

PRETTY WOMAN

Original Screenplay by  
J. F. Lawton

3/13/89

Second Draft

FADE IN:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - NIGHT

It is after twelve on a cold spring night.

An old yellow Mustang pulls along side the curb of a rundown section of Hollywood Blvd. 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 lights up a cigarette and takes a drag. Blond, in a skin tight mini-skirt, she moves gracefully on spiked heels across the sidewalk. Her eyes scan passing cars for any indication of interest in her. At first glance she is just another Hollywood street hooker.

But as we look closer we see that she is young, twenty two years old, and too pretty and healthy to have been on the street for long. Heavy make-up gives her face an older, harder look, but her bright eyes indicate that she is not quite as tough and confident as her street swagger makes her appear.

She passes by a vagrant, huddled in a building doorway. Across the street a BLACK PROSTITUTE strolls by, rubbing her shoulders against the cold. At a fast food stand several DRUG DEALERS are talking and eating. In the distance we hear the sound of police helicopters.

She nears a bright yellow all night coffee shop. Half a dozen people sit at the dirty white tables inside. She spots someone through the plate glass window and tosses her cigarette away, annoyed. She goes inside.

INT. COFFEESHOP - NIGHT

Behind the counter two young CHINESE MEN fry food, listening to Chinese disco music on a large ghetto blaster resting on the counter. They wave to Vivian as she comes in and she waves back.

She crosses over to a table where KATE sits, wolfing down chicken fried steak and mashed potatoes.

VIVIAN

What are you doing sitting in here eating?

KATE

(mouth full)

I was hungry.

Kate is at least two years younger than Vivian but many more years on the street have made her look older and tougher. Dressed in a tight skirt with obviously bleached blond hair, Kate is almost like a Dorian Gray painting of Vivian—of what she might become in a few years.

VIVIAN

We should be working. The rent's over due.

Kate continues chewing, unconcerned. She reaches into her bra and draws out a small wad of twenty dollar bills. She lets Vivian glance at them and then discreetly tucks them away.

KATE

I ran into a pickup truck with four guys. Took me fifteen minutes to take care of them all. How much you make so far?

VIVIAN

A hundred and twenty.

Kate picks up another forkful of food.

KATE

Then we're coasting. We can buy some smoke and kick back till tomorrow.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. — LATER

Vivian and Kate stroll down the street together.

VIVIAN

We shouldn't let the rent go over every month. One of these days he's going to kick us out of our place.

KATE

Who cares? It's a shithole. We'll find another one.

A car approaches slowly and Vivian eyes it questioningly. It passes without stopping. She turns back to Kate.

VIVIAN

Why don't we work a little longer? Save up for next month.

KATE

It's not safe to work past midnight. All the creeps come out. We'll make it up tomorrow. Let's go get high.

They continue down the sidewalk and cross in front of a dark alley. Inside the alley are TWO MEN in the midst of some kind of skuffle. Suddenly one strikes the other across the face with such a loud crunch that we wonder if the other has had his neck broken. He falls limp.

Vivian stares wide eyed, but Kate quickly drags her off.

KATE

Keep going. Keep going.

VIVIAN

What was that?

KATE

Nothing to us. It's late. We'd better get in.

They pick up their pace down the street. Vivian wraps her arms around her shoulders, suddenly cold.

VIVIAN

Yeah, it's getting cold out.

EXT. FAST FOOD STAND - NIGHT

Vivian stands off to the side as Kate finishes talking to a Latino DRUG DEALER. She joins Vivian.

KATE

I got it. Two rocks. It's good stuff.

They head down the street toward home.

VIVIAN

How much?

KATE

Sixty.

VIVIAN

Sixty? We still have enough for the rent?

KATE

So we're twenty short. We'll make up the difference tomorrow.

VIVIAN

What if he hears us coming in? He's gonna be pissed.

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

VIVIAN

Look at that.

The Mercedes pulls up past them and stops. It backs up a bit and the window electronically rolls down. Vivian is about to head for it when Kate stops her.

KATE

Forget it. I want to get home.

VIVIAN

Look at that car. We could make the rent and then some.

Kate isn't happy about the delay, but she waits as Vivian approaches the car.

Vivian leans over the passenger window. In the driver's seat is EDWARD HARRIS, a good-looking, well-groomed man in his early forties. He is wearing an expensive suit and tie.

VIVIAN

You want a date?

EDWARD

How do I get to Wilshire Boulevard?

VIVIAN

What?

EDWARD

I'm lost. How do I get to Wilshire?

VIVIAN

(annoyed)

What do I look like? A tour guide?  
You want a date or not?

EDWARD

Actually, I just want directions.

VIVIAN

(yelling back to Kate)

Directions! He just wants directions!

KATE

I told you only creeps come out after  
twelve!

Vivian looks back at Edward, giving him one last chance. She puts her hand on her hip, opening her jacket and making it clear she isn't wearing a bra under her thin tee-shirt.

VIVIAN

Look, Babe, I'm not in the business of  
giving directions.

EDWARD

(eyeing her outfit)

I can see that. But perhaps you'd make an exception.

Vivian sighs, disappointed by what she hoped would be an expensive trick.

VIVIAN

Okay, I'll tell you how to get to Wilshire for five bucks.

EDWARD

A bargain.

He reaches into his jacket and pulls out a clip of money. Vivian eyes it, very interested. He peels off a twenty and holds it out to her.

EDWARD

All I have is a twenty...

Vivian snatches it.

VIVIAN

I don't make change.

(beat)

Listen, for a little more I could show you the way personally and maybe we could have a little fun together. What do you say?

EDWARD

(uninterested)

How do I get to Wilshire?

VIVIAN

What are you, a homo or am I just playing too hard to get?

Her persistence causes Edward to falter a bit. She's a beautifully tempting woman.

EDWARD

You're a lovely young lady, but I'm not in the habit of picking up girls off the street. Now...

VIVIAN

Hey, I don't have AIDS or nothing. Here's my card from the free health clinic. Got tested last week. I'm probably safer than you are. I got to be, I'm a pro.

She shows him a health clinic card and Edward looks at it and then back at her. He admires her for a moment, considering.

VIVIAN

Ah! You're thinking about it. I can tell.

EDWARD

You're a very persuasive woman.  
(hesitant)  
It happens that I am alone tonight..

VIVIAN

Great. I'm the best. A hundred bucks.

EDWARD

A hundred dollars. For the whole night?

VIVIAN

I'm growing on you already. Two fifty for the whole night. Not including the twenty you've already given me.

EDWARD

You're quite a negotiator. Alright. I can't believe I'm doing this, but climb in.

VIVIAN

Wait a second.

Vivian walks over to Kate's side.

VIVIAN

I'm going to go with him.

KATE

How much?

VIVIAN

Two fifty.

KATE

You could of got more.

VIVIAN

Maybe I will. He's not too bright.

KATE

I'll save some smoke for when you get home. Be careful.

Vivian pats Kate affectionately on the shoulder.

VIVIAN

Thanks, I will.

Vivian gets inside the Mercedes. Kate 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. Edward occasionally glances at Vivian, still debating as to the wisdom of this encounter.

VIVIAN

Nice car. Your's?

EDWARD

It's rented.

VIVIAN

What's your name?

EDWARD

Edward. What's your's?

VIVIAN

Vivian. So where are we going to do it?

EDWARD

I'm staying in a hotel in Beverly Hills.

VIVIAN

You from out of town?

EDWARD

New York.

VIVIAN

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

EDWARD

It's alright. Are you going to tell me how to get to Wilshire?

VIVIAN

Make a left up there. Why are you in LA?

EDWARD

Business.



VIVIAN  
What kind of business?

EDWARD  
(glancing at her sideways)  
You certainly ask a lot of questions.

Vivian, squelched, takes a drag from her cigarette.

VIVIAN  
Just being friendly.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS – NIGHT

The Mercedes glides through the streets of Beverly Hills.

INT. MERCEDES – NIGHT

Edward gestures toward the back seat.

EDWARD  
Listen, my overcoat's in the back seat.  
Why don't you put it on?

VIVIAN  
Why?

EDWARD  
Let's just say you're a little over-  
dressed for this hotel.

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 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 go inside.

EXT. LOBBY OF THE BEVERLY/WILSHIRE HOTEL – NIGHT

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

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

NIGHT OPERATOR

Floor, sir?

EDWARD

Penthouse.

NIGHT OPERATOR

Yes, sir.

The tone of the Night 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 out his key and unlocks the door. With a gentle push the doors open in unison.

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

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 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. Thank you.

Vivian still stands motionless by the front door. Edward looks up at her, a 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 picking up a girl like me?

EDWARD

As I recall, you where the one that  
picked me up.

VIVIAN

You didn't put up much of a fight.

EDWARD

It started to seem like a good idea.

Edward loosens his tie.

VIVIAN

Well then, what were you doing cruising  
Hollywood Blvd?

EDWARD

Cruising? Hmmm. Well, I don't get to  
drive a lot in New York, so I thought it  
would be interesting to tool around and  
admire some of the local architecture. I  
was sightseeing the Chinese Theater when  
I got lost and ran into you..

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

EDWARD

That should be the champagne.

He starts to get 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 bottle of champagne in ice 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'm afraid so.

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

So you're here all alone? 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. This is 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 single long-stemmed glass and hands it to Vivian.

EDWARD

More questions. My wife divorced me years ago and is in Europe I believe, spending my money. My girlfriend is in New York... spending my money. Cheers.

Edward drops the champagne bottle back in the bucket. Vivian holds the glass awkwardly.

VIVIAN

Aren't you going to have any?

EDWARD

I wish I could. But I've got a liver problem. 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.  
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. Vivian senses that  
she's touched a nerve.

VIVIAN

So now I get it. You had a fight with  
Miss Mink and you end up stuck here all  
alone. Suddenly a pro sounds like a  
good idea.

