FADE IN:

BLACK & WHITE IMAGE: TWO BOBBING ORBS OF LIGHT – veering together then swerving apart –

SOUND: THE WHINE OF ENGINES APPROACHING –

The orbs of light collide and separate in volatile bursts, the engines revving higher, the orbs taking shape as the HEADLIGHTS of two MOTORCYCLES, their riders obscured by GLARE.

We see SPARKS as they collide, hear the SKIDDING of tires, the SOUND of SCRAPING METAL and the GRUNTS of two men in violent struggle.

One ORB loses control, careens off the road, light streaming in an elliptical arc amidst a shadowy FOREST before SLAMMING to a stop with a THUD, an eerie crush of flesh, bone, metal and tree.

Then - QUIET - but for the still spinning front wheel of the motorcycle, and the flickering of a dangling headlight.

The OTHER ORB of light appears, as the uninjured MOTORCYCLIST carefully winds his way into the dense forest.

MOTORCYCLIST’S POV – IN MOTION – navigating the woods, now illuminated by his headlight, then slowing to a halt.

CU – AN EYEBALL FILLS THE FRAME, still attached by a short strand of optic nerve to an offscreen body. We HEAR gurgling attempts at breathing from out of frame.

THE IRIS of the eyeball dilates in horror at what it sees, then constricts as the headlight focusses on it.

EYEBALL’S POV – the silhouette of a gun being raised, pointed, cocked – a FLASH of muzzle fire then BLACKNESS.

OTHER EYEBALL’S POV – still alive, the eye can see the silhouette of his foe through the bushes, the GUN being raised again – cocked – as it FIRES the screen is splattered with our first burst of color – blood red.

ROLL CREDITS – in an animated pop-red splatter palette style:

FADE TO:
THE RED SPLATTERED ABSTRACTION OF A JACKSON POLLOCK PAINTING

CHYRON: 1965 - LOS ANGELES

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: FULL COLOR

1

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

The Pollock hangs over a king size bed, where WALTER and VIVIEN KOOLHAUS sleep peacefully. An all-white Calder mobile floats above them. The bedroom is encased in glass, ocean merging with sky in the distance.

Walter awakes, sits up in bed. 40-something, elegant yet rugged. He brushes the hair away from the angelic face of his sleeping wife VIVIEN – a 30 year old Swedish beauty. Her almond skin glows against the citrus orange linens.

Walter kisses her softly on the forehead, pausing to feel the warmth, then quietly slips out.

1A

INT. LAUTNER HOUSE HALLWAY - SAME

WALTER’S POV: as he strolls barefoot through the gently curved hall, it’s walls lined with a stream of modern masterpieces – Braque, Matisse, Picasso, Mondrian. He pauses to admire a recent acquisition: Ed Ruscha’s 1964 “NORM’S LA CIENEGA ON FIRE.” Walter approaches an ELEVATOR, its door flanked by two Brancusi sculptures, one in marble, one in bronze.

EXT. LAUTNER HOUSE – SAME

The elevator opens onto a futuristic garage with a lazy-susan, filled with cars. With a flick of a button it rotates, rare rides floating by, coming to rest on a WOODY, with a light blue surfboard in back, glistening with wax.

5A

EXT. TOPANGA STATE BEACH – MORNING

Walter and a handful of 20SOMETHING LOCALS wax their boards, shoot the shit, get ready to surf: BILLY AL, PETER, and DOUG.

DOUG
You catch Otis at the Whisky last night?

WALTER
Both sets. Sensational. But I’m feeling it this morning.
BILLY AL
I was gonna take Terri tonight but she wants to see The Byrds at the Troub.

DOUG
That’s funny, I saw her with David Crosby last night.

BILLY AL
They’re friends.

PETER
(deadpan)
Crosby seems like a platonic cat.

Laughter all around.

BILLY AL
(to Walter)
He’s just mad cuz I popped his last three bunnies.

PETER
You mean my spillover.

DOUG
(to Walter)
You and Viv coming to the opening tonight?

But everyone’s distracted by a new guy on the beach, a pale WHITE MAN with a CREW CUT, awkwardly climbing onto a surfboard to paddle out, immediately tipping over. He is a fish out of water, and the locals trade glances – this is their beach. Walter intervenes.

PETER
Narc?

WALTER
It’s fine, I got it.

Walter paddles out to Crew Cut. They float side by side.

WALTER (CONT’D)
What happened to Melvin?

CREW CUT
Agency transferred him to Saigon.
WALTER
No they didn’t. “Transferred to Saigon” is a euphemism for getting rubbed out.
(beat)
I killed him.

Crew Cut goes one shade paler.

WALTER (CONT’D)
Just kidding. What is it you want?

CREW CUT
(off balance)
It’s, uh, about your Greek pal King Constantine and his visit.

WALTER
What about him?

CREW CUT
We have credible intel that an attempt will be made on his life. Tomorrow, at his polo match.

WALTER
Have you told him?

CREW CUT
He wouldn’t listen. Wants nothing to do with the Agency.

WALTER
You are an unsavory bunch.

CREW CUT
King Constantine is twenty-four, reckless and over his head.

Crew Cut takes in a mouth full of water.

WALTER
You and him both.

A wave approaches - Walter ducks under, Crew Cut mimics him, dodging disaster.

INSERT - UNDERWATER VIEW - streaks of light pierce the midnight green water.

They resurface.
CREW CUT
We’d like you to play in tomorrow’s polo match, keep an eye on him.

WALTER
I’m not worried about Constantine.

CREW CUT
Don’t you want to protect him?

WALTER
I am protecting him. From people like you.

CREW CUT
I put a dossier under your front seat. Just have a look. There’s never been a sovereign assassinated on U.S. soil.

WALTER
Bullshit. The U.S. wants a young puppet they can control, instead of the Commies poised to dethrone him - most of whom were Hitler groupies.

(a wave approaches)
If you’re gonna ask for my help, don’t hustle me.

Walter gracefully rises to his feet, catching a wave.

Crew Cut watches as Walter surfs with real style, transfixed, until the next wave arrives from behind and WALLOPS him.

EXT. PCH - SAME

As Walter loads his surfboard into his car, he notices a MOTORCYCLIST at a distance, dressed in black leathers with a black helmet, wearing electric blue leather gloves. Walter stares at the ominous figure, unsettled.

EXT. KOOLHAUS POOLSIDE PATIO - MORNING

Lush foliage, morning light, the sound of trickling water. Walter and Vivien sip fresh grapefruit juice over their morning game of chess.

Vivien wears a silver silk kimono, and wears it quite well. Its fabric is emblazoned with two intertwined red dragons, tail to tongue, in symbiotic consumption.
VIVIEN
How were the waves, dear?

WALTER
Modest, but steady.

He tentatively makes a move.

VIVIEN
Maurice arrived from Stockholm last night. He has notes on my newest story, but wants to publish it.

WALTER
That’s wonderful. Have you decided on a nom de plume?

VIVIEN
I’ll just use my maiden name.

WALTER
We’ve discussed this, Viv.

VIVIEN
I’m not using Koolhaus, I don’t see the problem.

WALTER
It’s not an option.

VIVIEN
Do you really think the Agency cares if I publish erotic fiction in Sweden? Besides, I thought you were freelance.

He kills her Knight.

WALTER
Freelance can be less free than lanced.

VIVIEN
I’m seeing Maurice for lunch, I’ll discuss it with him then.
(weary)
Intrigue has lost its intrigue for me.

WALTER
The games never end. You know that, baby. The Agency sent someone by this morning.
VIVIEN
Yawn.

WALTER
This one’s personal. There’s a threat against King Constantine.

Walter puts the dossier on the table.

WALTER (CONT’D)
Constantine is attempting to reclaim looted Greek antiquities.

VIVIEN
Is this about Armand Hammer and that damn horse sculpture again?

He moves his Knight.

WALTER
On the surface.

The SUN breaks through the morning clouds. Vivien, now feeling the heat in her silk kimono, stands and slips into the house. Walter scans the dossier. Looks at a PHOTO of Constantine.

And from ABOVE - the silver KIMONO comes floating down, landing on Walter. We hear a SPLASH.

