

Three Thousand

by

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FIRST DRAFT

FADE IN:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - NIGHT

It is shortly after midnight on an icy night.

An old yellow Mustang pulls alongside the curb on a sleazy section of Hollywood Boulevard. The passenger door opens and VIVIAN steps out. She quickly shuts the door and walks away from the car as if it wasn't there. Cold white breath floats from her bright red lips.

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

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

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

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

Across the street a BLACK PROSTITUTE strolls by, rubbing her shoulders against the cold. At a nearby all-night fast food stand, several DRUG DEALERS are talking and eating.

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

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

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

Vivian hurries across the street toward the Winchell's.

INT. WINCHELL'S - NIGHT

Behind the counter we see two older VIETNAMESE MEN making donuts, trying to ignore the unsavory crowd camped in the shop.

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

DRUG ADDICT

Hi, V-vvivian.

Vivian doesn't even glance at him.

VIVIAN

Hi.

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

Kit spots Vivian bearing down on her and jumps to her feet like a guilty child. Vivian looks at her, annoyed.

VIVIAN

Kit, what are you doing?

KIT

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

VIVIAN

It's not getting any warmer tomorrow night.

The OLD MAN waves at Vivian.

OLD MAN

Hi, Viv.

VIVIAN

Hi.

(to Kit)

Let's get working. We've only got a couple hours before the street clears.

Kit coughs so loud and deep that it's obvious she has emphysema.

KIT

No one's out, it's too cold. Let's get high.

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

VIVIAN

We're going to work. Come on.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - NIGHT

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

KIT

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

VIVIAN

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

KIT

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

VIVIAN

How much have you made tonight?

KIT

(hesitantly)

Twenty.

VIVIAN

One fucking date?

KIT

I haven't felt good.

VIVIAN

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

Kit's eyes water and she starts to sniffle.

VIVIAN

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

Kit wipes her eyes.

KIT

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

VIVIAN

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

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

VIVIAN

Give me the twenty.

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

VIVIAN  
You're not holding out on me?

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

Kit starts to cough again.

VIVIAN  
(softening)  
Maybe it is too cold.

They walk down the street toward the fast food stand.

KIT  
Are we going to get high?

VIVIAN  
Just be quiet for awhile.

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

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

EXT. FAST FOOD STAND - NIGHT

Vivian and Kit approach a Latino DRUG DEALER.

VIVIAN  
Where's Carlos?

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

VIVIAN  
Where's Carlos?

DRUG DEALER  
The cops got him. What you want?

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

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

He holds up a small baggie containing three rocks.

VIVIAN

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

DRUG DEALER

This is good stuff.

He shakes them from the baggie into his hand.

DRUG DEALER

I'll let you taste it. Taste it.

He offers it out. Vivian glances around, unsure, looking for another dealer. Kit comes up to Vivian's side.

KIT

Let's just get it.

The drug dealer offers it to Kit.

DRUG DEALER

Taste it, sugar.

Kit takes a rock and tastes it with her tongue.

KIT

(to Vivian)

Let's get it.

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

VIVIAN

Not that one, the big one.

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

VIVIAN

When's Carlos getting back?

DRUG DEALER

He's across the street, girl.

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

VIVIAN

You fucker! This better be good stuff.

DRUG DEALER

It's good.

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

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

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

VIVIAN  
Give me a pipe kit.

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

CLERK  
(in broken English)  
You want lighter?

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

VIVIAN  
(to Kit)  
Come on.

They exit together.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

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

VIVIAN  
We should bleach your hair.

KIT  
(coughing)  
I like my hair.

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

KIT  
(meekly)  
Okay.

Vivian puts an arm around Kit's shoulders.

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

Vivian teases Kit's hair with her fingers.

VIVIAN  
You'll like it.

KIT  
(more hopefully)  
Okay.

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

VIVIAN  
Look at that.

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

VIVIAN  
(grinning)  
There's rent.

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

The window electronically rolls down and Vivian looks inside.

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

VIVIAN  
You want a date?

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

EDWARD  
Yes, hop in.

VIVIAN  
How much you want to spend?

Edward smiles, amused for some reason.

EDWARD  
What are your rates?

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

VIVIAN  
A hundred.

EDWARD  
For the whole night?

VIVIAN  
(quickly)  
For an hour.

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

VIVIAN  
For what?

EDWARD  
Whatever.

VIVIAN  
Five hundred.

EDWARD  
That seems high.

VIVIAN  
Three hundred.

Edward is enjoying this game.

EDWARD  
Two fifty.

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

VIVIAN  
Where do you want to go?

EDWARD  
I've got a hotel room.

VIVIAN  
Okay. Wait a second.

Vivian walks over to Kit's side.

VIVIAN  
I'm going to go with him.

KIT  
How long?

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

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

KIT

Will you be home in the morning?

VIVIAN

I don't know.

KIT

What if I'm hungry?

Vivian pulls out a twenty and hands it to Kit.

VIVIAN

Don't spend more than five.

Kit nods.

KIT

Maybe he'll give me a ride?

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

VIVIAN

Can my friend have a ride home?

EDWARD

No. This isn't a taxi.

Vivian turns to Kit.

VIVIAN

Go on.

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

KIT

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

Vivian pats Kit affectionately on the shoulder.

VIVIAN

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

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

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

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

VIVIAN

Nice car. Yours?

EDWARD

It's rented.

VIVIAN

What's your name?

EDWARD

Edward. What's yours?

VIVIAN

Vivian. What motel are you at?

EDWARD

The Beverly Wilshire.

VIVIAN

Where's that?

EDWARD

Beverly Hills.

VIVIAN

Nice place?

Edward smiles to himself.

EDWARD

It's all right.

VIVIAN

You from out of town?

EDWARD

New York.

VIVIAN

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

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

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

EDWARD

Business.

VIVIAN

What kind of business?

EDWARD

(glancing at her sideways)  
My, you talk a lot.

Vivian, squelched, takes a drag from her cigarette.

VIVIAN  
Just being friendly.

Edward doesn't say anything.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - NIGHT

The Mercedes glides through the streets of Beverly Hills.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

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

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

VIVIAN  
Why?

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

VIVIAN  
They don't like hookers?

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

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

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

VIVIAN  
...off the Boulevard?

EDWARD  
Exactly.

EXT. BEVERLY/WILSHIRE HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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



INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

EDWARD

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

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

EDWARD

Nice view?

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

EDWARD

I've impressed you?

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

VIVIAN

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

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

EDWARD

Very good.

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

VIVIAN

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

EDWARD

Why not?

VIVIAN

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

EDWARD

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

Edward loosens his tie.

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

Lost?

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

And fell in love.

EDWARD

Or a close approximation.

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

EDWARD

That should be the champagne.

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

VIVIAN

Eh, sit! I'll get it.

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

WAITER

Where would you like it?

VIVIAN

Down there, I guess.

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

EDWARD

That'll be fine.

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

VIVIAN  
(annoyed)  
What are you looking at?

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

EDWARD  
I think he wanted you to tip him.

VIVIAN  
For one bottle?

EDWARD  
I quite agree.

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

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

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

EDWARD  
Both. 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  
My wife divorced me and is in Europe I  
believe. My girlfriend is in New York.  
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 my liver rotted away.  
I can't have any alcohol.

VIVIAN

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

Vivian takes a sip from the glass.

EDWARD

No. I just like the smell. Fond memories.  
How do you like it?

VIVIAN

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

EDWARD

No. Not tobacco or otherwise.

VIVIAN

It was the otherwise I wanted.

EDWARD

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

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

EDWARD

Better?

VIVIAN

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

Edward's face sours.

EDWARD

I don't know. Just being difficult.

Vivian takes another sip and smiles wickedly.

VIVIAN

She wants a new mink.

Edward isn't sure if he finds that funny.

EDWARD

My but we do like to talk.

Vivian shrugs.

VIVIAN

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

She takes another sip from her glass. Edward turns from her and walks to the windows. He looks out into the city.

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

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

EDWARD

Have some more champagne.

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

VIVIAN

I don't like it much.

EDWARD

A bit more. Here.

