

The Millionaire's Club

By

Gemma Holt

Based on:

The House on Turk Street

By

Dashiell Hammett

PARIS - PRESENT DAY

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A women's hand reaches for a tin of shoe polish. A cloth wipes through the polish and over patent shoes.

A white shirt is buttoned up, pinching at the neck.

EXT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

A quiet, tree-lined street. TOBY, late-twenties, with floppy hair that makes him appear younger, is sat reading an English newspaper. He opens his shirt top button.

The paper's date reflects in his sunglasses before - JIMMY (early thirties), with gaunt cheek-bones and over-gelled hair, throws a French newspaper on top.

Jimmy passes one of the two cardboard coffee cups in his hands to Toby as he sits.

TOBY

Why does crossing the channel
makes someone inconspicuous?

JIMMY

It doesn't.

TOBY

Exactly!

Toby removes his sunglasses.

JIMMY

I've been watching the place for
three days. He's there.

Jimmy pulls out a clear bag, displaying close-up photographs of an overweight, sharply dressed man. Toby takes out a photograph and turns it over. Scribbled on the back: 'Bounty - £1.5 mil'.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Not much for a man sitting on
fifty million.

TOBY

He's not sitting on anything.
Robert Wallis, founder of The
Millionaire's Club.

INT. POKER HOUSE/ STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

ROBERT WALLIS in a tailored suit talks to a seated GENTLEMAN - grey hair, tanned skin. Their conversation is not heard.

TOBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
An elite group of con-artists who
parade money only to attract
other millionaires.

A suited MAN slickly pickpockets a black American express from the Gentleman's coat, SCANNING it - small flash of light - and dropping it back in the pocket as he moves beside the wealthy Gentleman.

TOBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And through association, their
money becomes the club's. They
just never know it.

The Man puts his hand on the Gentleman's shoulder and toasts a champagne flute with him and Robert Wallis.

EXT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY (PRESENT)

Toby continues looking at the back of the photograph.

TOBY (CONT'D)
It's like monopoly money, it
doesn't count.

JIMMY
Isn't it always monopoly money? I
mean, have you ever actually seen
a million pounds?

Toby takes the plastic lid off his coffee and sips it.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
And if it doesn't count, why stop
him now?

TOBY
He's been wiring himself a little
extra. Some of the other members
are getting fidgety.

Toby tucks the photograph inside his blazer and begins winding his watch from 12pm to 2pm.

TOBY (CONT'D)
Give me two hours. Then make the
arrest.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

How much?

Toby stops twisting the watch and glances at Jimmy.

TOBY

What's the going rate for a bent copper?

JIMMY

Not bent. Freelance.

He flicks a business card on the table.

TOBY

Undercover.

JIMMY

Right!

TOBY

Every second you're late you'll lose ten grand, how's that?

Toby clicks in the dial, setting an alarm, and unbuckles the watch. He passes it to Jimmy, who puts it on.

JIMMY

And if I'm early?

TOBY

Make yourself comfortable.

Toby folds the photos inside the French newspaper and passes them back to Jimmy.

JIMMY

This was at his daughter's.

Jimmy hands over a postcard with the Eiffel tower on it. Toby holds it up, positioning the landmark neatly into his suburban backdrop.

TOBY

What's the best way to be inconspicuous?

JIMMY

To blend in.

TOBY

To stand out.

He turns the postcard over.

(CONTINUED)

TOBY (CONT'D)
Everyone who's blending in has
something to hide.

They glance people passing on the street: a woman walking a dog, a man with a small child on his shoulders, a businessman with a briefcase.

JIMMY
So you're looking for someone
who's standing out?

TOBY
I'm looking for someone who's
looking for me.

Toby puts his sunglasses back on and stands, slinging the English newspaper under his arm.

Face up on the table the postcard reads: 'I miss you. I can't come home yet but come and see me, just ask for' - Toby grabs the postcard off the table.

INT. HOTEL BAR - DAY (LATER)

An elegant bar. Toby is underdressed. He sits on a stool, his back against the bar. The postcard edge creeps out of his back trouser pocket.

A French BARMAN approaches Toby from behind the bar.

BARMAN
(French accent)
There is no George Humphries
staying here, Monsieur.

Toby jolts and spins around on the stool.

TOBY
Are you sure?

The Barman nods and keeps his gaze on Toby.

BARMAN
Une boisson?

The Barman places a crystal tumbler on the counter. He reaches for an unlabelled bottle and pours a drink.

Toby opens the English newspaper perched on the bar, using a folded corner. The hotel address is circled.