EDWARD

You put it very well. I'm a  
professional man and I'd like to find a  
professional woman. Any more  
questions?

Vivian downs the last of her glass.

VIVIAN

So where are we going to screw?

EDWARD

How about 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 in 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 stuffs the money into a tiny pocket in her skirt.

VIVIAN

Thanks, honey.

She gives him a kiss on the cheek. Edward attempts to kiss her on the lips but she pulls back.

VIVIAN

Not on the lips. Sorry. And you'll have to wear a rubber. You look clean but these days you never know.

EDWARD

(awkwardly)

I see. I suppose you can't be too safe about that kind of thing.

She steps back and quickly takes off her jacket. She slips out of her shoes.

VIVIAN

You don't last long in my business if you aren't.

She removes her skirt and shirt. 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. I'll help you out of your clothes.

She stands and walks to Edward, giving him a quick peck on the cheek. She undoes his tie and pulls it from his shirt. Edward grabs her wrists, firmly, but gently.

EDWARD

Hey. Slow down. I thought we had the whole night.

VIVIAN

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. He releases her and settles in beside her. He runs a finger across her thighs.

Vivian lies back on the bed, 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

Hot baths and sad songs. Look, if I want some guy to turn me on I'll hire you for two fifty. But you're paying me 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 uneasily. 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 slips off the bed and walks to the light 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 on the cheek. Edward wraps his arms around her.

They make love.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BATHROOM SHOWER — NIGHT

A spray of water comes down upon Vivian as she washes her face carefully, trying to keep the water from her hair. She picks up some soap and scrubs herself clean.

She turns off the shower, picks up a towel, and quickly dries herself. She feels better.

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  
Another question. Because you're warm.

VIVIAN  
You don't snore do you? I hate that.

EDWARD  
I don't snore. I don't believe I snore.

VIVIAN  
One snore and I'm out of here.

EDWARD  
That seems fair.

Vivian stares at Edward for a moment. She is tired. She walks over to the bed, unhappily.

VIVIAN  
Alright. Move over, Romeo.

EXT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL — MORNING

The sun is coming up as a HOTEL EMPLOYEE hoses down the sidewalk in front of the hotel.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY — MORNING

A WOMAN EMPLOYEE is vacuuming the lobby. She sees something and pauses. She pulls a dead leaf from one of the potted plants.

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.

EDWARD (O.S.)  
Come in! It's open.

INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM — MORNING

The Waiter carries in a tray of food, a bottle of champagne, and orange juice. Edward, dressed in silk pajamas and a black velvet robe, stands in the living room talking into a cordless phone.

EDWARD  
Cindy, I've had it. This is the third time I've had to take a trip alone.

Edward points the Waiter to the dining table.

EDWARD  
I don't care what your agent says. One week isn't going to ruin your career.

The Waiter sets down the tray and returns. 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. Last night I even...  
(thinks better of telling her)  
... forget last night. I want you on a flight today or it's over.

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 come first. Now I'm still the one that's paying your bills and I'm not going to...  
(beat)  
Cindy!

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

EDWARD  
Stupid girl! That's it...

He 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.

VIVIAN

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 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

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

Sad songs. 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

Vivian... It's Vivian, right?

VIVIAN

Yes, Eddy.

EDWARD

Vivian, I'm going to be in town until next Friday. I'm involved in an important business deal and in the evenings I'll need to relax...

Vivian is wolfing down her food hungrily.

VIVIAN

Yeah, yeah. I get it. I'll give you my number. But I charge more on Saturdays. Especially with 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, favoring the champagne.

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

You're kidding.

EDWARD

No, no, I'm not. You're a very... professional woman. And I like that. Rather than call you every night and wonder if you're available, I'd just as soon have you stay here.

VIVIAN

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, so to speak.

Edward pours himself some more orange juice.

EDWARD

Alright. That seems fair. 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. I don't want you to have any expectations. Sometimes these things get messy.

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. I wouldn't even risk this, except you seem a very sensible girl. Businesslike. 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 in the evenings to relax. 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. I don't know if I can go a day.

EDWARD

Then maybe this isn't going to work out. I didn't know you were a drug addict.

VIVIAN

(suddenly angry)  
I'm not a drug addict!

Vivian silences herself. She could really use the money. She looks at Edward levelly.

VIVIAN

Alright. A week. But I want three thousand.



Edward studies her for a moment.

EDWARD

That's fair. 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  
dollars!

Gloating, she lies 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 doing his tie.

EDWARD

Happy, huh?

VIVIAN

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

(laughing)

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

EDWARD

I'm going to take a chance and trust  
you with this. Buy some nice clothes  
on Rodeo Drive. A few dresses, 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're 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, Kate. It's like *Dynasty* or something. It's a gas. He's leaving next Friday. I'll be back then.

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

KATE (O.S.)  
If he's really a millionaire, what does he want you for?

VIVIAN  
Hey, I'm the best money can buy.

KATE (O.S.)  
Yeah, right. Is he some kind of pervert?

VIVIAN  
No, I don't think so. He has some high class chick in New York and I think he's trying to piss her off. What do I care? He's paying me three thousand dollars.

KATE (O.S.)  
You could of got more.

VIVIAN  
Hey it beats walking up and down the street for a week. When I get back we're taking a vacation. I need one.

KATE (O.S.)  
We'll get some great smoke.

VIVIAN  
Tell the Johns in Hollywood hello. If they ask about me just tell them I'm in Beverly Hills... socializing with people of my own class.

KATE  
Yeah, low class.

VIVIAN  
'bye.

Vivian presses a button to hang up and sets the phone 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 all together respectable either.

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

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

The DAY ELEVATOR OPERATOR, a blond haired Aryan youth in his late twenties, is standing by the controls as Vivian comes in. He notices her out of place attire with displeasure.

VIVIAN

(cheerfully)

Hi.

OPERATOR

Lobby?

VIVIAN

Yeah.

The elevator starts down.

VIVIAN

I'm going to be staying here for awhile. In the Penthouse.

The Operator eyes her distastefully.

OPERATOR

Oh.

VIVIAN

I really like this hotel. It's very nice.

Vivian smiles awkwardly at him. He doesn't return it. Her smile fades. The elevator reaches the bottom floor and the doors open.

Vivian hesitantly steps out into the lobby and glances back at the operator, wondering why he is acting so cold.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

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

She begins to feel very uncomfortable as she finally makes it to the front door. She hurries outside.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

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

She crosses the street and heads for the shops on Rodeo Drive.

EXT. RODEO DRIVE - DAY

Vivian passes by the windows, looking at all 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 slowly 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)

May 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 at a dress.

VIVIAN  
How much is that?

SALEWOMAN  
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?

SALEWOMAN  
(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 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 strolls 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. Her 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 toward 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.

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 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 is filled with terror. She doesn't know his name. Her hands are trembling.

MR. THOMAS

What is the matter?

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 evenly. With a smooth gesture Mr. Thomas waves the Operator over.

MR. THOMAS

Do you know this young lady?

The Operator looks at Vivian distastefully.

OPERATOR

I wouldn't say I know her, sir. I've seen her. She came down from the Penthouse. I believe she was there with Mr. Harris.

MR. THOMAS

(surprised)

Mr. Harris?

OPERATOR

Yes, sir. She must have... joined him last night.

VIVIAN

(voice quaking)

I just want to go back to my room.

The Manager's 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 arm firmly 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. 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 our's. 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? Thank you very much. She'll be right over.

He sets the phone down and smiles patronizingly at Vivian.

MR. THOMAS

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

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.

BRIDGET

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 a 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 a while.

VIVIAN

Nebraska.

BRIDGET

No wonder. How about this?

Bridget holds up a brown designer dress.

VIVIAN

(timidly)

Do you have something in soft pink?

BRIDGET

Like a pastel?

INT. SAKS — DAY

Vivian is dressed in a beautiful pink pastel dress with fine white beading around the neck and shoulders and a tiny lace collar. She stands in front of a mirror, studying it unhappily. The dress is very pretty, but somehow it doesn't quite work on her.

Bridget approaches with a pair of matching shoes.

BRIDGET

These should fit.

Vivian kicks off her red spiked heels and steps into the shoes. She looks at herself in the mirror again, better but...

BRIDGET

Don't you like the dress?

VIVIAN

I love it, but...

Vivian holds up her hands in the mirror. Her fingernails are painted a hideous shade of red that clashes with the pink. Her big mane of blond hair seems out of keeping with the dress.

VIVIAN

... I don't know if it's me.

BRIDGET

Then we'll just have to change you, won't we? We have a salon on the third floor. You can get your hair, nails and make-up done a tad more conservatively.

VIVIAN

You think that's it?

BRIDGET

Of course. By the time you get back to Nebraska they'll think you were born in Beverly Hills. Ask for Thane.

INT. SAKS BEAUTY SALON – DAY

Vivian, wearing the pink dress and shoes, carries her old clothes in a paper bag as she tip toes tentatively into the salon. She is immediately greeted by THANE, a cheerful man with impeccable hair.

VIVIAN

I'm looking for Thane.

THANE

And I'm looking for Vivian. Bridget told me all about you.

VIVIAN

She has?

THANE

Good things. Only good things. Nebraska, right?

VIVIAN

Yes.

THANE

Well, we'll give you the princess treatment, this way.

Thane takes Vivian by the arm and leads her into the salon. They are met by YULE, a young man of about twenty with his long hair back in a pony tail.

THANE

Vivian, this is Yule, he'll be doing your nails. He's very gentle. At least he is with nails. I don't know about anything else.

Thane and Yule exchange amused glances. Thane takes Vivian to a salon chair and sits her down. Yule immediately begins work on her hands.

Thane firmly grabs Vivian by the chin and tilts her head one way and then the other, eyeing her professionally. He then stares at her seriously.