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

EDWARD

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

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

VIVIAN

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

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

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

So?

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN  
You like to talk too.

Edward smiles.

EDWARD  
Yes. I guess I do.

Vivian glances around the room.

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

EDWARD  
How about the bedroom?

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

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

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

EDWARD

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

Vivian pulls off her blouse and skirt.

VIVIAN

That means you want the blow job first.

Edward smiles, somewhat embarrassed by her bluntness.

EDWARD

Does it?

VIVIAN

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

EDWARD

Seems like a good precaution.

VIVIAN

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

(beat)

Anything's negotiable if the price is right. I love money.

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

Edward sits on the bed and watches her, fascinated.

EDWARD

What are you doing?

VIVIAN

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

EDWARD

You could hang them in the closet.

VIVIAN

This is fine. 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 I had you for 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 covers. He releases her and settles in beside her. He runs a finger across her thighs.

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

VIVIAN

That tickles.

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

VIVIAN

(firmly)

That tickles. I don't like it.

EDWARD

Sorry. What do you like?

VIVIAN

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

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

VIVIAN

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

Edward laughs. Vivian undoes his pants.

EDWARD

I'm an incurable romantic.

VIVIAN

Yeah. Well, you were cruising the wrong boulevard for romance.

(beat)

But if you want a good fuck, you found the best. Just lay down and let me drive.

Vivian 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 full on the lips. Edward wraps his arms around her.

They make love.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

She turns off the light.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

EDWARD

What are you doing?

VIVIAN

Getting my clothes.

EDWARD

I thought we had all night.

VIVIAN

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

EDWARD

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

Vivian sighs.

VIVIAN

Why do you want to sleep with me?

EDWARD

I don't like to sleep alone.

VIVIAN  
Your girlfriend fucking spoils you.

EDWARD  
She does.

Vivian stands up and walks over to the bed.

VIVIAN  
Alright. Move over, Romeo.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

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

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, if you really miss me then take a plane and get out here.

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.

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

EDWARD

(becoming angry)

You promised me when you started this whole modeling thing that I would still come first. Now I'm telling you to get out here. Today.

(beat)

Cindy!

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

EDWARD

Spoiled bitch.

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

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

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

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

EDWARD

(loudly)

You're quite a sleeper.

Vivian stirs roughly.

EDWARD

Good morning. Would you like some breakfast?

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

VIVIAN

I forgot where I was.

EDWARD

That must be an occupational hazard.

VIVIAN

This is a nice bed. It's so soft. I sleep'd 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

A hair of the dog.

He deftly pops the cork.

VIVIAN

No. I'll get sick.

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

EDWARD

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

Vivian reluctantly takes the glass.

VIVIAN

I don't like orange juice either.

EDWARD

Don't you like anything?

Vivian swallows some orange juice.

VIVIAN

White rocks. Hot baths.

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

I saw it. But I have to go.

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

EDWARD

I wanted to talk to you about that.

VIVIAN

What is this stuff?

She eats a forkful.

EDWARD

Crepes.

VIVIAN

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

She takes another sip.

EDWARD

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

Vivian is wolfing down her food hungrily.

VIVIAN

(her mouth full)

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

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

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

VIVIAN  
Well, seven full nights and days too?

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

VIVIAN  
Two thousand.

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

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

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

EDWARD  
I'm sure you did, but seven nights of steady work. Shouldn't I get a discount or something? How about fifteen hundred?

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

Edward smiles broadly at that. Vivian notices.

VIVIAN  
Or more!

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

VIVIAN  
(firmly)  
Two thousand.

Edward pours himself some more orange juice.

EDWARD

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

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

VIVIAN

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

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

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

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

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

Edward smiles.

EDWARD

I wish my lawyer was that honest. I wouldn't even risk this, except I feel like you're 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. 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

(shrugs)

Then I'll have to call Room Service and get another girl.

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

VIVIAN

Alright. A week. But I want three thousand.

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

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

It's a deal.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

VIVIAN

Three thousand! Three thousand fucking dollars!

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 trying to get his tie tied.

EDWARD

Happy, huh?

VIVIAN

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

(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 is still struggling with his tie.

EDWARD

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

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

VIVIAN

Let me see.

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

VIVIAN

How does this go?

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

EDWARD

Forget it. You're killing my back.

VIVIAN

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

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

VIVIAN

There.

Edward straightens up and glances in the mirror.

EDWARD

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

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

EDWARD

Here. Buy some nice clothes on Rodeo Drive. A few dresses, 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, babe. It's like *Dynasty* or something. It's a gas. He's leaving next Friday. I'll be back then.

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

KIT (O.S.)

But Viv, I don't have any money. What will I do till you get back?

VIVIAN

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

KIT (O.S.)

(softly)

Okay.

VIVIAN

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

KIT (O.S.)

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

VIVIAN

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

KIT (O.S.)

Okay.

VIVIAN

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

KIT (O.S.)

Okay.

VIVIAN

'Bye, baby.

KIT

'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 altogether respectable either.

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

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

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

VIVIAN

(cheerfully)

Hi.

OPERATOR

Hello. Lobby?

VIVIAN

Yeah.

The elevator starts down.

VIVIAN

I'm going to be staying here for awhile.

The Operator nods.

OPERATOR

Excellent.

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

VIVIAN

I'll be back.

The Operator nods as she steps into the lobby.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

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

Their stares make her feel uneasy by the time she reaches the front door. She hurries outside.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

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

She crosses the street and heads up Rodeo Drive.

EXT. RODEO DRIVE - DAY

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

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

INT. BOUTIQUE - DAY

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

SALESWOMAN

(with a Beverly Hills sneer)

Can I help you?

VIVIAN

I'm just looking.

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

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

SALESWOMAN

Are you looking for something in particular?

VIVIAN

I need some new clothes.

SALESWOMAN

(sarcastically)

Yes.

Vivian eyes the Saleswoman suspiciously. She's beginning to get the drift. She points 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 fucking money here!  
What's with you?

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

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

MR. THOMAS

What's 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 innocently. With a smooth gesture Mr. Thomas waves the Operator over.

MR. THOMAS

Do you know this young lady?

The Operator nods.

OPERATOR

She's with Mr. Harris.

MR. THOMAS

(surprised)

Mr. Harris?

OPERATOR

She joined him last night. Apparently.

VIVIAN

(voice quaking)

I just want to go back to my room.

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 ours. A very special customer: Mr. Harris. Yes, the Long Island Harrises. His niece is... from out of town. You know. And she needs a little help dressing. Maybe you could help her pick something. Thank you very much. She'll be right over.

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

MR. THOMAS

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

Vivian stands up. She's calmer now.

VIVIAN

Thanks.

MR. THOMAS

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

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

INT. SAK'S / 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's 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

Iowa.

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

BRIDGET

You look lovely.

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

BRIDGET

Do you have any shoes for it?

Vivian shakes her head. Bridget leads her off.

BRIDGET

Come, come.

INT. SAKS - DAY

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

BRIDGET

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

Vivian glances at her nails; they are a hideous shade of deep red.

BRIDGET

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

EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD. - DAY

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

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

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

She 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. Blood flows back to her skin. Vivian flashes a trademark Beverly Hills bitch sneer.

VIVIAN

Why not?

EXT. RODEO DRIVE - DAY

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

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

INT. BOUTIQUE #3 - DAY

Vivian is in a dressing stall, tossing a dress outside to a NERVOUS SALESWOMAN.

VIVIAN

Nope.

ANOTHER NERVOUS SALESWOMAN 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.

INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - DAY

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

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

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

OPERATOR

Floor, ma'am?

VIVIAN

(smoothly)

Penthouse.

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

VIVIAN

Hi again. Like my new dress?

OPERATOR

It's... lovely.

VIVIAN  
Mr. Thomas picked it out for me.

OPERATOR  
Oh... ?

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

VIVIAN  
'Bye.

The Operator watches her go.

INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM - SUNSET

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

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - EVENING

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

EDWARD  
Any messages?

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 deftly 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's eyes meet. They are engaging in some sort of subtle power struggle. A struggle that Edward intends to win.

EDWARD

I don't have a niece.

