

SAVING CHARLIE CHAPLIN

By

Justin Shady

WME
Grandview

TITLE CARD:

"The following is based on true-ish events."

INT. PIG 'N WHISTLE - NIGHT

TITLE: HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA - APRIL 14TH, 1939

ROBINSON LOWELL (20s), a mousey film industry underling with a nervous disposition, sits in a booth fidgeting with a fork. His eyes dart around; clearly, he's waiting for *someone*.

That someone is FRANKLIN (30s), a picture-perfect Aryan piece of shit: blonde hair, blue eyes, towering/cut physique, etc. He looks like what all men want to be. Including me... *sigh*.

Franklin enters and makes eye contact with Robinson. Franklin walks over, sits across from Robinson, and *says nothing*.

ROBINSON

(looking at watch, annoyed)

I hope whatever studio you're working for pays overtime.

(no response)

I'm saying you're late.

(no response)

Did you bring the thing or what?

Franklin pulls a thick envelope out of his jacket pocket and tosses it onto the table. *This guy gives zero fucks*. He's like Donald Trump, but a fascist. So he's like Donald Trump.

ROBINSON (CONT'D)

(quickly grabs envelope)

Christ! Are you crazy? You know what we're doing here isn't exactly on the up-and-up, right?

(no response)

Whatever, pal.

Robinson pulls a manila envelope from a satchel and attempts to pass it to Franklin beneath the table. Franklin doesn't move. Robinson finally gives up and just hands it to him.

ROBINSON (CONT'D)

Not making this easy, are you?

Franklin looks inside the manila envelope, then stands and heads for the exit. As Franklin goes, Robinson looks across the room and notices TWO SUITS (30s) watching them closely.

ROBINSON (CONT'D)

Shit.

Robinson follows after Franklin. On his way to the door he looks back over his shoulder: *the suits are following them.*

EXT. PIG 'N WHISTLE - NIGHT

Franklin exits and looks around; Robinson exits behind him.

ROBINSON

I think we've got company.

Franklin turns around just as the suits exit.

SUIT #1

(flashes badge)

United Artists security, fellas.

Mind if we--

Franklin pulls a Luger from his jacket.

He SHOOTS Robinson in the fucking face. Robinson falls dead.

SUIT #2

Holy shit!

Franklin takes off running; the suits pull out guns and FIRE.

At the end of the street, a single headlight comes to life: it belongs to an approaching motorcycle/attached sidecar. Franklin jumps in as it passes; the DRIVER (30s) guns it.

SUIT #1

Get the car!

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

The motorcycle flees as the suits' car gives chase.

INT. THE SUITS' CAR - NIGHT

Suit #1 drives as Suit #2 SHOOTS out the window.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The chase leaves the bright lights of Hollywood and enters the darkness of the rural winding road as it heads west. The motorcycle hugs curves at breakneck speeds, barely missing oncoming traffic as it crosses the dividing line. The suits close in, still SHOOTING out the window as they approach—

EXT. THE PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

A BULLET rips through the motorcycle driver's head; he falls off the bike, tipping it over in the process. Sparks fly as it SCRAPES across the road; it comes to a stop in the sand.

Franklin, *still very much alive*, stands and runs toward the water. The suits, *still SHOOTING*, jump out and give chase.

Franklin DIVES into the ocean and swims like a motherfucker. The suits stop at the water's edge, CHUCKLING as they reload.

SUIT #2

Go get him.

SUIT #1

What am I? A creative exec?

The suits aim and FIRE into the water. Bullets WHIZ past Franklin's body; still, he swims.

SUIT #2

(to Franklin, loudly)

You can't win, buddy! Stop already!

Amazingly, *Franklin does just that* as he treads water.

SUIT #2 (CONT'D)

You gotta be kidding me.

The suits take aim at Franklin's head... which is now slowly rising out of the water as if by magic.

SUIT #1

Who the fuck is this guy? Houdini?

Franklin continues to rise out of the water as it's revealed *he's standing on the deck of a surfacing German U-boat*.

The U-boat's hatch opens; Franklin starts to climb inside. As the boat dives, Franklin smiles and gives the suits a proud "Sieg Heil!" salute. He SLAMS the hatch shut as the U-boat disappears beneath the water's surface. After a beat--

SUIT #2

So *that* just fucking happened.

EXT. THE BAVARIAN ALPS - DAY

TITLE: OBERSALZBERG, BAVARIA, GERMANY

A NAZI OFFICER (20s) drives a motorcycle up a winding mountainous road. A satchel is strapped to his back.

EXT. THE BERGHOF - DAY

He parks in front of a sprawling estate and pulls the manila envelope from the satchel. He KNOCKS on the front door.

INT. THE BERGHOF (VARIOUS LOCATIONS) - DAY

Another OFFICER (30s) answers and takes the envelope. The envelope is then passed from OFFICER to OFFICER as it moves through the building, finally ending up in a large—

OFFICE

The room is decorated in ornately carved, dark-wood inlays. A large statue of a bronze eagle is mounted above the door.

A HIGH-RANKING OFFICER (40s) enters carrying the envelope. He sets it down on a huge wooden desk, then exits.

A pair of hands pull a paper stack out of the envelope. Typed on its cover sheet: "THE GREAT DICTATOR" BY CHARLIE CHAPLIN

A fist SLAMS down onto the stack; the wood beneath it CRACKS. The fist belongs to ADOLF HITLER (50). (If I need to explain who Hitler is you probably shouldn't be reading this script.)

HITLER

NEIN!!!

TITLE: "SAVING CHARLIE CHAPLIN"

CUT TO:

EXT. GUIDO'S FINE ITALIAN DINING - NIGHT

TITLE: WASHINGTON, D.C.

RAIN pours down on a hole-in-the-wall Italian restaurant.

GUIDO (O.S.)

Lemme tell you what I know, fellas--

INT. GUIDO'S FINE ITALIAN DINING (PRIVATE BACK ROOM) - NIGHT

Crime boss GUIDO ROCOCO (50s) — a greasy chub of a gangster who looks like he sweats mayonnaise — walks around a table of his fellow GANGSTER UNDERBOSSSES while they eat dinner.

GUIDO

--we got us a rat at the table.

Guido walks toward VINCENZO (30s), a beaky, rail-thin fella.

GUIDO (CONT'D)
Isn't that right, Vinnie?

VINCENZO
How would I know, boss?

Guido moves behind Vincenzo and rests a hand on his shoulder.

GUIDO
Oh, you'd know, Vinnie. You'd know.

Guido presses a gun barrel into the back of Vincenzo's skull and COCKS the hammer when, suddenly, the door behind him is KICKED in. A team of FBI AGENTS enters with their guns drawn.

They're led by MADISON PACKARD (25), a handsome, pompous asshole in a ridiculously expensive suit who takes both his job and his life way too fucking seriously.

MADISON
Hands in the air, assholes!
(presses gun barrel to the
back of Guido's skull)
Drop it or lose your brains, Guido.

Guido DROPS his gun. Across the table, a gangster named PETRY (30s) slowly moves his hand toward his jacket pocket.

MADISON (CONT'D)
Guido Rococo, you--

Petry pulls *something* out of his pocket. In one quick motion, Madison grabs Guido by the back of the head and SLAMS his face down onto the table, instantly SHATTERING his nose.

Simultaneously, Madison SHOOTs across the table, striking Petry in the shoulder. *Madison hasn't missed a fucking beat.*

MADISON (CONT'D)
(continuing)
--are under arrest.

Petry SCREAMS and writhes in his chair as it's revealed—

PETRY
You shot me, Madison!

—he's actually an undercover agent working with Madison.

MADISON
You were going for something!

PETRY
 (flashes badge)
 My badge!

MADISON
 What am I, Petry, a mind-reader?

PETRY
 (overly dramatic)
 Well, this is it! I'm entering a
 tunnel of light! Abraham Lincoln is
 waving me in!

MADISON
 (to Guido, re: Petry)
 By the way... there's your rat.

PETRY
 Do me a favor, Madison, would you?
 Say goodbye to my wife and kids.

MADISON
 Yeah, whatever.

Madison is the best agent the Bureau has; everyone knows it, *including him*. Because of this, he's no fun to work with. Or talk to. Or be around. Or anything.

MADISON (CONT'D)
 (to agents)
 I'll let you boys take it from
 here.

Madison winks at his fellow agents and exits.

FBI AGENT
 (to agents, re: Madison)
 What a fucking dickhead.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS (HALLWAY) - DAY

TITLE: THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

United States Secretary of War, HAROLD STRANGE (50s), marches down a long hallway with a thick binder under his arm.

He approaches a door. Its nameplate reads: J. EDGAR HOOVER, DIRECTOR, THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION. He enters a—

WAITING ROOM

—where a buttoned-up shrew of a SECRETARY (50s) sits PECKING at a typewriter, one finger at a time. He walks past her.

SECRETARY

He prefers people to knock first.

Harold SCOFFS, *opens the door without knocking*, and enters—

J. EDGAR HOOVER'S OFFICE

J. EDGAR HOOVER (44), FBI Director and brassiere aficionado, sits at his desk flipping through a Sears Christmas catalog; *the women's undergarments section*, to be exact.

Hoover quickly/nervously closes the catalog and stands.

J. EDGAR HOOVER

I prefer people to--

HAROLD STRANGE

Knock first, I know. But trust me, Edgar, you've got bigger things to worry about than having me walk in on you trying on a girdle.

J. EDGAR HOOVER

(adjusts *under* his suit)

I have no idea what you're insinuating, Mr. Secretary.

HAROLD STRANGE

Sure.

(tosses binder onto desk)

Last week, a German U-boat surfaced off the coast of Los Angeles.

J. EDGAR HOOVER

Christ. What was it doing there?

HAROLD STRANGE

Providing an escape for a Nazi spy who was smuggling out intelligence. Specifically, the manuscript of an upcoming motion picture titled *The Great Dictator*. It's a parody film that pokes fun at Hitler and the Third Reich. It's currently being made by Charlie Chaplin.

J. EDGAR HOOVER
 (flipping through binder)
 Chaplin is still alive?

HAROLD STRANGE
 Apparently. But he may not be for
 long if Hitler has his way.

J. EDGAR HOOVER
 Wait, let me get this straight:
 Hitler's upset over a picture that
 hasn't been made yet, so he's
 sending Nazis to L.A. to kidnap
 Chaplin and halt its production.
 (Strange nods)
 That's the stupidest fucking thing
 I've ever heard.

HAROLD STRANGE
 Agreed. But when a U-boat pulls up
 to Santa Monica Pier we should
 probably do something about it.
 Unless you want to be the person to
 explain to Roosevelt why we didn't.

Hoover glances up at a framed photo of PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

J. EDGAR HOOVER
 Crippled cocksucker. Okay, fine.
 I'll send Packard to Los Angeles
 first thing in the morning.

HAROLD STRANGE
 It's only Charlie Chaplin, Edgar.
 No need to send your best guy.

J. EDGAR HOOVER
 Eh, he just shot a fellow agent.

HAROLD STRANGE
 Another one?

Hoover SIGHS as he SLAMS the binder shut.

CUT TO:

INT. UNION STATION (PLATFORM) - DAY

A severe-looking, sharply-dressed COUPLE exit a train.

The man is ULRICH LUTZ (30s), a towering, brick-shithouse
 pacifist who uses violence only as a last resort.

His partner is SUKA HÜNDIN (20s), a beautiful/brutal woman who uses violence as an only resort.

HAROLD STRANGE (V.O.)
Intel suggests Nazis may have
already arrived in Los Angeles.

EXT. UNION STATION - DAY

Ulrich and Suka wait curbside.

HAROLD STRANGE (V.O.)
We don't know how many there are,
or who they may be working with.

A black car pulls up. An UNSEEN PERSON in the backseat opens the back door; Ulrich and Suka get in. The car pulls off.

EXT. CHARLIE CHAPLIN STUDIOS - DAY

Ulrich and Suka sit in a parked car as a MAN WHO LOOKS LIKE CHAPLIN (40s) walks past. They follow him with their eyes.

HAROLD STRANGE (V.O.)
What we do know is that these Nazis
were handpicked by Hitler himself--

The man enters a building. Ulrich and Suka exit the car.

INT. CHARLIE CHAPLIN STUDIOS (CHAPLIN'S OFFICE) - DAY

The man picks a bowler hat off a rack and puts it on.

He opens an old cigar box sitting on a desk; inside are sheets of fake toothbrush mustaches. He peels one off, sticks it under his nose, and wiggles his top lip as he tests it.

Behind him, Ulrich and Suka quietly open the door and enter. A gold plate on the door reads: CHARLIE CHAPLIN

HAROLD STRANGE (V.O.)
--which means they're the best.

From Ulrich and Suka's vantage point, they see the silhouette of Chaplin's most famous character: THE TRAMP.

Ulrich throws a sack over the man's head as Suka HITS him with a billy club. Ulrich catches his body as it falls, tosses him over his shoulders, and carries him out.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS (J. EDGAR HOOVER'S OFFICE) - DAY

Madison, *who is clearly unimpressed*, sits across from Hoover.

J. EDGAR HOOVER
And that's why you're going to L.A.

MADISON
But I don't want to go to L.A.

J. EDGAR HOOVER
The requirements of your job aren't based on wants, Packard.

MADISON
This sounds like a bad joke. Why would Hitler care about a stupid picture? Also, Chaplin's alive?

J. EDGAR HOOVER
That's what I said! We're so alike.

Hoover awkwardly stares at Madison, fawning over him.

MADISON
Sir?

J. EDGAR HOOVER
(snapping out of it)
Here's the deal: Chaplin is still alive, and you're going to L.A. to keep him that way.
(remembering)
Oh!

Hoover SCRIBBLES *something* on paper; he hands it to Madison.

MADISON
What's this?

J. EDGAR HOOVER
The address of a fabulous little sausage stand in Hollywood. It's to die for. Get the Antonio. That's what I eat when I'm in L.A.
(Madison lowers his head)
Oh, Packard. You act as if I were sending you to Siberia. It's Hollywood, for Christ's sake. The land of beautiful people and golden opportunities. Go. Have fun.

