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Ninja Girl: The Lightning Orb

By Chris Garza

I've got an idea for the love
scene, where the two heads
will start apart and then
gradually come together.
A quick pan, do you see,
from one face to the other,
whipping the camera.
The love scenes aren't really
your problem, are they?
Not if the morons are still asking,
"Why do the birds attack?"
Hitch...
...hair.
I like her smile.
Call her in?
Good morning, ma'am.
Pass?
Right over there.
You do want
it scary?
I don't want a dry seat
in the house.
Gonna need
some bigger birds.
Evan, tell me
the story so far.
So we're on
the coast, Bodega Bay,
beautiful but kind of
remote,
the kind of place where
folks notice a stranger.
A woman arrives, new in town,
and when the birds attack,
it's her fault.
And that's when we reveal
it's her first day
teaching the local kids.
Teaching?
The birds
attack the kids.
Who pays our wages,
Evan?
The studio.

The audience.
Who wants someone
to identify with.
Who want glamour.
We just got going,
and he threw me out.
Stroke of noon.
You'll get used to it.
Next, please.
Right now,
every blonde in town
can get a lunch.
Miss Tippi Hedren.
How do you do,
Mr. Hitchcock?
Won't you call me
Hitch?
You're privileged.
Peggy, everyone
calls me Hitch.
They do not.
They wouldn't dare.
Miss Hedren...
Not married?
Divorced.
Oh?
We were very young...
and I guess, well, Peter should
have dated a few more girls
before we were married.
Not sure about
those pearls.
Too large for the afternoon
color of your clothes.
Would you join me
for lunch?
I'd be delighted.
Are you a natural blonde?
My family is
Swedish.
And you move well.
I've been modeling since
I was 19 years old.
Now you fancy yourself

an actress?
Your people called
me, Mr... Hitch.
Yes, well, they
bring me lots of women.
Many are called,
you see, but few are chosen.
Now, this is a very
fine Californian
pinot noir.
It's called
the "Heartbreak Grape."
Do you know why?
Of all the grapes
used to make wine,
these are the most
fragile.
It has a very thin skin,
prone to disease,
mold, every kind of
rot and virus
known to the vintner's art.
So growing pinot noir is a
bit like making a movie...
heartbreak guaranteed.
Nobody would tell me
who I was coming to see.
I just got this call, and...
but I'm just so thrilled
that it's you.
"There was a young
lady of Trent,
"who said she knew
what it meant.
"When he asked her to dine,
private room, lots of wine,
"she knew,
oh, she knew,
"but she went."
Heartbreak guaranteed.
Hey, Tippi!
Hi, honey.
Ah!
So, what was

it like?
What do you think
of Mommy's new hair?
It's nice.
Tippi, tell me.
It was hell.
Oh, Lord.
I knew it.
Ah, wine for lunch,
a tour of the studio, a bunch
of people coming to make a fuss
about my new hair.
Oh, you minx.
Mr. Hitchcock was a perfect
English gentleman.
Come on, Mom.
Ooh!
Just no shower
scenes, OK?
Ah!
Lift your head up.
Head up.
That's it.
Now in profile.
Head up.
Tippi.
"Tippi" ...
what is that?
It's a Swedish name.
Oh, really?
What for?
For "Tupsa."
Would you say that
again, please?
Tupsa.
"Tupsa."
It's an anatomical
term, is it?
Meaning what?
"Little girl,"
in Swedish.
All right.
Move up to the fireplace.
That's it. All the way

to the fireplace.
Back again.
Come back, my dear.
Good. Let's see
a bit more shoulder.
Drop the stole.
That's good.
Move over to Martin
on the sofa.
Bit of a sway
to your hips.
A bit more.
That's it.
Right.
Now drape yourself
around him.
Go on. You've draped
yourself around a man before.
Kiss him.
What?
Go on,
kiss him properly.
Cut it.
Print it.
Thank you,
Marty.
Let's get
this cam out of here.
No, I never
established a room.
You use a short focus
lens, 100 mill,
you fall short.
Now look
at the girl.
Where would you cut
her with a 50?
Uh...
Got it?
Yeah, got it.
Thank you,
Marty.
All right.
Bye.

