

\$3,000

by  
Jonathan Lawton

FADE IN:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - NIGHT

It is shortly after midnight on an icy night.

An old yellow Mustang pulls alongside the curb on a sleazy section of Hollywood Boulevard. The passenger door opens and Vivian steps out. She quickly shuts the door and walks away from the car as if it wasn't there. The Mustang drives off. Vivian continues strolling down the street, cold white breath floating from her bright red lips.

Dressed in a tight purple leather mini-skirt, black stockings and a white imitation fur jacket, Vivian is twenty-two years old. She has been hooking for over six years. Heavy make-up gives her pretty face a dangerous and hard look.

She lights up a cigarette and takes a drag. She moves gracefully on spiked heels across the grime-covered sidewalk. She owns this section of the boulevard. After six years on the street she has seen it all. She has done everything and will do anything. Humiliation is for the shy. Fear is for the innocent.

Occasionally a car passes and Vivian's hawk eyes watch it for any indication of interest.

She passes a vagrant huddled in a pile of ragged blankets and newspapers in a doorway. She barely sees him; he is simply part of the scenery.

Across the street a black prostitute strolls by, rubbing her shoulders against the cold. At an all-night fast food stand, several drug dealers are talking and eating.

Yet, except for the occasional sound of police helicopters in the distance, the street is quiet. It is not bustling with activity like a TV cop show. It is empty and lonely and cold.

Vivian's ears and cheeks are red from the chill, but her cigarette keeps her warm inside. A couple more customers and she'll earn enough for the night.

She glances across the street at a bright yellow Winchell's doughnut shop. Half a dozen people sit at the dirty white tables inside. She sees something that annoys her. She changes course.

Vivian hurries across the street toward the Winchell's. She pushes the glass door open and goes inside.

INT. WINCHELL'S - NIGHT

Behind the counter we see two older Vietnamese men making doughnuts, trying to ignore the unsavory crowd camped in the shop.

As Vivian enters, a gangly, ugly young Drug Addict moves toward her. His faltering voice and awkward movements indicate that he is on the last legs of excessive crack use.

DRUG ADDICT  
Hi, V-vvivian.

Vivian doesn't even glance at him.

VIVIAN  
Hi.

She moves past him toward the back of the shop. Sitting at a table is Kit, a young, dark-haired prostitute, thin and unhealthy-looking. She is talking with a black Old Man.

KIT  
Vivian.

Vivian looks at her, annoyed.

VIVIAN  
Kit, what are you doing?

KIT  
Waiting for you. It's fucking cold out there.

VIVIAN  
It's not going to be any warmer tomorrow night.

The Old Man waves at Vivian.

OLD MAN  
Hi, Viv.

VIVIAN  
(quickly, without looking at him)  
Hi.  
(to Kit)  
Let's get working. We've only got a couple hours before the street clears.

KIT  
It's too cold. No one's out.

VIVIAN  
They're out.

Kit coughs so loudly and deeply that it's obvious she has emphysema.

KIT  
Let's get high.

Vivian grabs Kit by the shoulder and drags her toward the door.

VIVIAN  
We're going to work. Come on.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - NIGHT

Vivian and Kit come out of the shop and onto the street. As they walk Kit wraps her arms tightly around her body to shield herself from the cold. She starts to cough again.

KIT  
It's too cold. I'm gonna get sick.

VIVIAN  
We've got to work. The rent's coming up. I'm not going to lose our place.

KIT  
We'll make it up tomorrow. Let's get high.

VIVIAN  
How much have you made tonight?

KIT  
(hesitantly)  
Twenty.

Vivian is angry.

VIVIAN  
One fucking date?

KIT  
I haven't felt good.

VIVIAN  
I'm going to fucking kick you out if you don't start holding up your end!

Kit's eyes water and she starts to sniffle.

VIVIAN  
Don't cry on me. I'm not your mother. You promised to hold up your end or I wouldn't have let you move in.

Kit wipes her eyes.

KIT  
Tomorrow's Friday. We'll make it up then. Don't you want to get high?

VIVIAN  
I don't want to spend everything we've got. The rent's coming.

From Vivian's face we see that she is starting to relent.

VIVIAN  
Give me the twenty.

Kit reaches down and pulls out a twenty dollar bill from her sock. She hands it to Vivian. Vivian stares at her levelly.

VIVIAN  
You're not holding out on me?

KIT  
It's all I've done. No one's out.

Kit starts to cough again.

VIVIAN  
(softening)  
Maybe it is too cold.

They walk down the street toward the fast food stand.

KIT  
Are we going to get high?

VIVIAN  
Just be quiet for awhile.

Kit knows that means yes. She rubs her shoulders and hurries to keep up with Vivian's long strides.

A car approaches slowly and Vivian pauses to watch it. It passes without stopping. Vivian continues on.

EXT. FAST FOOD STAND - NIGHT

Vivian and Kit approach a Latino Drug Dealer.

VIVIAN  
Where's Carlos?

DRUG DEALER  
What you want, girl? I can fix you up.

VIVIAN  
Where's Carlos?

DRUG DEALER  
The cops got him. What you want?

VIVIAN  
I only buy from him. When's he getting out?

DRUG DEALER  
How do I know? You think I'm a lawyer? You want some stuff or not?

He holds up a small baggie containing three rocks.

VIVIAN  
I don't want any of that yellow shit. Don't you have any white?

DRUG DEALER  
This is good stuff.

He shakes them from the baggie into his hand.

DRUG DEALER  
I'll let you taste it.

He offers it out. Vivian glances around, unsure, looking for another dealer.

DRUG DEALER  
Taste it.

Kit comes up to Vivian's side.

KIT  
Let's just get it.

The drug dealer offers it to Kit.

DRUG DEALER  
Taste it, sugar.

Kit takes a rock and tastes it with her tongue.

KIT  
(to Vivian)  
Let's get it.

Vivian sighs and pulls out a twenty. Before the dealer can grab it, she pulls it back.

VIVIAN  
Not that one, the big one.

She points at a different rock in the Dealer's hand. The Dealer rolls his eyes (the rocks all seem the same size to him) and takes the rock from Kit's hand. He hands Vivian the other rock. Vivian hands him the twenty.

VIVIAN  
When's Carlos getting back?

DRUG DEALER  
He's across the street, girl.

He points across the street at another drug dealer who has just come around a corner. Vivian sees him. She flips the Dealer off.

VIVIAN  
You fucker! This better be good stuff.

DRUG DEALER  
It's good.

He walks away. Vivian and Kit turn and head back down the street.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Vivian and Kit stand at the counter of a liquor store. A small Vietnamese Clerk is behind the counter.

VIVIAN  
Give me a pipe kit.

The clerk reaches under the counter and pulls out a small baggie containing a cheap glass pipe and a bit of steel wool.

CLERK  
(in broken English)  
You want lighter?

Vivian nods and selects a red Bic from the display. She hands the clerk a five-dollar bill and he hands back the change. Vivian counts it and then stashes it and the pipe kit away.

VIVIAN  
(to Kit)  
Come on.

They exit together.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Vivian and Kit walk down the street together, heading for home.

VIVIAN  
We should bleach your hair.

KIT  
(coughing)  
I like my hair.

VIVIAN  
You'll make more money if we bleach it. If you're going to stick with me you're going to have to make more money.

KIT  
(meekly)  
Okay.

Vivian puts an arm around Kit's shoulders.

VIVIAN  
It'll be pretty. We'll give it a natural curl or something.

Vivian teases Kit's hair with her fingers.

VIVIAN  
You'll like it.

KIT  
(more hopefully)  
Okay.

Vivian hears a car slowing behind them. She glances over her shoulder and sees a sleek black Mercedes following them.

VIVIAN  
Look at that.

The Mercedes pulls up past them and stops. Vivian and Kit pause.

VIVIAN  
(grinning)  
There's rent.

Kit isn't happy about the delay, but she waits obediently as Vivian walks up to the car and leans over the passenger window.

The window electrically rolls down and Vivian looks inside.

In the driver's seat is Edward Harris, a good looking, well groomed man in his late forties. He is wearing an expensive suit and tie.

VIVIAN  
You want a date?

Edward stares at Vivian coolly, as if still debating. His eyes look at her as if studying a label on a bottle of wine. He makes a decision.

EDWARD  
Yes, hop in.

VIVIAN  
How much you want to spend?

Edward smiles, amused for some reason.

EDWARD  
What are your rates?

Vivian, influenced by his car and clothes, blurts out a high figure.

VIVIAN  
A hundred.

EDWARD  
For the whole night?

VIVIAN  
(quickly)  
For an hour.

EDWARD  
I'm looking for someone for the whole night.

VIVIAN  
For what?



EDWARD  
Whatever.

VIVIAN  
Five hundred.

EDWARD  
That seems high.

VIVIAN  
Three hundred.

Edward is enjoying this game.

EDWARD  
Two fifty.

Vivian eyes Edward. Two fifty is more than enough, but she can't help thinking that she could get more from him. She decides not to push it.

VIVIAN  
Where do you want to go?

EDWARD  
I've got a hotel room.

VIVIAN  
Okay. Wait a second.

Vivian walks over to Kit's side.

VIVIAN  
I'm going to go with him.

KIT  
How long?

VIVIAN  
I don't know. He said the night. Go on home. Here ...

Vivian hands Kit the baggie with the pipe and the rock.

KIT  
Will you be home in the morning?

VIVIAN  
I don't know.

KIT  
What if I'm hungry?

Vivian pulls out a twenty and hands it to Kit.

VIVIAN  
Don't spend it all.

Kit nods.

KIT  
Maybe he'll give me a ride?

Vivian turns back toward the Mercedes and bends down until she can see Edward through the window.

VIVIAN  
Can my friend have a ride home?

Edward shakes his head.

EDWARD  
I'm not a taxi.

Vivian turns to Kit.

VIVIAN  
Go on.

Kit coughs. She's unhappy about going home alone.

KIT  
I'll wait up for you awhile. In case you get home. We'll get high together.

Vivian pats Kit affectionately on the shoulder.

VIVIAN  
It's okay, babe. You don't have to wait for me. Just save some.

Vivian gets inside the Mercedes. Kit watches as it drives off.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

Vivian sits comfortably in the warm leather seat. She finds the ashtray on the dash and lights a cigarette with the car lighter. She looks at Edward curiously as he drives.

VIVIAN  
Nice car. Yours?

EDWARD  
It's rented.

VIVIAN  
What's your name?

EDWARD  
Edward. What's yours?

VIVIAN  
Vivian. What motel are you at?

EDWARD  
The Beverly Wilshire.

VIVIAN  
That place next to Augie's?

Edward regards her for a moment, amused.

EDWARD  
Beverly Hills.

VIVIAN  
(oblivious)  
Nice place?

Edward smiles to himself.

EDWARD  
It's alright.

VIVIAN  
You from out of town?

EDWARD  
New York.

VIVIAN  
I've never been to New York. How is  
it?

EDWARD  
It's alright. How do I get back to  
Wilshire?

VIVIAN  
Make a left up there. Why are you  
in L.A.?

EDWARD  
Business.

VIVIAN  
What kind of business?

EDWARD  
(glancing sideways)  
My, you talk a lot.

Vivian, squelched, takes a drag from her cigarette.

VIVIAN  
Just being friendly.

Edward doesn't respond.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - NIGHT

The Mercedes glides through the streets of Beverly Hills.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

Edward looks over at Vivian, who is sitting silently next to him.

EDWARD  
My overcoat's in the back seat. Why don't you put that on?

VIVIAN  
Why?

EDWARD  
Let's just say you're a little overdressed for this ... motel.

VIVIAN  
They don't like hookers?

EDWARD  
It's not the kind of place that rents rooms by the hour.

VIVIAN  
Every place has hookers. They just don't like to admit it.

EDWARD  
Perhaps so. But if this hotel has any hookers they don't look like they're ...

VIVIAN  
... off the Boulevard?

EDWARD  
Exactly.

EXT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Thousands of tiny white lights sparkle along the walls of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. Bright flags are illuminated by carefully placed spotlights.

The Mercedes has stopped in a valet parking lane. A valet opens the passenger door and Vivian, bundled up in Edward's overcoat, steps out. Edward hands the keys to another valet.

A doorman opens the huge glass door for Vivian and Edward. They step inside.

INT. LOBBY OF THE BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - NIGHT

The lobby is bright and spacious, filled with thick carved wood paneling and expensive decorations. Even at this hour there is a great deal of activity; men in business suits and women in furs and jewels are passing by to their rooms.

Vivian's face tries to conceal the awe that she feels at the sight of all this luxury.

She covers it well, lifting her chin up slightly and stiffening her back as she walks at Edward's side.

Edward is perfectly at home. He places one hand on Vivian's elbow and guides her through the lobby as gracefully as he drives his Mercedes.

They reach the elevators and go inside.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The young Elevator Operator is dressed in a clean red uniform that seems just a bit too tight. As the elevator doors close he nods toward Edward.

OPERATOR  
Floor, sir?

EDWARD  
Penthouse.

OPERATOR  
Yes, sir.

The tone of the Operator's voice indicates that Edward will not have to tell him again. He will remember Edward. There is only one penthouse.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Edward and Vivian come out of the elevator into a hallway leading to a single doorway with two heavy wood doors. Edward pulls his key and unlocks the door. With a gentle push the doors slide open in unison.

Edward gestures to Vivian to go inside. She does. Edward closes the doors behind her.

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

As Vivian steps into the room she has the sensation of falling off the top of the building. In front of her is a sunken living room with massive windows revealing the sparkling lights of the city below. She is speechless.

Edward is quite at home. He closes the door and walks past her, down the steps to the living room. The living room is filled with museum-quality art deco furniture, all rose and gray and lavender. On one of the walls is a relief of stylized Egyptian figures. He picks up a phone.

EDWARD  
Room service ... I'd like a bottle of the house champagne and a bowl of chilled strawberries sent to my room. Penthouse. Thank you.

Vivian still stands motionless by the front door. Edward looks up at her, his trademark half smile drifting to his face.

EDWARD  
Nice view?

Vivian says nothing. She makes her way down the steps to the living room, her legs a little weak.

EDWARD  
I've impressed you?

Vivian looks at Edward, her awe giving way to a cynical sneer.

VIVIAN  
No. I come here all the time. As a matter of fact, they do rent this room by the hour.

Edward laughs. He sits down in a comfortable chair and leans back.

EDWARD  
Very good.

Vivian paces through the room, still hypnotized by the view, but recovering quickly.

VIVIAN  
I don't get it. What's a guy like you doing cruising Hollywood Boulevard?

EDWARD  
Why not?

VIVIAN  
Hell, you should be able to pick up a phone and order a girl from Room Service.  
(suspiciously)  
Unless you're into some weird stuff...

EDWARD  
No, not at all. Just the usual stuff. I don't have that much imagination.

Edward loosens his tie.

EDWARD  
To be honest, I wasn't planning on having a girl tonight at all. I was sightseeing the Chinese Theater when I got lost.

VIVIAN  
Lost?

EDWARD  
I don't know the city very well and while I was driving around I spotted you.

VIVIAN  
And fell in love.

EDWARD  
Or a close approximation.

A chime goes off to indicate there's someone at the front door.

EDWARD  
That should be the champagne.

He starts to sit up. Vivian motions for him to stay put.

VIVIAN  
Eh, sit! I'll get it.

Edward sits back down. Vivian waltzes up the steps and opens the front door. A Waiter comes into the room with a silver cart. On it is a bucket of champagne and a covered bowl.

WAITER  
Where would you like it?

VIVIAN  
Down there, I guess.

The Waiter carries it down the steps and sets it in the middle of the living room.

EDWARD  
That'll be fine.

The Waiter heads back up the stairs and pauses near Vivian. Vivian stares back at him.

VIVIAN  
(annoyed)  
What are you looking at?

The Waiter glances away uncomfortably and exits. Vivian closes the door behind him. Vivian marches back down the stairs.

EDWARD  
I think he wanted you to tip him.

VIVIAN  
For one bottle?

EDWARD  
I quite agree.

Edward stands up and crosses to the silver stand. He lifts the lid on the bowl to reveal a dozen enormous strawberries. He eats one. He twirls the champagne bottle in the ice bucket and then gracefully lifts it out.

VIVIAN  
I still don't see why you picked me up. Don't you have a girlfriend or a wife, or both?

Edward deftly pops the cork on the bottle without losing a drop of champagne.

EDWARD  
Both. I got the house brand. I didn't think you'd mind.

VIVIAN  
It all tastes the same to me. So where's your girlfriend and wife? Sleeping together?

Edward pours the champagne into a long-stemmed glass and hands it to Vivian.

EDWARD  
My wife divorced me and is in Europe I believe. My girlfriend is in New York. Cheers.

Edward places the champagne bottle back into the bucket. Vivian holds the glass awkwardly.

VIVIAN  
Aren't you going to have any?

EDWARD  
I wish I could. But my liver rotted away. I can't have any alcohol.

VIVIAN  
You don't have to get me drunk, honey.

Vivian takes a sip from the glass.

EDWARD  
No. I just like the smell. Fond memories.

He eats another strawberry. He glances at Vivian's glass.

EDWARD  
How do you like it?

VIVIAN  
Not much. I don't really drink. I smoke though. I don't guess you do?

EDWARD  
No. Not tobacco or otherwise.

VIVIAN  
It was the otherwise I wanted.

EDWARD  
Try a strawberry. It'll bring out the sweetness of the champagne.



Vivian eats a strawberry and then washes it down with the champagne.

EDWARD  
Better?

VIVIAN  
It's okay. Why didn't your  
girlfriend come with you?

Edward's face sours.

EDWARD  
I don't know. Just being difficult.

Vivian takes another sip and smiles wickedly.

VIVIAN  
She wants a new mink.

Edward isn't sure if he finds that funny.

EDWARD  
My but we do like to talk.

Vivian shrugs.

VIVIAN  
You want me to shut up, I'll shut  
up. It's your two fifty.

She takes another sip from her glass.

Edward turns from her and walks to the windows. He looks out into the city.

Vivian finishes her champagne, goes to his side, and starts to rub his shoulders. She leans over and kisses his neck.

Edward takes her chin in his hands and studies her face. He runs a finger over her lips until his fingertip is covered in red lipstick. He then takes the finger and touches her nose, leaving a red dot.

EDWARD  
Have some more champagne.

He returns to the tray and pours her another glass. Vivian rubs the lipstick from her nose.

VIVIAN  
I don't like it much.

EDWARD  
A bit more. Here.

He places the glass in her hand and tips it up toward her face. She drinks it.

EDWARD  
Nothing puts a sparkle in a woman's  
eyes like champagne.

Edward's hand continues to lift the glass until Vivian finishes it. She takes a breath

VIVIAN  
You should see my eyes when I've  
smoked a piece.

Edward takes the glass from her hand and sets it down.

EDWARD  
Five hundred years ago a cocaine-  
snorting nation of Indians was  
enslaved by a few dozen drunken  
Spaniards.

VIVIAN  
So?

EDWARD  
I think it was McLuhan who said  
that alcohol is the drug of  
civilized man.