CUT TO:

INT. PUBLIC SCHOOL 63 (COMMUNITY CENTER ROOM) - NIGHT

TITLE: HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

FIVE MEN sit in a circle facing each other. This is a weekly meeting of the COPS WITH AGGRESSION ISSUES SUPPORT GROUP.

Three of the men are LAPD cops: KENLEY (33), ERIK (37), and HUNTER (28). They are being led by KEVIN (47), a bald, hard-edged, retired cop who knows their pain all too well.

The odd man out is DENNISON (35), a kind, caring, and maybe somewhere-on-the-spectrum nice guy... who also is a cop.

KEVIN

Dennison, since this is your first time attending our Cops With Aggression Issues Support Group, I'd like you to start tonight.

DENNISON

Sure. Well, I realized I had a problem when I came upon a guy who was trying to break into my car.

HUNTER

And then you stabbed him.

KEVIN

Hunter, please. This is a Dennison story, not a Hunter story. Okay?
(Hunter nods)
Please, Dennison... continue.

DENNISON

So I flashed my badge, and then--

HUNTER

You stabbed him.

KEVIN

(warning)
Hunter....

Unsure of what's going on, Dennison hesitates a beat. Then--

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You were saying, Dennison?

DENNISON

So this guy starts telling me how his mom is sick, and how he needs money to get back home to Milwaukee before she dies. So I--

HUNTER

Stab him.

ERIK

Hunter, if you don't let this guy finish his goddamn story, I'm gonna break your pinky fingers again.

KEVIN

Erik, it's fine to use terse words, just not curse words.

KENLEY

Fucking right.

KEVIN

Kenley!

(to Dennison)

I apologize. So a man tried to break into your car, and then asked you for money. What happened next?

DENNISON

I gave him a buck and let him go.

A long beat of silence passes. Then--

KENLEY

You're a fucking pussy.

DENNISON

Am I in the right place? This *is* the group for cops dealing with aggression issues, right?

HUNTER

So... you stabbed the guy, right?

DENNISON

(ignoring)

I ask because you're all already so aggressive. Why are you here?

KEVIN

(realizing)

Wait... are you here to learn how to become *more* aggressive?

DENNISON

Yes! Isn't that what this is?

KEVIN

Dennison, you may say you're a cop, but you sound like a fucking nurse.

Kevin HIGH-FIVES the other guys around the circle; this ramps up their aggression, which they then unload on Dennison.

For some reason, *Dennison appears to revel in their vitriol.*

ERIK

I'm gonna come over there and punch you in your nurse pussy.

DENNISON

Yes! Give me more!

HUNTER

And then I'm gonna stab you!

DENNISON

See? *This* is what I needed!

KENLEY

I once choked a fucking penguin!

The room falls silent, like a needle scratching a record.

DENNISON

Oh, wow. Okay, that's intense.

A fired-up Dennison stands and eagerly pumps his arms, as if he were absorbing the aggression in the room by osmosis.

DENNISON (CONT'D)

Thanks. You guys are the best.

(opens door to leave)

I mean, you *jerks* are the best.

Dennison winks at them and exits.

KEVIN

He really fucking sucks at this.

ERIK

(glances over)

Is that his gun?

They look over and, sure enough, sitting on the floor is Dennison's department-issued handgun. Dennison reenters.

DENNISON

(goes for gun)

Sorry, I forgot my--

Erik grabs Dennison's gun and shoves it down his pants.

ERIK

Pussies don't get guns.

DENNISON

But I--

Erik pulls the gun out of his pants, COCKS it, and then shoves it back down his fucking pants.

ERIK

You want it? Go get it.

DENNISON

I... can't I... just....

Dennison leaves.

ERIK

I'm rock hard right now.

CUT TO:

INT. LAPD HOLLYWOOD PRECINCT (BASKETTI'S OFFICE) - DAY

Dennison now sits like a reprimanded child in a principal's office. Standing behind the desk across from him is CAPTAIN RONALD BASKETTI (50s), Dennison's annoyed/frustrated boss.

CAPTAIN BASKETTI

You're a cop, Dennison. You know that, right? Because most cops know not to lose their guns.

DENNISON

I *didn't* lose my gun, Ron. Those angry guys took it and then shoved it down their pants.

(quietly)

I did lose my other guns though.

CAPTAIN BASKETTI

Don't push me, Dennison. And don't call me Ron. We're not friends. I'm your captain.

DENNISON

Yes, Captain Ron.

CAPTAIN BASKETTI

Dennison, do you know how many of your department-issued guns are on the street? Go ahead, take a guess.

DENNISON

I don't know, maybe--

Basketti SLAMS a thick binder down on his desk.

CAPTAIN BASKETTI

Seven!

(opens binder, reads)

Detective Dennison lost his gun at the Fourth of July parade.

Detective Dennison lost his gun on the Griffith Park Merry-Go-Round.

Detective Dennison lost his gun in the men's restroom at Grauman's.

(closes binder)

I don't even have another gun to give you. You've literally lost all of our extras.

DENNISON

You're gonna fire me, aren't you?

CAPTAIN BASKETTI

You're not fired, but you're off active duty. For now, you're my bitch, and that means being assigned to bitch duty.

(Dennison chuckles)

What's funny?

DENNISON

You said "duty."

CUT TO:

EXT. UNION AIR TERMINAL - DAY

TRAVELERS hurriedly rush in and out of the airport terminal.

CAPTAIN BASKETTI (V.O.)

The feds have an agent coming into town on special assignment. You're going to pick him up and drive him around, give him a lay of the land.

Madison exits to find Dennison standing next to a De Luxe Ford. He's holding a sign: FBI AGENT MADISON PACKARD

MADISON

(flashes badge)

FBI Agent Madison Packard.

DENNISON

(puts hand out for shake)

Nice to meet--

Madison hands Dennison his suitcase, then gets in the car. Dennison puts the suitcase in the backseat, then gets in.

INT. DENNISON'S CAR - DAY

After a long, awkward beat of silence—

DENNISON
Wanna know my name?
(Madison shakes his head)
Alright.

Dennison STARTS the car and pulls off.

EXT. LOS ANGELES (VARIOUS LOCATIONS) - DAY

Dennison drives while Madison takes in L.A.: palm trees; convertibles; tourists, etc. Madison hates all of it.

INT. DENNISON'S CAR - DAY

Dennison pulls up to Chaplin Studios.

DENNISON
Here we are: Chaplin Studios.

Madison exits without saying a word.

EXT. CHARLIE CHAPLIN STUDIOS - DAY

Madison walks toward the entrance. Dennison exits the car.

DENNISON
I'm new to this, so I don't know if
I'm supposed to follow you, or--

A STUDIO EMPLOYEE (20s) exits out of the gate.

MADISON
(flashes badge)
FBI Agent Madison Packard. Where
might I find Mr. Charles Chaplin?

The employee points across the street to—

INT. THE RED LIGHT (FRONT ROOM) - DAY

The Red Light is a notorious brothel. Its walls (and windows) are covered in red fabric. The only light in the room comes from a lamp on a desk; its lamp shade is, *obviously*, red.

MARLA (20s), wearing a bustier, panties, and garter belts, lies on a couch filing her nails. Dennison and Madison enter.

DENNISON

Hey, Marla.

Madison throws Dennison a look: "You know this fucking girl?"

MARLA

Hey, Dennison. Who's your friend?

MADISON

(flashes badge)

FBI Agent Madison Packard. Where is Mr. Charles Chaplin?

Marla points down the—

HALLWAY

Dennison and Madison walk down a long, door-lined hall; they follow SCREAMS to a door at the end of the hall. They KNOCK.

VICTORIA (O.S.)

Come in.

BEDROOM

Dennison and Madison enter to find VICTORIA (20s) lying on the bed in a silky robe. She's reading a book. Lying beside her is CHARLIE CHAPLIN (50); he's drunk as fuck, completely passed out. After a beat, *and still asleep*, Chaplin SCREAMS.

VICTORIA

He gets night terrors when he drinks. Hey, Dennison.

DENNISON

How's your mother, Victoria?

VICTORIA

Feeling much better. She says thanks for sending the flowers.

DENNISON

It's the least I could do.

MADISON
 (nudges Chaplin)
 Mr. Charles Chaplin?

CHAPLIN
 (startled awake)
 Shirley Temple!
 (realizing, drunkenly)
 Who the fuck are you?

MADISON
 (flashes badge)
 FBI Agent Madison Packard. Sir, I
 need you to come with me. I have
 reason to believe you're in danger.

CHAPLIN
 Really? I'm in danger. How's that?

MADISON
 (glances at Dennison)
 I'd rather not go into that here.

CHAPLIN
 Listen, buddy, I'm not going
 anywhere until you tell me why I
 gotta go somewhere to go there.
 (to Victoria)
 Did that make sense?

VICTORIA
 Perfect sense, Charlie.

Beat, as Madison weighs his options. Then—

MADISON
 (quickly, quietly)
 Adolf Hitler is trying to kidnap
 you because you're making a picture
 that pokes fun at him.

Everyone (except Madison) bursts into LAUGHTER.

DENNISON
 Why would Adolf Hitler care about a
 stupid picture?

CHAPLIN
 It's terrible! Believe me, I should
 know. I wrote it.

MADISON
 Sir, has anything odd happened to
 you in the past few days?

Chaplin closes his eyes and thinks. After a beat, he SNORES.

VICTORIA
Charlie!

Startled awake, Chaplin THROWS UP all over his own chest.

DENNISON
(covering nose)
Oh, god!

CHAPLIN
That one's for you, Hitler.

MADISON
Mr. Chaplin, again, anything out of
the ordinary. Anything at all.

CHAPLIN
An employee went missing yesterday.

MADISON
Went missing? Who went missing?

CHAPLIN
Bernie. No, no... *Benny*. My--

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The man who looks like Chaplin (AKA Benny) sits beaten and tied to a chair. Ulrich and Suka stand over him.

BENNY
--stunt double! I swear, you got
the wrong fella. I'm not Chaplin!
Look! You can peel my mustache off!

Suka does... and then PUNCHES him in the face. The chair teeters backward, finally CRASHING to the floor.

ULRICH
(in German)
*Hit him as much as you want, Suka,
he still won't be Chaplin.*

A frustrated Suka gives Ulrich a look of death. Ulrich lifts Benny (and the chair) off the floor only to realize—

ULRICH (CONT'D)
Oh, dear. I think he's dead.

Ulrich makes the Sign of the Cross. Suka rolls her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. THE RED LIGHT (BEDROOM) - DAY

DENNISON
Why kidnap your stunt double?

VICTORIA
Actually, good stunts can play a big role in a picture's success.

Madison throws Victoria a look: "How would you know?"

CHAPLIN
Hitler thinks he can pull one over on *me*? Ha! Good luck, mustache-stealing asshole. I'll show him--

Chaplin's thought is cut off by a violent HICCUP that shakes him out of the bed and onto the floor. He's out cold.

MADISON
(to Dennison)
This suit was made by--

EXT. CHARLIE CHAPLIN STUDIOS - DAY

Madison and Dennison carry an unconscious Chaplin between them. Dennison is *clearly doing the majority of the work* while Madison, who doesn't want barf on his suit, stands at arm's length, barely holding up Chaplin's arm by his sleeve.

DENNISON
I assumed a suit made by Siamese prostitutes would be cheaper.

MADISON
Like you know anything about suits.

INT. CHARLIE CHAPLIN STUDIOS (HALLWAY) - DAY

They carry Chaplin down the hall.

MADISON
Besides, you should feel honored to be doing both the United States and Mr. Charles Chaplin a favor.

Chaplin THROWS UP *another mouthful of barf*, but this time it spews across the front of Dennison's shirt.

DENNISON
(covering nose)
That one smells like my grandma's
creamy potato chowder.

MADISON
Your grandmother must be a horrible
fucking cook.

At the end of the hall, Ulrich (who is now carrying Benny's corpse over his shoulder) and Suka round a corner, coming face-to-face with Madison, Dennison, and Chaplin.

Everyone freezes in confusion, as if they were newborns seeing their reflections in a mirror for the first time.

After a beat, Ulrich and Suka recognize Chaplin; they pull out Lugers and start SHOOTING. Madison and Dennison (and Chaplin's limp body along with them) dive to the floor.

Madison pulls out a gun and returns FIRE. Ulrich spins and uses Benny as a shield; *bullets riddle his corpse*.

DENNISON
(tearing up)
I hope that guy was already dead.

Suka peeks out from behind Ulrich (from behind Benny) and FIRES back. Madison RETURNS and hits Ulrich in the thigh. Ulrich SCREAMS, DROPS Benny to the ground, and then KICKS in a door at the end of the hall. Ulrich and Suka dive inside.

DENNISON (CONT'D)
That's not a bad idea.

Dennison jumps to his feet and attempts to KICK in a door. It doesn't budge. He KICKS again. Nothing. Finally, Madison stands and tries the doorknob. It opens with a CLICK.

MADISON
You know what doorknobs do, right?

Back at the end of the hall, Ulrich and Suka SHOOT around the door frame as Madison and Dennison dive into a—

SUPPLY CLOSET

—for cover.

MADISON
We're safe.

Madison looks into the hall and realizes they've forgotten—

MADISON (CONT'D)
Mr. Charles Chaplin!

Madison returns FIRE around the door frame with one hand, and pulls Chaplin into the closet by his leg with the other.

HALLWAY

Ulrich and Suka stand in a doorway with their guns drawn.

ULRICH
(in German)
*You close in from that side. I'll
take the other.*

SUPPLY CLOSET

Madison and Dennison are as they were.

DENNISON
(listening)
She's coming down one side of the
hall. He's coming down the other.

MADISON
You know German?

DENNISON
You don't?

Chaplin turns his head toward Madison as he BURPS up another mouthful of barf. He holds it in just long enough for Madison to *grab Chaplin by the head and turn him toward Dennison*. Again, Chaplin BARFS on Dennison. And again, he passes out.

DENNISON (CONT'D)
(covering nose)
Oh, come on!

MADISON
You good on ammo?

DENNISON
Actually, I don't have a gun on me.

MADISON
Why don't you have a gun?

DENNISON
An angry man put it down his pants.

MADISON
I don't even want to know.

HALLWAY

From opposite sides, Ulrich and Suka slowly move toward the—

SUPPLY CLOSET

MADISON
Fuck it, I'll do it myself.
(cocks gun)
Watch and learn, gumshoe.