THANE

We have a lot of work to do. Are you with me?

VIVIAN  
 (unsure)  
 ... yes.

INT. SAKS BEAUTY SALON- LATER

Vivian's hair is beautifully styled as she sits at a vanity mirror applying blush. Thane approaches with some lipstick and sits next to her.

THANE  
 This should be the right shade for the new you. These are samples. You'll have to go down to cosmetics and buy them. I'll make you a list.  
 (watching Vivian)  
 No, no, no. Dear, upward strokes. Always apply the blush with upward strokes, lifting the skin like so.

He takes the blush from her hand and demonstrates in the mirror on his own cheek.

THANE  
 See?  
 (handing the blush back)  
 Very simple. Now you try it.

Vivian takes the blush and under Thane's watchful eye she does her make-up.

INT. SAKS COSMETIC COUNTER - DAY

Vivian, in her new dress, shoes, hairstyle and make-up, stands in front of the cosmetic counter. A COSMETICS SALESWOMAN stands in front of her as she reads from a small piece of paper.

VIVIAN  
 ... Lancôme cedar rose blush, plum lip contour pencil, mat ivoire dual finish powder, Revlon rose pink lip gloss, and frosty pink nail polish.

Vivian hands her the list. The saleswoman looks at her, impressed.

COSMETICS SALESWOMAN  
 A woman who knows what she wants.

The remark catches Vivian off guard, but she likes the sound of it. She smiles.

VIVIAN

Yes. I'll be putting that on my American Express card.

EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD. - DAY

Vivian walks down Wilshire, completely changed. A pretty white hat is the final touch. She looks lovely, perfect.

She carries a bag containing her working clothes. She stops at a trash can 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 sucks in 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 though the store, poker-faced but weak at the knees. She stops at a dress and fingers it.

ANOTHER SALESWOMAN comes up alongside her.

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. As if transformed into a new, confident woman, 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. She is the object of admiring gazes by several businessmen.

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 holds a long purple evening gown.

A.N.S.

How about this one?

VIVIAN

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

N.S.

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

'Bye.

Vivian exits. The Saleswoman stares after her.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BROKERAGE HOUSE — DAY

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

VANCE

We can't buy any more stock without filing.

EDWARD

Then hold off until we file.

VANCE

Are you sure that's wise?

(voice lowered)

I could hide some blocks under another name for a few weeks.

EDWARD

No, no. I always play by the rules. There are too many people that would like to take me down. I'm not about to give them any help.

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.

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 of 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 breathe a word...

Edward glares at Vance.

EDWARD

Where did you dig up this moron?

Vance angrily turns on Jake.

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 blind pool. How does a  
hundred million sound?

EDWARD

Good, if your boys at the brokerage  
don't leak the whole deal.

WILLIAM

Leak? What?

EDWARD

Skip it. Jake's going to be good from now on. 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. What's the offering looking like?

WILLIAM

Eighteen.

EDWARD

That's madness. If I start paying rates like that I'll be out of business. We've going to have to do better than that.

WILLIAM

We're lucky to get money at any rate these days. Honest. The junk market is not what it used to be.

EDWARD

(firmly)

You're not listening to me. We're going to do better than that. Aren't we?

WILLIAM

Yes, sir. I'll try to get seventeen.

(on Edward's look)

I'll get seventeen. How was your flight? Did your model friend come with you?

EDWARD

No. That's all over. I've lost my patience with her.

WILLIAM

You never should have helped her get that magazine cover. Once those airheads get a taste of fame they want nothing else. But look, while you're in town, Robert's Agency has three new girls in and they're really hot...

EDWARD

No, thanks. I've already taken care of that side of my trip. I met a pretty, no nonsense girl who's going to stay with me for the week. She wants a third of what those pimps charge.

WILLIAM

A billionaire looking for a bargain. What, you met a pro in the hotel?

EDWARD

No, I was driving around the city and I found a... girl.

WILLIAM

You picked up a street walker? Are you nuts? You know what kind of diseases they've got?

EDWARD

The girls you try to set me up with aren't virgins either, Bill. I'm careful.

WILLIAM

But a street walker? Your ex-wife of three months raped you in court and now you're going to put a street hooker in your hotel room for a week? She's probably calling Marvin Mitchelson right now. What if she's got a screw loose and decides to knife you in your sleep? What if she slits her wrists in your bathroom? How am I going to protect you when she and the hotel sue you?

EDWARD

Drop it.

WILLIAM

Drop it? I'm your lawyer for godsakes. There's nothing wrong with wanting a girl, but you have to go with a reputable agency. If you're too fucking cheap I'll have the brokerage pick up the tab.

EDWARD

I don't need a girl who speaks French better than I do. Those high class hookers are just high class leeches. I'm tired of them asking me to buy them jewels as tips. I've found a nice, anonymous girl who's thrilled to provide me with sex at a fair rate with no hassles. She's just a simple working girl and that's all I want.

EXT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL – SUNSET

Vivian's arms are packed with boxes and shopping bags as she strolls smugly through the hotel entrance.

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL – DAY

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

INT. ELEVATOR – DAY

In the elevator, Vivian is gripping her packages like loot from a conquered city. The Operator doesn't recognize her, in fact, he is impressed by her attire. He starts the elevator up.

OPERATOR  
(crisply polite)  
Floor, ma'am?

VIVIAN  
(smoothly)  
Penthouse, please.

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

VIVIAN  
Didn't even recognize me, did ya?

OPERATOR  
No.

VIVIAN  
Funny what a difference a dress makes.  
For a moment there you thought I was  
some rich person you had to suck up to.

OPERATOR  
(sneering)  
For a brief moment.

VIVIAN  
But you wouldn't know what that feels  
like because you always look like a  
snotty bellboy, don't you?

They both eye each other.

OPERATOR  
I am not a bellboy. I'm an assistant  
manager in training. I have a  
bachelors degree in Hotel management.  
And when I'm managing the hotel I won't  
allow any whores on the premises.

VIVIAN  
I guess that's so you won't have any  
competition.

The doors open. Vivian exits. The Operator unhappily watches her go.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE BEDROOM – SUNSET

Vivian stands in front of the full length mirror studying herself. She, too, can hardly recognize the person in front of her. She strikes a series of "classy" poses, checking herself out.

A chime goes off in the living room. Vivian glances around, embarrassed for a moment. She hurries into the living room.

INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM – SUNSET

The sun is setting through the glass windows of the penthouse, filling the room with a beautiful orange light. Vivian hurries up to the front door. She leans toward it suspiciously.

VIVIAN

Who is it?

MAID (O.S.)

Housekeeping.

Vivian slowly opens the door and peers into the hallway. A MAID, in her mid-twenties, is standing there.

MAID

Would you like me to turn down your bed?

VIVIAN

What?

MAID

Would you like me to turn down your bedspread?

Vivian stares at her blankly. She isn't sure.

VIVIAN

I don't know. Is there some kind of trick to it?

MAID

(hesitant)

No, not really. It's just a service of the hotel.

VIVIAN

Well, maybe you'd better do it. I don't know if he likes that kind of thing or not. I'll watch to see how it's done.

She opens the door wide and the maid slowly enters. She crosses to the bedroom and Vivian follows on her heels.

INT. PENTHOUSE BEDROOM – SUNSET

The maid enters the bedroom and turns down the bedspread under Vivian's watchful eye. She turns back to Vivian.

VIVIAN

That's it? That's all? You just fold it over.

MAID

(sheepishly)

Yes.

The maid starts to exit the room.

VIVIAN

You mean there are people who are too lazy to do that on their own?

MAID

It's not laziness exactly. Is just a courtesy.

VIVIAN

Yeah, you could chew people's food for them too.

(beat)

I mean, I'm not blaming you, I'm sure it isn't your idea, but I can't believe anybody expects someone to fold down their bedspread every night. Vacuum floors, do dishes, okay, but that?

The maid glances at the bed and then back at Vivian. She shrugs.

MAID

Yeah, it always seemed stupid to me too.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY — EVENING

Edward steps to the front desk and catches the eye of a DESK CLERK.

EDWARD

Any messages?

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

Mr. Thomas, standing on the other end of the desk, eyes Edward. He approaches 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 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. Good evening.

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

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

INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Vivian stands in front of the glass windows staring out into the city reflectively.

Edward comes in and tosses his message slips onto an end table. He looks up and sees Vivian turning toward him. The new Vivian. A different woman. His eyes widen.

VIVIAN

Do you like it?

Edward comes down the steps to the living room, eyes focused on her, face blank.

VIVIAN

Well?

EDWARD

You... you look different.

VIVIAN

You hate it.

EDWARD

No, it's just that you look... different.

Vivian covers her nervousness with a quick anger.

VIVIAN

Yeah, I don't look like a whore anymore. I thought that's what you wanted.

EDWARD

Yes. Yes, I did.

He tries to walk around her to admire her backside but she turns in place, facing him.

EDWARD

You had your hair done.

VIVIAN

Yeah, it cost some. But I'll pay you back out of my money...

EDWARD

No, no. I'll pay for it. You look wonderful. Lovely.

VIVIAN

(softening)

Really?

EDWARD

Yes.

VIVIAN

(doubtful)

You wanted something more sexy, huh? Tight, low cut. Guy's like that.

EDWARD

No, no, this is wonderful. I just didn't think you... you have great taste.

VIVIAN

Taste isn't hard when you have money to spend. The woman at Saks told me what to wear and the fag cut my hair and told me how to do my makeup. But I hoped you'd like it.

EDWARD

I do like it. You look beautiful.

Edward gives her a quick kiss on the cheek 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.

EDWARD

Thank you. That's much better.

(pause)

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, and I don't care. I'm paying a lot for this room and as long as you're my guest, the people in this hotel will treat you like a queen. If anyone hassles you, or makes you feel uncomfortable, you tell me. Alright? If I have to, I'll buy the hotel and burn it down to prove my point.