Bye.
If you need me
to work more hours,
you just have to
ask.
No, all I'll be doing
is standing in line
with a bunch of
other blondes.
Understudy to the second
nonspeaking corpse
on the right.
She's not all
out there on a plate.
That's what I like
about her.
A little bit of mystery.
A challenge.
A volcano waiting
to go off.
The camera loves her.
Green eyes.
I see her in a simple
green suit.
Mmm.
You like her?
Allow me.
Thank you.
You're welcome.
Mr. Hitchcock?
They're expecting you.
This way, please.
Thank you.
Tippi, my dear.
May I present
my wife.
Mrs. Hitchcock,
how lovely.
Alma, dear.
Always Alma.
Just as pretty in person
as on the screen.
Look at me.
I'm a Minnesota country girl

who thinks it never rains
in Hollywood.
You may serve
the champagne.
Now, Tippi, my dear,
don't pretend you
haven't seen our small gift.
You shouldn't have.
It's a clue to what
you're going to be doing
for the next year.
"The Birds" is coming.
My follow-up to "Psycho."
It's going to be bigger,
better, scarier.
My most ambitious
movie ever,
and we want you
to star in it.
What?
Every actress
on the planet
wants to play
Melanie Daniels.
Ah, well,
we don't want them.
We want you.
Oh, thank you.
Thank you.
No one ever believed in
me that much before.
Oh, where's my hanky?
Now look what you've
gone and done.
I'll make you
so proud of me.
I'll be putty
in your hands.
You won't regret it,
Hitch.
Now all we've got to do
is hire some birds.
Jim, this side.
Jim!

Come on, birds!
Some free food!
Come and get it!
Come on!
Free food!
Aw.
Ha ha ha.
Shit.
Oh, oh, oh.
Never did meet
a gull I liked.
Vulgar kind of bird.
Is it true the old
fool has hired some girl
nobody's ever heard of?
Well, the birds
are the stars.
Anyway, he'll get another
blonde for the next one.
Is he in?
Evan, you can't
just...
A 7-year contract?
Her inexperience
is an asset.
She has nothing
to unlearn.
God.
Also, she's
unattached,
so she won't get pregnant.
I do hate it when
actresses get pregnant.
See, I thought
you were kidding.
As is well known, I have
no sense of humor whatsoever.
She's a model,
for Christ's sake!
And you're a novelist
writing a screenplay.
So you've given me a lot
of scenes that don't work.
Fundamentally undramatic,

and we still
don't have an ending.
OK.
I get it.
Tippi Hedren isn't
the only dumb blonde
on this picture.
Those finches came down
that chimney in fury,
as if they wanted everyone
in the house dead.
Those finches
came down that chimney...
Those finches came down
that chimney in fury,
as if they wanted everyone
in the house dead.
So the camera
finds Melanie Daniels
behind the birdcage.
With a mischievous
grin on her face.
Now, the trick of it is,
you stand there,
I point a camera at you,
I cut the shots
together,
and then the audience
does the work...
in here.
Do less?
Do nothing.
So let's try scene
The camera
holds her face.
Action.
Those finches came down
that chimney in fury,
as if they wanted
everyone in the house dead.
Just... just bring
your voice down...
down at least 3
notes.

Mm-hmm.

Take a deep breath, and then
say the whole of that speech
without taking
a breath.

Those finches came
down that chimney in fury,
as if they wanted
everyone in the house dead.

See? Acting's
not so hard.

I usually go for something
a little less pink.

I like this color. I
want you to wear it every day.

It won't suit
any of my clothes.

You'll be getting
new ones.

And not too much
mascara.

I want a natural
face... groomed, ladylike.

A soft glow
to reflect the light.

Not losing weight,
are you?

Mom!

Oh, it's beautiful!

Now as you see, there's
a chaise longue...

And chairs.

Now, you'll be sharing
this dressing room
with 4 other
young starlets.

Oh, now...

now where have they disappeared
to, those naughty girls?

It's all mine?

Oh, Hitch, I don't
know what to say.

Just two little
words.