Madison leaps through the doorway and back into the—

HALLWAY

—where he returns FIRE. Ulrich and Suka dive for cover.

But just when it looks like Madison has gained the upper hand, *he slips on Chaplin's barf and FALLS hard to the floor.* His gun slides across the floor toward the—

SUPPLY CLOSET

DENNISON
Rat farts!

HALLWAY

Dennison grabs the gun, rushes out, and aims at Ulrich and Suka... who are already waiting with their Lugers drawn.

ULRICH
Drop it, American.

DENNISON
(in German)
Okay, Nazis. Let's try not to do anything too... Nazi-ish.

Ulrich and Suka throw each other a look: "He knows German?"

As Dennison lowers his hands, he accidentally FIRES a bullet into Madison's shoulder. Madison SCREAMS like a six-year-old with a skinned knee. It's embarrassing for everyone involved.

MADISON
You fucking shot me!

DENNISON
(tears welling up)
I'm sorry!

MADISON
You fucking idiot!

DENNISON
(crying)
I barely touched the trigger! It was the gun's fault!

MADISON
Guns don't just shoot people!
Assholes just shoot people!

Ulrich and Suka stare in disbelief, as if they just witnessed an alien ship land in the middle of the fucking hallway.

ULRICH
(in German)
What the fuck is going on?

Dennison uses the moment of confusion to return FIRE. And by "return fire" I mean "close his eyes and SCREAM like a bitch while he FIRES blindly/haphazardly down the hallway."

Ulrich and Suka flee in retreat.

Dennison is still SCREAMING as the gun CLICKS empty. His screams fade as he slowly pries his eyes open to find the coast clear. After a beat, he turns to Madison.

DENNISON
I am so, so, so--

MADISON
Shut the fuck up right now!

CUT TO:

INT. LAPD HOLLYWOOD PRECINCT (BASKETTI'S OFFICE) - DAY

Again, Dennison sits being reprimanded by Basketti. Madison holds bloodied gauze and ice over the hole in his shoulder, while Chaplin stands at a bar cart making himself a martini.

CAPTAIN BASKETTI
I don't believe it, Dennison.

DENNISON
(to Madison)
That's my name, by the way.

MADISON
I still don't care.

CAPTAIN BASKETTI
You don't even have a gun anymore,
yet you still somehow manage to
shoot your partner.

DENNISON
We're partners?!?

MADISON
We're not partners.

CAPTAIN BASKETTI
No, Dennison, you're not partners.
Because you're fired.

DENNISON
Are you serious, Captain Ron? For
once I'm working a real assignment,
and not picking murdered
prostitutes out of the gutter.

MADISON
That happen a lot out here?

CHAPLIN
You have no idea.
(to Captain Basketti)
Olives?

CAPTAIN BASKETTI
Bottom shelf toward the back.
(to Dennison)
I'm gonna need your badge.

MADISON
Justice has been served.

Dennison goes to hand over his badge when—

CHAPLIN
(stirring drink)
I want Detective Dennison.
(re: Madison)
Him and this asshole.

MADISON
If you take him you don't get me.

CHAPLIN

You don't have a say. Hoover assigned you to me. I'm your job.

(to Basketti)

Fact is, these idiots saved my life. And if they did it once, they can do it again. Probably.

CAPTAIN BASKETTI

Mr. Chaplin, I appreciate your--

CHAPLIN

Captain Basketti, I donated more to the Fraternal Order of Police last year than the combined salaries of everyone else in this room.

MADISON

(under breath)

You'd be surprised at what I make.

CAPTAIN BASKETTI

(to Dennison, sighing)

I'll get you another gun.

CUT TO:

INT. DENNISON'S CAR - DAY

Dennison smiles as he drives, Madison scowls as he rides shotgun, and Chaplin excitedly sits in the middle of the backseat, like a son bookended by bickering parents.

MADISON

This is fucking ludicrous.

DENNISON

It's *kind of* fun, isn't it?

MADISON

No.

CHAPLIN

Yes.

DENNISON

So... where to?

CHAPLIN

(looks at watch)

I have an event at three o'clock--

DENNISON

No offense, Charlie, but I was asking my new partner: FBI Agent Madison Packard.

Madison hesitates to reply or admit this is even happening.

MADISON

(sighing)

The Bureau's Hollywood Division. At the very least, I should check in.

CHAPLIN

Wait... if the FBI already has an office here why'd Hoover send you?

Madison throws Chaplin a look: "You'll see."

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HOLLYWOOD DIVISION - DAY

Four FBI agents — MOSES, LOUIS, JEROME, and SAMUEL (all 20s) — *sit around doing absolutely nothing.*

They're all *dressed* like agents (matching suits, ties, shoes, etc.), but they also share one common/obvious factor: they're drop-dead gorgeous. *They're fucking tens. All four of them.*

And like most perfect specimens who appear as if they were created in a lab, they're all aspiring actors who are only working the FBI agent gig until they catch their big break.

MOSES

So I say to the director, "Ummm, hello? I'd like to do the scene with *pants on*, please."

JEROME

You bitch. I wish my agent got me those kinds of roles. Or any roles.

LOUIS

My agent just got me a role in a film about the first Thanksgiving. I play the wife of an Indian chief.

MOSES

The *wife* of an Indian chief? How?

LOUIS

Exactly.

Madison, Packard, and Chaplin enter. The agents look up.

DENNISON

(to Madison, re: agents)
They all brothers or something?

JEROME

Hey, boys. What can we do for you?

MADISON

(flashes badge)

FBI Agent Madison Packard.

(re: Dennison)

This guy isn't important, and this is Mr. Charles Chaplin.

Their eyes go wide. This officially just became an audition.

LOUIS

(patting chest nervously)

Oh my god, it's Chaplin.

MOSES

(quietly)

I thought he was dead.

The agents turn their "good sides" toward Chaplin and smile.

CUT TO:

INT. DENNISON'S CAR - DAY

Dennison, Madison, and Chaplin are as they were.

CHAPLIN

Those guys are about as useful as
shit-covered Charmin.

DENNISON

If they're that bad at their jobs
why does Hoover keep them around?
(realizing)

Oh.

MADISON

(to Chaplin)

We need to get you somewhere safe.
Do you have any friends who might
be willing to take you in?

CHAPLIN

I don't really have friends, but I
do have a producer. Roland O'Dix at
Metropolitan Pictures. He's kind of
like a friend. A shitty friend.

MADISON

Won't work. We need to hole up somewhere that isn't connected to the picture industry.

DENNISON

I know a place.

MADISON

Anyone else have any suggestions?

CHAPLIN

Guys, I really have this thing to--

DENNISON

Please, FBI Agent Madison Packard?

MADISON

Fine. But--

CUT TO:

INT. DENNISON'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

Dennison's apartment looks *nothing* like what you'd expect a thirtysomething bachelor to be living in. It's so sparkling clean that you could eat off the fucking floor, and every book, tchotchke, and frame has been meticulously placed.

The room is also decorated with numerous vases that are overflowing with intricate floral arrangements.

MADISON

--what's with all the flowers?

Chaplin sits on a floral-patterned couch wrapped in plastic.

CHAPLIN

I keep waiting for someone to wheel in a corpse and deliver a eulogy.

MADISON

(to Dennison, re: flowers)

Is this all you? I mean, obviously, your wife contributed to this....

CHAPLIN

Girly shit. Those are the words you're looking for. Girly and shit.

DENNISON

I don't have a wife.

CHAPLIN

I believe that.

DENNISON

I do have a roommate though.

(calling out)

Colby? You home?

MADISON

(to Chaplin, quietly)

If a male ballerina prances his way
out here we're leaving.

Dennison's roommate, COLBY (25), is *not* a male ballerina.

Instead, she's an incredibly intelligent, kind, and beautiful
woman (super-model caliber) who few men on Earth, *especially*
the men in this room, are worthy of.

DENNISON

Guys, this is Colby.

MADISON

What the--

CHAPLIN

--fuck is going on here?

COLBY

Nice to meet you, gentlemen.

DENNISON

Colby, this is my partner, FBI
Agent Madison Packard--

MADISON

(flashes badge)

We're not partners.

DENNISON

--and this is Charlie Chaplin.

COLBY

Wow! I love your pictures, Mr.
Chaplin. I grew up watching them.

CHAPLIN

And look at you now. All grown up.

MADISON

(flashes badge again)

You saw my badge, right?

COLBY

I did. It's very impressive.

DENNISON

Madison and I are working together because Adolf Hitler is trying to kidnap Mr. Chaplin.

COLBY

Oh, dear.

MADISON

He probably shouldn't have just told you that, but it's true.

CHAPLIN

It's kind of a big deal.

COLBY

I should say so. Would you gentlemen like some lemonade?

DENNISON

That would be great, Colby. Thanks.

Colby walks off into the kitchen.

CHAPLIN

(to Dennison)

Please tell me you're fucking her. And if so, describe it in detail.

DENNISON

Colby? No way! She's like a sister.

MADISON

Yeah, a sister you wanna fuck.

CHAPLIN

Guys, honestly, I've gotta go...
(looks at watch)
...shit.

DENNISON

(re: misunderstanding)

Of course. It's the room with the toilet at the end of the hall.

(Chaplin exits)

Look for the daffodils.

MADISON

(looking around apartment)

So what's your deal, Dennison?

DENNISON

Deal? Why would I have a deal?

MADISON

You're a single cop, you live in a flower shop, you've got a smoking-hot roommate you don't want to fuck, and you know German. A person couldn't make you up if they tried.

DENNISON

What can I say? I'm complex.

MADISON

Oh, you're something alright. You really know German?

DENNISON

I know three languages actually: German; Polish, and Russian.

MADISON

And English.

DENNISON

I know four languages actually.

MADISON

Kind of impressive for a cop.

DENNISON

How many languages do you know?

Madison is saved as Colby enters holding a tray of lemonades.

COLBY

Dennison, I don't know if you care or not, but I just saw Mr. Chaplin climb out the bathroom window.

Dennison and Madison jump up and run into the—

BATHROOM

—where they don't find Chaplin, but do find an open window.

MADISON

Chaplin wasn't taking a shit!

DENNISON

That turd! Why would he lie?

MADISON

Okay, let's think here. If we were Chaplin, where would we be headed?

DENNISON
To my non-friend producer?

Madison gives him a look: "You may have something there."

CUT TO:

EXT. METROPOLITAN PICTURES (STUDIO LOT) - DAY

Dennison and Madison walk between towering soundstages.

On their way, they pass a throng of dressed extras: CAVEMEN; MIMES; GLADIATORS; PILGRIMS; CIVIL WAR SOLDIERS, etc.

MADISON
Do you like living out here?

DENNISON
Yeah. Although, it *is* a little weird living in a city run by the pictures. Everything's a fuck-ade.

MADISON
A fuck-ade?

DENNISON
That's a French word for false.

MADISON
Oh. A *façade*.

They pass TWO MORE EXTRAS: a COP and a ROBBER.

DENNISON
You play cops and robbers as a kid?
(Madison nods)
I loved playing good guys versus bad guys with my brothers growing up. I'd force them to be the bad guys, then make myself the hero. That's kind of what this feels like. For the first time... *ever*, I guess, I feel like a good guy.

MADISON
You're a good guy. You're a cop.

DENNISON
Sure, but I've never saved the day. I'd also kind of like to get shot. Not in an "I'm gonna die" kind of way; just a flesh wound.

MADISON

You want to get shot? Why?

DENNISON

Because that's what happens to good guys before they save the day.

MADISON

Well, take it from someone who *has* been shot, it fucking sucks.

DENNISON

Yeah. Sorry about that.

MADISON

We're here.

They stop in front of a bungalow. Mounted next to the door is a gold-plated sign: ROLAND O'DIX, PRODUCER. They enter.

ROLAND (V.O.)

Chaplin? I thought he was--

INT. ROLAND O'DIX'S OFFICE - DAY

Metropolitan Pictures producer ROLAND O'DIX (60s), a rotund, balding man who is far more producer than friend, sits smoking an expensive cigar behind a *ridiculously long desk*.

Dennison and Madison, who are sitting across from O'Dix at the opposite end, are easily twenty feet away from him.

MADISON

He's still alive, sir, I promise.

ROLAND

Huh. You know, Chaplin brought me that stupid picture idea last year.

DENNISON

Can you speak up? You're very far--

ROLAND

(ignoring)

I passed. Told him folks wouldn't watch war pictures unless we were *at war*, which let's all hope won't be the case with the Germans.

DENNISON

Is it just me? Am I going deaf?

(to Madison)

Are you hearing him okay?

ROLAND
 (ignoring)
 Honestly, nobody gives a shit about
 Chaplin anymore. You want to keep
 someone worthwhile alive, protect
 Clark Gable.

DENNISON
 (screaming)
 Fuck Clark Gable in the ass!

Madison throws Dennison a look: "What the fuck was *that?*"

DENNISON (CONT'D)
 That I heard. I apologize.

ROLAND
 Okay, Mickey Rooney then. Point is,
 you can protect Chaplin, but you're
 polishing brass on the Lusitania.

MADISON
 That reference is too soon, sir.

ROLAND
 Fine, the Titanic then! Christ.

MADISON
 Mr. O'Dix--

Dennison CHUCKLES at the name; Madison doesn't.

MADISON (CONT'D)
 --if you had to find Mr. Chaplin,
 where would you look?

ROLAND
 Hollywood bars.

MADISON
 Any bars in particular?

ROLAND
 Yeah. All of 'em.

EXT. METROPOLITAN PICTURES (STUDIO LOT) - DAY

Dennison and Madison exit O'Dix's office.

MADISON
 That guy *is* a shitty friend.

They approach TWO EXTRAS dressed as COWBOYS (30s) who, for some reason, are watching them closely. Dennison notices.

COWBOY #1
(with a cowboy twang)
Howdy, fellas.

They tip their hats as they pass; Dennison watches them go.

MADISON
So how many bars in Hollywood?

DENNISON
A hundred? Maybe more?

MADISON
We're gonna need help.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HOLLYWOOD DIVISION - DAY

Moses and Louis sit around as Dennison and Madison enter.