ON POOL - a nude Vivien glides through the water with barely a ripple. She floats to the top, stretching gracefully.

VIVIEN
How much does the Agency know about your ‘business dealings’ with Constantine and Hammer?

WALTER
More than I want. Hence my reluctant cooperation.

Viv climbs out of the pool. Walter towels her off, revelling in the softness of her skin. They return to the chess board. She plays the rest of the game nude.

Walters slides the dossier over. She opens it to a photograph of King Constantine in full royal dress.

VIVIEN
I’ve never kissed a King... though I nibbled a princess once.
WALTER
I know honey, I was there. Nibbling just north of you.

VIVIEN
Indeed you were.
(nostalgically)
And with skill and vigor I might add.

She closes the dossier. Moves a piece on the chess board.

WALTER
Long story short - Hammer won’t sell the sculpture to me, but I think he’ll give in to a Royal.

VIVIEN
(killing his Knight)
Why go to so much trouble to get the sculpture for someone else?

WALTER
Sometimes a horse is more than a horse.

VIVIEN
Cryptic.
(makes a move)
Seems like a lot of work, just for Constantine to return the conquering hero.

WALTER
Never underestimate the power of symbols.

VIVIEN
(killing his Queen)
Check.

WALTER
Can we at least keep the King killing to a minimum?

He makes a move.

VIVIEN
Check mate.

CU - the KING toppling.
WALTER
(taking his loss with grace)
Shall we give Constantine a royal welcome?

INT. 1965 MERCEDES SEDAN CONVERTIBLE - DAY 8

Vivien drives down Sunset with fearless agility, Walter riding shotgun. WAGNER’S ‘Tristan und Isolde’ plays LOUD.

Vivien loves to drive, but they work as a team. As she’s lighting a cigarette she needs to downshift – without saying a word she hits the clutch, Walter reaches over, shifts – then she resumes driving. The synchronization is seamless.

As traffic thickens, she accelerates, zigzagging with dexterity. Walter, playing mock opera star, sings along, straining to be heard over the wind and roar of the engine.

The speed of the car escalates with the tempo of the aria and Walter’s wild gestures. The louder he sings, the faster she drives; the faster she drives, the louder he sings.

The brinkmanship builds as Vivien accelerates into a canyon curve and the SCREECHING of TIRES morphs into the THUNDERING OF HOOVES as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. WILL ROGERS PARK - PACIFIC PALISADES - DAY 9

A polo scrimmage has just finished, and the players stands with their horses. King Constantine, surrounded by a phalanx of security, towels off. He sees Walter.

CONSTANTINE
Koolhaus!

Walter and Vivien greet Constantine like he’s visiting royalty – literally, with impeccable etiquette; Walter bows from the neck, Vivien does a small curtsy.

CONSTANTINE (CONT’D)
Vivien!

VIVIEN
Lovely to see you, Your Majesty.

CONSTANTINE
Onassis sends his best.
VIVIEN
Please give him our regards.

KING CONSTANTINE
(sotto-voce)
Meanwhile, those clowns at the
Agency keep telling me I’m in
‘danger.’

WALTER
I’m sure it’s nothing - just keep
your security sober.

KING CONSTANTINE
I’ve been getting death threats
since I was in diapers.
(steps back, raises his
arms, SHOUTS)
TAKE YOUR BEST SHOT!

His challenge ECHOES through the canyon.

KING CONSTANTINE (CONT’D)
I refuse to live in fear. Will you
be playing on Friday, Walter?

WALTER
I’ll have to clean the cobwebs from
my mallet.

KING CONSTANTINE
Yes, yes - you must. On Friday we
compete.

WALTER
But tomorrow - we suffer.

KING CONSTANTINE
Oh yes, lunch with Hammer. If
nothing else it will be memorable.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

A huge space that looks like the final shot from Raiders of
the Lost Ark. Endless shelves, packed with meticulously
wrapped and crated items.

Amidst this vastness they’ve built out an anonymous OFFICE;
function over form, with an understated modernity. A light-
table sits for looking at slides. A table for looking at
books. Nothing fancy.
Sitting at a modest, organized desk is a 60-year-old woman doing administrative work - this is IDA APPLEBAUM, his registrar and secretary. She’s dressed primly, and speaks with a Yiddish-Polish accent.

Vivien and Walter each greet Ida like family.

IDA
The crates from Geneva arrived.

VIVIEN
The Magrittés?

IDA
Oy, they’re gorgeous. Steve and Ryan are doing condition reports.

WALTER
Messages?

Ida hands him a small stack.

WALTER (CONT’D)
(thumbing through)
Tell Judy I don’t do loans, only gifts. Send her 10.
(next message)
Tell Roger I read the script. It’s no worse than anything the studio’s are making. I’m good for 20.
(scoffs at a message)
Doheny just loves to provoke me.
Tell him ‘no’ on the land in City of Commerce. I don’t sell, I rent.
He knows that better than anyone.
Everything else can wait.

We follow Walter and Vivien toward another door, leading to:

INT. WALTER’S OFFICE -SAME

The door opens to reveal an exquisitely appointed private office - the complete opposite of the anonymous exterior.

The room’s ceilings are lined with redwood, the furniture a flawless blend of Eames, Prouve, Van Der Rohe. The art is spare, minimalist, and shimmers with color. The shelves are lined with a comprehensive art library.

Vivien makes cocktails. Walter inspects a large-scale topographical MAP / DIORAMA of Los Angeles, exquisitely rendered.
Small pieces of multi-colored plastic, almost like Monopoly pieces, are littered throughout, representing Walter’s real estate holdings - he is a warehouse baron.

Vivien brings Walter his drink. Surveys his growing empire.

WALTER
(pointing out a land plot)
This is the land I need from Hammer.

VIVIEN
Pourquoi?

He points out an adjacent plot.

WALTER
The Agency owns this warehouse. If I buy this plot, they’ll be cornered in on two sides.

VIVIEN
Like my knights that you lanced this morning?

WALTER
More or less. In terms of access, this plot of land is invaluable.

VIVIEN
The plot behind the plot. Which is why you’re overpaying?

WALTER
No. I appear to be overpaying because of the plot behind the plot behind the plot.

VIVIEN
(uninterested, checks her watch)
Shall we?

But Walter is transfixed by the map.

ON MAP - Water’s holdings snake their way through the Southland in a seemingly random pattern.

We FADE from the MAP to:

CG: an aerial view of the same terrain, warehouses stretching out as far as the eye can see across the arid landscape.
EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - DAY

Walter and Vivien lounge in their cabana. Vivien sips Prosecco, gets a bit of sun. Walter signals HORST, the majordomo of the cabanas, that he needs a phone. A telephone on a long cord is brought over.

INTERCUT:

WALTER
It’s Walter for Armand. Is he at his love nest at the Beverly Hilton - I mean at lunch?

SECRETARY
He’s right here, hold on, I’ll put you through.

ON HAMMER - in bed with one of his mistresses at the Beverly Hilton. He’s a bloated 67, in boxer shorts, replete with dress socks and garter belt.

HAMMER
Koolhaus.

WALTER
We just saw Constantine, he’s looking forward to lunch.

HAMMER
As he should be.

WALTER
As you should be as well.

HAMMER
And why is that?

WALTER
Constantine isn’t ‘just another Royal’ for your collection. His country controls the most powerful shipping lines on the planet.

HAMMER
What are you getting at?

WALTER
This is one of my most valued relationships. Don’t fuck it up.

HAMMER
Don’t condescend to me Koolhaus!
Koolhaus smiles, he loves winding Hammer up. Vivien covers her mouth to quiet her giggling.

WALTER
Need I mention the brunch you botched with the Aga Kahn?

HAMMER
I spilled that drink, it only looked like I threw it.

WALTER
See you tomorrow, Armand. And set aside a few minutes to conclude our other thing.

HAMMER
We’re still very far apart –

WALTER
See you tomorrow, Armand.

He hangs up.

VIVIEN
Bad boy.

Walter grins, he’s a very bad boy.

WALTER
But he does deserve it.
(stands)
Have a good lunch with Maurice,
I’ll send Laddie back with the car.

INT. CABANA – LUNCH

Vivien lunches with MAURICE, her older, Swedish publisher – silver-haired, elegant, dressed in a light summer suit. He hands back her story, covered with notes and edits.