MR. THOMAS

Ah, my mistake.

EDWARD

That pretty young girl in my room is a prostitute.

Mr. Thomas can't think how to respond.

EDWARD

Do you have a problem with that?

MR. THOMAS

(softly)

No, sir. Have a good evening.

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

EDWARD

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

INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

VIVIAN

Do you like it?

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

EDWARD

It's lovely.

Vivian sighs with relief.

VIVIAN

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

EDWARD

Yes. I like it.

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

VIVIAN

Here, let me help you.

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

VIVIAN

Socks too?

EDWARD

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

(pause)

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 bundle for this room and I expect to be treated with respect. That includes you. If anyone hassles you, or makes you feel uncomfortable, you tell me. I'll see that they're fired promptly. That includes Mr. Thomas. Understand?

VIVIAN

(happily)

Yeah.

EDWARD

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

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

EDWARD

Now, it looks like you did some shopping..

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

VIVIAN

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

EDWARD

Only three dresses?

VIVIAN

Well, I didn't figure I'd be going out a lot. And clothes are so expensive around here. 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 could teach Cindy a lesson in saving money.

VIVIAN

(eagerly)

You want to see what I bought?

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

EDWARD

Yes, I'd love to.

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

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

EDWARD

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.

She holds up the white teddy.

VIVIAN

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

EDWARD

Yes.

The front door chimes.

EDWARD

That's Room Service.

VIVIAN

(joking)

Maybe I should answer it in my teddy. Give him a thrill?

EDWARD

Let's not.

VIVIAN

(embarrassed)

No. I wasn't going to. I was just kidding.

Vivian pulls on the mint green dress. She zips 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 down the stairs. He sets it down and returns to the door. Without getting up from the chair, Edward hands him a five dollar bill as he passes.

After he has exited, Vivian shuts the door.

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

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

EDWARD

Cheers.

They clink their glasses together. Vivian takes a long swallow of champagne.

VIVIAN

I'm starting to like this stuff. Let me show you the yellow one.

She returns to her clothes and puts it on. It has a conservative, almost businesslike look to it.

VIVIAN

Like it?

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

EDWARD

I like it. I'm pleased.

VIVIAN

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

EDWARD

The good stuff?

VIVIAN

(between champagne sips)

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

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

VIVIAN

Why don't you relax while I show you?

Edward sits down.

MONTAGE OF VIVIAN'S OUTFITS

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

She slides up to him in a sexy long white lace and silk nightgown. She does a turn so he can see it. He smiles. Vivian tosses the nightgown into his lap as she tries on something else.

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

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

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

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

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

VIVIAN

Did I do good?

Edward rolls her into the covers.

EDWARD

Yes.

He takes off his coat and shirt.

VIVIAN

I got most of it at this great sale. A lot of it'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

You did very well.

VIVIAN

(a little worried)

Are you going to let me keep it all?

EDWARD

Yes. It's yours.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

VIVIAN

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

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

What's it for?

EDWARD

I'm acquiring a company.

VIVIAN

What kind of company?

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

Why would you want it?

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

EDWARD

Are you really curious?

VIVIAN

Yeah.

EDWARD

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, pension funds. Things that can be liquidated to generate cash. You understand?

VIVIAN

What are pension funds?

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

(thinking hard)

If it's worth that much money, why doesn't somebody else try to buy it?

EDWARD

Try is the key word there. People have tried. But not everyone has a hundred million to toy around with like this. 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'll 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!

EDWARD

(smiling)

Yes.

VIVIAN

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

EDWARD

No. It's been passed down through the family. But I've doubled it in the last eight years. These are good days for making money.

VIVIAN

That's great.

Edward shrugs.

EDWARD

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

VIVIAN

There you go.

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

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

They kiss.

EDWARD

I'll see you this evening.

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

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

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. I just can't conceal it any longer. We might hide it under another name for a week or two, but we could get into trouble later.

EDWARD

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Vivian is on the phone.

VIVIAN

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

EXT. HELIPORT ON TOP OF SKYSCRAPER - DAY

Edward and Vance come out of a doorway on to 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 propellers.

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

VANCE

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

JAKE

It's a pleasure, Mr. Harris.

EDWARD

Good to meet you.

They all climb into the helicopter. It takes off.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

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

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

INT. LOBBY - DAY

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

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

VIVIAN

Hi. How are you?

Mr. Thomas looks at her uncomfortably.

MR. THOMAS

Fine. Hello.

VIVIAN

How do you like my dress? Better? Hey?

MR. THOMAS

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

VIVIAN

Thanks. See ya.

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

INT. DRY GOODS STORE - DAY

Vivian buys a pack of cigarettes.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

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

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

VIVIAN

How the fuck am I going to last a week?

EXT. PORT OF LOS ANGELES - DAY

A helicopter flies over the port.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

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

JAKE

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

Edward points toward one of the edges of the shipyard.

EDWARD

What's that long building over there?

JAKE

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

EDWARD

(cutting him off)

You what?

JAKE

(tentatively)

I talked to some developers about the land.

EDWARD

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

JAKE

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

Edward glares at Vance.

EDWARD

Where did you dig this moron up?

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 damned pension funds. I've found the angle. We can bleed them dry.

EDWARD

Yeah, 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. Where are we at?

WILLIAM

The Board knows we're after them. A call came down from Kross. He wants to talk to you alone.

EDWARD

(laughing)

About what?

WILLIAM

Your intentions.

EDWARD

Alright.

WILLIAM

I don't think you should.

EDWARD

I wouldn't miss it for the world.

WILLIAM

I'll have to be present when you talk.

EDWARD

No. Everyone knows you're my muscle. If the three of us sit down together then we might as well announce it in the *Wall Street Journal*. I'll meet him in public for dinner. Less suspicious. Tonight, if you can arrange it.

WILLIAM

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

EDWARD

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

WILLIAM

That might do. You brought Cindy along?

EDWARD

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

WILLIAM

Alright. I'll set it up.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

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

Finally she picks it up.

VIVIAN

Hello?

EDWARD (O.S.)

(firmly)

Don't ever pick up the phone. Ever.

VIVIAN

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

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

Yes.

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

'Bye.

Vivian slowly sets the phone down.

INT. DRESSING ROOM AT SAKS - DAY

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

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

BRIDGET

There we go. Take a breath.

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

BRIDGET

Your uncle will like this.

A sheepish look spreads across Vivian's face.

VIVIAN

He's not really my uncle.

Bridget shrugs.

BRIDGET

They never are.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

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

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

VIVIAN

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

KROSS (O.S.)

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

Sitting next to Vivian is JAMES KROSS, in his early 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. If you do get it, and if what I've been told about you is true, you'll liquidate it.

(pause)

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

As Kross talks, the WAITER comes by and checks their salads. Edward 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

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

EDWARD

I don't understand you.

KROSS

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

EDWARD

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

The Waiter returns with 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 barely keep it going for a couple more years before you've completely drained it. It's a waste of capital to keep it running when it isn't going anywhere.

A MAITRE D' comes up and stands politely next to Edward. Edward pauses and glances at him.

EDWARD

Yes?

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

EDWARD

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

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

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

KROSS

Your boyfriend's a real sharpie, little girl. A real shark. That's the kind of man 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. We lost our way. Listened to too many Harvard fags telling us how to maximize profits. And now men like your boyfriend, they survive by feeding off our decay. They make themselves rich by sucking the money out of our shipyards. Blind to the future. They're destroying everything we built.

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

KROSS

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

He is finished. Vivian stares at him, frozen.

Edward returns to the table.

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, I won't hold it against you. Just tell me that you've changed your mind and I'll forget about this conversation.

KROSS

What are you rambling about?

EDWARD

If you change your mind. Come to me. My door will be open.

KROSS

I'm never going to speak to you. 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. PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vivian's face is pensive and thoughtful 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. It's perfect. Kross is the only thing in our way and he's ready to cave in. Lots of big talk, but one push and he's over the edge. I could see it in his eyes.

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

EDWARD

Well, that's your job.

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

EDWARD

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

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

EDWARD

(holding his hand over  
the phone receiver)

Are those real?

