

En Route To The Beverly Hills Hotel

Sparks

Mr. Bergman, sir, again, your limousine awaits. I'm here to drive you to your hotel - the fabulous Beverly Hills Hotel. Please, get in.

Was your meeting great?

Yes

Sorry, hit the curb. Like a little music?...

No!

Very well, sir, mum is now the word.

As foolish as I may find these people, I must not be hasty. I've never had the luxury of a true budget. Actors are actors. Crews are crews. Language, however, is not language. How would I do working in English? Hollywood movie music is an abomination. Method acting is ridiculous. Celebrity is destructive. I must think.

Here we are, at last. Home away from home. Finest hotel in our town, it's European, Paris-style, or Rome.

Pleasant afternoon.

Thank you.

Get a little rest.

I will.

I'll be back tomorrow, they've said pick you up at 10, that's their request.