MAURICE
The plot’s too vague, the protagonist isn’t fleshed out. It feels like you’re holding back.

She skims the edited pages.

MAURICE (CONT’D)
It was one long sex scene.

VIVIEN
Realism was your request.
MAURICE
After two years of, uh, ‘marriage,’ one would think things might have cooled.

VIVIEN
Not in the slightest. Is that a problem?

Maurice is flustered.

VIVIEN (CONT’D)
I expected notes with more... substance.

MAURICE
An author needs to be objective about her characters. Not fall in love with them. Love is blind.

VIVIEN
So is Ray Charles.

MAURICE
I’m dead serious, Ingrid.

She flinches at hearing this name – instinctively looks over her shoulder to see if anyone can hear.

MAURICE (CONT’D)
(leans in)
There is a plot twist you need to be aware of. Walt--, I mean your protagonist... he’s more vulnerable than you realize.

Vivien freezes: Maurice is not her publisher, he’s her Spymaster from Swedish Intelligence.

VIVIEN
Vulnerable to whom?

MAURICE
It’s unclear. But tomorrow’s target is not King Constantine. It’s him.

Vivien face stays frozen, but her mind is whirling.

VIVIEN
Was my protagonist lied to? Was this betrayal... or buffoonery?

MAURICE
Too soon to tell.
VIVIEN
I don’t trust their Agency.

MAURICE
Remember - you’re here to observe, not protect.

VIVIEN
Don’t speak to me as if I’m withholding. I don’t like your tone. Or your insinuations.

MAURICE
I worry about you.

He reaches under the table, takes her hand. She pulls it back.

VIVIEN
(calling to maître d’)
Horst - put this on our tab.

Vivien slips the pages in her bag, makes a hasty departure.

INT. KOOLHAUS LIVING ROOM - DAY
Vivien returns from lunch to find Walter waiting, concerned.

WALTER
What happened?

VIVIEN
What are you talking about?

WALTER
You stormed out of your lunch.

She whirs around, enraged - he’s hit a nerve.

VIVIEN
Are you having me trailed?

WALTER
Vivien. Horst called, worried.

VIVIEN
Really?

WALTER
He thought there was an emergency. Said you looked on the verge of tears - he was concerned.
VIVIEN
He was?
(calming down)
Oh, Walter. I’m sorry.

WALTER
It’s okay, baby. What happened?

VIVIEN
It’s just... Maurice made some criticisms that set me off.

WALTER
He could be wrong.

VIVIEN
I got so upset, it made me wonder if maybe he’s right.

She goes to Walter, contrite.

VIVIEN (CONT’D)
You know how I am about jealousy.

Walter gets serious. He takes Viv’s face in his hands.

WALTER
I have a confession to make.
The other night...

VIVIEN
Yes?

Long pause. The segue from jealousy to confession is ominous, but Vivien stays poker faced.

WALTER
You left some pages out. I couldn’t help it, I read them. I loved them.

For a beat it seems she might erupt at the invasion of privacy - but the flattery melts any resistance.

VIVIEN
Really?

WALTER
Really.

VIVIEN
You liked them?

WALTER
I didn’t say that. I said I loved them.
And he picks her up, carries her toward the bedroom.

EXT. KOOLHAUS HOUSE - DUSK

LADDIE, a 19 year old art student who moonlights as the Koolhaus chauffeur, is behind the wheel of the Mercedes.

EXT. FERUS GALLERY - NIGHT

There’s a Group Show, and the space is overflowing.

INT. FERUS GALLERY - SAME

A madhouse, packed to the gills.

Vivien air-kisses different people. Walter greets various SURFERS from the morning - by day these surfers are the key artists in the city’s emerging ‘Cool School’ scene. Each of them has a piece in the show.

Walter and Vivien make their way through the crowd - a mix of groovy and glamorous: beatniks in black, budding starlets, a few squarely dressed husband & wife collectors, and some early proto-hippies. We see the surfer/artists by their work:

ON - PETER ALEXANDER by a midnight green wedge of translucent resin, a vivid conjuring of the morning’s waves.

ON - CRAIG KAUFFMAN by a sculpture made of luminescent plastic, reminiscent of the signage that blankets La Cienega.

ON - BILLY AL in full motorcycle leathers, posing in front his painting of a deconstructed BSA motorcycle.

Their work fuses the light, geography, and car culture of the city into a distinctly Los Angeles style.

VIVIEN

Doug!

Walter and Vivien head to a shy looking DOUG WHEELER, who stands in front his light sculpture, a luminescent rectangle. Vivien is mesmerized by the piece.

VIVIEN (CONT’D)

Douglas Wheeler you just changed my frame of reference.

WALTER

What’s it made of.
DOUG
It’s translucent plastic. It’s supposed to make you feel like you’re floating in the sky at dusk.

WALTER
It does.

VIVIEN
It’s heavenly.

WALTER
How would you feel about a commission in this vein for the living room, around 12 x 30?

DOUG
I’d feel bitchin’.

VIVIEN
(French pronunciation)
Sublime.

And they shake on it. Billy Al approaches, kisses Vivien a little too close to the mouth.

WALTER
Down boy.

BILLY AL
(admiring Walter’s suit)
Nice summer cashmere. Nigel Humphries?

WALTER
You a Nigel client?

BILLY AL
In a manner of speaking.

VIVIEN
Your piece looks gorgeous Billy.

BILLY AL
I thought so too.

VIVIEN
Can we, Walter?

WALTER
(toying with him)
It would look beautiful over the fireplace.
BILLY AL
I was actually imagining your living room when I made it.

WALTER
(puts his hand on Billy’s shoulder, WINKS at Vivien)
Too bad we hung the Mondrian there. G’nite, man.

They head out.

VIVIEN
You shouldn’t torture starving artists, it’s not chivalrous.

WALTER
Oh, trust me - Billy deserves it.

INT. KOOLHAUS BEDROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Vivien sleeps alone in bed. She reaches over for Walter - sits up when she finds him gone.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Walter reclines on a wave-shaped double-chaise lounge, sipping cognac, staring at a piece by James Turrell, a deep blue pyramid of light which appears to float in space.

Vivien appears in the doorway.

VIVIEN
Nightmare?

Walter nods.

VIVIEN (CONT’D)
Should I ask?

He shakes his head ‘no.’ Gestures for her to curl up with him. They gaze at the piece together.

ON TURRELL - pure color and glow, gently pulsing.

WALTER
If I stare at something beautiful for long enough... the ugly memories recede.
(beat)
At least for a while.
Vivien spoons inside Walter’s arms. Together they stare at the piece, framed by the twinkling lights amidst the black Los Angeles night.

EXT. ARMAND HAMMER’S MANSION - DAY

Laddie drives up the driveway of the gaudy mansion. Vivien puts finishing touches on her make-up.

WALTER’S POV - looking into the MIRROR of her compact, he sees the REFLECTION of the black clad MOTORCYCLIST, blue leather gloves a blur. He notes it, but says nothing.

EXT. HAMMER FRONT DOOR - DAY

A pretentious estate. Walter and Vivien are let in by a butler.

INT. GRAND LIVING ROOM - SAME

Vivien and Walter have champagne amidst his antiquities.

WALTER
That’s it. The Jockey of Artemision.

A life-sized bronzed horse with a small jockey on top, wearing spurs tied to his heels, clutching a whip in one hand and the reins in the other.

WALTER (CONT’D)
There are two of these in the world. Getty owns the other.

VIVIEN
Then why tangle with Armand, just introduce Constantine to Getty.

WALTER
Getty’s was bought legitimately. Hammer’s is... tainted.

VIVIEN
Is that Latin for looted?
WALTER
Precisely.

VIVIEN
But what’s in it for you?

And we HEAR the commotion of the King’s arrival. Walter and Vivien go to the front door, where King Constantine bursts in, trailed by a small entourage of self-important security and attachés.

VIVIEN (CONT’D)
Good afternoon, Your Majesty.

WALTER
Good afternoon.

Constantine smiles at Vivien, kisses her hand for a few beats too long. And the BUTLER reappears:

BUTLER
Ladies and Gentleman, Mr. Armand Hammer.