Vivian shakes her head "no." Edward smiles.

EDWARD

They look lovely.

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

EDWARD

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

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

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

(weakly)

No.

EDWARD

You are, you know. Very beautiful.

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

EDWARD

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

Vivian turns away from him and quickly downs her champagne.

EDWARD

Easy, doll. You're supposed to sip it.

Vivian crosses to the bottle on the table.

VIVIAN

(coolly)

I thought you liked me when I was drunk.

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

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

No.

EDWARD

Then kiss me again.

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

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

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

EDWARD

Why are you in such a hurry?

Vivian says nothing, her eyes are on the floor.

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

(softly)

No.

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

You're very... handsome.

EDWARD

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

Vivian pulls away and turns her back on him.

VIVIAN

(firmly)

Not with customers.

EDWARD

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

Vivian stands silently for a moment.

VIVIAN

(softly)

...yes.

EDWARD

I can't hear you.

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

VIVIAN

Yes!

EDWARD

Why are you crying?

Vivian says nothing. Edward shakes her gently.

EDWARD

Answer me.

VIVIAN

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

EDWARD

(gently)

Tell me why you're crying.

VIVIAN

Leave me alone!

(desperately)

What do you want from me?!

EDWARD

My money's worth.

Another tear slides from Vivian's eyes.

VIVIAN

I've given it to you.

EDWARD

No you haven't. I thought I had you for a week, but you're keeping something from me. It's hidden back there in a dark corner of your eyes. In the shadows. And every time I see you keeping it from me it makes me want you more and more. Why are you so determined to hold back?. Let me have it. Let me see it in your eyes for a few days. It's only for a week. Is that so much to ask?

Edward gently takes her into his arms.

VIVIAN

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

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

EDWARD

Do you want me to make love to you?

Vivian looks into his eyes.

VIVIAN

...yes...

EDWARD

There. That's all I wanted.

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

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

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

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

EDWARD

What are you doing?

VIVIAN

Just sitt'n.

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

I've got a little headache.

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

Yes.

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

EDWARD

Hmmm. Cindy always ties it so that the emblem is right in the center of the knot.

VIVIAN

Oh.

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

EDWARD

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

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

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

(hopefully)  
I'd like that.

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

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

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

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

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

VIVIAN

(cheerfully)  
Hi.

MR. THOMAS

Miss Vivian.

VIVIAN

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

MR. THOMAS  
(honestly concerned)

How?

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

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

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

Mr. Thomas looks around the lobby uncomfortably.

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

VIVIAN  
No, you got to show me the whole thing. The whole dinner thing. From the top. You got me 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. 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 leer at this girl I have for the week.

WILLIAM

Is this the tramp whose honor you defended from Kross? You think she'll make me stiff?

EDWARD

William, you have the class of a pubescent. In answer: yes and yes.

INT. ELEGANT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

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

EDWARD

(to Vivian)

Tell Bill what you said to me, that first night.

(to William)

It was something like "if you're looking for romance you were cruising down the wrong street. But if you want to fuck, you've found the best..."

(to Vivian)

Was that how it went?

VIVIAN

(uncomfortably)

Yeah, I think so.

William stares at Vivian fixedly.

WILLIAM

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

Vivian shakes her head no.

WILLIAM

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

VIVIAN

No.

WILLIAM

Oh.

(to Edward)

I thought that's where you got your girls?

EDWARD

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

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

WILLIAM

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

EDWARD

What do I need discretion for? I'm divorced. And I don't need a girl who speaks French better than I do. Vivian has been an absolute doll. I had to buy her a few things so that she'd be presentable, but I'm still going to save money in the long run.

William shakes his head. He glances over at Vivian.

WILLIAM

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

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

EDWARD

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

WILLIAM

(irritated)

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

Edward leans over to William.

EDWARD

She's a real tiger in bed.

WILLIAM

(eying her)

I'll bet she is.

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

EDWARD

(amused)

What are you thinking about, Bill?

WILLIAM  
(looking away)  
Nothing.

EDWARD  
You interested? I don't mind.

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

EDWARD  
I can read you like a freeway sign.

WILLIAM  
(tensely)  
I'm not interested.

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

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

Edward leans back in his chair and smiles smugly.

EDWARD  
North American Steel.

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

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

EDWARD  
Why not?

Vivian stares at Edward expressionlessly.

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

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

Edward follows after her.

EDWARD

My, you're quiet. 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 fucking asshole. I can't believe what a shit you are!

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

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

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

EDWARD

Alright. Just calm down.

VIVIAN

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

EDWARD

I appreciate your self control.

VIVIAN

I've fucking beat the shit out of street pimps. I could beat the shit out of you! I almost started screaming in the restaurant I was so mad. I would have punched you in the face and walked out of there, but... but...

Vivian's voice cools to an icy calm.

VIVIAN

...I wanted my money.

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

(exploding)

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

EDWARD

(firmly)

Lower your voice.

VIVIAN

Give me my money.

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

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

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

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

I've fucked stinking old men 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.

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

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

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

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

EDWARD

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

Vivian jumps to her feet.

VIVIAN

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

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

EDWARD

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

Vivian doesn't say anything.

EDWARD

Do you want me to call a cab?

Vivian is still silent.

EDWARD

Do you?

VIVIAN

I don't know.

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

(bitterly)

Fuck off.

EDWARD

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

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

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

Edward appears at the doorway. His face is genuinely concerned. Vivian sobs in fits, gasping for air.

EDWARD

(tenderly)

I'm sorry. I really am sorry.

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

VIVIAN

You ...

(barely audible)

...hurt me.

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

INT. BATHTUB - NIGHT

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

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

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

EDWARD

(exaggerating his  
Harvard accent)

Because I was a boor, a clod, an oaf, a cretin, a dunce, a putz, a shmuck...

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

EDWARD

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

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

EDWARD

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

Vivian smiles.

VIVIAN

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

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

What?

EDWARD

I'm going to take you to the opera.

EXT. FANCY CLOTHING STORE ON RODEO DRIVE - DAY

Edward 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 modeling the red dress. She looks beautiful. Her face is aglow with pleasure as she admires herself in the mirror. The Saleswoman checks the fit.

SALESWOMAN

It'll need a couple of alterations in the bust. We can do them here.

EDWARD

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

The Saleswoman purrs in Vivian's ear.

SALESWOMAN

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

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

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

EDWARD

(to the phone)

Bill, Bill, stop panicking. I'll read the contracts on the plane. Just have the brokerage arrange the flights for me. Kross isn't going anywhere. I don't need to watch the stocks 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. We're only going to rent it for a few days, so we might as well get something really special.

SALESMAN

I have just the thing.

He exits into the 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

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

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.

SALESMAN

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

Edward glances sideways at the Salesman.

EDWARD

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

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 in her ear.

EDWARD

Feel like Cinderella yet?

Vivian nods happily.

INT. BROKERAGE - NIGHT

Edward, dashing in his tuxedo, escorts Vivian by the hand down a long hallway as William trails after. Vivian, balancing on high heels, is having trouble keeping up with him on the slippery marble floors.

WILLIAM

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

EDWARD

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

WILLIAM

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

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

EDWARD

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

WILLIAM

Okay, okay. I got it.

Edward slaps William on the shoulder and drags Vivian off.

WILLIAM

Enjoy the opera! Read the contracts!

EXT. HELIPORT - DAY

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

Once they are inside, the helicopter takes off.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

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

VIVIAN

It's like a dream.

Edward smiles absently as he reads through some papers.

EXT. HELIPORT AT BURBANK AIRPORT - DAY

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

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

PILOT  
Mr. Harris?

EDWARD  
Yes.

PILOT  
Your plane is ready to go, sir.

EXT. HELIPORT AT BURBANK AIRPORT - DAY

A small corporate jet takes off down the landing strip.

INT. JET - DAY

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

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

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

VIVIAN  
I can fix it.

EDWARD  
Good, now be quiet while I read these.

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

Edward, grinning, pushes her away gently.

EDWARD  
Go away.

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

EDWARD  
What are you doing?

Vivian gives Edward her finest come-hither look.