Thank you.
And yes.
Yes to a glass
of champagne.
Oh, Lord, I haven't
even had breakfast yet.
Later, then.
Come for cocktails
at the house.
I'll send a car.
It's a date.
Ah!
Oh...
Shall I
peel you a grape?
No, but you can
bring me a mink coat.
Shouldn't we wait
for Alma?
Just one
for the birds.
Ah.
Dry enough for you?
Should have run
another screen test.
Oh?
Show you
at a cocktail party,
see what your acting is like
after one of my martinis.
My acting will be
horizontal.
Well, here's to us...
horizontal, vertical,
and symmetrical.
To Alfie and Tippi.
To Alfie and Alma.
You've both been
so kind.
I feel like
I've learned more
in the past 3 months
than I could have
in 10 years

of film school.
Well, I think we should
drink to birds,
especially the ones I've
got roasting in the oven.
To the first day
of principal photography,
and to the girl.
Our girl.
Not that one.
The other one.
Get that one!
Get it out of the rain!
Wipe it off!
Will he eat
from my hand?
Why don't you
ask him?
Here, Buddy.
Mr. Buddy, sir, won't
you join me for tea?
Oh, Buddy, that is
so clever.
I raise him myself
from a chick.
Pound for pound,
the raven and the cockatoo
are the cleverest
animals on the planet.
Can I borrow
the lady for a moment?
So long as
you bring her back.
Now I want
his job.
Oh, no, you
don't.
Poor guy put out
a call to every
professional trapper in
every state of the union.
Offered \$10 for every bird
that was brought in.
"Get your checkbooks

ready," they said...

"We'll be bringing them
in by the truckload."
Guess how many arrived.
Oh, no.
No.
None.
Oh, my gosh.
Did it all on his
own and got fined
\$400 for exceeding the legal
limit for trapping birds.
Oh, the guys
are so funny.
"There was a young
man from Nantucket,
"who had such a large
cock he could suck it,
"Looked in the glass
and saw his own ass
"and broke his neck
trying to fuck it."
You think maybe
it's drying up?
Will we be shooting
this afternoon?
Not unless
you fix your hair.
He's angry
with me.
He never gets
angry with anyone.
He just gets bored
in between takes.
There you go.
You're done.
You ready, Tippi?
This way.
I won't change my timings
if you get yours wrong,
so pay attention
to the camera.
Let's go for a take.
Stand by, everybody.

Going for a take on this one.

Quiet!

Roll it!

Speed.

Action.

Action!

Uh! Uh!

Cut it. Rita.

Oh, dear.

Oh, no.

Are you all right?

Are you all right?

You goddamn idiot.

One small peck on the hand,
and he let Charlie get away.

Let him go.

We'll lose the scene, and
you don't even like gulls.

Now what is it?

Jim, we can't finish
the scene without him.

Jim, for God's sakes.

...another

pair of shoes.

OK, OK.

Sorry, Hitch.

That's a wrap,
everyone!

Tippi, I'll drop your
schedule off at the motel,

but the call is 5:30

in the morning, OK?

All right.

See you tomorrow.

OK.

See you later,

Hitch.

Never mind, my dear.

As we say in the movies,
"Tomorrow is another day."

OK,

let's go get him.

Come. Come on.

Charlie! Charlie!

Wait, wait.

Here,

Charlie.

No, no!

Ah!

None of these birds

are trained.

And they wonder why I prefer
to be tucked out warm and safe
inside a studio.

Well, my dear, you really mustn't
worry about the weather.

It won't be a problem.

We're working

with a sodium light system.

I'm using it to double print the
birds when the quantity is too small
or there's too many
trained birds
coming in and out
of shot.

We can print over the existing
birds... new ones, you see.

And in the studio we can
use the same system...
of yellow fog lights,
you know.

The camera picks up any color
images we like, you see,
but leaves
the background black.

Uh!

Get off!

Oh!

Tippi?

Tippi, hello.

Process

in two days?

No way.

Tippi?

You OK?

Hitch says, would you like
to join him for a drink?

Tippi?