EDWARD  
You like to talk, too.

Edward smiles.

EDWARD  
Yes. I guess I do.

Vivian glances around the room.

VIVIAN  
So where are we going to screw? Or  
do you just want to talk?

EDWARD  
How about the bedroom? You want any  
more champagne?

VIVIAN  
No. I don't like to drink too much.  
I get numb.

EDWARD  
Alright.

He takes her by the hand and leads her toward the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Edward turns on a light, revealing that the bedroom has been decorated in keeping with the art deco theme of the penthouse.

Another large relief, this one of prancing unicorns, is mounted over the bed. The bed itself is enormous and covered with gray satin sheets and a rose comforter.

Edward walks over to the bed and picks up a mint lying on the pillow. He tosses it to Vivian.

Vivian catches it, unwraps it, and pops it into her mouth.

VIVIAN  
(munching)  
Can I have my money now?

EDWARD  
Oh ... yes.

He reaches into his jacket and pulls out a money clip. He takes five fifties from it and hands them to her. It doesn't appear to diminish the size of the clip.

Vivian takes the money and stuffs it into her tiny purse.

VIVIAN  
Thanks, honey.

She gives him a kiss. Edward returns it. Just as he is about to pull her into his arms she abruptly steps back from him.

She quickly undoes her clothes. She slips out of her shoes.

VIVIAN  
So what would you like? Just a screw, or you want a blowjob first?

EDWARD  
We'll ... play it by ear. See how it goes.

Vivian pulls off her blouse and skirt.

VIVIAN  
That means you want the blowjob first.

Edward smiles, somewhat embarrassed by her bluntness.

EDWARD  
Does it?

VIVIAN  
Yeah. You don't mind wearing a rubber, do you?

EDWARD  
Seems like a good precaution.

VIVIAN  
You look clean but these days you never know. I don't do it in the ass, either ... unless you want to pay extra.

She removes her panty hose. Naked but for a pair of black panties, she sits down on the floor and carefully lays her clothes out on the carpet, smoothing them down so they won't get wrinkled.

Edward sits on the bed and watches her, fascinated.

EDWARD  
What are you doing?

VIVIAN  
I don't want my clothes to get  
mushed up.

EDWARD  
You could hang them in the closet.

VIVIAN  
This is fine.

Vivian stands and walks to Edward. She gives him a quick peck on the cheek.

VIVIAN  
Here, I'll help you out of your  
clothes.

She undoes his tie and pulls it from his shirt. Edward grabs her wrists, firmly but gently.

EDWARD  
Hey. Slow down. I thought I had you  
for the whole night.

VIVIAN  
(evenly)  
Yeah, you got me. Just most guys  
like it quick.

EDWARD  
Well, then I'm not like most guys.

Guiding her by the wrists, Edward slowly pushes her back onto the bed covers. He releases her and settles in beside her. He runs a finger across her thighs.

Vivian lies back in the bed covers, bored. Edward's fingers pet her stomach. Vivian winces.

VIVIAN  
That tickles.

Edward smiles and touches her stomach again. Vivian sits up quickly.

VIVIAN  
(firmly)  
That tickles. I don't like it.

EDWARD  
Sorry. What do you like?

VIVIAN  
(annoyed)  
Hot baths and white rocks. Okay? If I want some guy to turn me on I'll pay you two-fifty. I'm here to make you feel good. So lay down.

Vivian pushes Edward back onto the bed. She unbuttons his shirt.

VIVIAN  
Jesus, champagne, strawberries, mints, and foreplay. You act like you're seducing a Valley girl you picked up in a dance club.

Edward laughs. Vivian undoes his pants.

EDWARD  
I'm an incurable romantic.

VIVIAN  
Yeah. Well, you were cruising the wrong boulevard for romance.  
(beat)  
But if you want a good fuck, you found the best. Just lay down and let me drive.

Vivian lips off the bed and walks to the lights switch. She turns it off.

In the faint light that leaks through the cracks in the door, we see her return to Edward. She lies on top of him and kisses him full on the lips. Edward wraps his arms around her.

They make love.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Vivian turns on a light. The bathroom is large, decorated in gray tile and gold trim. There is a huge sunken bathtub in the corner of the room.

Vivian looks at herself in the mirror. Her hair is tangled and loose, and her body damp with sweat. With her fingers she combs out her hair to untangle it.

She unrolls a handful of toilet paper and wipes the sweat from her forehead and neck. She uses her finger to adjust the smeared line of her lipstick.

She turns off the light.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vivian is sitting on the floor picking up her clothes. Edward slides over on the bed to see her.

EDWARD  
What are you doing?

VIVIAN  
Getting my clothes.

EDWARD  
I thought we had all night.

VIVIAN  
What? You want to do it again? I thought I finished you off.

EDWARD  
You did. But stay the night. I'd like to sleep with you. I'll get you a taxi in the morning.

Vivian sighs.

VIVIAN  
Why do you want to sleep with me?

EDWARD  
I don't like to sleep alone.

VIVIAN  
Your girlfriend fucking spoils you.

EDWARD  
She does.

Vivian stands up and walks over to the bed.

VIVIAN  
Alright. Move over, Romeo.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

The elevator doors open and a waiter rolls a cart out into the hallway. He takes it to the doors of the penthouse. He rings the bell.

INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Edward, dressed in silk pajamas and a black velvet robe, stands in the living room talking into a cordless phone.

EDWARD  
If you really miss me then take a plane and get out here.

The chimes ring. Edward covers the receiver with his hand.

EDWARD  
Come in! It's open.

The door opens and the waiter carries in a covered tray of food, a bottle of champagne, and a pitcher of orange juice.

EDWARD  
Just set it down over there.

Edward points to a dining table in a corner of the room. The waiter does as requested.

Edward speaks back into the phone.

EDWARD  
Cindy? Yes. I don't care what your agent says. A one-week vacation isn't going to ruin your career.

The waiter sets down the tray and returns through the living room. Edward picks up his wallet from an end table and hands the waiter a five-dollar bill. The waiter nods and exits.

EDWARD  
I want you here. You know how I get when I'm doing business. Do you know how much this deal is worth?

Edward walks over to the dining table and lifts one of the tray covers. Inside is a gourmet breakfast.

EDWARD  
(becoming angry)  
You promised me when you started this whole modeling thing that I would still come first. Now I'm telling you to get out here. Today.  
(beat)  
Cindy!

She's hung up on him. Edward slams the phone down on the table.

EDWARD  
Spoiled bitch.

Edward takes a deep breath to calm himself. He pours a glass of orange juice and takes a sip. Still agitated, he crosses through the living room to the bedroom door.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Vivian is asleep in the bed. She is not a light sleeper. Her body is in an awkward position and her mouth is frozen half open on her tranquil face. She looks young and childlike.

Edward stares down at her for a moment. He sips his orange juice. He is thinking again. Making a decision.

EDWARD  
 (loudly)  
 You're quite a sleeper.

Vivian stirs roughly.

EDWARD  
 Good morning. Would you like some  
 breakfast?

Vivian's eyes open painfully and she squints at Edward. She  
 shakes her head, trying to wake up.

VIVIAN  
 I forgot where I was.

EDWARD  
 That must be an occupational  
 hazard.

EDWARD  
 This is a nice bed. It's so soft. I  
 slept like a stiff.

EDWARD  
 Would you like some breakfast? It's  
 still hot.

VIVIAN  
 I don't eat in the morning.

EDWARD  
 You should. Come on.

Edward picks up his shirt from the night before and tosses it to  
 her.

INT. DINING TABLE IN THE LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Vivian wears Edward's shirt as they sit at the dining table.  
 Edward dishes out some food and sets it in front of her.

VIVIAN  
 My head hurts. It's that champagne  
 you made me choke down.

Edward pulls the champagne bottle from its bucket.

EDWARD  
 Some hair of the dog.

He deftly pops the cork.

VIVIAN  
 No. I'll get sick.

Edward fills a third of the glass and tops it off with orange  
 juice.



EDWARD  
 Just a bit. With orange juice. I  
 guarantee it will make you feel  
 better.

Vivian reluctantly takes the glass.

VIVIAN  
 I don't like orange juice either.

EDWARD  
 Don't you like anything?

Vivian swallows some orange juice.

VIVIAN  
 White rocks. Hot baths.

EDWARD  
 Well, you're welcome to take a nice  
 long bath. The one in the bathroom  
 is practically a pool.

VIVIAN  
 I saw it, but I have to go.

She picks up a fork and starts examining the food on her plate.  
 Edward begins to eat.

EDWARD  
 I wanted to talk to you about that.

VIVIAN  
 What is this stuff?

She eats a forkful.

EDWARD  
 Crepes.

VIVIAN  
 It's good. The orange juice isn't  
 that bad neither.

She takes another sip.

EDWARD  
 I'm going to be in town until next  
 Friday. I'm involved in an  
 important business deal and I'm not  
 going to have the energy to try to  
 chase down girls when I need to  
 relax...

Vivian is wolfing down the food hungrily.

VIVIAN  
 (her mouth full)  
 You want my number? But I charge  
 more on Saturdays.  
 (MORE)

VIVIAN (CONT'D)  
Especially if you want to do the sleeping thing. I'd lose a lot of business.

EDWARD  
Hey, slow down. I'm not going to take your plate away from you.

VIVIAN  
Sorry. I guess I was hungry after all. So you want my number?

She finishes off her glass and refills it, this time favoring the champagne.

EDWARD  
Actually, I was wondering if you would like to stay here for the week.

Vivian tries to conceal her surprise at his offer. Not many people are interested in her during the day. It takes her a moment to respond.

VIVIAN  
(trying to act cool)  
It'd cost ya.

EDWARD  
How much? Let's see if I can afford it.

VIVIAN  
Well, seven full nights and days, too?

EDWARD  
Yes. You can do what you want during the days, but I'd like to have you on call, so to speak.

VIVIAN  
Two thousand.

Edward sports the same faint smile that he always gets when he's negotiating money.

EDWARD  
Hmmm. Two fifty a night for seven nights is only seventeen hundred and fifty dollars.

VIVIAN  
But you want me during the days, too. And last night you didn't get me 'til after twelve. I did some good money before you picked me up.

EDWARD  
I'm sure you did' but seven nights of steady work.  
(MORE)

EDWARD (CONT'D)  
Shouldn't I get a discount or something? How about fifteen hundred?

VIVIAN  
Don't be an asshole. You know you've got two thousand. This fucking room must cost you a couple hundred a night.

Edward smiles broadly at that. Vivian notices.

VIVIAN  
Or more!

EDWARD  
I like to know I'm getting my money's worth. I struck a good deal on this room, too.

VIVIAN  
(firmly)  
Two thousand.

Edward pours himself some more orange juice.

EDWARD  
Alright. I like you. Two thousand it is. But let me tell you, I have very tough business to do. There is a lot of pressure involved. When I get tense, I need someone to help me relax. That means no problems. No hassles. Understand?

The thought of all that money is starting to warm Vivian's voice.

VIVIAN  
Sure, honey. I'll treat you like a prince for a week. Anything, any way you want.

EDWARD  
I'm not just talking about sex. I need some nice pleasant company.

VIVIAN  
I'll treat you so nice you'll never want to let me go.

EDWARD  
Fine. But I will go. This is only for a week. I want you to be clear on that, too.

VIVIAN  
Hey, I'll be looking forward to spending my money when you're gone.

Edward smiles.

EDWARD  
I wish my lawyer was that honest.  
So it's a deal?

VIVIAN  
I need to go back to Hollywood and  
get some things.

EDWARD  
No, I want you to stay here while  
you're with me. I don't want any  
trouble. We'll buy anything you  
need. What do you want?

Vivian smiles awkwardly.

VIVIAN  
Well, a little bit of rock. Just to  
get me through the week. I'll pay  
for it myself.

EDWARD  
No. No drugs. Not while you're with  
me.

VIVIAN  
I just need a little buzz. It's no  
different than champagne.

EDWARD  
Champagne is legal. Drugs are  
illegal. That's enough of a  
difference to me.

VIVIAN  
I can't go a whole week without  
getting high.

EDWARD  
(shrugs)  
Then I'll have to call Room Service  
and get another girl.

Vivian sits in silence for a moment. Edward watches her for the corner of his eye. He enjoys negotiating. Vivian's face toughens. She looks at Edward levelly.

VIVIAN  
Alright. A week. But I want three  
thousand.

Edward studies her for a moment. He knows when to close a deal.

EDWARD  
That's fair. Hardship pay. Three  
thousand dollars for one week, no  
drugs, no strings attached.

VIVIAN  
It's a deal.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Vivian is stretched out in a hot bubble bath. Her face shows almost orgasmic pleasure. She starts to laugh.

VIVIAN  
Three thousand! Three thousand  
fucking dollars!

Laughing, she lays back and sinks down into the warm bubbly water and disappears.

She pops back up, shakes out her hair and laughs again.

VIVIAN  
Three thousand!

Edward comes into the bathroom and stands by the door, watching her laugh. He has just finished dressing and is trying to get his tie tied.

EDWARD  
Happy, huh?

VIVIAN  
Listen, lover. When I'm not giving  
you the best fucks of your life,  
I'm gonna be right here, in this  
tub. Have Room Service bring the  
cart in.

She laughs.

VIVIAN  
Three thousand. To sit in a bathtub  
for seven days.

EDWARD  
I'm overpaying you, aren't I?

VIVIAN  
Hey, I'd have taken a thousand, but  
we both know you can put up three,  
can't you?

EDWARD  
(smoothly)  
I don't think it will break me.

VIVIAN  
Then it's a good deal for us both.  
I'll keep you happy, lover.

EDWARD  
Good. I've got to meet with some  
people. I'll probably be gone most  
of the day.

VIVIAN  
I'll be right here.

Edward is still struggling with his tie.

EDWARD  
I can never get these things right.  
Cindy always does them for me. Do  
you know how to do these?

Vivian slides over to the edge of the tub and wipes her hands on a towel.

VIVIAN  
Let me see.

Edward walks over to the tub and leans over. Vivian reaches up and tries to tie his tie.

VIVIAN  
How does this go?

She makes a mess of it. She undoes it and tries again.

EDWARD  
Forget it. You're killing my back.

VIVIAN  
No, let me try again. I got to  
learn how to spoil you like your  
girlfriend does.

Edward continues to hunch over. Vivian finally gets something that is almost close.

VIVIAN  
There.

Edward straightens up and glances in a mirror.

EDWARD  
Close enough. You have the rest of  
the week to practice.

Edward reaches into his wallet and pulls out his American Express Gold Card. He sets it down on the sink.

EDWARD  
Here. Buy some nice clothes on  
Rodeo Drive. A few dresses, but not  
too fancy, or too sexy. Soft pinks  
and pastels are nice. I just want  
you to look presentable in the  
hotel, understand?

VIVIAN  
Yeah. You want me to dress like  
your high-class girlfriend.

EDWARD  
Well, let's hope you don't spend  
that much.

VIVIAN  
How much can I spend?

EDWARD  
Be reasonable. You seem like a smart girl. I'll make you a deal. If you spend too much I'll send it all back at the end of the week. If you're sensible, I'll let you keep it. Fair?

VIVIAN  
Fair.

Edward walks over and kisses her on the cheek.

EDWARD  
Bye.

VIVIAN  
Bye, lover. It's gonna be a fun week.

Edward smiles and exits. Vivian relaxes back in her tub.

VIVIAN  
Three ... thousand ... dollars.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Vivian is back in her street clothes, lounging about on an art deco couch, talking on the cordless phone.

VIVIAN  
You wouldn't believe it, babe. It's like out of Dynasty or something. It's a gas. He's leaving next Friday. I'll be back then.

We hear Kit's voice on the other end of the phone.

KIT (O.S.)  
But Viv, I don't have any money. What will I do 'til you get back?

VIVIAN  
Work, baby. You're supposed to be working. I'm not your mother. I'll handle the rent, you just keep yourself going for a week. Pick up some blowjobs. You can do that.

KIT (O.S.)  
(softly)  
Okay.

VIVIAN  
Listen, baby. I'm making good money. Good money.  
(MORE)

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

When I get back we're gonna move to the Strip and work the good part of town. Just like I promised. We'll get a nice place, not like that shithole we're in now. I always told you I could get the class tricks.

KIT (O.S.)

That's cause you're pretty, Viv. But I don't think I could work the Strip. I'm not pretty like you.

VIVIAN

Babe, I'm telling you we'll get your hair done up right and you'll be a knockout. Okay?

KIT (O.S.)

Okay.

VIVIAN

You take care of yourself. I'll be back in a week. It's not that long.

KIT (O.S.)

Okay.

VIVIAN

Bye, baby.

KIT (O.S.)

Bye.

Vivian presses a button to hang up the phone and sets it down on the table. She leans back in the couch, happy and comfortable. She pulls the American Express card from her pocket and admires it.

VIVIAN

Time to shop.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Vivian is dressed in her street clothes, without the black stockings, white coat, or heavy makeup. She doesn't look quite so much like a hooker, but she's not altogether respectable, either.

She is waiting for the elevator. When the doors open she saunters inside.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

The Elevator Operator is standing by the controls as Vivian comes in. He notices, but tries not to stare at her out-of-place attire.

VIVIAN

(cheerfully)

Hi.



OPERATOR  
Hello. Lobby?

VIVIAN  
Yeah.

The elevator starts down.

VIVIAN  
I'm going to be staying here for  
awhile.

The Operator nods.

OPERATOR  
Excellent.

Vivian smiles at him. He reluctantly returns it. The elevator reaches the bottom floor and the doors open.

VIVIAN  
I'll be back.

The Operator nods as she steps into the lobby.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Vivian gets strange looks from the hotel employees and customers as she strolls through the lobby.

At first she shrugs off the obvious rejection she sees in their eyes, but after getting the same reaction from each person she sees in the lobby, her savior faire begins to erode.

When she reaches the front door she hurries through it, eager to be away from them.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Vivian comes out onto Wilshire Blvd. and looks around. She is less confident and excited than she was before. She's feeling a little lost in this strange place.

She crosses the street and heads up Rodeo Drive.

EXT. RODEO DRIVE - DAY

Vivian passes store windows, looking at the expensive things inside. Something about it all makes her jittery.

She comes to a posh women's boutique. She hesitates for a moment and then enters.

INT. BOUTIQUE - DAY

Vivian is no sooner in the door than she is subject to the disapproving stare of a Saleswoman, standing behind the counter.

SALESWOMAN  
(with a Beverly Hills  
sneer)  
Can I help you?

VIVIAN  
I'm just looking.

Vivian tiptoes through the shop as if it was filled with delicate glass objects. She cautiously examines a dress.

The Saleswoman, unhappy with Vivian's clothes, appearance, and voice, quickly comes around the counter and approaches her.

SALESWOMAN  
Are you looking for something in particular?

VIVIAN  
I need some new clothes.

SALESWOMAN  
(sarcastically)  
Yes.

Vivian eyes the Saleswoman suspiciously. She's beginning to get the drift. She points to a dress.