VIVIAN  
Being quiet.

Edward sets down his papers.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - SUNSET

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

INT. JET - 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 studies a contract. Without glancing up he speaks to her.

EDWARD

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

Vivian reaches down and picks up her red dress.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

EDWARD

Some people say that opera is 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. It'll be interesting to see how you react.

VIVIAN

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

EDWARD

So am I.

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.

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

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

VIVIAN

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

EDWARD

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

The orchestra begins.

MONTAGE OF OPERA

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

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

EDWARD

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

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

EDWARD

Here he tells 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. Vivian is slightly swaying as if weak. Edward has a firm arm around her shoulder.

EDWARD

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

VIVIAN

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

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

EDWARD

You liked the opera, didn't you?

Vivian nods.

VIVIAN

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

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

VIVIAN

I'm okay now.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

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

EDWARD

You're such an emotional little creature.

VIVIAN  
 (defensively)  
 It was sad.

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

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

EDWARD  
 You've been crying for an hour.

Vivian wipes her eyes.

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

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

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

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

VIVIAN  
 Yeah.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Edward is sound asleep. Vivian 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

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

EDWARD

Sure. Let me call --

He pulls himself up with difficulty.

VIVIAN

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

Edward lies back down.

EDWARD

(sleepily)

Okay. Order whatever you want.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

She hums a tune from the opera.

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

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

EDWARD

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

INT. BROKERAGE HOUSE - MORNING

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

WILLIAM

(on the phone)

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

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

WILLIAM

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Edward is sipping orange juice.

EDWARD

You're such a sneaky fucker.

WILLIAM

The guy's pathetic. All you have to do is take him by the hand and bring him over. If we could just get him to tell us the story on the Navy repair commitments it would be worth it.

Edward glances at his watch.

EDWARD

Alright. Tell him ten-thirty.

WILLIAM

He'll be there.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Vivian is passed out 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. BEDROOM - DAY

Vivian, wearing her yellow dress, does Edward's tie for him.

EDWARD

You sure you don't mind? I wouldn't want you to get mad at me again.

VIVIAN

No, it's okay. I didn't mean it. I like tying it.

She finishes. Edward checks it in the mirror.

EDWARD

Pattern in the center. Perfect. That's lovely.

He gives her a peck on the cheek. We hear the doorbell ring from the living room.

EDWARD

Well, here we go.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Vivian stands near the bedroom as Edward opens the front door. Mr. Kross slowly enters. He looks old and tired. They shake hands and Edward closes the door behind him.

EDWARD

Mr. Kross.

KROSS

Mr. Harris.

Edward leads him down the stairs.

EDWARD

Have a seat.

KROSS

I can't stay very long.

Kross notices Vivian standing across the room. He seems surprised to see her. Surprised and bothered. He nods to her.

KROSS

Young lady.

VIVIAN

Hi.

The 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. And since you do own a fair block of shares...

KROSS

...It's in my best interest to cooperate.

EDWARD

We might even be able to strike a special deal with you on your shares.

Kross looks at Edward with a weak smile.

KROSS

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

Why'd you run off?

Vivian stares at her feet.

VIVIAN

Just... no reason.

EDWARD

Very well. I'm going to be gone all day. I don't think I'll be back in time for dinner so go ahead and eat. Alright?

Vivian looks up at Edward.

VIVIAN

What did you do to him?

EDWARD

What do you mean?

VIVIAN

Why is he afraid of you? What did you do to him?

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

EDWARD

I don't think you need to worry about things like that.

VIVIAN

(almost to herself)

Last time I saw him he was so strong. Now he's so scared.

EDWARD

(firmly)

The man made a business decision. That's all. I make business decisions; you make business decisions. Nobody does anything unless it's in their own best interest.

Vivian stares at her feet and says nothing. Edward watches her. He turns and leaves.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Edward crosses the living room to Kross.

EDWARD

Everything's fine. Let's go.

EXT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - DAY

It's a cold cloudy day. Vivian stands in front of the hotel in her mink coat, smoking a cigarette. She watches the cars passing by, thinking.

An old yellow Mustang passes. She takes a last drag and tosses her cigarette butt into the gutter.

She turns and goes back into the hotel.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Vivian walks up to the front desk and addresses the DESK CLERK.

VIVIAN

Is there a phone I can use? I want to call a cab.

DESK CLERK

You may use this phone.

He pulls a phone from under the desk. Mr. Thomas enters from the back door. He smiles at Vivian.

MR. THOMAS

Miss Vivian.

VIVIAN

Hi. What's the number of a cab company?

MR. THOMAS

Where are you going?

VIVIAN

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

MR. THOMAS

Why don't you use one of the hotel's limousines?

VIVIAN

Limo?

MR. THOMAS

Of course. A small perk for the guests in our better rooms.

Vivian thinks about that for a moment. She kind of likes the idea, but it also makes her nervous.

VIVIAN

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, enjoying the ride. There is a phone and a tiny television set and a small stereo system. She examines each carefully and plays with the knobs.

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, fur and all.

LIMO DRIVER  
Are you sure this is the right place, ma'am?

VIVIAN  
Yeah.

LIMO DRIVER  
Maybe I should go with you. This doesn't  
look like a good place for a lady to be  
alone.

Vivian is suddenly aware of how much her appearance has changed. She draws the fur around herself a little nervously.

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 white fur traverse the grimy dark carpeted hallways. Cockroaches scurry along the edges of the walls.

Vivian reaches the door to her apartment. She turns the knob. It opens.

INT. VIVIAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Vivian's apartment is small and claustrophobic. The walls are a dingy faded yellow and plaster is falling from the ceiling. There are a couple of worn-out overstuffed chairs and a bookcase piled with everything but books. The majority of the room is given over to a large bed that is folded out of a couch. A large mangy pile of old blankets and pillows cover it.

As Vivian enters from the hallway she whispers.

VIVIAN

Kit? Kit? You here?

She blinks into the dim room and waits for an answer. There is none. It is clear from Vivian's face that she is glad no one is home. She closes the door behind her.

She moves to a small wooden box on the bookshelf and opens it. Inside is various drug paraphernalia, but no drugs. She closes it, annoyed.

KIT

Viv?

Startled, Vivian spins and sees Kit staring at her from under the blankets on the bed. Her face is pale and ghostly. Her voice is hoarse.

VIVIAN

Jesus, you scared me. I didn't see you under there. Why didn't you answer me?

KIT

I was waking up. I'm not feeling too good.

VIVIAN

You never feel good.

KIT

That's a pretty coat. Did your date give you that coat?

VIVIAN

No, it's just rented.

KIT

Those are pretty shoes.

VIVIAN

Yeah. Well, I can't stay very long. I got to go back.

KIT

You aren't home yet?

VIVIAN

No, not till tomorrow. I just wanted some rock. Is there any?

KIT

No. I smoked it all. But we could go get some if you have money.

Kit sits up. She wears a sleeveless undershirt that exposes her unhealthily thin and pale arms. Vivian stares at her unhappily.

VIVIAN

Fuck, you look like hell. Haven't you been eating?

KIT

I didn't have any money.

VIVIAN

You have to work, babe. Besides, there's food in the kitchen.

Kit coughs hard.

KIT

I didn't feel like it. I just haven't been hungry.

VIVIAN

You have to eat. No wonder you don't feel good. Goddamn it.

Vivian stands restlessly, overcome with both guilt and revulsion.

VIVIAN

You're such a fucking baby.

She pulls off her coat and flings it onto a chair. She marches into the kitchen alcove.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Vivian's kitchen is piled with dirty dishes, old open cans and various food boxes. Vivian pours a can of chicken soup into a small saucepan on a tiny electric skillet.

KIT (O.S.)

What you doing, Viv?

VIVIAN

I'm making you some soup, dammit. You have to eat. You want onions in it?

KIT (O.S.)

I'd like that.

Vivian gets a small white onion from the refrigerator and chops it with a large butcher knife. She throws the onion into the soup.

INT. VIVIAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Vivian comes out carrying a bowl of hot soup with a spoon in it. As she stands in front of Kit for a moment we almost get the impression that she might throw it at her. Instead, she sets it down roughly on the bed.

