

INT. EGYPTIAN THEATRE, LOBBY - EVENING

The audience pours out of the theatre, into the lobby. Absolutely ravishing, Hedy circulates while boldly holding Marta's hand.

Nearby, LOU COSTELLO wears a gag face mask (a fake nose and mustache) and puffs on a cigar.

COSTELLO
Bud and I take off to do a tour for
the troops tomorrow.

He removes the mask, which we see is attached to the cigar.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
Whaddya think, Hedy?

HEDY
I think those boys could use a
little laughter.

GUESTS murmur and feign smiles as they take Hedy in with her female date. She passes Alexander Lantos, who shows disdain at her public display.

HEDY (CONT'D)
Mind your own damn business.

She moves on to a WAITER with a tray of champagne flutes. Marta takes one and Hedy does too. She sips, her eyes darting around for her target.

On the grand lobby staircase, George stands with Boski.

He spots Hedy and Marta coming toward him, and hops down the stairs, all smiles. Hedy's heart races.

GEORGE
What a nice surprise.

He scans Marta. Hedy's ploy has worked.

HEDY
Didn't receive your invitation.

The waiter passes with more champagne. Hedy takes another, already tipsy.

GEORGE
Drinking?
(concerned)
What about those dying brain cells?

HEDY

I can lose a few. No one'll notice.

George leads them up the stairs, where Boski awaits.

GEORGE

Hedy, Boski -- my wife.

Boski warmly greets her.

BOSKI

So glad to finally meet you. I
understand we're both from Hungary.

HEDY

My mother is.

GEORGE

Won't be long before the Nazis
march in there too.

Boski shoots him a look. Hedy downs her drink. George
immediately regrets his faux-pas. Marta awkwardly waits to be
introduced.

HEDY

Oh, I'm sorry: Marta, the Antheils.

The couple exchanges niceties with the girl, curious about
her connection to Hedy -- who changes the subject.

HEDY (CONT'D)

Have you heard from Ket?

GEORGE

'Course not, I would have called.

HEDY

(drinks)

Would you...?

BOSKI

Must be so hard on you two.
Waiting. So much apprehension. I
have to learn a little patience
with a project of my own.

She grins to George. Hedy's apprehension grows.

BOSKI (CONT'D)

You didn't tell her...?

GEORGE

...haven't seen Hedy in a while...

BOSKI
...we're expecting!

Hedy looks like someone just shot her. Marta notices and jumps in to cover.

MARTA
How wonderful.

GEORGE
We just found out.

HEDY
(falters)
I had no idea you were...planning.

BOSKI
We weren't!

Boski grazes her stomach, gives her husband a kiss.

HEDY
Please excuse me.

George watches as she takes yet another glass of champagne and retreats with Marta.

EXT. EGYPTIAN THEATRE, COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Hedy stands by a wall in a corner, in anguish and intoxicated. Peter Lorre, with Otto Preminger and FRIENDS, tries to get her attention, but Marta protectively shields her.

MARTA
(in German)
Hedy, my love, what's wrong?

Marta caresses Hedy's face, kisses her hand, then feels a presence behind her.

GEORGE
(in German too)
May I have a moment alone?

Marta turns to look at George, then back to Hedy -- who regards her coldly.

HEDY
You can go.

Stung, embarrassed, Marta recedes into the courtyard.

GEORGE

What are you doing with her, Hedy?
Giving them some real gossip?

HEDY

What about you and wifey? Not as,
"apart" as you said you were...

George is tense; he's never seen her drunk and sloppy before.

GEORGE

...lower your voice...

HEDY

...or maybe you deserve the Nobel,
George, for making babies from the
across the bed!

She laughs. GUESTS in the courtyard register their quarrel.

HEDY (CONT'D)

And frequency hopping -- well it
may never amount to much. It's
amateur, or someone's thought of it
already, or Ket's withdrawn his
support.

GEORGE

You're being paranoid. Have a
little faith...

HEDY

(laughs harder)

In "us??" I thought this invention
was our child, and we wouldn't be a
secret forever...

GEORGE

(rattled)

...what do you want me to say?

HEDY

That this rare and precious thing
we have together has changed your
heart! That nothing else can
compare...

GEORGE

Who can compare, to Hedy Lamarr?

She takes him in, in disbelief at how he's turned.

HEDY
The "star" they all want to screw,
but not wake up to in the morning.

George can't bear it any longer, he turns to leave. Hedy grabs him.

GEORGE
You don't need me, Hedy. You have
everything...

HEDY
*...I have nothing that's important
to me.*

She sobs, making a scene. George is in torment.

HEDY (CONT'D)
You and I can create other things.
Secret communication must have so
many uses...

GEORGE
...Hedy, stop. You're drunk.

HEDY
I love --

GEORGE
Don't.

HEDY
(reels on him)
Deceived again!

He walks away, making her more enraged. She hurtles her champagne glass in his direction.

HEDY (CONT'D)
Get out of my life!

The courtyard Guests stare and murmur.

INT. LIMOUSINE, BACK SEAT - MOMENTS LATER

Wobbly, Hedy climbs into her waiting limo, wildly signaling the DRIVER to leave. As the car pulls out, she manages to open her clutch purse just in time to vomit.