Tippi!
Hi, Hitch.
Hi, guys.
Hi, Hitch.
Hi, guys.
"A worried young man
from Stamboul,
"discovered red spots
on his tool.
"Said the doctor, a cynic,
Get out of my clinic,
"just wipe off
that lipstick, you fool."
Not one
for the ladies.
Assuming they are
ladies, of course.
I find it's easy to claim but
a little difficult to prove.
Hi, Hitch.
Hi, guys.
Tippi.
Ah, Tippi. Now cast your
lovely color-coordinated
peepers upwards,
would you?
Bring it up a bit!
It's just
a model, right?
A mechanical
bird on a wire.
We're all faking it
today.
Follow me.
Higher!
Step inside.
Where are
those gulls?
Room for a small one, as
the actress said to the bishop.
Now all we need
from you today
is the foreground.
Your reaction to the birds

attacking the phone box.
You ready
to try one?
Yes.
Oh, you're not
cold, are you?
You seem to be trembling.
The gulls are the people,
you see, and she is the bird.
Cameras, stand by.
Roll it.
Let's go for a take.
Silence on set, please!
Quiet, everyone!
Roll 'em.
Speed!
Set.
Action.
Ah!
Uh!
Ah!
Uh!
Ah!
Oh...
Tippi!
Are you OK?
Come on. Let's
get you out of here.
Are you sure
it was an accident?
I told you I don't know
how it happened.
Get the shot?
I didn't ask you
to come here
because I was worried about
picking glass out of my face.
It's just one of
those film-business things.
Most girls try not to
make it so personal.
I was a model
for 11 years.
I learned any number

of ways to wriggle away
from guys
with cameras, but...
So?
Have a quiet drink
with Hitch tonight
and show him
you're OK.
I can't keep missing
my daughter's bedtime.
One drink, Tippi.
Where's the harm?
She'll be fine.
Maybe a little tired.
Looking forward
to that drink.
Hitch?
What's the matter?
Hmm... Did you get some
shots you can use today?
Plenty.
Thank you.
Is that why
we're celebrating?
Oh, I celebrate
most days
I spend with you,
my dear,
but not today.
I've received a litter
from Her Serene Highness.
Please, do sit down,
my dear.
Your fidgeting
is exhausting.
Princess Grace will not, after
all, be descending from heaven
to play my Marnie.
Oh, Hitch.
I'm so sorry.
I'll get another
blonde.
Not like Grace Kelly.
You have everything

she has and more.
So shall we discuss
tomorrow's scenes?
I've been thinking of when
Melanie goes up to the attic
filled with birds.
Why does she go
up there on her own?
Because I want her to.
Now, what expression do we
think she has on her face?
I think she goes up there in
a spirit of self-sacrifice.
She gives herself
to the birds, do you see?
"This is all my fault.
"Everything is ruined,
and it's all my fault."
"Everything is ruined,
and it's all my fault."
Sure. I'm a woman.
I can do that
standing on my head.
Who needs Grace Kelly?
Good.
Some...
some bedtime
reading.
My next movie.
This is going to
be a silent murder.
Oh, yeah.
The birds attack her.
She knows
that's in the script.
So...
now you need to go
and tell her
how we're going
to shoot it.
She doesn't know?
Won't everyone be able to
see the birds are fake?
The magic

of post-production.
Well, unless they're
intending on shooting it
real close up,
but even then...
Ha.
Hi, Tippi.
Come on in.
I need some
convincing.
Uh...
I'm sorry.
We can't use mechanical
birds for this scene.
I know, it's a lot of shots
to get through in one day,
but we're going to be
taking them methodically.
You'll be fine.
You'll be quite safe.
I'll always be here.
Just don't let them
near your eyes.
OK, OK. Thank you.
Through here.
Here you go.
Where is Hitch?
He'll be here
for the shot.
I'd still like to know why she
goes into that attic alone.
Can we get started?
Is he here yet?
I'd like to get today
over with.
All right,
good boys.
Do what I taught you.
All right,
silence on set, everyone.
Picture up.
Speed.
Camera set.
Action!

Cut it!
All right,
going again.
OK, we're going
for another one.
Speed.
Cut it.
Standing by, everybody.
Cut it.
Morning, sir.
Stand by, everybody.
Picture up.
Take 23.
Going again!
Good take.
You don't think she
might have had enough?
Bob, I'd keep
your opinions to yourself.
Take 37. 613...
Going again.
First positions,
please, Tippi.
Good morning,
Mr. Hitchcock.
Picture up.
Take 45.
Are you OK to go
for another one?
She's fine, Jim.
Go again.
Yeah. Yeah.
Come on, Jim.
Let's have all
the birds in this time.
All right, silence
on set, please!
Action.
Cut it.
Tippi!
You can't drive
yourself, honey!
It's OK. Whatever she wants.
One day.