VIVIAN  
How much is that?

SALESWOMAN  
I don't think it would fit you.

VIVIAN  
(claws coming out)  
I didn't ask if it would fit. I asked how much.

SALESWOMAN  
It's very expensive.

Vivian's body tenses as she stares at the Saleswoman, violence in her eyes.

VIVIAN  
What's with you?

SALESWOMAN  
(unblinking)  
Pardon?

VIVIAN  
What's with this fucking look on your face?

SALESWOMAN  
I think you should leave. You're obviously in the wrong place.

Vivian is so angry and frustrated she is speechless.

SALESWOMAN  
Please leave.

Vivian turns and stomps toward the door. She stops and spins around staring at the Saleswoman incredulously.

VIVIAN  
I was going to spend fucking money here! What's with you?

The Saleswoman says nothing. Vivian flips her off. She throws the door open and storms outside.

The Saleswoman calmly walks back to her counter and returns to her place.

EXT. RODEO DRIVE - DAY

Vivian comes out onto the street and stands, lost. A man passes, eyeing Vivian as if she were a freak. Vivian's face is red. He eyes water up to cry. She takes a deep breath, trying to control herself.

She looks up and down for another shop. On the street, women in elegant designer outfits stroll by. Vivian suddenly feels naked.

She heads back to the hotel.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Vivian enters the lobby, nervous and paranoid. She heads toward the elevators. She feels an emptiness in her stomach at the sight of all the luxury around her. Only this time she doesn't have Edward to guide her. She is surrounded by it but not a part of it.

Mr. Thomas, the prim, middle-aged hotel manager, spots her. He crosses the room and deftly cuts her off from the elevator.

MR. THOMAS  
May I help you, miss?

Vivian stops, practically shaking with terror.

VIVIAN  
I'm just going up to my room.

MR. THOMAS  
You're a guest here?

VIVIAN  
I'm... I'm with a friend.

MR. THOMAS  
And who is that?

VIVIAN  
Edward...

Vivian's face fills with terror. She doesn't know his last name. He hands are trembling.

MR. THOMAS  
What's the matter?

VIVIAN  
I'm ...

The elevator doors open behind them. She spots the Operator.

VIVIAN  
(blurting it out)  
He knows me!

Mr. Thomas turns and eyes the Operator curiously. The Operator looks back at them innocently. With a smooth gesture Mr. Thomas waves the Operator over.

MR. THOMAS  
Do you know this young lady?

The Operator nods.

OPERATOR  
She's with Mr. Harris.

MR. THOMAS  
(Surprised)  
Mr. Harris?

OPERATOR  
She joined him last night,  
apparently.

VIVIAN  
(voice quaking)  
I just want to go back to my room.

Mr. Thomas' tone toward Vivian changes dramatically. He waves the Operator away.

MR. THOMAS  
Are you alright?

VIVIAN  
I just want to go back to my room.

MR. THOMAS  
Why don't you come with me? We'll  
chat for a moment.

He takes her by the arm and leads her off.

INT. HOTEL OFFICE - DAY

In a richly furnished office, Mr. Thomas places Vivian in a comfortable chair and then leans against the edge of his desk. As he addresses her, his voice is firm, but warm. Fatherly.

MR. THOMAS

My dear, I want you to understand that there are certain things that don't happen in the Beverly Wilshire. Things that go on in other hotels. You understand?

Vivian says nothing.

MR. THOMAS

But Mr. Harris is a very special customer of this hotel. And we like to think of our special customers as friends. As a customer, I would expect Mr. Harris to sign in any additional guests that he wants to spend the night. But as a friend, we're willing to overlook it. I'm assuming you're a relative. You must be his niece.

Vivian finds herself nodding.

MR. THOMAS

Of course. Naturally when Mr. Harris leaves, I won't see you in this hotel again. Correct?

Vivian nods.

MR. THOMAS

I would also encourage you to dress in a more appropriate manner.

Vivian quickly pulls out her American Express card and hands it to him as if it somehow validates her actions.

VIVIAN

I was trying to get some other clothes... but... they wouldn't...

She can't go on. Mr. Thomas politely glances at the American Express card and hands it back to her. He sighs wearily. The things he must do to keep his "friends" happy.

He walks around his desk and picks up the phone. He dials a number.

MR. THOMAS

(into the phone)  
Women's clothing.  
(beat)  
Could I speak to Bridget.  
(pause)  
Bridget, hello.  
(MORE)

MR. THOMAS (CONT'D)

This is Mr. Thomas at the Beverly Wilshire. Well, that's flattering. Listen, I'm going to send someone to you. She's the distant niece of a special customer of ours. A very special customer: Mr. Harris. Yes, the Long Island Harrises. His niece is... from out of town. You know. And she needs a little help dressing. Maybe you could help he pick something. Thank you very much. She'll be right over.

Mr Thomas sets the phone down and smiles patronizingly at Vivian.

MR. THOMAS

There you are. Go to Saks down the street. It's a tall black building not far from here, thankfully. Go straight to the second floor and ask for Bridget. She'll take care of you.

Vivian stands up. She's calmer now.

VIVIAN

Thanks.

MR. THOMAS

If you have any other problems come ask for me personally. I'm Mr. Thomas.

Vivian nods. He shows her to the door. She exits. He watches her go, unhappy about the whole matter.

INT. SAKS - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

The elevator opens and Vivian walks out and surveys the room nervously. She wanders toward the women's clothing section.

Bridget, a large friendly woman, spots her.

BRIDGET

You must be Mr. Harris' niece.

Vivian nods.

BRIDGET

What's your name, dear?

VIVIAN

Vivian.

VIVIAN

Well, the mini-skirt is dead, Vivian. I don't care how many designers try to bring it back, it's dead. Goodness, you look like a streetwalker in that. Let's find you something else. Come on.

Bridget leads Vivian into the racks of clothes.

BRIDGET  
Where are you from dear?

Vivian is silent for awhile.

VIVIAN  
Ohio.

BRIDGET  
No wonder. How about this?

Bridget holds up a brown designer dress.

VIVIAN  
(timidly)  
Do you have anything in soft pink?

Bridget studies Vivian for a moment.

BRIDGET  
Like a pastel?

INT. SAKS - DAY

Vivian is dressed in a pink pastel dress with fine white beading around the neck and shoulders and a tiny lace collar.

BRIDGET  
You look lovely.

Vivian nods. She seems dazed and weary. She hands Bridget the American Express card. Bridget takes it.

BRIDGET  
Do you have any shoes for it?

Vivian shakes her head. Bridget leads her off.

BRIDGET  
Come, come.

INT. SAKS - DAY

Bridget is ringing up Vivian's new dress and matching hat, purse, and shoes. She packs Vivian's old clothes in a paper bag. She hands Vivian the small credit card form.

BRIDGET  
Just sign here.

Vivian signs.

BRIDGET  
We have a salon on the third floor.  
Maybe you'd like to get your hair  
and nails done?

Vivian glances at her nails. They are a hideous shade of bright red.

BRIDGET

Go on. It's a treat. By the time you get back to Ohio they'll think you were born in Beverly Hills.

EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD. - DAY

Vivian's nails are pink. Her hair is cut and styled more conservatively and done up in a bun. She wears a soft white hat and pink shoes and a pink dress. In her hands is a pink and white purse. Her makeup has been redone. She walks down Wilshire, still quiet and dazed. But lovely.

She carries a bag with her working clothes. She stops at a trashcan and throws the offending items away. Hoping no one notices.

She approaches the hotel and pauses. Her eyes are drawn to the other side of the street: Rodeo Drive. It seems ominous to her.

She takes a breath and crosses the street.

EXT. RODEO DRIVE - DAY

Vivian walks up Rodeo Drive again. Her manner is uneasy, but determined, as if forced to stroll down a dangerous street on a dare. She is better armed this time, in a suit of impenetrable pink armor.

She darts by the boutique that kicked her out, trying not to be seen by the saleswoman on the other side of the window.

She continues on to another shop. She takes a breath and enters.

INT. ANOTHER BOUTIQUE - DAY

Vivian strolls through the store, poker-faced but weak at the knees. She stops at a dress and fingers it.

Another Saleswoman comes up alongside her.

ANOTHER SALESWOMAN

It's very pretty. Would you like to try it on?

Vivian turns and looks at the saleswoman for a moment. Blood flows back to her skin. Vivian flashes a trademark Beverly Hills bitch sneer.

VIVIAN

Why not?

EXT. RODEO DRIVE - DAY

Vivian strolls up the street, carrying a clothing box. Her step is lively, and her face has a trace of a snotty smile.



A well-dressed man passes by, smiling politely. Vivian's nose lifts as she happily ignores him.

She heads for another shop

INT. BOUTIQUE #3 - DAY

Vivian is in a dressing stall, tossing a dress outside to a Nervous Saleswoman.

VIVIAN

Nope.

Another Nervous Saleswoman comes up, holding a long purple evening gown.

A.N.S.

How about this one?

VIVIAN

Ick! I want something in a pastel.  
That's horrid.

The Nervous Saleswoman is frantically hanging up some of the other clothes Vivian tried on.

NERVOUS SALESWOMAN

There's a mint green dress in the window...?

VIVIAN

Yes! Let me try that on.

EXT. RODEO DRIVE - DAY

Vivian's arms are filled with clothing boxes and bags. She has perfected her Beverly Hills sneer. She owns this block.

On her way back to the hotel she returns to the first boutique. Without a beat of hesitation she marches in.

INT. BOUTIQUE - DAY

Vivian, her hat partially obscuring her face from the Saleswoman, sails into the store carrying all her boxes and bags. The Saleswoman smiles to herself. Obviously a professional shopper.

Vivian strides over to the dress she originally looked at. She fingers it roughly.

SALESWOMAN

(eagerly)

Isn't it pretty? It's on sale.

Vivian abruptly faces the Saleswoman and stares at her coldly.

VIVIAN

It wouldn't fit me.

Vivian marches toward the front door. She turns back to the Saleswoman, who is trying to remember who Vivian is.

Vivian flips her off again, just to remind her.

VIVIAN  
(coolly)  
Bye.

Vivian exits. The Saleswoman stares after her.

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - DAY

Vivian walks confidently through the hotel lobby, past the admiring gazes of several businessmen. She enters the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

In the elevator, Vivian gripping her packages like loot from a conquered city. The Operator doesn't recognize her. He starts the elevator up.

OPERATOR  
Floor, ma'am?

VIVIAN  
(smoothly)  
Penthouse.

The Operator does a double take. Vivian smiles at him.

VIVIAN  
Hi again. Like my new dress?

OPERATOR  
It's... lovely.

VIVIAN  
Mr. Thomas picked it out for me.

OPERATOR  
Oh...?

They reach the top floor. The doors open. Vivian steps out.

VIVIAN  
Bye.

The Operator watches her go.

INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM - SUNSET

Vivian, still in her pink dress but without the hat, stands in front of the glass windows, staring out into the city reflectively.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - EVENING

Edward steps to the front desk and catches the eye of a Desk Clerk.

EDWARD  
Any messages?

DESK CLERK  
Yes, Mr. Harris.

He hands Edward a few message slips and a telegram. Edward sorts through them. He is tired and on edge.

Mr. Thomas, standing at the other end of the front desk, sees Edward. He deftly approaches him and speaks in a low intimate voice.

MR. THOMAS  
Good evening, Mr. Harris.

Edward continues looking through his messages.

EDWARD  
(absently)  
Hello.

MR. THOMAS  
I met your ... "niece" in the lobby today.

EDWARD  
(looking up)  
My niece?

MR. THOMAS  
That pretty young girl staying in your room. I just assumed...

Edward's and Mr. Thomas' eyes meet. They are engaging in some sort of subtle power struggle, a struggle that Edward intends to win.

EDWARD  
I don't have a niece.

MR. THOMAS  
Ah, my mistake.

EDWARD  
That pretty young girl in my room is a prostitute.

Mr. Thomas can't think how to respond.

EDWARD  
Do you have a problem with that?

MR. THOMAS  
 (softly)  
 No, sir. Have a good evening.

Mr. Thomas bows slightly and walks away. Edward watches him go and turns back to the Desk Clerk, suddenly in a good mood.

EDWARD  
 Have some champagne sent up. And a cheese tray or something. Maybe a pâté and some bread. A large bottle of mineral water. And strawberries.

DESK CLERK  
 Yes, sir.

INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vivian is sitting demurely on the couch when Edward comes in from the hall. She stands up and looks at him. She smooths her dress anxiously.

VIVIAN  
 Do you like it?

Edward strolls down the steps to the living room, studying her. He smiles.

EDWARD  
 It's lovely.

Vivian sighs with relief.

VIVIAN  
 I had my hair done. I hope that was okay.

EDWARD  
 Yes. I like it.

Edward gives her a quick kiss and sits down in a chair, exhausted. He loosens his tie and uses one foot to try to slide the shoe off the other. It's stuck. He reaches down to untie the shoe, but before he can Vivian practically throws herself at his feet.

VIVIAN  
 Here, let me help you.

Vivian kneels at his feet and unties his shoes. She pulls them off and sets them down next to the chair.

VIVIAN  
 Socks too?

EDWARD  
 That's alright. My feet were just swelling up.

(pause)

(MORE)

EDWARD (CONT'D)  
I had an interesting talk with the  
hotel manager downstairs.

VIVIAN  
(looking down)  
Oh.

Edward takes Vivian's chin in one hand and raises her head. He looks into her eyes.

EDWARD  
Listen to me. I don't know what  
happened with you two, but I don't  
care. I'm paying a bundle for this  
room and I expect to be treated  
with respect. That includes you. If  
anyone hassles you, or makes you  
feel uncomfortable, you tell me.  
I'll see that they're fired  
promptly. That includes Mr. Thomas.  
Understand?

VIVIAN  
(happily)  
Yeah.

EDWARD  
I don't care whether you're a  
prostitute, my wife, my niece, or  
the First Lady. As long as you're  
my guest, the people in this hotel  
will treat you like a queen.  
Alright? If I have to, I'll buy the  
hotel and burn it down to prove my  
point.

Vivian smiles brightly. He lets go of her chin and relaxes in his chair.

EDWARD  
Now, it looks as if you did some  
shopping...

Vivian reaches over to the end table and picks up a pile of credit card receipts.

VIVIAN  
I saved all the receipts. I bought  
three dresses and some other stuff.  
That hat over there goes with this  
dress.

EDWARD  
Only three dresses?

VIVIAN  
Well, I didn't figure I'd be going  
out a lot. And clothes are so  
expensive around here.  
(MORE)

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

I got two of them on sale, but even then it all came to eight hundred and fifty-seven dollars. I could have done better at Sears or something but...

EDWARD

That's fine. You could teach Cindy a lesson in saving money.

VIVIAN

(eagerly)

You want to see what I bought?

Edward couldn't care less, but he decides to indulge her.

EDWARD

Yes, I'd love to.

Vivian jumps up, runs to the couch, and picks one of the boxes she brought home. She opens it to reveal a long mint green dress.

She unzips her dress and pulls it off. Underneath she is wearing a soft pink teddy. She picks up the green dress and starts to put it on.

EDWARD

(smiling)

New underwear too?

Vivian stops pulling up her green dress. She lets it drop to the floor and models the teddy.

VIVIAN

Yeah, like it?

EDWARD

Very much.

VIVIAN

Good, I got another one that matches this dress.

She steps out of the green dress and runs over to a bag containing some underwear. She throws off the pink teddy and puts on the green one.

VIVIAN

How's that?

EDWARD

Nice.

VIVIAN

And I got a white one too, for my yellow dress. I couldn't find a yellow one.

She holds up the white teddy.

VIVIAN  
I kinda thought they were sexy. But  
classy too...

EDWARD  
Yes.

The front door chimes.

EDWARD  
That's Room Service.

VIVIAN  
(joking)  
Maybe I should answer it in my  
teddy. Give him a thrill?

EDWARD  
Let's not.

VIVIAN  
(embarrassed)  
No. I wasn't going to. I was just  
kidding.

Vivian pulls on the mint green dress. She zips up and darts up the steps to the door. She pulls the door open to reveal a Bellboy with a tray of food.

BELLBOY  
Room Service.

VIVIAN  
Come on in. Put it down there.

The Bellboy carries the tray down the stairs. He sets it down and returns to the door. Without getting up from the chair, Edward hands him a five-dollar bill as he passes.

After he has exited, Vivian shuts the door.

Edward wearily gets up and walks over to the tray of food. He pulls the champagne from the bucket and pops the cork. He pours a glass for Vivian. He opens the mineral water and pours some into a champagne glass.

As Vivian comes down the steps Edward hands her the champagne. Vivian takes it. Edward holds up his glass of water.

EDWARD  
Cheers.

They clink their glasses together. Vivian quickly sips the champagne.

VIVIAN  
I'm starting to like this stuff.

She returns to her clothes and takes off her green dress.

VIVIAN  
Let me show you the yellow one.

She pulls it from the box and puts it on. It has a conservative, almost businesslike look to it.

VIVIAN  
Like it?

Edward carries the bottle of champagne over to her and refills her glass. He kisses her.

EDWARD  
I like it. I'm pleased.

Vivian takes another long swallow of champagne.

VIVIAN  
Great. Now I'll show you the good stuff.

EDWARD  
The good stuff?

VIVIAN  
(between champagne sips)  
Well, I figured you weren't going to be taking me out a lot, so I figured what I really needed was some sexy lingerie for when I was in.

Vivian moves over to another set of boxes. She pauses and eyes Edward suggestively.

VIVIAN  
Why don't you relax while I show you?

Edward sits down.

Montage of Vivian's outfits

As Edward sits in the chair Vivian changes from outfit to outfit.

She slides up to him in a sexy long white lace and silk nightgown. She does a turn so he can see it.

He smiles. Vivian tosses the nightgown into his lap as she tries on something else.

She takes a long sip from her champagne glass as she shows him a sexy pair of red tap pants and matching camisole.

Edward refills her glass as she shows him a black corset and long stockings.

Vivian tosses the stockings onto Edward. He is accumulating a pile of lingerie on his lap.



Vivian comes up to him in a short bright pink nightie. Very drunk, she sits on his lap and finishes off the last of her champagne.

She lets the glass drop to the carpet and kisses him.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Edward carries a drunk Vivian into the bedroom and gently lays her out on the bed.

VIVIAN  
Did I do good?

Edward rolls her into the covers.

EDWARD  
Yes.

He takes off his coat and shirt.

VIVIAN  
I got most of it at this great sale. A lot of it is polyester, but that white one is real silk.

Edward pulls off his pants and climbs into bed with her. She pulls him into her arms and snuggles up to him drunkenly.

VIVIAN  
It only cost around two thirty-five.

EDWARD  
You did very well.

VIVIAN  
(a little worried)  
Are you going to let me keep it all?

EDWARD  
Yes. It's yours.

Vivian's eyes light up. She kisses Edward passionately.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Vivian and Edward eat breakfast at the living room dining table. Vivian is dressed in one of her sexy nightgowns.

VIVIAN  
What do you do all day while you're gone?