Kit starts to sip the soup. Vivian paces around the room restlessly. She moves to the window and opens it.

VIVIAN

God it stinks in here. Why didn't you open the window?

KIT

It's cold.

Kit sips the soup.

KIT

This is good. I feel better already.

VIVIAN

I'm not your fucking mother.

KIT

I'm sorry. I've just felt lonely. You want to go get some rock?

VIVIAN

No, I got to go. I've got a car waiting for me. I shouldn't smoke anyway while I'm working.

KIT

You sure look pretty. That guy must be treating you real good. Is he nice?

VIVIAN

He's alright.

KIT

He must like you a lot to want you around for so long. He sure must like you.

VIVIAN

Yeah... well, he likes to fuck me.

KIT

He buys you nice things.

VIVIAN

Yeah.

Kit coughs again.

KIT

Maybe you should stay with him, Viv.

VIVIAN

(nervously)

What are you, nuts? The guy's rich. Don't you know anything? He can have any girl he wants. He has a high class fuck in New York. Rich guys don't go for street girls.

KIT

Why'd he pick you up?

VIVIAN

It was a mistake.

(softly)

He was lost. He just wants me till tomorrow.

KIT

Maybe he'll ask you to stay with him.

Vivian doesn't like to think about that. She turns away.

VIVIAN

No.

KIT

Don't worry about me, Viv. I'll be okay. I can always get by. You should stay with him. You look so pretty. I bet if you asked him he'd want to keep you.

VIVIAN

God are you stupid. He's just a date.  
That's all.

(beat)

I got to go.

She grabs her coat and puts it on. She walks to the door and stands for a moment, uncomfortable, guilty. She pulls some money out of her coat pocket.

VIVIAN

Here's twenty. Hell, forty. Don't spend it all on rock. Get some food tonight, okay? You're gonna get sick if you don't keep eating.

(beat)

I... don't know exactly what time I'll be back tomorrow, so don't wait for me or anything.

She sets two twenty dollar bills on the bookcase. Kit and Vivian stare at each other silently for a moment. In Vivian's hand is the rest of her money. She looks down at it.

VIVIAN

Yeah. And... I'm gonna stash some of this here. I got it the first night with him.

She opens an empty jar of cold cream and stashes most of the money inside.

VIVIAN

Don't you touch that money... I'll count it when I get back...

Vivian walks to the door and hesitates again. Kit looks at her sadly.

KIT

You're not coming back, are you?

Vivian tries to say something but chokes on the words. She takes a deep breath.

VIVIAN

I'll be back, babe.

(pause)

You know what? When I get back we'll go to Disneyland. Take a bus. Would you like that? I'll have lots of money.

KIT

That would be fun.

VIVIAN

We'll go on that Space Mountain ride. You like that?

KIT

I like Small World with all the dolls and the little boats.

VIVIAN

We'll go on everything. It'll be fun.

Vivian opens the door and steps outside.

KIT

I think you should stay with him, Viv.

Vivian grits her teeth.

VIVIAN

You're so fucking stupid! Just shut up!  
I'll be back tomorrow.

She exits and closes the door behind her.

EXT. VIVIAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Vivian comes quickly out of the apartment building and heads for the limo. The Driver opens the door for her.

LIMO DRIVER

I was getting worried.

VIVIAN

I'm fine. Just take me back.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Vivian sits in the back of the limo. She is calmer now. She leans back in her seat and wraps the fur tightly around herself.

INT. BROKERAGE HOUSE - DAY

Edward and William stand in front of a conference table staring at a large flowchart of their acquisition and liquidation of Kross Enterprises.

WILLIAM

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

EDWARD

You really think we can scam all the pension funds off on P.B.G.?

WILLIAM

Hey, '78 was a great year.

He starts to roll up the charts.

WILLIAM

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

EDWARD

(smugly)

North American Steel.

WILLIAM

You're dreaming.

Jake comes into the room.

JAKE

Your helicopter's ready, Mr. Harris.

WILLIAM

(glancing sideways at Edward)

Helicopter? Going to the opera again?

EDWARD

I just want another look at the shipyards. Before I go back to New York.

WILLIAM

You're such a sentimental softy.

EDWARD

Why don't you come with me?

WILLIAM

No. I want to finish that chemical bid so you can take it back to New York.

EDWARD

You can always FedEx it later.

WILLIAM

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

INT. BROKERAGE HALLWAY - DAY

Jake escorts Edward down the hallway.

JAKE

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

EDWARD

Who? Oh, no. Not really. We already knew it all.

EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Vivian is standing in front of the glass windows, looking out at the city, drinking a glass of champagne. The doorbell rings. Startled, she spills some champagne on her hand. She turns and looks at the door, edgy. It rings again.

Licking the champagne from her hand, she walks across the room and up the stairs to the door. She opens it.

William is standing outside with a small briefcase.

WILLIAM

Hello again.

VIVIAN

(nervously)

Hi.

WILLIAM

I take it Edward isn't back from his little helicopter trip?

VIVIAN

No.

They wait quietly for a moment, Vivian expecting him to leave and William standing firm.

WILLIAM

May I come in?

VIVIAN

Oh, yeah, sure.

William walks past her and down the steps into the living room. He spots the open bottle of champagne and 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?

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

Yeah, they take their cut. Then they sell you their shitty overpriced dope. Then they rent you their places... they let you use one of their cars. Then they tell you they need a bigger cut, and the dope costs more too. But don't worry, they'll lend you the money till your next job. Yeah, they'll help you. They'll help fuck you. Well, no thanks. I only want to get fucked by one person at a time.

William's face sours. He downs his champagne quickly and sets the glass down on the table. Obviously straining to keep his voice calm, he turns to Vivian.

WILLIAM

How long have you been on the street, Vivian?

VIVIAN

(quietly)  
Five years.

WILLIAM

I read in the paper once that the average life expectancy for a street hooker was twenty-seven.

VIVIAN

I don't read the paper.

WILLIAM

Don't you like it here? You got your champagne, your nice Rodeo Drive dresses, your view. Isn't this nice?

Vivian says nothing. She turns away from him.

WILLIAM

What are you going to do when Edward's finished with you? Go back to the street? You're too pretty for that. You're just wasting yourself. A couple years fucking niggers 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 niggers and drug pushers  
than fuck you!

William slaps her hard across the face.

WILLIAM

Don't talk to me like that, whore.

Vivian buckles over, holding her face in pain. William stares at her, seething.

WILLIAM

Fine. Go back to the street. End up dead  
in a dumpster. What do I care.

He turns to start to leave, but as he does Vivian leaps at him, pounding him from behind.

William turns and slaps her hard again. He slaps her again. Vivian keeps punching him.

VIVIAN

You fucker! You fucker!

In the background, Edward opens the door and enters the room. He sees the two of them fighting. For a moment 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. He follows after and closes the door.

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

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Edward roughly throws William up against the wall.

EDWARD

What the fuck are you doing?

William grits his teeth.

WILLIAM

That's some nasty little cunt you found.

EDWARD

Yeah, I kind of like her. What the fuck were you doing with her?

WILLIAM

I came to drop off some papers and she started pissing me off.

EDWARD

Why? Did you make a pass at her?

WILLIAM

No.

EDWARD

Well, whatever it was, you look pretty stupid.

He takes William by the chin and turns his head so that he can see the cut from Vivian's nails.

WILLIAM

Yeah, I feel pretty stupid. Nice right hook you got.

Edward smiles and pats William on the shoulder.

EDWARD

So, what'd you bring me?

WILLIAM

The treatment license bid. Try to read it by next week.

EDWARD

I'd invite you in for a drink, but I don't think it would be a good idea.

WILLIAM

No. That's alright.  
(grinning)  
I need to go get a tetanus shot.

He wipes the blood from his face with a handkerchief.

WILLIAM

Oh, I need my briefcase. If you would be  
so kind..

Edward nods. He opens the doors and goes back into the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Edward comes down the steps and crosses to the dining table. He  
snatches up William's briefcase.

Vivian is sitting on the couch, motionless.