I heard you tell her it would
only take one day, Jim.
Did you hear what I said?
It clawed her eye.
She was told one day with mechanical
birds and special effects.
Instead, she got 5 days with
real birds thrown at her,
pecking and shitting.
She'll be back.

Hi. Mommy's
home early.

Hey.

Is this to be
thrown out?

I'm hungry.

Can I have
a chocolate cookie?

Please?

Look, I can stay.

No need. I'm fine.

Come on.

Are you sure?

Mom?

There's no answer.

Ladybug, ladybug,
fly away.

Your house is on fire,
and your children are gone.

Mom?

Mom!

Ladybug, ladybug,
fly away.

Your house is on fire,
and your children are gone.

Mom!

I got you water.

Mom!

Wake up! Mom...

Ah! Ah!

I'm so sorry.

Doctor's orders.

She'll be off for
the rest of the week.

So, production's
shut down.
That's a first.
There's no way
he made up his mind
on the day to use
real birds.
Stuff like that
takes forever to organize.
He knew, Jo.
He knew, and he never told me.
Tippi, walk away.
Come on.
You can take Melanie
and pack up your stuff
and go back to New York
and modeling and your
old life and be happy.
Something
you must see.
Welcome
back, Tippi.
Welcome back.
Nice to see you
back, Tippi.
Let's finish
this picture.
So you see
it was worth it.
All the pain.
All the fear
and the loneliness.
I know I've put you
through some hard times.
Look at you now.
The point being,
my dear,
there's only so much I can
teach you through kindness.
Is this an apology?
For doing whatever it took to
turn you into a movie star?
Thank you.
So here's the girl,

walking away from us,
walking away from the camera,
down a long platform.
We follow her all
along the platform,
where's she's
waiting for the train.
She has dark hair...
dark, and a bright
yellow purse.
The brightest yellow
you can think of,
so we watch that purse.
We're obsessed
with that purse.
We're asking ourselves,
"What's in the purse?"
And, uh,
that's it, is it?
Hmm.
Act one, scene one
of "Marnie."
How about the
other 100 minutes?
That's Evan's job.
Uh, she's a complex
character...
a thief, a liar, and Marnie
can't let any man near her.
It's because of
childhood trauma.
Frigid, you see?
No, just scared, surely.
But she gets rescued by
the love of a good man, right?
I'm just guessing.
Sure.
Maybe.
Surely to God she
hasn't let the old fool
anywhere near her.
Of course not.
Is she leading
him on?

No.
Can't help being
a pretty girl.
They're all pretty.
Grace was pretty
Ingrid was pretty...
OK, what's she got,
Peggy?
What's this one got
that's so bloody special?
Whatever he throws at her,
however he provokes her...
she makes him feel
he can't hurt her.
She's in a negligee. He's
in a shirt and pants.
Now, all through this, I think
we should play her quite
unresponsive, until
right at the bottom,
when he goes to kiss her.
Now it breaks.
"I can't. I can't.
"I can't."
Like it
repulses her?
Now he's really
getting mad.
He'd been very
sweet, very patient,
nothing yielding
from her at all.
"If you don't want to go
to bed, please get out"?
"I do want to
go to bed."
And now he goes around
her, and quite sharp,
her hands come up
to ward him off,
and her negligee
falls to the ground.
And she has no expression
on her face at all.