MADISON
Hey, fellas. Interested in a job?

They spring to their feet in excitement.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

Moses and Louis walk together down one side of the street—

MOSES
I didn't know he was talking about
an FBI assignment.

LOUIS
Yeah, I thought he at least meant
some background work.

—while Dennison and Madison walk together down the opposite side of the street. They're all looking for Chaplin, as they peer through the windows of every bar they pass.

DENNISON
(peers through window)
No Chaplin.

They approach ZELDA (30s), who is *clearly a prostitute*.

DENNISON (CONT'D)

Hey, Zelda. I'd like you to meet my partner, FBI Agent Madison Packard.

ZELDA

Hey there, handsome.

(to Dennison)

Are you picking up girls tonight?

DENNISON

Can't tonight. I'm working an important top-secret case. Hitler's trying to kidnap Charlie Chaplin.

MADISON

You have to stop telling people.

ZELDA

Fun! Well, you boys have a good day. See you around, Dennison.

Zelda walks off.

MADISON

How do you know so many hookers?

DENNISON

Prostitution is a dangerous job, so occasionally I'll drive them to and from jobs for their own protection.

MADISON

So you're their pimp.

DENNISON

What? No! I'm just keeping them safe. And in return they give me a couple bucks off what they made. For gas money.

MADISON

So... you're their pimp.

DENNISON

You're misunderstanding.

MADISON

Am I? You drive them to jobs, you protect them, and you take a percentage. Which of those things does a pimp *not* do?

Slowly, the truth sinks into Dennison's brain.

DENNISON
 (to himself)
 Oh my god. I'm a pimp.

MADISON
 (peers through window)
 No Chaplin.
 (to Moses and Louis)
 How you guys doing? Any luck?

Moses and Louis are also looking into a bar window... as they check out their reflections and fix their hair.

MADISON (CONT'D)
 Hey, Judy Garlands!

LOUIS
 Oh, sorry! No, nothing yet, sirs!

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Ulrich and Suka stand in the room where Benny died earlier. The sound of FOOTSTEPS grows as a shadowy FIGURE approaches.

FIGURE
 (in German)
What in holy hell happened?

ULRICH
 (re: Benny)
The mustache confused Suka.

Suka throws Ulrich a look: "Fuck off."

ULRICH (CONT'D)
Confused us. It won't happen again.

SUKA
Why can't we just kill him?

FIGURE
Because that is not the assignment. The Führer believes Chaplin is more valuable alive than dead, and until that changes it is not your place to question him. Chaplin is in Hollywood, and since you've been unable to fulfill the job thus far, I've arranged for help to join you.

ULRICH
We don't need help.

FIGURE
I wasn't asking.

The figure walks off.

ULRICH
I'll get the car.

Suka SOCKS Ulrich in the shoulder, then walks off.

ULRICH (CONT'D)
Did your mother hug you growing up?

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

Dennison and Madison continue to search for Chaplin.

DENNISON
 I never meant to be a pimp.

MADISON
 (notices something ahead)
 That little shit-dick.

Madison runs ahead. Dennison follows after as they approach—

EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - DAY

—where Chaplin is pushing his hands into wet concrete in front of a crowd of FANS, PRESS, and TOURISTS. Flashbulbs POP as PHOTOGRAPHERS capture the moment on film.

CHAPLIN
 (to himself, re: concrete)
 Feels like Greta Garbo.

MADISON (O.S.)
 What's the matter with you, Mr. Charles Chaplin?

Madison pulls Chaplin up by the back of his coat. ONLOOKERS GASP in shock as camera shutters CLICK, forever documenting this odd turn of events. Dennison approaches.

Chaplin takes his concrete-caked hands and *rubs them down the front of Madison's suit*. Madison looks down, stunned.

A long beat of silence passes as no one says a fucking word. Finally, a camera shutter CLICKS and a flashbulb POPS.

Madison PUNCHES Chaplin in the fucking face.

Chaplin's body spins from the force, then lands facedown in the wet concrete he just placed his handprints in.

A handful of MACHO ONLOOKERS step forward in Chaplin's defense. Dennison, feeling cornered, pulls out his gun—

DENNISON

Fellas, come on... let's stay calm.

—and accidentally FIRES a round into the air, which has the *exact opposite effect* on the escalating situation.

DENNISON (CONT'D)

Do guns shoot themselves now?!?

Most onlookers dive to the ground for cover; others try to run, SCREAMING and tripping over each other as they flee.

Moses and Louis approach.

LOUIS

We have no idea what's going on,
but it sounds fabulously thrilling!

MADISON

Grab Chaplin and follow us!

Moses and Louis pull Chaplin out of the wet concrete, then follow Dennison and Madison through the crowd toward the car.

Dennison and Madison open their car doors as Moses and Louis toss Chaplin into the backseat.

MADISON (CONT'D)

(to Moses/Louis)

Go get your car.

Moses and Louis run off toward their car.

INT. DENNISON'S CAR - DAY

Dennison and Madison get in and turn around to face Chaplin.

DENNISON

Why would you do that, Charlie?

CHAPLIN
 (through a mouthful of
 slowly-drying concrete)
 I thought it would be funny to ruin
 his suit.

MADISON
 A very expensive suit, asshole!

DENNISON
 It was made by a Burmese murderer!

MADISON
 Siamese prostitute! Mr. Chaplin,
 need I remind you that *you*
requested us?

DENNISON
 Exactly. We didn't even want this
 job. I mean, I did, but FBI Agent
 Madison Packard here sure didn't.

MADISON
 Huge understatement.

CHAPLIN
 Know why I *really* requested you?
 Because you're idiots, and I knew I
 could easily ditch you morons!

DENNISON
 That's redundant.

CHAPLIN
 (to Madison)
 You've bought into your own macho
 bullshit so completely that you're
 barely able to function as a human
 being, let alone interact with one.
 (to Dennison)
 And you're a helpless pantywaist
 who can't figure out how a gun
 works, most likely because of your
 tiny penis.

DENNISON
 I do not have a tiny penis!
 (goes for fly)
 So help me, I will prove it to you.

No!
 CHAPLIN

No!
 MADISON

CHAPLIN

When it comes to protecting people, you two dipshits are the most unqualified people on Earth. I figured I had a better chance of staying alive if I took off and got as far away from you as possible.

MADISON

(to Dennison)

He has a point about the gun.

DENNISON

What, the tiny penis part? Because--

MADISON

No, the part about you not knowing how to use a gun. It's almost like you're scared of it.

DENNISON

Oh, really? Well, at least I don't hide behind my gun the way *some people* hide behind their badge.

CHAPLIN

(to himself)

I'm a dead man.

A black car comes to a SCREECHING HALT alongside Dennison's car. Chaplin's door opens as TWO HULKING BRUTES (30s) yank him out and toss him into the waiting car.

Neither Dennison nor Madison notice as they ARGUE. Nor do they notice when DAPHNE (20s), *another prostitute*, gets in.

MADISON

(holds up badge)

This badge was manufactured by the Robbins Company of Attleboro, Massachusetts.

DENNISON

No one cares about your badge!

(turns around)

Charlie, do you care-- Daphne?

DAPHNE

Hey, Dennison. I got a John waiting for me at the Farmer's Market.

DENNISON

I'm not your pimp, Daphne! Get out!

ULRICH (CONT'D)
 I mean that sincerely. I've seen *A Dog's Life* over a hundred times.

Suka rolls her eyes in disgust.

CHAPLIN
 Thank you?

Suka cuts hard right as she turns onto—

EXT. THE MULHOLLAND HIGHWAY - DAY

Suka's car leads the chase as they speed along the winding road of a mostly desolate Mulholland Highway (AKA Drive).

As they make their way, THUGS in the second (backup) car lean out their windows and SHOOT at their pursuers.

INT. MOSES' FATHER'S CAR - DAY

Moses drives while Louis rides shotgun.

MOSES
 (re: his father's car)
 I'll tell him it was a hit-and-run.
 He'll buy that, don't you think?

Bullets riddle the windshield, SHATTERING the glass.

LOUIS
 That's gonna be harder to explain.

INT. DENNISON'S CAR - DAY

Bullets also SHATTER Dennison's windshield.

DENNISON
 They're shooting at us?

MADISON
 They're Nazis. It's what they do.

DENNISON
 What do we do?

MADISON
 We shoot back.

Madison leans out his window and starts SHOOTING; Dennison watches Madison as he soaks in tricks of the trade.

His confidence building, Dennison grabs the steering wheel in his right hand, pulls out his gun with his left hand, and starts SHOOTING out the window as he drives. The car swerves.

MADISON (CONT'D)
I meant that *I* would shoot back!

DENNISON
(giggling)
This is kind of fun.

MADISON
You're gonna get us killed!

EXT. THE MULHOLLAND HIGHWAY - DAY

The cars approach a sharp curve in the road.

INT. BACKUP CAR - DAY

Thugs in the backseat continue to return FIRE, but that all stops when a SHOT rips through the head of the DRIVER (30s).

His body slumps forward onto the wheel, causing the car to violently swerve back and forth across the road.

INT. DENNISON'S CAR - DAY

Dennison and Madison look on as the car loses control.

DENNISON
(re: driver)
I got him!

MADISON
Pretty sure that was me.

DENNISON
No way! He's on my side!

INT. BACKUP CAR - DAY

As the car veers perilously close to the road's edge, the PASSENGER (40s) shoves the driver's dead body over, grabs the steering wheel, and cuts it hard left.

The car cuts sharply over the dividing line... and straight into the path of an oncoming Ford COE Stake Bed truck.

The truck SMASHES into the backup car head-on, pushing it down the road in the opposite direction past—

INT. DENNISON'S CAR - DAY

Dennison looks on in childlike disbelief as the car passes.

DENNISON
This is like out of a movie!

EXT. THE MULHOLLAND HIGHWAY - DAY

The TRUCK DRIVER slams on the brakes, which brings the truck to a SCREECHING halt, but also sends the now-destroyed backup car barreling down the road toward—

INT. MOSES' FATHER'S CAR - DAY

—who SCREAMS like a bitch as he slams on the BRAKES.

EXT. THE MULHOLLAND HIGHWAY - DAY

As the backup car closes in, it CLIPS a rock jutting out of the cliff wall. It spins in 360° circles as it—

INT. MOSES' FATHER'S CAR - DAY

—crosses the dividing line in front of their now-stopped car. It TEARS off the front grille and fenders as it passes, then shoots off the cliff.

LOUIS
They should put a guardrail along
this road. Someone could get hurt.

After a beat, the passing car EXPLODES on impact below; beside them, a huge fireball rises up from the valley.

Again, Moses guns the engine as they continue the pursuit.

INT. DENNISON'S CAR - DAY

Dennison and Madison continue to discuss who shot the driver.

DENNISON
There's no possible way you
could've hit him from that angle.

MADISON

Like you know about angles.

DENNISON

I know all about angles. You got obtuse ones, acute ones, right--

MADISON

Okay, you know about angles! I just don't think a person of your... skill set could've made that shot, especially with his left hand.

DENNISON

You'd be *amazed* by what I can do with my left hand.

Madison GAGS at the thought.

INT. SUKA'S CAR - DAY

Suka looks up into the rearview mirror to find Dennison's car closing in. She looks at Ulrich: "Do I gotta do *everything*?"

ULRICH

(to brutes, in German)
Shoot at their tires.

The brutes look up at Suka who, through only a look, communicates a *very different message*: "Kill them."

The brutes nod and pull out their guns as Chaplin sinks deep in his seat. They lean out their windows and FIRE.

INT. DENNISON'S CAR - DAY

The car takes more FIRE. Madison leans out his window, takes careful aim, and SHOOTs the passenger-side brute in the head.

MADISON

That was definitely me.

INT. SUKA'S CAR - DAY

The dead brute is slumped over through the door's open window; half his is body inside the car, the other half out.

ULRICH

Shit.

It's now Ulrich who leans out his window and FIRES.

Chaplin sits frozen, watching it all unfold: Suka driving; Ulrich and the brute SHOOTING, and the corpse hanging out the window as it rocks back and forth from the motion of the car.

And that's when he notices that *the car door is unlocked*.

In one quick motion, Chaplin lifts the handle and pushes against the door (and the weight of the dead brute) with his feet. The door opens. *Chaplin jumps out of a moving car.*

EXT. THE MULHOLLAND HIGHWAY - DAY

Chaplin rolls down the side of the road as he approaches—

INT. DENNISON'S CAR - DAY

Dennison swerves left, barely missing Chaplin with his tires.

DENNISON
Charlie Chaplin!

MADISON
Mr. Charles Chaplin!

As do the guys in—

INT. MOSES' FATHER'S CAR - DAY

—who SCREAM as they once again SCREECH to a halt.

The front of their car stops just inches from Chaplin's body, which is now lying unconscious in the middle of the road.

INT. DENNISON'S CAR - DAY

Dennison looks into his side-view mirror.

DENNISON
(re: Moses/Louis)
They'll grab him.

MADISON
You sure about that?

DENNISON
No. But I *am* sure of one thing:
We've got some Nazis to catch.

Dennison holds up his hand for a high-five. Madison doesn't high-five him back.

DENNISON (CONT'D)
Maybe next time.

INT. SUKA'S CAR - DAY

The alive brute pushes the dead brute out onto the road with his feet. He closes the door, then leans out his window.

He raises his gun and aims at Dennison's head... as *another* Ford COE Stake Bed truck comes barreling around a curve.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

A second TRUCK DRIVER (50s) WHISTLES as he drives.

INT. SUKA'S CAR - DAY

The truck driver lays on the HORN, causing the brute to turn his head, *which is then ripped off by the front of the truck.*

INT. TRUCK - DAY

The brute's severed head presses against the windshield as it comes face-to-face with the—

TRUCK DRIVER

AHHH!!!

INT. DENNISON'S CAR - DAY

Dennison and Madison watch the truck/severed head pass. They look at each other: "Did we just see that?"

INT. TRUCK - DAY

The still-SCREAMING truck driver SLAMS on the brakes, which launches the brute's head off the windshield in the process.

It violently rolls down the road.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Suka cuts hard and turns onto a dirt road as she tries to shake them. It doesn't work: Dennison also makes the turn.

