CLOSES. Deep BREATH.

Another page CRANKS in.

And the NARRATOR speaks at last, his voice long marinated in bourbon and Pall Malls.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
First thing you oughta know, it's
all fiction.

FADE IN:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DUSK - 1953

A picturesque view of the valley, lit by the fading sun.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
You've heard the Hollywood Dream.
Every girl a starlet, every boy a
leading man. Success stories in
every five and dime, not one of
them true.

A MAN, hopeless, stares out into the glow. He's in a sharp suit, his tie loosened, a cigarette in his lips.

This is DAVID MORGAN, a young studio executive.

But not for long.

He drops his cigarette to the ground.

MORGAN
Guess I believe it now.

Behind him, a three-barrel Revere movie camera WHIRS away, nestled on a tripod in a cluster of dying bushes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Fact is, you grew up in the east,
Christmas smelled like fresh-cut
pine and cinnamon. But in L.A,
take a deep December breath and you
catch two things. Gunpowder ...

A single GUNSHOT echoes through the canyon --

-- sending a hundred birds FLAPPING skyward.

Morgan's body lands in the scrub, blood pooling under his head, his hands and fingers spread wide, empty and pleading.

The Revere camera CATCHES and PINGS, out of film, still aimed toward the body, the valley, and a thin layer of smoke.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
... and popcorn.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

The CROWD, in their red-and-blue 3-D glasses, SQUEALS as Ann Miller tosses a red glove in their direction during her production number in "Kiss Me, Kate."

One patron in the crowd, a square-jawed would-be heartthrob in a shirt and tie, is LYLE TABBINS. He shakes his head.

His date, VERONICA, with starlet-raven hair and short dressy Audrey Hepburn gloves, grabs his arm.

VERONICA
Come on. It's great fun.

She reaches out for the screen, giggling.

He checks his watch.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

Tabbins snugs on a light-colored fedora, a perfect match for his camelhair coat. Puts an arm around Veronica. Steers her toward a cab.

VERONICA
We're not walking?

TABBINS
I've got someplace to be.

VERONICA
Well, don't leave me home all alone on Christmas. I don't know what I'll do, nothing to unwrap.

He holds the car door for her. She climbs in, rolls down the window.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

You don't have another date, do you?

TABBINS

You kidding? I'd be no good to another woman. Takes all my effort just to be no good to you.

The cab pulls away.

Tabbins starts down the block.

SUPER: Christmas Eve, 1953.

Tabbins wanders under the chaser-light marquee of the Linda Lea Theatre.

INT. LINDA LEA THEATRE LOBBY - NIGHT

Tabbins strolls to the popcorn counter. Motions for ROSALIND, the cigarette girl, with her tray of smokes and pinup figure, blonde hair cascading over one eye.

She saunters over.

He selects a pack of Lucky Strikes, gives her a dollar. She gives him two quarters' change.

TABBINS

You're awfully quiet.

ROSALIND

Creep's still calling me.

TABBINS

Wife probably kicked him out.

He nudges her hair aside. Her eye is bloodshot and a little swollen.

TABBINS (CONT'D)

Looks better.

ROSALIND

Don't do anything, okay? Bad enough you chipped his teeth.

TABBINS

Least I could do.