She shouldn't have.
I'm on a big head.
And?
He says yes.
As long as his part
is as big as Tippi's.
Who?
Sean Connery.
The Sean Connery that just
got out of "Doctor No"?
You have a problem
with that?
No, sir,
but Marnie is
supposed to be frigid.
It's called acting,
my dear.
I'm going to have to give
my best block of marble.
Once upon a time,
there was a sculptor
who made a beautiful
statue
out of marble...
I don't want to miss
my daughter's bedtime.
And fell in love with
his own creation.
But the gods
looked kindly on him
and brought her to
life,
and they lived
happily ever after.
Good night, Hitch.
Good night, Peggy.
It just doesn't
work for me, Hitch.
I don't believe it.
I don't believe that guy
would rape his own wife
on their wedding
night, so...
in my version,

he comforts Marnie.
Helps her.
That's not what
I asked you for.
Use the version
I wrote for you
and why would the
audience have
any sympathy for him
at all?
I've told you
before, Evan,
sympathy
is not the point.
When he sticks it in her,
I want that camera
right on her face.
Look at you.
Look at Marnie.
It's just so much
harder this time.
He chose you, honey. Now
he chose you again.
He's like a fairy-tale
person, don't you think?
I like to think of him
like a handsome prince
trapped forever
in a frog suit.
Tippi...
this time around,
won't you try to love him
just a little bit?
Mmm?
"There was a young
girl from Zofia,
"who succumbed to
her lover's desire.
"She said, It's a sin,
but now that it's in,
"do shove it
a few inches higher."
Tired of hearing the
same old jokes again?

Everybody loves him,
don't they?
When he's not
driving us all crazy.
Got to tell you, Tippi,
you look beautiful today.
Just today?
I don't know, I just
never get to see you
with your hair
loose like that.
Short answer?
This is just the way
Hitch wants me today.
Long answer?
Long story.
Jim, Tippi, may I trouble
you two lovebirds
while we attempt
to make this movie?
Now then, Tippi, I'll probably
bring the camera in here close
so we see for the first time
what stress she's under.
This man is serious, it's too
dangerous, so she walks over here.
I think, you see, she's not
really repulsed by him...
not really.
I think it's what is
within her that stops her.
You do understand that,
don't you?
Touch me.
What?
No one can see us.
Can we just
do the scene?
Touch me.
I just...
I just don't think you
can force these things.
What do you know
about it?

Look at you.
Back end of a bus.
Fancy a drink, Jim?
I should really
be getting home.
Maybe she's just
sort of concentrating
on her career
right now.
Or is it because
I'm a porker?
Like two balloons
tied together.
Someone wrote that
in a newspaper.
"Walrus dressed like
a man."
I've seen you
flirting with her.
We all flirt
with her, Hitch.
We all like to see
that pretty smile.
Cold, though.
No.
Frigid.
No?
Not to you?
You been there, Jim?
No.
I'm a married man,
Hitch.
You would, though,
wouldn't you?
You'd get your leg over
her if she'd let you.
I bet she would
let you, too.
Alma.
I was on my way
to see you.
I...
just wanted to
say that...

I wanted to say
I'm sorry
you're having to go
through this.
You can stop it.
You're the only one who could
stop it with one word.
Won't you?
Alma, please.
My wife is
an excellent cook.
Did you know that?
Yeah, sure did,
Hitch.
She's a wonderful
woman.
I've never had sex
with anybody else.
People don't believe me.
They think I say it
to shock.
It's true.
I think I can move
the seat back a little.
The only woman
I've ever known.
Years ago,
of course.
There you go.
Watch your head.
Can't get it up now.
Impotent.
It's OK, Hitch.
They're not coming
for us.
What, you don't trust me
to get you home?
Come on, Hitch.
Every night,
I lock myself
into my room,
as if there's a madman
on the other side,
waiting to slit

my throat.
Let's get you
inside, huh?
Hold on to me.
Here.
Uh-oh.
What?
Mrs. Hitchcock, hi.
Sorry if we
disturbed you.
If she wants
me to lose weight,
she should stop cooking
my favorite things.
I'd give it all up,
Jim.
I'd give up the films, money,
everything I've ever done.
Ah, no.
No girl is worth that.
To be like you.
To look like you.
OK, everybody, going for a take.
That means closed set.
So everybody
clear out, please.
Closed set.
Thank you very much.
Stand by.
Roll 'em.
Speed!
Scene 331,
take one.
Mark.
Set.
Action.
No!
I declare,
I've eaten so much...
you and me.
Happy anniversary, Hitch.
It was a wonderful
dinner.
You're welcome, honey.