INT. SUKA'S CAR - DAY

Suka shoots Ulrich another silent look: "Do something."

Ulrich crawls into the backseat. He opens the door and kicks the brute's headless body out, then SMASHES out the rest of the car's bullet-hole-riddled rear window. He SHOOTs at Dennison and Madison.

INT. DENNISON'S CAR - DAY

They duck for cover as the windshield is destroyed in a hail of GUNFIRE. They attempt to return FIRE, but it's of no use.

DENNISON

Hold on!

Dennison FLOORS it.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Dennison's car SMASHES into the back of Suka's car; his front grille locks onto her rear bumper. Dennison's car is now pushing Suka's car down the road.

Ulrich peeks above the backseat and raises his Luger at Dennison's face, which is now just feet away.

INT. DENNISON'S CAR - DAY

DENNISON

FBI Agent Madison Packard!

MADISON

(takes aim)

I got him.

A bullet TEARS through Ulrich's hand; he SCREAMS as he drops into the backseat.

Dennison BURIES the pedal into the floorboards—

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

—forcing both cars off the road and down a steep embankment. On their way down, both cars FLIP numerous times. From inside the cars, everyone (but Suka, who is *that badass*) SCREAMS.

Ulrich gets launched out of the rear window; his body comes to a stop hidden under thick brush. He GRUNTS something in German before passing out. Suka's car finally comes to a stop when it SMASHES into the base of a tree.

Dennison's car lands on its roof, sending them both CRASHING down onto their heads.

After a beat, they stir and pull themselves out of the car.

MADISON
You drove us off a fucking cliff!

DENNISON
I know! It was cool, wasn't it?

They dust themselves off and approach Suka's car. It's empty.

MADISON
We're chasing ghosts here.

They look up at the—

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

—to find Suka hauling ass up toward the Hollywoodland Sign.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Madison raises his gun and takes aims at Suka; Dennison moves in front of Madison's gun.

MADISON
Get out of the fucking way!

DENNISON
You can't shoot her. She's a woman.

MADISON
Yeah, a Nazi woman.

DENNISON
You can't shoot a woman, even a
Nazi woman. And you definitely
can't shoot her in the back.

MADISON
(pushes Dennison aside)
I'm shooting her, and there's
nothing you can do to stop me.

Madison pulls the trigger: CLICK. He's out of ammo.

MADISON (CONT'D)
Fuck! Gimme your gun.

DENNISON
Absolutely not.

MADISON
Okay. You're right.

After a beat, Madison unsuccessfully attempts to wrestle Dennison's gun away from him.

DENNISON
I said no!

MADISON
You're a fucking asshole!

DENNISON
Look, if you really want her, I'll just go get her. Okay?

Dennison takes off running up the hill.

MADISON
She's a ruthless killer, Dennison. You know that, right?

DENNISON
(turns around)
Madison... she's only a woman.

Dennison continues his run up the hill.

MADISON
Your funeral, pal.

A hand grabs Madison from behind and spins him around.

ULRICH
I apologize for this.

Ulrich PUNCHES Madison hard in the face. Madison falls.

EXT. THE MULHOLLAND HIGHWAY - DAY

On foot, Moses and Louis apprehensively approach Chaplin's body, which is still lying motionless in the road.

LOUIS
Mr. Chaplin? Hello?

MOSES
I think he's dead. But for real this time.

They notice an OBJECT rolling down the road toward them.

MOSES (CONT'D)

What is that?

The object rolls closer, finally coming to a stop directly in front of Chaplin's face. *It's the severed head of the brute.*

CHAPLIN

(stirring)

What the-- where am--

Chaplin snaps to when he sees the head. He SCREAMS.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Madison is pummeled by an extremely beat/shot-up Ulrich.

ULRICH

I didn't want to hurt you, but
you've left me no choice.

Madison picks up a log to defend himself; Ulrich SWATS it away as if it were a fucking Popsicle stick.

MADISON

Dennison!

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

Dennison, who is closing in on Suka, turns around to see Ulrich beating the living shit out of Madison.

He looks back up the hill to see Suka disappear behind the Hollywoodland Sign, then back down the hill at the fight.

DENNISON

Poop.

EXT. THE HOLLYWOODLAND SIGN - DAY

Suka passes behind the sign as she continues her ascent.

DENNISON (O.S.)

(in German)

*Excuse me, Nazi woman, but where do
you think you're going?*

Dennison TACKLES Suka from behind. They slide down the hill in the dirt and come to a stop at the base of the sign.

Suka jumps to her feet like a fucking ninja (in heels) and readies herself for a fight as Dennison uses the support of the sign's letters to help himself up.

DENNISON (CONT'D)

Oh, so you wanna dance, little la--

Suka PUNCHES Dennison in the face; his head flies back and BANGS against the sign.

DENNISON (CONT'D)

You sure don't hit like a la--

Again, she PUNCHES him; again, his head HITS the sign.

DENNISON (CONT'D)

Are you sure you're a la--

Again, she PUNCHES him, but now he falls to the ground.

Suka stands over Dennison; she lifts her dress to reveal a knife strapped to her thigh. As she pulls the knife from its sheath, Dennison gets a quick glance up her dress.

DENNISON (CONT'D)

Yep, definitely a lady.

Suka smirks as if flattered. Dennison uses the moment to *punch her in her junk*, and then *bite her leg*. Suka SCREAMS.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Madison and Ulrich are fully embroiled in a fist fight. Madison takes another PUNCH to the face. Again, he drops.

ULRICH

I know it's cliché, but this is hurting me more than it's hurting you. Or at least it's fairly close.

EXT. THE HOLLYWOODLAND SIGN - DAY

Dennison gets to his feet as Suka grabs her throbbing junk.

DENNISON

(in German)

This may be forward, but under different circumstances I think maybe we could've dated.

Suka takes the knife she was holding and throws it at Dennison; *it buries itself deep into his shoulder.*

MADISON
Fuck!

ULRICH (CONT'D)
Fuck!

EXT. THE FIRST "D" IN THE HOLLYWOODLAND SIGN - DAY

Suka straddles Dennison, still beating the fuck out of him as they ride the backside of the letter "D" down the hill.

DENNISON
(in German)
This is kind of erotic.

Suka jams her thumbs into Dennison's eyes and DIGS IN.

DENNISON (CONT'D)
I changed my mind!

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Madison and Ulrich jump to their feet and run out of the path of the approaching letter. At the last second, just as it's about to pass, Ulrich shoves Madison into its path.

ULRICH
Sorry!

EXT. THE FIRST "D" IN THE HOLLYWOODLAND SIGN - DAY

Madison lands HARD on the sign as it continues its descent.

DENNISON
(in German)
Hey, partner!

MADISON
What?

DENNISON
Oh, sorry. I said, hey, partner!

MADISON
We're not fucking partners!

Madison KICKS Suka in the chest; she goes flying toward the front of the letter.

MADISON (CONT'D)
None of this would've happened if you had just let me shoot her!

DENNISON

There are rules!

Suka crawls back toward them.

MADISON

Fuck your rules!

Madison pulls Dennison's gun from its holster and aims at Suka... *just as he realizes the "D" is approaching a cliff.*

MADISON (CONT'D)

Jump!

Dennison and Madison do just that; they roll through the brush, taking cactus spines in their legs, arms, and asses.

Finally, they come to a stop and watch as Suka rides the "D" off the side of the cliff. After a beat, they hear a CRASH.

They stand and walk to the cliff's edge; in the valley below them, the "D" lies shattered in pieces.

MADISON (CONT'D)

You should've let me shoot her.

DENNISON

Cowards shoot women.

Madison looks at Dennison — *who still has the knife sticking out of his shoulder* — as if he just called his mom a whore.

MADISON

Pretty big talk... for a *pussy*.

DENNISON

This *pussy* is *full* of big talk.

(beat)

I mean, I'm not a *pussy*.

MADISON

I don't even know why I let you get to me. You're just a dumb cop. It's not like you have any real power.

DENNISON

I do so have real power! I could arrest you right now if I wanted.

MADISON

I'd like to see you try.

DENNISON
 Okay. Challenge accepted.
 (flashes badge)
 FBI Agent Madison Packard, you are
 under arrest.
 (takes out handcuffs, goes
 for Madison's wrists)
 Anything you say can and will--

Madison PUNCHES Dennison in the fucking head.

A beat passes as the reality of what just happened dawns on
 Dennison; his lips quiver, his eyes well up with tears.

MADISON
 (condescending)
 Awww. Is someone gonna cry because
 I hit them?

DENNISON
 No. I'm gonna cry because you
 called me a dumb cop.

MADISON
 I'm getting Hoover to force you off
 this assignment. I'm done with you.

DENNISON
 I'm *more done* with you! And you're
 gonna have to walk back, because
 you're not getting a ride from me!

MADISON
 Your car is upside-down in a ditch!

DENNISON
 Can I at least have my gun back?

Madison throws Dennison's gun far off into the distance.

DENNISON (CONT'D)
 Son of a biscuit.

Madison walks off. Dennison wanders off to find his gun.

EXT. BOTTOM OF THE CLIFF - DAY

The splintered white-painted wood of the "D" moves as Suka
 rises like a *fucking Nazi phoenix from beneath its rubble*.
 She steadies herself and hobbles off... still wearing heels.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HOLLYWOOD DIVISION - DAY

Madison stands at a desk holding a phone handset to his ear.

MADISON

Mr. Hoover? It's me. Madison.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS (J. EDGAR HOOVER'S OFFICE) - DAY

Hoover sits slowly brushing a blonde woman's wig that is resting on a mannequin head on his desk. He looks distracted.

J. EDGAR HOOVER

Make it quick, Packard. I'm in a meeting.

INT. FBI HOLLYWOOD DIVISION - DAY

MADISON

I'm calling about Detective Dennison. I'm requesting he be forced off the assignment. I think he's a detriment to our mission. Also, I'm not fully convinced he isn't brain damaged in some way.

J. EDGAR HOOVER

We'll talk about this in person tomorrow. I have a flight out to L.A. first thing in the morning.

MADISON

You're coming out here? Why?

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS (J. EDGAR HOOVER'S OFFICE) - DAY

J. EDGAR HOOVER

Because you idiots broke the goddamn Hollywoodland Sign. The Mayor of Hollywood is pissed, so I'm coming out to calm the waters.

MADISON

I apologize. For what it's worth, Dennison broke the sign.

J. EDGAR HOOVER

Eh, Hollywood's Mayor isn't even a real mayor. I'll deal with it when I get there. Until then, play nice for once, would you, Packard?

MADISON

Yes, sir.

Hoover hangs up. He eyes the wig for a beat, then continues to brush through it.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

A bruised Suka stands on the beach holding a package wrapped in brown paper. Behind her, Ulrich approaches. He looks as if he's been run over by a train: his head, torso, and hands are wrapped in bandages.

ULRICH

(in German)

Why are we meeting here again?

(no reply)

Whatever.

Ulrich bends down, picks up a rock, and SKIPS it across the waves. He picks up another rock, but this time he throws it far into the water. As it meets the water it doesn't sink with a PLOP, but ricochets off its surface with a CLINK.

ULRICH (CONT'D)

What the...?

The water parts around the top of a surfacing German U-boat.

The hatch opens and a *naked Franklin* (yes, that Franklin) climbs out. He dives into the water and, again, swims like a motherfucker *toward the shore*. Behind him, the U-boat dives.

He walks out of the water and approaches Suka and Ulrich.

FRANKLIN

(to Suka)

Like what you see?

Suka, *clearly unimpressed*, says nothing.

ULRICH

That really necessary? You couldn't have brought a suit or something?

FRANKLIN

(to Suka, re: Ulrich)

Who's the mummy?

Suka tosses the package to Franklin. He unwraps it: a dry set of clothing... and a large knife. He starts to get dressed.

ULRICH
 (to Suka)
What's he doing here?

FRANKLIN
*Haven't you put it together yet?
 I'm your replacement.*

Franklin takes the knife and *slits Ulrich's fucking throat!*

Suka and Franklin walk off together. Blood pours from Ulrich's neck as he GURGLES his last breaths.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAUREL CANYON - DAY

The canyon has been cleared/dressed for a location shoot. Sitting in the middle of the set is Chaplin's pride and joy: an enormous cannon (AKA Big Bertha, The Paris Gun) that famously appears in the opening scene of *The Great Dictator*.

CREW and CAST (dressed as World War I-era German soldiers) rush around as Chaplin (who is dressed as character ADENOID HYNKEL) preps a camera. He's giddy with excitement. Dennison and Madison, on the other hand, are ignoring each other.

Dennison pulls out a stick of gum and pops it in his mouth.

DENNISON
 I'd offer you a piece of gum but I
 never found my gun.

To rub it in, Dennison *does offer* pieces of gum to TWO PASSING EXTRAS who are dressed as German soldiers.

DENNISON (CONT'D)
 Some Wrigley's, boys?

They silently stare Dennison down as they pass; as they do, *Dennison realizes there's something familiar about them.*

Though they're now dressed as WWI-era Nazis, we recognize them as the *two cowboys they met leaving O'Dix's office*. Slowly, that fact starts to dawn on Dennison—

DENNISON (CONT'D)
 Hey, don't we know those--

CHAPLIN (O.S.)
 Guys!

—but like that, Dennison's thought is gone.

Dennison and Madison look over to find Chaplin sitting in a bucket seat attached to a smaller gun beside Big Bertha; he's cranking handles, causing the gun to rise, fall, spin, etc.

CHAPLIN (CONT'D)

Feel like giving her a whirl?

MADISON

No time for that now, Mr. Charles Chaplin.

CHAPLIN

Come on. All this shit cost me a small fortune to have made, and they're just gonna destroy it after we wrap. It's now or never, boys.

DENNISON

It does look super fun.

MADISON

It looks moderately entertaining.

CHAPLIN

Are you chicken, Madison?

MADISON

I am not chicken. I've stared death in the face more times than--

CHAPLIN

(imitating chicken)

Bawk, bawk, bawk! I'm FBI Agent Madison Packard--

(flaps arms like wings)

--and I'm a chicken. Bawk!

MADISON

I'm still not--

DENNISON

(joining in)

Bawk, bawk, bawk!

MADISON

Do not push me, Dennison.