Vivian smiles brightly. He releases her and relaxes in his chair.

VIVIAN

Well, Mr. Thomas wasn't mean to me, exactly. Most everyone has been nice, least since I dressed up. Funny how different people treat you. Except the elevator boy. He's a snot.

EDWARD

You want me to have him fired?

VIVIAN

Fired? Well...  
(beat)  
... not fired. Maybe yelled at.

EDWARD

(laughs)  
I'll see what I can do. So did you buy anything else?

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

VIVIAN

Yes, I saved all the receipts. I bought three dresses and some other stuff.

EDWARD

Only three dresses?

VIVIAN

I didn't figure I'd be going out much. And clothes are so expensive around here. Two of them were 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 were very frugal.

VIVIAN

(uncomprehending)  
Yeah...  
(eagerly)  
Here, let me show you what I bought.

Vivian jumps up, runs to the couch, and picks up a clothes box. She opens it to reveal a mint green dress. She unzips her dress and pulls it off. Underneath she is wearing a soft pink teddy. She starts to put on the green dress.

EDWARD

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

And I got a white one too, for my yellow dress. I couldn't find a yellow one. I kinda thought they were sexy. But classy too...

The front door chimes.

EDWARD

That's Room Service.

VIVIAN

I'll get it.

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

VIVIAN

Come on in. Put it down there.

The Bellboy carries the tray to the table 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 takes a long swallow of champagne.

VIVIAN

I'm starting to like champagne. 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's 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

It's okay, it's okay. I don't care what you spent. I trust you.

VIVIAN

(a little worried)

Are you going to let me keep it all?

EDWARD

Yes. It's yours.

Vivian's eyes light up.

VIVIAN

So what do you think now? With a new do, some clean clothes, the stink washed off me. Do I rate as good as your high class call girls?

Edward looks into her lovely eyes. Something about the sincerity of the question disturbs him. He half-smiles.

EDWARD

Better. You're a lot better. You're wonderful, Vivian.

Pleased, she kisses him warmly on the neck. Edward strokes her hair thoughtfully.

VIVIAN

You want to screw?

Edward nods.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM — EARLY MORNING

Vivian and Edward eat breakfast at the 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. I'm curious about everything. Kate says it's gonna kill me someday.

EDWARD

All right. Warn me if I bore you. Twenty years ago Kross was a huge corporation, and even though they're almost bankrupt today, they still have millions in assets. Real estate, equipment, inventory. Things that can be liquidated to generate cash. You understand?

VIVIAN

Yes.



EDWARD

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. People have tried. But not everyone can raise a few hundred million to toy around with. And I know of assets the corporation owns that other people aren't aware of. It's worth more than most people think. Besides, the company management isn't particularly happy about being sold, because they'd be out of a job.

VIVIAN

Oh.

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

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

EDWARD

Something like that.

VIVIAN

(admiringly)

What a racket! It sounds so easy.

EDWARD

It used to be easy. The market crash and a few scandals have made things tougher. And management has got smarter. I have to be more careful about my targets now.

VIVIAN

So that's how you got rich? Buying companies?

EDWARD (O.S.)

Mostly. Sometimes the companies would pay me not to buy them.

VIVIAN

But now that you're rich, why do you keep doing it?

EDWARD

I guess... to get richer.

(beat)

I'm going to have to get dressed, I have a meeting at eight fifteen. Tomorrow I'll give you a lesson on short selling.

VIVIAN

Okay.

EDWARD

You're a good listener. I like that.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM — DAY

Edward, fully dressed, puts on his suit jacket as he crosses from the bedroom to the front door of the suite. He pauses for a moment, smooths the panels of his jacket and turns to Vivian. She is still dressed in her nightgown.

EDWARD

How do I look?

VIVIAN

Like a suit.

EDWARD

Like a suit? Very apt. I feel like a suit. I'll see you tonight.

He exits.

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

INT. FINANCIAL FIRM CONFERENCE ROOM — DAY

Edward and William sit across the table from a BATTERY OF INVESTMENT BROKERS. In the center is CARL, an intense man in his mid-thirties with a bald head covered by a slightly off toupee. All of them are dressed in almost identical blue and gray Brooks Brother's suits with red power ties.

CARL

... and we want to continue to do business with you but the M & A market is changing. People have been scared off by the negative press on high yield bonds. And with the upswing in inflation we have to make these offerings more tempting to offset increased risks.

WILLIAM

Carl, we're not taking about funny money. We're talking about hard assets and a straight liquidation. Pull out your calculator and add it up. There's no risk here.

CARL

Then go to a bank.

WILLIAM

No one has ever lost money in one of our deals.

CARL

Not yet.

William explodes with intensity.

WILLIAM

Look, you're the assholes who fucked up! You're the ones that's getting dragged into court! You're the ones that got burned backing amateurs with shell companies. You're trying to make us choke on eighteen so you can lure back the customers you scared off. We're not doing this to make your life easy. Get on the fucking phones and do your fucking sales jobs!

CARL

Bill, if you're going to liquidate the company that quickly why is eighteen such a problem..

EDWARD

(firmly)

It's not acceptable.

The room quiets for a moment after Edward has spoken. One of the other brokers speaks up.

BROKER

The problem here is we're dealing with a blind pool for a company we can't talk about and without a firm bid being made. Why don't we table this discussion until you've made your offering.

WILLIAM

(sarcastic)

Wow, that sounds great! We'll just wait until we've already spent the money and then ask you how much you want for it.

CARL

As far as I can tell you're already there. You've got a fifteen percent situation in a troubled stock and you need to make a bid. I don't think there's anywhere else you can go for the money in the time you have.

EDWARD

Draymen Heux has offered me seventy-five in the pool at sixteen and a half. I can secure the rest I need personally.

Edward stands.

EDWARD

The market has changed, Carl. There aren't many real players left. I'll give you two hours to make a decision.

He exits, shutting the door behind him.. The room is silent. William shakes his head at the brokers.

WILLIAM

You know he's got his sights set on a three billion takeover of an aerospace company. You can't dick this guy around.

William exits. The brokers glance at each other doubtfully.

INT. LIMO - DAY

William and Edward are sitting in the back of a limo.

WILLIAM

Hey, it was a great performance—I started to believe it myself—but they're going to call their spy in the mailroom of Draymen Heux and find out it's bullshit.

EDWARD

They can't know for sure. They don't have time. They'll do it for sixteen.

William looks at Edward and laughs.

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.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

An empty plate that once held a hamburger sits on the dining room table.

Vivian is stretched out on the couch. She has 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 into the distance, bored.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Vivian comes out of the elevator wearing her mint green dress. She strolls though 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  
becoming 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. LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

She sighs, bored and anxious.

VIVIAN

How the am I going to last a week?

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Kate, looking out of place in jeans and a sweatshirt, wanders into the hotel lobby. She glances around at the decor, cynically impressed. She lights up a cigarette and casually saunters over to the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

The day Operator is not pleased with Kate's appearance. He looks at her coolly as she comes inside.

OPERATOR

Yes?

KATE

I'm seeing a friend. She's staying  
with some guy. In the penthouse.

OPERATOR

Ah, yes. I should have known.

He presses a button and closes the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Vivian is dozing on the couch as the doorbell chimes. She wakes up with a start. The doorbell rings again, and again.

Vivian crosses to the door and answers it. She is surprised to see Kate on the other side. As Vivian stands opened mouthed, Kate marches right past her and looks out the windows.

KATE

Whoa, what a view!

Vivian quickly shuts the door.

VIVIAN

What are you doing here?

KATE

That's a warm welcome. Just came to visit my pal. Something wrong with that?

Kate starts to snoop around the room. She barely looks at Vivian. Vivian follows on her heels, nervous and watchful.

KATE

You weren't kidding when you said it was a nice place.

VIVIAN

Kate, you'd better go. He's not going to like it if you're here.

KATE

Relax, I'll just say I'm a maid or something. Geez, I thought you'd be glad to see me. We're still friends aren't we, or am I just poor scum to you now?

VIVIAN

Of course we're friends. I just don't want him to get mad if he finds you here. Besides the Hotel people are keeping an eye on me.

Kate finds the mini-bar and opens the refrigerator. She pulls out a beer and opens it.

KATE

Look at this. A stocked fridge and everything. Hey, why don't we order some food from Room Service?

VIVIAN

We'd better not. He might come back any time.

Kate takes a sip of beer and stares at Vivian.

KATE

Well, he certainly didn't waste any time fixing you up to look like an expensive piece, did he? Your hair's really cute, but I don't know if you're going to attract a lot of dates when you get back on the street.

VIVIAN

I'll just fluff it up with some spray.

KATE

Yeah, like I taught you three months ago when you first got into town. You didn't know nothing back then. You wouldn't have lasted two days without me.

VIVIAN

Hey, I know. Why are you acting like this?

Kate looks at her beer and softens.

KATE

I don't know. Last night I started getting worried that you might not come back. That you'd take his money and skip out on me.

VIVIAN

I wouldn't do that.

Kate slugs down some more beer and scans the room.

KATE

Hell, I would.

VIVIAN

(in a low voice)

Listen... you have any smoke? It's been a couple days and I'm dieing for some.



KATE

Yeah, sure, I always walk around in narc land carrying. If you want a smoke let's go back to our place and get high together.

VIVIAN

No, I promised him I wouldn't leave.

KATE

Give me a break. You're not going to last a week without a smoke. Come on, we'll buy some stuff, get silly and you'll be back here before he gets home.

VIVIAN

No, I better not. He might call or something. I don't want to blow this. It's too much money. I can last.

Kate shrugs.

KATE

So what's Prince Charming like?

VIVIAN

Nice. He's okay. I mean he doesn't hit me or anything.

Kate nods. She finishes her beer and looks at Vivian, sadly.