Happy holidays, everyone.
Oh,
good cheer.
Mom.
Oh, come on.
You have to stop this.
It's Christmas day.
I'm with my family.
So am I.
Murder, isn't it?
I've taken refuge
in my bedroom.
How are you?
Busy in the kitchen.
No.
It's too quiet.
Well, I hope you're having
a good day,
but I have to
get back now.
I only get through
thinking about next Christmas.
Next year...
everything will be different.
Alma will understand.
We traveled the
whole world filming...
She's been like
a sister to me.
It's just that's all
she's ever been,
really.
I only married her
because she asked me to.
The day she ever drops her
knickers, you'll run a mile.
How long?
Since the beginning.
Why didn't
you tell me?
How could I tell you?
I have to be professional.
I have to do my job.
I can't go running

for help
like some silly
little girl.
I can deal with it.
I've always been able
to deal with it.
I've tried
everything, Jo.
After Christmas
we shoot the disguise scenes.
So?
Marnie dyes her hair.
Ah.
Hitch?
Hitch?
She came back
before.
She left before?
When she had cancer.
She was so ill,
but she came back.
Peggy, I'm lost
without her.
You should tell her
that, not me.
Sex has never been
very important to me.
It's for the kids,
don't you think?
For the kids...
and the movies.
Oh, look.
The moon is full tonight.
It reminds me of my
favorite fantasy about you.
You and I are standing together
in my living room, at home.
Do you remember?
When we had cocktails,
and the rays of the moon
are coming in,
enveloping us.
Me and you, Tippi.
With the moon...

shining in
your beautiful hair.
Don't say it.
I love you.
No.
I love you, too.
I love you, Hitch.
Whoa!
That's different.
It's not me.
I don't like it.
I thought it would
make it easier.
I thought as soon as I
stop being blonde...
but now it's like
I'm losing me.
Hey, hey, hey. Don't...
No, it's OK.
I'll be OK. Just
don't be nice to me.
If you're nice to
me, I'll fall apart.
Just tell me...
just tell me
I'm still here.
Come here.
Can I tell you what
it's like, Jim?
It's like... it's
like he wants...
he wants to get
inside me...
all the way
inside me
and squeeze me out
till there's nothing
of me left.
And he's the one looking
out of my eyes.
Cut it.
Checking.
Come on.
OK, that's

martinis for everyone.
Thank you very
much, everybody.
You're up against
Maggie Smith
and Ursula Andress
nominated
as one of the Stars
of Tomorrow.
Congratulations,
Tippi!
The Golden Globes!
Nice job, Tippi!
Well done, Tippi.
Come in.
What can I do for you,
O Star of Tomorrow?
I would like you to give
me two days off, please,
so I may attend
the ceremony in New York.
Wet rat leaves
sinking ship.
It's the first time I've asked
you for anything in 3 years.
No, you don't ask
straight out.
No, but...
you've taken plenty,
haven't you?
Taken the money,
taken the attention.
Don't you think it's time
you gave something back?
From now on, I want you to make
yourself sexually available to me
at all times.
Whatever I want you
to do,
whenever I want you
to do it,
because I think that's
only fair reward
given what I've done

for you.

So that's all
it ever was.

No.

It's all you ever
let us be.

Tippi and Alfie.

No.

I want out of
my contract.

Well, you can't get
out of it, can you?

No one will hire
you.

And what about your
child...

your parents
in Minnesota?

We'll survive.

Tippi Hedren
didn't have it.

Alfred Hitchcock
did his best,

but she just didn't have
the volcano inside.

Sadly, her career
went nowhere

after she parted
from the man

to whom she owed
everything.

Cold as marble.

No.

No, you had that whole thing
the wrong way around, Hitch.

You took a living,
breathing woman

and you turned her
into a statue.

I'm not sure
about the kiss.

I don't think she'd give
in to him like that.

I was thinking

I could go back
to coming down to the
set a bit more often.
You could use
the support,
especially
on the story structure,
and I could use
the entertainment.
You left
without a word.
You can change
your mind, you know.
Sweep that up, please.
You're watching
my last scene.
First position,
please, Tippi.
All right, stop
the work, please.
Picture up.
Silence on set!
Stand by.
Roll 'em.
Speed.
Scene one,
take one.
Mark.
Set.
Action.
Hitch.
Cut it.
Cut.