CHAPLIN

My name is Madison and I peck at the ground, lay eggs, and eat my newborn chicks alive.

(thinking)

Chickens do that, right?

Dennison nods as Chaplin crawls out of the bucket seat.

CHAPLIN (CONT'D)

Madison, you've given me no other option: I *order you* to try it out.

MADISON

(sighing)

You two are worse than all of my eleven sisters combined.

Madison climbs into the seat and cranks handles as Dennison and Chaplin look on, pleased as fuck with themselves. The gun spins as Madison gets a feel for the controls.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Okay, I admit... it's a little fun.

CHAPLIN

That's what I'm talking about!

VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. Chaplin?

Chaplin turns around to find Franklin (who, ironically, is also dressed as a WWI-era German soldier) and the two extras who passed/ignored Dennison earlier standing behind him.

Franklin BASHES Chaplin in the head with a club. As his body falls, Franklin grabs him and tosses him over his shoulder.

Dennison, oblivious to what's unfolding, turns around.

DENNISON

Charlie? What's the--

Franklin BASHES Dennison in the head; he falls to the ground. The Nazis walk off carrying Chaplin's body.

MADISON

(oblivious)

Okay, how do I stop this thing?

(beat)

Guys? Hello?

CUT TO:

EXT. LAPD HOLLYWOOD PRECINCT - DAY

Dennison and Madison approach with their tails between their legs, pissed off at themselves and each other.

DENNISON

They were dressed like German soldiers! How was I supposed to know they were Nazis?

MADISON

Do you even hear yourself?

DENNISON

It's not my fault someone was riding a giant toy gun while I was busy getting clubbed in the head.

MADISON

You pressured me into riding the gun. You made chicken noises at me!

DENNISON

Well, if the chicken shoe fits.

MADISON

Chickens don't wear shoes.

DENNISON

(looks at Madison's shoes)
I beg to differ.

INT. LAPD HOLLYWOOD PRECINCT - DAY

They continue to bicker as they enter.

MADISON

You're a fucking child.

DENNISON

Oh, yeah? Well, you're an adult. A big, stupid, dummy adult. So there!

They look up to find Captain Basketti and J. Edgar Hoover standing/waiting for them. Hoover is eating a hot dog.

MADISON

Fuck.
(to Hoover, re: hot dog)
That the Antonio?

J. EDGAR HOOVER

Sure is. And he's delicious.

Everyone looks on as Hoover takes an awkwardly large bite of his wiener. Then—

CAPTAIN BASKETTI
 Detective Dennison! My office! Now!

J. EDGAR HOOVER
 You too, Packard. My--

Hoover looks around, realizing he doesn't have an office.

J. EDGAR HOOVER (CONT'D)
 (points at door)
 Whoever's fucking office this is.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Chaplin sits blindfolded/tied to a chair.

CHAPLIN
 Hello? Nazi?

Off in the distance, the CLICK-CLACK of high heels grows as Suka approaches. She stops/stands in front of Chaplin.

CHAPLIN (CONT'D)
 Well, I know you're there, so
 you're either deaf, dumb, or both.
 (Suka socks Chaplin's jaw)
 Not deaf. So what's the plan here?
 (still no response)
 Nothing? Well then, how about this:
 Take me to mein Führer!

Suka walks off, the CLICK-CLACK of her heels gets quieter.

CHAPLIN (CONT'D)
 That's what I thought, fascist!
 (Suka stops)
 Kidding. I didn't mean it, honest.

Suka walks off: CLICK-CLACK, CLICK-CLACK, etc.

CUT TO:

INT. LAPD HOLLYWOOD PRECINCT (NOT HOOVER'S OFFICE) - DAY

Madison stares off into space as Hoover tears into him.

J. EDGAR HOOVER
 You had one job, Packard.

BASKETTI'S OFFICE

Dennison is to Madison as Basketti is to Hoover.

CAPTAIN BASKETTI

To grow a fucking pair and learn how to be a cop. And, of course, to keep Chaplin from falling into Nazi hands. But to be honest, I would've settled for one of those. Instead--

NOT HOOVER'S OFFICE

J. EDGAR HOOVER

--you not only allowed Chaplin to be captured, but it happened while you were playing around on a giant toy gun, and while Dennison was--

BASKETTI'S OFFICE

CAPTAIN BASKETTI

--farting?

DENNISON

What do you mean?

CAPTAIN BASKETTI

What part of "Are you farting in my office?" do you not understand?

DENNISON

I'm not farting!

CAPTAIN BASKETTI

(sniffing)

Sure smells like someone's ass is--

NOT HOOVER'S OFFICE

J. EDGAR HOOVER

--crying blood.

Madison winces at the thought.

BASKETTI'S OFFICE

CAPTAIN BASKETTI

You've gone and hitched your wagon
to this FBI agent's horse? Why's
that? He's just a shitty little--

NOT HOOVER'S OFFICE

J. EDGAR HOOVER

--cop! You're an agent of the
federal government, for Christ's
sake. You work for me and God. And,
I guess, the President of the
United States. But who does he work
for? I'll tell you: He works for--

BASKETTI'S OFFICE

CAPTAIN BASKETTI

--money to buy prostitutes.

DENNISON

I've never paid for sex!

CAPTAIN BASKETTI

I've seen your lady friends,
Dennison. Believe me, you should.
By the way, how's your roommate?
She ever thought about doing a--

NOT HOOVER'S OFFICE

J. EDGAR HOOVER

--captain? The man's a--

BASKETTI'S OFFICE

CAPTAIN BASKETTI

--turd, Dennison.

DENNISON

Eh, he's fine.

CAPTAIN BASKETTI

Well, I'm glad you got a boyfriend
out of all this, because he's--

NOT HOOVER'S OFFICE

J. EDGAR HOOVER
 --the reason I have to do this:

BASKETTI'S OFFICE

CAPTAIN BASKETTI
 I'm pulling you off the job.

DENNISON
 Captain Ron, you can't--

NOT HOOVER'S OFFICE

MADISON
 Pull me, I beg of you! Because this
 assignment has been nothing but a
 clusterfuck of ridiculous,
 unbelievable events!

J. EDGAR HOOVER
 No shit, Packard. This is
 Hollywood. Everything's a fuck-ade.

Madison pauses a beat to see if he heard Hoover correctly.

J. EDGAR HOOVER (CONT'D)
 You fly out tomorrow.

BASKETTI'S OFFICE

CAPTAIN BASKETTI
 Also, you should get that knife out
 before it turns gangrenous.

Dennison looks down as we realize *the knife is still sticking out of his shoulder.*

CAPTAIN BASKETTI (CONT'D)
 I'm gonna need your gun.

DENNISON
 Well, see, here's the thing--

Basketti SIGHS.

EXT. LAPD HOLLYWOOD PRECINCT - DAY

Dennison and Madison exit, both angry at the other person.

MADISON
 (walks off)
 See you never again, dickhead.

DENNISON
 Back at you, penis... neck.

Dennison walks off in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Madison walks alone. As he passes a market, Colby exits carrying two large bags of groceries. She recognizes him.

COLBY
 FBI Agent Madison Packard?

MADISON
 Colby. What are you doing here?

COLBY
 Picking up some items for dinner tonight. I like to have it ready for Dennison when he gets home from work. Would you like to join us?

MADISON
 I'd rather be eaten by badgers.
 (beat)
 Sorry. It's not been a good day.

COLBY
 Oh, I'm sorry. But if that's true, drinks are in order. How about you follow me back for a quickie?

MADISON
 Come again?

COLBY
 A quickie. I insist.

MADISON
 I, uh... okay? A quickie. Sure!
 (goes for bags)
 Let me help with those. *I* insist.

COLBY
 Thank you kindly, sir.

An excited Madison takes her bags and follows after Colby.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD (BUS BENCH) - DAY

Dennison — who now has bloodied gauze wrapped across his shoulder from where the knife once was — pours his heart and soul out to JASMINE (20s), *another prostitute*.

DENNISON

I tried my best to be a friend to him, a *partner*, but he hates me.

JASMINE

How could anyone hate you?

DENNISON

Apparently, it's fairly easy.

Dennison rests his head on Jasmine's shoulder and SOBS.

DENNISON (CONT'D)

Jasmine, have you ever thought of me as your pimp?

JASMINE

Kind of, yeah.

DENNISON

But I don't want to be a pimp.
(crying)
I'm sorry. This is embarrassing.

JASMINE

Oh, sweetie. It really is.

Dennison looks up and wipes tears out of his eyes. As he does, he glances over and notices a billboard advertising cigarettes; on it, a COWBOY grins as he enjoys a smoke.

Dennison stands and his eyes go wide as it hits him.

DENNISON

Holy ships and giggles.
(at cowboy in ad)
Got you, partner.

Dennison runs off.

JASMINE

Where are you going?

DENNISON
To get a gun!

JASMINE
Can you pick me up from the Grand
Motel around midnight?

DENNISON
I'm not your pimp, Jasmine!

JASMINE
Well, shit.

Jasmine stands and wanders off in search of a John.

INT. PUBLIC SCHOOL 63 (COMMUNITY CENTER ROOM) - NIGHT

Kevin, Erik, Hunter, and Kenley are in the middle of another meeting, but this one is now taking place over a poker game, and while a communal bottle of whiskey is passed around.

KENLEY
(drinks from bottle)
I raise you fuckers a hundred.

ERIK
(takes/drinks from bottle)
So I grab him and yell, "Are you
selling me *yesterday's* newspaper?"
The kid literally shit his pants.

HUNTER
(takes/drinks from bottle)
Newsies should be skinned alive.

Dennison enters.

DENNISON
Hey, jerks. Remember me?

KEVIN
Yeah, you're that nurse with a
pussy.

DENNISON
Again, I am not a nurse, and I do
not have female genitalia.

KENLEY
That's exactly what a fucking nurse
with a pussy would say.

DENNISON

Whatever! Look, I'm here for one reason: I want my gun back.

ERIK

You're not getting your gun back. Know why? Because you ain't got the balls to take it out of my pants.

DENNISON

You still have it in your pants?

ERIK

Been there this whole time.

DENNISON

Why?

KENLEY

Yeah, fucking seriously, man. Why?

DENNISON

Know what? Doesn't matter, because I'm coming for it. Right. Now.

ERIK

(stands)

Prove it... pussy.

Dennison rushes over and *shoves his hands down Erik's pants*. But Erik isn't giving up easily, *so he too shoves his hands down his own pants*. He grapples with Dennison for the gun.

DENNISON

Gimme my gun!

ERIK

That's not your gun!

DENNISON

Oh.

(readjusts hands)

There! Now give me my gun!

ERIK

You're not man enough to own it!

A SHOT rings out as Dennison yanks the gun out of Erik's pants. Silence fills the room. *Erik has no reaction at all*.

DENNISON

Thank god it missed you.

ERIK
 Didn't miss me.

Slowly, blood soaks through the crotch of Erik's pants.

ERIK (CONT'D)
 You're a man now, Dennison. Take
 your gun and go.

DENNISON
 Someone should call you a--

ERIK
 I said go!

Dennison exits.

Erik sits back down. Hunter passes him the bottle of whiskey.
 Erik CHUGS from it. Then—

HUNTER
 Can I see the wound?

CUT TO:

INT. DENNISON'S APARTMENT (KITCHEN) - DAY

Colby and Madison enter.

COLBY
 Those bags can go on the counter.

Madison places the bags on the counter as Colby opens a
 cupboard and grabs two empty glasses.

COLBY (CONT'D)
 Now, how about that quickie?

MADISON
 Yes...

From behind, Madison rests his hands on Colby's hips.

MADISON (CONT'D)
 ...how about it?

Colby jerks her head backward in a quick motion, *BASHING
 Madison in the face with the back of her skull.*

Stunned, Madison stumbles backward and *SMACKS the back of his
 head on the refrigerator door.*

Now completely fucking out of it, Madison stumbles back toward Colby. She takes the empty glasses she's holding and *SMASHES them across either side of his head*, one at a time.

Madison COLLAPSES onto the floor; blood pours out of his nose, mouth, ears... and pretty much everywhere. Then—

MADISON (CONT'D)

What the fuck was that?

COLBY

I was gonna ask you the same thing!

MADISON

You said you wanted a quickie.

COLBY

Which I was preparing for us.

MADISON

Wait, what's a quickie mean to you?

COLBY

A quickie is a refreshing cocktail made with grapefruit juice, lime, and a splash of gin.

MADISON

Oh, I see. No, a quickie means fucking. Specifically, a quick fucking. Hence the name.

COLBY

And why would I do that with you?

MADISON

Oh, I don't know. Because I'm stunningly handsome? Because I'm an FBI agent? Because I have a badge?
(flashes badge)
You've seen it, right?

COLBY

I have. FBI Agent Madison Packard--

MADISON

Please, just call me Agent Packard.

COLBY

--I apologize if you misunderstood my intentions, but I wouldn't sleep with you if my life depended on it.

MADISON
But... why?

COLBY
Isn't it obvious? I love Dennison.

MADISON
But... why?

COLBY
He's kind, sincere, and genuine.
You know, everything you're not.

As if on cue, Dennison enters.

DENNISON
Colby! I just became a man by
blowing a guy's penis off!

MADISON
(to Colby)
This is who you're in love with.

DENNISON
(noticing)
FBI Agent Madison Packard? What are
you doing here? And what happened
to your nose? And ears? And face?

MADISON
We were about to have a quickie.

DENNISON
Delicious!
(to Colby)
Could you make me one, too?

Colby preps quickies as Dennison helps Madison off the floor.

DENNISON (CONT'D)
Follow me.

MADISON
Fuck off.

Dennison exits into the—

LIVING ROOM

DENNISON
I know where Chaplin is!

MADISON
 (entering)
 You do? How?

DENNISON
 Remember the cowboys we passed at
 the studio? Well, those same guys
 kidnapped Chaplin.

MADISON
 The cowboys are Nazis?

DENNISON
 One and the same. And guess who has
 some explaining to do.

MADISON
 Chaplin's shitty non-friend O'Dix.

Amazingly, Dennison and Madison *both* CHUCKLE at the name.

MADISON (CONT'D)
 Only one problem: Hoover pulled me
 off the case. I fly back tomorrow.