And Hammer makes a preposterous, pompous entrance. Hammer approaches one of the older BODYGUARDS:

HAMMER
(to Bodyguard)
An honor to meet you, King Constantine.

WALTER
Armie, this is King Constantine.

HAMMER
My apologies. Nice to meet you, Your Highness.

KING CONSTANTINE
(alooof)
Thank you for having us to your home.

HAMMER
How is your visit going so far?

KING CONSTANTINE
This new Los Angeles County Museum was a disappointment.
HAMMER
Buncha snobs. Gonna open my own museum one day, show them what’s what. Would you like to see the collection before lunch, Your Highness?

KING CONSTANTINE
Certainly.

As they walk, Koolhaus whispers to Hammer:

KOOKHAUS
(whispers)
Your Highness is for a Prince. A King should be called Your Majesty.

HAMMER
Fuck you, Koolhaus.
(to Constantine, unctuous)
Right this way, Your Majesty.

INT. HAMMER’S MANSION - SAME

Hammer guides them through room after room of sculptures and paintings.

HAMMER
(like tusks to a hunter)
This is my Picasso, this is my Renoir, this is my Rembrandt...

The King takes it in, wary.

HAMMER (CONT’D)
I’ve been working on the first volume of my memoirs...

VIVIEN
(whispers to Walter)
"Dubious Provenance" - The Armand Hammer Story.

WALTER
Shhhhh....

They arrive at a room filled with antiquities. The King quietly walks the full perimeter of the room, appraising each piece, his face betraying little expression, until he reaches The JOCKEY OF ARTEMISION sculpture. He stops cold.
HAMMER
This is one of the finest examples of Classical Sculpture.

KING CONSTANTINE
Mr. Hammer you’re a real connoisseur.

HAMMER
(flattered)
Thank you.

KING CONSTANTINE
(smiling, in Greek with SUBTITLES)
Fat fuck is 300 years off, it’s Hellenistic, not Classical.

WALTER
(whispers to Vivien)
Watch this.
(innocently, to Hammer)
What a stunning bronze. There must be an amazing story behind it?

HAMMER
Come, I’ll tell you over lunch.

KING CONSTANTINE
I’m curious now, do tell.

HAMMER
Well, I purchased it through one of the Romanovs.

KING CONSTANTINE
Perhaps I know him?

HAMMER
I forget the specific name...

KING CONSTANTINE
Serge Romanov.

HAMMER
Sounds familiar.

KING CONSTANTINE
He’s not a scholar, he’s a smuggler!

HAMMER
Your Highness – er, Majesty – are you looking to purchase the piece?
KING CONSTANTINE
Why would I purchase something that
was stolen from me?

HAMMER
I’ve never stolen from anyone, I’ve
never even met you before.

KING CONSTANTINE
(icy)
Your ignorance is exceeded only by
your vulgarity.

And he EXITS, his entourage trailing double-speed.

HAMMER
What the hell was that about?

Walter signals to Viv the he needs to be alone with Hammer.

VIVIEN
Let me try and unruffle some feathers.

She slips away.

WALTER
Can we switch gears to real estate?

29
INT. HAMMER’S LIBRARY - SAME

Hammer sits at a ludicrous Louis IV desk, behind photos of
himself with various world leaders, Lenin, Kennedy, Kruschev.

HAMMER
Koolhaus, you’re offering a lot of
money for some of the ugliest, most
isolated, useless property in L.A.

WALTER
Yes.

HAMMER
Something’s fishy. So... the price
has doubled.

WALTER
(removing a contract from
his jacket pocket)
You’re nothing if not predictable.
I left the final price blank.

He fills in the number, signs the contract - before Hammer
can raise the price again.
HAMMER
Payable in 72 hours or no deal.

WALTER
Obviously. Read the document, I’m three steps ahead of you.

HAMMER
That’s why I hate signing deals with you!

Hammer reluctantly countersigns.

WALTER
Meanwhile, more importantly - how charming is King Constantine?

HAMMER
King Philistine. Explain something to me: if I would sell you the sculpture, why would I sell it to him?

KOOLHAUS
Access to the Greek government is priceless. You spend more on shipping in one day than the this sculpture will ever be worth.

HAMMER
Is there anything else, beside your tedious thoughts on shipping strategy?

KOOLHAUS
As you know, Getty has the other version of The Jockey of Artemision.

HAMMER
Of course I know. That whore-mongering crook snatched it out from under me.

KOOLHAUS
Getty’s version is clean.

HAMMER
What are you implying?

KOOLHAUS
Whether it’s next year or ten years from now, that piece is going to cause you trouble.
HAMMER
I’m glad you’re so concerned.

KOOLHAUS
What if I can arrange a trade of Getty’s sculpture for yours?

HAMMER
What’s in it for you, Koolhaus?

KOOLHAUS
Armand - do you or don’t you want the clean sculpture?

He stares at Koolhaus. Hammer is the greediest of men; the fact that he can’t see Walter’s angle makes him crazy.

HAMMER
Fine. Deal. But if it turns out to be fake, I’ll have you killed.

WALTER
Come up with a new threat, Armand. That one’s getting stale.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

As Walter and Vivien climb in they burst into laughter.

WALTER
Laddie, I need you to crate the Mondrian and deliver it to Getty’s house.

LADDIE
Which one?

WALTER
Over the fireplace.

VIVIEN
Not ‘Broadway Boogie Woogie.’

WALTER
We’re also gonna have to make a withdrawal.

EXT. GETTY VILLA, MALIBU - SAME

A MOVING TRUCK drives up to the gate.
SLEEPY ANNOYED GUARD
Can I help you?

DRIVER
We’re delivering an art work to Mr. J. Paul Getty.

GUARD
From whom?

DRIVER
Walter Koolhaus.

At the mention of Koolhaus the GATE opens.

EXT. FRONT DOOR – SAME
A BUTLER answers the door.

BUTLER
Yes?

ART INSTALLER
I have instructions from Mr. Walter Koolhaus to set up this painting.

The butler warily cooperates.

The installers set up an elegant easel, position it carefully, then unveil the Mondrian. The light from the cathedral windows caresses the work like a religious icon.

INT. KITCHEN – NIGHT
Walter is reading the International Herald Tribune as Vivien writes. The PHONE rings – he gets it.

WALTER
Hello.

INTERCUT:

BUTLER
I have Mr. Getty on the line.

And Getty’s voice comes booming in:

GETTY
What kind of bamboozle are you pulling?
WALTER
(mock shocked)
John, I’m appalled at your tone.

GETTY
How much?

WALTER
I’d like to make a trade.

GETTY
I’m listening.

WALTER
The Jockey of Artemision.

GETTY
You are a shrewd man, Walter, and that horse is worth half the Mondrian.

WALTER
Do we have a deal?

GETTY
As long as it comes with a letter from your shrink stating you’re of sound mind.

WALTER
I’ll be sending my men for the sculpture tomorrow.

Walter hangs up.

WALTER (CONT’D)
That was almost too easy.

VIVIEN
I can spice things up if you like.

WALTER
You always spice things up, whether I like it or not.

EXT. CHASEN’S - NIGHT

Walter and Vivien are greeted as regulars.

WALTER
(to Maître d’)
As far from Sinatra as possible.

TIME FADE:
Walter and Vivien eat chili. Walter, as usual, looks dashing, calm and confident.

WALTER’S POV - we get the sense of his PARANOIA as he subtly scans the room, sounds fading in and out of focus.

VIVIEN
What’s swirling around that mysterious brain of yours?

WALTER
Distracted by this Agency thing.

VIVIEN
I don’t understand why you waste your time with them.

WALTER
Let’s just say I have certain things on them, and they have certain things on me. It’s called ‘mutually assured destruction.’

VIVIEN
I thought that was called marriage.

WALTER
And besides, I love this country.

VIVIEN
Don’t get maudlin.

WALTER
I’m serious. I do. But I don’t trust the assholes that run it. Constantine - case in point. He’s a sitting duck.

VIVIEN
How do you know you’re not the sitting duck?

WALTER
I don’t, that’s what has me distracted. I’ve been noticing some strange things. And they’re starting to add up.