KATE

You look great. You really do look great. I sure miss you.

VIVIAN

I miss you do.

(cheerfully)

Hey, you want to see what else he got me? I got some great stuff. Come on.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Vivian is proudly laying out all her new clothes on the bed. Kate looks at them, unable to conceal her growing jealousy.

VIVIAN

And that one is real silk.

KATE

It pretty, it's all real pretty. He bought you all this stuff?

VIVIAN

I picked it out. But he paid for it.  
He said I could keep it.

KATE

He must like you a lot to buy you all  
this stuff.

VIVIAN

I don't know. He likes to screw me.

KATE

Maybe it's more than that. Maybe at  
the end of the week he'll want you to  
keep you around.

VIVIAN

No, he lives in New York.

KATE

So what? He's got bucks. He'll just  
put you up in some hotel room  
somewhere. You'd have it made. No  
more walking, just one steady John.

VIVIAN

(nervous)

I don't think he's going to do it.  
He's just... he doesn't like me that  
much.

KATE

Yeah, yeah you're right. Guy's always  
like to screw someone new.

(beat)

I'd better get out of here.

VIVIAN

Listen, why don't we could order some  
food from Room Service. What the hell?

KATE

Nah, I ate some fried chicken. I'm all  
filled up.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kate is hurrying toward the front door. Vivian follows.

KATE

I shouldn't of come. It was stupid. I  
could have blown it for you. Anyhow  
I'll see you when you get back. If you  
get back.

VIVIAN

I'm coming back.

Kate stops at the door. Vivian stands nearby, feeling sorry for her friend.

KATE

Yeah, I know. Just joking.

(pause)

Listen, you got any money left from your first night? I mean, I just paid the rent and things have been a little slow on the street. And I don't really feel like working tonight.

There is a moment of silence before Vivian answers.

VIVIAN

Yeah, sure. I got some. I'll give you some.

She crosses the room and takes the money out of her purse. She slowly returns and hands it to Kate.

VIVIAN

Here, take it all. I don't need it. I'll have more when I get back. A lot more. We'll take it easy for awhile.

KATE

Right. Thanks. See you.

She turns, opens the door and quickly exits.

Vivian exhales a breath, both disappointed and relieved that Kate is finally gone. She wanders back into the center of the room. She sees the beer bottle that Kate left on the coffee table. She picks it up and throws it away.

INT. BROKERAGE HOUSE MEETING ROOM – DAY

William and Edward are talking.

WILLIAM

The Board knows we're after them. The word came from Kross this morning. 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. If the three of us sit down together then we might as well announce the takeover in the *Wall Street Journal*. I'll meet him in public for dinner. Less suspicious. Tonight, if you can arrange it. I'll even bring a girl. That'll keep it all on a friendly level.

WILLIAM

Not the street walker? You're not cocky enough to take her out in public are you? Not with Kross.

EDWARD

She can handle herself. And I can handle Kross.

A SECRETARY enters the room. She hands Edward a slip of paper. He nods in thanks. She exits.

WILLIAM

What's it say?

Edwards smiles.

EDWARD

Sixteen.

INT. LIVING ROOM — DAY

Vivian is still looking out the windows pensively as the phone rings. Vivian looks at it, unsure. It rings again. She debates whether to pick it up. It rings again.

Finally she picks it up.

VIVIAN

Hello?

EDWARD (O.S.)

Vivian, I'm glad you're there. Is everything alright?

VIVIAN

Fine. Fine. Just bored. It's been real quiet.

EDWARD

We'll liven things up for you. 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 up. 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  
(nervously)  
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 stashes 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 are 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 next to 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.

On Vivian's other side is JAMES KROSS, in his early 70's, 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. Given your track record, if you get it it's easy to guess 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 indicates that he's finished. The Waiter begins collecting plates. Vivian, though she's finished her salad, is still clinging to her fork. The Waiter pauses at her side. She sees him and sets down her fork. He whisks the plate away.

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 the next dish. He sets 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 begin 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 do decide to acquire your company, I will 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, 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. We both know that you can only keep it going for a couple more years before you get swallowed up by debt.

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

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

KROSS

Hell, I was no saint. I screwed people too. But for every guy I stepped on, I gave a hundred a good job. Men like Harris are different. They don't give, they just take. But stay with him, little girl. 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.

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

If you feel that way, do what you have to do. But if you change your mind, come to me. My door will be open.

KROSS

I'm never going to speak to you. 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 sits down 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. HOTEL LOBBY — DAY

Vivian seems disturbed and quiet as she and Edward return from dinner. Edward, however, is in a good mood as he gentlemanly guides her through the hotel lobby.

Vivian pauses before they reach the elevator.

VIVIAN

Can I get some cigarettes? I'm dieing  
for a smoke.

EDWARD

Of course.

INT. GIFT SHOP — DAY

Vivian stands in front of the counter. Edward browses a magazine rack.

VIVIAN

Virginia Slim Lights.

The CLERK sets the cigarettes down on the counter. Edward tosses him a couple of 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. As they exit, Vivian glances back at the smiling face on the magazine.

EDWARD

Dumber than a doornail, though. I guess they beat the intelligence out of you in finishing school.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY — DAY

Vivian lights up a cigarette as they come out of the gift shop. She doesn't look at Edward as they speak.

VIVIAN

I guess you'll be glad to see her again.

EDWARD

Cindy? No. That's over. She was too much trouble. I don't have time to play games with women.

Vivian exhales a puff of smoke. They enter the elevator.

INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Vivian's face is cold and distant 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 talks on the wireless phone with his other.

EDWARD

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.

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, as he listens intently to the phone.

EDWARD

Do some research. The guy used to be a millionaire. 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 toward Vivian and slowly stalks toward her.

EDWARD

Have I ever told you how very, very beautiful you are? You are, you know. Very beautiful.

He wraps an arm around her waist and gives her a kiss on the neck.

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, doll. You're supposed to sip it.

Vivian crosses to the bottle on the table.

VIVIAN

I want to get drunk quickly. It makes it easier.

EDWARD

Makes what easier?

VIVIAN

My job. Isn't that what you want now? For me to do my job?

She fumbles a little as she picks up the bottle to pour another glass.

VIVIAN

I used to smoke rock so I wouldn't think about my work. But since you won't let me do that I have to find something else. This isn't quite as good, but it helps.

She starts to refill the glass, spilling champagne all over. Edward pulls the glass and bottle away from her.

EDWARD

I don't think you need anymore. You're already drunk.



Vivian turns and walks away.

EDWARD

What's wrong with you? You've been acting strange all evening. Are you mad at me?

VIVIAN

I'm not mad at you. I don't feel anything about you. It's just that you don't have to give me romantic looks and tell me I'm beautiful. I don't want to play games with men, I just want to do my job and get it over with.

Edward's eyes harden.

EDWARD

Fine, then come here and get it over with.

Vivian strides to him, throws her arms around his neck and kisses him fiercely on the cheek. Edward's fingers curl into the soft skin of her shoulders. He runs his through her hair and unties the bun. Vivian shakes her hair out and it falls across her shoulders.

Edward gazes into her eyes. Vivian quickly looks away. She roughly unzips the back of her dress and pulls it from her shoulders. Before she can get it off, Edward shoves her away from him.

EDWARD

What is this? What's the matter with you? Last night you weren't complaining. You weren't trying to rush through it. Last night you seemed to like it.

VIVIAN

I was drunk.

EDWARD

You didn't feel anything? Nothing? You don't ever enjoy making love?

Vivian looks into his eyes defiantly.

VIVIAN

Not with customers. Not with you.

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

(snidely)

You've been very generous.

EDWARD

Then what is it? Am I ugly to you? Am I fat and disgusting? Do I smell bad? 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? Why do you have to get drunk? Is it really that horrible? I'm not asking you to love me. I'm not even asking you to like me.

VIVIAN

(quickly)

I don't like you.

Edward is surprised to find that that actually hurts his feelings, and it makes him every more angry at her. He grabs her by the wrists and pulls him in.

EDWARD

Fine. Don't like me. But don't lie to me. Maybe you hate me now for some reason that I can't fathom, but you enjoyed it last night as much as I did.

VIVIAN

(cooly)

Sure, whatever you say.

Furious, Edward shakes her roughly.

EDWARD

Tell me the truth!

VIVIAN

I don't enjoy it.

EDWARD

You're lieing!

Edward pulls her in tightly and kisses her on the lips. She turns her head.

VIVIAN

Not on the mouth.

EDWARD

Too late.

Edward holds her chin firm and kisses her again, deeply. After a moment, Vivian begins to return it passionately. Her hands wrap around the back of his head.

Edward slides the dress from her body. It falls to the floor. He carresses her back and ass. As the kiss ends, they look into eachothers eyes, hot and breathless.

EDWARD

You didn't enjoy that?

Vivian looks at him, eyes burning.

VIVIAN

No. It's just a job.

It's not a very convincing lie. Edward is still out of breath.

EDWARD

Alright. Then just do your job.

They kiss.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE BEDROOM – NIGHT

The bedcovers are on the floor and Edward and Vivian lie naked on the bed, drenched in sweat, exhasted. Finished.

Vivian rolls away from Edward and climbs off the bed. She walks over to the bathroom. Edward half rises and looks after her.

EDWARD

What are you doing?

VIVIAN

Taking a shower.

EDWARD

Why do you always have to take a shower after we make love?

VIVIAN

To get clean.

She turns exits into the bathroom. Edward rests his head back on the covers.

INT. LIVING ROOM — DAY

Vivian, dressed in a white silk nightgown, sits on the carpet in the middle of the living room. Sunlight streams through her loose hair.

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 headache.

EDWARD

No wonder, the way you were drinking last night.

(beat)

You were great though. You're an incredible lover.

VIVIAN

Thanks.

Edward finishes his tie.

