

“Hollywood Confidential” - 1955

- FRANKIE: Let's get to the auditions, Mr. Welles!
- ALFRED: I will Frankie! I Say, Relax!
- FRANKIE: But –
- ALFRED: Don't do it! Filmed in Technicolor, “The Wrath of Grapes” - is the story of a man who discovers these giant grapes the size of **Basketballs**; he does not realize they are actually alien creatures; and he is experimenting on them in a walk-in freezer, when he is horrifyingly murdered ... with a banana.
- DOROTHY: A frozen banana.
- ALFRED: Of course it's frozen, Dorothy; you can't kill a man with a room temperature banana.
- PITTS: Well, you can. But you'd need three rolls of duct tape, a cork, and 32 bottles of Milk of Magnesia.
- ALFRED: Don't worry, the film is very happy, full of singing and dancing, as are all my films. I am the world-famous director Alfred Welles. (*bow for applause*). Actually, I should be the one to give you the clap, for investing in my little heart-wrenching, epic, science fiction, comedic, mystery thriller - musical.
- FRANKIE: Where you can hear me sing: “*Fly me to the moon, where all the grapes are men from Mars.*”
- ALFRED: Cut! Cut! I said, no singing tonight!
- DOROTHY: Yes, we're supposed to be in mourning this evening. But I do have one important celebration to announce!! I'm promoting (**Audience woman**) to Queen of my fan club! (**Woman**) will get to wear this gorgeous tiara.
- VIRGINIA: Swanky, Dorothy, but since we're in *America*, I want a President for my fan club.
- FRANKIE: Well that lets (**Woman**) out, you can't have a woman president.
- VIRGINIA: Who's to say someday a woman can't be president? Not this year – but at least vice president.
All shake their heads, saying “No way.”
- VIRGINIA: Secretary of State?
All agree that could work.
- FRANKIE: As long as she's a secretary!