VIVIEN
Are we getting paranoid again?
WALTER
This from someone who thought I had her trailed at lunch?

VIVIEN
Touche’.

Now, without getting bogged down in details, explain to me how the sitting duck is related to the looted horse.

WALTER
The horse has value to some very dangerous people. When it leaves Hammer’s residence - the rats are gonna come out of the woodwork.

VIVIEN
A veritable zoo.

WALTER
I’m serious, Viv. Hammer is the only person in the U.S. doing business with Russia. It leads to scrutiny - for all of us.

VIVIEN
Again, just like the Agency, why do you do business with Hammer? Whatever you want, he does the opposite.

WALTER
Exactly. He’s predictable. And a necessary evil.

VIVIEN
How does Getty fit in?

WALTER
He’s been after our Mondrian for years. We trade with him, then swap horses with Hammer.

VIVIEN
You’ve lost me.

WALTER
That’s the goal. I’m trying to lose the Agency, too.

VIVIEN
Are you going to tell me why?
EXT. TOPANGA STATE BEACH – DAWN

Walter floats with Crew Cut, whose face appears scraped from the previous day’s surf.

CREW CUT
There’s new developments.

WALTER
Sounds exciting. Did they give you a decoder ring?

CREW CUT
There are rumors that the Shepherd is in Los Angeles, we assume for Constantine.

WALTER
No one knows what the Shepherd looks like, what are your rumors based on?

CREW CUT
Intel.

WALTER
That’s CIA for “fuck if I know.”

CREW CUT
We spotted his handler.

WALTER
I’ll discuss it with Constantine.

CREW CUT
Please don’t. We need to lure out the Shepherd.

WALTER
Yesterday you were saving Constantine’s life – now you’re using him as bait?

Crew Cut clutches his board.
WALTER (CONT’D)
The Shepard, huh? Sounds like you’re leading a lamb to the slaughter.

And Walter catches a WAVE.

WALTER’S POV – as he picks up speed we get a momentary FLASHBACK:

INSERT - GLIMPSE OF A TUNNEL BEING DESCENDED IN DARKNESS - the ocean’s roar merges with the sound of wheels on rails -

BACK TO - OCEAN

Walter surfs the wave to shore.

INT. WALTER’S WAREHOUSE / OFFICE

Vivien follows Walter into his private office. He carries two cases.

WALTER
(to Viv)
I have a little project for us.

He goes to a to a steel vault-door, enters a long combination, opens it to reveal an ELEVATOR. Its doors open.

INT. BASEMENT WORKSHOP – DAY

They emerge into a bomb shelter like space. There’s full-fledged machine shop.

Along one wall is a neatly arranged arsenal of weapons of every size and shape. Along the other wall, running the length of the space, is a SHOOTING RANGE.

Walter unpacks the two cases on the table. One holds a polo mallet. One holds the individual components of a rifle.

TIME FADE – SERIES OF SHOTS – as they convert the mallet into the casing for a hidden, makeshift rifle.

SERIES OF SHOTS:
- Walter cutting the mallet in half, inserting a hinge.
- Vivien holding the polo mallet in place as Walter hollows out the interior of the shaft with a drill.
- Walter inserting a length of the rifle.
- Walter hollowing out the mallet, inserting the bullet cartridge
- Walter jerry-rigging a trigger.
Once finished, he folds it in half, clutching the head of the mallet to his shoulder, cocking it with a satisfying CLICK.

VIVIEN
If only you were this handy at home.

They take the mallet to test on the SHOOTING RANGE.

Walter aims at a TARGET - a silhouette of a human figure about 50 feet away. He FIRES - catching the edge of the paper.

Vivien, bored, takes out her cigarette holder, flicks her Cartier lighter, torches a Dunhill.

Walter fires again - grazing the shoulder of the figure. He adjusts the rifle one more time - FIRES - hits the knee.

VIVIEN (CONT’D)
Can I try?

WALTER
(checks his watch)
Sure. But lets get you something more suited to a lady.

They browse their gorgeous guns.

VIVIEN
That one’s pretty.

ON GUN - a Luger.

WALTER
Pretty hideous when it’s being pointed at you by a Nazi.

He loads it. He brings it to Vivien, wraps his arms around her, assisting her stance.

She’s girlish about the whole thing - what we’re beginning to realize is an act. She FIRES a few shots clumsily, wincing at the recoil, and missing the target.

VIVIEN
Perhaps I’m more suited to chess.

And Walter packs up the mallet rifle. They each take a case, then LEAVE for the elevator. Walter gets on - Vivien stops -

VIVIEN (CONT’D)
Forgot my lighter, meet you upstairs.

She darts back to the SHOOTING RANGE.
She opens her case - now empty, as the rifle is gone. She goes to the array of weapons and finds a rifle with a scope, expertly disassembles it, tries to put it in the case, but it won’t quite fit. She removes the case’s interior padding - puts the rifle parts in - shuts it.

She starts toward the door - pauses to pick up the Luger she used earlier - POPS OFF three shots in a row, each of them hitting the left side of the target’s chest. By the last shot the HEART has been obliterated.

45  EXT. POLO FIELD - SAME
Walter greets the other players. Vivien mingles.

BACK TO:

46  EXT. WILL ROGERS PARK - DAY
A Lincoln Continental pulls into the parking lot. A haughty GENTLEMAN with an bushy BEARD emerges, goes to the trunk, opens it. Takes out a POLO JERSEY, hanging from a hanger.

And a FIGURE steps up from behind, SNAPS his neck, pushes him into the trunk, grabs the uniform and shuts the trunk. Boom.

ON FIGURE - a slender MAN with an IDENTICAL BEARD, wearing full polo regalia, including helmet. Taking the polo jersey, he heads toward the stables.

47  EXT. POLO FIELD - SAME
King Constantine warms up with his fellow Greek teammates, and Koolhaus rides with the American team. Constantine takes rides over to greet Walter.

    CONSTANTINE
    Looking forward to your soiree --
    (turns his horse around)
    But on the field - it’s war!

Vivien chats up some bluebloods. The BEARDED figure passes.

ON VIVIEN - noticing something, nostrils flaring slightly.

ON FIELD - the BEARDED MAN trots onto the field, blending in.
SERIES OF SHOTS:
- Constantine swinging his polo mallet
- Koolhaus, playing, trying to keep an eye on Constantine
- Crew Cut, standing in the shadow of a Eucalyptus Tree, watching through binoculars.

Walter’s equestrian skills are a bit rusty, but top notch.

Constantine CHECKS Walter, nearly knocking him off his horse.

WIDE SHOT - the trees surrounding the field.

CU - base of a TREE, a pair of high-heels have been left.

INSERT RIFLE SCOPE POV - from high in the tree - a few tree leaves float in the cross-hairs, which track Koolhaus, the King, and the Bearded Man, then ZOOM in on the Bearded Man.

CU - elegant fingers poised on a trigger -

RIFLE POV - WALTER rides fast, blocking the BEARDED MAN.

BACK TO FIELD:

THE BEARDED MAN - pulling a pistol from his riding boot.

ON WALTER - cocking his mallet-rifle, firing - knocking the gun out of the Bearded Man’s hand.

The SHOT causes Walter’s horse to REAR UP, throwing him, the Bearded Man switches directions -- GALLOPING OFF the field and into the surrounding trails, clutching his hand in pain.

ON FIELD - playing comes to a halt, everyone baffled. Out of the mayhem, Constantine rides up to Koolhaus.

CONSTANTINE (CONT’D)
What the hell just happened?

KOOLHAUS
I was wondering the same thing.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - SAME

Walter confronts Crew Cut. When enraged he exudes an icy calm.

WALTER
How did you let him get away? Why no second shot?

CREW CUT
Our guys didn’t fire.
Walter pauses a beat, then abruptly PINS Crew Cut against the wall by the throat -

WALTER
What just happened out there.

CREW CUT
(choking)
We were hoping you might now.

WALTER
(deadly)
With one phone call I could have you on the next flight to Saigon. Do you understand?

CREW CUT
(gasping for air.)
Yes.

And Vivien enters, out of breath.

VIVIEN
Walter? Are you okay?

WALTER
Fine, no thanks to these clowns.