EDWARD  
Meet with lawyers and stockbrokers.  
Read financial reports. It's pretty  
boring.

VIVIAN  
What's it for?

EDWARD  
I'm acquiring a company.

VIVIAN  
What kind of company?

EDWARD  
It's called Kross Enterprises. It  
used to build ships. Nowadays it  
doesn't do much of anything.

VIVIAN  
Why would you want it?

Edward takes a sip of his orange juice and looks at Vivian  
sideways.

EDWARD  
Are you really curious?

VIVIAN  
Yeah.

EDWARD  
Alright. Warn me if I bore you.  
Twenty years ago Kross was a huge  
corporation, and even though  
they're on the verge of bankruptcy  
today they still have millions in  
assets. Things like real estate,  
equipment, pension funds. Things  
that can be liquidated to generate  
cash. You understand?

VIVIAN  
What are pension funds?

EDWARD  
That's cash invested in various  
accounts. It's supposed to be used  
to pay worker's retirement and  
health benefits. Sometimes it's  
hard to get at because of various  
government laws, but with good  
lawyers you can usually strip them  
down since only part of them have  
been contractually promised to the  
employees. Anyhow, we figure Kross  
is worth about 400 million. We hope  
we can acquire it for between two  
and three hundred million. No  
matter what, I'm going to make a  
profit. The question is how large.

VIVIAN  
(thinking hard)  
If it's worth that much money, why  
doesn't somebody else try to buy  
it?

EDWARD  
Try is the key word there. Other  
people have tried. But not that  
many people have a few hundred  
million to toy around with like  
this. And I know about assets the  
corporation owns that other people  
aren't aware of. Financial  
statements say the corporation is  
only worth around 300 million. I  
know it's worth more than that. In  
fact, it may be worth even more  
than 400 million, if I'm right  
about certain things. We'll see.  
The other problem is that the  
management of the company isn't  
particularly happy about the idea  
of being sold, because they'll lose  
their jobs.

VIVIAN  
Oh.

EDWARD  
I wouldn't lose any sleep over  
them. They got the corporation into  
mess it's in now.

VIVIAN  
So you can make all that money just  
by buying it and then selling  
everything?

EDWARD  
It's not quite that simple, but  
yes.

VIVIAN  
(admiringly)  
What a racket!

EDWARD  
(smiling)  
Yes.

VIVIAN  
Is that how you got so rich? Buying  
companies?

EDWARD  
No. It's been passed down through  
the family. But I have more than  
tripled it in the last seven years.  
These are good days for making  
money.

VIVIAN  
That's great.

Edward shrugs.

EDWARD  
I'm going to have to get dressed, I  
have a meeting at ten. Tomorrow  
I'll give you a lesson in short  
selling.

VIVIAN  
(happily)  
Okay.

EDWARD  
You're a good listener. I like  
that.

He stands up and gives her a kiss on the cheek.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Edward, fully dressed, is standing at the front door as Vivian  
ties his tie. She finishes.

VIVIAN  
There you go.

EDWARD  
How does it look? Do I need to  
check it?

VIVIAN  
No. I've got it down. It looks  
great.

They kiss.

EDWARD  
I'll see you this evening.

He exits. Vivian stands by the door for a moment and then walks  
down the living room steps.

She opens a large cabinet in the wall that conceals a  
television. She switches it on and sits on the couch.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Vivian is stretched out on the couch. She had been watching  
television for hours. She flips through the channels using a  
remote control. There's nothing on.

She turns the television off. She lays her head down on the  
couch and stares off, bored.

INT. BROKERAGE HOUSE - DAY

Edward is being led through the hallways of a brokerage house by Vance, a well-dressed young stockbroker.

VANCE

We can't buy any more stock without filing. I just can't conceal it any longer. We might hide it under another name for a week or two, but we could get into trouble later.

EDWARD

No, no. Let's play by the rules. We'll just have to move quickly.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Vivian is on the phone.

VIVIAN

How about hamburgers? Do you have any hamburgers? Great. And fries. And ketchup. Yeah. I'm in the penthouse. The penthouse on the top floor. Right.

EXT. HELIPORT ON TOP OF SKYSCRAPER - DAY

Edward and Vance come out of a doorway onto the rooftop of a large skyscraper. There is a sleek corporate helicopter waiting on a landing pad. Edward and Vance lower their heads as they fight through the wind generated by the rotor blades.

As they near the helicopter, a young man in a business suit, Jake, comes out to greet them. They all have to shout over the sound of the engines.

VANCE

Mr. Harris, this is Jake Conway. He's our top researcher. He'll be giving us the tour.

JAKE

It's a pleasure, Mr. Harris.

EDWARD

Good to meet you.

They all climb into the helicopter. It takes off.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

An empty plate that once held a hamburger sits on the dining room table. Vivian stands in front of the plate glass windows, staring out onto the city.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Vivian comes out of the elevator wearing her mint green dress. She strolls through the lobby on her way to the hotel dry goods store.

She spots Mr. Thomas. With a wicked look on her face she walks up behind him and puts an arm on his shoulder.

VIVIAN  
Hi. How are you?

Mr. Thomas looks at her uncomfortably.

MR. THOMAS  
Fine. Hello.

VIVIAN  
How do you like my dress? Better,  
hey?

MR. THOMAS  
It's very pretty. The color is very  
good on you.

VIVIAN  
Thanks. See ya.

She smiles brightly and saunters off. Mr. Thomas watches her go, more amused than annoyed at her.

INT. DRY GOODS STORE - DAY

Vivian buys a pack of cigarettes.

INT. BATH ROOM - DAY

Vivian sits in the bathtub smoking a cigarette. It isn't satisfying. She tears off the filter and takes a few drags.

She gives up and tosses it into the toilet. She sinks into the tub.

VIVIAN  
How the fuck am I going to last a  
week?

EXT. PORT OF LOS ANGELES - DAY

A helicopter flies over the port.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

They look over a huge shipyard as Jake describes it for Edward.

JAKE

This is the jewel in Kross' crown. Prime industrial property straddling the Port of Long Beach and Los Angeles. We can strip out all the heavy equipment. Some of the cranes are very valuable overseas. World War II stuff that nobody builds anymore because it costs too much. The Japanese are salivating for them.

Edward points toward one of the edges of the shipyard.

EDWARD

What's that long building over there?

JAKE

Waste processing plant. They don't use it anymore. Most of the yard we'll just level. The real estate possibilities are endless. In fact, I talked to a couple developers -- under the table, of course -- and they said we could...

EDWARD

(cutting him off)  
You what?

JAKE

(tentatively)  
I talked to some developers about the land.

EDWARD

What kind of idiot are you? You don't talk to anyone about this but me!

JAKE

I'm sorry, sir. They're close friends; they'd never breath a word.

Edward glares at Vance.

EDWARD

Where did you dig this moron up?

Vance turns to Jake, angrily.

VANCE

He's absolutely right, Jake. That was an incredibly stupid thing to do.

EDWARD

You people are supposed to be professionals.

VANCE  
It won't happen again. I'll pull  
Jake off the project.

EDWARD  
No. Don't bother. He's probably  
already told everyone he knows.

JAKE  
I'm very sorry, Mr. Harris.

EDWARD  
Forget it. Let's go up the coast. I  
want to look around.

INT. BROKERAGE HOUSE MEETING ROOM - DAY

Edward, Vance, and Jake enter a large meeting room. Sitting at one end of a long conference table, piles of papers spread out before him, is William, a crafty-looking lawyer with wire-rimmed glasses. Edward smiles broadly upon seeing him.

EDWARD  
Bill! Where the hell have you been?

WILLIAM  
Working on your damned pension  
funds. I've found the angle. We can  
bleed them dry.

EDWARD  
Yeah, if your boys at the brokerage  
haven't already leaked the whole  
deal.

WILLIAM  
Leaked! What?

EDWARD  
Skip it. Jake's going to be good  
from now on...  
(to Jake)  
...aren't you?

Edward gives Jake a friendly pat on the shoulder.

JAKE  
(quietly)  
Yes, sir.

EDWARD  
Listen, there's something you need  
to look into right away. There's a  
chemical treatment plant at that  
shipyard. I want you to see if the  
permits are still valid. And what  
kind of limits are on them.



WILLIAM  
Treatment plant? What... oh! You  
son of a bitch! What a brain!

EDWARD  
Don't get too excited yet. Check  
the permits first.

Edward sits down next to William. He glances back at the other  
two men.

EDWARD  
Thanks for the tour. Keep your  
mouths shut. I'll see you tomorrow.

BOTH  
Yes, sir.

They exit. William glances at Edward quizzically.

WILLIAM  
What are you ragging them about?

EDWARD  
Ask them. Where are we at?

WILLIAM  
The Board knows.

EDWARD  
Do they know it's me?

WILLIAM  
Yes. A call came down from Kross.  
He wants to talk to you alone.

EDWARD  
(laughing)  
About what?

WILLIAM  
Your intentions.

EDWARD  
Alright.

WILLIAM  
I don't think you should.

EDWARD  
I wouldn't miss it for the world.

WILLIAM  
I'll have to be present when you  
talk.

EDWARD  
No. Everyone knows you're my  
muscle.

(MORE)

EDWARD (CONT'D)

If the three of us sit down together then we might as well announce it in the Wall Street Journal. I'll meet him in public for dinner. Less suspicious. Tonight, if you can arrange it.

WILLIAM

I can. But you shouldn't go alone. He might claim that you tried to blackmail him or something.

EDWARD

I'll bring a girl. That'll keep it all on a friendly level.

WILLIAM

That might do. You brought Cindy along?

EDWARD

No, the little cunt's in New York, pretending she's a model. World's only five-foot two-inch model. But I've got a little girl to keep me company while I'm here. She'll do for the evening.

WILLIAM

Alright. I'll set it up.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Vivian, dressed in a teddy, is dozing on the couch with the TV on.

The phone rings. Vivian wakes up with a start. She looks at it, unsure. It rings again. She debates whether to pick up up. It rings again.

Finally she picks it up.

VIVIAN

Hello?

EDWARD (O.S.)

(firmly)

Don't ever pick up the phone. Ever.

VIVIAN

I'm sorry. I didn't know. You didn't tell me...

EDWARD

It's alright this time. I needed to talk to you. But from now on, you don't ever answer it. Understand?

VIVIAN

Yes.

EDWARD

We're going out to dinner tonight. I want you to look your best. I don't think you have any clothes that will do. Go buy something a little more formal. Something dark and low cut, but tasteful. Spend whatever you have to. If you don't know what to get tell the salesgirl you're dining at the Rex. And have your hair done. We're a little pushed for time so I'll meet you in the lobby at seven forty-five. Bye.

VIVIAN

Bye.

Vivian slowly sets the phone down.

INT. DRESSING ROOM AT SAKS - DAY

Vivian is in a private dressing room as Bridget helps her squeeze into a tight-fitting black evening dress.

Bridget tugs upward on the sides of the strapless dress and shakes it a bit to get Vivian's breasts in place.

BRIDGET

There we go. Take a breath.

Vivian sucks in and Bridget zips up the back. Vivian steps over and looks at herself in a mirror.

BRIDGET

Your uncle will like this.

A sheepish look spreads across Vivian's face.

VIVIAN

He's not really my uncle.

Bridget shrugs.

BRIDGET

They never are.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

With her hair done up and bound with a string of imitation diamonds, Vivian looks elegantly sexy in her black evening dress. The only thing spoiling the picture as she waits in the lobby is the sloppy way she drags on a cigarette.

She gets more than a couple of admiring glances from male hotel patrons. She spots Mr. Thomas standing behind the check-in counter and crosses to him.

VIVIAN

(nervousl)  
How do I look?

Mr. Thomas smiles politely.

MR. THOMAS  
Stunning. But Miss Vivian, it really isn't necessary for me to approve every outfit you wear.

Vivian puffs away on her cigarette.

VIVIAN  
I'm just shaking 'cause Edward is taking me to this really fancy place. The Rex? Is that a nice place?

The ashes from Vivian's cigarette fall to the carpeted floor. Mr. Thomas winces. He slides an ashtray toward her.

VIVIAN  
Oh sorry.

She stamps out her cigarette in the ashtray.

MR. THOMAS  
It's a very nice restaurant.

VIVIAN  
Do I look okay for it?

MR. THOMAS  
You look fine. Mind what fork you use.

VIVIAN  
(absently)  
Yeah...

She spots Edward entering the lobby. He gestures for her to come to him.

VIVIAN  
Got to go. Bye.

She quickly crosses the lobby toward him. As she does, her face sours as a thought comes to her.

VIVIAN  
Fork?

INT. REX RESTAURANT - NIGHT

An array of different forks is neatly lined up on the tablecloth next to Vivian's salad plate. She stares down at them.

EDWARD (O.S.)  
I'll be happy to look into it for you. To be honest, I don't know if we've bought any of your stock.

Edward sits across the table from Vivian. He selects the last fork on the left of the plate and begins eating the salad.

KROSS (O.S.)  
 Don't play any fucking games with me, Harris. You know damn well what stock you have and what you don't.

Sitting next to Vivian is James Kross, in his early 70s, a bulky self-made millionaire industrialist. In his youth he was foreman in a steel mill and during World War II pioneered the use of welding instead of riveting in the construction of war ships. But age is beginning to take its toll on him. His skin is unhealthy looking and his large hands sometimes tremble when he speaks.

He picks up the fork closest to his plate and starts to pick at the salad.

KROSS  
 I know you have control over at least twenty percent of the stock.

EDWARD  
 (calmly)  
 Then call the S.E.C.

Vivian glances back and forth between Kross and Edward's forks, trying to figure out which one she should use. Does each person use a different one?

KROSS  
 If you push me I might.

EDWARD  
 (politely)  
 Are you threatening me?

Edward notices Vivian out of the corner of his eye. She looks at him helplessly. He studies her curiously.

KROSS  
 You might have some explaining to do. Those guys are tired of parasites like you jerking them around.

As he talks, Edward eyes Vivian and gently taps his finger to the empty spot where his fork had been. Vivian gingerly picks up that fork from her setting. Edward winks at her. She starts to eat.

EDWARD  
 Really, Mr. Kross. I don't think we have anything to talk about. Maybe you should see my lawyer.

KROSS  
I came here to talk to you, not to  
eat succotash or stare at your  
girlfriend's tits. I want to talk  
business.

Edward sets down his fork, abruptly stands, and places his  
napkin next to his plate. He nods toward Vivian.

Vivian has just stuffed her mouth full of salad. She looks up at  
Edward confused.

EDWARD  
Let's go, Vivian.

Vivian obediently stands, still clinging to her fork.

KROSS  
Harris, wait.

Kross stands as well. Edward stares at him coolly.

KROSS  
I'm sorry. That was out of line.

Edward says nothing. He starts to turn away. Kross quickly turns  
toward Vivian.

KROSS  
Miss, I'm sorry about that remark.  
I apologize. It was uncalled for.

Vivian finishes chewing and swallows quickly.

VIVIAN  
Oh, it's okay.

Edward looks over at Vivian with stern sympathy.

EDWARD  
Are you sure, Viv?

Edward has never called her "Viv" before. Vivian stares at him,  
unsure. She doesn't know what to say; what he wants from her.  
She glances at Kross, who waits for her reply.

VIVIAN  
Yeah... it's okay.

Edward picks up his napkin and slowly sits. Vivian and Kross  
sit. Edward leans toward Kross and speaks to him in a low firm  
voice.

EDWARD  
I didn't have to come here. I don't  
have to talk to you. If you have  
something to say you better say it  
without threatening me or insulting  
the lady.

Kross' hands tremble as he adjusts his napkin onto his lap and tries to calm down.

KROSS

I'm sorry. I'll get to the point. I think you're trying to take over my company. If you do get it, and if what I've been told about you is true, you'll liquidate it.

(pause)

I don't want that to happen. I built this company up myself. I've run it for forty years. We're in bad shape right now, but we're going to get through it...

As Kross talks, the waiter comes by and checks their salads. Edward nods that he's finished. The waiter starts collecting plates. Vivian, though she's finished her salad, is still clinging to her fork. The waiter pauses by her side. She spots him and sets down her fork. He whisks the plate off.

KROSS

I came here to talk to you man-to-man to see if I can reason with you. What do I have to do to get you to call off the dogs?

EDWARD

I don't understand you.

KROSS

What would it cost to buy out your stock? Name your price.

EDWARD

I really don't know. But from what I've heard your company doesn't have any cash.

The waiter returns with another dish. He places a plate in front of each of them. As they talk, Edward subtly lifts the correct fork and taps it to the table. He half smiles at Vivian. Vivian, studiously watching his prompting, selects the correct fork. They both start to eat.

KROSS

Not... right now. But we're going to get a large contract to build four destroyers for the Navy. They're a revolutionary design and once we can prove it, I know we'll get more orders. I could give you a promissory note.

EDWARD

Then I'd be in a position of making your company a loan. That doesn't seem to make much sense.

KROSS  
We'd pay you interest. As soon as  
we get the contract...

Edward shakes his head.

EDWARD  
Mr Kross, you're not going to be  
getting any Navy contracts.

KROSS  
(upset)  
What do you mean?

EDWARD  
Just that. You're not going to be  
getting any new contracts from the  
military. I know.

KROSS  
(incredulous)  
You've sabotaged them?

EDWARD  
You flatter me if you think I can  
tell the Pentagon what to do. But I  
do know you aren't getting the  
contract.

Kross sits quietly dazed. Much as he would like to believe it is  
a lie, he knows Edward is telling the truth.

Vivian half watches him as she eats from her plate. Edward takes  
a bite of his food and then speaks smoothly.

EDWARD  
Now let me propose something to  
you. If I ever do decide to acquire  
your company, I will of course file  
the proper papers with the S.E.C.  
If that was to happen, I would  
suggest that you and the Board  
cooperate with me, rather than try  
to fight it. You couldn't stop me,  
you could only lower my profit  
margin. If you don't fight me, I  
think you'll find I can be a  
valuable friend.

Kross shakes his head, amazed at Edward's arrogance.

KROSS  
You want me to recommend to the  
Board that my company be raped by a  
man like you?

EDWARD  
It's not your company. It's a  
public company.  
(MORE)



EDWARD (CONT'D)

We both know that you can barely keep it going for a couple more years before you've completely drained it. It's a waste of capital to keep it running when it isn't going anywhere.

A Maitre d' comes up and stands politely next to Edward. Edward pauses and glances at him.

EDWARD

Yes?

The Maitre d' whispers in a low voice to Edward. Edward nods and the Maitre d' exits. Edward turns to Kross.

EDWARD

Now it's my turn to apologize. I'm afraid that I have a private call that I must deal with. If I may be excused...

Without waiting to see if he's excused, Edward stands and exits.

Vivian and Kross sit quietly. Vivian eats with her usual strong appetite. Kross seems to be pondering some dilemma. He stares at Vivian. He knows he has been beaten, but it's difficult to take in front of this pretty young woman.

KROSS

Your boyfriend's a real sharpie, little girl. A real shark. That's the kind of man who makes it these days. They smell money like blood.

