

KOOLHAUS

Pilot: Pandora's Box

Written by

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FADE IN:

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

SOUND: THE WHINE OF ENGINES APPROACHING -

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EYEBALL'S POV - the silhouette of a gun being raised, pointed, *cocked* - a FLASH of muzzle fire then BLACKNESS.

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

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

FADE TO:

THE RED SPLATTERED ABSTRACTION OF A JACKSON POLLOCK PAINTING

CHYRON: 1965 - LOS ANGELES

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: FULL COLOR

1 INT. BEDROOM - SAME 1

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

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

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

1A INT. LAUTNER HOUSE HALLWAY - SAME 3 1A

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

EXT. LAUTNER HOUSE - SAME

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

5A EXT. TOPANGA STATE BEACH - MORNING 5A

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

DOUG

You catch Otis at the Whisky last night?

WALTER

Both sets. *Sensational*. But I'm feeling it this morning.

BILLY AL

I was gonna take Terri tonight but she wants to see The Byrds at the Troub.

DOUG

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

BILLY AL

They're friends.

PETER

(deadpan)

Crosby seems like a platonic cat.

Laughter all around.

BILLY AL

(to Walter)

He's just mad cuz I popped his last three bunnies.

PETER

You mean my spillover.

DOUG

(to Walter)

You and Viv coming to the opening tonight?

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

PETER

Narc?

WALTER

It's fine, I got it.

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

WALTER (CONT'D)

What happened to Melvin?

CREW CUT

Agency transferred him to Saigon.

WALTER

No they didn't. "Transferred to Saigon" is a euphemism for getting rubbed out.

(beat)

I killed him.

Crew Cut goes one shade paler.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Just kidding. What is it you want?

CREW CUT

(off balance)

It's, uh, about your Greek pal King Constantine and his visit.

WALTER

What about him?

CREW CUT

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

WALTER

Have you told him?

CREW CUT

He wouldn't listen. Wants nothing to do with the Agency.

WALTER

You are an unsavory bunch.

CREW CUT

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

Crew Cut takes in a mouth full of water.

WALTER

You and him both.

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

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

They resurface.

CREW CUT

We'd like you to play in tomorrow's polo match, keep an eye on him.

WALTER

I'm not worried about Constantine.

CREW CUT

Don't you want to protect him?

WALTER

I *am* protecting him. From people like you.

CREW CUT

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

WALTER

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

(a wave approaches)

If you're gonna ask for my help, don't hustle me.

Walter gracefully rises to his feet, catching a wave.

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

EXT. PCH - SAME

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

7

EXT. KOOLHAUS POOLSIDE PATIO - MORNING 7

7

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

Vivien wears a silver silk kimono, and wears it quite well. Its fabric is emblazoned with two intertwined red dragons, tail to tongue, in symbiotic consumption.

VIVIEN
How were the waves, dear?

WALTER
Modest, but steady.

He tentatively makes a move.

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

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

VIVIEN
I'll just use my maiden name.

WALTER
We've discussed this, Viv.

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

WALTER
It's not an option.

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

He kills her Knight.

WALTER
Freelance can be less free than lanced.

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

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

VIVIEN

Yawn.

WALTER

This one's personal. There's a threat against King Constantine.

Walter puts the dossier on the table.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Constantine is attempting to reclaim looted Greek antiquities.

VIVIEN

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

He moves his Knight.

WALTER

On the surface.

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

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

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

VIVIEN

How much does the Agency know about your 'business dealings' with Constantine and Hammer?

WALTER

More than I want. Hence my reluctant cooperation.

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

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

VIVIEN

I've never kissed a King... though I nibbled a princess once.

WALTER

I know honey, I was there. Nibbling
just north of you.

VIVIEN

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

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

WALTER

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

VIVIEN

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

WALTER

Sometimes a horse is more than a
horse.

VIVIEN

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

WALTER

Never underestimate the power of
symbols.