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

Whatever you want.

Edward walks to the door and pauses. He looks back at her as if he wants to say something else. He changes his mind and exits. As soon as the door is closed Vivian looks up after him, worried.

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 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 in front of him.

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 in 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's desk is laid out with two opposing sets of  
silverware. 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 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 became rich through their own labor.

(shrugging)

In fact, it seems to be in fashion again. But let's continue with our lesson. 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 utensil. Spoons...

INT. BROKERAGE 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. BROKERAGE HOUSE 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 neatly 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 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 meet this girl I've been talking about.

WILLIAM

She's really a looker, huh? Hot stuff?

EDWARD

She's incredible. In every way.



WILLIAM

Alright, but you'll have to apologize for me if I start to drool.

INT. ELEGANT RESTAURANT – NIGHT

Edward, William, and Vivian are dining at another elegant restaurant. Vivian is decked out in her black lowcut 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. 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

Have you ever worked for a call girl service or in a house?

VIVIAN

No.

WILLIAM

Just on the street?

VIVIAN

Yes.

William shakes his head.

WILLIAM

Jesus, Edward, you're the only billionaire I know who would go catting around street corners to find a hooker.

Vivian lowers her eyes and concentrates on her food.

EDWARD

What difference does it make where I found her? I think she's great. She's a lot smarter and prettier and better in bed than those girls at your friend's agency. They cost an arm and a leg and they're cold as ice. But everytime I get into town you try to push another of their girls on me. Why is that, Bill? Do you own a piece of that business?

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 markdown, that's okay by me.

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, don't you?

WILLIAM

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

EDWARD

You're drooling, Bill.

WILLIAM

(tensely)

I'm not interested.

EDWARD

She's the best. But you'll have to 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. 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 in Vivian's eyes as she yells at him.

VIVIAN  
You 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 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'm sorry. It was a stupid joke. I wasn't serious...

VIVIAN

I want the money that you owe me and I'm getting out of here!

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

I've been with stinking old men that 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.

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

EDWARD

I... I wasn't serious. It was just a joke. I was razzing Bill because he runs this call girl service. We tease each other like that. He brings out the worst locker room talk from me. But I didn't think you'd mind my saying... I mean, it's not as if you're from a convent. You tell me yourself it's just a job to you.

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 screw everyone who pulls down their pants. I say who! 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. I've apologized.  
I've heard what you have to say.  
You're right, and it won't happen  
again. But if you can't get over this  
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 checks again with warm water.

EDWARD

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

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

EDWARD

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

Vivian smiles.

VIVIAN

Yeah, right. What?

EDWARD

I'm going to take you to the opera.

EXT. FANCY CLOTHING STORE ON RODEO DRIVE – DAY

Edward holds 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, elegantly coiffed SALESWOMAN stands at attention by his side.

Vivian comes out of the dressing room modelling the red dress. She looks beautiful. Her face is aglow with pleasure as she admires herself in the mirror. The Saleswoman checks the fit.

EDWARD

She'll wear it out. 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. JEWELRY STORE – DAY

Edward picks out a pair of small ruby earrings for Vivian and gently pins them through her ears.

INT. SHOE STORE – DAY

ANOTHER SALESMAN fits Vivian with a pair of red high heel shoes. Edward sits next to her. He leans over and whispers to her.

EDWARD

Feel like Cinderella yet?

Vivian nods happily.

INT. MERCEDES – DAY

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

EDWARD

(to the phone)

Bill, Bill, stop panicking. I'll read the contracts on the plane. Just have the brokerage arrange the flight for me. Kross isn't going anywhere. I don't need to watch the stock go down today. Have it ready. 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

(with mock drama)

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 catch pneumonia if we don't do something.

INT. FURRIER — DAY

Vivian stands wrapped up in a grey 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 stands by her side, his arms overflowing with other coats. He looks to Edward for approval.

EDWARD

Nice, but not what I had in mind. I'm looking for something really special.

SALESMAN

I have just the thing.

He exits into the back 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

Perhaps this is more what you had in mind..

Edward nods. He stands up and strides 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.

EXT. BURBANK AIRPORT — DAY

Edward, dressed in a tuxedo and carrying a briefcase, leads Vivian, in her fur, through an airport to a private Lear jet.

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

The 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, built-in bar, television and stereo. Edward sorts through a pile of contracts as Vivian looks out the window.

VIVIAN  
 I've never been on a plane before.

EDWARD  
 (distracted)  
 I'm glad you're having fun. Now be quiet while I read these.

Vivian looks at the quietly reading Edward and smiles wickedly. 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 landing gear drop from the jet as it heads for the airport.

INT. JET – DAY

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 sits beside her, hand on her shoulder, looking at the view through her eyes. The plane begins to shake a little as it lands.

EDWARD

You'd better put on your clothes.

Vivian reaches down and picks up her red dress. She pulls it on.

EDWARD

You sure make it hard to concentrate on  
my work.

Vivian smiles and turns her bare back to him. He zips up her 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.

INT. OPERA LOBBY — NIGHT

A crowd of well-dressed PEOPLE mill around the lobby, heading toward the theater. Vivian admires the pretty dresses around her. Edward has his hand on Vivian's elbow as he leads her.

EDWARD

Some people say that opera is an acquired taste — that's why everyone prefers movies — but I don't believe it. It's something you're born to. But I don't mean that in an elitist sense. Highborn, lowborn, 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.

VIVIAN

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

EDWARD

So am I.

INT. THEATRE — NIGHT

Edward and Vivian sit in a box high above the stage. 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

The lights dim and the opera is performed. Vivian watches it unfold on the stage, lights dancing across her face. Edward occasionally leans over and whispers intimately into her ear, commenting on the actions below.

EDWARD

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

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

EDWARD

Here he tells Aïda how much 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 takes 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's. 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 to 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 knods.

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. Edward gives her a warm squeeze. She looks up into his eyes.

VIVIAN

I'm okay now.

INT. AIRPLANE — NIGHT

Vivian with her head on Edward's lap. He strokes her hair.

VIVIAN

So I guess we've got two nights left, right?

EDWARD

(thoughtful)

Yes, two more nights.

VIVIAN

I just wasn't sure if you might have to stay longer. Because of business or something.

EDWARD

No... I have to get back to New York. I've got appointments waiting for me.

Vivian is silent for awhile.

VIVIAN

Thank you for taking me tonight. I'll never forget it. Never.

EDWARD

It was a pleasure. You're welcome.

INT. BEDROOM — NIGHT

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

She 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

I really feel like smoking. I'm not used to going without it for so long.

EDWARD

I'm sorry if it's hard on you.

VIVIAN

Can I get some champagne? Or something to eat? 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 anything you want.

INT. LIVING ROOM — NIGHT

Vivian stands in front of the windows, taking in the city below. She is wearing a pink teddy and her white mink. She speaks confidently into the cordless phone as she orders from a room service menu.

VIVIAN

Bottle of the Dom Perignon. A bowl of chilled strawberries...

(beat)

And the lobster. And some caviar. And the chocolate mousse. And... that's it. Make that two bottles of champagne. Yes, a magnum. Of course. Penthouse.

INT. LIVING ROOM — NIGHT

Vivian pours herself another glass of champagne as she breaks open the lobster and eats a piece. It's good.

She looks at the caviar. Pokes it. Decides she isn't interested.

She takes a small spoonful of chocolate mousse and dies in ecstasy. She downs some more champagne.

As she continues eating the lobster she hums a tune from the opera.

EXT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Vivian slides a tray full of empty dishes and bottles out into the hallway. She glances around, feeling a bit guilty and closes the door behind her.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT./EXT. WILLIAM'S LIMO - MORNING

William is eating breakfast as he speaks on his car phone.

WILLIAM

(on the phone)

No, I didn't put a horse head in his bed. I barely did anything. The old coot must be more desperate than either of us thought. He agree to sell his shares at ten under the table, but he wants to talk to you. Get assurances that you're both on the same side or something.

He takes a sip of his coffee.

WILLIAM

Anyhow, I said you might 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 dressed in his robe talking on the phone as he looks over the morning breakfast on the dining table. Edward sips orange juice.

EDWARD

You're such an operator.

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 in 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 at Edward with sleepy red eyes.

VIVIAN

What?

EDWARD

Put on some clothes. We're about to have a guest.

INT. LIVING ROOM – DAY

Vivian, in her yellow dress, 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 the other night... I want to apologize for...

EDWARD

There is nothing 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. That might affect the deal we have for your shares...

Kross looks at Edward with a weak smile.

KROSS

And if I throw myself on my sword, and 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. Vivian —

Edward notices for the first time that Vivian has left the room.

EDWARD

Excuse me for 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

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 is staring at her feet. Edward senses that something is wrong.

EDWARD

Why'd you run off?

Vivian looks up at Edward.

VIVIAN

What did you do to him?

EDWARD

I... I didn't do anything to him.

VIVIAN

Then why is he afraid of you? Last time I saw him he was so strong. Now he's so scared.

Edward is silent for a long while. He doesn't like this question.

EDWARD

He just realised that it would be smart to let me buy him out before his company went under. Nobody put a gun to his head.

VIVIAN

It's wrong. What you did is wrong.

EDWARD

(defensively)

Wrong? Vivian, this is a very complex transaction. There's no right and wrong here. You don't know anything about this kind of business.

VIVIAN

I know enough business to know when someone is getting screwed.

EDWARD

What? You think Kross is some kind of martyr? We didn't threaten him; we bought him. He's selling out everyone at his company to get an extra dollar a share.

VIVIAN

And that makes it okay, because you can buy people? If he takes your money than you think he's just the same as you?

EDWARD

(incredulous)

I'm getting a lecture on ethics from a prostitute.

VIVIAN

At least there are some things I won't do for money.

EDWARD

I don't have time for this. If you don't like it, you're free to go. No one's holding you prisoner.