Vivian stops eating. Kross continues, his voice full of emotion.

KROSS

There was a time when men got rich by building things. I built ships the size of cities! Ships that could rule the seas into the next century. Why, last year the Navy recommissioned a ship out of mothballs that I built forty years ago. They did it because they knew damn well no one could build anything better! We built this country into the greatest industrial power the world has ever known. We creamed the Japanese! We dwarfed the rest of the world. Dwarfed! This country sent men to the moon!

(beat)

But something happened...

He shakes his head uncertainly.

KROSS

We made mistakes, maybe. I don't know. We lost our way.

(MORE)

KROSS (CONT'D)

Listened to too many Harvard fags  
telling us how to maximize profits.  
And now men like your boyfriend,  
they survive by feeding off our  
decay. They make themselves rich by  
sucking the money out of our  
shipyards. Blind to the future.  
They're destroying everything we  
built.

His eyes focus on Vivian. She is moved by his speech.

KROSS

But stay with him, little girl. You  
don't want to be on the wrong side  
of the fence when this country  
falls apart. He's going to be a  
good little meal ticket for you.

He is finished. Vivian stares at him, frozen.

Edward returns to the table and sits down.

EDWARD

My apologies again.

KROSS

Forget it. I have to go anyway.

EDWARD

At least stay for dinner.

KROSS

No. Thank you for this talk. You've  
cleared my head. I know what to do  
now.

EDWARD

Which is?

KROSS

I'm not going to pay you off. I'm  
going to fight you with every  
resource I have. Neither you nor  
any of your cronies will ever set  
foot in my shipyards. You'll burn  
in hell first.

Kross stands up.

EDWARD

Alright. If you feel that way, do  
what you have to do. And if you  
change your mind, I won't hold it  
against you later. Just tell me  
that you've changed your mind and  
I'll forget about this  
conversation.

KROSS

What are you rambling about?

EDWARD  
If you change your mind, come to  
me. My door will be open.

KROSS  
I'm never going to speak to you  
again. I'm never going to see your  
face again. I'm just going to stop  
you. Got that?

Kross tosses his napkin into his plate and leaves.

Edward leans back in his chair, calm and relaxed. He takes a sip  
from his water glass. He smiles brightly at Vivian and then  
laughs.

Across the table Vivian stares at him unsmiling.

VIVIAN  
Why are you laughing?

EDWARD  
You and your fork. You were such a  
picture.

A Waiter comes up.

WAITER  
Would you like the next course,  
sir?

EDWARD  
(brightly)  
Yes. Yes, but just for two.

INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vivian's face is pensive as she stares out of the glass window  
down at the city lights. She quickly drains her champagne glass.

Edward stands next to her. He refills her glass with the bottle  
in one hand as he holds the wireless phone with his other.

EDWARD  
(into phone)  
We were right, they don't have any  
cash. The only card he had was the  
Navy contract and we know what  
happened to that. It's perfect.  
Kross is the only thing in our way  
and he's ready to cave in. Lots of  
big talk, but one push and he's  
over the edge. I could see it in  
his eyes.

Edward crosses the room and sets the champagne down on a table.

EDWARD  
Well, that's your job.

Vivian holds her glass in a daze. Edward, full of energy, paces back to her. He stares at her as he listens intently to the phone.

EDWARD

Do some research. The guy used to be a millionaire. But it's been downhill for over twenty years. He must be over leveraged. Where's he get his money these days? What banks are loaning it to him? Find out. We have lots of friends. It wouldn't take much. A couple phone calls.

Something catches Edward's attention. His eyes focus on Vivian's head. He touches the diamond string wrapped around her hair bun.

EDWARD

(holding his hand over the phone receiver)

Are those real?

Vivian shakes her head "no". Edward smiles.

EDWARD

They look lovely.

He leans over and gives her a kiss on the cheek. Back into the phone he says:

EDWARD

Now you're thinking. Get on it. We're going to wrap this up by Friday. I know it now. Talk to you tomorrow.

He clicks the phone off. He takes it to the table and sets it down. He turns back toward Vivian and slowly stalks across the room to her.

EDWARD

Have I even told you how very, very beautiful you are?

VIVIAN

(weakly)

No.

EDWARD

You are, you know. Very beautiful.

He wraps an arm around her waist and gives her a deep kiss.

EDWARD

I certainly could have done a lot worse for a wrong turn on Hollywood Boulevard.

Vivian turns away from him and quickly downs her champagne.

EDWARD  
Easy, lover. You're supposed to sip  
it.

Vivian crosses to the bottle on the table.

VIVIAN  
(coolly)  
I thought you liked me when I was  
drunk.

She fumbles a little as she picks up the bottle. She starts to refill the glass, spilling champagne all over. Edward pulls the glass and bottle away from her. He sets them down on the other end of the table. He takes Vivian by the wrists and turns her toward him. His dark eyes peer into hers.

EDWARD  
Why are you running away? You've  
been acting strange all evening.  
Are you mad at me?

VIVIAN  
No.

EDWARD  
Then kiss me again.

Vivian throws her arms around his neck and kisses him fiercely. Edward's hands slide up her thighs and across her back. He runs them through her hair and unties the bun. Vivian shakes her hair out and it falls across her shoulders.

Edward gazes into her eyes. Vivian looks away. She roughly unzips the back of her dress and pulls it from her shoulders.

Before she can get it off, Edward grabs her by the wrists again.

EDWARD  
Why are you in such a hurry?

Vivian says nothing, her eyes are on the floor.

EDWARD  
Am I ugly to you? Am I fat and  
disgusting? Do I smell bad?

VIVIAN  
(softly)  
No.

EDWARD  
People have been so bold as to tell  
me I'm somewhat attractive. Aren't  
I to you?

VIVIAN  
You're very... handsome.

EDWARD  
 Then why are you in such a rush to  
 get it over with? We have all  
 night. Is it really such a chore?  
 Are you so jaded that you never  
 enjoy making love?

Vivian pulls away and turns her back on him.

VIVIAN  
 (firmly)  
 Not with customers.

EDWARD  
 Why not? I think I've been pretty  
 good to you the last few days.  
 Haven't I treated you well?

Vivian stands silently for a moment.

VIVIAN  
 (softly)  
 ...Yes.

EDWARD  
 I can't hear you.

Edward takes her by the shoulder and spins her around. Her eyes  
 are full of tears.

VIVIAN  
 Yes!

EDWARD  
 Why are you crying?

Vivian says nothing. Edward shakes her gently.

EDWARD  
 Answer me.

VIVIAN  
 It's your fucking champagne. You  
 got me all weird inside. I drank  
 too much.

EDWARD  
 (gently)  
 Tell me why you're crying.

VIVIAN  
 Leave me alone!  
 (desperately)  
 What do you want from me?!

EDWARD  
 My money's worth.

Another tears slides from Vivian's eyes.

VIVIAN  
I've given it to you.

EDWARD  
No you haven't. I thought I had you for a week, but you've only given me a tiny part of yourself. The rest you keep from me. You try to hide it. But back there in a dark corner of your eyes I can see it. Hidden away in the shadows. And every time I see it I wonder what it is, and why you are so determined to keep it from me. It makes me want you more and more. Let me have it. Let me see it for a few days. I promise I won't keep it.

Edward slowly takes her into his arms.

VIVIAN  
I don't know what you're saying. You don't make any sense. Just let me go, please. Let me go.

Edward kisses her gently. Vivian is limp in his arms, tears rolling down her neck.

EDWARD  
Do you want me to make love to you?

Vivian looks into his eyes.

VIVIAN  
...Yes...

EDWARD  
There. That's all I wanted.

Vivian's eyes focus upon him. She leans up and with trembling lips she kisses his cheek.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Vivian, dressed in a white silk nightgown, sits on the carpet in the middle of the living room. Her head is down and her hair is a tangled mess that covers her eyes.

Edward, dressed in his usual business suit, comes from the bedroom, struggling with his tie. He sees Vivian sitting limply on the floor.

EDWARD  
What are you doing?

VIVIAN  
Just sitt'n'.

EDWARD  
 Why don't you sit on the couch, or  
 go back to bed? Don't you feel  
 alright?

VIVIAN  
 I've got a little headache.

EDWARD  
 No wonder, the way you were  
 drinking last night. You want to do  
 my tie?

VIVIAN  
 Yes.

She pulls herself off the floor and walks to him. She bites her lip as she deftly ties it into a neat knot. Edward glances at his reflection in the plate windows to see if it is alright.

EDWARD  
 Hmm. Cindy always ties it so the  
 emblem is right in the center of  
 the knot.

VIVIAN  
 Oh.

She reaches for him to try to re-tie it.

EDWARD  
 No, that's alright. I don't have  
 time. This will do.

Edward gives her a warm kiss. She doesn't return it. Her eyes are glassy.

EDWARD  
 I hope you feel better. I'll be  
 gone all day. Maybe we'll have  
 dinner someplace nice tonight.

VIVIAN  
 (hopefully)  
 I'd like that.

Edward smiles at her and walks away. He exits up the stairs. Vivian watches him go.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Vivian, wearing her pink dress, strolls by shops in the hotel lobby, half-heartedly window-shopping. She keeps glancing around the lobby as if waiting for someone.

She spots Mr. Thomas coming out of a back room. She crosses the lobby and heads for him.



Mr. Thomas spots Vivian and half smiles. He isn't quite sure what he thinks about her. Her presence in his hotel makes him nervous, and yet he secretly enjoys her company.

VIVIAN  
(cheerfully)  
Hi.

MR. THOMAS  
Miss Vivian.

VIVIAN  
I've got to talk to you. Boy, did you mix me up last night with that line about the fork. I think I made a fool of myself.

MR. THOMAS  
(honestly concerned)  
How?

VIVIAN  
Oh, I didn't know which fork to use so I kept holding off and everyone used different ones and Edward laughed at me.

MR. THOMAS  
Oh, I'm sorry. It really isn't that difficult.

VIVIAN  
Well then show me. Edward might take me to dinner tonight and I don't want to look like a dummy again.

Mr. Thomas looks around the lobby uncomfortably.

MR. THOMAS  
Well, I'm on duty right now. Just use the one on the left.

VIVIAN  
No, you got to show me the whole thing. The whole dinner thing. From the top. You got me into this mess.

MR. THOMAS  
(amused)  
I...? How am I responsible?

VIVIAN  
Because if you hadn't told me, I wouldn't have even thought about it. Now I'm all jittery.

Mr. Thomas smiles and glances around the lobby again. Everything seems quiet enough. Why not?

MR. THOMAS  
 Alright, come with me, young lady.  
 In fifteen minutes I can teach you  
 everything you need to know to dine  
 with the queen.

INT. HOTEL OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Thomas' desk is laid out with two opposing sets of  
 tableware. He shows Vivian the correct piece from his side and  
 she mirrors his actions from the other.

MR. THOMAS  
 And as you pick up the knife you  
 shift your fork to the left hand.

Vivian does this.

VIVIAN  
 Hey, I already knew that one. I  
 always do that.

MR. THOMAS  
 You had good parents.

VIVIAN  
 But the other guy ate like this.

Vivian switches the fork and knife.

MR. THOMAS  
 Well, he was either European or  
 badly brought up.

VIVIAN  
 No, he was a rich guy, too. I could  
 tell.

MR. THOMAS  
 That doesn't mean a thing. Some of  
 the richest people I've met have  
 the worst manners. Of course, Mr.  
 Harris, being of old money, knows  
 his way around a table.

VIVIAN  
 What's old money?

MR. THOMAS  
 That means he has inherited his  
 money down a long family line. It  
 used to be fashionable to look down  
 upon people who had become rich  
 through their own labor.  
 (shrugging)  
 In fact, it seems to be in fashion  
 again. But let's continue with our  
 lesson.

(MORE)

MR. THOMAS (CONT'D)

Most restaurants don't even lay out their silver correctly, so if they don't it isn't your fault if you pick up the wrong one. Spoons...

INT. BROKAGE HOUSE - DAY

Vance is punching numbers into a computer terminal as Edward and William watch the display.

VANCE

The word's on the street. Stock's at ten and a quarter.

Edward smiles.

EDWARD

Flight of fancy. Let's offer eight. That should bring them back down to earth. Then we'll raise it to nine and close the deal.

WILLIAM

I'll work on the papers.

VANCE

So we're filing?

EDWARD

Yes, time to jump out of the closet.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

Edward and William are lounging together at the end of a long meeting table. A lovely young Secretary comes in and serves them coffee from a tray.

SECRETARY

How do you like it, Mr. Reaves?

WILLIAM

(suggestively)  
Any way I can get it, angel.

The Secretary forces herself to smile politely.

SECRETARY

Cream or sugar?

WILLIAM

Both.

EDWARD

Black.

The Secretary pours the coffee into two cups and saucers and lays them nearly on the table. She picks up the tray and exits. William watches her go.

Edward takes a sip of his coffee.

EDWARD  
So, tell me about Kross.

William waits until the Secretary has closed the door and then picks up his coffee.

WILLIAM  
You're right, as usual. Completely mortgaged down to his grandson's scholarship funds. Best of all, he's applying for another loan.

EDWARD  
Bank we know?

WILLIAM  
Oh yeah.

EDWARD  
Need me to call anyone?

WILLIAM  
Nope. It's all handled. Nice and quiet. You can forget all about it.

EDWARD  
(sipping his coffee)  
I will.

Edward changes the subject.

EDWARD  
So why don't we go to dinner tonight? You can leer at this girl I have for the week.

WILLIAM  
Is this the one whose honor you defended from Kross?

EDWARD  
(laughing)  
Yes. You'll like her. Just your type. A real tramp.

INT. ELEGANT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Edward, William, and Vivian are dining at another elegant restaurant. Vivian is decked out in her black low-cut dress. William stares at her cleavage as she eats daintily, holding her silverware carefully in her hands.

EDWARD  
(to Vivian)  
Tell Bill what you said to me, that first night.  
(to William)  
It was something like, "if you're looking for romance you were cruising down the wrong street.

(MORE)

EDWARD (CONT'D)  
 But if you want to fuck, you've  
 found the best..."  
 (to Vivian)  
 Was that how it went?

VIVIAN  
 (uncomfortably)  
 Yeah, I think so.

William stares at Vivian fixedly.

WILLIAM  
 You look very familiar to me.  
 Haven't I seen you before?

Vivian shakes her head no.

WILLIAM  
 You work for Robert's agency, don't  
 you?

VIVIAN  
 No.

WILLIAM  
 Oh.  
 (to Edward)  
 I thought that's where you got your  
 girls.

EDWARD  
 You must be joking. I'm not going  
 to pay a fortune for a high-class  
 gold digger to leech off me. Last  
 time I called them, I ended up  
 spending ten grand for a skinny  
 little thing that kept pressuring  
 me to buy her jewels. I found  
 Vivian on Hollywood Boulevard and  
 she's charging me a third of that.  
 And she's happy to get it, aren't  
 you?

Vivian meekly nods. She isn't enjoying the conversation.

WILLIAM  
 Jesus, Edward, you're the only  
 billionaire I know who would go  
 tramping around Hollywood looking  
 for a bargain streetwalker. Just  
 because you got one bad girl  
 doesn't mean you should write off  
 the whole agency. When you get a  
 girl from Robert's you're paying  
 for discretion.

EDWARD  
 What do I need discretion for? I'm  
 divorced. And I don't need a girl  
 who speaks French better than I do.  
 Vivian has been an absolute doll.

(MORE)

EDWARD (CONT'D)  
 I had to buy her a few things so  
 that she'd be presentable, but I'm  
 still going to save money in the  
 long run.

William shakes his head. He glances over at Vivian.

WILLIAM  
 Can you believe the way this guy  
 talks? Do you know how much he's  
 worth?

Vivian doesn't answer. She lowers her eyes and concentrates on  
 her food.

EDWARD  
 Why are you always pushing Robert's  
 on me, Bill? You own a piece of  
 that?

WILLIAM  
 (irritated)  
 No. It's just a nice agency and I  
 like to keep my clients happy. But  
 if you can find true love in  
 Hollywood, for a great mark down,  
 that's okay by me.

Edward leans over to William.

EDWARD  
 She's a real tiger in bed.

WILLIAM  
 (eying her)  
 I'll bet she is.

Edward eats. William watches Vivian push the food around on her  
 plate. He seems bothered by something.

EDWARD  
 (amused)  
 What are you thinking about, Bill?

WILLIAM  
 (looking away)  
 Nothing.

EDWARD  
 You want her? I don't mind. You  
 want to try her?

WILLIAM  
 Jesus, Edward, don't be so tacky. I  
 can rent my own girls.

EDWARD  
 I can read you like a freeway sign.

WILLIAM  
 (tensely)  
 I'm not interested.

EDWARD  
 Go ahead. Vivian doesn't care.  
 She's used to six guys a night.  
 Just be sure you wear a condom.  
 She's careful about that.

WILLIAM  
 Thanks, Ed. That really turns me  
 on. Now can we just drop it? Don't  
 we have anything else to talk  
 about?

Edward leans back in his chair and smiles smugly.

EDWARD  
 North American Steel.

William glares at Edward and then laughs, relaxing at last.

WILLIAM  
 No. No way. You'll never get it.  
 Not a prayer.

EDWARD  
 Why not?

Vivian stares at Edward expressionlessly.

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Edward and Vivian come into the room. Edward switches on a light. Vivian walks down the steps into the living room. Her face is rigid; her eyes are focused on the floor.

Edward follows after her.

EDWARD  
 My, you're quiet again. You haven't  
 said a word to me since we left the  
 restaurant. I kind of like it, but...

As Edward touches her shoulder Vivian suddenly spins and explodes with anger, pounding him with closed fists.

VIVIAN  
 You fucker! You fucking bastard!

Vivian frantically pounds away at Edward, not so much to hurt him, but as if purging herself of emotion.

Edward pulls back for a moment and then forcefully grabs her arms and throws her onto the couch.

EDWARD  
 Have you lost your mind?!

Vivian jumps up and runs at Edward. Edward grabs her and throws her down onto the couch. Before she can get up again Edward pushes her back down. Tears well up in Vivian's eyes as she yells at him.

VIVIAN  
You fucking asshole. I can't believe what a shit you are!

EDWARD  
Would you please tell me what you're mad about?

VIVIAN  
I'm not a fucking piece of meat for you to offer to your friends!

Edward is taken aback. He adopts a gentler tone. Vivian sits on the couch, seething with rage.

EDWARD  
Alright. Just calm down.

VIVIAN  
I almost picked up that fucking table and smashed it in your fucking face. I almost did it!

EDWARD  
I appreciate your self-control.

VIVIAN  
I fucking beat the shit out of a pimp who tried to force me into his stable. I could beat the shit out of you! I almost started screaming in the restaurant I was so mad. I would have punched you in the face and walked out of there but... but...

Vivian's voice cools to an icy calm.

VIVIAN  
...I wanted my money.

EDWARD  
I'm sorry. It never even occurred to me that you would mind. Honestly.