VIVIEN

(killing his Queen)
Check.

WALTER

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

He makes a move.

VIVIEN

Check mate.

CU - the KING toppling.

WALTER
 (taking his loss with
 grace)
 Shall we give Constantine a royal
 welcome?

8 INT. 1965 MERCEDES SEDAN CONVERTIBLE - DAY 8

8

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

9 EXT. WILL ROGERS PARK - PACIFIC PALISADES - DAY 9

9

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

CONSTANTINE
 Koolhaus!

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

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
 Vivien!

VIVIEN
 Lovely to see you, Your Majesty.

CONSTANTINE
 Onassis sends his best.

VIVIEN

Please give him our regards.

KING CONSTANTINE

(sotto-voce)

Meanwhile, those clowns at the Agency keep telling me I'm in 'danger.'

WALTER

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

KING CONSTANTINE

I've been getting death threats since I was in diapers.

(steps back, raises his arms, SHOUTS)

TAKE YOUR BEST SHOT!

His challenge ECHOES through the canyon.

KING CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

I refuse to live in fear. Will you be playing on Friday, Walter?

WALTER

I'll have to clean the cobwebs from my mallet.

KING CONSTANTINE

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

WALTER

But tomorrow - we suffer.

KING CONSTANTINE

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

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

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

Amidst this vastness they've built out an anonymous OFFICE; function over form, with an understated modernity. A light-table sits for looking at slides. A table for looking at books. Nothing fancy.

Sitting at a modest, organized desk is a 60-year-old WOMAN doing administrative work - this is IDA APPLEBAUM, his registrar and secretary. She's dressed primly, and speaks with a Yiddish-Polish accent.

Vivien and Walter each greet Ida like family.

IDA

The crates from Geneva arrived.

VIVIEN

The Magritttes?

IDA

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

WALTER

Messages?

Ida hands him a small stack.

WALTER (CONT'D)

(thumbing through)

Tell Judy I don't do loans, only gifts. Send her 10.

(next message)

Tell Roger I read the script. It's no worse than anything the studio's are making. I'm good for 20.

(scoffs at a message)

Doheny just loves to provoke me. Tell him 'no' on the land in City of Commerce. I don't sell, I rent. He knows that better than anyone. Everything else can wait.

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

INT. WALTER'S OFFICE -SAME

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

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

Vivien makes cocktails. Walter inspects a large-scale topographical MAP / DIORAMA of Los Angeles, exquisitely rendered.

Small pieces of multi-colored plastic, almost like Monopoly pieces, are littered throughout, representing Walter's real estate holdings - he is a warehouse baron.

Vivien brings Walter his drink. Surveys his growing empire.

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

VIVIEN
Pourquoi?

He points out an adjacent plot.

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

VIVIEN
Like my knights that you lanced this morning?

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

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

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

VIVIEN
(uninterested, checks her watch)
Shall we?

But Walter is transfixed by the map.

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

We FADE from the MAP to:

CG: an aerial view of the same terrain, warehouses stretching out as far as the eye can see across the arid landscape.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - DAY

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

INTERCUT:

WALTER

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

SECRETARY

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

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

HAMMER

Koolhaus.

WALTER

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

HAMMER

As he should be.

WALTER

As you should be as well.

HAMMER

And why is that?

WALTER

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

HAMMER

What are you getting at?

WALTER

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

HAMMER

Don't condescend to me Koolhaus!

Koolhaus smiles, he loves winding Hammer up. Vivien covers her mouth to quiet her giggling.

WALTER

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

HAMMER

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

WALTER

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

HAMMER

We're still *very* far apart -

WALTER

See you tomorrow, Armand.

He hangs up.

VIVIEN

Bad boy.

Walter grins, he's a very bad boy.

WALTER

But he *does* deserve it.

(stands)

Have a good lunch with Maurice, I'll send Laddie back with the car.

INT. CABANA - LUNCH

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

MAURICE

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

She skims the edited pages.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

It was one long sex scene.