DENNISON
 Basketti fired me! This is perfect!
 Now we don't have anything to lose--

MADISON
 --because we already lost it all.

COLBY
 (enters with drinks)
 Quickies!

They each take a glass. Dennison downs his entire glass in
 one gulp while Madison and Colby each take a sip.

MADISON
 Mmmm. That *is* refreshing.

DENNISON
 (to Madison)
 So what do you say, partner?

MADISON
 I say we go get Mr. Charles Chaplin
 back from those cowboy Nazis.

Again, Dennison holds his hand up for a high-five. This time,
 Madison *SLAPS it back*.

MADISON (CONT'D)
We're gonna need guns.

DENNISON
(pulls out gun)
I got my gun back!

MADISON
I heard. But we're gonna need more
guns. Like, a lot of fucking guns.

DENNISON
Where can we get a lot of guns?

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HOLLYWOOD DIVISION - NIGHT

Dennison and Madison enter as Moses, Jerome, and Samuel flip through 8" x 10" photos; specifically, Moses' new headshots.

MOSES
(holds up photo)
This one is fabulous. I look pouty,
but not *too* pouty.

JEROME
Definitely don't want *too* pouty.

MADISON
(re: Louis)
Where's, uh... the other one?

SAMUEL
Louis is on set tonight. That's
what we call it in the business.

Madison and Dennison walk off. The agents follow.

MOSES
Why are you here? Eddie said you
were off the case.

Madison stops in front of an average-looking bookcase.

MADISON
Eddie was wrong.

Madison pulls on the bookcase, which is hinged like a door;
it opens to reveal a large steel door behind it.

JEROME
Oh my god. That always been there?

MADISON

Every office has one. You guys
didn't know this was here?

Madison pulls on a lever as the door opens to reveal an—

ARMORY

—that's filled with every kind of weapon/ammo known to man.

MOSES

If we did we would've been tugging
on that lever every single day.

MADISON

I'd expect nothing less. Take
whatever looks pretty, boys.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Chaplin still sits blindfolded in the chair as it's now
revealed the building isn't a warehouse at all: *It's a
soundstage.* Suka and Franklin enter.

FRANKLIN

Time to go, American.

Chaplin SNORES. Suka and Franklin look at each other.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

(in German)

Hitler's worried about this guy?

EXT. METROPOLITAN PICTURES (FRONT GATE) - NIGHT

Dennison, Madison, and the three agents quietly sneak up.

Dennison and Madison have gone classic in their weaponry
(guns), but Moses, Jerome, and Samuel grabbed more colorful
options: a crossbow, a mace, and a sword/shield combo.

MADISON

Be as quiet as you can.

As they enter, Samuel's shield CLANGS against the gate.

SAMUEL

Sorry.

STUDIO LOT

Franklin and Suka carry Chaplin under his arms. He GIGGLES.

CHAPLIN

I'm extremely ticklish.

(no reply)

I forgot: Nazis can't laugh.

(still no reply)

It must really suck to be German.

SOUNDSTAGE

The five guys move across the back lot in the shadows, finally coming to an intersection.

MADISON

(to agents, pointing)

You guys go that way. We'll meet on the other side of the building.

The agents nod as the two groups split up.

INT. ROLAND O'DIX'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Franklin and Suka toss Chaplin into a chair. They untie his hands/blindfold to finally reveal the shadowy figure:

ROLAND O'DIX!

He sits across from Chaplin holding a phone to his ear.

ROLAND

Surprised to see me?

CHAPLIN

Not really. You're a producer. The fact that you're also a Nazi isn't that much of a stretch.

(looks at desk)

Christ. If this desk doesn't scream "tiny dick" I don't know what does.

ROLAND

A jokester until the very end.

CHAPLIN

Who says this is the very end?

ROLAND

(hands phone to Chaplin)

Mein Führer.

CHAPLIN
 (into phone)
 Adolf baby! It's already Saturday
 there in Deutschland, right?
 Shabbat shalom!

INT. THE BERGHOF (HITLER'S OFFICE) - DAY

Hitler sits at his desk holding a phone to his ear.

HITLER
 Last chance, Mr. Chaplin: Will you
 make films for me or not?

INT. ROLAND O'DIX'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CHAPLIN
 No. Thanks for calling though.
 (hands phone back)
 Wait, I forgot something.
 (takes phone back)
 Go fuck yourself!
 (hands phone back)
 Thanks.

INT. THE BERGHOF (HITLER'S OFFICE) - DAY

HITLER
 (in German)
Kill him.

EXT. METROPOLITAN PICTURES (SOUND STAGE) - NIGHT

Moses, Jerome, and Samuel make their way around the building.
 As they approach a door, SOMEONE exits.

Terrified, they raise their weapons. Moses SHRIEKS as he
accidentally FIRES off an arrow. Luckily, it misses—

MOSES
 Louis?

Yep, it's Louis... dressed as the wife of an Indian chief.

LOUIS
 Guys? How...?

They CLAP for Louis, who takes an *extremely proud bow.*

SAMUEL

That was very convincing.

LOUIS

Wanna see the costume warehouse? It has more feather boas in it than Moses' closet.

MOSES

Bitch.

The guys drop their weapons/responsibilities and head inside.

BACK LOT

Dennison and Madison round a corner and see a group of FOUR MEN smoking and LAUGHING. Suddenly, one of them SAYS SOMETHING in German as they part to reveal—

MADISON

The cowboy Nazi.

DENNISON

That little turd. You ready?
(Madison nods)
Gimme a signal when--

MADISON

(loudly, takes off)
Get 'em!

INT. ROLAND O'DIX'S OFFICE - NIGHT

O'Dix stands in front of Chaplin holding a gun to his head.

ROLAND

(to Suka and Franklin)
Get him out of the chair.
(they do)
I want to look into his eyes as I put a bullet between them.

CHAPLIN

Wait!
(Roland lowers gun)
Before you do this, I want to be clear: you're killing me because the leader of a country decided it was worth spending, what? Millions of dollars?

ROLAND
 (thinking)
 Mmmm... give or take.

CHAPLIN
 They've spent *millions of dollars* to take out a guy making a stupid picture. As if Germany didn't have better things to spend that money on, like the homeless, or children, or homeless children. Is that what you're telling me?

ROLAND
 Precisely.

CHAPLIN
 (lifts gun to own head)
 Well then put a bullet in my brain, because that's the dumbest fucking thing I've ever heard and it's made me lose hope for all humanity.

A GUNSHOT goes off outside, followed by a barrage of GUNFIRE.

ROLAND
 What the hell is that?

CHAPLIN
 That's rhetorical, right?

ROLAND
 (to Suka and Franklin)
 Go see what's happening. Chaplin isn't going anywhere.

Suka and Franklin pull out their Lugers and rush out.

CHAPLIN
 You should act, Roland. You've got that bad movie villain slang down.

ROLAND
 Really? You think--

Chaplin KICKS O'Dix in the dick. As he barrels over, Chaplin PUNCHES him in the head. O'Dix drops to the floor. He's out.

CHAPLIN
 That was way too easy.
 (picks phone off desk)
 Better make sure.

Chaplin lifts the phone high above his head—

EXT. BACK LOT - NIGHT

Madison straddles the cowboy Nazi on the ground, pistol-whipping his face with the butt of his gun. Dennison (horribly) SHOOTs at the other Nazis, who are fleeing.

Dennison pauses next to Madison and the cowboy Nazi.

MADISON

Come on! They're getting away!

Madison gets up and chases after the Nazis.

DENNISON

And to think I offered you a piece of my Doublemint.

Dennison KICKS him in the ribs, then follows after Madison. Suka and Franklin quietly follow them with their guns drawn.

INT. ROLAND O'DIX'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Chaplin sets the now-bloodied phone back on the desk. Then—

CHAPLIN

Better safe than sorry.

He pulls his leg back to kick O'Dix—

EXT. BACK LOT - NIGHT

Dennison and Madison continue to give chase, but now it appears as if they've lost the Nazis.

MADISON

Where'd they go?

Dennison sees SOMEONE move between two building façades.

DENNISON

(pointing)

There! Between the fuck-ades!

They run between the buildings as they enter an—

OLD WESTERN TOWN MOVIE SET

Dennison is clearly impressed.

DENNISON

No way. This is what I pictured in my head as a kid. I'd imagine I was getting shot at by--

Bullets WHIZ past their heads. They look down the dirt road to find Suka and Franklin SHOOTING at them.

MADISON

Nazis!

They turn to flee, but the rest of the Nazis are now closing in on (and SHOOTING at) them from the opposite direction.

DENNISON

More Nazis!

They turn and run toward a door, which Dennison KICKS open.

DENNISON (CONT'D)

Worked that time!

More SHOTS come as bullets SPLINTER the wood around them. They dive inside for cover and find themselves in another—

SUPPLY CLOSET

They can't believe their fucking eyes.

MADISON

What is it with the supply closets?

DENNISON

Brooms. Gotta put 'em somewhere.

INT. ROLAND O'DIX'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Chaplin finishes up one last KICK to the ribs of O'Dix.

CHAPLIN

That should do it.
(picks up O'Dix's gun)
Well, well, well.

He tucks it into his waistband and exits.

INT. SUPPLY CLOSET - NIGHT

Dennison and Madison duck as more FIRE comes their way.

MADISON

I have a plan. Remember the last time we were in the closet together?

DENNISON

Something about that sounds wrong. But yes, I remember. You ran out, slipped on Charlie's barf, and dropped your gun.

MADISON

Really? You have to remind me of--
 (they take more fire)
 Never mind! I'm gonna jump out and shoot in one direction. At the same time, you jump out and shoot in the opposite direction. Alright? So which direction do you want?

DENNISON

Sounds like we're gonna die either way so I don't care. You pick.

MADISON

Okay, I'll go left. You go right.

DENNISON

Got it. So if I'm facing the door--

MADISON

Your right!

EXT. OLD WESTERN TOWN MOVIE SET - NIGHT

Suka and Franklin close in from one end of the road with guns drawn. On the opposite end, THREE NAZIS do the same.

FRANKLIN

You're surrounded, policemen.

MADISON (O.S.)

I'm a federal fucking agent!

(beat)

Not that there's anything wrong with being a cop!

Franklin looks at Suka and shrugs.

INT. SUPPLY CLOSET - NIGHT

DENNISON

Thanks, pal.

MADISON

Sure thing. You ready?

DENNISON

The real me? No. But the kid me?
Heck yes.

(puts hand out for a shake)

It was a pleasure working with you,
FBI Agent Madison Packard.

MADISON

(shakes Dennison's hand)

I couldn't have asked for a better
partner, Detective Dennison.

(beat)

Alright, we go on three. One--

DENNISON

Two, three!

Dennison leaps out into the—

EXT. OLD WESTERN TOWN MOVIE SET - NIGHT—and dives into the dirt as he FIRES at Suka and Franklin
(with his eyes closed tight). A chaotic mishmash of GUNFIRE
and YELLING unfolds.Madison leaps out and FIRES at the three Nazis. He quickly
dispatches two of them, but before he can get a third kill
shot off he takes a bullet to the knee.As Dennison continues to SHOOT at Suka and Franklin, Madison
finally manages to SHOOT and kill the last approaching Nazi
on his side. Then, the shooting stops.Dennison slowly pries opens his eyes to find Suka and
Franklin still standing as they look themselves over for
bullet holes. There are none. *Dennison didn't hit them once.*

FRANKLIN

You are a terrible shot, American.

They aim their Lugers at Dennison, who closes his eyes.

A SHOT rings out as a bullet tears through Suka's shoulder.
She drops to the ground; standing behind her (with smoke
rising out of the barrel of his gun) is Chaplin.

Franklin turns his gun/attention back to Dennison, but he's one step ahead of him. He's got him in his crosshairs, and he's going to end this shit right now, which is why he says—

DENNISON
Is that right, Nazi?

Two BULLETS tear through Franklin's chest, but neither of them comes from Dennison's gun. One comes from Madison's gun in front of him, the other from Chaplin's gun behind him.

Franklin staggers as he GASPS for air. He DROPS to the dirt and bleeds out into the road. He's gone.

DENNISON (CONT'D)
(dumbfounded)
I don't believe it.

CHAPLIN
Me either! I haven't been this hard since *The Wizard of Oz* Munchkins invited me to that midget orgy.

MADISON
(limps over to Dennison)
I'm just glad you weren't--

DENNISON
You guys! I had him!
(notices Madison's knee)
And you got shot? Pour salt in the wound! A wound, I'd like to point out, that I don't even have!

As Dennison continues to verbally unload on Madison and Chaplin, behind them, *Suka's body starts to move.*

CHAPLIN
You *didn't* want us to shoot him?

MADISON
He wanted to do it himself.. after being shot with a non-lethal round.

CHAPLIN
Ah, got it.
(thinks on it)
Wait... what?

Dennison and Chaplin grab a hold of Madison to help him walk.

As they walk down the road, behind them, Suka gets to her feet. Injured, she limps off without anyone noticing.

MADISON
 (to Chaplin)
 What happened to you?

CHAPLIN
 I talked to Hitler on the phone
 while O'Dix held me at gunpoint.
 Can you believe he was a Nazi?

Yeah. MADISON Yeah. DENNISON

MADISON
 How did you escape?

CHAPLIN
 I kicked him in the dick. Works
 every time.

DENNISON
 Honestly, guys, the *one time* I'm
 ready, willing, and able to prove
 myself as a man, and you cocks
 block me. You're a couple of cock-
 blockers, that's what you are.

CHAPLIN
 Maybe you should just be happy that
 you're still alive.

DENNISON
 Go fudge yourself, Charlie.

CHAPLIN
 I missed you guys. Come on. Let's
 finish this stupid picture already.

The agents -- Louis, Moses, Jerome, and Samuel -- emerge from
 between two fuck-ades. All four of them are now wearing
 costumes: Louis is the WIFE OF AN INDIAN CHIEF; Moses is a
 STEEL WORKER; Jerome is a MOTORCYCLIST, and Samuel is a
 KEYSTONE COP.

Together, they're the 1939 version of THE VILLAGE PEOPLE.

LOUIS
 Were those gunshots we heard?

CHAPLIN
 What the fuck are you guys?