VIVIAN  
(exploding)  
I WANT MY FUCKING MONEY! I'm getting out of here! I don't want anything to do with you!

EDWARD  
(firmly)  
Lower your voice.



VIVIAN  
Give me my money.

EDWARD  
Can we talk about this? Can you  
just try to calm down?

VIVIAN  
I'm going crazy 'cause you won't  
let me get high. I'm bored out of  
my fucking mind all day and  
whenever I see you, you treat me  
like shit! You don't like the way I  
eat. I never tie your tie right. I  
don't drink enough and then I drink  
too much. You're always shitting on  
me!

A tear falls from Vivian's eyes. Edward shakes his head at her,  
incredulous.

EDWARD  
I'm sorry. I thought I was treating  
you pretty nicely.

VIVIAN  
I've fucked stinking old men who  
made me want to puke, but I've  
never had anyone make me feel as  
dirty as you do! You make me feel  
dirty inside.

EDWARD  
I... I wasn't even serious. It was  
just a joke. I was razzing Bill  
because he runs this call girl  
service. We tease each other like  
that. It's quite juvenile. But I  
didn't think you'd mind my  
saying... I mean it's not as if  
you're from a convent.

VIVIAN  
YOU DON'T OWN ME! I say when! I say  
who! I say how much! If I make a  
deal with you it's between me and  
you and if he wants to FUCK ME TOO  
then he can ask me and I'll tell  
him how much!

EDWARD  
Of course. You're right. I'm sorry.

VIVIAN  
I don't fuck anyone who sticks  
their dick out at me. I fuck who I  
want! I say how much! I run my  
life! You don't run my life!

EDWARD  
Vivian, I'm very sorry. You're absolutely right. That was an idiotic and insensitive thing I did. I can tell that you have a lot of pride and I should have known that that would hurt you.

Vivian jumps to her feet.

VIVIAN  
It didn't hurt me! It doesn't hurt you when someone pisses on you! It just pisses you off!

Edward's face sours. She is trying his patience.

EDWARD  
Alright. I've apologized. I've said I'm sorry. Now if you want to take what you've earned so far and walk out of here, I'll understand.

Vivian doesn't say anything.

EDWARD  
Do you want me to call a cab?

Vivian is still silent.

EDWARD  
Do you?

VIVIAN  
I don't know.

EDWARD  
Then think about it. But we're going to get past this. I've apologized already. I've heard what you have to say, you're right and it won't happen again. But if you can't get past it then you should leave, because I'm only going to be here a couple more days and I'm not going to spend it fighting with you. Understand?

VIVIAN  
(bitterly)  
Fuck off.

EDWARD  
Alright. I'll call a cab. If you want the clothes, pack them up.

Vivian stands frozen for a moment. Suddenly she spins and marches into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vivian starts roughly picking up her clothes in the dim light of the bedroom. As she does she starts crying. With each item of clothing the tears come down harder. Finally she is crying so hard she can't breathe. She lets the clothes fall from her arms and starts to shake uncontrollably.

Edward appears at the doorway. His face is genuinely concerned.

Vivian sobs in fits, gasping for air.

EDWARD  
(tenderly)  
I'm sorry. I really am sorry.

Vivian finally manages to breathe again. She stands limply. Her face is smeared black with mascara.

VIVIAN  
You...  
(barely audible)  
...hurt me.

Edward goes to her and wraps his arms around her shoulders. She touches his hand.

INT. BATHTUB - NIGHT

Edward and Vivian are taking a bath together. It isn't a bubble bath. Edward wipes the black mascara from Vivian's eyes with his wet hands.

EDWARD  
I've been a fiendish cad, and I'll  
make it up to you.

VIVIAN  
I got so crazy. I'm not like that.  
I don't know why I got so crazy.

EDWARD  
(exaggerating his Harvard  
accent)  
Because I was a boor, a clod, an  
oaf, a cretin, a dunce, a putz, a  
shmuck...

He washes the black from his hands and caresses her cheeks again with warm water.

EDWARD  
...but I shall make amends as only  
a Harris can.

He runs his little finger across he eyebrows and down her nose.

EDWARD  
I shall give you an experience that  
will last a lifetime.

Vivian smiles.

VIVIAN  
Yeah, sure. You're good, lover, but  
not that good.

EDWARD  
Vivian, your mind is always in the  
gutter. Mine's only there  
frequently. I speak not of the  
lower forms of pleasure, but of  
high art.

VIVIAN  
What?

EDWARD  
I'm going to take you to the opera.

EXT. FANCY CLOTHING STORE ON RODEO DRIVE - DAY

Edward is holding Vivian by the hand as they stand in front of a display window. Inside the window is a stunning red sequined dress.

EDWARD  
That's it. That's what you're  
wearing tonight.

Vivian's eyes light up like a child on Christmas morning.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Edward sits on a comfortable chair sipping tea as he waits by the dressing room. A prim, well-dressed Saleswoman stands at attention by his side.

Vivian comes out of the dressing room wearing the red dress. She looks beautiful in it. Her face is aglow with pleasure as she admires herself in the mirror. The Saleswoman walks over to her and checks the fit.

SALESWOMAN  
It'll need a couple alterations to  
fit right in the bust. We can do  
them here.

EDWARD  
We need them done now. I'm taking  
her to Aida in San Francisco  
tonight.

The Saleswoman purrs in Vivian's ear.

SALESWOMAN  
Oh, you're so lucky. It's supposed  
to be fabulous.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

Edward is talking on his car phone. Vivian sits happily next to him, admiring her new dress.

EDWARD  
 (into the phone)  
 Bill, Bill, stop panicking. I'll read the contracts on the plane. Just have the brokerage arrange the flights for me. Kross isn't going anywhere. It's not like I'm going to help anything by watching the stock go down today. Have it ready for me. I'll make a couple more stops and be there in an hour or two. 'Bye.

Vivian looks over at Edward, still reeling from all the attention he is giving her.

VIVIAN  
 Are you sure this is alright? I don't want you to hurt your business.

Edward smiles amusedly.

EDWARD  
 My empire may crumble through neglect, but it's worth it. I've been meaning to see Aida before it closes and now I have a good excuse. But you must be freezing in that skimpy thing.

VIVIAN  
 I'm okay.

EDWARD  
 No, no. You're bound to get pneumonia if we don't do something.

INT. FURRIER - DAY

Vivian stands wrapped up in a gray mink coat. She rubs the fur against her cheek in ecstasy. Edward sits near her, watching.

VIVIAN  
 It's so soft.

A handsome young Salesman is standing by her side, his arms filled with other coats. He looks at Edward for approval.

EDWARD  
 Nice, but not what I had in mind. We're only going to rent it for a few days, so we might as well get something really special.

SALESMAN  
I have just the thing.

He exits into the other room. Vivian looks at Edward pleadingly.

VIVIAN  
I like this one.

EDWARD  
Vivian, trust me, I know furs. I'm  
going to find you one that will  
give you multiple orgasms.

The Salesman comes out carrying a long, stark white fur coat.  
Vivian's eyes widen. The Salesman hands it to Edward.

SALESMAN  
Baby seal, very rare. You can't get  
them anywhere any more. I normally  
wouldn't even consider renting it, but  
for you, Mr. Harris...

Edward nods. He stands up and walks to Vivian's side. The  
Salesman helps Vivian out of the mink and steps back. Edward  
slides the coat over Vivian's arms. He wraps it around her body  
and gives her a kiss. Vivian melts.

VIVIAN  
(whispering in Edward's  
ear)  
I think I'm coming.

SALESMAN  
(loudly)  
Of course, if you do decide to  
purchase it later, I'll deduct the  
rental fees from the total cost.

Edward glances at the Salesman sideways.

EDWARD  
Don't get your hopes up, Frank.  
We're just renting it for the  
opera.

INT. SHOE STORE - DAY

Another Salesman is fitting Vivian with a pair of red high heel  
shoes. Edward sits next to her. He leans over and whispers in  
her ear.

EDWARD  
Feel like Cinderella yet?

Vivian nods happily.

INT. BROKERAGE - NIGHT

Edward, dashing in a tuxedo, escorts Vivian by the hand down a  
long hallway as William trails after them.

Vivian, balancing on high heels, is having trouble keeping up with him on the slippery marble floors.

WILLIAM  
Please, at least think about it.  
It's a gold mine. You're the one  
who thought it up.

EDWARD  
Bill, I don't want to get in the  
toxic waste business. What a  
nightmare! I just want to sell the  
rights to the highest bidder. Let  
them do the dirty work. Those  
processing licenses must be worth a  
fortune.

WILLIAM  
But not half as much as if we use  
them ourselves.

Edward stops suddenly and turns toward William. Vivian skids and almost falls; she grabs Edward's shoulder for balance. Edward, ignoring her, looks down at William like a teacher lecturing a slow student.

EDWARD  
Bill. Cash, leverage, acquire.  
Cash, leverage, acquire. Cash,  
leverage, acquire. Got it?

WILLIAM  
Okay, okay. I got it.

Edward slaps William on the shoulder and drags Vivian off.

WILLIAM  
Enjoy the opera! Read the  
contracts!

EXT. HELIPORT - DAY

Vivian and Edward come out onto the roof and make their way to a waiting helicopter.

Once they are inside, the helicopter takes off.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Vivian looks out the window as the chopper flies over the city. She squeezes Edward's hand.

VIVIAN  
It's like a dream.

Edward smiles absently as he reads through some papers.

EXT. HELIPORT AT BURBANK AIRPORT - DAY

Edward and Vivian climb out of the helicopter and make their way from the landing pad.

A Pilot in a leather jacket and dark sunglasses greets them.

PILOT  
Mr. Harris?

EDWARD  
Yes.

PILOT  
Your plane is ready to go, sir.

EXT. HELIPORT AT BURBANK AIRPORT - DAY

A small corporate jet takes off down the landing strip.

INT. JET - DAY

Edward and Vivian are alone in the passenger lounge of the jet. It is a comfortable room featuring a long couch that curves across two walls, a small bar, and a built-in television and stereo. Edward is sorting through a pile of contracts. Vivian is looking at herself in a small mirror. Her hair is wild and loose from the helicopter.

VIVIAN  
Good thing I didn't have my hair done.

EDWARD  
Oh, I should have warned you. Cindy won't even let me get her near a helicopter.

VIVIAN  
I can fix it.

EDWARD  
Good, now be quiet while I read these.

Vivian smiles wickedly and fluffs her hair up. She takes her fur off and lays it down on the floor. She walks over to Edward and slides into his lap. She starts to kiss his neck.

Edward, grinning, pushes her away gently.

EDWARD  
Go away.

Vivian, undaunted, slides the straps of her dress off her shoulders. She stands and it falls to the floor. Wearing only a pair of red panties, she lies down on the fur coat.

EDWARD  
What are you doing?

Vivian gives Edward her finest come-hither look.

VIVIAN  
Being quiet.



Edward sets down his papers.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - SUNSET

The sun is just beginning to set as the jet makes a slow pass over the city and heads for the airport.

INT. JET - SUNSET

Vivian, naked, stares out the window at the city lights twinkling below. Her eyes are full of wonder.

VIVIAN  
I can see the bridge. It's all lit  
up. It's so beautiful.

Edward is reading a contract. Without glancing up he speaks to her.

EDWARD  
You'd better put on your clothes,  
now. I don't want to give the pilot  
a thrill.

Vivian reaches down and picks up her red dress.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

An airport limo pulls to a stop in front of the San Francisco Opera House. The driver walks around back and opens the passenger door. Edward emerges and helps the fur-wrapped Vivian out.

They walk toward the Opera House past a beautifully lit fountain with several graceful statues in its center. Edward has his hand on Vivian's elbow as they talk.

EDWARD  
Some people say that opera is a  
cultivated taste -- that's why  
everyone prefers movies -- but I  
don't believe that. It's something  
you're born to. But I don't mean  
that in an elitist sense. High  
born, low born, you can always tell  
when someone goes to the opera for  
the first time. Some love it, some  
hate it. Those who love it will  
always love it; those who hate it  
might force themselves to  
appreciate it, but they'll never  
love it. Maybe there's an opera  
gene in a person's DNA. It'll be  
interesting to see how you react.

VIVIAN  
Even if I hate it, I'm glad you  
took me.

EDWARD  
So am I.

INT. OPERA LOBBY - NIGHT

A small crowd of well-dressed people move through the lobby toward the theater. Vivian admires the pretty dresses and things around her.

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

Edward and Vivian sit front row center on the first balcony. They hold programs while they wait for the curtain. Vivian leans over to Edward and speaks in a low voice.

VIVIAN  
If it's in Italian, how will I know  
what they're saying?

EDWARD  
I'll whisper some of the main parts  
of the story for you. But you'll be  
surprised at how much you'll  
understand by the way they sing.  
The music conveys their emotions  
more powerfully than any words.

The orchestra begins.

MONTAGE OF OPERA

When the lights dim and the opera is performed, we do not shift to the stage but rather stay on Vivian.

As the music builds and the changing stage lights dance across her face we see the opera unfold only through her eyes. As we DISSOLVE from close-up to close-up, Edward occasionally leans over and whispers intimately into her ear.

EDWARD  
Radames is desperately in love with  
Aida, a mere slave. Yet he is  
forced to marry Amneris, the King's  
daughter.

The music continues. Vivian's face focuses intensely on the stage, as if a new world is being revealed to her. Edward leans toward her ear.

EDWARD  
Here he tells Aida how much he  
loves her but...

Vivian raises a hand and gently covers Edward's mouth. She nods, eyes fixed on the stage. She understands what is happening.

As Vivian's hand slowly lowers, Edward glances at her, pleased. He holds onto her hand and gently strokes her fingers.

Vivian concentrates on what is happening. The music is reaching its tragic climax. The emotions building inside Vivian swell. As the opera ends, she is profoundly moved. A single tear rolls down her cheek.

INT. STAIRCASE / OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

Vivian and Edward stand at the top of an elegant staircase leading down from the balcony. Vivian is slightly swaying as if weak. Edward has a firm arm around her shoulder.

EDWARD  
Are you alright? Can you make it  
down the stairs?

VIVIAN  
I just stood up too fast. My head  
is spinning. The blood all went to  
my legs. Just a second.

Edward holds her tightly as other patrons move past them and down the stairs. Edward smiles smugly at her.

EDWARD  
You liked the opera, didn't you?

Vivian nods.

VIVIAN  
Yeah. It was... I liked it so much.  
It... was sad.

As she thinks about it, she feels the urge to cry again. She fights it.

VIVIAN  
I'm okay now.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Vivian is lying across the lounge couch with her head on Edward's lap. Edward strokes her hair. Tears are streaming from her eyes.

EDWARD  
You're such an emotional little  
creature.

VIVIAN  
(defensively)  
It was sad.

EDWARD  
I know. But I took you to make you  
happy, not to make you cry.

VIVIAN  
I'm happy. Just sad happy is all.

EDWARD  
You've been crying for an hour.

Vivian wipes her eyes.

VIVIAN  
I just... I'm kinda used to smoking whenever I get sad, you know? It keeps me feeling good. I'm not used to being off it.

EDWARD  
I'm sorry if that's been tough on you.

VIVIAN  
No, no. It's okay. It's just like I'm feeling all sorts of strange things. It's kinda nice in a way. I just have trouble handling it sometimes.

EDWARD  
Well, the day after tomorrow I'm off to New York and you can do whatever you want. And you'll have some money to do it with.

VIVIAN  
Yeah.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Edward is sound asleep. Vivian is staring off into the darkness. She can't sleep.

She slowly crawls out of bed. She is wearing a pink teddy. Edward stirs. He blinks his eyes.

EDWARD  
What's the matter?

VIVIAN  
Noth'n'. Just can't sleep.

EDWARD  
Oh.

VIVIAN  
Can I get some champagne? Maybe it'll help me sleep.

EDWARD  
Sure. Let me call ...

He pulls himself up with difficulty.

VIVIAN  
No, no. I can call. You sleep. I'm alright. Really.

Edward lies back down.

EDWARD  
(sleepily)  
Okay. Order whatever you want.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vivian sits alone on the living room floor staring out the windows into the city. She is dressed in her pink teddy with the white fur wrapped around her shoulders. She sips straight from the bottle of champagne.

She hums a tune from the opera.

She takes a long drink and arranges the bottom of the fur over her legs for warmth.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Edward is dressed in his robe talking on the phone as he looks over the morning breakfast on the dining table.

EDWARD  
Jesus that was fast. What did you do, put a horse head in his bed?

INT. BROKERAGE HOUSE - MORNING

A Secretary hands William a cup of coffee. He takes a sip.

WILLIAM  
Very funny. I barely did anything. The old coot must be more desperate than either of us thought. He said he wouldn't talk to me about specifics until after our thirty-day filing period. But he wants to talk to you. Get assurances that you're both on the same side or something. Maybe get you to call off the dogs, i.e., me.

He takes another sip of his coffee. He waves the Secretary off. She exits.

WILLIAM  
Anyhow, I told him that I might be able to arrange for you to see him this morning at your hotel room. What I'd like you to do is butter him up and then drag him here so I can grill him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Edward is sipping orange juice.

EDWARD  
You're such a sneaky fucker.

WILLIAM  
 The guy's pathetic. All you have to do is take him by the hand and bring him over. If we could just get him to tell us the story on the Navy repair commitments it would be worth it.

Edward glances at his watch.

EDWARD  
 Alright. Tell him ten-thirty.

WILLIAM  
 He'll be there.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Vivian is passed out on the bed. Edward comes in and undoes his robe. He starts to put on a suit.

EDWARD  
 Wake up, sleeping beauty.

Vivian stirs. She blinks and looks at Edward with sleepy red eyes.

VIVIAN  
 What?

EDWARD  
 Put on some clothes. We're going to have a guest.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Vivian, wearing her yellow dress, is tying Edward's tie for him.

EDWARD  
 You sure you don't mind? I wouldn't want you to get mad at me again.

VIVIAN  
 No, it's okay. I didn't mean it. I like tying it.

She finishes. Edward checks it in the mirror.

EDWARD  
 Pattern in the center. Perfect. That's lovely.

He gives her a peck on the cheek. We hear the doorbell ring from the living room.

EDWARD  
 Well, here we go.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Vivian stands near the bedroom as Edward opens the front door. Mr. Kross slowly enters. He looks old and tired. They shake hands and Edward closes the door behind him.

EDWARD  
Mr. Kross.

KROSS  
Mr. Harris.

Edward leads him down the stairs.

EDWARD  
Have a seat.

KROSS  
I can't stay very long.

Kross notices Vivian standing across the room. He seems surprised to see her. Surprised and bothered. He nods to her.

KROSS  
Young lady.

VIVIAN  
Hi.

They both seem uncomfortable in each other's presence. Like former lovers who run into each other by surprise in public. Kross immediately turns his eyes away from her. He looks at Edward.

KROSS  
I'll get to the point. As I said earlier today to your lawyer, I've reconsidered my position on your expected acquisition offer. After the filing period is over, I'll recommend to the board that we accept your bid.

EDWARD  
Excellent. I'm sure that will be the best for everyone.