Edward walks up the steps and tosses the briefcase out to  
William.

WILLIAM

Have a nice trip tomorrow.

EDWARD

I will.

Edward closes the doors. He turns and looks at Vivian. She  
seems frozen. Edward walks to the couch and sits next to her.

EDWARD

You alright?

Vivian speaks with an icily calm voice.

VIVIAN

Why do guys always know how to hit a girl?  
Wham, right across the cheek. Nice and high  
so it feels like your eye is going to  
explode. Pimps, cops, even little asshole  
lawyers in suits and ties. They all hit you  
the same. What do they do, take all the  
boys aside in high school and show them how?

EDWARD

No one's going to hit you anymore.

VIVIAN

Nobody needs to. He already did a good  
enough job.

EDWARD

I'm sorry about that. I don't know what got into him.

Vivian slowly stands up.

VIVIAN

I'd better go.

EDWARD

Go? You don't have to go. You didn't do anything wrong. I kicked Bill out. We've still got one night together.

VIVIAN

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

Edward stands.

EDWARD

Alright. I understand.

Edward reaches into 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.

VIVIAN

You can take out five hundred for tonight.

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

EDWARD

Don't be silly. Take it all. I may be petty about money, but I'm not that petty. You earned it.

(beat)

I'm sorry about what happened. I'm sorry you won't stay, but I understand.

Vivian stares down at the envelope. Her eyes moisten.

VIVIAN

You're the nicest guy I've ever known.

EDWARD

Then stay.

VIVIAN

I don't know.

EDWARD

Stay tonight. Not for the money. Not because you have to. Stay because you want to.

He takes her chin in his hand and kisses her on the lips. As he pulls back we can see Vivian debating.

VIVIAN

I don't know. I just... don't think so. My face hurts real bad and I don't feel so good. It's starting to swell up.

EDWARD

We don't have to make love. You can just sleep here and have breakfast in the morning. Then I'll get you a cab before I go to the airport.

VIVIAN

I am kind of tired.

EDWARD

Then stay.

Vivian nods. She carefully sets the envelope down on the coffee table.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the darkened bedroom Vivian and Edward lie together. Edward sleeps deeply, peacefully with Vivian's back cuddled in close to his chest, his arm over her body.

Vivian, her face swollen and puffy from the blow she received, stares into space, sleepless.

She takes Edward's limp hand in her hands and carefully examines it. The fingers, the palm, the tiny hairs on the back. She pulls it in close to her body and holds it tightly. She kisses the fingers. In a low, barely audible voice she says:

VIVIAN

I... love you.

Almost as if she wanted to hear what it sounded like.

Edward stirs a little but continues to sleep. Vivian stares off again, her eyes filled with desperate longing. What she has said to a sleeping hand she would never dare say to his face. She knows only too well that his reply would not be "I love you too." There is nothing she can offer this man. Nothing that would hold him. Yet there is an emptiness inside her this night that she cannot bear. If she cannot have his lasting love, at least she could have a moment of company.

She rolls over and starts to kiss him. Edward stirs.

EDWARD

What? Go back to sleep.

She continues to kiss him, rubbing her hands over his body.

VIVIAN

Make love to me. Make love to me, please.

Edward sighs and smiles sleepily. He returns her kisses.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Edward, fully dressed in a suit, is packing his bags. Vivian, dressed in her pink outfit, fingers her clothes in the closet. She has a nasty blue and purple bruise across her cheek and under her eye. It is concealed with makeup, but with little success.

Edward is the model of a hurried businessman preparing for his return trip.

EDWARD

We're running a little behind. I have to be at L.A.X. in two hours.

He looks over at Vivian who is staring forlornly at her clothes. He tries to understand why she looks so sad.

EDWARD

What's the matter?

VIVIAN

Did... did you want to take these back?

EDWARD

Of course not. They're yours. Pack them up.

Vivian smiles. Edward turns and closes his suitcase.

EDWARD

Except the fur, of course. That's rented.

Vivian pauses. She glances at the beautiful fur coat hanging on the rack.

EDWARD

Damn, I forgot all about that thing. I've got to send it back before I go to the airport. Bring it along as we go down.

Vivian pulls the fur from the hanger. From her eyes we can tell that it is going to be very difficult for her to part with it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Edward carries his suitcases into the living room. He sets them down and picks up the phone. He dials the lobby.

EDWARD

Could I have a bellboy come up and help me with some bags. Yes. Penthouse.

He sets the phone down. Vivian comes into the room, carrying a few narrow clothes boxes which she has packed her things into. Lying on top of them is the fur.

EDWARD

When the bellboy comes I'll ask him to get you a cab, or...

Vivian stands emotionlessly, the boxes clutched tightly in her arms. Edward is debating something.

EDWARD

Oh, what the hell. You want me to give you a ride? Would that be better than a taxi?

VIVIAN

(quietly)

I don't want to make you late.

EDWARD

I think we have time. I'll just drop the car off at the airport and take the plane. The tickets are reserved. Yes, let's do it that way. I can drop off the fur on the way.

The doorbell rings.

EDWARD

Come in!

A BELLBOY comes in pushing a small cart. Edward points at his bags and the Bellboy goes to pick them up.

As the Bellboy loads everything onto the cart Edward glances around the room to see if anything has been left. He notices the envelope with the money in it. He picks it up and puts it in his jacket.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

As the elevator opens the Bellboy emerges with Edward's and Vivian's bags. Edward strides to the main desk. Vivian stands in the lobby, a small figure holding a fur coat in her arms. She looks around the room, taking it all in for one last time.

Edward hands his keys to the Clerk.

EDWARD

Is everything taken care of?

CLERK

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

Edward stands impatiently.

Mr. Thomas, on patrol through the lobby, sees Vivian and moves toward her.

MR. THOMAS

Well, today's the day. I'll miss you, Miss Vivian. I hope you had a nice stay.

Vivian is nervous and edgy.

VIVIAN

Oh, yes. It was nice.

MR. THOMAS

So you'll be going to New York with Mr. Harris?

VIVIAN

No. Back home. Hollywood.

MR. THOMAS

Oh.

He notices the bruise on her face.

MR. THOMAS

(concerned)

Where did you get that bruise?

Vivian touches her face guiltily.

VIVIAN

Oh. I bumped into something. Isn't that dumb?

Mr. Thomas sees through this obvious lie. Vivian is shaking nervously.

MR. THOMAS

You're trembling. Is there anything the matter? Can I help you in any way?

Vivian is about to say something when Edward comes up behind them.

EDWARD

All set. Let's go.

Mr. Thomas nods slightly to Edward.

MR. THOMAS

Mr. Harris.

EDWARD

Yes. We've got to run. Come on, Vivian.

Vivian seems reluctant to leave.

VIVIAN

Could... I get some cigarettes? I need one.

Edward looks a trifle annoyed.

EDWARD

We're in a rush.

VIVIAN

They're just over there.

She points to the gift shop.

EDWARD

(sighing)

Alright.

Vivian and Edward head toward the store. Vivian glances back at Mr. Thomas who is still watching her, concerned.

VIVIAN

'Bye. Thanks for everything.

INT. 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.

EXT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE / DRIVEWAY - DAY

Edward and Vivian come out of the hotel to their waiting car. The Bellboy has finished packing the bags in the trunk. Edward tips him.

The Valets open the doors and Edward and Vivian get in. Edward tips the Valets. They close the doors. The Mercedes drives off.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

As Edward drives the car down Wilshire, Vivian is nervously smoking a cigarette. The fur is in her lap and she is unconsciously stroking it.

EDWARD  
How long do you think it will take to get  
from Beverly Hills to Hollywood?

VIVIAN  
I don't know for sure. Ten minutes or  
something.

Edward glances at his watch.

EDWARD

And an hour to get to the airport.

(shaking his head)

I don't know why I always cut these things  
so close.

Edward slows the car down as they approach a parking spot in front of the furrier. He pulls in and stops the car.

EDWARD

I'll just run in and get rid of this.

He reaches over and takes the fur from Vivian. Vivian abruptly turns her head away. Edward notices.

EDWARD

What's the matter?