Let's go out Crew Cut.

CREW CUT
We were scanning the woods, we didn’t think he’d be on the field.

VIVIEN
Sounds like you couldn’t see the forest for the trees.

CREW CUT
The King is fine.

KOOLHAUS
You got lucky.

VIVIEN
(to Walter)
We’re calling off Saturday night’s soiree. I won’t risk this kind of madness at the house.

KOOLHAUS
Absolutely not.
VIVIEN
Why?

KOOLHAUS
Because The Shepard will be back.

Crew Cut examines the mallet-rifle closely.

CREW CUT
Very clever device.

He twists it and it FIRES, blowing a CHUNK from the ceiling.

WALTER
Lethal in the wrong hands.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER
As Walter showers, Vivien looks in the mirror, removes a TWIG from her hair. Walter does not appear to notice.

WALTER
I have a very weird feeling about this whole transport thing. I’d like you to stay home.

VIVIEN
I wouldn’t miss it for the world.

She goes to him in the shower, reaches in, soaps up his back, melting any resistance.

VIVIEN (CONT’D)
Besides, you know how much I love trucks.

EXT. HAMMER’S FRONT GATE - DAY
A convoy of THREE IDENTICAL MOVING TRUCKS arriving.

INT. MOVING TRUCK - DAY
Vivien drives, Walter rides shotgun. They pull up to:

EXT. HAMMER MANSION - DRIVEWAY - SAME
HAMMER watches as three ART INSTALLERS lay planks of wood, creating a makeshift surface to drive the forklift over. Hammer follows the installers, but Vivien intercepts him.
VIVIEN
Armie, come sit by the pool and tell me about your memoirs...

HAMMER
(easily flattered)
I’m still in Volume 1, writing about when I told Stalin...

EXT. HAMMER MANSION – LATER
The three trucks are parked side by side, so close that the side mirrors are folded in.

EXT. NEARBY HILLSIDE – SAME
A MOTORCYCLIST, identity obscured by a helmet, is parked by the side of the road, watching through binoculars.

INSERT – BINOCULAR’S POV – SAME – ART HANDLERS rolling the sculpture toward the trucks.

INT. WALTER’S TRUCK – SAME
Two Handlers are inside – REMOVING half of the side wall of the truck – which has been prepped. It slides away, opening space to the adjacent truck.

The horse is loaded into Walter’s truck, then slid through the second truck and into the third.

The walls are then rolled back into place.

EXT. DRIVEWAY – SAME
CRANE SHOT – from the house, overlooking a T-shaped intersection, with exit routes straights, right and left.

Three trucks emerge, each taking a different direction. The Motorcyclist is forced to choose – follows the second.

ON MOTORCYCLIST – riding up to the Driver, pulling a PISTOL – pointing it at the Driver – who instantly pulls over.

The Motorcyclist rides up to the rear of the truck, SHOOTS the lock off – raises the door revealing – NOTHING.
INT. WALTER’S WAREHOUSE - SAME

Walter and Vivien drive their truck in. The second truck is already there, the horse sculpture being unloaded.

TIME FADE:

Vivien watches as Walter takes a BLOWTORCH to the underside of the sculpture, burning along an existing seam. Then BENDS a section of bronze away with a CROWBAR. BRICK-SIZE packages come tumbling out. Bundle upon bundle, tightly bound.

WALTER
You asked what’s in it for me?

ON SINGLE BRICK - as Walter deftly slices open the brown wrapping, revealing a STACK OF BRITISH FIVE POUND NOTES.

VIVIEN
(ASTONISHED)
The plot behind the plot behind the plot. Voila’.

ON MAP-DIORAMA OF LOS ANGELES - Walter places a small WAREHOUSE on the land this money’s paying for.

INT. GOODWILL THRIFT STORE - DAY

Nigel Humphries, resplendent but dejected, sells Billy Al’s unclaimed suit for pennies on the dollar.

NIGEL
This city is devoid of chivalry.

He skulks out. The CASHIER dials the phone.

CASHIER
(into phone)
It’s here.

INT. KOOLHAUS LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cases of liquor are wheeled in. A florist is busy making understated but beautiful arrangements.

Laddie sits at a desk with a bowl of grass and a stack of origami paper, rolling multi-colored, flower-shaped joints.

Doug Wheeler is installing his light sculpture, supervising his assistants - one of whom is a disgruntled Billy Al. They position plexiglass against the wall at a curved right angle.
Doug wires neon tubes around the piece’s perimeter, creating a rectangular frame of light on the wall. Billy Al gets distracted by the blank spot where the Mondrian once hung.

DOUG
Billy Al - what are you doing?

BILLY AL
I have a piece that would fit perfectly here.

DOUG
The narcissism...

BILLY AL
Speaking of which - I’m meeting Peter at Goodwill, new threads for the party. You in?

DOUG
Sure thing.

ASSISTANT
It’s ready.

DOUG
Walter - Vivien!

Vivien and Walter appear with champagne and glasses. Doug plugs in the piece. Slowly, the fluorescent lights come to life, emanating an otherworldly glow, radiant and magical - promptly BLOWING the house’s FUSES - the room goes DARK.

All is silent, then:

BILLY AL
You know, I got a piece to replace the Mondrian - candles included.

DOUG WHEELER
Fuck you, Bengston.

WALTER
We’ll take it.

EXT. GOODWILL THRIFT SHOP - DAY

Billy Al, Doug and Peter search for eccentric threads for the party. Doug and Peter grab armloads of clothes, slip into changing rooms. Billy goes to the CASHIER who hands him a garment bag. He slips into a changing room.

Doug and Peter emerge and peacock in front of the mirror.
Waiting a beat to make his entrance, Billy Al emerges in an immaculately tailored, Saville Row style suit, complete with cravat. Everything is initialed BAB, even the slippers.

In the ongoing competition that is their friendship, Billy just won a round. As he slips the CASHIER a twenty, we:

FLASHBACK TO:

CHYRON: 6 MONTHS EARLIER

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HABERDASHERY - DAY

Billy Al gets fitted for a suit by distinguished, silver-haired English tailor, NIGEL HUMPHRIES. Billy stands tall as the Nigel before him, finishing the cuffs.

NIGEL
Sir, do you wear yourself to the right or the left.

BILLY AL
(imperious)
Neither. Straight down. Waaaaaaaaaaay down.

Nigel pins some space in the crotch-

BILLY AL (CONT’D)
Owww - lower than that.

CU - Billy Al signs an invoice: Bradley Andrew Banks.

INSERT - SERIES OF SHOTS:
- fabric being cut
- hems being sewn
- monograms being stitched

We FREEZE on the suit, hung and ready, then enter a TIME FADE: a high speed montage of weeks passing in the store. The suit hangs motionless, unclaimed, as NIGEL’S suit changes every day in a blur of color.

HOLD ON BILLY’S SUIT - abandoned.

Flashback over.

GO TO BLACK:
Walter uses the bedroom's discreetly hidden kitchenette to make blinis, using a mother-of-pearl caviar service.

VIVIEN
Honey... could we maybe break out a teensy-weensy bit of that LSD from the Agency Saturday night?

WALTER
Viv...

VIVIEN
Just a splashy to sparkle things up.

WALTER
Do I have to bring up the Vanderbilt incident?

VIVIEN
I wish you wouldn’t. It’s just... Juliet wants to try it.

WALTER
What did we say about acid and actresses?

VIVIEN
I know, but-

WALTER
They barely know who they are to begin with. Besides, I’m working.

VIVIEN
How come we never have any fun anymore.

WALTER
We can have fun when we’re done. Or we can have fun right now...

He brings the tray of warm blinis to Viv in bed. She dips her pinky in the caviar. Puts a dab on her left nipple, and a dab on her right. Walter leans over, flicks his tongue, licks it off one nipple... then the other.

WALTER (CONT’D)
Be-lu-ga...

As his head descends out of frame, Viv purrs a quiet growl of delight. The lights of the city flicker in the backdrop.
Crew Cut paddles out to Walter.

WALTER
We’ve got to stop meeting like this.

CREW CUT
Something came up on our bug at Hammer’s. I don’t know quite what to make of it.

WALTER
There’s a surprise.