KROSS  
And I wanted to apologize for...

EDWARD  
There is nothing for you to apologize for. It's just business.

Kross's hands are trembling. He glances nervously at Vivian and then back at Edward.

KROSS  
Yes. Business.

Vivian is disturbed watching this broken man. She backs away into the bedroom and disappears.

KROSS  
That's all. I just wanted to tell you my decision in person.

EDWARD  
I appreciate that. And I'm sure things will go well for you.

KROSS  
Thank you. I'd better be going.

EDWARD  
Perhaps you could do me one favor, though. If you could take an hour to accompany me down to my brokerage and have a brief talk with my lawyer. Just answer a couple questions.

KROSS  
I don't think that's quite proper at this time. Maybe after the filing period.

EDWARD  
Let me be completely up front with you, Mr. Kross. We're preparing our bid now. That bid is based on our speculation of the corporation's net worth. The more we know the higher our bid can be. And since you do own a large block of shares...

KROSS  
...It's in my best interest to cooperate.

EDWARD  
We might even be able to strike a special deal with you on your particular block of shares.

Kross looks at Edward with a weak smile.

KROSS  
And if I throw myself on my sword, you promise to take care of my family.

Edward stares at Kross evenly.

EDWARD  
It doesn't have to be that way.

KROSS  
Alright. I'll answer your questions. Whatever you want.



EDWARD  
 Good.  
 (turning)  
 Vivian...

Edward notices for the first time that Vivian has left the room.

EDWARD  
 Just one second.

He heads to the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Vivian is sitting on the bed as Edward comes in. He closes the door behind him.

EDWARD  
 Why'd you run off?

Vivian stares at her feet.

VIVIAN  
 Just... no reason.

EDWARD  
 Very well. I'm going to be gone all day. I don't think I'll be back in time for dinner so go ahead and eat. Alright?

Vivian looks up at Edward.

VIVIAN  
 What did you do to him?

EDWARD  
 What do you mean?

VIVIAN  
 Why is he afraid of you? What did you do to him?

Edward is silent for a long while. He doesn't like this question.

EDWARD  
 I don't think you need to worry about things like that.

VIVIAN  
 (almost to herself)  
 Last time I saw him he was so strong. Now he's so scared.

EDWARD  
 (firmly)  
 The man made a business decision. That's all. I make business decisions; you make business decisions.

(MORE)

EDWARD (CONT'D)  
 Nobody does anything unless it's in  
 his own best interest.

Vivian stares at her feet and says nothing. Edward watches her.  
 He turns and leaves.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Edward crosses the living room to Kross.

EDWARD  
 Everything's fine. Let's go.

EXT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - DAY

It's a cold cloudy day. Vivian stands in front of the hotel in  
 her mink coat, smoking a cigarette. She watches the cars passing  
 by, thinking.

An old yellow Mustang passes. She takes a last drag and tosses  
 her cigarette butt into the gutter.

She turns and goes back into the hotel.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Vivian walks up to the front desk and addresses the Desk Clerk.

VIVIAN  
 Is there a phone I can use? I want  
 to call a cab.

DESK CLERK  
 You may use this phone.

He pulls a phone from under the desk.

Mr. Thomas enters from the back door. He smiles at Vivian.

MR. THOMAS  
 Miss Vivian.

VIVIAN  
 Hi. What's the number of a cab  
 company?

MR. THOMAS  
 Where are you going?

VIVIAN  
 Ummm... Hollywood like. I need to  
 get some medicine. You know, for  
 headaches.

MR. THOMAS  
 Why don't you use one of the  
 hotel's limousines?

VIVIAN  
 Limo?

MR. THOMAS  
Of course. A small perk for the  
guests in our better rooms.

Vivian thinks about that for a moment. She kind of likes the  
idea, but it also makes her nervous.

VIVIAN  
Ummm... I don't want Edward to know  
I'm leaving. He... I just don't  
want...

MR. THOMAS  
Discretion is our middle name here  
at the Beverly Wilshire.

EXT. LIMO - DAY

A long black limo drives into Hollywood.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Vivian sits alone in the back of the limo, enjoying the ride.  
There is a phone and a tiny television set and a small stereo  
system. She examines each carefully and plays with the knobs.

LIMO DRIVER (O.S.)  
(from a small speaker)  
Is this the street, Ma'am?

Vivian presses the intercom button.

VIVIAN  
Yes. 1312. It's a big apartment  
building.

EXT. VIVIAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The limo pulls to a stop in front of a rundown apartment  
building on a dirty Hollywood side street.

The Limo Driver, a large Latino man, steps out of the car and  
walks around to the passenger door. As he does he surveys the  
surroundings uncomfortably. This is a rough neighborhood.

He opens the door. Vivian steps out, fur and all.

LIMO DRIVER  
Are you sure this is the right  
place, Ma'am?

VIVIAN  
Yeah.

LIMO DRIVER  
Maybe I should go with you. This  
doesn't look like a good place for  
a lady to be alone.

Vivian is suddenly aware of how her appearance has changed. She wraps the fur around herself a little nervously.

VIVIAN  
I'll be okay. I'll just be a second.

LIMO DRIVER  
You sure, Ma'am?

VIVIAN  
Yeah.

She hurries up the steps to the apartment building. The Limo Driver unhappily watches her go.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Vivian's bright new shoes and white fur traverse the grimy dark carpeted hallways. Cockroaches scurry along the edges of the walls.

Vivian reaches the door to her apartment. She turns the knob. It opens.

INT. VIVIAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Vivian's apartment is small and claustrophobic. The walls are a dingy faded yellow, and plaster is falling from the ceiling. There are a couple of worn-out overstuffed chairs and a bookcase piled with everything but books. The majority of the room is given over to a large bed that is folded out of a couch. A large mangy pile of old blankets and pillows covers it.

As Vivian enters from the hallway she whispers.

VIVIAN  
Kit? Kit? You here?

She blinks into the dim room and waits for an answer. There is none. It is clear from Vivian's face that she is glad no one is home. She closes the door behind herself.

She moves to a small wooden box on the bookshelf and opens it. Inside are various drug paraphernalia, but no drugs. She closes it, annoyed.

KIT  
Viv?

Startled, Vivian spins and sees Kit staring at her from under the blankets on the bed. Her face is pale and ghostly. Her voice hoarse.

VIVIAN  
Jesus, you scared me. I didn't see you under there. Why didn't you answer me?

KIT  
I was waking up. I'm not feeling  
too good.

VIVIAN  
You never feel good.

KIT  
That's a pretty coat. Did your date  
give you that coat?

VIVIAN  
No, it's just rented.

KIT  
Those are pretty shoes.

VIVIAN  
Yeah. Well, I can't stay very long.  
I got to go back.

KIT  
You aren't home yet?

VIVIAN  
No, not 'til tomorrow. I just  
wanted some rock. Is there any?

KIT  
No. I smoked it all. But we could  
go get some if you have money.

Kit sits up. She wears a sleeveless undershirt that exposes her  
unhealthily thin and pale arms. Vivian stares at her unhappily.

VIVIAN  
Fuck, you look like hell. Haven't  
you been eating?

KIT  
I didn't have any money.

VIVIAN  
You have to work, babe. Besides,  
there's food in the kitchen.

Kit coughs hard.

KIT  
I didn't feel like it. I just  
haven't been hungry.

VIVIAN  
You have to eat. No wonder you  
don't feel good. God damn it.

Vivian stands restlessly, overcome with both guilt and revulsion.

VIVIAN  
You're such a fucking baby.

She pulls off her coat and tosses it onto a chair. She marches into the kitchen alcove.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Vivian's kitchen is piled with dirty dishes, old open cans and various food boxes. Vivian pours a can of chicken soup into a small saucepan on a tiny electric skillet.

KIT (O.S.)  
What you doing, Viv?

VIVIAN  
I'm making you some soup, damn it.  
You have to eat. You want onions in  
it?

KIT (O.S.)  
I'd like that.

Vivian gets a small white onion from the refrigerator and chops it with a large butcher knife. She throws the onion into the soup.

INT. VIVIAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Vivian comes out with a bowl of hot soup with a spoon in it. As she stands in front of Kit for a moment we almost get the impression that she might throw it at her. Instead, she sets it down roughly on the bed.

Kit starts to sip the soup. Vivian paces around the room restlessly. She moves to the window and opens it.

VIVIAN  
God it stinks in here. Why didn't  
you open the window?

KIT  
It's cold.

Kit sips the soup.

KIT  
This is good. I'm feeling better  
already.

VIVIAN  
I'm not your fucking mother.

KIT  
I'm sorry. I've just felt lonely.  
You want to go get some rock?

VIVIAN  
No, I got to go. I've got a car  
waiting for me. I shouldn't smoke  
it anyway while I'm working.

KIT  
You sure look pretty. That guy must  
be treating you real good. Is he  
nice?

VIVIAN  
He's alright.

KIT  
He must like you a lot to want you  
around for so long. He sure must  
like you.

VIVIAN  
Yeah... well, he likes to fuck me.

KIT  
He buys you nice things.

VIVIAN  
Yeah.

Kit coughs again.

KIT  
Maybe you should stay with him, Viv.

VIVIAN  
(nervously)  
What are you, nuts? The guy's rich.  
Don't you know anything? He can  
have any girl he wants. He has a  
high-class fuck in New York. Rich  
guys don't go for street girls.

KIT  
Why'd he pick you up?

VIVIAN  
It was a mistake.  
(softly)  
He was lost. He just wants me 'til  
tomorrow.

KIT  
Maybe he'll ask you to stay with  
him.

Vivian doesn't like to think about that. She turns away.

VIVIAN  
No.

KIT  
Don't worry about me, Viv. I'll be  
okay. I can always get by. You  
should stay with him. You look so  
pretty. I bet if you asked him he'd  
want to keep you.

VIVIAN  
 God are you stupid. He's just a  
 date. That's all.  
 (beat)  
 I got to go.

She grabs her coat and puts it on. She walks to the door and stands for a moment, uncomfortable, guilty. She pulls some money out of her coat pocket.

VIVIAN  
 Here's twenty. Hell, forty. Don't  
 spend it all on rock. Get some food  
 tonight, okay? You're gonna get  
 sick if you don't keep eating.  
 (beat)  
 I... don't know exactly what time  
 I'll be back tomorrow, so don't  
 wait for me or anything.

She sets two twenty-dollar bills on the bookcase. Kit and Vivian stare at each other silently for a moment. In Vivian's hand is the rest of her money. She looks down at it.

VIVIAN  
 Yeah. And... I'm gonna stash some  
 of this here. I got it the first  
 night with him.

She opens an empty jar of cold cream and stashes most of the money inside.

VIVIAN  
 Don't you touch that money... I'll  
 count it when I get back...

Vivian walks to the door and hesitates again. Kit looks at her sadly.

KIT  
 You're not coming back, are you?

Vivian tries to say something but chokes on the words. She takes a deep breath.

VIVIAN  
 I'll be back, babe.  
 (pause)  
 You know what? When I get back  
 we'll go to Disneyland. Take a bus.  
 Would you like that? I'll have lots  
 of money.

KIT  
 That would be fun.

VIVIAN  
 We'll go on that Space Mountain  
 ride. You like that?



KIT  
I like Small World with all the  
kids and the little boats.

VIVIAN  
We'll go on everything. It'll be  
fun.

Vivian opens the door and slowly steps out.

KIT  
I think you should stay with him,  
Viv.

Vivian grits her teeth.

VIVIAN  
You're so fucking stupid! Just shut  
up! I'll be back tomorrow.

She exits and closes the door behind herself.

EXT. VIVIAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Vivian comes quickly out of the apartment building and heads for  
the limo. The Limo Driver opens the door for her.

LIMO DRIVER  
I was getting worried.

VIVIAN  
I'm fine. Just take me back.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Vivian sits in the back of the limo. She is calmer now. She  
leans back in the seat and wraps the fur tightly around herself.

INT. BROKERAGE HOUSE - DAY

Edward and William stand in front of a conference table staring  
at a long flow chart of their acquisition and liquidation of  
Kross Enterprises.

WILLIAM  
Well, that's about it. Thirty,  
sixty days. Six months. One year.  
After that, Kross is just naval  
history.

EDWARD  
You really think we can scam all  
the pension funds off on P.B.G.?

WILLIAM  
Hey, '78 was a great year.

He starts to roll up the charts.

WILLIAM  
The only question in my mind is  
what are you going to go after  
next.

EDWARD  
(smugly)  
North American Steel...

WILLIAM  
You're dreaming.

Jake comes into the room.

JAKE  
Your helicopter's ready, Mr.  
Harris.

WILLIAM  
(glancing sideways Edward)  
Helicopter? Going to the opera  
again?

EDWARD  
I just want another look at the  
shipyards before I go back to New  
York.

WILLIAM  
You're such a sentimental softy.

EDWARD  
Why don't you come with me?

WILLIAM  
No. I want to finish that chemical  
bid so you can take it back to New  
York.

EDWARD  
You can always Fed Ex it later.

WILLIAM  
No, you know me. I don't like loose  
ends.

INT. BROKERAGE HALLWAY - DAY

Jake is escorting Edward down the hallway.

JAKE  
So, did you learn a lot from Mr.  
Kross?

EDWARD  
Who? Oh, no. Not really. We already  
knew it all.

EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Edward is sitting comfortably in the helicopter as it passes over the decaying shipyards. He stares down at it thoughtfully.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Vivian is standing in front of the glass windows, looking out at the city, drinking a glass of champagne. The doorbell rings. Startled, she spills some champagne on her hand. She turns and looks at the door, edgy. It rings again.

Licking the champagne from her hand, she walks across the room and up the stairs to the door. She opens it.

William is standing outside with a small briefcase.

WILLIAM  
Hello again.

VIVIAN  
(nervously)  
Hi.

WILLIAM  
I take it Edward isn't back from his little helicopter trip?

VIVIAN  
No.

They wait quietly for a moment, Vivian expecting him to leave and William standing firm.

WILLIAM  
May I come in?

VIVIAN  
Oh, yeah, sure.

William walks past her and down the steps into the living room. He spots the open bottle of champagne and walks over to it.

WILLIAM  
You like drinking alone?

VIVIAN  
Sometimes.

William picks up a glass.

WILLIAM  
Do you mind?

Vivian is obviously uncomfortable in his presence, but she doesn't feel like she can refuse.

VIVIAN  
No.

William sets his briefcase down on the table and pours a full glass. He takes a sip.

WILLIAM  
It's been a long day.  
(pause)  
You know Edward's leaving tomorrow,  
don't you?

WILLIAM  
Yeah.

William takes another sip. He opens his briefcase and takes out a small stack of papers.

WILLIAM  
I'm going to leave some papers here  
for him to take back to New York.

He sets the papers down on the table and closes the briefcase. He walks over to the window and looks out. He takes another sip.

WILLIAM  
Great view. Lord Harris sure knows  
how to live, doesn't he?

VIVIAN  
Lord Harris?

WILLIAM  
Just a joke. Between me and Ed.  
This must be quite a change for a  
hooker off the boulevard.

Vivian says nothing. William takes a long drink and goes back to the bottle for a refill. He stares at Vivian.

WILLIAM  
You're a very pretty girl, Vivian.  
Too pretty for the street.

Vivian is silent. William stalks closer to her. He takes a drink.

WILLIAM  
What do you make a week? Five  
hundred? Even that?

Vivian's tone of voice suddenly becomes hostile.

VIVIAN  
What's it to you?

WILLIAM  
With the right manager you could  
make a lot of money. More than  
Edward's giving you. Much more than  
you can make on the street.

VIVIAN  
I don't like managers. I don't like  
people making money off me.

William smiles.

WILLIAM  
You got a mean streak in you. Don't  
you? Maybe that's what Edward liked  
about you.

He takes a sip and turns away.

WILLIAM  
There's nothing to get hostile  
about. I have some friends who run  
a nice service. They aren't like  
the pimps you find on the street.  
They don't muscle you. They just  
help you. Sure, they take a cut,  
but since you're making a lot more  
money you won't even think about  
it.

VIVIAN  
Yeah, they take their cut. Then they  
sell you their shitty overpriced  
dope. Then they rent you their  
places... they let you use one of  
their cars. Then they tell you they  
need a bigger cut, and the dope costs  
more, too. But don't worry, they'll  
lend you the money 'til your next  
job. Yeah, they'll help you. They'll  
help fuck you. Well, no thanks. I  
only want to get fucked by one person  
at a time.

William's face sours. He downs his champagne quickly and sets  
the glass down on the table. Obviously straining to keep his  
voice calm, he turns to Vivian.

WILLIAM  
How long have you been on the  
street, Vivian?

VIVIAN  
(quietly)  
Six years.

WILLIAM  
I read in the paper once that the  
average life expectancy for a  
street hooker was twenty-seven.

VIVIAN  
I don't read the paper.

WILLIAM  
 Don't you like it here? You got  
 your champagne, you nice Rodeo  
 Drive dresses, your view. Isn't  
 this nice?

Vivian says nothing. She turns away from him.

WILLIAM  
 What are you going to do when  
 Edward's finished with you? Go back  
 to the street? You're too pretty  
 for that. You're just wasting  
 yourself. A couple of years fucking  
 niggers and drug pushers and your  
 face will be ruined.

VIVIAN  
 Just get out here.  
 (desperately)  
 Does Edward want you here? I don't  
 think he'd like it if you were  
 talking to me like this.

William half laughs.

WILLIAM  
 Edward? Oh, now I get it. It's  
 starting to make sense. You don't  
 think Edward's going to get rid of  
 you, do you? What do you think? You  
 think Edward's going to keep you?  
 (intensely)  
 Don't you know what a cold bastard  
 he is? He's not going to keep you.

VIVIAN  
 (yelling)  
 I know!

WILLIAM  
 (angrily)  
 Then what's your problem? I'm  
 trying to help you!

Vivian spins and stares at him furiously.

VIVIAN  
 I don't want your help! I don't  
 like you. I'd rather fuck niggers  
 and drug pushers than fuck you!

William slaps her hard across the face.

WILLIAM  
 Don't talk to me like that, whore.

Vivian buckles over, holding her face in pain. William stares at  
 her, seething.

WILLIAM  
 Fine. Go back to the street. End up  
 dead in a dumpster. What do I care?

He turns to start to leave, but as he does Vivian leaps at him, pounding him from behind.

William turns and slaps her hard again. He slaps her again. Vivian keeps punching him.

VIVIAN  
 You fucker! You fucker!

In the background, Edward opens the door and enters the room. He sees the two of them fighting. For a moment he is confused, but then he hurries down the steps and runs to them.

EDWARD  
 Cut it out! What's going on?!

Vivian roughly claws William with her fingernails. Edward pulls her away from him.

William, blood dripping from his cheek, lunges at her and slaps her again.

Edward punches William hard in the stomach. William buckles over in pain.

Edward pulls Vivian further away and lets go of her.

As Edward moves toward William, William straightens with an angry look on his face.

WILLIAM  
 That little bitch!