He rolls up the paper and hits it beneath the ledge of the bar. He throws it onto the counter and downs the drink.

The newspaper slowly uncoils itself. Blood stained. Toby watches the newspaper settle.

(CONTINUED)

He picks up the paper, running his finger along its bloody edge. He touches underneath the bar counter and pulls his hand out.

His fingertips are wet with blood.

INT. HOTEL ROOM 156 - DAY

A white bed sheet falls from the air onto a bed. Red rose petals are sprinkled on the freshly made bed.

Blood and water trickle down a plughole. A maid's hand scrubs dried blood from the side of an elegant bathtub.

INT. HOTEL MEN'S TOILETS - DAY

Toby rubs his hands under running water. Blood runs off. He pushes on a soap dispenser. Nothing comes out. He hovers his hands under it. Nothing. He hits it with a clenched fist - a stream of soap squirts up at him.

A man enters and walks past Toby, into a cubicle. Toby doesn't glimpse him.

Toby removes his blazer, wetting the soap mark. He stops the running water and enters a cubicle beside one already engaged. He plucks at the toilet roll, dabbing his blazer.

A chain is pulled and the cubicle door beside him unlocks.

Toby flushes the soggy paper down the toilet and slings his blazer back on. He notices the exit door slowly close.

Toby straightens himself in the mirror, looking down to button up his blazer-

He sees a room key beside the sink, stamped - 156. He picks it up, looking towards the row of empty cubicles.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

A luxurious corridor. Toby glimpses the hotel room numbers as he passes each door. He stops outside room 156.

Toby raises the key to the lock. He lowers the key. He knocks on the door, glancing either side of the corridor. It's empty.

He lifts his fist to knock again. A lift behind him opens and a heavily pregnant hotel maid, MIA, wheels out a cart.

MIA

(French accent)

There's no one in there.

(CONTINUED)

TOBY

Oh! I- Could you tell me who was staying in there?

Mia parks the trolley against the wall, shaking her head.

MIA

Non, hotel policy. C'est confidential.

TOBY

Right. No, of course, um, well he left these.

Toby hands the key to Mia. She stares at his open hand.

MIA

He?

TOBY

Ah, well it's just that I found them in--

Mia grabs her pregnant belly in pain. She coils forward.

MIA

oooh. oooooooh.

Her breath fastens. She yelps in agony. Toby steps back.

A hotel bellman, MILES, runs around the corridor corner. He grabs Mia from behind her waist.

MILES

(French Accent)

Is it happening?

MIA

It's happening!

MILES

We didn't really discuss what would happen when it started happening...

MIA

Aaaah, I need to lie down!

MILES

Right.

He grabs a towel from the hotel cart and lays it on the carpet, straightening it as though it were a beach towel.

Mia silences, looking at the towel.

(CONTINUED)

MIA
On a bed, YOU IMBECILE!

MILES
Right.

Miles throws the towel back on the cart. He holds Mia upright and looks at Toby with the key in his hands.

MILES (CONT'D)
Well...!

Toby hesitates. He clicks the key into the lock and opens the door into the room.

MILES (CONT'D)
(Quietly)
Imbecile.

INT. HOTEL ROOM 156 - DAY

Miles ushers Mia in, locked in her clenched fists.

A fireplace burns at the end of the room.

Mia falls onto a white double bed, her arm dangles off the edge, displacing red rose petals which fall to the floor.

INT. HOTEL ROOM 156 - NIGHT (EARLIER)

A BOY (late-teens), with a bloody nose and bruised face is forcefully thrown back onto a bed.

BOY
It's my grandmother's!

MAN (O.S.)
Well she's not going to need it
now is she?

Two people hold the boy down. Their faces cannot be seen.

MAN (O.S.)(CONT'D)
And neither are you.

There is a single, loud THUMP. Bone crushing.

The boy's limp arm dangles over the edge of the bed. A single stream of blood trickles down his fleshed arm. It drips from his fingertips to the carpet.

INT. HOTEL ROOM 156 - DAY (PRESENT)

Mia's limp dangling arm begins to clench. She reaches for her stomach, revealing faded drip marks on the carpet.

TOBY
Maybe I should get some help?

Toby steps to the door. Miles intercepts, shutting it.

MILES
No need.

A Beat.

The two men study each other's faces. Toby tries to swallow with a dry mouth.

TOBY
Or some water.

MILES
Ah but we have taps in the room
Sir, all very magical. You see
you twist it...

He reaches for a sink at the wall and turns the tap.

MILES (CONT'D)
...and water comes out. I'm still
unsure from where myself!