CREW CUT
A mysterious Greek woman has managed to infiltrate Hammer’s inner circle. Someone we’ve never heard of. She’s coming tonight.

WALTER
Why is she relevant to the Shepherd?

CREW CUT
You tell me – I left a transcript. All we know is – the Shepherd will be at your place on Saturday.

WALTER
Why so sure?

CREW CUT
They say no one ever misses a Koolhaus party.

And a wave comes rolling in behind them – this time Crew Cut CATCHES it, gets to his feet, wobbly and awkward – but he surfs the wave. Maybe there’s hope for him yet.

Vivien browses the impeccably organized oak shelves, making a list of peaking wines to serve at the party.

VIVIEN’S POV – scanning the bottles, 1963... 1964... 1965. Then, instead of a wine bottle – a TINY VIAL of liquid.

CU – LYSERGIC ACID DIETHYLAMIDE – SANDOZ LABORATORIES – 1965
She opens a cigarette-sized test tube with an EYE DROPPER as its cap, removes a modest party supply. Puts the acid back.
INT. KOOLHAUS MASTER BATHROOM – DAY

Vivien takes a morning bath, smoking a cigarette in a long holder, sipping a mimosa. Walter sits in a nearby Barcelona chair, reading the surveillance transcript of Hammer.

VIVIEN
Read it to me.

WALTER
He’s talking to someone in Athens.
(adopting Hammer’s accent)
“That monarch’s a monster!”

VIVIEN
Poor Constantine...

WALTER
(in Hammer’s accent)
“I’d be delighted to take her to the Koolhaus soiree’. I’ll just leave my wife at home.”

VIVIEN
Armie’s wife... poor dear.

WALTER
“Her name is really Pandora? Does she have a sister named Aphrodite?”

VIVIEN
He did not say that.

WALTER
“I’ll send my driver for her at 9.”
(stops reading, irritated)
I don’t know...

VIVIEN
What?

WALTER
I thought we were looking for a bearded man, but now there’s this mystery mistress.

VIVIEN
Could he be a she?

WALTER
Possibly. But if he was as a she, she had a convincing disguise.
VIVIEN
Or very butch genes.

WALTER
Whoever tried to kill Constantine should have some sort of wound on their right hand. That’s the key.

(flustered)
I can’t figure these new kids at the Agency out, whether they’re liars or losers – or both.

(takes Vivien’s hand)
Stay close tonight.

INT. VIVIEN’S DRESSING ROOM – SAME
Vivien combs out her freshly washed hair. Walter pops in.

WALTER
Close your eyes.

Walter unveils a MONDRIAN DRESS. Viv gasps – it’s gorgeous.

WALTER (CONT’D)
Next year’s St. Laurent.

VIVIEN
I love you Walter.

EXT. KOOHAUS HOUSE – NIGHT
The house is lit with torches and candles, pulsating with color. WAITERS with champagne flank the doorway.

INT. KOOHAUS FOYER – DAY
Walter greets CREW CUT, who has two more AGENTS with him.

CREW CUT
This is JD.

Walter shakes the hand of an uptight looking dude.

CREW CUT (CONT’D)
And West Coast Chief, Winston.

WALTER
(doesn’t shake his hand)
We’ve met.

Walter flashes icy before returning to his charismatic smile.
WALTER (CONT’D)
Good to see you, Winston.

WINSTON
Is it?

WALTER
Nice hair cut.

INT. KOOLHAUS LIVING ROOM - SAME

The Doug Wheeler sculpture is installed but not yet plugged in.

Billy Al is there, impeccable in his threads, now punctuated by motorcycle boots, velvet monograms glued to the leather.

He hangs his painting, a brightly colored image of a target painted on masonite, glowing with the polished finish of a hot rod.

WALTER
It looks beautiful.

BILLY AL
It really does.
   (gives him an ENVELOPE)
Not to be vulgar, just an invoice.
   I’m a little strapped.

WALTER
Cool, I can pay you tonight.

Guests are streaming in: artists, Waspy bluebloods, Hollywood types, politicians, musicians - and somewhere amongst them - an undercover assassin.

A trio of Salsa musicians plays quietly in the backdrop.

ON WALTER AND VIVIEN - the consummate hosts. Armand Hammer arrives with his Greek beauty, PANDORA, in a bright red dress.

HAMMER
Pandora, these are our hosts,
   Walter and Vivien Koolhaus.

They exchange greetings. And Vivien pulls Pandora onto the dance floor. Hammer looks at Walter, perplexed.

WALTER
Girls will be girls.

ON DANCE FLOOR - Vivien spins Pandora, amidst Billy Al, Craig, and Doug and their respective girlfriends. A rhumba plays.
Crew Cut approaches Walter:

CREW CUT
King Constantine is pulling up.

EXT. KOOLHAUS HOUSE - SAME

The HORSE SCULPTURE has now been installed and lit on the lawn. Walter and Vivien stand next to it, louche, sexy, and proud, all at the same time. A server stands by with Ouzo.

Pulling up the driveway is KING CONSTANTINE'S motorcade. Constantine, seeing the horse, leaps out of the car, awed.

WALTER
Constantine, consider this a gift - from our country to yours.

CONSTANTINE
(choking up)
If my father could have seen this.

VIVIEN
He would have been very proud.

CONSTANTINE
How did you pry it from that monster's hands?

VIVIEN
With a crowbar.

CONSTANTINE
That troll had me so enraged.

WALTER
That troll is on the patio.

CONSTANTINE
No! Well, perhaps he's not so bad after all. Let's make peace.

Walter leads Constantine to Hammer, whom he surprises with a BEAR HUG.

Hammer's not used to being hugged, but when he sees it's the King he's pleased, accepting the peace offering. They chat.

ON VIVIEN - as she snatches Pandora away from Hammer, who's too drunk and distracted by royalty to notice.

CONSTANTINE'S POV - noticing a beautiful WOMAN.
KING CONSTANTINE
(to Walter)
Is that Juliet whatshername?

WALTER
Indeed it is. Juliet! Welcome back.
How’d the movie go?

And a stunning, European actress saunters up, JULIET.

JULIET
It was grueling.

WALTER
I want you to meet King Constantine.

JULIET
Nice to meet you, Your Highness.

Constantine turns on the royal charm.

INT. UPSTAIRS - SAME

Vivien leads Pandora upstairs, giving her a tour of their paintings. They pause in front of an exquisite Matisse nude. There is tangible erotic tension.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - SAME

Vivien and Pandora stare at a luscious Klimt.

VIVIEN
Do you like what you see?

PANDORA
More and more.
(turns to Viv)
You have beautiful skin.

VIVIEN
Feel it.

Pandora slowly tugs off her left glove. Softly touches the skin on Vivien’s cheek.

Vivien takes Pandora’s right hand, holds the velvet-gloved fingers and traces them across the skin of her neck. Then, slowly, she tugs the glove off. But before we can see her hand it disappears between Vivien’s legs.

CU - VIVIEN’S FACE - a wave of pleasure ripples across.
Vivien reaches down, takes Pandora’s hand, brings it to her lips. She kisses each finger.

CU - PANDORA’S HAND - glistening, yet UNSCATHED - she’s not the assassin.

VIVIEN (CONT’D)
     Just a taste for now, my dear.

Vivien slips away. We stay on Pandora as she goes:

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Pandora tiptoes to:

INT. KOOKHAUS BEDROOM - SAME

Pandora cases the room, peeks behind paintings, under rugs, beneath the bed. She rifles through Vivien’s jewelry. Holds a pair of diamonds to her ears. Puts them back.

She takes a small GUN from her pocketbook. We glimpse a pair of BLUE MOTORCYCLE GLOVES. Pandora is the motorcyclist.

She HIDES the gun under the bed.

EXT. POOLSIDE - SAME

Walter is still shmoozing King Constantine, while discreetly staying aware of possible threats. Vivien joins them.

VIVIEN
  (whispers to Walter)
  Hammer’s girl is clean.

WALTER
  You sure.

Vivien’s face says it all - she’s sure.

INSERT - HAND HELD POV - FROM ACROSS THE ROOM - ON CONSTANTINE AND BILLY AL - the shaky camera descends on them with the speed of an assault.