VIVIEN

Realism was your request.

MAURICE

After two years of, uh, 'marriage,'
one would think things might have
cooled.

VIVIEN

Not in the slightest. Is that a
problem?

Maurice is flustered.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

I expected notes with more...
substance.

MAURICE

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

VIVIEN

So is Ray Charles.

MAURICE

I'm dead serious, Ingrid.

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

MAURICE (CONT'D)

(leans in)

*There is a plot twist you need to
be aware of. Walt--, I mean your
protagonist... he's more vulnerable
than you realize.*

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

VIVIEN

Vulnerable to whom?

MAURICE

It's unclear. But tomorrow's target
is not King Constantine. It's *him*.

Vivien face stays frozen, but her mind is whirling.

VIVIEN

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

MAURICE

Too soon to tell.

VIVIEN
I don't trust their Agency.

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

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

MAURICE
I worry about you.

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

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

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

INT. KOOLHAUS LIVING ROOM - DAY

Vivien returns from lunch to find Walter waiting, concerned.

WALTER
What happened?

VIVIEN
What are you talking about?

WALTER
You stormed out of your lunch.

She whirls around, enraged - he's hit a nerve.

VIVIEN
Are you having me trailed?

WALTER
Vivien. Horst called, worried.

VIVIEN
Really?

WALTER
He thought there was an emergency.
Said you looked on the verge of
tears - he was *concerned*.

VIVIEN
 He was?
 (calming down)
 Oh, Walter. I'm sorry.

WALTER
 It's okay, baby. What happened?

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

WALTER
 He could be wrong.

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

She goes to Walter, contrite.

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

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

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

VIVIEN
 Yes?

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

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

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

VIVIEN
 Really?

WALTER
 Really.

VIVIEN
 You liked them?

WALTER
 I didn't say that. I said I loved them.

And he picks her up, carries her toward the bedroom.

13 EXT. KOOLHAUS HOUSE - DUSK 13

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

18 EXT. FERUS GALLERY - NIGHT 18

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

19 INT. FERUS GALLERY - SAME 19

A madhouse, packed to the gills.

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

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

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

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

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

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

VIVIEN

Doug!

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

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Douglas Wheeler you just changed my frame of reference.

WALTER

What's it made of.

DOUG
It's translucent plastic. It's
supposed to make you feel like
you're floating in the sky at dusk.

WALTER
It does.

VIVIEN
It's heavenly.

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

DOUG
I'd feel bitchin'.

VIVIEN
(French pronunciation)
Sublime.

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

WALTER
Down boy.

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

WALTER
You a Nigel client?

BILLY AL
In a manner of speaking.

VIVIEN
Your piece looks *gorgeous* Billy.

BILLY AL
I thought so too.

VIVIEN
Can we, Walter?

WALTER
(toying with him)
It *would* look beautiful over the
fireplace.

BILLY AL
I was actually *imagining* your
living room when I made it.

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

They head out.

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

WALTER
Oh, trust me - Billy deserves it.

24 INT. KOOLHAUS BEDROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT 24

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

25 INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME 25

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

Vivien appears in the doorway.

VIVIEN
Nightmare?

Walter nods.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
Should I ask?

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

ON TURRELL - pure color and glow, gently pulsing.

WALTER
If I stare at something beautiful
for long enough... the ugly
memories recede.
(beat)
At least for a while.

Vivien spoons inside Walter's arms. Together they stare at the piece, framed by the twinkling lights amidst the black Los Angeles night.

EXT. ARMAND HAMMER'S MANSION - DAY

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

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

26 EXT. HAMMER FRONT DOOR - DAY 26

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

27 INT. GRAND LIVING ROOM - SAME 27

Vivien and Walter have champagne amidst his antiques.

BUTLER

Mr. Hammer will join you upon the King's arrival.

He leaves.

WALTER

(gesturing to a sculpture)
That's it. The Jockey of Artemision.