AGENTS
 (all, together)
 Fabulous!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BAVARIAN ALPS - DAY

TITLE: OBERSALZBERG, BAVARIA, GERMANY - ONE YEAR LATER

An Opel Blitz 3.6 (Nazi) truck drives up a winding road.

INT. NAZI TRUCK - DAY

A NAZI DRIVER (20s) sits behind the wheel in the cab. His cargo CLANGS in the truck's bed: *giant metal film canisters.*

EXT. THE BERGHOF - DAY

OFFICERS unload them off the truck and onto a wheeled cart.

INT. THE BERGHOF (VARIOUS LOCATIONS) - DAY

The cart is pushed through numerous rooms as the canisters makes their way through the building, finally ending up in—

HITLER'S OFFICE

Hitler approaches the pile of canisters. An envelope is taped to the top canister. Handwritten on it: ADOLF

He opens the envelope and pulls out a card. Printed on it is the Star of David. Hitler opens the card. Handwritten on the inside: GO FUCK YOURSELF, MUSTACHE THIEF. LOVE, CHAPLIN

He shakes with anger as he CRUMPLES the card in his hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - NIGHT

TITLE: OCTOBER 15TH, 1940

The premiere is underway as a giant marquee reads: WORLD PREMIERE: CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S "THE GREAT DICTATOR"

CELEBRITIES, PRESS, and FANS alike line the entrance as limos drop off ATTENDANTS at the start of the red carpet.

First out of a car is Moses and Louis who somehow managed to land roles in the film. They approach a REPORTER.

REPORTER #1

Who do you portray in the picture?

LOUIS

I play Goebbels--

MOSES

I'm Hermann Göring.

LOUIS

--and we were fortunate enough to play these roles because we helped save Charlie Chaplin's life.

REPORTER #2

In what capacity?

MOSES

(with jazz hands)
As actors!

LOUIS

(with jazz hands)
As actors!

Further down the red carpet, Chaplin is interviewed.

CHAPLIN

My Himmler is amazing. My Mussolini is amazing. And, of course, my Hitler is amazing. I probably shouldn't say that, should I?

Behind him, J. Edgar Hoover walks by with his "plus twos": Jerome and Samuel. Chaplin pulls them over to the reporters.

CHAPLIN (CONT'D)

I'd like you to meet FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover and his... dates?

The press LAUGHS. Hoover sweats nervously.

Chaplin walks off as Hoover follows him with an evil eye. We're witnessing the spark of what comes years later, when Hoover accuses/investigates Chaplin for being a Communist.

Further down the line, Captain Basketti is interviewed.

CAPTAIN BASKETTI

Truth be told, I didn't even want to come tonight. Chaplin hasn't made a quality picture in a decade.

REPORTER #3

And who are you again?

CAPTAIN BASKETTI
I'm Captain Ron--

REPORTER #1 (O.S.)
Packard is arriving!

The reporter leaves Basketti standing there.

CAPTAIN BASKETTI
(to himself)
Son of a bitch.

Chaplin approaches a limo. Madison exits with, *surprisingly*, Petry, the undercover agent he shot in the restaurant.

CHAPLIN
Nice suit, FBI Agent Madison
Packard! Lemme guess: a Soviet
burlesque dancer made it for you.

MADISON
Close: Sears. Charlie, I'd like you
to meet Agent Petry.

CHAPLIN
Good to meet you, sir. What did you
have to do be Packard's plus-one
tonight?

PETRY
Come back from the dead.

CHAPLIN
Okay then! Enjoy the movie, boys.

Chaplin approaches another limo. Dennison and Colby exit.

CHAPLIN (CONT'D)
Colby! My beautiful princess.

COLBY
Flattery will get you everywhere,
Mr. Chaplin.

CHAPLIN
Really? Everywhere? Details please.
(to Dennison, quietly)
You fucking your sister yet or not?

DENNISON
(giggling)
Maybe.

CHAPLIN
 (slaps Dennison on back)
 That's my boy!
 (glances over)
 Ah! Clark Gable just arrived.

DENNISON
 Clark Gable?!?

Dennison looks over to find Clark Gable stepping out of a limo. Instantly, Gable is swarmed by fans and the press.

CHAPLIN
 What's with the Clark Gable hatred?

DENNISON
 Some things are best left a mystery, Charlie.

CHAPLIN
 Fair enough. I gotta get inside.
 You two should find your seats.

Clark Gable approaches and puts his arm around Chaplin.

CLARK GABLE
 Congratulations, old friend.

They walk inside together; Dennison scowls as Gable passes.

INT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER (LOBBY) - NIGHT

Chaplin and Gable enter together to APPLAUSE. They shake hands and smile as flashbulbs POP, then part ways as a wave of excited THEATERGOERS enters behind them.

Hidden amongst them is a familiar face: Suka. Her hair is a different color/style, and she's wearing a large hat to hide her identity.

She pauses, looks around, and exits the throng of people by walking off to the right. Just behind her, Dennison, Colby, Madison, and Petry enter the—

THEATER

Chaplin stands at the front as people takes their seats.

CHAPLIN
 First, I'd like to take a moment to clear something up: I am not dead.
 (the audience laughs)
 (MORE)

CHAPLIN (CONT'D)

I just wanted to say a few words before we get started. As many of you know, this picture had a lot of hurdles; specifically, Nazis. But it never would've happened if it weren't for some special people.

Dennison and Madison, who are sitting next to each other, look at each other and smile.

CHAPLIN (CONT'D)

First, my parents, both of whom are long dead, but I feel deserve to be mentioned. And second, I'd like to dedicate tonight's premiere to--

A projector beams a portrait of Benny up on the screen.

CHAPLIN (CONT'D)

--my stunt double, Bernie.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

(correcting)

Benny!

CHAPLIN

Sorry. Benny. This one's for him.

Dennison and Madison give each other a look: "Really?"

Chaplin walks up the aisle toward the exit as the lights dim. Dennison motions him over as he passes.

DENNISON

You're not gonna stay and watch?

The title pops up on the screen: "THE GREAT DICTATOR"

CHAPLIN

I don't need to see it, Dennison. I lived it.

MADISON

Really?

CHAPLIN

No, I just have to take a shit. That okay with you guys?

Chaplin continues up the aisle as the Big Bertha scene plays. On the screen, Chaplin spins around in the gun's bucket seat.

DENNISON

Remember when you did that?

MADISON

I do.

DENNISON

It was worth it, wasn't it?

MADISON

It was.

MEN'S RESTROOM

Chaplin enters a stall, pulls down his pants, and sits on the toilet to do his business.

An OBJECT tucked beside/beneath the bowl catches Chaplin's eye. He reaches down and picks it up. It's a *handgun*. A piece of paper with writing on it is taped to its handle.

CHAPLIN

(reading from paper)

If found, please return to LAPD,
Hollywood Division. Attention:
Detective Dennison.

(beat)

You gotta be fucking kidding me.

Chaplin tucks the gun inside his jacket pocket.

After a beat, the DOOR OPENS followed by the CLICK-CLACK of shoes on the tile. Beneath the door, Chaplin watches as a pair of high heels stops in front of the stall.

CHAPLIN (CONT'D)

Pretty sure you're in the wrong
room, miss.

SUKA

(in German)

Right room.

She FIRES through the door—

THEATER

—which is heard by everyone in the theater. *Chaos unfolds.*

People SCREAM. Others are trampled as folks rush for the exits. Dennison and Madison, however, jump out of their seats, pull out their guns, and go to fucking work.

DENNISON

It's Charlie!

MADISON

In the shitter! You coming, Petry?

PETRY

I've already died once, thank you.

MEN'S RESTROOM

Now shot in the shoulder, Chaplin KICKS at the stall door. It swings open hard and BASHES Suka in the face. She stumbles backward as Chaplin runs out and heads for the door.

SHOTS bury themselves into the wall next to his head as he opens the door and runs out. Suka chases after him.

THEATER

Dennison and Madison push people aside as they move up the aisle. Dennison pushes past a man, who turns and says—

CLARK GABLE

Hey, watch it--

(realizing)

Dennison? What are you doing--

But just as we're about to get the answer to this mystery—

DENNISON

Fuck you, Clark Gable!

—Dennison PUNCHES Clark Gable in the fucking face! Clark Gable spins and falls into a row of seats.

MADISON

(continuing up aisle)

Come on!

DENNISON

(following after)

You see that, Madison? I just punched Clark Gable in the face!

LOBBY

Madison enters and catches a glimpse of Suka chasing after Chaplin. Madison aims, but there are too many people.

Chaplin runs outside, Suka pursues—

MADISON

They're outside, Dennison!

—and Madison follows.

EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - NIGHT

Madison BURSTS through the doors and onto the red carpet with his gun drawn. Standing at the curb and facing him is a bloodied Chaplin, who is being held up (both physically and at gunpoint) by Suka. She presses her Luger into his temple.

SUKA

Drop it.

MADISON

(to Chaplin)

She shot you?

CHAPLIN

While taking a shit. Who does that?

Oh, right. Fucking Nazis.

Suka turns the Luger on Madison and SHOOTs twice.

One bullet tears through Madison's clavicle, which causes him to *drop his gun*; it skitters across the ground. The other bullet buries itself deep into his side.

Madison falls backward and slumps against the wall.

Dennison exits with his gun drawn. He trains it on Suka, who now has her Luger pointed back at Chaplin's temple.

SUKA

Drop it.

DENNISON

(to Madison)

You got shot?

MADISON

Yeah.

With Suka distracted by Dennison, Madison slowly reaches (with his good hand) toward a gun strapped to his shin.

DENNISON

(to Chaplin)

You, too?

CHAPLIN

(shrugs)

Sorry.

SUKA
 (to Dennison)
 I said drop it!

Amazingly, Petry exits... right at the wrong moment.

PETRY
 Is the coast clear yet, or--

Suka SHOTS Petry in the thigh. He DROPS to the ground.

PETRY (CONT'D)
 Here we go again!

MADISON
 (to Dennison)
 Shoot her like she's Clark Gable!

SUKA
 Shut up, stupid fucking American!

DENNISON
 (struggling)
 I can't shoot a woman--

Suka aims at Dennison, but before she gets a round off a *SHOT rings out behind him*. The bullet, *which came from Madison's shin gun*, tears through Dennison's shoulder. He falls to his knees. Because of this, *Suka's SHOT passes above his head*.

Confused by what in the fuck is happening, *Suka FIRES another shot at Dennison*, but it misses its kill mark and instead buries itself into Dennison's left forearm.

As Dennison continues his fall to the ground, he FIRES one shot. *It finds its mark in the middle of Suka's forehead*.

DENNISON (CONT'D)
 --but I *can* shoot a Nazi woman.

Suka's dead body falls into the gutter. Chaplin, who is unable to stand on his own, falls with her.

Five bodies — *four alive, one dead* — bleed out onto the red carpet. No one moves for a beat. Then—

PETRY
 Is this Heaven? Grandma? That you?

Dennison reaches his hand out to Madison. Madison grabs it.

DENNISON
 You shot me, pal. Thanks.

LATER

Flashing lights flood the street as MEDICS wheel Dennison, Madison, Chaplin, and Petry on stretchers to ambulances.

PETRY

Madison, promise me that you'll
take care of my wife and kids.

MADISON

I'll raise them as if I were their
real father. Because I am.

MEDICS lift Petry into an ambulance—

PETRY

Thank you, Madison.
(realizing)
Wait... what now?

—and close the doors. The ambulance pulls off.

CHAPLIN

He gonna die?

MADISON

Eventually. Just not today.

DENNISON

Once we're all healed up, Colby and
I are gonna have you both over for
dinner and a quickie.

CHAPLIN

Deal!

MADISON

It's not what you think it is.
(to Dennison)
Here we are bleeding out, and
you're talking about hosting dinner
parties? You got some balls on you.

DENNISON

You'd be *amazed* by the balls on me.

MADISON

We already are, Dennison.

MEDICS lift Madison into an ambulance and close the doors.
They BANG on the side as it takes off, its SIREN blaring.

CHAPLIN
 Dennison, I forgot to tell you--
 (pulls gun out of jacket)
 --I found your gun in the bathroom!

DENNISON
 No way! Why didn't you use it to
 shoot that Nazi lady?

CHAPLIN
 (realizing)
 Motherfucker! Eh, know what? I
 probably would've accidentally
 killed myself in the process.

Medics lift Dennison into an ambulance.

DENNISON
 I thought you were already dead.

The medics close the door on Dennison's ambulance and BANG on the side. It takes off down the street, its SIREN blaring.

As medics lift Chaplin into an ambulance he looks up at the marquee and stares at the movie's title in lights. He smiles.

CHAPLIN
 All of this for a stupid picture.

The medics close the doors and BANG on the side. It takes off down the street, its SIREN blaring.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS (HALLWAY) - DAY

TITLE: WASHINGTON, D.C. - SEPTEMBER 25TH, 1945

Once again, Harold Strange walks with a binder under his arm.

WAITING ROOM

He enters and walks past the same shrew of a secretary.

SECRETARY
 He prefers people to--

J. EDGAR HOOVER'S OFFICE - DAY

Strange enters—

J. EDGAR HOOVER
Knock! Just once! Please!

—and tosses the binder onto Hoover's desk.

HAROLD STRANGE
The final report on Chaplin.

J. EDGAR HOOVER
It took five years to write it up?

HAROLD STRANGE
We had better things to do, Edgar.
Like win World War II.

Hoover slides the binder into a trash can next to his desk.

HAROLD STRANGE (CONT'D)
(hands Hoover paper)
Speaking of WWII, this just came in
from our agents in Buenos Aires.

J. EDGAR HOOVER
Buenos Aires? What's going on in--

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH AMERICAN COAST - NIGHT

TITLE: LAS GRUTAS, ARGENTINA

A FISHERMAN (30s) and his SON (16) wait in silence/boredom with fishing rods in the calm waters of the South Atlantic. Suddenly, the water around them BUBBLES. A *U-boat surfaces*.

The father FIRES up the engine and takes off. The U-boat's hatch opens and a man climbs out: *Adolf Hitler*. He smiles. After a beat, he looks down into the hatch.

HITLER
(in German)
I don't know how to swim.

A life jacket is thrown up to him. He catches it.

HITLER (CONT'D)
Shit.

THE END