BRITISH VOICE
  Stop thief! Stop thief!

BILLY AL’S POV – NIGEL THE TAILOR – charging –

And Billy Al darts around the table, Nigel in pursuit.
ON DOUG AND PETER - gleeful - wishing they’d orchestrated it.

ON WALTER - amused, but not wanting a scene, he steps in:

WALTER
(to Nigel)
Whatever he did, we can take care of it. Just calm down - not here.

NIGEL
He’s a thief.

WALTER
He’s an artist.

NIGEL
He’s a con artist. He stole that suit!

WALTER
You stole the suit, Billy?

BILLY AL
Not literally.

WALTER
(to Nigel)
Put it on my tab.

NIGEL
It’s his debt.

Walter takes out the INVOICE from Billy - tears it in half. Puts his arms around the tailor.

WALTER
I’ll settle up Monday.
(changing the subject)
Now, you Nigel, of all people, should meet King Constantine.

And a tray of champagne appears, poured by an elegant SERVER.

ON VIVIEN - frozen, noticing something - her nostrils subtly flare. It’s the same perfume she smelled at the polo match. She wanders away from Walter, following the Server’s scent.

BACK TO WALTER: he and Constantine talk polo, when suddenly PEBBLES fall from above. Perplexed, Walter looks up toward the roof. We HEAR a woman giggling, singing, then sobbing.
An elegant LEG with a high-heeled shoe comes dangling down -
Walter walks to the edge of the terrace, raises his arms over his head - JUMPS - grabs hold of the side of the roof, and pulls himself up and over like a cat burglar.

BACK TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Vivien trails the SERVER. She picks up a nearby vase of flowers - hands it to the Server.

VIVIEN
Be a dear and bring this to the kitchen.

Vivien puts it in the woman’s RIGHT HAND - and the Server winces in pain, puts it in her left hand, heads toward the kitchen. The Server is The Shepherd.

Vivien looks around for Walter - he’s gone.

TRACKING SHOT - of Vivien, wandering through the first floor of the house, searching frantically for Walter.

The CAMERA RISES to:

EXT. Koolhaus Roof - Same

Juliet is having a meltdown, precariously perched on the edge of the roof. Walter approaches carefully, acutely aware of the drop. He tries to gently steer her to the left, where the drop is less severe, about ten feet to the balcony.

JULIET
You killed him. You killed him and my brother.

WALTER
Juliet - look at me - it’s Walter.
(she looks - her pupils are like pinpoints)
What did you take, Juliet?

JULIET
Vivien gave me some ‘electric champagne.’

WALTER
Shit.
JULIET
You killed him. And not with bullets or guns, with hate.

WALTER
Juliet, you’re having some kind of West Side Story flashback.

JULIET
(not listening)
Well now I can kill, too, because now I have hate.

From BELOW we see VIVIEN appear. She takes one look at Juliet, realizes Walter’s got his hands full.

INT. KOOLHAUS KITCHEN - SAME

The SERVER with the injured hand is emptying a platter of glasses. Vivien intercepts:

VIVIEN
Be a dear and help me find more Ouzo for the King.

Vivien leads her to the door to the wine cellar, opens it.

VIVIEN (CONT’D)
After you.

The Shepherd starts down the stairs.

VIVIEN’S POV - from behind, as The Shepherd spins and kneels while removing a pistol. Vivien’s Mondrian dress is a blurred abstraction of color as she LEAPS down the stairs onto the assassin, catching her by surprise, knocking away the gun.

Vivien pins the Shepherd, arms above her head - but the Shepherd yanks a bottle off the rack behind her and whirls it at Vivien’s skull - she deflects the blow - it SMASHES against the wall, and the Shepard clutches the jagged stem. They grapple - deadlocked:

EXT. KOOLHAUS ROOF - SAME

Walter reaches out - takes Juliet’s chin in his hand - looks directly in her eyes. Their gazes lock:

WALTER
Juliet, listen to me - you’re not in a movie.

(MORE)
WALTER (CONT'D)
You’re at Walter and Vivien’s. The champagne Vivien gave you, it triggers the imagination.

JULIET
I know!

WALTER
You have a big imagination – but you’re not Maria, you’re Juliet. Say it.

JULIET
You’re not Maria, you’re Juliet.

WALTER
Close enough. Now let’s get you off the roof, okay?

JULIET
Okay.

She begins to smile, starts to stand – slips – and goes OFF the roof – Walter CATCHING one ankle, as she pendulums below.

ON WALTER – lying flat on the roof, holding her ankle with one arm, clutching a drain pipe with the other.

WALTER
I got you.

Juliet is giggling, tripping and fearless.

WALTER (CONT’D)
(shouting below)
Your Majesty!

And King Constantine appears -- but the patio is off to the side, he’s not quite under her. Walter swings Juliet back and forth, and as she pendulums left -- he lets go --

WALTER (CONT’D)
Incoming!

She lands in King Constantine’s arms.

JULIET
(singing)
I feel pretty...
INT. WINE CELLAR - SAME

Vivien and The Shepherd are still grappling. Vivien grabs The Shepherd’s injured hand roughly – then FLIPS the Server over onto her back – we hear the crunch of glass on concrete.

Vivien grabs another bottle, BRAINS The Shepard. A swirl of blood and Bordeaux seeps toward the drain.

Vivien rises, trembling with fear, rage and adrenaline. She PULLS an entire rack of wine away from the wall, tipping it over, CRUSHING whatever life remained in The Shepard.

INT. KOOLHAUS LIVING ROOM - SAME

Walter sees a dishevelled Vivien emerge, runs to her:

WALTER
What happened?

VIVIEN
(monotone)
Constantine’s safe now.

WALTER
The Shepard?

INT. WINE CELLAR - MOMENTS LATER

The SHEPARD’S HEELS sticks out from under the wine rack.

VIVIEN
(feigning calm)
Don’t worry, it was just the Californias.

But as she lights a cigarette, her trembling hand reveals the fear beneath the cool. Walter holds her tight, protective, as Crew Cut arrives.

WALTER
The cellar’s at 58 degrees, the Shepherd will be fine till morning.
CREW CUT
That’s not Standard Operating Procedure.

VIVIEN
(pulling herself together)
Standing Operating Procedure is -
the party must go on.

CREW CUT
(to Vivien)
I didn’t know you did wet work.

VIVIEN
I don’t.

EXT. POOLSIDE - SAME
Vivien - now in a St. Laurent dress - joins Walter, Juliet and her new best friend, King Constantine, for a toast.

WALTER
(passing out flutes)
Long Live The King!

GUESTS
(clinking glasses)
Long Live The King!

And the evening’s musical entertainment plugs in - THE YOUNG RASCALS. They stand in front of the unplugged Doug Wheeler, sculpture as he plugs as he plugs it in: the piece comes to life, framing the band with a luminous, angelic GLOW.

FELIX
(addressing the crowd)
This is a new tune, no one’s ever heard it before. We’d like to dedicate it to our hosts. 1-2-3-4

They began a mid-tempo sort of groove:

FELIX (CONT’D)
(singing)
It’s a beautiful mornin’
I think I’ll go outside a while
An jus’ smile...

Guests hit the dance floor. King Constantine is with Juliet. Vivien is with Walter. ON CONSTANTINE – arms up triumphantly:

CONSTANTINE
I’m untouchable!
FELIX
(singing)
Ain't no fun just hangin' around
I've got to cover ground
You couldn't keep me down

ON UNDERCOVER AGENTS - Winston and JD, dancing as if at a Grateful Dead show - they've clearly been DOSED as well.

VIVIEN
(sheepish)
I thought they'd be less dangerous...

WALTER
Bad girl.

VIVIEN
You have no idea.

And Vivien LEADS Walter upstairs to their BEDROOM DOOR.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
I have an idea for my next story.

WALTER
What's it called?

VIVIEN
(opening door)
Pandora's Box.

And we see PANDORA, sprawled nude on the bed, waiting.

WALTER
I love you honey.

VIVIEN
I love you too.

As they undress we HEAR the MUSIC from downstairs:

MUSIC
It's a beautiful morning...

As Walter and Vivien each LEAP toward the bed we FREEZE on them in mid-air:

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END