VIVIAN

Noth'n.

Edward stares at the back of her head for a moment, then decides he doesn't have time to pursue it. He gets out of the car.

As she watches Edward take the fur into the store, a tear rolls down Vivian's cheeks. She takes a drag from her cigarette. She stashes it out in the car's ashtray.

Within seconds, Edward is back out of the store. He rounds the car and jumps in.

EDWARD

Alright. That's done.

Edward throws the car into gear and drives off.

Now Vivian is crying harder. So much that she can't conceal her sobs. Edward glances over at her, concerned and annoyed at the same time.

EDWARD

Now what? What's the matter?

Vivian is crying hard. She can't talk.

EDWARD

Jesus. What is it? Can you tell me why  
you're upset now? Damn it, I don't even  
know how to get back to Hollywood.

VIVIAN

(choking it out)

Just go straight!

EDWARD

What happened to you? Is it the fur? You didn't expect me to let you keep it, did you? It was rented.

VIVIAN

(still crying)

Just forget it!

Vivian tries to control herself. She wipes her eyes and manages to stop the tears.

EDWARD

Is that it? The fur?

VIVIAN

Just stop it! Why do you always pick at me? I don't want to talk. You always make me talk.

EDWARD

I just want to know what's going on. If you're unhappy and there is something I can do...

VIVIAN

YES! I LOVED THAT FUR! Now leave me alone.

EDWARD

Vivian. I didn't want it to end like this. I mean, be reasonable. That's a twenty thousand dollar fur.

VIVIAN

I didn't say I wanted it. I knew you were going to take it back. Okay! I'm not dumb! I knew I couldn't have it. You asked me why I was crying and I told you!

Edward is quiet for a moment. Vivian has managed to control her crying. She stares coldly ahead.

VIVIAN

Make a left on Highland. Right there.

Edward turns the car and they head up Highland. Edward's face is tense.

EDWARD

Look, if you really want a fur, I'll buy you a fur. That one was just too expensive. Would you like a fur?

VIVIAN

No. Just take me home.

EDWARD

I'll get you a fur. I'll miss my plane, but if it'll make you stop crying I'll buy you something.

VIVIAN

(angrily)

I'm not crying anymore.

EDWARD

God damn it, Vivian. I'll buy you a fur. A nice one. Just it can't be that one. That one's too much. I'll get you the silver mink you tried on first. I'll throw away a few thousand. Okay? I don't know what the fuck you plan to do with one on Hollywood Boulevard but...

VIVIAN

LEAVE ME ALONE! I DON'T WANT ANYTHING FROM YOU!

Edward slams on the brakes. The car stops hard. Vivian stares at him defiantly.

VIVIAN

You want me to walk home!? I'll walk home! It's three miles but I'll walk!

EDWARD

I don't want you to walk! I want you to stop yelling!

Vivian turns away from him and stares out her window. Edward takes a deep breath and starts the car up again.

Vivian glares out the window. They are leaving the nice, well-tended homes of Hancock Park and approaching the streets of Hollywood.

They are both tensely silent as Edward drives on. Vivian begins to cry softly.

Edward listens to her with annoyance, but resists the impulse to say anything.

They approach Hollywood Boulevard and Edward makes a right.

As Vivian stares out the window of the Mercedes she sees the grimy streets and the shabby people mixing with the occasional tourists. As they continue down the street toward Vivian's section of the Boulevard we will see less and less tourists and more shabbier-looking people. The streets become more grim and dirty.

Vivian is sobbing harder now, trying to control herself but unable. Edward, getting madder as it grows louder, finally bursts.

EDWARD

I don't know why you had to do this to me. We had a wonderful time together and now you have to ruin it. You're acting so emotional. I'd swear to God you aren't the same girl I picked up last week.

Vivian grits her teeth and tries not to say anything. Edward, now that he's gotten it out of his system, adopts a slightly gentler tone as he continues to lecture her.

EDWARD

You should have told me you liked the fur so much. I could have gotten you something yesterday. It's really a stupid thing to cry about. You know I bent over backwards to make things pleasant for you and it's just a shame that you're going to spoil it all by being unreasonable.

The streets they pass are now filled mostly with drug dealers, an occasional prostitute, and various homeless tramps. Vivian stares out the window at the destitution outside, her eyes fixed and red. She is on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

EDWARD

This is about the area. Do you want me to leave you here, or do you have a place nearby?

Vivian says nothing.

EDWARD

Vivian? Where do you want me to let you off?

Vivian screams hysterically. She seems to have suddenly gone crazy. She starts pounding the roof of the car with her fists.

Edward quickly pulls the car over to the curb and stops it. Vivian is still screaming and pounding.

EDWARD  
VIVIAN! VIVIAN, CUT IT OUT!

Edward grabs her by the wrists and tries to stop her from pounding the ceiling. Instead she starts pounding him.

EDWARD  
Get out! GET OUT OF THE CAR!

Vivian continues to pound him for a moment but then she breaks down and starts to sob limply.

EDWARD  
You're out of your mind. You're insane!

Vivian is crying.

EDWARD  
I've had enough of this. Get out of the car.

Vivian doesn't move.

EDWARD  
Get out of the car!

When she still doesn't move Edward throws open his door and gets out.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - CONTINUOUS

Edward strides around the car and throws open the trunk. He yanks out Vivian's few boxes of clothes and sets them down on the curb. He shuts the trunk.

He walks over to the passenger door and opens it.

EDWARD  
(firmly)  
Get out.

Vivian doesn't move. She is still crying.

EDWARD  
Don't make me regret ever picking you up.  
Now please, get out of the car. I have to go.

Edward grabs her by the hand and starts to pull her from the car. Vivian explodes again and starts hitting and kicking him.

Edward forcibly drags her from the car and then throws her to the ground. He slams the door shut.

As Vivian hits the ground she begins to cry again, too weak to fight anymore.

Edward looks down at her. He takes the money envelope from his jacket and holds it out to her.

EDWARD

Here, take it. It's your money.

VIVIAN

(sobbing in fits)

I don't want it. Just go away.

EDWARD

Take it. I know you're not that stupid.

VIVIAN

No.

EDWARD

You'll regret it tomorrow if you don't take it. You'll regret it the minute I drive away.

Vivian doesn't say anything. Edward lays the envelope down on the sidewalk in front of her.

He turns and walks around the car. Vivian lies frozen for a moment and then suddenly snaps alive as she hears the sound of his car door opening and closing.

She grabs the envelope and crushes it in her hand. She leaps at the car and starts smashing her fists against it and the windows.

VIVIAN

Go to hell! I hate you! I hate your money! I hate it!

We see a flash of Edward's face as he stares at Vivian pounding on his window. She's completely lost her mind. He puts the car in gear and pushes on the accelerator.

Vivian is still pounding as the car pulls away. In a final gesture of rage she throws the envelope on the car and it breaks open as the cars peels off.

The money scatters across the gutter as the car drives away. Vivian falls to her knees, weak and crying.

Across the street various shabby-looking people stare at Vivian and the money.

Vivian is on her hands and knees sobbing. She can barely breathe. She is completely broken.

She wipes the tears from her cheeks. She looks down the street. The Mercedes is gone.

For a brief moment she is still, frozen like a statue.

She reaches down in the gutter and starts to pick up the money.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUS - DAY

An old Greyhound bus drives down the freeway from Los Angeles. It moves easily through the traffic. A small sign over the windshield reads: DISNEYLAND.

INT. BUS - DAY

Vivian and Kit are sitting in the bus. Kit is sitting next to the window, looking outside with a warm, happy smile. She is so excited she can barely stand it.

KIT

Could I get one of those balloons? You know, with the ears?

Vivian sits next to Kit staring off with utterly blank and empty eyes. The side of her cheek is still bruised. She is wearing her mint green dress, but her hair is poorly done and lies limply around her pale face. Kit coughs.

KIT

Oh, I guess that's stupid. Those are for kids.

Vivian blinks and glances over at Kit, tired.

VIVIAN

No, babe. You can have a balloon. One with the ears.

Kit smiles happily and looks back out the window. Vivian stares emptily ahead.

FADE OUT.