William is about to rush toward Vivian again when Edward slugs him square on the chin. William stops cold and sways in dizzied pain.

Edward grabs him by the shoulder and drags him up the steps to the front door. William, dazed, doesn't resist.

Edward tosses him out into the hallway. He follows him and closes the door.

Vivian stands alone, stunned, holding her face in pain.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Edward roughly throws William up against the wall.

EDWARD  
 What the fuck are you doing?

William grits his teeth.

WILLIAM  
That's some nasty little cunt you found.

EDWARD  
Yeah, I kind of like her. What the fuck were you doing with her?

WILLIAM  
I came to drop off some papers and she started pissing me off.

EDWARD  
What? Did you make a pass at her?

WILLIAM  
No.

EDWARD  
Well, whatever it was, you look pretty stupid.

He takes William by the chin and turns his head so that he can see the cuts from Vivian's nails.

WILLIAM  
Yeah, I feel pretty stupid. Nice right hook you got.

Edward smiles and pats William on the shoulder.

EDWARD  
So, what'd you bring me?

WILLIAM  
The treatment license bid. Try to read it by next week.

EDWARD  
I'd invite you in for a drink, but I don't think it would be a good idea.

WILLIAM  
No. That's alright.  
(grinning)  
I got to go get a tetanus shot.

He wipes the blood from his face with a handkerchief.

WILLIAM  
Oh, I need my briefcase, if you would be so kind...

Edward opens the doors and goes back into the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Edward comes down the steps and crosses to the dining table. He grabs William's briefcase.



Vivian is sitting on the couch, unmoving.

Edward walks up the steps and tosses the briefcase out to William.

WILLIAM  
Have a nice trip tomorrow.

EDWARD  
I will.

Edward closes the doors. He turns and looks at Vivian. She seems frozen. Edward walks up to the couch and sits next to her.

EDWARD  
You alright?

Vivian speaks with an icily calm voice.

VIVIAN  
Why do guys always know how to hit a girl? Wham, right across the cheek. Nice and high so it feels like your eye is going to explode. Pimps, cops, even little asshole lawyers in suits and ties. They all hit you the same. What do they do, take all the boys aside in high school and show them how?

EDWARD  
No one's going to hit you anymore.

VIVIAN  
Nobody needs to. He already did a good enough job.

EDWARD  
I'm sorry about that. I don't know what got into him.

Vivian slowly stands up.

VIVIAN  
I'd better go.

EDWARD  
Go? You don't have to go. You didn't do anything wrong. I kicked Bill out. We've still got one night together.

VIVIAN  
No. I want to go. I hate it here. I want to go home.

Edward stands.

EDWARD  
Alright. I understand.

Edward reaches into his jacket and pulls out a long gray envelope.

EDWARD

Here. I was going to give you this tomorrow, but I'll give it to you now. It's three thousand.

He holds it out to her, Vivian doesn't take it.

VIVIAN

You can take out five hundred for tonight.

Edward takes her hand and puts the envelope in it. He closes his fingers around it.

EDWARD

Don't be silly. Take it all. I may be petty about money, but I'm not that petty. You earned it.

(beat)

I'm sorry about what happened. I'm sorry you won't stay, but I understand.

Vivian stares down at the envelope. Her eyes moisten.

VIVIAN

You're the nicest guy I've ever known.

EDWARD

Then stay.

VIVIAN

I don't know.

EDWARD

Stay tonight. Not for the money. Not because you have to. Stay because you want to.

He takes her chin in his hand and kisses her on the lips. As he pulls back we can see Vivian debating.

VIVIAN

I don't know. I just... don't think so. My face hurts real bad and I don't feel so good. It's starting to swell up.

EDWARD

We don't have to make love. You can just sleep here and have breakfast in the morning. Then I'll get you a cab before I go to the airport.

VIVIAN

I am kind of tired.

EDWARD

Then stay.

Vivian nods. She carefully sets the envelope down on the coffee table.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the darkened bedroom Vivian and Edward lie together. Edward sleeps deeply, peacefully, with Vivian's back cuddled in close to his chest, his arm over her body. Vivian, her face swollen and puffy from the blow she received, stares into space, sleepless.

She takes Edward's limp hand in her hands and carefully examines it. The fingers, the palm, the tiny hairs on the back. She pulls it in close to her body and holds it tightly. She kisses the fingers. In a low, barely audible voice she says:

VIVIAN

I... love you.

Almost as if she wanted to hear what it sounded like.

Edward stirs a little but continues to sleep. Vivian stares off again, her eyes filled with desperate longing. What she has said to a sleeping hand she would never dare say to his face. She knows only too well that his reply would not be "I love you, too". There is nothing she can offer this man. Nothing that would hold him. Yet there is an emptiness inside her this night that she cannot bear. If she cannot have his lasting love, at least she could have a moment of company.

She rolls over and starts to kiss him. Edward stirs.

EDWARD

What? Go back to sleep.

She continues to kiss him, rubbing her hands over his body.

VIVIAN

Make love to me. Make love to me,  
please.

Edward sighs and smiles sleepily. He returns her kisses.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Edward, fully dressed in a suit, is packing his bags. Vivian, dressed in her pink outfit, fingers her clothes in the closet. She has a nasty blue and purple bruise across her cheek and under her eye. It is covered with makeup, but with little success.

Edward is the model of a hurried businessman preparing for his return trip.

EDWARD

We're running little behind. I have  
to be at L.A.X. in two hours.

He looks over at Vivian, who is staring forlornly at her clothes. He tries to understand why she looks so sad.

EDWARD  
What's the matter?

VIVIAN  
Did... did you want to take these  
back?

EDWARD  
Of course not. They're yours. Pack  
them up.

Vivian smiles. Edward turns and closes his suitcase.

EDWARD  
All except the fur, of course.  
That's rented.

Vivian pauses. She looks at the beautiful fur coat hanging on the rack.

EDWARD  
Damn, I forgot all about that  
thing. I've got to send it back  
before I go to the airport. Bring  
it along as we go down.

Vivian pulls the fur from the hanger. From her eyes we can tell that it is going to be very difficult for her to part with it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Edward carries his suitcases out into the living room. He sets them down and picks up the phone. He dials the lobby.

EDWARD  
Could I have a bellboy come up and  
help me with some bags? Yes.  
Penthouse.

He sets the phone down. Vivian comes into the room, carrying a few long thin clothes boxes that she has packed her things into. On top of them is the fur.

EDWARD  
When the bellboy comes I'll ask him  
to get you a cab, or...

Vivian stands emotionlessly, the boxes held tightly in her arms. Edward is debating something.

EDWARD  
Oh, what the hell. You want me to  
give you a ride? Would that be  
better than a taxi?

VIVIAN  
 (quietly)  
 I don't want to make you late.

EDWARD  
 I think we have time. I just drop  
 the car off at the airport and take  
 the plane. The tickets are  
 reserved. Yes, let's do it that  
 way. I can drop off the fur on the  
 way.

The doorbell rings.

EDWARD  
 Come in!

A bellboy comes in with a small cart. Edward points toward his  
 bags and the bellboy goes to pick them up.

As the bellboy loads the things onto the cart, Edward glances  
 around the room to see if anything has been left. He notices the  
 envelope with the money in it. He picks it up and puts it in his  
 jacket.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

As the elevator opens the Bellboy emerges with Edward's and  
 Vivian's bags. Edward walks straight to the main desk. Vivian  
 stands in the lobby, holding the fur in her arms. She looks  
 around the room, taking it all in for one last time.

Edward hands his keys to the Clerk.

EDWARD  
 Is everything taken care of?

CLERK  
 Yes sir, I believe so. Let me just  
 check the phone bill.

Edward stands impatiently.

Mr. Thomas, on patrol through the lobby, sees Vivian and walks  
 to her.

MR. THOMAS  
 Well, today's the day. I'll miss  
 you, Miss Vivian. I hope you had a  
 nice stay.

Vivian is nervous and edgy.

VIVIAN  
 Oh, yes. It was nice.

MR. THOMAS  
 So you'll be going to New York with  
 Mr. Harris?

VIVIAN  
No. Back home. Hollywood.

MR. THOMAS  
Oh.

He notices the bruise on her face.

MR. THOMAS  
(concerned)  
Where did you get that bruise?

Vivian touches her face guiltily.

VIVIAN  
Oh. I bumped into something. Isn't  
that dumb?

Mr. Thomas sees through this obvious lie. Vivian is shaking  
nervously.

MR. THOMAS  
You're trembling. Is there anything  
the matter? Can I help you in any  
way?

Vivian is about to say something when Edward comes up behind  
them.

EDWARD  
All set. Let's go.

Mr. Thomas nods slightly to Edward.

MR. THOMAS  
Mr. Harris.

EDWARD  
Yes. We've got to run. Come on,  
Vivian.

Vivian seems reluctant to leave.

VIVIAN  
Could... I get some cigarettes? I  
need one.

Edward looks a trifle annoyed.

EDWARD  
We're in a rush.

VIVIAN  
They're just over there.

She points to the dry good store.

EDWARD  
 (sighing)  
 Alright.

Vivian and Edward head toward the store. Vivian glances back at Mr. Thomas, who is still watching her, concerned.

VIVIAN  
 Bye. Thanks for everything.

INT. DRY GOOD STORE - DAY

Vivian is standing in front of the counter. Edward is gazing at a magazine rack.

VIVIAN  
 Virginia Slim Lights.

The clerk sets the cigarettes down on the counter. Edward quickly tosses him a couple dollars.

Edward pulls a woman's magazine from the rack and shows the cover to Vivian. On it is a stunningly beautiful young woman.

EDWARD  
 That's Cindy.

Vivian takes her cigarettes and stares at the cover.

VIVIAN  
 She's... beautiful.

EDWARD  
 She's very little. Just over five feet. But she's got the best body. It's perfect, and her face... you can see.

He tosses the magazine back onto the rack and starts to lead her out.

EDWARD  
 Dumber than a doornail, though. I guess they beat the intelligence out of you in finishing school.

As they exit, Vivian glances back to the smiling face on the magazine.

EXT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL DRIVEWAY - DAY

Edward and Vivian come out of the hotel to their waiting car. The bellboy has finished packing the bags in the trunk. Edward tips him.

The valets open the doors and Edward and Vivian get in. Edward tips the valets. They shut the doors. The Mercedes drives off.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

As Edward drives the car down Wilshire, Vivian is nervously smoking a cigarette. The fur is in her lap and she is unconsciously stroking it.

EDWARD  
How long do you think it will take to get from Beverly Hills to Hollywood?

VIVIAN  
I don't know for sure. Ten minutes or something.

Edward glances at his watch.

EDWARD  
And an hour to get to the airport.  
(shaking his head)  
I don't know why I always cut these things so close.

Edward slows the car down as they approach a parking spot in front of the furrier. He pulls in and stops the car.

EDWARD  
I'll just run in and get rid of this.

He reaches over and takes the fur from Vivian. Vivian quickly turns her head away. Edward notices.

EDWARD  
What's the matter?

VIVIAN  
Noth'n.

Edward stares at the back of her head for a moment and then decides he doesn't have time to pursue it. He gets out of the car.

As she watches Edward take the fur into the store, tears roll down Vivian's cheeks. She takes a drag from her cigarette. She stashes it out in the car's ashtray.

Within seconds, Edward is back out of the store. He rounds the car and jumps in.

EDWARD  
Alright. That's done.

Edward puts the car into gear and drives off.

Now Vivian is crying harder. So much that she can't conceal her sobs. Edward glances over at her, concerned and annoyed at the same time.



EDWARD  
Now what? What's the matter?

Vivian is crying hard. She can't talk. Edward continues to drive on.

EDWARD  
Jesus. What is it? Can you tell me why you're upset now? Damn it, I don't even know how to get back to Hollywood.

VIVIAN  
(choking it out)  
Just go straight!

EDWARD  
What happened to you? Is it the fur? You didn't expect me to let you keep it, did you? It was rented.

VIVIAN  
(still crying)  
Just forget it!

Vivian tries to control herself. She wipes her eyes and manages to stop the tears.

EDWARD  
Is that it? The fur?

VIVIAN  
Just stop it! Why do you always pick at me? I don't want to talk. You always make me talk.

EDWARD  
I just want to know what's going on. If you're unhappy and there is something I can do...

VIVIAN  
Yes! I loved that fur! Now leave me alone.

EDWARD  
Vivian. I didn't mean it to end like this. I mean, be reasonable. That's a twenty thousand dollar fur.

VIVIAN  
I didn't say I wanted it. I knew you were going to take it back. Okay? I'm not dumb! I knew I couldn't have it. You asked me why I was crying and I told you!

Edward is quiet for a moment. Vivian has managed to control her crying. She stares coldly ahead.

VIVIAN  
 Make a left on Highland. Right  
 there.

Edward turns the car and they head up Highland. Edward's face is tense.

EDWARD  
 Look, if you really want a fur,  
 I'll buy you a fur. That one was  
 just too expensive. Would you like  
 a fur?

VIVIAN  
 No. Just take me home.

EDWARD  
 I'll get you a fur. I'll miss my  
 plane, but if it'll make you stop  
 crying I'll buy you something.

VIVIAN  
 (angrily)  
 I'm not crying anymore.

EDWARD  
 God damn it, Vivian. I'll buy you a  
 fur. A nice one. Just it can't be  
 that one. That one's too much. I'll  
 get you the silver mink you tried  
 on first. I'll throw away a few  
 thousand. Okay? I don't know what  
 the fuck you plan to do with one on  
 Hollywood Boulevard, but...

VIVIAN  
 LEAVE ME ALONE! I DON'T WANT  
 ANYTHING FROM YOU!

Edward slams on the brakes. The car stops hard. Vivian stares at him defiantly.

VIVIAN  
 You want me to walk home!? I'll  
 walk home! It's three miles but  
 I'll walk!

EDWARD  
 I don't want you to walk! I want  
 you to stop yelling!

Vivian turns from him and stares out her window. Edward takes a deep breath and starts the car up again.

Vivian stares out the window. They are leaving the nice, well-tended homes of Hancock Park and are approaching the streets of Hollywood.

They are both tensely silent as Edward drives on. Vivian begins to cry softly.

Edward listens to her with annoyance, but resists the impulse to say anything.

They approach Hollywood Blvd. and Edward makes a right.

As Vivian stares out the window of the Mercedes she sees the grimy streets and the shabby people mixing with the occasional tourists. As they continue down the street toward Vivian's section of the Boulevard we will see less and less tourists and even shabbier-looking people. The streets become more grim and dirty.

Vivian is sobbing harder now, trying to control herself but unable. Edward, getting madder as it grows louder, finally bursts.

EDWARD

I don't know why you had to do this to me. We had a wonderful time together and now you have to ruin it.

Vivian grits her teeth and tries not to say anything. Edward, now that he's gotten it out of his system, adopts a slightly gentler tone as he continues to lecture her.

EDWARD

You should have told me you like the fur so much. I could have gotten you something yesterday. It's really a stupid thing to cry about. You know I bent over backwards to make things pleasant for you and it's just a shame that you're going to spoil it all by being unreasonable.

The streets they pass are now filled mostly with drug dealers, an occasional prostitute, and various homeless tramps. Vivian stares out the window at the destitution outside, her eyes fixed and red. She is on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

EDWARD

This is about the area. Do you want me to leave you her, or do you have a place nearby?

Vivian says nothing.

EDWARD

Vivian? Where do you want me to let you off?

Vivian screams hysterically. She seems to have suddenly gone crazy. She starts pounding the roof of the car with her fists.

Edward quickly pulls the car over to the curb and stops it. Vivian is still screaming and pounding.

EDWARD

VIVIAN! VIVIAN, CUT IT OUT!

Edward grabs her by the wrists and tries to stop her from pounding the ceiling. Instead she starts pounding him.

EDWARD  
Get out! GET OUT OF THE CAR!

Vivian continues to pound him for a moment, but then she breaks down and starts to sob limply.

EDWARD  
You're out of your mind. You're insane!

Vivian is crying.

EDWARD  
I've had enough of this. Get out of the car.

Vivian doesn't move.

EDWARD  
Get out of the car!

When she still doesn't move, Edward throws open his door and gets out.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD - CONTINUOUS

Edward walks around the car and opens the trunk. He pulls out Vivian's few boxes of clothes and sets them down on the curb. He shuts the trunk.

He walks over to the passenger door and opens it.

EDWARD  
(firmly)  
Get out.

Vivian doesn't move. She is still crying.

EDWARD  
Don't make me regret ever picking you up. Now please, get out of the car. I have to go.

Edward grabs her by the hand and starts to pull her from the car. Vivian explodes again and starts hitting and kicking him.

Edward forcibly drags her from the car and then throws her to the ground. He slams the door shut.

As Vivian hits the ground she begins to cry again, too weak to fight anymore.

Edward looks down at her. He takes the money envelope from his jacket and holds it out to her.

EDWARD  
Here, take it. It's your money.

VIVIAN  
(sobbing in fits)  
I don't want it. Just go away.

EDWARD  
Take it.

VIVIAN  
No.

EDWARD  
You'll regret it tomorrow if you  
don't take it. You'll regret it the  
minute I drive away.

Vivian doesn't say anything. Edward lays the envelope down on the sidewalk in front of her.

He turns and walks around the car. Vivian lies frozen for a moment and then suddenly snaps alive as she hears the sound of his car door opening and closing.

She grabs the envelope and crushes it in her hand. She leaps at the car and starts smashing her fists against it and the windows.

VIVIAN  
Go to hell! I hate you! I hate your  
money! I hate it!

We see a flash of Edward's face as he stares at Vivian pounding on his window. She's completely lost her mind. He puts the car in gear and pushes on the accelerator.

Vivian is still pounding as the car pulls away. In a final gesture of rage she throws the envelope at the car and it breaks open as the car peels off.

The money scatters across the gutter as the car drives away. Vivian falls to her knees, weak and crying.

Across the street various shabby-looking people stare at Vivian and the money.

Vivian is on her hands and knees sobbing. She can barely breathe. She is completely broken.

She wipes the tears from her cheeks. She looks down the street. The Mercedes is gone.

For a brief moment she is still, frozen like a statue.

She reaches down in the gutter and starts to pick up the money.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUS - DAY

An old Greyhound bus drives down the freeway from Los Angeles. It moves easily through the traffic. A small sign over the windshield reads: DISNEYLAND.

INT. BUS - DAY

Vivian and Kit are sitting in the bus. Kit is sitting next to the window, looking outside with a warm, happy smile. She is so excited she can barely stand it.

KIT  
Could I get one of those balloons?  
You know, with the ears?

Vivian sits next to Kit staring off with utterly blank and empty eyes. The side of her cheek is still bruised. She is wearing her mint green dress, but her hair is poorly done and lies limply around her pale face. Kit coughs.

KIT  
Oh, I guess that's stupid. Those  
are for kids.

Vivian blinks and glances over at Kit, tired.

VIVIAN  
No, babe. You can have a balloon.  
One with the ears.

Kit smiles happily and looks back out the window. Vivian stares emptily ahead.

FADE OUT: