

PRET-A-PORTER

by

Robert Altman

&

Barbara Shulgasser

Kristine Andersen
10349 Caribou Lane
Los Angeles, CA 90077

PRE-TITLE SEQUENCE:

1 INT - DESK TOP - DAY 1

We see a man's hand folding a necktie on a desk. A scissor is brought into the frame. The man finds the label on the tie, which is written in the Russian alphabet and cuts it off. He now slips the tie into an envelope. He writes a brief note, addresses it to OLIVIER de la FONTAINE at a Paris address, and adds a Russian stamp.

2 INT - BEDROOM SUITE - FRIDAY MORNING 2

OLIVIER DE LA FONTAINE, elegantly dressed in a blue suit, is preparing to go out. A BUTLER brings the mail to him in his dressing room on a tray. He sees the Russian return address and opens the envelope, finds the tie, which we can see he thinks is ugly, and reads the note. He shrugs and removes the tie he is wearing.

3 INT - WALK-IN CLOSET - DAY 3

From the back we see OLIVIER in his large closet wearing only a shirt, the tie, his socks and shoes. He is holding the tie against his many suits, shaking his head, finally pulling a grey suit off the hanger.

4 INT - THE LOUVRE TENT/FASHION SHOW 4

Looking down the length of the runway, we see a MODEL traipsing toward us. (TITLE SEQUENCE) This is seen in black and white through the viewfinder of a video camera. Our camera pulls up and backward. Now, on left of screen we look through the video camera at the MODEL while the rest of the screen shows us the MODEL herself. As the camera pulls further back, we can see more MODELS on the runway - a fashion show is in progress - and several tiers of television cameras below.

Tracking shot along the edge of the runway of MODELS' feet in outrageous shoes. Our focus is on what's behind the feet, the PHOTOGRAPHERS who stand in a trench below runway level shooting the MODELS. When we reach LUDI TER STEEGE, who is flirting with the MODELS. He photographs.

Closeup of a JOURNALIST'S notebook being furiously scribbled in, then a row of notebooks in laps of WRITERS seated at the Pret.

OLIVIER (wearing the tie, and a grey suit) seated next to NATHALIE LO in the front row. She is wearing something red, her sartorial trademark.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 4

Several MODELS coming down the runway, including DANE SIMPSON, KIKI SIMPSON, and a model known as ALBERTINE. They are dressed in variations on the trench coat theme, dark glasses and hats. Some are wearing purses that are shaped like shoulder holsters. One MODEL reaches into her holster and pulls out a compact, which she opens and peers into. The theme music from "Goldfinger" is playing.

JACK LOWENTHAL seated behind his mother, NATHALIE.

Photographer LUDI smiling at the MODELS flirtatiously as they walk the runway. All of them ignore him. The MODELS look icily perfect and unruffled.

5 INT - BACKSTAGE - DAY 5

Here the MODELS are less poised, tearing off outfits and racing into others, assisted by DRESSERS who preside over racks where the clothing hangs, as well as charts carefully outlining the outfits and accessories. Controlled chaos reigns. In the corner, squinting through a hole in the stage curtain is the nervous DESIGNER, watching for audience reaction. ALBERTINE comes off stage, pulls off her clothes and walks around in her underwear aiming a video camera, recording the mania. Her DRESSER calls her over to get ready for her next outing.

6 INT - LOUVRE TENT/FASHION SHOW - DAY 6

LUDI looks at his watch, puts his camera down, whispers something to the photographer next to him, who is an attractive WOMAN. He hands her two rolls of film, kisses her and leaves.

OLIVIER, who looks at his watch. He excuses himself to NATHALIE, kisses her hand and leaves.

7 EXT - DE GAULLE AIRPORT - DAY 7

OLIVIER arrives at airport where a television crew is waiting for him. The BBC is doing a news show on celebrities arriving for the Pret-a-Porter.

OLIVIER
(In French, to his
driver)
There's the BBC truck. Pull over.

OLIVIER enters the terminal. The PRODUCER comes running over.

OLIVIER
(In English)
Sorry I'm late.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

PRODUCER

Thank God, you're here. I thought we said you were going to wear blue. Never mind. Let's get a little makeup on you.

SERGEI OBLOMOV, dressed in a well cut brown tweed suit, coming through customs. As he passes the barrier, he looks around furtively and then tosses his passport into the nearest trash bin. He has no luggage.

8 INT - AIRPORT.BAGGAGE CLAIM - DAY

Baggage coming up a carousel ramp. One bag is busted open; clothes hang out of the bag. The OWNER gasps.

SERGEI appears to be looking for someone. He spots OLIVIER. Although OLIVIER is being interviewed, he acknowledges seeing SERGEI by straightening his tie. They are both wearing the same hideous tie.

More baggage coming up the automated ramp. We see most of the principals arriving, spotting their luggage. SISSY WANAMAKER, the Vogue editor, is collecting matching Vuitton pieces.

OLIVIER standing in front of a camera, speaking stiffly. We can't hear what he's saying. We see this through the CAMERAMAN's video monitor in black and white, which also takes in the goings on at baggage claim behind OLIVIER. We hear airport sounds.

The PRODUCER is standing behind the CAMERAMAN, nodding as OLIVIER talks.

OLIVIER

And here is Sissy Wanamaker, the editor of American Vogue. How are you, Sissy? Welcome to Paris.

9 INT - AIRPORT - DAY

MAJOR BOWLES, wearing a bow tie and carrying a cigar, looks for his luggage.

A GROUP OF TRAVELERS disembarking from their flight, complaining.

PASSENGER

I'll never go coach again. A cattle car.

Among these passengers is a frazzled and unkempt woman, LOUISE BOWLES.

(CONTINUED)

More luggage on the carousels. REGINA KRUMM, the New York Times fashion editor, AMY AUSTEN and BINKY ULRICH, New York Times magazine photographer and writer, arrive. We see some of them through the video camera lens.

OLIVIER
(Still stiff but poised
as he gets used to the
drill)

And here is Regina Krumm, the New York Times fashion editor. Come say a few words.

REGINA approaches and stands awkwardly next to OLIVIER.

REGINA
I don't see how the French will be able to measure up to the Italian shows, Olivier. Armani was peerless this year.

OLIVIER
(With a nervous laugh)
We French don't waste time worrying about what Italians are up to. Just like you Americans and the Japanese, eh?

REGINA gives him a dismissive look. They both look into the camera uncomfortably for a moment. The PRODUCER makes wild hand gestures, and points to an approaching WOMAN.

OLIVIER
Thank you, Regina. And here is America's grande dame of fashion, Slim Chrysler.

Video image of SLIM CHRYSLER approaching. She is wearing a stylized trench coat and fedora, like what Bogart wore in "Casablanca."

OLIVIER and SLIM as they are in mid-interview through the video CAMERAMAN's viewfinder.

SLIM
Yes, I'll be writing a few fun pieces for British Vogue and setting up some photo shoots. And I'm hosting a cocktail party for American Vogue and a few designers I'm working with. You know, the usual thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The interview is over. As SLIM begins to move away, OLIVIER whispers.

OLIVIER
We must talk.

SLIM
About what?

OLIVIER
A friend has arrived unexpectedly.

OLIVIER nods towards SERGEI.

SLIM sees him. He is across the room leaning on a car rental counter.

SLIM
(As she begins to walk
away)
Thank God I don't wear neckties.
Call me at the Meurice.

The MAJOR and LOUISE collect their luggage separately. He hires a PORTER to carry his leather monogrammed garment bags. She has two large cases, beaten up Samsonite, which she carries herself.

MAJOR BOWLES, wheeling his leather luggage through is stopped by OLIVIER for an interview.

OLIVIER
Here is a buyer for Marshall Field
in Chicago. Monsieur Bowles, Major
they call you, isn't it? You were
in the army?

SISSY, waiting for her limo driver. She is wearing something skin tight but chic. She seductively eyes an attractive younger man, LUDI, who is carrying camera equipment. He dresses Italian. He starts towards her and she is pleased, assuming that her incredible allure is working again. LUDI walks straight up to her.

LUDI
Sissy Wanamaker?
(Now she thinks he
recognizes her because
she's famous.)
I'm your man.

SISSY
I beg your pardon?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (3)

9

LUDI

You hired me. I'm your
photographer. I'm here with your
limo.

He offers her his hand to shake. She smiles but doesn't take it, handing him one of her bags instead.

SISSY

Grab the rest and meet me outside
at the car.

10 EXT - AIRPORT - DAY

10

The MAJOR gets into a limousine. LOUISE takes the bus into Paris.

11 EXT - PARIS STREET - DAY

11

A busy intersection near the Louvre, where Assistant Prefect of Police MARCEL FORGET is overseeing the proceedings as WORKERS set up for the Pret-a-Porter. Many trunks full of clothes for the shows are being wheeled through the streets. Trucks with designers' names on them are crossing at a narrow bridge nearby. Lots of COPS in squad cars and on motorcycles are parked all around. A COP is directing traffic. FORGET is viewing from inside his car. At this narrow bridge, a large truck tries to get through. Also at the bridge are the cabs and limousines (and the bus) carrying everyone from the airport into town. The truck is so large that the cop stops the rest of the traffic in order to allow it to maneuver from a side street onto the bridge. FORGET fumes at the cop's incompetence.

FORGET

(Exasperated)

Look how he's holding up traffic.

He runs out to take the matter into his own hands. The truck is slowly backing up and returning. A few more turns and it will negotiate the pass. FORGET arrives on foot, yelling at the cop to get things moving.

FORGET

Look at these cars piling up.

FORGET rushes over to the cab of the truck and tells the DRIVER to cut his wheel sharply to the left and get a move on.

FORGET

He can't just block the street.
We have a city to run here.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

The DRIVER does as instructed and the entire truck turns over blocking traffic on both sides of the road. No one on the bridge can move.

12 INT - LIMO - DAY

OLIVIER rides in his limousine with SERGEI.

OLIVIER

So, what's better, English or French? Your note was in English.

SERGEI nods.

OLIVIER

What name are you going by?

SERGEI

Sergei Oblomov for now.

OLIVIER

It's nice to finally meet you. This worked out so conveniently. I had to be at the airport anyway for that English television business. Ridiculous, some of the things you have to do to promote French fashion. It's worse than running an embassy.

SERGEI

I can imagine.

OLIVIER

(Heartily)

So business is slow for us these days, eh? It's hard to be an agent when communism is dead. I hadn't heard from you in so long I was beginning to wonder if the network had been dismantled.

SERGEI

Well, there wasn't much that we needed from you once the wall came down in Berlin. Much less expensive to just walk across the street than send couriers all over.

OLIVIER

So you're not here for long? I see you have no luggage.

(CONTINUED)

SERGEI
 Well, I left in a bit of a hurry.
 I don't even have any money.

OLIVIER
 Oh?

SERGEI
 I'm actually here to ask you a
 favor.

OLIVIER
 (Looking concerned for
 the first time)
 Oh?

The car stops. Traffic has come to a standstill. OLIVIER knocks
 on the divider to get the driver's attention.

OLIVIER
 (In French)
 Pierre, what's the trouble?

PIERRE
 A truck is overturned ahead. There
 are police.

OLIVIER shrugs.

OLIVIER
 (In English)
 Always something with Paris
 drivers. Good thing I brought
 lunch.
 (He pulls out a basket,
 in which there is
 bread, a plate of ham,
 cheese and wine. He
 puts ham on bread)
 Will you have a sandwich? Jambon.
 Have some.

SERGEI
 No, thank you.

OLIVIER
 I insist. You must be starving.
 Airplane food.

OLIVIER thrusts a sandwich into SERGEI's hand. SERGEI holds it
 through the rest of the scene. OLIVIER takes a large bite and
 drops crumbs all over his suit.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

OLIVIER
 (Brushing himself off)
 Don't worry, I'll be careful of
 your tie.
 (He laughs at his own
 little joke)
 So, are you going to be meeting
 with any other operatives?

SERGEI
 It would be nice to meet with that
 woman, Fido? The one who worked
 for Dior.

OLIVIER
 I'll arrange a meeting.

SERGEI
 So you'll finally tell me her
 actual name.

OLIVIER
 You'll see her face. You might
 as well know her name, too.

13 INT - LIMO - DAY

13

SISSY is looking into a compact mirror, brushing her hair. LUDI
 pulls out a packet of cigarettes, puts one in his mouth and
 offers one to SISSY.

SISSY
 You can't possibly smoke in here.
 There's no air.
 (He lights up)
 What's the point of my having quit
 if you're just going to shut
 me up in a box full of smoke?
 (Knocking impatiently
 on the partition
 between her and the
 driver)
 When are we going to get moving?

LUDI
 Don't wear yourself out. You've
 got a lot of work ahead of you.

14 INT - TAXI - DAY

14

BINKY is with AMY.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

BINKY

Is that all you ever wear? The last time I saw you you were dressed in some army thing, too.

AMY

That was British army. This is Peruvian.

15 EXT - LIMO - DAY

15

Inside OLIVIER's limousine, we see through the window that SERGEI is talking calmly. OLIVIER is fussing with his sandwich, has taken a big bite and is chewing. Suddenly his eyes grow wide and he starts responding to SERGEI fiercely.

16 INT - LIMO - DAY

16

OLIVIER

How can you suggest this after all we've done together? It's an outrage.

SERGEI

Times have changed. Everyone wants to live well now.

OLIVIER is chewing during this. In the midst of the sputtering, OLIVIER suddenly can't talk and starts choking on his food. SERGEI tries to hit him on his back but OLIVIER turns blue and stops moving. SERGEI examines him, looking panicky. When he realizes that OLIVIER is dead, a calm comes over him. He rifles OLIVIER's pockets for a wallet, takes the money, wipes the wallet for fingerprints and checks the rest of OLIVIER's pockets. He finds a number of invitations to fashion shows and stuffs them into his pocket. SERGEI then leaps out of the limo, ripping his jacket as he leaves. He runs out into the traffic jam and is stuck. The driver hears the door slam and looks back to see OLIVIER slumped over. He runs out and into the back to see if he can help OLIVIER. He realizes his employer is dead.

17 EXT - TRAFFIC JAM - DAY

17

PIERRE

(Yelling)

Stop that man. Murder. Police.

SERGEI jumps on the trunk of a stuck car and starts running away over the car roofs.

(CONTINUED)

1

17 CONTINUED:

AMY AUSTEN, the New York Times photographer, sticks her telephoto lens out of her car window and shoots a roll of the escaping SERGEI.

FORGET in his police car.

FORGET
What the hell is that?

FORGET sees a man flying across car tops and orders the police officers on the scene to give chase. FORGET waits, losing his temper.

FORGET
Well, get someone to get this truck upright. Do I have to do everything?

18 INT - LIMO - DAY

18

SISSY WANAMAKER is one of the people stuck on the bridge. Like the rest, she is being detained by the police for questioning about the alleged murder. A POLICEMAN with an enormous nose is leaning into her window taking notes.

POLICEMAN
And where are you staying in Paris, Madame?

SISSY
The Crillon.

POLICEMAN
We will talk to you further there.
(To the driver)
Drive on.

19 INT - DOG SHOW - DAY

19

CLAUDE DE LA FONTAINE, OLIVIER's widow, is adjusting the coiffeur of her prized ---bichon frisse. She is at a dog show outside of Paris. Hundreds of other master-dog pairs are awaiting judgment at the show. Television camera crews are milking the maximum out of the resemblances of dogs and their owners. Prefect of police HENRI TANTPIS is next to CLAUDE, cooing to his bulldog.

TANTPIS
Claude, leave well enough alone.

CLAUDE stops brushing the dog and shrugs, then brushes a wisp of her own hair with the dog brush.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

A uniformed official approaches TANTPIS and whispers something to him.

TANTPIS
Claude, it's Olivier.

CLAUDE
What is it?

TANTPIS
He's dead.
(He puts his arm around
her. She shrugs it off)
I'll get the car.

CLAUDE does not look upset. She pulls a garment out of her bag, a small trench coat, and buckles it onto the dog.

20 EXT - CRILLON HOTEL ENTRANCE - DAY

20

A hotel porter is cleaning up a portion of dog droppings outside the hotel. SISSY exits her limo and is accosted by a panhandler.

SISSY
(She recoils from the
beggar, then says to
LUDI)
Give him something. Get him away.

A doorman shoos the panhandler away.

21 INT - CRILLON HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

21

When SISSY arrives at the front desk, she catches sight of herself in a lobby mirror and seems shocked. The ordeal of sitting in the cab has ruined her makeup, wrinkled her clothing and soured her mood.

SISSY
Oh my god, look at me.
(She adjusts her hair)

LUDI is following, carrying several of her bags.

Several television crews are in the Crillon lobby, interviewing witnesses to the suspected murder of OLIVIER.

A television REPORTER is doing a standup near the front desk. Part of the screen is taken with a black and white video view of the reporter through her cameraman's viewer. The rest is what that camera is pointing at and busy lobby traffic behind her.

(CONTINUED)

REPORTER

(In French)

De la Fontaine, who was head of the Chambre Syndicale des Couturiers et Createurs de Mode, also had a distinguished career as a diplomat, heading embassies in Moscow, Berlin, Beijing and other cities around the world. His mysterious death comes at the start of the Pret-a-Porter, one of the most important events in French fashion, and one which has depended on his leadership for two decades. The police have not declared this officially murder. But they are questioning witnesses who saw a tall, slender man in his 40s run from de la Fontaine's limousine this morning. An autopsy will be performed to determine cause of death. Results will not be known for several days, a police department spokesman said.

Most of this speech is heard as the camera wanders around the lobby to look at the principals checking in. We hear Sissy and Regina talking to clerks at the check-in desk during the reporter's standup.

REGINA

(To clerk)

You'll be sure that the suite faces south.

CLERK

Yes, Madame.

At the same time we hear:

SISSY

This is the same suite that I had last time? I specified I wanted the same suite.

CLERK

Yes, Madame.

At the same time, a Texan is standing behind a tall attractive woman, apparently a MODEL, waiting for service at the desk.

TEXAN

Are you standin' in line, or are you jus' pretty?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

MODEL
(A little annoyed)

Both.

TEXAN

Well; then, you must have a college degree.

22 EXT - MEURICE HOTEL - DAY

22

SLIM exits a taxi. The door is held open by a doorman.

DOORMAN

How are you, Madame Chrysler?

SLIM

Bien, Cesar, et vous?

DOORMAN

Very well. Nice to see you again.

While the doorman is speaking, SLIM sees SERGEI entering the Meurice. A panhandler solicits him. He pulls a coin out of his pocket and gives it the man. Another doorman shoos the panhandler away. SLIM pulls her fedora down over her eyes and enters the hotel.

23 INT - MEURICE HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

23

Another crew and reporter are already in the Meurice lobby, interviewing witnesses. JOE FLYNN, a sports writer for the Washington Post, is checking out of his room. His bags are in the middle of the lobby, behind him. ANNE EISENHOWER, wearing a stained running suit, is checking in. She has just arrived from Atlanta, an earnest and inexperienced feature writer sent hurriedly to Paris. ANNE's luggage has been lost. In her nervousness about flying and about her assignment, she had a little too much to drink on the airplane.

The lobby is crowded. Various people we saw at the airport are arriving and checking in at the front desk. SLIM is signing in. She sees SERGEI, who is milling around, mysteriously walking up to men and standing next to them for several seconds while he looks them up and down. He finally finds FLYNN, who is just about SERGEI's size. SLIM watches Sergei but doesn't acknowledge that she knows he is connected with OLIVIER.

FLYNN is standing next to ANNE at the front desk talking to the CONCIERGE, who has an enormous nose.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

ANNE

I don't have any luggage. They lost it. I'm expecting to hear from Air France.

CONCIERGE

We've heard nothing, madame.

FLYNN is handed a fax at the desk as he is paying his bill. He reads it and calls the concierge.

FLYNN

Excuse me. I have to have my room back.

CONCIERGE

I'm sorry, sir. That is impossible.

FLYNN

What do you mean it's impossible. I haven't even left yet. My bags are still here. Just give me my old room back.

CONCIERGE

I'm terribly sorry sir, but there is already someone in that room.

FLYNN

Well, get him out. I'm a writer for the Washington Post. They've just assigned me to cover some murder. Some big wheel in the fashion business. I have to have my room back.

ANNE hears this and, with some embarrassment, picks up her key. She understands she's just taken FLYNN's room.

The CONCIERGE looks towards ANNE.

CONCIERGE

I can't do that, sir.

FLYNN looks next to him at the desk and sees ANNE. He sees her key and that it has his room number on it. He vaguely sees SERGEI in the background during this.

FLYNN

That's my key.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

ANNE

I'm really sorry. I just got here.
I didn't mean to...

FLYNN

(TO CONCIERGE)

That's my key.

ANNE

Look, I don't want to take his
room. Can't you find me another
one?

CONCIERGE

Madame, there are no other rooms.
We are full.

ANNE

(TO FLYNN)

I'm sorry.

FLYNN

(Angrily)

I'm not moving from this spot.
You either find me a room or I
sleep right here.

SERGEI can be seen behind them picking up two pieces of luggage
and walking out of the hotel. SLIM sees this from the front
desk.

CONCIERGE

Maybe I can find something.
Monsieur Flynn, why don't you take
a seat in the lobby and let us
see if anything comes up.

ANNE

(TO FLYNN)

Why don't you wait in my room?
You'll be more comfortable. It's
the least I can do. It's your
room, after all.

FLYNN

(Hesitating)

All right. Thank you.

(TO THE CONCIERGE)

You'll take care of my luggage?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (3)

CONCIERGE

Yes, sir.

(To ANNE)

One moment. Someone will show you
to your room.

ANNE

(To FLYNN)

So you're press?

FLYNN

Yeah, but I don't usually do this
kind of thing.

ANNE

Me either. What's your beat?

FLYNN

Sports. Soccer. Just on my way
back from World Cup matches. My
office just told me there was some
major guy killed, someone in the
fashion business, the Pretter
Porter?

ANNE

(Pronouncing it not much
more accurately)

Pret-a-Porter. Yes, de la
Fontaine. I'm here to cover it,
too.

FLYNN

For who?

ANNE

The Atlanta Constitution.

FLYNN

I'm glad I ran into you. Maybe
you can give me a little
background.

ANNE

I don't think I'll be much help.
This isn't my specialty.

FLYNN

What do you do?

ANNE

I do features. Our fashion editor
just had a stroke in Milan so they
sent me to take over.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (4)

23

ANNE (Cont'd)

I think I was the only one in the department with a valid passport. I'm not really sure what to do first. Just play it by ear, I guess.

CONCIERGE

Pardon. There is a note for you, Madame, an invitation, I believe, for tonight.

(He hands her an envelope.)

FLYNN

What is it?

ANNE

It's for the Lagerfeld party.

FLYNN

Lagerfeld? He's a big deal, isn't he? Can you get me in?

ANNE

I don't know what the rules are.

FLYNN

Make up the rules as you go. Don't worry, I'll get in.

The bellhop arrives to show ANNE to her room.

ANNE

(To FLYNN)

Come on up.

A Television Reporter tries to interview ANNE, but she sheepishly waves him away.

24 EXT - CRILLON - DAY

24

The MAJOR arrives at the Crillon entrance by limousine.

25 INT - CRILLON HOTEL - DAY

25

MAJOR runs into SISSY in the lobby.

MAJOR

Sissy, how are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She thinks he's a tasteless boor but is civil to him. His customers are her readers.

SISSY

Nice to see you.

He thinks she's drunk with her power but he needs to be in her good graces.

Also arriving is BINKY, a black woman with wild long braided hair. She is wearing a beret, a gray Nehru suit with stripes down the legs and running shoes. AMY is dressed in army fatigues. She is athletically chewing gum. They aren't crazy about each other. They don't know anyone and start introducing themselves.

BINKY catches SISSY.

BINKY

Sissy Wanamaker? I don't know if you remember me. I'm Binky Ulrich.

SISSY

Of course. You wrote that wonderful hatchet job about Vanity Fair for the New York Times magazine. Covering the Pret?

BINKY

Trying to do a long piece on the business for the magazine. I hope it will become a book. I was hoping we might have a chance to talk. About Vogue, how you people cover Paris and Milan.

SISSY

I'm not sure I'd want to appear in an article you're writing unless I'd hired you myself to write it. You're a bit dangerous, aren't you?

BINKY

You have nothing to be worried about. Vogue has been beating the ass off its competitors since you took over as editor. I'd think you would love the chance to talk about your success.

SISSY

(Flattered)

We'll try to set something up. |

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

BINKY

Great. And pictures, too.

AMY raises her camera to shoot an informal. SISSY puts her hand up to the lens.

SISSY

Please. I just got off a plane.

BINKY and AMY look at each other meaningfully.

26 INT - SEEDY HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

26

LOUISE BOWLES checks into hotel. ALBERTINE arrives at the same hotel, back from work, carrying her TV camera. She picks up her key.

27 INT - DAY - SEEDY HOTEL ROOM.

27

LOUISE opens her enormous Samsonite bags. They are mostly empty.

28 INT - CRILLON HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

28

The MAJOR looks out his hotel room door, 701, into the hallway. He steps outside, hands on his hips and looks both ways. He is practically tapping his feet with impatience. His cigar is gripped in his teeth. BINKY walks by carrying her own bags and her room key.

MAJOR

S'il vous plait. I've been waiting for my bags. Will you be bringing them up?

BINKY

(Looking him over carefully)

Not in this life.

(She walks on)

29 INT - LUXURIOUS HOTEL ROOM - DAY

29

In SISSY's Crillon suite. The television is on. CNN's Elsa Klensch is eulogizing OLIVIER. Papers and messages and publicity from the fashion houses are thrown on a table in the sitting room. There are flowers, fruit baskets and wine bottles tied with ribbons, all gifts from the designers SISSY's magazine covers. The camera moves through the rooms to find her open suitcases, the clothes neatly packed with a few ruffled spots from which she's removed her toiletries.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

Camera moves into the bathroom. The sound of heavy breathing in the background is heard. The bathroom lights are on and makeup, brushes and soaps, a facial masque, and a diaphragm box and spermicidal jelly are on the counter.

In the BEDROOM, SISSY and LUDI are strenuously at it. He has an orgasm but she doesn't. Exhausted, he falls to the side of the bed.

SISSY

That's it?

He doesn't answer.

SISSY

Are you there?
(She jabs him in the ribs.)

LUDI

I'm sorry. I tried to wait for you.

SISSY

You tried?

LUDI

You did come before. Twice.

SISSY

That's hardly the point. It's not the same. It's a matter of politeness, self-control, simple courtesy.

LUDI has reached into his pants on the floor next to the bed to get a cigarette. He lights it. She jabs him in the ribs again.

SISSY

Don't you dare smoke in here. This is a non-smoking floor. Are you crazy?

LUDI

(He smiles, bemused rather than cowed, and ignores her.)
Are you always this hospitable?

SISSY

Not to the help.

LUDI

Is the help always this helpful? |

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

SISSY

It would be helpful if you would get showered and shaved and done up in one of your Italian gigolo numbers. We have to go to the reception. I'm taking this bathroom. Use the other one.

30 INT - PARIS APARTMENT - DAY

30

In a Paris Apartment, JACK LOWENTHAL is finishing dressing, just having left the bed of MODEL KIKI SIMPSON. She is dressing.

JACK

I've got to go change. I'll see you later.
(He leaves.)

31 INT - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

31

ANNE is pouring drinks for herself and FLYNN from the mini bar.

FLYNN

Do you mind if I make a call? My wife. Just to let her know I'm staying on.

ANNE

Go ahead.
(While he's dialing)
Do you have kids?

FLYNN

Two. Boys.
(He gets his connection)
Hello.

ANNE

I'll just be in the bathroom.

FLYNN

(Into the telephone)
Honey? I'm still in Paris.

32 INT - POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

32

Cut to closeup of Amy's contact sheet held up by a pair of hands. It looks like a fashion shoot because all you can see clearly in each of the 36 shots is the clothing covering the featured body part.

(CONTINUED)

32

CONTINUED:

32

We see legs - running over the roof of a taxi - clad in brogues, ribbed socks and brown tweed cuffed trousers. In another shot, we see a fedora, a scarf flying out over the assailant's shoulder and a suit jacket to match the pants, but no face. Pull away to reveal TANTPIS and FORGET examining the photos with dismay.

TANTPIS

(In French)

But what does he look like? I could buy this man a gift from the haberdashery but I couldn't spot him if he walked into this office and introduced himself.

An officer knocks on the door.

OFFICER

The supervisor wants you.

33

INT - SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE - DAY

33

The SUPERVISOR has an enormous nose.

SUPERVISOR

We have a dead VIP. We don't know what killed him, or who. We have an unknown leaving his limousine right after the mysterious death. How he got away from you I don't understand. We have a stolen wallet and missing tickets to the fashion shows. If there is any connection with the Pret we want to learn what it is now. We don't want any foul-ups ruining the collections. More importantly, the limousine drivers are striking to protest police incompetence, and I don't blame them. I want you to take care of this. This order comes from the Prime Minister. I put the matter in your hands.

TANTPIS

I understand.

TANTPIS and FORGET leave the police headquarters and have to fight their way through an angry picket line formed by limousine drivers who have spontaneously protested the lack of proper police protection of drivers and their clients. Huge, long black cars are parked on the sidewalks and on the street. The picketers' signs read "We Need Safe Streets to Do Business."

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

We see them throughout the rest of the film.

34 INT. DAY. HOTEL SUITE.

SLIM is on the telephone. She's thrown her coat on the couch but is still wearing her hat. Behind her is her luggage and a large packing crate marked "BOOKS."

SLIM

Yes, he's dead.

(Pause)

They don't know how yet.

(Pause)

Murder is a possibility.

(Pause)

Of course, I have to stay out of this. But frankly, I think we should find a way of using it to our advantage. We did work with him for so many years.

35 INT. DAY. NATHALIE'S ATELIER.

NATHALIE, dressed in red - down to her shoes - is in her studio draping fabric on a MODEL. Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata plays. The only other sound is of the fabric moving against itself and against the MODEL's skin. Except for the bands of her body that are covered by the fabric, the MODEL is naked. A bare breast here, a thigh there. The MODEL looks bored, blank. Closeup of NATHALIE's hand experimenting with the fabric against the MODEL's skin. An assistant, ODILE, enters.

ODILE

The telephone for you.

NATHALIE

(She takes the phone)

Hello.

(Her face collapses.)

Yes. Immediately.

(She hangs up. To the MODEL)

You can go home.

(To ODILE)

Call my son. Tell him I'm going to the de la Fontaine chateau. Olivier died. And send the car around.

33

34

35

36 INT - CAB - DAY

NATHALIE is in a cab. It's dark so we can't really see what she's wearing but it appears to be mostly black. Close ups of her shoes, her gloved hands, her crossed knees, a travelogue of her chic accessories. They drive past a hotel where limo drivers are picketing.

DRIVER

(In French)

They're crazy. I'll make a killing this week.

NATHALIE seems to be ignoring him.

37 EXT - DE LA FONTAINE CHATEAU, OUTSIDE OF PARIS - DAY

37

NATHALIE is at the door of the chateau, dressed in black but with a huge red scarf, red gloves, shoes and handbag. A maid lets her in.

38 INT - HALLWAY OF MANSION - DAY

38

NATHALIE

Where is the body?

MAID

(Weeping)

The police haven't released it. They say it was murder.

At this moment, CLAUDE enters, dressed as she was at the dog show. She is carrying the dog we saw earlier. She looks at NATHALIE's black getup.

CLAUDE

(In French, smiling)

You look like the widow.

NATHALIE

Perhaps I am.

39 INT - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

39

FLYNN is sitting next to ANNE on a couch. They're pouring more drinks. They're looking at a file she's brought about the fashion industry. They are sitting close together and FLYNN is giving her sidelong glances.

ANNE

If you need to borrow any of this just let me know.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

ANNE and FLYNN look at each other awkwardly.

40 INT - NATHALIE'S OFFICES - DAY

40

NATHALIE'S son JACK LOWENTHAL pores over the bills and projected expenses for his mother's coming show. He looks worried. ODILE walks in on him. She notices that he's upset but she's there to see him about something else. A television is on. We see news reports about OLIVIER in the background of the scene.

ODILE

She hasn't come back yet. Do you think she'll make it to the reception?

JACK

I don't know.

(He is distracted.)

I thought they weren't going to hold it, because of Olivier.

ODILE

No, it's proceeding as planned. They talked about canceling. But canceling any part of the pret would mean revenue loss, and of course no one would agree to that.

JACK

Someone will probably make a solemn toast to Olivier, and then they'll go on talking about Eurodollars, and how strapped everyone is.

ODILE

Do you think your mother will be all right?

JACK

What do you mean?

(He is nervous)

ODILE

I'm worried about her. I'm worried about the collection. Do you really think this is her last?

JACK

No, she's been threatening to retire for years. Look, she's working on next season already.

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

ODILE

No, she's just doodling. She likes to have her fingers in the fabric. And besides, she's not frantic the way she always is before a show. She hasn't been frenzied about the details. She hasn't been calling me at one in the morning with last minute changes. There's something odd.

41

INT - MEETING ROOM - DAY

41

A Chambre Syndicale meeting at its Rue du Faubourg-St. Honore headquarters. BERNARD GOLANTE, head of the fashion trade organization that OLIVIER headed, is conducting a press conference. Designers and fashion business people are present, as well as press. BINKY is taking notes. REGINA KRUMM is standing next to her.

GOLANTE

We all know that we've lost an invaluable and beloved member of the Chambre Syndicale. Olivier de la Fontaine, as you all know, died today. This is a difficult time for us. We mourn him, but at the same time we are in the midst of one of the events that he devoted his energies to, the Pret-a-Porter. And for this reason, to honor him, all activities will continue as planned. Of course, we'd like to include a tribute to him sometime during the Pret, while we have everyone in town who would naturally want to pay respects to him. Marcel Abboud and Arthur Rader will be arranging an appropriate tribute.

Whisperings among the reporters, many of whom have huge gallic noses.

REPORTER #1

What is Nathalie going to do?

REPORTER #2

Does the widow know?

REPORTER #3

Everyone knows. They went out in public for the last 30 years."

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

REPORTER #1
And the widow didn't say anything?

REPORTER #3
Maybe to Olivier.

REPORTER #2
Oh, she had her dogs.

The meeting breaks up. Several designers linger to gossip. Some of this is seen through television news cameras.

RADER
(Appalled)
That's nonsense. The police can't just look through your closet because they feel like it.

CLOCHE
Anyway, you can't judge people by the clothes they wear.

RADER
Really? What do you judge by?

42 INT - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

42

FLYNN and ANNE are locked in embrace, with most of their clothes off. The television is on. An English-speaking movie channel is advertising a James Bond festival.

43 INT - PARIS APARTMENT - DAY

43

KIKI, a plain-looking woman, puts her makeup on, then dresses, layer after layer, until she is unrecognizable from our first view of her. She is now glamorous and alluring.

44 INT - FORD MODELING AGENCY - DAY

44

Around a large round table sit six women, all of whom are shouting into the telephone in English, French or Italian. In the middle of the table is a Lazy Susan with a huge file containing the names of MODELS, their vital statistics and availability. ALBERTINE, an American client, walks in carrying a large backpack and a video camera, which she is aiming at the women at the table. JUSTINE, about 50, is the ringleader at the agency. MODELS are walking in and out. Photographers come and go. The telephones ring and loud conversations continue in the background throughout the scene.

(CONTINUED)

1

44 CONTINUED:

44

JUSTINE
 (In a heavy French
 accent)
 Albertine! Again with the camera.
 (ALBERTINE puts the
 camera down)
 Look I have something for you.
 A national commercial.

ALBERTINE
 A national ad? Forget it.

JUSTINE
 What do you mean? If you get this
 it's big bucks.

ALBERTINE
 That's just what I'm talking about
 it. I never get the good jobs.

JUSTINE
 (Exasperated)
 Not this time. They asked for you.

ALBERTINE
 They asked for me?

JUSTINE
 (Reading off a phone
 message)
 Five-foot-ten-and-a-half, shoulder
 length red hair, blue eyes. It's
 you. They asked for you. I think
 you can get this job.

ALBERTINE
 (Smiling for the first
 time)
 Do you really think so?

45 INT - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

45

ANNE, wearing a hotel robe, is watching CNN coverage of
 OLIVIER's death. She is taking notes on her laptop computer.
 FLYNN, naked, is on the telephone with his editor at the
 Washington Post, reporting what he hears on TV.

46 INT - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

46

A maid is turning over a bed and placing mints on the sheets.
 She leaves the room and SERGEI, who has been hiding in the
 hallway, slips in before the door closes.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

He is carrying a valise.

47 INT - ELABORATE BALLROOM DOORWAY - NIGHT

47

Guests are arriving at the Lagerfeld reception. Everyone presents a pass or invitation to a man standing at the door. He shoos away a homeless man who is unshaven and dressed in rags. We see DIETER ERHARD enter.

ERHARD

(To the door man
checking off guests'
names on a list)

Dieter Erhard, Stern's.

Designer GIGI CLOCHE comes running up behind ERHARD.

CLOCHE

Dieter, wait.

(To the list person)

Gigi Cloche.

(She runs takes his arm
and enters the party
with Dieter)

SERGEI arrives wearing an Izod shirt under a preppie blue blazer, chinos and deck shoes. He passes the homeless man who puts out his hand and asks for a donation in French. SERGEI pulls a few coins out of his pocket, counts them, looks at the man and shoves them back into his own pocket. SERGEI checks out the entrance system. Several people, dressed elegantly, pass. He plows ahead.

SERGEI

Joe Flynn, Washington Post.

LIST PERSON

Flynn, Flynn. I'm sorry Monsieur,
I don't have your name here.

SERGEI

That's not possible. F-L-Y-N-N.
You must not be looking in the
right place.

LIST PERSON

Monsieur, there is only one place
to look. See for yourself.

SERGEI

(Pulling out his press
card)

Look, this is who I am.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

LIST PERSON
I'm sure you are who you are. But
whoever that is is not on the
list.

REGINA KRUMM has been watching this scene and intercedes.

REGINA
Regina Krumm, New York Times. Mr.
Flynn is with me.

LIST PERSON
(Finding her name on
the list, he looks her
over and shrugs)
S'il vous plait.

REGINA
You're better looking in person.

SERGEI
(Startled)
What?

REGINA
Than on your press card. You have
an English accent. How does an
Englishman come to work for the
Post?

SERGEI
An exchange program.

REGINA
Interesting. So where are you
staying?

SERGEI
(He hesitates)
Look, thank you very much, but...

REGINA
Don't flatter yourself. I like
the idea of the Washington Post
owing me. I might need you and
I have to know where to find you.

SERGEI
The Meurice Hotel.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

REGINA

(She writes down his name and the hotel in a little leather book)

Good.

(She starts to walk away)

And get the Post to buy you some new clothes.

The party scenes take place in a large mansion with a ballroom, baroque nooks and crannies and a terrace.

48 INT - BALLROOM - NIGHT

48

At the reception, various groups are gossiping. A couple of designers, GIGI CLOCHE and ARTHUR RADER, are talking to NINA SCANT, who is taking notes.

CLOCHE

(To NINA SCANT)

My collection clothes are more conservative than my casual line. You want the expensive pieces to have longevity.

RADER

(He carries a walking stick, a trademark affectation. He speaks with a cockney accent)

There's no such thing as longevity.

SCANT

What do you mean? What about the classics? Blazers, grey flannel, the little black dress.

RADER

Nothing lasts forever. Here, I need a drink. Excuse us, Gigi.

(He walks SCANT towards the bar, through the crowd, speaking conspiratorially)

You know what I'm doing for my resort collection?

SCANT

What?

(CONTINUED)

RADER
Slavery chic.

SCANT
Slavery resortwear?

RADER
Who needed to know better than anyone how to keep cool in the heat? Black slaves in the American south. Jews in Egypt. When you're building a pyramid in the baking sun, or picking cotton under a blistering sky, you dress light. See what I'm saying?

JACK, side view, holding the arm of a woman of the same height and build as KIKI. She turns around and it's DANE.

DANE
There's my sister.

KIKI comes over, greeting JACK with deliberate neutrality.

KIKI
(Kissing JACK on both cheeks and the same for her sister)
How are you?
(To DANE)
You look great.

DANE
So do you. I didn't know you were coming. Isn't Nathalie rehearsing?

KIKI
She sent everyone home after she heard about Olivier.

DANE
Oh, I completely forgot. Jack says she's amazingly calm.

KIKI
She's always amazingly calm. What a tragedy. How are the Abboud rehearsals going?

DANE
Ask him yourself.

MARCEL ABOUD approaches. He kisses the hands of both DANE and KIKI. JACK doesn't offer his hand but ABOUD is polite.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

ABBOUD

Rehearsals are going well. Your sister is a miracle. Maybe you'll work with us too next time.

KIKI

Maybe.

49 INT - MORGUE - NIGHT

49

Cut to shot from above of OLIVIER laid out naked at the morgue, while the autopsy is being performed. Camera does a slow 360 degree turn, the shot is shown in brief arcs throughout the film.

TANTPIS and FORGET are observing. The CORONER, who has an extremely large nose, is eating a sandwich while working. The policemen, in a macho display, are trying not to let each other see how nauseated they are.

CORONER

(Noticing something is wrong, in French)

Oh, forgive me. So rude. Would you like some of this sandwich?

TANTPIS

No, thank you. So, how long's it going to take?

The CORONER, sleeves rolled up, looks up from the body at TANTPIS with annoyance.

CORONER

What's the hurry? You want a conclusion? The main thing is he's dead. He's dead now and he'll be dead when I'm done.

50 INT - HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

50

SISSY is preening in her hotel room, her face half done, her hair askew. She is struggling to pull her pantyhose up over her hips. She is not wearing anything else. She is grimacing unattractively. Most of her ass is showing from the side. As she struggles we hear the whir of an automatic shutter.

LUDI

(While he's shooting)

You have a wonderful body. Have you had any plastic surgery?

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

SISSY

Stop that!

She loses her composure. She tries to close the door but LUDI is inside the room. He shoots most of a roll. She recovers a bit but remains visibly ruffled.

SISSY

Give me that film.

LUDI

But it belongs to me.

SISSY

What do you want pictures like that for?

LUDI

To remember a lovely afternoon.

SISSY

Give me the film.

LUDI

I'm going to go down and arrange for the car. You'd better get ready. We don't want to be late, darling.

LUDI leaves. SISSY pulls up her tights and looks into the mirror.

51 INT - NATHALIE'S ATELIER - NIGHT

51

NATHALIE arrives at her salon. ODILE is still there, going over papers. NATHALIE's returned from OLIVIER's chateau.

ODILE

What are you doing here? Don't you have to go to the party?

NATHALIE sits down, exhausted.

NATHALIE

I don't feel like doing anything. Not even this.

(She shrugs toward the office, referring to the business.)

ODILE

You don't have to do anything right now.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

NATHALIE

Yes, I do. I have a show to do. But I have no appetite for it. I've threatened to quit a hundred times and Olivier always convinced me we could have another year of fun. This is not work for a grownup - making Halloween costumes four times a year for people with too much money and not enough to spend it on. Now it's just a matter of money, of employing Jack. What else could he do? He doesn't have any skills. Who but a mother would hire him? I'm not worried about you. There are a dozen designers salivating to steal you away from me at any moment.

ODILE

But I don't want to work for anyone else.

NATHALIE

Eventually you'll have to. I won't last forever even if my cynicism were to disappear.

ODILE

Anyway, you're not doing a show without Olivier. You're doing it for Olivier.

NATHALIE

That's a sweet sentiment. You're a sweet girl.

52 INT - PARIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

52

EARL NOBLE and his wife ALISON are getting ready for the party. He is dressed in a turtleneck and suit, looking for his coat.

NOBLE

I'm ready to go.

ALISON

(From inside the bedroom)

Another minute.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

NOBLE looks at himself in a mirror in the hall and takes a large silk scarf that he wraps around his neck and then throws with great calculation over his shoulder. He admires his image.

NOBLE
(Calling)
Alison.

NOBLE walks into the kitchen, picks up the newspaper, starts to read and eats a cookie from a plateful on the counter. ALISON enters. She is wearing a revealing minidress.

ALISON
What do you think?
(She takes a cookie)

NOBLE
You look stunning. A vision.

ALISON wolfs down the first cookie and takes two more. NOBLE looks at her meaningfully.

ALISON
I'm not comfortable. I'll change
and be right back.
(She takes a cookie as
she leaves)

NOBLE continues to read the paper.

53 INT - BALLROOM - NIGHT

53

At the reception, designers and journalists are talking about the death of OLIVIER.

Designer CORT ROMNEY and his young American wife ELISE are holding drinks and chatting with RADER; SCANT, editor of the International Herald Tribune; REGINA KRUMM, New York Times fashion editor; DIETER ERHARD, buyer for Stern's, a German department store; CLOCHE, a designer; and BERNARD GOLANTE, a fashion businessman and bigwig in the fashion trade organization, the Chambre Syndicale.

ROMNEY
(He is wearing face
makeup and eyeliner)
How did he die? Not AIDS, was it?

SCANT
(Amazed)
No. Haven't you seen the news? It's
all they're talking about.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

SCANT (Cont'd)

He cheated on his wife for 30 years, but he never cheated on Nathalie. I think he was clean.

REGINA

I heard Olivier and Nathalie hadn't slept together for years.

CLOCHE

Then what was the point?

REGINA

It was a passionate asexuality.

CLOCHE

I don't believe that.

RADER

(Addressing Romney's question)

The police think it was murder. They found him in his car in a traffic jam. There was a guy with him, but he ran away. They assume he was the killer. No fingerprints. Just crumbs.

REGINA

Crumbs? Are they looking for a baker?

RADER

He was eating a jambon sandwich.

REGINA

Can you die of that?

RADER

The police suspect foul play.

REGINA

Eating chicken is so bad for you.

RADER

Jambon is pork.

REGINA sneers at him for not acknowledging her joke.

ERHARD

Is Nathalie going to be here tonight?

(CONTINUED)

GOLANTE

I haven't spoken to her, but I heard she went to the chateau as soon as she got the news. They say she ran into the widow there. The first time they ever actually met.

REGINA

Why would she go to his house?

CLOCHE

I think she thought the body would be there. It makes sense. She can't go to the funeral. It would be an embarrassment to the family.

RADER

Since when did you become such an expert on good manners? How on earth did a polite person ever become a designer?

During this conversation, the MODEL ALBERTINE is wandering around recording the event with her video camera.

REGINA

Decorum is so tiresome. Nathalie saw Olivier more than his wife did anyway. She certainly ought to be allowed every courtesy a wife receives in these situations.

CLOCHE

Well, that's what you get when you don't marry.

(She says this in a serious, lecturing tone.)

She may have seen him more than Claude did but Claude is the one who gets to mourn in public. Nathalie will have to do her suffering privately.

REGINA

Is that why you got married, Gigi? To make it easier when Michel kicks?

RADER

No, to make her children legitimate.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (3)

53

CLOCHE

That's a low blow.

RADER

Well, you're religious. You don't believe in abortion.

CLOCHE

Of course not. It's murder. Life begins at conception.

REGINA

I think the church doesn't go far enough. Everyone knows that life begins at dinner and a movie.

54 EXT - PARIS STREET - NIGHT

54

NATHALIE's cab arrives at her door. She enters her building.

55 INT - NATHALIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

55

NATHALIE walks through the dark apartment, drops her coat on the floor, lies on her bed with her shoes on and weeps.

56 INT - NOBLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

56

NOBLE is still waiting in the kitchen, now sitting and reading the paper. He looks at his watch. The cookie plate is empty. He goes to the hall and puts on his coat.

NOBLE

Hurry and vomit, dear. We're going to be late.

57 INT - MORGUE - NIGHT

57

OLIVIER's body from above. We see CORONER, munching on a sandwich, FORGET and TANTPIS. TANTPIS starts to light a cigarette.

CORONER

(In French)

No smoking. Can't you see I'm eating?

TANTPIS

(Ignoring him, pointing to OLIVIER's things)

Are these his clothes?

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

CORONER

Yes.

TANFPIS

(TO FORGET)

Wasn't the guy in the photos
wearing this tie?

58 INT - BALLROOM - NIGHT

58

At the reception, GIGI CLOCHE is talking to a reporter.

CLOCHE

The new elegance means sequins
and spandex for the office.
Lawyers are going to argue cases
in sparkles. School teachers will
lecture in spike heels and stretch
body suits.

Two Americans chatting.

AMERICAN BUSINESSMAN

Did you hear about that American
cake conglomerate that bought up
Playtex? They already own Bali.
The rest of the foundation people
are busting their elastic over
market share.

AMERICAN II

Foundations. Sounds like the
cement business.

ERHARD, CLOCHE, SCANT, ROMNEY, RADER and REGINA are talking.

ERHARD

I went to a costume party in New
York a few months ago. I saw a
guy there in a raspberry suit with
gold buttons and pearls, hemline
discreetly at the knee. He was
wearing a greasy pompadour and
carrying a guitar across his back.
I said, "What are you?" He gave
me a huge grin, so glad I asked,
and said, "Chanelvis."

NOBLE is holding forth to some journalists and fashion groupies.
SERGEI is in the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

NOBLE

I did a session for Bazaar today. I had orders to come up with something "fresh." The editor thinks she's Vreeland. As if my work is ever anything but fresh. And the MODEL I had to work with was uncommonly blank. A complete cipher. Perfect, actually. I could turn her into anything I wanted.

Elsewhere at the party, RADER is talking to GIGI.

RADER

Jesus, Cort looks awful.

CLOCHE

Yes, gaunt. I haven't seen him around much lately. He's not sick, is he?

RADER

The way he lived? He was a fucking rabbit. It would be a miracle if he were well.

CLOCHE

I thought he gave that all up. He's a good boy now.

RADER

Two years ago, to marry Elise. Two years is not a long time. I know for a fact that she was his first woman since he divorced his wife 15 years ago.

CLOCHE

You know for a fact?

RADER

I knew him better than I like to remember.

The MAJOR is talking to NINA SCANT of the Herald Tribune. SCANT is looking a little appalled.

MAJOR

Degenerates. They make me sick. They make nice clothes, but they're not men.

SCANT makes a face indicating she wonders what planet the MAJOR comes from. He continues, oblivious.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

MAJOR

By the way, that's a beautiful
dress you're wearing.

(He stops to feel the
material.)

Where did you get it?

SCANT

Would you excuse me, please? I see
a friend.

(She leaves him).

59 INT - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

59

FLYNN and ANNE are wearing hotel bathrobes. He is screaming into
the telephone.

FLYNN

What do you mean you
can't find my luggage?

(Pause)

And what about a room?

(Pause)

I can't believe this.

(Pause)

Yeah, call me. I'm certainly not
going anywhere like this.

ANNE

They lost your luggage?

FLYNN

Yeah. What time was that Lagerfeld
thing?

ANNE

Eight to eleven.

FLYNN

We're never going to make it.

ANNE

(Pulling him down toward
her)

I don't really mind all that much.

He kisses her.

60 INT - NATHALIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

60

NATHALIE is looking into the mirror in an elaborate walk-in closet. She removes her clothes carefully and examines her body, the opposite of draping fabrics on the MODELS.

61 INT - BALLROOM - NIGHT

61

At the reception, SERGEI is alone, holding a drink and grazing at the hors d'oeuvres table, looking as if he'd like someone to talk to. SLIM comes by. She is wearing a double-breasted charcoal pin-striped suit, a jaunty fedora and sunglasses.

SERGEI

(His mouth is full)

Good evening.

SLIM

(She regards him warily)

Good evening.

SERGEI

The crabmeat is delicious.

(He speaks with perfect
English with a
British accent)

SLIM

(She looks surprised)

You're English?

SERGEI

Why do you ask?

SLIM

(Realizing she might
be giving something
away)

Oh, the English don't generally
dress like that. You look more
like an American sportswriter.
Or a prep school student.

SERGEI

Actually, I'm Russian.

SLIM

(She looks surprised
momentarily)

Russian. You must be part of that
trade delegation.

(She is fishing)

Setting up a clothing industry
in Russia.

SERGEI nods.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

SLIM

I didn't think the Russians would be interested in something as frivolous as clothes these days. More important things to think about, aren't there? Or maybe clothes are exactly what they need. A diversion from life and death questions.

SERGEI

Yes, that's exactly the thinking. And what do you do?

SLIM

Oh, I used to do quite a lot, but now I don't have to anymore. Now, I dine out and tell people what clothes they should wear. I used to do it by writing for magazines. Now I do it in person. While I'm eating. It's much more civilized. You can actually see the people you're talking to.

SERGEI

And that is a living?

SLIM

Yes. I get paid to do it. The designers I work for think it's wonderful when I advise potential clients that they will never gain society's respect unless they start wearing that particular designer's clothes.

SERGEI

So what do you think I should wear? Perhaps something by Dior?

SLIM

Do you have any money?

SERGEI

What do you mean?

SLIM

I mean, are you rich? Swiss bank accounts. Rolls Royces. Chateaux. Money to burn.

SERGEI

No, nothing like that.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (2)

61

SLIM

In that case, you can't afford
to worry about it.
(She walks away)

Behind them, the MAJOR is circulating.

CLOCHE

So how is life in Chicago? You're
buying for the Field Marshal
department store?

MAJOR

(Disdainfully)
Marshall Field.

CLOCHE

Do they wear French clothes in
the midwest?

NOBLE is still lecturing his group at the reception.

NOBLE

I'm a photographer. I look at
people all day long, but I realize
how little there is to look at.
The outside is so simple. What
we really want to know about is
the inside. We're all just dying
to see what's inside.

ALBERTINE is recording this lecture. SERGEI, watching her,
approaches.

SERGEI

You work in television?

ALBERTINE

Oh, no. I'm just doing this for
myself.

SERGEI

Yourself?

ALBERTINE

It's like a diary.

SERGEI

And you want him in your diary?

REGINA chatting with BINKY. BINKY moves away. The MAJOR has seen
them and approaches REGINA.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (3)

61

The crowd is dense so neither the MAJOR nor REGINA notice that halfway through this scene, SERGEI approaches and stands next to them, as if measuring himself against the MAJOR.

MAJOR

Who were you just talking to?

REGINA

Binky Ulrich. She writes for the New York Times. She's doing a book on the fashion world. It should be a big book. She got a huge advance from Simon and Schuster.

MAJOR

She's a writer? For the New York Times?

REGINA

Yes. Which part do you find unbelievable? That the New York Times hires minorities or that a black person can write?

MAJOR

(Ignoring the crack)
Who is she going to talk to?

REGINA

Everyone important, I would imagine. I was just giving her a few names.

MAJOR

Did you give her my name?

REGINA

(She looks at him and smiles)
You've never had much of a sense of reality, have you, Major?

62 INT - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

62

FLYNN, wearing a bathrobe, is rummaging through the clothes he was wearing earlier, which are now on a chair.

FLYNN

Have you seen my wallet?

The television is on. A James Bond movie is playing. Bond is breaking into a hotel room.

63

INT - BALLROOM - NIGHT

Silence at the reception as KARL LAGERFELD makes a toast to OLIVIER.

63

LAGERFELD

We know he would have insisted that we continue to do the work we always do. So let's raise our glasses to a friend we will miss: Olivier de la Fontaine.

SISSY and LUDI arriving at the reception. They seem to be barely speaking to each other.

SISSY

We can't stay late. We have a 10 a.m. shoot at Arthur Rader's place.

LUDI

I'll be there. Don't worry.
(He immediately wanders away from SISSY.)

JACK looks at his watch. He leans over to DANE.

JACK

I've got to get back to the office.

DANE

Oh, no.

JACK

It's a busy time.
(He shrugs)
I'm sorry. I'll probably sleep on the couch there.

As soon as DANE sees he's gone, she looks for ABOUD to make plans to meet him at his place. JACK is on his way to meet KIKI.

Elsewhere, at the reception, the MAJOR is chatting with REGINA, who looks bored.

MAJOR

If you hear anything about what Bloomingdales is doing, let me know.

NOBLE, still talking.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

NOBLE

I mean, do you ever blow your nose without looking into the Kleenex afterwards? Do you ever not look into the toilet before you flush?

DESIGNER

Never. Stool watchers are such unhappy people.

NOBLE

(Ignoring the comment)

It's not so much a gruesome absorption with bodily waste. It's just an acknowledgement that we know so little about what's going on inside. There in the Kleenex is some small clue to the mysteries within, a hint about the inner condition. We all try to know ourselves, yet the thing that is most us, the organs and entrails that make us work, they're a complete enigma. I mean, I know what kind of suit looks good on me, and you probably know what kind of haircut is most flattering on you, but how many men could walk into a room full of livers and pick out his? Assuming that you could walk without your liver.

64 EXT - BALLROOM TERRACE - NIGHT

64

SERGEI is chatting with REGINA. She is smoking a cigarette.

SERGEI

Thank you again for rescuing me. I hope I didn't seem rude.

REGINA

Not rude. Just odd. You are odd.

SERGEI

Tell me, do you have any actual experience in the fashion business?

REGINA

Well, I've been writing about it for twenty-five years.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

SERGEI

No, I mean, working for a designer. Dior, perhaps? Wouldn't working for someone like Dior teach you about the business?

REGINA You don't have to get down on all fours to understand a dog.

SERGEI

(Sensing the moment has come to change the subject)

Perhaps you can tell me who some of these people are.

REGINA

That's the designer Arthur Rader. There's Marcel Abboud. And there's Cort Romney. Would you like to meet him? Come (She takes his arm).

You need to meet these people if you're going to write anything decent.

SERGEI

(Being dragged along through the crowd, heading toward the terrace)

Thank you.

REGINA

(While they're pushing their way through, she stops and puts her hand up to her forehead)

Who is that woman he's with? I can't remember her name.

(Shrugging)

Oh, fuck, I'll just have to call her Darling.

65 INT - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

65

FLYNN and ANNE are in bed naked on top of the covers. The television is on. FLYNN is watching "The Spy Who Came in from the Cold." His hand is on ANNE's thigh. ANNE is on the telephone.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

ANNE
 Yes, I miss you, too.
 (She cups her hand
 around the receiver
 as if to maintain
 privacy.)
 I do, too. I'll talk to you
 tomorrow.

ANNE hands the receiver to FLYNN who hangs it up. He turns over
 and kisses her passionately.

66 INT - BALLROOM - NIGHT

66

LUDI, cigarette dangling from his mouth, steps out on the
 terrace. He is searching through his pockets for a match.
 SERGEI passes and LUDI stops him.

LUDI
 (In French)
 Have you got a match?

SERGEI
 (In English)
 Sorry?

LUDI
 Have you got a match?

SERGEI (HE POINTS TO
 REGINA)
 Ask her.

LUDI steps outside. He finds REGINA on the terrace. She is
 pulling out another cigarette.

LUDI
 Excuse me, could I bother you for
 a light?

REGINA
 No bother.
 (She lights his and her
 cigarettes)

LUDI
 (Pointing to his
 cigarette)
 Well, this makes us members of
 a shrinking conspiracy, doesn't
 it?

(CONTINUED)

REGINA

Yes, it's worse than when I was growing up. I had to smoke in a closet when I was twelve. And now I have to smoke in a closet again. It's not so bad in Europe, but I'm so used to being shunned I just automatically leave a room when I want a cigarette.

LUDI

Kind of makes you wish you were an alcoholic.

REGINA

Yes, they don't mind if you vomit at the dinner table. Who was it that said something about it being all right as long as the fish comes up with the white wine? Herman Mankiewicz? But if you light up, you're a boor.

LUDI

Speaking of wine, can I get you something to drink?

REGINA

Thank you, no. It's one vice that's never appealed to me. They say that smokers are generally more intelligent than non-smokers. I can't imagine how that's possible since it clearly takes an inherent cretinism to start smoking. Maybe it's the nicotine, sharpens what little brain power you've got.

LUDI

I personally feel that I'm getting smarter every day.

REGINA

Funny, I was thinking that you looked smarter just since I met you.

REGINA takes a step and falls on her heel. LUDI catches her in a sort of embrace.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (2)

66

LUDI
 Yes, you do feel smart.
 (He gives her his most
 potent smile.
 The flirtation is on)

67 INT - BALLROOM - NIGHT

67

BINKY has targeted ABOUD as a source and potential lover.
 SERGEI is seen in the background listening in.

BINKY
 I can't see staying here terribly
 long. The party, I mean.

ABOUD
 These things do get to be a bore.

BINKY
 Is there somewhere we can go for
 a drink?

ABOUD
 A drink?

BINKY
 I could get a start on our
 interview.

ABOUD
 Of course.
 (He looks at his watch.)
 You'd like to leave right
 now?

BINKY
 How about half an hour?

ABOUD
 With pleasure.

DANE comes up on ABOUD as BINKY is walking away.

DANE
 Jack is working late. I'm free.

ABOUD
 Now?

DANE
 He just left.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

ABBOUD

OK. Let me get out of something.
This interview with that woman,
that Binky.

ABBOUD looking for BINKY.

ABBOUD

(He's found BINKY)
Something's come up. What about
a drink tomorrow. After my show?

BINKY

(She looks behind ABBOUD
to see DANE walking
away.)
I'm terribly disappointed, but
a drink will be fine. I'm staying
at the Crillon. How about meeting
there?

ABBOUD

Four o'clock?

BINKY

See you then.

SERGEI turns around to notice that ANDREE, a MODEL dressed in
a man's suit, is standing nearby, eavesdropping as he had been.

ANDREE

There's something fishy going with
that bunch, isn't there?

SERGEI

What do you mean?

ANDREE

I just mean that that guy seems
to be in high demand tonight.

SERGEI

Abboud?

ANDREE

Yes, you know him?

SERGEI

No. I'm kind of new at this. Do
you know him?

ANDREE

I work for him occasionally.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2)

67

SERGEI

What do you do?

ANDREE

Should I be insulted that you
can't figure it out? I'm a MODEL.

SERGEI

Forgive me.

They're interrupted by another woman. She looks like a MODEL, too. She kisses ANDREE on the lips. ANDREE puts her arm around the woman's waist. They seem to be more than just friends.

ANDREE

This is Tanya. I'm sorry. I didn't
get your name.

68 INT - HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

68

SISSY is alone, waiting up for LUDI, who doesn't show. She smokes one of his cigarette in frustration.

69 INT - BALLROOM - NIGHT

69

SERGEI looks at his watch, which seems to have stopped. He shakes it. People are starting to leave the party. He sees BINKY and stops her.

SERGEI

Excuse me, do you have the time?

BINKY

No, I don't. It must be about
11:30.

SERGEI

You don't wear a watch?

BINKY

No, they hurt my wrist. You have
a watch. Why are you asking me
for the time?

SERGEI

It stopped. But I wanted to talk
to you anyway.

BINKY

Why is that?

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

SERGEI

I've seen you talking to people with your tape recorder. What are you asking them?

BINKY

I ask them what they think of all this hoopla and what it has to do with clothes.

SERGEI

And you're going to write about that?

BINKY

That's one thing I'm writing about.

SERGEI

What else?

BINKY

Why are you asking me all this?

SERGEI

I'm writing too, but I'm new at this. Joe Flynn, Washington Post. You look experienced. Here, let me buy you a drink.

He pulls two champagnes off the tray of a passing waiter. They clink glasses and drink.

70 INT - PARIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

70

ABBOUD and DANE are in bed together, post-coital. He is examining her happily.

ABBOUD

You're beautiful.

DANE

I have my moments.

ABBOUD

No, you're beautiful. To me, of course. Not because you have long legs and impossible proportions and high cheekbones and slim hips. That just makes you momentarily good-looking, good-looking for now.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

ABBOUD (Cont'd)

A hundred years ago people would have pitied you. No bosom. No hips. I mean, you look a lot like your sister Kiki but Kiki isn't beautiful to me. You frankly look a lot like most of the MODELS who work for me, but I don't find them beautiful either.

DANE

So what is it then?

ABBOUD

Maybe it's that your interest in me is so unrestrained. It's an aphrodisiac. It's half of what I like about you, that you like me. But your passion scares me.

DANE

Why?

ABBOUD

Because I want it.

DANE

It's yours.

ABBOUD

Not forever.

DANE

Why not?

ABBOUD

Because you'll go away. And if you don't I will, by dying. I don't mind so much except that leaving you behind would be annoying.

DANE

Marcel, what are we talking about? You're married.

ABBOUD

Do you think that makes any difference in how I feel?

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (2)

70

DANE

(She laughs.)

No, but you talk as if we're star-crossed lovers separated only by fate. We're actually separated by the fact that we're exactly as committed to each other as we want to be.

ABBOUD laughs and gets out of bed.

DANE

Where are you going?

ABBOUD

I've got to get some sleep. I have a show tomorrow, remember?

71 EXT - PARIS STREET - NIGHT

71

LUDI and REGINA leave the party and walk to the Crillon.

LUDI

Can I buy you a drink? I mean a coffee.

REGINA

Why not a drink? Let's have one on the Times? There's a bar in my suite.

72 INT - HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

72

In REGINA's room, they drink. The lights are low. They sit together on a sofa. He lights her cigarette.

REGINA

How long have you...

LUDI

(Interrupting)

I don't feel that I am capable of listening to you properly right now.

(His face is next to hers now. He whispers)

We do have a lot to talk about, but maybe later.

LUDI kisses her and there is electricity. They grope at each other.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

Both of them are dressed beautifully, but they're in too much of a hurry to undress, so they make love with their clothes on. The camera is more interested in their moving clothing than their bodies.

73 INT - HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

73

SERGEI is finessing the lock of suite 701. He enters and heads for the closet. He starts to take a plaid jacket from a hanger when he hears the door opening.

The MAJOR entering the suite. He goes to the bedroom. We can see SERGEI's nose through a crack in the curtains he is hiding behind. The MAJOR undresses, revealing each item down to the garters holding up his lisle socks. He removes them and his trousers. He's stripped down to a pair of ladies lace underpants. He looks at himself appreciatively in the mirror, puffing on his cigar. He goes to the bathroom and closes the door. We hear running water. SERGEI sneaks out of the room carrying the sports jacket.

74 INT - SHABBY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

74

ALBERTINE is sitting on her bed talking straight at us.

ALBERTINE

I'm not sure how much more of this
I can take.

Profile of ALBERTINE reveals that she is talking to her camera, which is set up on a tripod.

ALBERTINE

I wear clothes for a living. I mean, clothes are hung on me and I get paid. I'm beginning to feel less in common with human beings and more with coat racks. I see a coat rack in a restaurant and I feel a bond. Sometimes I want to burst into tears, as if I'm seeing a long-lost relative.

(She rubs her eyes)

What I do requires that I spend so much time examining myself in the mirror. I find my looks change from minute to minute. I wake up one morning and the left side of my face seems a millimeter wider than it did the night before.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

ALBERTINE (Cont'd)

When

someone tells me "You look good," or "you look under the weather," that's what they're responding to. And it's all because maybe I drank an extra cup of coffee that day, or went out in a rain storm or wore wool or walked on carpets in an overheated room.

(She pauses to think)

It's just physics. People really do notice the tiniest physical deviations. You meet some guy who's six feet tall and one who's five foot nine. That's three little inches, but anyone could tell you that one of them is tall and the other is short. Three inches.

75 INT - SHABBY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

75

LOUISE takes off her ratty terry cloth robe. Underneath she is wearing a flannel nightie. She gets into bed and turns off the light. "The Spy Who Came in from the Cold" is playing on her set, too.

SATURDAY morning:

76 INT - HOTEL SUITE - DAY

76

It's dark. SERGEI wakes up in a king-sized bed. He rolls over and sees BINKY, who is soundly sleeping next to him. He carefully gets out of bed and dresses, wearing the plaid jacket. He picks up his watch on the nighttable and shakes it. As he leaves, he takes a room key with him.

77 INT - HOTEL SUITE - DAY

77

SISSY wakes up and rolls over. She sees that LUDI did not come to the suite that night.

SISSY

Ludi?

There is no answer. She is fuming.

78 INT - HOTEL ROOM - DAY 78

FLYNN and ANNE are in bed together. He is caressing her. They've evidently been making love all night.

FLYNN
(Cheerfully)
What would you like for breakfast?

ANNE
Everything they have. Something French.

79 INT - CRILLON LOBBY - DAY 79

When SISSY goes down in the morning to breakfast, she sees LUDI and a bunch of photographers and reporters looking at pictures and laughing. She is aghast, certain that LUDI's showing the hideous pictures of her. But as she approaches she finds that it's pictures of the San Francisco editor's stroke-in-progress, even more ghastly and heartless than the pictures he took of SISSY. From that point on, she is genuinely frightened of LUDI. He spots her, and approaches.

LUDI
Good morning. Have you had breakfast?

SISSY
Get away from me.

80 INT - LOUVRE TENT - DAY 80

ABBOUD is at a rehearsal, surrounded by assistants.

KIKI is working. ALBERTINE is there, shooting with her video camera.

81 INT - CRILLON BREAKFAST ROOM - DAY 81

SERGEI is seen ordering breakfast from far. As the waiter approaches, he reaches in a pocket. He pulls out a pair of women's lace underpants. He stuffs it back in the pocket and finds the room key he was looking for. He shows it to the waiter, who makes out a check.

82 INT - NATHALIE'S ATELIER - DAY 82

NATHALIE is sitting at her desk with designs in front of her, but looking into the distance. ODILE enters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ODILE
(Approaching the desk)
Are you all right?

NATHALIE
(Looking up)
Yes, fine.
(She makes an effort
to smile)

ODILE seems unsure of what to do, but she presses on and puts her hand on NATHALIE's shoulder. NATHALIE cries.

ODILE
It's very difficult.

She takes Nathalie's hand and sits on the desk.

NATHALIE
I keep thinking about him.

ODILE
Of course, and you'll continue to think about him for a long time.

NATHALIE
I wouldn't have been able to get through this without the show to distract me. Thank god I have to work.

ODILE
Some of the MODELS are here.

NATHALIE
Thank you.
(She takes tissues out
of a drawer)
Tell them I'll be right there.

INT - DE LA FONTAINE CHATEAU - DAY

CLAUDE is carrying her dog, which is dressed in a red sweater. She begins a search through OLIVIER's desk drawers and his hiding places. Then she opens OLIVIER's closets (there are several of them and they are as fancily decorated as most people's homes), beholds his collection of suits (the camera adoringly examines the fabrics, panning across the hanging sleeves of all his suit jackets, then across the rows of his perfectly aligned shoes). CLAUDE looks through his pockets, and this too should be a sensual experience. She is not just looking for something but enjoying the feel of the fabrics, the satin in the pockets. Eventually she finds some tickets to the shows.

(CONTINUED)

83

CONTINUED:

83

CLAUDE entering a room that is a little dark and a little dusty. She opens a closet that clearly hasn't been opened in a long time, and pulls out several garment bags in which dresses have apparently been packed for 30 years. She pulls out only the black and navy blue ones, rejecting the colorful ones. The labels say Balenciaga, Givenchy, Christian Dior, Patou, Nina Ricci, Chanel, Worth, Gres. One by one, she holds them up to herself in front of a mirror. She tries one on and it's too big. She finds pins and starts pinning it to fit.

84

INT - NATHALIE'S ATELIER - DAY

84

NATHALIE is in her studio draping fabric on a MODEL. ALBERTINE peeks through the door.

NATHALIE

Albertine, how are you? Come in.
You looked wonderful yesterday.
I hadn't seen you working much
lately.

ALBERTINE

I had some surgery.

NATHALIE

Are you all right? Come, sit down.
I'm just finishing this.

ALBERTINE

I'm just getting back into it.
I'm working for Abboud and some
others. I was hoping I could work
for you again.

NATHALIE

We'll fit you in. I know exactly
what I want you to wear. So what
was wrong with you? Nothing
serious, I hope.

ALBERTINE

(Sheepishly)

I had some plastic surgery.

NATHALIE

You?

ALBERTINE

Breasts.

NATHALIE

No. What for?

(CONTINUED)

ALBERTINE
I really had nothing. You know that. The lingerie MODELing I was doing, I just always looked so awful to myself.

NATHALIE looks at ALBERTINE's chest.

NATHALIE
You look fine. Are you happy with it?

ALBERTINE
It didn't work out that well. I really can't do lingerie at all anymore.

NATHALIE
Can you afford that?

ALBERTINE
I'm all right for now.

NATHALIE
Well, don't worry. You'll work for me.

ODILE enters.

ODILE
There's someone here to see you.

NATHALIE
Who is it?

ODILE
He says he's a friend of Olivier's.

NATHALIE
Send him in.
(To ALBERTINE)
Can you wait outside for me?

ALBERTINE
Of course.

SERGEI enters.

SERGEI
(To ALBERTINE as she's leaving)
Hello, how are you?

(CONTINUED)

NATHALIE
You two know each other?

ALBERTINE
Yes, sort of.
(She leaves)

SERGEI
(To NATHALIE)
I am Sergei Oblomov.

NATHALIE
Sit down. You're Russian.

SERGEI
I'm very sorry about Olivier.

NATHALIE
Thank you. How did you know him?

SERGEI
We worked together.

NATHALIE
You're with the Chambre Syndicale?

SERGEI
No, not that kind of work. I have
few questions to ask. Did
you ever work for Dior?

NATHALIE
What is this about?

SERGEI
I have to know.

NATHALIE
Are you with the police?

SERGEI
Not exactly.

NATHALIE
Who then?

SERGEI
You were close with Olivier for
many years. Did he ever tell you
about his political activities?

NATHALIE
What are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

SERGEI

To come to the point, Olivier worked for me. I left Moscow without a penny or a real passport. He was about to help me relocate to the United States, with a certain amount of funding. But he died.

NATHALIE

What are you saying? What do you mean he worked for you?

SERGEI

For us, for my country.

NATHALIE

I don't believe this. This is a mistake.

SERGEI

The one thing I did bring with me was my files on Olivier. They go back forty years. This is no mistake. I need to find the other operatives he ran. I never knew their names. I know one is a woman about your age. She once worked for Dior. Her code name was Fido.

NATHALIE

You must be mad. Olivier worked for the Resistance. Why should he work for Stalin?

SERGEI

I can't account for his political inconsistencies.

NATHALIE

So, you just come here trying to blackmail me? I never worked for Dior and I wouldn't help you if I had.

SERGEI

Do you know his wife?

NATHALIE

Do you think she worked for you, too? She hasn't done anything with Olivier since they conceived their last child, about 30 years ago.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: (4)

84

SERGEI
I'm sorry to bother you.
(He gets up)

NATHALIE
Wait, you must be the one who left
his car. You killed him.

SERGEI
I didn't kill him. What good would
it have done me? He choked on his
sandwich. There was nothing I
could do. I'm sorry, madame.

SERGEI leaves NATHALIE's office and comes into the waiting room
where he sees ALBERTINE. As he approaches her, ANDREE enters.

ANDREE
(To SERGEI)
Well, you certainly get around
for a newcomer.

SERGEI
I'm learning the ropes. Albertine,
this is Andree.

ANDREE looks ALBERTINE over with a lascivious look.

ANDREE
I've seen you. Backstage at some
shows. You're the one with the
camera.

85 INT - HOTEL SUITE - DAY

85

BINKY, wearing a leopard-print catsuit, is dictating into a tape
recorder notes for her article. We hear them over visuals from
ABBOUD's show.

BINKY
1919 was the first year
collections were presented on live
models. Today, at least four
times a year, designers converge
in simultaneous cooperation and
jealousy. They cooperate to
promote the industry. They're
jealous over which of them
achieves primacy. They all
wholeheartedly want fashion to
do well. They just don't want each
other to do well.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

BINKY (Cont'd)

86 INT - TENT AT THE LOUVRE - DAY

86

ABBOUD's show. The shows are held in large tents set up in the museum's courtyard. Before the show begins we see cameos of society types, fashion celebrities and movie people. Closeups of clothes worn by members of the audience: hem lengths, lapels, decolletage, gloves, handbags. Closeups of the makeup these women wear, the attempts to look young and beautiful. Plenty of embarrassing examples. The show should seem almost less exciting than all this vanity on display. We see CLAUDE, carrying her dog (the dog is wearing a black turtleneck sweater). CLAUDE is dressed in some spectacular 30-year-old designer creation. In the audience people point to her and speculate on who made her clothes.

ABBOUD's clothing is conservative, sedate, elegant. Most of his MODELS are female impersonators. We see ABBOUD backstage watching the audience reaction as each set of MODELS goes onstage. Backstage, the MODELS are rushing around half-dressed, flinging off one outfit and buttoning up the next. Some of these images are seen in black and white video through ALBERTINE's camera.

Views of the audience. SERGEI is in a second row seat. REGINA of the NY Times and SCANT of the Herald Tribune are sitting next to each other. Sissy is there. NOBLE and LUDI are working in the photographer's pit. FORGET and TANTPIS are there. TANTPIS is wearing OLIVIER's tie, wandering around the room during the show.

SCANT

I think those are policemen over there.

(She indicates FORGET and TANTPIS, who are skulking around.

TANTPIS is wearing OLIVIER's necktie)

For the murder. They think maybe blackmail was involved.

REGINA

What could possibly embarrass anyone these days enough to make him pay off a blackmailer? You're a drunk, you tell everyone you've gone to Betty Ford. Broke, you file for bankruptcy. Homosexual, you come out, and invite everyone to your domestic partner ceremony. You raped someone?

(more)

(CONTINUED)

1

86 CONTINUED:

86

REGINA (Cont'd)

Do it with your senator uncle and you can return to medical school. How does a blackmailer make a living in a world without shame?

The audience oohs and aahs. Some people walk out.

REGINA

I don't understand what the fuss is about. Montana did cross-dressing years ago.

87 INT - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

87

FLYNN and ANNE are in bed together, watching a CNN fashion report, taking notes on laptop computers. They are both barechested. The remnants of a room service meal are on a tray nearby.

88 INT - BACKSTAGE LOUVRE TENT - DAY

88

A large crowd is congratulating ABOUD on his show. Fashion artist SARAH PALMER, is drinking champagne near him with NINA SCANT.

PALMER

Nina, we were just saying how awful those MODELS are. I am so tired of all this business about super MODELS. I can't understand the glorification of the super MODEL.

SCANT

You're absolutely right.

PALMER

I mean, they look positively scornful. I saw Linda Evangelista on the runway. She was sulking because she was wearing something she didn't like. They get \$10,000 for walking up and down for half an hour. The least they can do is make the clothes look good.

SCANT

You're so right. That's my next story. I see it as a spread. Want to do the drawings?

- 89 INT - CRILLON LOBBY - DAY 89
 BINKY is at the front desk.
- BINKY
 Excuse me, do you have an extra
 key for 722? I seem to have
 misplaced mine.
- 90 EXT - PARIS OUTDOOR CAFE - DAY 90
 AMY AUSTEN, BINKY's photographer, in her fatigues, is having
 breakfast at a cafe. Ever on the lookout for interesting
 visuals, she has an eye for peculiar characters. Scouting the
 Faubourg-St. Honore boutiques, she spots LOUISE BOWLES, who
 is dressed sloppily but is going into the most exclusive shops
 with a certain amount of knowing hauteur.
- 91 INT - FANCY SHOP - DAY 91
 LOUISE enters a shop and begins browsing. The salespeople, all
 snobbish and aghast, look at each other. They are ready to evict
 LOUISE.
- 92 EXT - CAFE - DAY 92
 AMY pays her bill and heads for the shop in time to see:
- 93 INT - SHOP - DAY 93
 SALESWOMAN
 (With a sneer and in
 English to LOUISE)
 Can I help you?
- LOUISE
 (Oblivious, she points
 to an elaborate dress.
 Then in perfect French)
 What's the largest size this comes
 in?
- AMY is surprised to see that LOUISE is making a purchase. As
 LOUISE leaves, the saleswoman opens the door for her.
- SALESWOMAN
 Thank you very much, Mrs. Bowles.
- LOUISE entering the next shop on the street. AMY follows her.
 A similar scene follows. AMY starts surreptitiously shooting
 pictures. LOUISE buys another dress and handbag.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

LOUISE heading toward her hotel burdened with packages and bags bearing the names of the shops she's visited. Unable to find a cab, she takes the metro.

94 INT - ADVERTISING AGENCY OFFICE - DAY

94

ALBERTINE enters and approaches receptionist.

ALBERTINE

I'm Albertine from the Ford Agency. For the commercial.

RECEPTIONIST

Down the hall, third door on the left.

ALBERTINE walks down the hall and opens the third door. She opens it to reveal a waiting room full of a dozen MODELS who are all five-foot-ten-and-a-half, with shoulder length red hair and blue eyes.

95 INT - CRILLON DINING ROOM - DAY

95

BINKY and ABOUD are drinking coffee. She is interviewing him. A taperecorder is running.

ABOUD

The whole industry is going to hell.

BINKY

What do you mean?

ABOUD

Standards. Any creep who can scrape together a few thousand and draw a stick figure with a skirt calls himself a designer. Which is why people look so terrible. Have you looked around on the street lately? I don't know where to turn my eyes. Every one I see is an affront to my sense of esthetics.

BINKY

Oh, it can't be that bad. In fact, forget the clothes, you have to admit that people are taking better care of themselves. Older women seem to remain attractive longer.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

BINKY (Cont'd)
 (That she considers
 herself an example of
 this phenomenon is
 unmistakable)

ABBOUD
 (Smiling)
 Older women have always been
 attractive in France. You're
 talking about the change in
 American attitudes, and this comes
 purely out of economic influences.

BINKY
 What do you mean?

ABBOUD
 The baby boomers are getting old.
 Advertisers have to flatter them.
 It's simple.

BINKY
 (Changing the subject)
 Well, you certainly can't complain
 about business. Your show seemed
 to be a success.

ABBOUD
 No, business is good. We'll know
 in the next few days how
 successful this show was. But I'm
 not suffering. I do well because
 I have no competition.

BINKY
 What do you mean? Last night the
 party was filled with designers.

ABBOUD
 Who among them was competition
 for me? None of them do what I do.

BINKY
 Do you mean you're the only one
 making elegant timeless clothes?
 What about Rader? Givenchy?
 Valentino?

ABBOUD
 You're talking about Fashion. I'm
 talking about Style.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (2)

95

BINKY

I don't understand.

ABBOUD

Anyone can design a suit to look like one of my suits. But who is the one who thought of them? Fashion is sticking with the trend. Style is inventing it. Someone with style has it nude in the bathtub. Go ahead and imagine Rader nude in the bathtub.

96 INT - CRILLON LOBBY - DAY

96

SISSY walks through the lobby and sees a copy of Mirabella on a table. She looks around quickly, grabs the magazine and tosses it in a waste basket. SISSY spots SARAH PALMER having coffee. SARAH is with SERGEI, who is wearing different clothes, a neatly tailored blue suit and tie this time.

SISSY

Sarah, how are you? Jet lagged?

PALMER

No, I got in Wednesday. I always come for the whole week. After eight days of high fashion I am usually ready for a rest cure at a nudist colony. When did you arrive?

SISSY

Too early. Yesterday afternoon. It's only Saturday and I feel like I've been here forever.

SARAH

I know the feeling. Oh, this is Sergei Oblomov. He writes for the London Observer. He's Russian. Isn't that right?

SERGEI nods.

SISSY

How do you do?

(Back to SARAH)

I see Binky Ulrich is doing a piece on the business for the New York Times magazine. They say it's going to be a book.

(CONTINUED)

PALMER

Yes, and everyone is talking to her. The Europeans obviously don't know that Binky hasn't written a nice word about anyone in years. Maybe ever. It's a brilliant idea, I think.

SISSY

It is. I wish I'd thought of it. What a tragedy about Olivier.

PALMER

Terribly sad.

SISSY

I was in that traffic jam.

PALMER

Did they catch the killer?

SISSY

No, they're looking for someone in a very good tweed suit. Could be someone in the industry, they think.

PALMER

Really?

SISSY

Well, I'm off. I have to find my photographer. Nice meeting you.

SARAH

(To SERGEI)

She looks great. A testimony to the benefits of plastic surgery.

SERGEI

Really? What has she had done?

SARAH

It would be easier to list what she didn't have done. The nose is obvious. I would say a little chin work, and there must have been some lipo. I've never seen her hips quite that sleek.

INT - PRESS TENT AT THE LOUVRE - DAY

Two reporters are talking about Abboud's show.

REPORTER

He's a genius. The show was a revelation.

REPORTER II

What, you too? All he did was put women's clothes on a bunch of queens. You call that genius? He's just making fun of all of us.

REPORTER

You don't think he's one of the best?

REPORTER II

He is the best salesman. He's a cynic, a killer. I hear he's launching a new perfume. It's called "Ferocious."

(He laughs)

They ought to call it "Jugular."

INT - RADER'S STUDIO - DAY

FORGET and TANTPIS arrive. TANTPIS is still wearing the hideous tie. RADER has several assistants, all of whom speak with Russian accents.

ASSISTANT

(In a thick Russian accent, and extremely condescending, speaking French)

Please, you will wait here.

The ASSISTANT disappears into another room. He whispers to another ASSISTANT. That man addresses RADER.

ASSISTANT II

(In English, but no less condescending)

You have two policemen here.

RADER

Bring them in.

The ASSISTANT disappears and returns with the police.

The Vogue people - SISSY and LUDI - are just leaving after an interview and photo session so TANTPIS and FORGET watch the MODELS undress and dress to leave.

(CONTINUED)

FORGET speaks English to RADER, whose French is not great.

RADER

Come in, gentlemen. Have a seat.
That's all, Vladimir.

FORGET

You have many Russians here.

RADER

Yeah, they're a little neurotic,
what with the New Europe and all.
Vladimir hasn't been himself since
the wall came down. But Chanel
always had lots of Russians
working for her. It's good luck,
y'know?

(He knocks on his desk).

So far it's been working.

(To TANTPIS, who doesn't
understand much
English)

That's quite a tie you've got
there. Quite a tie.

FORGET

M. Rader, we're here about the
death of Olivier de la Fontaine.

RADER

Yeh, I heard about it.

FORGET

Did you know M. de la Fontaine?

RADER

Everybody knew him.

FORGET

Not yet. M. de la Fontaine was
carrying what turned out to be
a great many tickets to shows.
About 20 were to your show. Can
you think of any reason he might
have had so many to your show?

RADER

No. Did he have any other shows?

FORGET

Yes, La Croix, Lo, Abboud,
Gaultier, Matsuda, Yamamoto,
Romney, Chanel.

(CONTINUED)

RADER

Maybe he was going to sell them?
Or give them to the other guy to
sell.

FORGET

That thought occurred to us.

RADER

What do black market tickets go
for?

FORGET

According to our sources, the
prices vary.

RADER

What do they get for my show?

FORGET

About 1,000 francs each.

RADER

And for Abboud?

FORGET

Two thousand.

RADER

What the fuck does that mean? My
dresses are just as expensive as
his. I fucking well pay my MODELS
as much as he does. The fabric's
just as expensive as Abboud's.
And he has the fucking nerve to
charge twice as much?

FORGET

I don't think M. Abboud is
consulted in this matter.

RADER

I wouldn't bet on that. He's
probably running the scam.

FORGET

M. Rader, do you have any idea
why M. De La Fontaine would
have been carrying around so many
of your tickets?

(CONTINUED)

RADER

What, do you think I'm in on scalping my own tickets? You think I'd charge less for my show than for Abboud's?

TANTPIS interrupts impatiently. In French, pointing to the photos they've brought along, he tells FORGET to ask if RADER knows the man in the picture.

FORGET

Do you recognize this man?

Closeup of photos of SERGEI's jacket, wool scarf flying behind him as runs away.

RADER

Sure. It's Ralph Lauren.

FORGET looks excited and pulls out his notebook.

FORGET

L-O-R-E-N?

RADER

No. L-A-U-R-E-N. I'd say about 1989. He was doing thinner lapels that year.

FORGET, catching on, is angry.

FORGET

This is no joke.

RADER

The fuck it isn't. You two apes show me a picture of the Harris tweed poster boy, from the back, and you want me to give you an ID? Hey, I'm no good with faces but I never forget a herringbone.

FORGET

Thank you very much, M. Rader. We'll be in touch.

RADER

What about the tickets? Can I have mine back?

JACK is in his office. He's on the telephone.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

JACK
I know I haven't been home much lately. You've been busy, too. When the show is over.
(Pause)
I'll stay at the office tonight.
(Pause)
See you tomorrow.
(He hangs up)

100 INT - DANE'S APARTMENT - DAY

100

DANE hangs up the telephone. She dials.

DANE
(On the telephone)
M. Abboud, please.
(She waits)
Marcel? How about tonight?

101 INT - RADER'S STUDIO - DAY

101

BINKY is interviewing RADER in his office. AMY is packing up her cameras.

AMY
So, I'll come to your house this afternoon, for the closet pictures.

RADER
I'll be expecting you.

AMY leaves.

ULRICH
So, does it upset you to see what they write about you in the trade papers?

RADER
Nah, I never read 'em. Collection of fucking lies.
(He stops, realizing his language might not make it into the New York Times Magazine)
You'll clean this stuff up, right?
Oh, I don't give a fuck if you don't. Look, I go to my studio every day.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

RADER (Cont'd)
If the locks haven't been changed,
I assume I'm still in business.
What else do I need to know?

102 INT - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

102

SLIM is on the telephone.

SLIM
You want me to go to Berlin?
(Pause)
Has it been translated into German
yet?

103 INT - POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

103

TANTPIS is in his superior's office.

TANTPIS
I have absolutely no reason to
believe that we will apprehend
the man who killed Olivier de la
Fontaine.

SUPERVISER
Assuming we can determine if he
was killed.

TANTPIS
Assuming we can determine if he
was killed.

SUPERVISER
If you don't charge someone we'll
never see another limousine on
the streets again. I don't mind
telling you that the Prime
Minsiter is not pleased about
this. Arrest anyone you see in
a tweed coat. But we need
something to show that we're
making progress.

TANTPIS
But we are not making progress.

SUPERVISER
I can see that this attitude of
yours is half the problem.

BINKY is still talking to RADER in his office.

BINKY

You always strive for design purity. You only use natural fabrics. I've heard you have an abhorrence of synthetics.

RADER

Can't stand the feel of them. Even those new ones, supposed to feel like silk. There is one exception, though. The one fabric I never use is linen. I don't know about the rest of the world, but I perspire. Judging by the way the other guys use linen in their spring collections, I must be the only person left with functioning sweat glands. Did they come up with some anti-perspirant I don't know about?

BINKY

What's wrong with linen?

RADER

For one thing, it's hot. For another, it wrinkles. Who wants to look like a root vegetable bagged for market? You've got to be a real slave to fashion to wear it.

BINKY

You owe your living to slaves of fashion.

RADER

I like to think the people who wear my clothes are making an intelligent choice. And the names of the colors. So earthy, so in tune with the environment, so politically correct as if when you wear a "wheat"-colored linen jacket that you're somehow a better person than if you wore a shocking pink silk shirt. Mushroom. Avocado. Elderberry. Bark. The names are fantastic. You never hear colors like Bladder. Or Lung. Or Beluga. How about a nice warm-toned Horse Shit?

(CONTINUED)

BINKY
Are you renaming your colors for
next season?

RADER
No, but I'll tell you what I am
going to do. I'm going to have
fabric like you've never seen
before.

BINKY
Fabric has always been your
inspiration.

RADER
No. Telling a story has been my
inspiration.

BINKY
What do you mean?

RADER
Fashion is about speaking before
you open your mouth. Wearing your
story. Everybody wants to hear
stories.

BINKY
And fabric is a story?

RADER
Everything is a story. When I was
a kid I saw stories everywhere.
In the grille work of cars -
Cadillacs were happy, Oldsmobiles
were bilious, Buicks were tense.
Same thing with clothes. There's
a story in a jacket. Slash pockets
are angry. A back vent is
frivolous. A tapered waist is
sensual. Big shoulders are
violent. Then you have the fabric.
Fabric is the story-within-the-
story.

FLYNN and ANNE are in bed.

ANNE
It was across a crowded room. Just
like in the movies.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNE (Cont'd)
 We met in college at a
 dance and that was it. We were
 married as soon as we graduated.
 (She starts to cry)
 And I do love him.

FLYNN
 (He puts his arms around
 her. He seems to be
 near tears, too)
 I'll bet he's a great guy to have
 a wonderful woman like
 you, a great guy.

ANNE
 (Openly weeping)
 He's a great guy.

The television is on. An episode of "The Prisoner" is playing,
 dubbed into French.

INT - BINKY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

BINKY is in her hotel room working on her piece for the Times.
 She dictates into a tape recorder.

BINKY
 Designers were once tradespeople.
 They were treated like servants
 by their clients, the aristocracy,
 until their services became so
 valuable that they metamorphosed
 into their clients' social equals.
 Today, not only is it more
 prestigious to socialize with a
 famous designer than with a duke
 but the designer has taken on the
 manners and habits of the
 aristocracy. Ralph Lauren, born
 Lipshitz, did not learn about
 suede elbow patches and safaris
 in the Bronx."

INT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

This speech is heard over a fancy dinner party at which the
 crude cockney designer Rader, a boor, is a guest. He is advising
 the person next to him which fork to use.

108

INT - OUTSIDE HOTEL FREIGHT ELEVATOR - DAY

108

Luggage is waiting to be delivered to guests' rooms. SERGEI, still wearing FLYNN's clothes, is skulking nearby, waiting for the coast to clear.

109

INT - ELEGANT RESTAURANT - DAY

109

SLIM is presiding over a round lunch table with eight guests, including NINA SCANT, BINKY, SISSY and REGINA. She sees SERGEI enter. He is wearing a grey sharkskin suit with thin lapels and extremely tapered legs. The pants are a little too short. The tie is skinny and red leather. The shirt has a tab collar but he can't button it all the way because the neck is too small. He looks like an escapee from a Bobby Darin movie. He takes a seat at the table. SISSY is in the seat next to him. SLIM looks astonished.

SERGEI

So sorry I'm late.

(He turns to the person
on his right and offers
his hand)

Joe Flynn, Washington Post. How
do you do?

SLIM

(Playing along)

I didn't think you'd make it, Mr.
Flynn.

SERGEI

I wouldn't miss one of your famous
lunches.

SLIM

I hope you don't miss the Moscow
cuisine too much.

The others have already been served their food. A Maitre d' approaches.

MAITRE D'

Would you like to see a menu?

SERGEI

No, I'd just like some raw beets
and carrots.

MAITRE D'

Monsieur, this is a restaurant,
not a meadow.

SLIM gives SERGEI a withering look.

(CONTINUED)

109

CONTINUED:

109

SERGEI

Yes, then, whatever Madame
Chrysler is having, please.

SISSY

I thought you had said your name
was Joe something.

SERGEI

(Trying to recover
quickly)

Yes, well, Sergei is Russian for
Joe.

SISSY

So Stalin was Sergei Stalin?

SERGEI

That's right. He was only Joe in
English-speaking countries.

110

INT - POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

110

AMY is led by TANTPIS and FORGET into a room. A two-way mirror
lines one side. Lights go on in the room next door and she can
see through the mirror a line up. Five people dressed in tweeds
are all standing before her, faces to the wall.

111

INT - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

111

FLYNN and ANNE are in bed, coming to climax. A few moments
after, she turns to him. CNN is playing in the background.

ANNE

What are we going to do?

FLYNN

I don't know. I think I love you.
And I love my wife.

ANNE

(Teary eyed)

And I love my husband.

A CNN reporter is heard in the background throughout the scene.

REPORTER

What followed the Cold War is,
for many people in the espionage
business, a truly Cold Peace.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

REPORTER (Cont'd)
 Unemployed agents are looking for work as bodyguards and in industrial spying. Former Soviet experts are brushing up on their Asian history. Georgetown University reports an overenrollment in Japanese language night courses.

112 INT - NATHALIE'S OFFICES - DAY

112

NATHALIE enters JACK's office and finds him shuffling papers, which he tries to hide.

NATHALIE
 It's time for a talk.

JACK
 About what?

NATHALIE
 About bankruptcy.

JACK
 What are you talking about?

NATHALIE
 I want to know if we are ruined, and if not, how long do we have before we reach that state.

JACK
 Well, I wouldn't say ruined...

NATHALIE
 I want you to tell me exactly what condition we're in. I don't know how you thought we would mount a show with no money. I don't know what you've been doing with the money. Gambling? Drugs? Never mind. We don't have time for identifying your character flaws right now. I may have a way to save the business. But you have to do exactly as I say.

113 INT - MORGUE - DAY

113

Another arc from overhead shot of OLIVIER's body. The CORONER, wearing an apron, is nearby, eating a chocolate.

114 EXT - POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

114

Twenty limousines are illegally parked, blocking traffic. Limo drivers are picketing outside, harrassing police officers as they enter the building.

115 INT - POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

115

At the prefect's office, TANTPIS is at his desk. FORGET is looking through a brown bag. He pulls out a sandwich.

FORGET

(In French)

I don't believe it. Jambon.

(Handing it to TANTPIS)

TANTPIS

I'm not hungry.

FORGET shrugs and starts to eat.

TANTPIS

Perhaps de la Fontaine and this man in tweed were lovers. You know, the fashion business.

FORGET

He was married to your friend, Claude. They had children.

TANTPIS

Doesn't mean a thing.

FORGET

He was having an affair with Nathalie Lo.

TANTPIS (Protesting)

It's an idea, that's all. I'm just trying to get you thinking.

FORGET

(Offended)

I'm always thinking.

TANTPIS

What if Olivier was blackmailing our man in tweed? Then it might not be a crime passionel.

FORGET

But what could Olivier have held over the killer?

(CONTINUED)

115

CONTINUED:

115

Loud crowd noises are coming from outside. TANTPIS gets up and goes to the window to look out. A shot of a throng of noisy limo drivers picketing and shouting in front of the steps of the police station. Cops are trying to park their patrol cars and walk through the line. TANTPIS closes the window.

TANTPIS

Let's go have a talk with Nathalie
Lo. What do we have on the
murderer?

FORGET

A set of clothes. Assuming there
was a murder.

116

INT - NATHALIE'S OFFICES - DAY

116

SISSY and LUDI are having tea with NATHALIE. There's tension between SISSY and LUDI.

SISSY

Your style hasn't changed much
over the years. In this climate,
what you do seems almost
conservative. Not flamboyant, like
Mugler or Gaultier.

NATHALIE

Oh, well, they're men.

SISSY

What do you mean?
(LUDI, who is snapping
photos during the
interview, stops at
the mention of men.)

NATHALIE

Men like to excite women with big
showy nonsense, eccentric clothes.
Women go wild and think this is
the avant garde. Especially those
who are a little older and want
to prove that they are still
young. So they put on these
costumes and make themselves look
silly.

SISSY

What does that have to do with
men?

(CONTINUED)

NATHALIE

Look at what men design for women and then look at what they design for men. When was the last time you saw a man leave a party in distress because another man was wearing the same tuxedo? How would he be able to tell? No, these male designers, they make nice, sedate English-style suits for themselves. Then they make crazy clothes for women. I make clothes women can wear. With dignity.

SISSY

Maybe people don't want to be dignified anymore.

NATHALIE

That's obvious. Everyone dresses like children today. You used to be able to tell who was a grownup. A man wore a suit and a tie and a hat. When he came home to his family after a hard day at work, he might take off his jacket to relax. Maybe loosen his tie. Today, if a man actually wore a suit and tie to work, the first thing he does is take them off when he comes home. He immediately puts on a pair of blue jeans, sneakers and a t-shirt, exactly what he wore when he was 12 years old. Exactly what his own 12-year-old is wearing. There is no room for dignity in that man's mind.

117 INT - MORGUE - DAY

117

Another arc of OLIVIER's laid out body.

118 INT - PRESS TENT AT THE LOUVRE - DAY

118

Between shows, NINA SCANT is chatting with SISSY. Behind them is a teeming throng of reporters, the buzz of conversation.

SCANT

So what's it like to work with Ludi? We were thinking of giving him an assignment.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

SISSY

He seems competent.

SCANT

I had heard of him but I hadn't met him before. Very attractive. He must be bi-.

SISSY

(Surprised)

What?

SCANT

Didn't he and Cort Romney have a thing at one time? I'm sure they were a thing. Although Ludi looks pretty healthy. Cort looks awful. It's so hard these days, hiring someone you hope will live through the three-month lead time.

119

INT - LOUVRE TENT/FASHION SHOW - DAY

119

Two reporters in audience are waiting for a show to start.

PALMER

Oh, you should have seen the sport clothes. The MODELS looked like they were ready to go out and run marathons.

REGINA

I agree with Chanel. Sport clothes should be for watching sports.

CLAUDE walking by wearing one of her ancient designer dresses. She is carrying her dog. The dog is wearing black, too.

PALMER

Did you see that dress? Where on earth did she get that?

REGINA

I'm surprised she's out and about. Before the funeral.

SERGEI, who had been seated near REGINA, jumps up to follow CLAUDE. He catches up with her.

SERGEI

Madame de la Fontaine.

(CONTINUED)

119

CONTINUED:

119

CLAUDE walks ahead, ignoring him. He takes her by the shoulder. She turns around, indignant but still silent. She glares at him. He is momentarily intimidated but finds his composure.

SERGEI

I am a friend of your husband's.
I have to speak with you.

CLAUDE looks at him even more disdainfully than before. She turns around and walks away. SERGEI is so surprised that he just stands there.

120

INT - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

120

FLYNN is in the bathroom. He is toweling off after a shower. Standing in front of the mirror, he examines the complimentary products on the counter. He picks up shampoo, puts it down. He picks up cologne. He unscrews the top and smells, shrugs and starts to splash some on his chest when the bottle slips and he pours it all over his genitals. He looks down disconsolately, grabs a towel and tries to mop it up.

121

INT - NATHALIE'S OFFICES - DAY

121

ANDREE, ALBERTINE and DANE are working. NATHALIE is trying to block the show. TANTPIS and FORGET arrive. ODILE is at the desk.

FORGET

(In French)

Police. We're here to see Madame Lo.

ODILE sets them up in a room. NATHALIE enters.

TANTPIS

We just wanted to have a word with you about Olivier de la Fontaine.

NATHALIE

I really don't know anything.

TANTPIS

(Supercilious)

Madame, we so often find that one doesn't know how very much one knows. So please let us be the judge. When was the last time you saw or spoke to M. de la Fontaine?

NATHALIE

I saw him the morning he died. We sat together at the Montana show.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

TANTPIS

What did he say the last time you spoke?

NATHALIE

Nothing unusual.

TANTPIS

Can you think of any reason anyone would want to kill M. de la Fontaine?

NATHALIE

You know that he was murdered?

TANTPIS

Assuming he was murdered.

NATHALIE

Then you don't know for sure.

TANTPIS

If we knew anything for sure, we wouldn't be here talking to you. Did he have any enemies?

NATHALIE

Everyone has enemies. I don't know if anyone would have gone to the trouble of killing him.

TANTPIS

Madame. I understand you had a special relationship with M. de la Fontaine.

NATHALIE

I fail to see what that has to do with this.

TANTPIS

But it is true that for 30 years you've been lovers, quite publicly.

NATHALIE

I was not informed that love was a crime.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: (2)

TANTPIS

(Sighing, he puts out
his hand to FORGET)

The photographs. We want to find
who killed Olivier.

(He holds up the
pictures AMY took).

Do you have any idea who this
might be?

NATHALIE (SHE LOOKS AT THE
pictures)

No.

FORGET

Madame, do you perhaps recognize
the clothes?

NATHALIE

(She puts on her
glasses.)

No, but they look custom made.
British tailoring.

TANTPIS

You are sure? How can you tell?

NATHALIE

Monsieur, this is what I've been
doing for the last 30 years. Look
at the shoulders, the seams, the
pockets. The button on the cuff
is open. This is quality
workmanship. He must have money.

TANTPIS looks more carefully at the pictures, surprised that
NATHALIE could tell so much just by observing the seams. He
shakes his head.

TANTPIS

And this couldn't be done here?

NATHALIE

It could. It could be done
anywhere. But most likely it was
done in London.

TANTPIS

I see. Thank you.
(He hesitates, then
plunges in)
Could Olivier have been
homosexual?

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: (3)

NATHALIE

(She is momentarily
speechless, then
smiles)

Well, I suppose anything is
possible. From my experience, I
would have to say no.

LACAN

No. Well then, that's all for now.
By the way, do you happen
to know anyone personally who has
an English tailor?

NATHALIE

Most of the men in the business
have at least some of their
clothes made in London. But that's
assuming the killer is someone
in the business. And assuming
Olivier was murdered.

TANTPIS

Thank you. We'll be in touch.

122

122 INT - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

FLYNN is in bed with ANNE. They are kissing. She moves down on
him, out of screen. His eyes close with pleasure for the cliched
reaction shot. Suddenly she is laughing uncontrollably.

ANNE

Did you put perfume on your sock?
(She can't stop
laughing)

123

123 INT - BACKSTAGE LOUVRE TENT - DAY

The show is over. A huge crowd has come backstage to
congratulate the designer. Champagne is being served. In the
middle of the bustle, ALBERTINE and ANDREE are finishing
dressing near each other. ANDREE watches ALBERTINE with more
than passing interest.

ANDREE

I can't wait to get out of here.
(ALBERTINE doesn't
respond. She tries
again)
What do you have planned for
tonight?

(CONTINUED)

123

CONTINUED:

123

ALBERTINE

Nothing.

ANDREE

Well, you have to eat. I was going to go home and cook. Why don't you come over?

124

INT - KIKI'S APARTMENT - DAY

124

JACK and KIKI are in bed together.

JACK

I have to go.

KIKI

You always have to go. This is ridiculous. How long can you continue sleeping with two sisters?

JACK

It's up to you. I'll cut back to one, if I have to.

125

INT - BINKY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

125

BINKY is dictating.

ULRICH

Haute couture is a luxury even for the designers who indulge in it. Once the mainstay of their business, the hand-made haute couture is now little more than advertising, a money-loser that promotes the profitable part of the business - the pret-a-porter, the mass-produced ready-to-wear. The irony is that ready-to-wear is outrageously expensive now. Originally conceived as clothes affordable to the upper middle class, the clothes shown at the Pret are now far too expensive for anyone but the rich to buy. In the meantime, haute couture is slowly heading for extinction.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

The above serves as voiceover for a scene in ABBOUD's salon. ABBOUD is tending to a Park Avenue matron, fitting her with some outlandish outfit, treating her with a delicate mixture of obsequiousness and disdain.

126 INT - RADER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

126

RADER is standing inside his closet, leaning on his walking stick, nestled in a space cleared under the pole where all his suits hang. He has a big bunch of hanging suits squeezing against him at both shoulders. He is smiling and standing very still.

RADER

This had better be the last one.
I have work to do.

AMY

Smile, please.

AMY is finishing her photo session. A flash goes off.

127 INT - ANDREE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

127

ANDREE and ALBERTINE are naked on a bed. ANDREE is lying back, smoking a cigarette, purring happily. ALBERTINE is sitting up straight, with her back to ANDREE. We see her face. She looks miserable.

ANDREE

So, I promised you dinner. I can make an omelet. Or how about a Nicoise?

ALBERTINE

I'm not hungry.

ALBERTINE gets up and begins to dress.

ANDREE

What are you doing? You're not leaving, are you?

INT - JACK and DANE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

JACK enters. The apartment is dark. He walks quietly into the bedroom. He looks through the darkness until he realizes that DANE is not in bed. He sits on the bed and turns on the night table lamp. He hears the front door open.

JACK

Dane?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANE
Is that you? I thought you were
staying at the office tonight.

JACK
I thought you might be lonely,
so I came home when I finished.

DANE
(Cheerfully)
That was sweet of you.

She bends down to where he's sitting on the bed, and kisses his
forehead.

JACK
(Mystified)
So where were you? It's three
o'clock in the morning.

DANE
(Looks at her watch)
God, you're right. I didn't
realize it was so late.

JACK
So where were you?

DANE
I went to visit my sister.

JACK
Your sister?
(He is shocked by the
lie, then plays along)
How is she?

DANE
She's fine. Let's go to bed. I'm
exhausted.

128 INT - BINKY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

128

BINKY, wearing shocking pink overalls, is in her room dictating.

BINKY
Since Chanel first began her
conquest of society, the process
of becoming a well known designer
has consisted at least partly of
ingratiation to those rich enough
to afford the clothes.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BINKY (Cont'd)

The relationship of the tradesmen to their employers, the members of the upper class, was fraught with resentment on both sides.

This becomes voiceover. Shots of aristocrats finding their seats at shows, applauding the clothes. Standing ovation for the designer, who happens to be Rader.

BINKY

Now the privilege of the aristocracy has transferred to the tradesmen themselves.

RADER's show is in progress. EARL NOBLE is shooting. LUDI is next to him. SISSY is in the front row of a press section. She is throwing nasty looks at REGINA, who sits nearby. REGINA is sitting with SCANT. They're chatting.

REGINA

Hey, it's supply and demand. Chanel was no genius. She was a hatmaker who made it because she ran away to Deauville during the war with all the society matrons. Guess what? They had nothing to wear.

RADER comes out to take a bow to applause. The audience stands to leave. The MAJOR spots BINKY and approaches.

MAJOR

I just wanted to introduce myself. Hamilton Bowles. Marshall Field. I'm the chief European buyer.

BINKY

(Polite but distant)

How do you do.

MAJOR

I understand you're writing a book. I just wanted to offer my assistance, my expertise. If you need any help, I'd be happy to give you some time.

BINKY

(Walking backwards away)

Thanks very much. I appreciate the offer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BINKY walks away quickly, leaving the MAJOR standing in an aisle, jostled by people leaving the show.

INT - JACK and DANE'S APARTMENT - DAY

TANTPIS, wearing Olivier's tie, and FORGET are at the end of an interview with JACK.

TANTPIS

So you were working last Friday at the time of Olivier's death?

JACK

Yes, that's right. Odile was at the office as well.

TANTPIS

Well, thank you very much for your time, Monsieur Lo.

JACK

It's Lowenthal. My mother's name is Lo.

TANTPIS

Oh, sorry. By the way, do you happen to remember what you were wearing last Friday?

JACK

What I was wearing? I'd really have to think.

TANTPIS

Please, go ahead.

DANE, who has been present during the questioning, volunteers.

DANE

Didn't you have to meet with the buyer from Galeries Lafayette that day?

JACK

Yes, you're right.

DANE

You wore that brown tweed jacket. I remember because I said that it needed to go to the cleaner.

JACK

Yes, that's right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TANTPIS
Where is that jacket?

JACK
It must be in my closet.

TANTPIS
Could we have a look?

JACK
Of course.

Jack gets up to get it for them and is surprised to see that they are following him to his bedroom. He looks everywhere and can't find it. He starts to get nervous.

TANTPIS
Is it possible that you brought it to the cleaner?

JACK
Yes. I don't know. I have to see if I have any cleaning tickets in my wallet.
(He doesn't.)

TANTPIS
We'd like to see this jacket, M. Lowenthal.

JACK realizes that he's left it at KIKI's, which he can't admit in front of DANE.

JACK
Why don't you let me look in the office. I'll bring it to headquarters as soon as I find it.

TANTPIS
We'll save you the trouble. We'll come along.

INT - HALLWAY OF JACK'S APARTMENT - DAY

As soon as they're out of earshot:

JACK
(In a low voice)
This is a little embarrassing. I didn't want to mention it in front of Dane. But I think I know where the jacket is.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

TANTPIS
And where is that?

JACK
At Dane's sister's house.

TANTPIS rolls his eyes.

TANTPIS
Will someone be home there now?

JACK
It doesn't matter. I have a key.

They walk to elevator, press the elevator button and wait in silence for a moment, staring into space.

TANTPIS
By the way, how do you like my tie?

(Hearing no immediate response, he adds) I mean, a professional opinion.

JACK
(A little confused by the question, answers hesitantly)
It's very nice.

130 INT - KIKI'S APARTMENT - DAY

130

As JACK is searching through KIKI's closet while KIKI and the police look on, we hear a key in the front door.

We hear a voice: Kiki?

DANE enters the bedroom. She finds them all there. JACK is holding his tweed jacket.

DANE
I can't believe it.

DANE leaves, slamming the door behind her.

131 INT - TANTPIS'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

131

TANTPIS, his wife, SOPHIE, CHANTAL, and FORGET are having dinner. TANTPIS is constantly feeding his prized bulldog, CHARLUS, from the table. The conversation is in French.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

TANTPIS
We're getting nowhere.

FORGET
We'll get a break. Something will
come up. We haven't been on this
case that long.
(To CHANTAL)
How's school?

CHANTAL
A bore.

TANTPIS
Oh, she's an excellent student.
Top of the class. She'll be a
great lawyer.
(To the dog, whom he
is feeding, in a baby-
voice)
There, Charlus, the steak is just
the way you like it, medium rare.

CHANTAL
You know that I haven't the
faintest interest in being a
lawyer, Father.

TANTPIS
That's beside the point.

FORGET
What do you want to be?

CHANTAL
I'm going to design clothes.

TANTPIS
(He looks at the
ceiling)
Over my dead body.

CHANTAL
As you wish.

132 INT - JACK AND DANE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

132

JACK finds DANE in the bedroom closet, packing.

JACK
Dane, I'm sorry. Wait, let's talk.
It meant nothing. Let me explain.

(CONTINUED)

132

CONTINUED:

132

DANE
Don't bother. I'm leaving.

JACK
I love you.

DANE
You couldn't find anyone to fuck
but my sister?

JACK
You're not exactly innocent here
yourself.

DANE
What are you talking about?

JACK
Where were you that night I came
home late and the house was empty?
You said you were visiting Kiki.
That's where I had been.

DANE
Wherever it was, it wasn't with
your brother. (She closes the
suitcase she's been packing and
leaves the room.) I'll get the
rest of my things later.

133

INT - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

133

FLYNN and ANNE are in bed. The leftovers from a room service dinner are on a tray on the bed. ANNE is lying on her back. FLYNN is leaning on an elbow facing her. They have drawn a small checkerboard on her belly and are playing checkers using carrots and peas from dinner as playing pieces. They are laughing. He makes a move, and jumps several of her men.

ANNE
Oh, you're so bad.

FLYNN
What do you mean, I'm bad?

ANNE
You didn't eat your vegetables.

FLYNN begins eating the carrots and peas off ANNE's stomach.
They make love.

134 INT - NATHALIE'S ATELIER - NIGHT.

134

NATHALIE is looking through a rack of clothing. Suddenly she stops, distracted by a stray thought. She turns around and storms into her office. When she reaches her desk, she opens the top drawer and pulls out a photograph of OLIVIER. She rips it into pieces and throws them in a trash basket.

135 INT - SHABBY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

135

ALBERTINE is talking to her video camera.

ALBERTINE

I must enjoy being humiliated.
Why else would I do this? It's
clear that I won't get famous this
way. That I'm not even going to
make much money. I got into this
line of work because of the way
I happen to look. It was pure
luck that I have long legs and
even features. And now, today,
I didn't get work because I look
the way I look. I mean, I look
like everyone who looks this way.
I look like a MODEL. And there
are hundreds of us. Thousands.
We're interchangeable. It's
not beauty they're after. It's
interchangeable parts

(Looking extremely
distressed)

What is wrong with me?

(Long silence)

I'm losing control.

(She laughs)

As if I ever had been in control
in the first place.

136 INT - ABOUD'S STUDIO - DAY

136

He is showing BINKY the latest promotion.

ABBOUD

This should start running this
fall in the United States.
There'll be a big print campaign
to go with it.

He slips a video tape into a VCR and they watch the 15-second
television commercial being used to launch "Ferocious" in
America.

(CONTINUED)

136

CONTINUED:

136

ON VIDEO SCREEN:

Closeup of a woman's face in ecstasy. The camera pulls away to reveal the back of a man's head. He is obviously kissing her neck with a certain amount of passion. The camera moves in closer. Then his head withdraws and the camera continues to move in on her neck until we see a huge violet hickey. The voiceover says at the same time as titles come up: "Ferocious. The way you want it."

137

EXT - PARIS SCHOOLYARD - DAY

137

Pan across a tableau of high school girls all dressed alike in parochial drab. The shot emphasizes that the bodies of the girls may differ but the uniforms are identical: white shirt, plaid pleated skirt, knee socks, lace-up shoes and blazers. Some girls have a ribbon in the hair or a bow knotted at the shirt collar but the attempts to deviate are feeble.

A nun clapping her hands abruptly. The girls file into the school building obediently. Three of them have been smoking and quickly put out their cigarettes to join the others. One is CHANTAL TANTPIS, the prefect's daughter.

138

EXT - PARIS STREET - DAY

138

TANTPIS is walking his bulldog. The bulldog leaves a large deposit on the sidewalk. TANTPIS is carrying a plastic bag to scoop it up but he considers the volume of the mess, puts the empty bag in his pocket and drags the dog off from the scene of the crime quickly.

139

INT - CORT ROMNEY'S WALK-IN CLOSET - DAY

139

ROMNEY is sitting in a large club chair in his closet. He is looking at himself in a hand mirror. Bright lights are shining on him. His makeup is especially evident.

ROMNEY

So you want the shirt unbuttoned?

AMY

(From offscreen)

Yes, all the way.

Next to ROMNEY is a cabinet with many drawers. Several of them are open and shirts of all colors and patterns can be seen. Some are folded and some unfolded and stuffed back into the drawers.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

139

AMY
(Offscreen)
That's good.

A flashbulb goes off.

140 INT - ABBOUD'S CLOSET - DAY

140

ABBOUD is standing in his walk-in closet. A bright light is shining on him. He is holding a long shoe horn. He is barefoot. The wall behind him is lined with shelves that are filled with shoes, perhaps a hundred pairs. A flash goes off.

141 INT - SHABBY HOTEL ROOM - DAY

141

LOUISE returns to her room after another day of shopping and hangs up all the clothes she's bought. She changes into something dowdy and goes to ROMNEY's show.

142 INT - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

142

FLYNN and ANNE are in bed. They are both typing into their computers. CNN is on with some fashion news.

FLYNN
What time is it?

ANNE
I have no idea.

FLYNN
Yeah, but is it day or night?

143 EXT - LOUVRE COUR CARRE - DAY

143

The crowd is pushing its way through into the tent for ROMNEY's show.

144 INT - LOUVRE TENT - DAY

144

ROMNEY's show. We see press in their seats. Photographers are waiting for the action to start.

145 INT - BACKSTAGE - DAY

145

ALBERTINE is walking around shooting with her camera. She settles behind DANE who is at a makeup mirror trying to fix her eyes, swollen from crying.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

145

DANE
(Irritably)
Albertine, please, do you have
to right now?

146 INT - SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

146

CHANTAL cuts class, changes out of her parochial school uniform and into outrageous punk regalia, complete with makeup and anti-gravity hair.

147 INT - LOUVRE TENT - DAY

147

CHANTAL and friends enter to see ROMNEY's show. SERGEI, wearing a red turtleneck sweater, and black leather pants and jacket, is taking a front row seat. He sees SLIM several seats away and walks toward her.

148 INT - BACKSTAGE - DAY

148

MODEL ALISON NOBLE is waiting for the show to start. She is eating ice cream.

VOICE
Ten minutes, everybody.

ALISON gets up, dumps the ice cream in a trash can.

149 INT - BATHROOM STALL - DAY

149

ALISON is leaning into a toilet, vomiting. She comes out ready to work.

150 INT - LOUVRE TENT - DAY

150

CLAUDE looks for her seat. She is wearing one of her dark, ancient couture specials.

Nearby, SERGEI finds SLIM.

SERGEI
I wanted to thank you for a lovely
lunch.

SLIM
(Regarding his clothing)
You have a lot more imagination
than I gave you credit for.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

SERGEI

I was wondering if we might have
a longer chat, over dinner?

SLIM

And a lot more nerve.

The lights dim.

SLIM

You'd better find your seat. The
show's starting.
(She walks away)

SERGEI

Wait. You can't just walk away.
I know who you are.

Seats far from the stage. CHANTAL and her friends take some
empty seats. Two 40-ish women approach.

WOMAN

(To CHANTAL)

I think you're in our seats.

CHANTAL glares back at her.

Long shot of entire room, every seat filled. The lights dim.
The music starts. MODELS begin to march onto the runway and the
clicking of cameras is heard.

General area where CHANTAL and friends were sitting. Half a
dozen policemen and ushers are hauling CHANTAL and her gang out.

Stage and runway. The stage is decorated with dark cork
paneling. Five MODELS come out dressed in different versions
of men's 1920s suits in different colors with waistcoats and
high-button shoes. They are all wearing black wigs of short
hair parted on the side, with heavily drawn-on eyebrows, circles
under their eyes and black moustaches. They are each carrying
thick leather-bound books.

In the audience, NINA SCANT and REGINA are sitting next to each
other.

SCANT

Oh god, they're Proust.

REGINA

I thought they were Groucho Marx.

ROMNEY, who looks like death, even with all his makeup, appears
before the crowd on the runway at the end of the show.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROMNEY

This show is to honor the memory of one of the world's great writers, Marcel Proust. He died in 1922, having been bedridden for the last years of his life, yet still writing all during that time like a madman. But we in this business know about madmen. I also want to remember another great man who devoted his own madness to helping the rest of us express OUR madness. Olivier de la Fontaine will be missed by us all. I have to thank my staff for their Herculean efforts in putting together this show under difficult circumstances. And most of all, I offer my gratitude to my dear wife Elise, for her unshakable support. Thank you all for coming.

SCANT

Is he sick?

REGINA

If he is, then half of Paris better get tested.

A huge crowd of reporters and friends head backstage to congratulate ROMNEY. SLIM is moving in the opposite direction, trying to leave the tent. SERGEI tries to follow but loses her in the crowd.

INT - BACKSTAGE - DAY

After ROMNEY's show the mood is celebratory. Champagne corks are popping. Everyone is there to congratulate ROMNEY, who is sitting in a corner, sweating and looking weak and pale.

The MAJOR runs into SISSY.

MAJOR

Are you going to feature any of this?

SISSY

Did you like it?

MAJOR

Not especially. No zip.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

SISSY
We're doing a cover.
(She walks away.)

ROMNEY drinking water. His wife, ELISE, is with him greeting wellwishers.

ROMNEY is talking with an obviously gay man.

GAY MAN
And you just know that every time he was talking about being in love with a woman, Albertine, or Gilberte, he was really remembering some man he was mad for.

ROMNEY
He said something about homosexuals making the best husbands.

152 INT - LOUVRE TENT - DAY

152

The audience is leaving. Photographers are packing up. Two matrons are discussing Proust.

MATRON
I find him absolutely unreadable. A completely overrated writer. Unending sentences, no signs of a paragraph for pages. He has one book that's six hundred pages long. Two chapters. And all about homosexuals.

MATRON II
My god, you read it?

MATRON
Of course not.

153 INT - POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

153

TANTPIS and FORGET are leaving as CHANTAL and friends are being brought in. TANTPIS walks right past his daughter. He doesn't recognize in her get-up. FORGET sees her.

FORGET
(To TANTPIS, in French)
I forgot something. You go ahead.
I'll see you there.

(CONTINUED)

153

CONTINUED:

153

TANTPIS goes ahead. FORGET returns to the desk and pulls CHANTAL aside.

FORGET
(To the arresting officer)
I'll take care of this one.

FORGET takes her into another room. He throws up his hands.

FORGET
Do you have your school clothes with you?
(CHANTAL nods)
Put them on. I'm going to put you in a cab. Go home.
(FORGET opens the door and calls out.)
Bergere, come here.

BERGERE, who has an enormous nose, enters.

FORGET
See that this girl gets a taxi.
(To CHANTAL)
Not a word of this to anyone. From either of you.

154

INT - ABOUD'S STUDIO - DAY

154

BINKY has dropped by ABOUD's again. We catch them mid-interview. She is tossing out names and he is responding spontaneously.

BINKY
Dior.

ABOUD
Refined. Historic.

BINKY
Chanel.

ABOUD
Well, Karl, really.

BINKY
All right, then, Lagerfeld.

ABOUD
Nutty, but responsible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BINKY

What do you mean?

ABBOUD

He has to be The Great Chanel and he has to be Karl too. Live up to tradition of a famed label but still express himself. You can get crazy like that.

BINKY

Armani.

ABBOUD

An architect. A great structural engineer with an artist's extraordinary feel for fabric and line and color. One of the all-time greats.

BINKY

Gaultier.

ABBOUD

I like what he does. It isn't clothing, but it's very amusing.

BINKY

Montana.

ABBOUD

He makes sculpture with zippers.

BINKY

La Croix.

ABBOUD

A 1950s anachronism. Lots of ruffles and camouflage so you can't see that there is nothing underneath. He's tried to go "classique" lately. Time will tell with him. He's young so there's hope.

BINKY

Saint Laurent.

ABBOUD

A professional neurotic.

BINKY

But talented?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ABBOUD

A genius, but he's the first to say so, and I hate to be second at anything.

BINKY

Nathalie Lo.

ABBOUD

An understated artist. Of the first rank. She has an excellent eye. Stylish but not trendy. She has whimsy but she knows what women will look well in.

BINKY

Quite a testimony.

ABBOUD

She is deserving.

BINKY

I had heard you two didn't get along, much less admire each other.

ABBOUD

You see, you can't believe what you hear.

BINKY

Abboud.

ABBOUD

Always learning. Always striving. Always hoping to do better.

BINKY

Very humble.

ABBOUD

Not humble. I love women. I want to make them look good.

INT - CAFE CADOR/ACROSS FROM LOUVRE - DAY

SERGEI is at the counter looking at pastries. He is still wearing the black leather motorcycle jacket with sleeves a little too short and black leather pants that are a too short. ALISON walks in, having just finished Romney's show. She stands next to SERGEI at the counter.

(CONTINUED)

155

CONTINUED:

155

SERGEI
Beautiful, aren't they?

ALISON
What?

SERGEI
The pastries.

ALISON
Yes. Those over there are heavenly.

SERGEI
Can I buy you one?

ALISON
Oh, no. I'm just having coffee.

SERGEI and ALISON at a small table. They are drinking coffee and laughing and eating. The table is covered with four or five different half-eaten pastries.

156

INT - APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

156

TANPIS and FORGET are at the door to ABOUD's apartment late at night. They ring the bell. ABOUD answers in his dressing gown.

ABOUD
Ah, Inspector. I can't say it's nice to see you at this hour, but come in.

TANPIS
Sorry to disturb you, M. Abboud, but we wanted to ask you a few questions, if you don't mind.

157

INT - ABOUD'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

157

ABOUD
I don't appear to have much choice. Go ahead..

TANPIS
What were you wearing last Friday during the day?

ABOUD
I really don't remember. I could check my calendar. Maybe that will remind me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TANTPIS

Please do.

ABBOUD leaves and returns with a large diary. He checks the date.

ABBOUD

I went to work. Nothing special.
I don't remember what I wore.

TANTPIS

Do you own a brown tweed coat and pants?

ABBOUD

I own several tweed coats and pants.

LACAN

Can we see them?

ABBOUD

Of course.

ABBOUD walks toward the bedroom and the police start to follow. He gets to the door and turns.

ABBOUD

I am not alone.

TANTPIS

We will be discreet.

ABBOUD knocks on the door.

ABBOUD

Cherie, we have company. We're coming in for a moment, all right?

A FEMALE VOICE

Yes, all right.

ABBOUD opens the door and DANE is in his bed with the covers pulled up around her.

TANTPIS

Nice to see you again,
Mademoiselle. Sorry to disturb
you.

(To ABBOUD)

Your closet?

ABBOUD

This way.

158

INT - DARK CLOSET - NIGHT

158

CAMERA is inside. Door opens bringing light and ABOUD, TANTPIS and FORGET in. ABOUD turns on the light.

The suits are lined up on one side. Shoes are all neatly set in rows. Sweaters are arranged on a side wall by color. TANTPIS and FORGET start searching through the jackets systematically.

TANTPIS
(Holding up a brown
tweed jacket)
Here we are. English?

ABOUD
(Laughing)
Yes, it is.

159

EXT - HOTEL - NIGHT

159

Late at night the MAJOR leaves a function at a hotel, walks to the street to hail a cab and sees the limo drivers picketing. He gets into a cab. He gives an address to the driver, who seems surprised.

The cab driving through a questionable neighborhood. The car stops at a rundown hotel, which we recognize as LOUISE's.

160

INT - HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

160

He knocks on a door and LOUISE opens.

MAJOR
Hello, dear.
(He kisses her)
Thrill me.

161

INT - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

161

She opens the closet and throws the stuff she's bought on the bed. He strips and tries the dresses on. He admires himself in the mirror.

LOUISE
You look wonderful, darling.

She helps him dress, does up the buttons and zippers. The proximity leads to an embrace and they fall passionately into bed.

The same scene seen through a telephoto lens.

162 INT - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

162

AMY, seen from behind, is in a hotel room leaning out a window shooting at the hotel directly across from her, where LOUISE and the MAJOR are screwing.

AMY waits across the street.

163 INT - BATHROOM OF A BAR - NIGHT

163

Two men in women's clothes are snorting cocaine. Another man dressed as a woman is standing at a urinal. Another man dressed as a woman emerges from a stall and leaves the bathroom. The door swings shut behind him and we see a sign that says "Dames."

164 INT - BAR - NIGHT

164

A crowded, noisy, smoky place filled with regulars, many of whom are men dressed as women, some of them accompanied by women dressed as women. A few less conspicuously dressed people are also in the bar. The MAJOR enters with LOUISE. AMY follows soon after. The MAJOR and LOUISE take a table and order drinks. At the next table sit SERGEI and ANDREE, and ANDREE's lover, TANYA. They are all dressed as men. SERGEI is wearing the plaid jacket he stole from the MAJOR. He still has the black leather pants on.

ANDREE

I don't come here often. It's a little too druggy for me, but I thought it might amuse a visitor from Russia.

SERGEI

(Looking awed)
And they aren't homosexual?

ANDREE

(Laughing)
Why don't you get us more drinks?

SERGEI gets up and bumps into the next table, knocking drinks into the MAJOR's lap and all over his dress.

MAJOR

Jesus fucking christ! You idiot.

SERGEI

I'm so sorry.

SERGEI pulls a handkerchief out of his pocket and starts to offer it to the MAJOR. It has the Major's initials on it. The MAJOR, who is furious, looks with vague recognition at the plaid jacket but is so angry he simply gets up, pushing past SERGEI.

(CONTINUED)

164

CONTINUED:

164

MAJOR
Jesus christ!

The MAJOR disappears into the bathroom. LOUISE mops up the mess on the table.

SERGEI
I'm terribly sorry.

Five police officers entering the bar forcefully with their hands on their guns. They walk quickly through the crowd, straight to the bathroom.

The bathroom door marked "Dames." The door swings open violently and each of the officers come out, guns drawn and dragging a man dressed in women's clothing handcuffed. The MAJOR is among the prisoners. LOUISE goes running after the MAJOR.

165

INT - LOUVRE TENT - NIGHT

165

A late night rehearsal of NATHALIE's show. The seats are filled here and there with friends of the designer and MODELS. Filling front row seats are six women in their forties and fifties, with frosted blondish hair, painstakingly applied makeup, slacks, silk shirts, Kelly bags, flats and furs: expensive casual. During the rehearsal we keep coming back to them.

On the runway, NATHALIE and JACK have the MODELS walk up and down the runway. All the clothes are monochromatic. The runway is red. KIKI MODELS a man's suit in red with a red shirt, red socks, red shoes and bag. Lots of hats. A brown dress, brown stockings, brown shoes. A black long-sleeved jersey dress ankle length with no back.

The audience is sparse, mostly friends of the MODELS and NATHALIE. The tableau of wealthy attractive middle aged women look like participants in the Last Supper. As the rehearsal progresses, they pull out a picnic and start gorging on sandwiches.

NATHALIE is distracted. She tries some Satie music. No good. Tries Mendelssohn. No good. Then Rickie Lee Jones, "My Funny Valentine," "Something Cool," "Walk Away Rene." NATHALIE, frustrated, jumps up and starts to rip a jacket off a MODEL.

NATHALIE
There's nothing wrong with the music. It's the clothes. Take it off. Odile, we have to redo this jacket. It's an embarrassment.

JACK intercepts ODILE.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

165

JACK
Calm her down. We're wasting
rehearsal time. The MODELS are
expensive.

166 INT - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

166

SERGEI wakes up in a man's bed. He slips out quietly, rummages quickly through the man's closet, pulls out pants, a shirt, a pair of boots and a jacket. He ducks into the bathroom where he dresses quickly. We don't really see what he's wearing clearly because he isn't quite buttoned up. He runs his hand over his beard and looks at the razor on the counter by the sink, but decides he hasn't enough time. He sneaks out of the room. In the hallway we see that he is wearing a cowboy shirt, a suede jacket with fringes and cowboy boots.

167 EXT - POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

167

LOUISE and the MAJOR, who is still dressed as a woman with a coat draped over him, are leaving the building. BINKY and AMY are waiting for the MAJOR. The picketing limousine drivers are chanting on the sidewalk. BINKY calls to the MAJOR.

BINKY
Major Bowles, can we go someplace
for a coffee?

The MAJOR, arm in arm with LOUISE, sweeps past BINKY.

168 INT - HOTEL DINING ROOM - DAY

168

LUDI arrives at the Crillon looking for SISSY. He finds her having breakfast. There's tension between them.

LUDI
(With feigned
lightheartedness)
What's the schedule, boss?

SISSY
(She is not buying.
Coldly)
Oh, it's you. We're interviewing
Rykiel and Gaultier this
afternoon. Rader's show is this
morning. You have your ticket,
I assume.

LUDI
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED:

168

SISSY looks down at her breakfast, in effect, dismissing LUDI.

LUDI

This is for you.
(He hands her a manilla
envelope and leaves)

She assumes it's work for the magazine. She tears it open angrily and discovers that with the Rader contact sheets are the negatives of the roll LUDI shot of her after their first afternoon together.

169 INT - LOUVRE TENT - DAY

169

The members of the press are arriving at GAULTIER's show. What follows - BINKY's text - will be cut to suit the brilliant visuals that the director is obliged to supply here.

BINKY

The value placed on beauty in this business is symptomatic of exactly the kind of fuzziness that characterizes every definition in fashion. What's beautiful this year - for instance, model Carre Otis' big lips - was anathema in 1970 when every high school girl wanted to look like the all-American, thin-lipped Cheryl Tiegs. Beauty is a word that gets tossed around in this business without regard for standard. The most ordinary-looking MODEL, with looks that might once have generously been described as "pleasing," today in the hyperbolic lingo of the fashion magazine, is dubbed "beautiful." No one seems to remember that beauty used to be rare, that it's relative scarcity in nature is part of what makes it noteworthy and compelling. MODELS and movie stars are routinely called beautiful these days if they have a full set of teeth. Close examination of the great beauties of cinema reveals that the secret of their allure is imperfection.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

BINKY (Cont'd)

Sophia Loren with that foreshortened chin at the end of an otherwise perfect face that, from the top, seems like it might run on forever. The abrupt chin brings you back to earth. This is a human being, you are reminded by that squashed chin, not some slab of Hellenic statuary. The unfortunate chin flaw forces you to return in a mesmerizing circle of motion. The eye can't pull away. Then there was the young Jeanne Moreau, with her comical parody of a pout, and a round band of forehead like a big protective bumper for her brains. Audrey Hepburn with her huge fist of a nose clenched in the middle of that wide white face, the proportions receding in breadth from crown to jaw in the endearing ratio of a child's face. The large eyes and ears narrowing to an underdeveloped jaw, like a cartoon character, a sweet, fashion plate Mickey Mouse. And Charlotte Rampling with her bony knob of a face, like some kind of leather maker's tool. Buffed and protuberant at the nose and cheekbones, slitted at the eyes, folded at the mouth. And Julie Christie with her clothes pin-pinched nostrils and impudent, pendulous lower lip. Garbo never came close to matching these women in beauty. Her perfection emits all the human perfume of a rock formation. At her best, she was inert, unchanging. Perhaps this made looking at her reassuring. She suggested to us that man is, after all, perfectable. But she could never be compelling. You looked once, and that was enough. There was nothing more to take in. Perfection strikes hard - you know it when you've seen it and then you must turn your eyes away. Beauty draws us in because of its ugliness.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED: (2)

169

BINKY (Cont'd)

Perhaps Sophia Loren in the early morning, after a long night, wakes up chin first so that only the weaknesses and misproportions are showcased. Flaws help us recognize ourselves in beautiful people, which is why, despite every reason to despise them, we only envy them. We see ourselves in the truly beautiful, only corrected. Our own big noses seem excusable when we see how well a big nose can do in the middle of a more accommodating face."

Under the ideal circumstances, all of the living famous women mentioned above will appear in the film somewhere.

170 INT - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

170

ROMNEY is in bed, hooked up to an IV, looking spent and gray. DIETER ERHARD, a German department store buyer, is at his bedside.

DIETER

I'm so sorry, Cort. I was afraid to tell you. I hadn't had any symptoms.

(He sits near the bed
and takes Cort's hand.
He is crying.)

ROMNEY

It's not your fault, Dieter. I have leukemia.

171 INT - HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

171

SERGEI, dressed in the fringed cowboy jacket and cowboy boots, is walking purposefully down the corridor. He knocks on a door. SLIM opens it.

SLIM

(Regarding his clothes)
You certainly have a sartorial
knack. What are you doing here?

SERGEI

We have to talk. You know that.

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED:

SLIM
I do? All right come in. I just
ordered a late lunch. You must
be starving. By my calculation,
you are out of money by now.

SERGEI
Money is exactly what I want to
see you about.

SLIM
First, eat.
(She leads him to a
table with a room
service meal on it.
He sits)
Have some coffee. You need
something to steady your nerves.

She pours him a cup. It overflows and goes down his shirt,
jacket and pants, leaving a huge dark stain. He jumps up.

SERGEI
Be careful!

SLIM
I'm so sorry.

She dabs his crotch with a napkin. He grabs it away from her
angrily.

SERGEI
Leave it alone.

SLIM
I'm sorry.
(Now she's suppressing
a laugh)
I know you must have gone to some
trouble to find those clothes.

SERGEI
Enough. I know who you are. I have
to go to America. I need money.
I need a shower and a shave. I
need clothes. And you will get
them for me.

SLIM
And why will I do that?

SERGEI
I have the files. I have it all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SLIM

(Seemingly undisturbed)
 Why don't you eat something? You
 can't be sure when another meal
 will come along.

SERGEI

You're forcing me to expose you.

SLIM

Am I supposed to feel threatened?

SERGEI

Feel as you like. I'm interested
 in your actions.

SLIM

What makes you think there's
 anything to expose?

SERGEI

Don't bother denying this. I have
 the files.

SLIM

(Smiling)

Dear boy, don't you know why I'm
 here? Yes, I'm working for a
 designer, but primarily I'm here
 to promote my new book. It's just
 been translated into French.

She crosses the room and pulls a volume out of the carton marked
 "Books." She holds it up. The title is in French.

SLIM

It's called "Thirty Years as a
 Counterspy."

SERGEI looks at her dumbfounded and drops his head into his
 hands.

SLIM

Yes, my publisher is sending me
 to Berlin next.

(She puts her hand on
 his shoulder)

You're in the book, but don't
 worry. No one will recognize you.
 I call you Alexei.

172 INT - NATHALIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

172

NATHALIE goes to her desk in the apartment and makes a call.

NATHALIE

Odile?

(Pause)

You just got home?

(Pause)

I want to make some changes on the show. Get all the girls to come to the studio at eight in the morning. We have a lot to work to do.

(Pause)

Yes, wake them up.

(Pause)

And there a few things I'll need you to get. You have a pen?

173 INT - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

173

ALBERTINE is sitting in front of her video camera. She turns it on, opens her mouth as if to speak and then closes her eyes in surrender. She then tapes herself taking a bottle of pills and washing them down with vodka.

174 INT - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

174

FLYNN and ANNE are lying in bed. A room service tray is on the floor. Their computers are on the bed. CNN is playing. They are lying side by side. He is nude. She is wearing a well worn hotel robe. They are weeping loudly. A box of Kleenex is on the bed between them.

175 EXT - CRILLON HOTEL - DAY

175

SERGEI starts to walk into the hotel. He stops and checks his pocket. He has only a few francs. He smooths his stained jacket and goes in.

176 INT - BACKSTAGE LOUVRE TENT - DAY

176

NATHALIE'S show. She's nervous partly because she has scrapped the show she'd planned. There's a standing room only crowd, well attended because it's rumored to be her last show.

JACK

Has anyone seen Albertine?

177

INT - LOUVRE RUNWAY - DAY

177

The lights are down. The MODELS come on stage wearing nothing but a few well chosen accessories. The audience falls silent, then the crowd starts to laugh. The nudity isn't shocking, but rather a surprise from a designer so well known for her elegance, decorum and taste. The audience isn't sure how to react at first. The photographers, momentarily stunned, begin to shoot.

LUDI
 (Putting down his
 camera, to another
 photographer)
 Who will run these?

He starts to take off his clothes. So do others in the crowd. The atmosphere becomes tribal. On the runway, flower petals fall from the ceiling. At the end of the show, NATHALIE comes out nude to wild applause. She is weeping and smiling.

FORGET and TANTRIS, dressed, are in the audience mystified. SISSY, ABOUD, SERGEI, SLIM and RADER are in the audience. CLAUDE is one of the few people still dressed. She is wearing one of her couture specials. She is applauding. SLIM slips out of the tent as soon as the show ends. SERGEI sees her and tries to follow but loses her. NINA SCANT and REGINA are sitting together.

REGINA
 I don't know what the big deal
 is. Lagerfeld did nudity years
 ago.

178

EXT - LOUVRE TENT EXIT - DAY

178

CLAUDE, carrying her dog, steps outside the tent and walks into the courtyard. She puts the dog on the ground. We see her from the waist up, walking. Suddenly she stops and looks down.

CLAUDE
 (In French,
 encouragingly)
 That's right, Cherie.

After a moment she walks on.

Door of the tent. SERGEI rushes out, still searching for SLIM. He strides along and then stops.

SERGEI
 I don't believe it.

SERGEI looks down at his cowboy boot, which is standing in the pile left by CLAUDE's dog.

179

INT - MORGUE - DAY

179

From above, we see OLIVIER's body emerging from a refrigerated drawer.

The CORONER, who has pulled the drawer open. He is with TANTPIS, FORGET and a man from a funeral home.

CORONER

I just have to have your signature and you can take the body.

TANTPIS

I'm sorry it wasn't murder. I've met a lot of people in the last few days I would like to see behind bars.

180

EXT - CEMETERY - DAY

180

OLIVIER's funeral. As the procession drives into the cemetery we see SERGEI, dressed in his stained cowboy clothes, dog shit on his boot, still unshaven, but even more down and out, well on his way to becoming a bum. He spots SLIM, who ignores him.

NATHALIE is at the funeral. TANTPIS and FORGET are also in the crowd, whispering to each other. TANTPIS sees a man in tweed and gestures at him to FORGET. CLAUDE ignores NATHALIE.

NINA SCANT and REGINA attend.

SCANT

So he wasn't killed. It was just a sandwich.

REGINA shakes her head.

REGINA

So sad.

PAN to two babies tearing off their diapers on a nearby lawn. We PULL BACK to see it is photo shoot for a diaper commercial.

The credits roll over stylized fashion drawings caricaturing all the principal characters.