He laughs eccentrically, until realising the silence.

MILES (CONT'D)
There are glasses in the
bathroom.

Toby wanders into the en-suite. Miles locks the room door.

MILES (CONT'D)
And where are you from Monsieur?

Toby re-enters with a glass of water. Mia reaches for the glass. Toby walks past her, drinking it.

TOBY
England.

Toby looks around the room for a clock.

MILES
Ah! London?

TOBY
Um, not far.

(CONTINUED)

MILES

My father took me to London once!

TOBY

(Distracted)

Is that so.

He notices a bedside clock: 12:58

TOBY (CONT'D)

I'm afraid I really need to get going, but I'll let the front desk know you need assistance.

Toby walks towards the door but is spun around as Miles whips off his blazer, as though seating him at dinner. Miles tips the blazer upside down as he guides Toby to an ottoman at the foot of the bed.

A metal lighter, pack of cigarettes and Jimmy's business card fall out, trailing from the door to the bed.

Toby sits on the ottoman looking up at Mia - legs apart.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Maybe I should fan your head?

MILES

There's no time!

Miles pushes Toby's shoulders back down as he begins to stand. Mia screams. EAR-PIERCING. PANTING.

TOBY

But I'm not a doctor!

MILES

That doesn't stop blood getting spilt from time to time.

Toby runs his hands through his sweaty hair.

A TRIPLE KNOCK at the door. Everyone stops.

WOMAN (O.S.)

(Through the door)

Crowning?

No one moves.

MILES

(English accent)

Crowning!

Toby looks at Miles.

(CONTINUED)

The door unlocks and a pair of shiny, black shoes enter. Toby looks up from the shoes as they walk towards him, seeing a white buttoned-up shirt, pinching at the neck.

The shapes of the room fade into a BLACKOUT. A loud THUD.

INT. HOTEL MEN'S TOILETS - DAY (EARLIER)

JEREMY, the hotel BARMAN, pushes open a door. He walks past Toby, dabbing his blazer, and into a cubicle.

Jeremy locks the door. He lifts the water tank lid and removes a diamond necklace with an emerald gemstone from his pocket. He tightly wraps it in a plastic bag, flushes the chain and places the bag in the empty tank. It begins to fill again. He re-replaces the lid and notices Toby's feet in the cubicle beside him.

Jeremy slides a key stamped 156 at the sink as he exits.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

Jeremy walks past room 156 and into room 158 across the corridor. Pushing the door open onto-

INT. HOTEL ROOM 158 - DAY

TABITHA, (English, Mid 20s) white shirt buttoned to the neck and black patent shoes. She is stunning. She sits at a vanity table with several laptop screens displaying hotel CCTV footage.

Jeremy takes a seat beside her as Toby enters the corridor on a monitor.

TABITHA

Who's he?

JEREMY

We need someone else's DNA in the room right?

TABITHA

He looks cheap.

JEREMY

Enough to rob an old lady and her grandson?

TABITHA

Not enough to leave them for dead.

(CONTINUED)

JEREMY

He didn't leave them for dead
though, did he?

This makes Tabitha uncomfortable.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Because he knows no one checks an
ottoman first.

TABITHA

Fine. He'll do.

JEREMY

They start by swabbing the
carpet...

TABITHA

But this needs to be quick.

JEREMY

Then the bathroom...

Tabitha holds down a laptop button and leans in.

TABITHA

Mia, you're on. Miles, stand by.

JEREMY

Then anything big enough to fit a
body.

Another monitor shows Mia exiting a lift behind Toby.
Tabitha watches the screen, Jeremy stares at Tabitha.

TABITHA

The necklace?

JEREMY

In the tank.

He places his hand on her thigh. She swats his hand away.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

How long are you going to stay
mad at me? It was a mistake.

Miles enters the monitor as Mia curls over in pain.

TABITHA

No one gets hurt. There was one
rule.

JEREMY

Then it was self-defence! How
could I have known about the boy?

(CONTINUED)

TABITHA
You're the scouter!

JEREMY
What does it matter now anyway?

He turns his chair to face her. He strokes the hair beside her cheek and tucks it behind her ear.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
Tabitha, look at me.

She reluctantly does.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
I fucked up. It won't happen again.

A Beat.

Her eyes drift back to movement on the screens.

TABITHA
They're in!

The monitor shows Miles and Mia enter room 156. The door closes behind them.

Jeremy gives up and turns his chair back to the screens.

JEREMY
We should have kept the camera in there.

TABITHA
This doesn't need recording.

She brings up footage of a bloodied elderly woman on the hotel room floor. Mia is seen removing a diamond necklace from the woman's neck.

TABITHA (CONT'D)
(Quietly)
It should never have been recorded.

An ear-piercing scream comes from across the hall. Tabitha pauses the playback footage on the image of the bloody corpse.

TABITHA (CONT'D)
Pack this away!

She shuts THREE laptop screens in a row, to the beat of three knocks.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR/ HOTEL ROOM 156 - DAY

Tabitha stands outside room 156.

MILES (O.S.)
(From inside the room)
Crowning!

Tabitha twists a key, opening the door to reveal Toby,
pale and sweaty, crouched on the ottoman.

Tabitha walks towards him as he faints and hits the floor,
cutting his head. A drop of blood lands on Tabitha's shoe.

She looks down at it. She pulls out a cloth and wipes over
the speck.

Mia jumps off of the bed and un-velcros her pregnant bump.

MILES (CONT'D)
I'm on it!

Miles fills a glass with water in the bathroom.

Tabitha walks through the room, knocking over vases,
throwing paintings off the walls.

TABITHA
Quite the performance.

Miles tips the glass of water over Toby and throws it at
the wall. It smashes. He draws the floor-length curtains.

MILES
One of your best!

Mia ruffles the bedding.

MIA
(English accent)
Mmm I kinda came in and out of
the accent.

MILES
No, no, it was all very
convincing. For a minute I really
thought we were going to have to
whip off your skirt and-

They both stop and look at each other.

Tabitha glances the bedside clock: 13:22

TABITHA
We need a taxi in ten minutes.

She tosses a phone to Mia who catches it and leaves.

(CONTINUED)

MILES

How long will he be out for?

TABITHA

Not long.

She kicks Toby in the crotch. He splutters and grabs his groin in pain.

She notices Jimmy's business card on the floor.

TABITHA (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ!

MILES

What?

She picks it up. Jeremy enters.

JEREMY

It's all ready to go.

Tabitha runs at him with the card.

TABITHA

He's a fucking cop you idiot!

She throws the card at him and paces the room.

Jeremy reads the card. It's blank except for a telephone number and 'Jimmy Norris'. He turns it over several times.

JEREMY

It doesn't say anything about the police.

TABITHA

He's an undercover!...My father had the same cards.

TOBY

Then he must be very proud.

Toby sits up holding his head. Jeremy and Tabitha stare at him.

TOBY (CONT'D)

I'm not undercover.

TABITHA

Shut up!

TOBY

I'm not even in the police.

(CONTINUED)

MILES
She said SHUT UP!

TOBY
I'm just looking for--

She throws a lamp over his head.

TABITHA
We've gotta get out of here now!
Tabitha picks up Mia's fake baby bump off the floor.

MILES
What about--
Miles gestures to the ottoman, Tabitha backhands his arm.

TABITHA
NOW! Get *it* and meet me in the lobby.
Miles and Jeremy exit. Tabitha and Toby are alone.
Tabitha pulls a suitcase from under the bed and drags it to a wardrobe. She grabs a mass of beautiful gowns in one armful and throws them into the suitcase.

TOBY
I think there's been a misunderstanding.
Tabitha tips the contents of a jewellery box into the suitcase. Toby gets up, holding his groin in pain.

TOBY (CONT'D)
Maybe we can help each other.
Tabitha zips up the suitcase.

INT. HOTEL BAR - DAY

The bar is empty. Jeremy runs in, jumps over the bar and switches off the lights. There is enough daylight to see.

Miles storms in.

MILES
(Aggressively)
Where is it?

JEREMY
What?

(CONTINUED)

MILES

The necklace! WHERE IS IT?

JEREMY

It's in the water tank, like we agreed.

MILES

Do you think I'm an idiot!

Miles grabs Jeremy by the collar across the bar.

JEREMY

What! It's in the bloody tank!

INT. HOTEL ROOM 156 - DAY

Toby is sat on the bed. Tabitha stands.

TABITHA

(Seductively)

I'm going to give you three questions. Then you'll watch me leave, wait an hour before you call your officer buddies, and you'll tell them you don't even remember what I was wearing...

She walks to Toby and strokes the cut on his forehead.

TOBY

What does crowning mean?

TABITHA

What?

TOBY

Crowning? Earlier with...

He gestures to the door. Tabitha wipes Toby's blood from her thumb onto the ottoman and walks away.

TABITHA

It's the mid-point.

TOBY

Of a robbery?

TABITHA

Or a baby during labour.

Toby laughs to himself.

TOBY

There was no baby, was there?
What do you want from me?

(CONTINUED)

TABITHA

Nothing. It's not about you.

She hauls the suitcase upright and wheels it to the door.

TOBY

Don't you want to ask me
anything?

She remains facing the door.

TABITHA

That's a fourth question.

She exits. The door locks from the corridor.

INT. HOTEL BAR - DAY

Miles and Jeremy fight against the bar. GRUNTS. Glasses
SMASH.

Miles grabs a crystal bottle and smashes it over Jeremy's
head. The struggle stops. Jeremy slumps to the floor -
dead.

Miles shakes his hand in pain. He notices Tabitha
watching.

MILES

He bit me!

TABITHA

What the hell is going on?

MILES

He's got the necklace!

Miles pats down Jeremy's clothes, searching pockets,
moving limbs aside.

TABITHA

He's meant to, we're leaving!

MILES

No! He never put it in the tank.
He was screwing us all over.

Miles keeps searching. He stops, out of breath.

MILES (CONT'D)

Shit!

TABITHA

Well, where is it?

Miles looks down at Jeremy's body.

(CONTINUED)

TABITHA (CONT'D)

You mean you didn't search him first?!

MILES

He wouldn't stop mov- He said he didn't have it! I thought he was...

He looks up at her.

TABITHA

Jesus Christ...

INT. HOTEL ROOM 156 - DAY

A metal lighter clicks. A flame bursts up.

Toby picks up his packet of cigarettes from the floor and lights one.

He walks to a floor-length window and opens the curtains. The Eiffel tower can be seen a mile into the distance. Toby pulls out the postcard from his back pocket and covers the monument directly with the photograph.

It stays in position as a flame creeps over it. It curls over, revealing the genuine tower again. Toby pockets his lighter and waves the postcard flame out, tinged edges.

Tabitha enters. Toby continues staring out of the window.

TOBY

It's said if you drop a penny from the top of the Eiffel tower and it hits someone, it would kill them. One penny. A life should be worth more than that right? Then again, why give it a value at all...

He pulls out a diamond necklace with an emerald gemstone from his trouser pocket.

Miles enters.

Toby feeds the necklace through his fingers before- he THROWS it into the burning fireplace.

MILES

NO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

Miles runs to the fireplace. Tabitha watches Toby.

Toby slowly walks to the fireplace, still smoking. The necklace starts melting.

(CONTINUED)

TOBY

Though I'm pretty sure that's
just a myth.

MILES

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? YOU DON'T
KNOW HOW MUCH THAT WAS WORTH!

TOBY

Very little.

MILES

It's diamond!

TOBY

Then that's the first time I've
seen one melt.

Toby flicks his cigarette into the fire.

Miles charges at Toby, pushing him against the wall,
choking him.

A quiet, repetitive BEEPING gets louder. Jimmy enters.

Miles stops chocking Toby but keeps a grip on his neck.

TOBY (CONT'D)

You're late.

JIMMY

How do I shut it up?

Jimmy unbuckles the watch.

TOBY

You cant. It's broken.

Miles releases Toby.

JIMMY

What did you give me a broken
watch for?

TOBY

I don't like being crept up on.

TABITHA

Who's he?

Toby straightens himself up.

TOBY

Oh don't worry about him.

Jimmy smiles at the group. Sincere.

(CONTINUED)

TOBY (CONT'D)
He's just the undercover.

EXT. FRONT OF HOTEL STEPS - DAY (LATER)

French police officers lead Tabitha and Miles down the steps, handcuffed, into a waiting police car. Mia sits in a police car parked in front.

Jimmy hands Toby a tightly wrapped plastic bag.

JIMMY
She seemed in a hurry on my way
over here.

They look at Mia.

TOBY
I'm not surprised.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY (EARLIER)

Mia removes a diamond necklace from a towel in her hotel trolley cart. She hands it to Jeremy, who exits with it.

Alone, she unrolls a towel, revealing an identical diamond necklace and drops it into a plastic bag.

INT. HOTEL MEN'S TOILETS - DAY (EARLIER)

Toby looks towards the row of empty cubicles, key in hand. He peers in the one Jeremy has just left. The water tank lid is not fully on. Toby removes a tightly wrapped plastic bag from the water and unwraps it.

EXT. FRONT OF HOTEL STEPS - DAY (PRESENT)

Toby reaches into a plastic bag and pulls out a diamond necklace with an emerald gemstone.

JIMMY
What the heck is that?

TOBY
Have you ever seen a million
pounds?

Toby smiles at Jimmy.

THE END