He turns and walks to the door. Vivian stands.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Edward crosses the living room to Kross.

EDWARD

Everything's fine. Let's go.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Vivian hears the living room door close. He's gone. She crosses to the closet and looks at the impressive collection of things she is accumulating. Dresses, evening gowns, a full length fur. He's bought her too.

She closes the closet as if to get rid of the offending items. She goes to the bedroom phone and picks it up.

VIVIAN

Roomserve, I'd like a bottle of...

She stops herself and hangs up the phone. She makes up her mind and quickly exits the room.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Vivian enters the elevator. The day operator seems a little apprehensive at the sight of her. Apprehensive, but polite, very polite.

OPERATOR

Floor, ma'am?

VIVIAN

Lobby. Thanks.

The elevator doors close. Vivian is lost in her own thoughts, staring into space. The operator waits a moment and then forces himself to speak.

OPERATOR

Ma'am, I wanted to apologise to you for the way I behaved. It won't happen again.

VIVIAN

What?

OPERATOR

I'm sorry about what I said.

Vivian looks at him, annoyed and disappointed.

VIVIAN

What did he do? Threaten you? Give you a big tip? Doesn't anyone have the nerve to stand up to him? Don't say your sorry if you're not. You don't think I belong here and you're right. I don't belong here.

The doors open into the lobby. Vivian quickly exits. The operator watches her go, dumbfounded.

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

Umm.. Hollywood like. I need to get some medicine. You know, for headaches.

MR. THOMAS

But you're coming back, aren't you?

VIVIAN

Yeah, I guess I have to. The headache medicine will make it easier.

MR. THOMAS

Then 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. The idea makes her nervous.

VIVIAN

Umm... 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. She rubs the temples of her head.

DRIVER'S VOICE

(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.

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 much her appearance has changed. She doesn't fit into this world anymore.

VIVIAN

I'll be okay. It'll just be a second.

LIMO DRIVER

You sure, ma'am?

VIVIAN

Yeah.

She hurries up the steps to the apartment building. The Driver unhappily watches her go.

INT. HALLWAY — DAY

Vivian's bright new shoes and yellow dress traverse the grimy dark carpeted hallways. Faded paint peels from stained 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 green 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 cover it.

On the bed, smoking rock cocaine in a small glass pipe, is Kate, already well on her way to getting stoned. Two grungy looking men, CHUCK and JIMMY, sit on the bed with her, waiting for their turn.

Vivian enters from the hallway. With her clean expensive dress, hair style, low keyed makeup, she could not look more out of place in this setting. She sees the two men on her bed.

VIVIAN

Kate? What...

Vivian almost turns to leave, but Kate happily jumps up from the bed. Her voice is a little slurred.



KATE

Hey, Viv! You're just in time.

(to the guys)

This is my roommate, Viv.

Kate hands the pipe over to the guys and one of them takes a hit from it, using a lighter to heat the cocaine.

As Vivian stands uneasily, Kate staggers over to her.

KATE

You're back. I forgot you were coming so soon.

(low voice)

Did you get the money?

VIVIAN

I'm not back yet. I... I still have one night left...

KATE

Oh... oh... oh. You just came to get high? Huh? I knew you couldn't last. You're just in time.

Kate sloppily puts an arm on Vivian's shoulder and turns back toward the guys.

KATE

That's Chuck and Jimmy. I traded them for some rock. There's plenty for you.

VIVIAN

Traded them what?

KATE

What do you think? You take Jimmy.

Jimmy looks up from his pipe and eyes Vivian. Vivian's stomach churns.

VIVIAN

I... I... can't stay. I've got a limo downstairs waiting for me.

KATE

Limo? My aren't we fancy pants? Listen, it's just a quicky. They don't get nothing much for a twenty rock.

VIVIAN

I... I think I better go.

KATE

What's with you? It's not fair for me to do them both.

JIMMY

Hey come on over. I don't bite.

KATE

Take a hit. You'll feel better. You've just got the D.T.'s.

VIVIAN

I just think...

KATE

(getting angry)

What is it with you? You think your too good for this because you've been with some rich creep? Huh? Don't forget who you are. You have to come back here tomorrow. Go on, take a hit.

Kate practically shoves Vivian toward the bed. Jimmy stands and puts a dirty paw on her shoulder. Vivian, dazed, like drifting through a bad nightmare, allows him to lead her to the bed. Chuck is currently taking his turn.

JIMMY

Just relax and get high, babe.

CHUCK

You're sure a good looking piece.

Jimmy puts the pipe to her lips and is about to light the lighter. Chuck reaches over to Vivian's dress.

CHUCK

Let me see what you go under there, honey.

Chuck pulls on her dress front to expose her breasts. Just as his hands reach for her, Vivian suddenly snaps out of her daze, shoving his hand away and hitting him in the face.

VIVIAN

DON'T TOUCH ME!

He tears several buttons from her dress as she fights him off. Jimmy grabs for her and she shoves him away too.

Vivian jumps up and bolts for the door.

KATE

Have you gone nuts?

Vivian pushes past her, throws open the door and runs outside.

INT. HALLWAY — DAY

Vivian runs down the hallway. Kate comes to the door and yells after her.

KATE

Where are you going? You can't run away! You'll be back! You'll be back here!

EXT. VIVIAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING — DAY

Vivian comes quickly out of the apartment building and heads for the limo. She tries to discretely hold the front of her dress together, but it's obvious something is wrong. The Driver opens the door for her.

LIMO DRIVER

I was getting worried.

VIVIAN

I'm fine. Just take me back. Take me out of here.

INT. LIMO — DAY

Vivian sits in the back of the limo, clutching her dress together. She begins to cry.

INT. BROKERAGE HOUSE — DAY

Edward and William stand in front of a conference table staring at a large flowchart of their acquisition and liquidation of Kross Enterprises. William is pleased with himself. Edward's thoughts some somewhere else.

WILLIAM

Well, that's about it. Thirty, sixty days. Six months. One year. After that, Kross is just naval history.

He starts to roll up the charts.

WILLIAM

The only question in my mind is what are you going to go after next.

EDWARD

Hmm?

WILLIAM

What are you going to do next?

EDWARD  
(still thinking)  
I don't know.

Jake comes into the room.

JAKE  
Your helicopter's ready, Mr. Harris.

WILLIAM  
(glancing sideways at Edward)  
Helicopter? Going to the opera again?

EDWARD  
I just thought I'd look at the  
shipyards again. Before I go back to  
New York.

WILLIAM  
You're such a sentimental softy.

EDWARD  
Would you like to 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 Fedex it later.

WILLIAM  
No, you know me. I don't like loose  
ends.

EXT. HELICOPTER — DAY

Edward is sitting comfortably in the helicopter as it passes over the decaying shipyards. He stares down at them thoughtfully. Jake sits behind him.

JAKE  
So, did you learn a lot from Mr. Kross?

EDWARD  
Yes, a few things. Not all what we  
wanted to hear, but...

He drifts off, staring at the shipyards below.

JAKE  
But what?

EDWARD

But... it's not important. Let's head back.

INT. LIVING ROOM — EVENING

Vivian, in a different dress, is standing in front of the glass windows, looking out at the city, half heartedly 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 strolls 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? Eleven o'clock flight.

VIVIAN

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 sip.

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've 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

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)

Three months.

WILLIAM

I figured something like that. You act tough but you don't have a clue as to where you're going. You're still fresh off the bus from the cornfields. How long do you think your pretty looks are going to last?

Vivian says nothing. She turns away from him.

WILLIAM

You're just wasting yourself. A couple years fucking lowlifes and drug pushers and your face will be ruined.

VIVIAN

Just get out of 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 lowlifes 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 is he 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 intervenes. He 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 hauls him up the steps to the front door. William, dazed, doesn't resist.

Edward shoves him out into the hallway.

Vivian stands alone, stunned, holding her face in pain.

INT. HALLWAY — DAY

Edward roughly throws William up against the wall.

EDWARD

What the hell are you doing?

William grits his teeth.

WILLIAM

That's some nasty little chick you found. I came to drop off some papers and she started pissing me off.

Edward slams him up against the wall again.

EDWARD

Why were you hitting her?

WILLIAM

What are you? Gentleman of the year? She's just a whore. What difference does it make?

He grabs William up and pushes him down the hall.

EDWARD

Get out of here.

WILLIAM

(furious)

Hey, watch it! Look, I left you some papers...

Edward strides into the apartment, gathers up Williams papers and briefcase and hurls them into the hallway. They scatter across the floor.

WILLIAM

What are you doing? You need those you asshole! You need me!

Edward slams the door shut.

WILLIAM

I don't have to put up with this shit! You're going to have to crawl back to get me!

William rubs his sore face. Angrily he starts to pick up the papers scattered around the floor.

INT. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Vivian sits frozen on the couch. Edward comes down the steps 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. Stepfathers, boyfriends, pimps, cops, even little 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.

Vivian slowly stands up.

VIVIAN

I'd better go.

EDWARD

You didn't do anything wrong. You don't have to go.

VIVIAN

No. I want to go. I hate it here.

EDWARD

Viv, I'm sorry what he did. But I want you to know I had nothing to do with it.

VIVIAN

Yeah, nothing's your fault. He just works for you doesn't he? You just give him some of your money and you can't be blamed for what he does behind your back. How many people has he hit while you weren't around to see it? How many?

Edward is silent.

VIVIAN

I'm getting out of here.

EDWARD

Alright. I understand.

Edward reaches into this 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. She stares at the envelope.

VIVIAN

I... I don't want it.

Edward takes her hand and puts the envelope in it. He closes her fingers around it.

EDWARD

That's crazy. Take it. You need it. You earned it.

Vivian stares down at the envelope. Her eyes moisten. She tries to hand it back, but Edward won't take it. She sets the envelope down on the coffee table.

VIVIAN

I don't want it.

EDWARD

Vivian, please, don't make this hard.

VIVIAN

(exploding)

HARD? What do you know about hard!? Do you know how many guys I'd have to have to make this much money on the street? They'd fill up this room!

(beat)

And I'd rather have done it that way if I could never have met you. I wish I'd never met you.

She starts to cry. Edward wraps his arms around her. She half-heartedly tries to push him away, but he holds onto her. She sobs in his shoulder.

VIVIAN

What can I do now? I can't go back and I can't stay.

EDWARD

Vivian, stay. Please stay.

Vivian lays in Edward's warm shoulder. The tears begin to slow.

VIVIAN

I want to hate you, but I can't. I hate myself. I hate what I've become. I've been so low for so long I didn't realize what had happened to me. You just held up a mirror.

EDWARD

So did you. I'm not sure I like my own reflection.

(pause)

Stay with me.

He takes her chin in his hand and kisses her. She returns it. She falls limp in his arms.

Edward lifts her up and carries her into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

Edward lays Vivian down on the bed. He straightens and starts to leave. Vivian grabs his arm.

VIVIAN

Where are you going?

EDWARD

I'll sleep on the couch. I...

Vivian holds his arm firmly.

VIVIAN

Don't leave me. Not yet.

EDWARD

Vivian...

She puts her fingers on his mouth to stop him from talking. She pulls him back to the bed and they kiss.

Slowly, tenderly, they make love.

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.

INT. BEDROOM – MORNING

A clock on the wall reads 9:03.

Edward wakes up with a start. He's alone in bed. He glances around the room. Vivian is gone.

He jumps out of bed and pulls on his pants.

EDWARD

Vivian? Vivian?

INT. BATHROOM – DAY

Vivian, dressed in her mint green dress, is finishing up her make-up in the bathroom mirror. She has made a strong effort to cover up a nasty bruise on the side of her cheek. It obviously hurts.

EDWARD (O.S.)

Vivian?

Hearing Edward's voice her face flies through a range of emotions, first soft, then hard, then stone.

Edward appears in the bathroom door.

EDWARD

There you are.

VIVIAN

Yeah, you just caught me. I'm taking off.

Quickly, she pushes past him into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM – DAY

Vivian quickly crosses the bedroom and Edward follows after her.

EDWARD

Where are you going?

VIVIAN

Back to Hollywood, were do you think?  
The week's over.

EDWARD

Last night you said you didn't want to  
go back.

VIVIAN

I feel better today. Bye, honey.

She stops abruptly and gives him a peck on the cheek. She then  
turns and exits. Edward rushes after her.

INT. LIVING ROOM – DAY

Vivian comes out of the bedroom and makes her way across the  
living room. Edward follows after her.

EDWARD

Wait! Wait a second. Let's talk about  
this.

Vivian stops again. In her coldest hardest voice she says:

VIVIAN

Talk about what?

Edward pauses. He isn't sure. Vivian turns and continues on.

VIVIAN

Yeah, that's what I thought. Bye.

EDWARD

What about your clothes? And the mink.  
That's a ten thousand dollar mink.

VIVIAN

Furs are out of fashion in Hollywood.  
And I don't have any place to wear the  
rest. I'd walk home naked but the cops  
would stop me.

EDWARD

Hold on a second. Let's think this  
thing through.

She turns at faces him again.

VIVIAN

What's to think through? You hired a  
hooker for one week and the week's  
over. Remember, no hassles, no  
headaches, no strings attached.

Edward eyes her evenly.

EDWARD  
(testing her)  
Then take the money.

VIVIAN  
Right! I almost forgot.

She grabs the envelope from the table.

VIVIAN  
This makes it all worth while. Three thousand dollars.

Edward is surprised that she took it.

EDWARD  
What is this? What was last night all about? Do you really want to go?

VIVIAN  
What difference does it make what I want? What are you going to do? Take pity on me? Feel sorry for me? Maybe you could give me an extra little handout before you go? Maybe when you come into town next time we can do it again? Or maybe if I asked real nice you'd put me up in a little place like your model friend until you got tired of me like you did her.

Vivian eyes him hardly.

VIVIAN  
But none of that is going to change the fact that you are a slimy jerk who professionally screws people over. You want me to hang around and laugh and giggle while you gut people over dinner? No thanks.

EDWARD  
(growing angry)  
What do you want from me? You want me to tell you I'll change? You want me to give up millions of dollars of business? You want me say I'll marry you?

VIVIAN  
I don't want you to say anything. I'm just leaving. Thanks for the money.



She goes to the door and opens it, exits, and slams it shut. Edward stares at the door, stunned.

Vivian suddenly opens the door again and looks at him defiantly.

VIVIAN

And you snore too! You snore like a pig! You did from the first night!

She slams the door again. Edward, furious, kicks over a coffee table.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Vivian stands in front of the closed door, drained. She slowly starts to walk away. Tentatively. As if waiting for someone to follow after her. But she knows he won't. She picks up her step. He isn't following. She moves quicker to the elevator.

The doors of the elevator open. She glances back around. Still no one. She gets inside.

The elevator door closes. The hallway is empty.

The penthouse door slowly opens. Edward glances down the hallway. She really left. He can't believe it. She really left.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

The elevator door opens and Vivian emerges. Vivian stands in the lobby, looking around the room, taking it all in for one last time.

She crosses over to the main desk. Mr. Thomas emerges from the back room and sees her.

MR. THOMAS

Miss Vivian, how are you? I understand Mr. Harris is checking out today. Will you be accompanying him to New York?

VIVIAN

No. He didn't ask me.

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

Listen, I forgot to leave something with Mr. Harris. Would you give it to him? Just before he goes?

MR. THOMAS

Of course.

Vivian hands him the envelope.

VIVIAN

Thanks. Thanks for everything.

MR. THOMAS

Is there anything else? Anything I can do to help you? Would you like the limo to take you anywhere?

VIVIAN

No. There's a bus that runs up Wilshire. I can catch that. Goodbye.

MR. THOMAS

Goodbye, Miss Vivian. You're always welcome back.

Vivian smiles faintly, turns and leaves.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Edward, dressed in a suit, has finished packing his bags. He closes them tight.

He picks up his back to leave.

In the bedroom door is a full length mirror. He finds himself faced with his reflection and pauses for a moment. He takes a breath, adjusts his tie, and exits.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Edward hands his keys to the Desk Clerk at the main desk. A BELLBOY is taking his bags out to his waiting Mercedes.

EDWARD

Is everything taken care of?

CLERK

Yes sir, I believe so. Let me just check the phone bill.

He disappears into the back as Edward stands impatiently.

Mr. Thomas, on patrol through the lobby, walks up to him.

MR. THOMAS

Mr. Harris. I trust your stay has been enjoyable?

EDWARD

It's been wonderful.

MR. THOMAS

Miss Vivian, left something for me to give to you. Here.

Edward's face visibly falls as Mr. Thomas hands him the envelope. He holds it loosely in his hands as he stares at it blankly. Mr. Thomas discretely exits.

The Desk Clerk returns.

DESK CLERK

Everything is taken care of, sir.

EDWARD

Good.

He turns and quickly exits the lobby, walking through the glass doors to his waiting car.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COFFEESHOP — DAY

Though the window of the coffee shop we can see Vivian and Kate standing at the counter. Vivian is talking to one of the cooks. He nods and she stops the tape on the boom box and puts in her own.

INT. COFFEESHOP — DAY

As the sound of *Aida* fills the dingy restaraunt, Kate picks up two dishes of food and carries them off. Vivian reaches into a cup filled with silverware and pulls out a fork and knife. She follows her to the table.

KATE

I still can't believe you.

They settle down at the table.

KATE

You didn't take the money. You didn't take any of the clothes except the ones your wearing. You spend a week with a millionaire and you end up with nothing.

Vivian looks at Kate with a crooked smile.

VIVIAN

I've got my pride. It's been a long time since I've had that.

Kate, unable to comprehend, starts on her dinner.

Vivian places the fork and knife down around her plate. She stares at them thoughtfully and then switches them so the fork is to the left.

KATE

You're nuts. You're just nuts. You're never gonna make it on the street.

VIVIAN

Yeah. I think I've got to find a new line of work.

Vivian takes a bite of steak and chews.

KATE

Yeah, we'll you'd better find a new place to live, cause I'm not going to..

Kate stops. She stares at something out the window. Her eyes widen. Vivian glances around at where she is looking.

Outside, across the street, looking around aimlessly, is Edward. He doesn't have a clue where to begin, and he is just looking around, talking people at random. He looks very out of place in his business suit.

KATE

That's the guy. That's your guy.

Vivian turns her head away. Her face is white.

VIVIAN

No, it isn't. It's someone else.

KATE

No, that's your guy. He's looking for you.

VIVIAN

No, it isn't him.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - DAY

Edward stands on a street corner, feeling like a fool. A RED HEADED PROSTITUTE walks by. Edward stops her.

EDWARD

Umm... pardon me. I'm looking for someone. She's a blond woman. Pretty. Mouthy. Kind of difficult...

INT. COFFEESHOP - DAY

Vivian stares down at her food, trembling. Kate is yelling at her.

KATE

Go out there! Go! What do you want? For him to put up a billboard saying he's sorry? What are you waiting for?

Vivian glances across the street at Edward. The Prostitute he is talking to shakes her head and walks away from him.

Vivian takes a deep breath and closes her eyes.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - DAY

Edward stands looking around. The sun is out and it's hot. He wipes the sweat from his forehead. He turns to look in the other direction.

Vivian is standing there, looking him over with a snide look on her face.

VIVIAN

What? You need directions?

EDWARD

Yes, I think I'm lost again.

VIVIAN

What do I look like? A tour guide?

They each take a step forward, throw their arms around each other and kiss.

FADE OUT.