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

WALTER (CONT'D)

There are two of these in the world. Getty owns the other.

VIVIEN

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

WALTER

Getty's was bought legitimately. Hammer's is... *tainted*.

VIVIEN

Is that Latin for looted?

WALTER

Precisely.

VIVIEN

But what's in it for you?

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

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Good afternoon, Your Majesty.

WALTER

Good afternoon.

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

BUTLER

Ladies and Gentleman, Mr. Armand Hammer.

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

HAMMER

(to Bodyguard)

An honor to meet you, King Constantine.

WALTER

Armie, *this* is King Constantine.

HAMMER

My apologies. Nice to meet you, Your Highness.

KING CONSTANTINE

(aloof)

Thank you for having us to your home.

HAMMER

How is your visit going so far?

KING CONSTANTINE

This new Los Angeles County Museum was a disappointment.

HAMMER

Buncha snobs. Gonna open my own museum one day, show them what's what. Would you like to see the collection before lunch, Your Highness?

KING CONSTANTINE

Certainly.

As they walk, Koolhaus whispers to Hammer:

KOOLHAUS

(whispers)

Your Highness is for a Prince. A King should be called Your Majesty.

HAMMER

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

28

INT. HAMMER'S MANSION - SAME

28

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

HAMMER

(like tusks to a hunter)

This is my Picasso, this is my Renoir, this is my Rembrandt...

The King takes it in, wary.

HAMMER (CONT'D)

I've been working on the first volume of my memoirs...

VIVIEN

(whispers to Walter)

"Dubious Provenance" - The Armand Hammer Story.

WALTER

Shhhhh....

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

HAMMER

This is one of the finest examples
of Classical Sculpture.

KING CONSTANTINE

Mr. Hammer you're a real
connoisseur.

HAMMER

(flattered)
Thank you.

KING CONSTANTINE

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

WALTER

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

HAMMER

Come, I'll tell you over lunch.

KING CONSTANTINE

I'm curious now, do tell.

HAMMER

Well, I purchased it through one of
the Romanovs.

KING CONSTANTINE

Perhaps I know him?

HAMMER

I forget the specific name...

KING CONSTANTINE

Serge Romanov.

HAMMER

Sounds familiar.

KING CONSTANTINE

He's not a scholar, he's a
smuggler!

HAMMER

Your Highness - er, Majesty - are
you looking to purchase the piece?

KING CONSTANTINE
 Why would I purchase something that
 was *stolen* from me?

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

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

And he EXITS, his entourage trailing double-speed.

HAMMER
 What the hell was that about?

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

VIVIEN
 Let me try and unruffle some feathers.

She slips away.

WALTER
 Can we switch gears to real estate?

29

INT. HAMMER'S LIBRARY - SAME

29

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

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

WALTER
 Yes.

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

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

He fills in the number, signs the contract - before Hammer
 can raise the price again.

HAMMER

Payable in 72 hours or no deal.

WALTER

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

HAMMER

That's why I hate signing deals with you!

Hammer reluctantly countersigns.

WALTER

Meanwhile, more importantly - how charming is King Constantine?

HAMMER

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

KOOLHAUS

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

HAMMER

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

KOOLHAUS

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

HAMMER

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

KOOLHAUS

Getty's version is clean.

HAMMER

What are you implying?

KOOLHAUS

Whether it's next year or ten years from now, that piece is going to cause you trouble.

HAMMER

I'm glad you're so concerned.

KOOLHAUS

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

HAMMER

What's in it for you, Koolhaus?

KOOLHAUS

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

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

HAMMER

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

WALTER

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

30 INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

30

As Walter and Vivien climb in they burst into laughter.

WALTER

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

LADDIE

Which one?

WALTER

Over the fireplace.

VIVIEN

Not 'Broadway Boogie Woogie.'

WALTER

We're also gonna have to make a
withdrawal.

31 EXT. GETTY VILLA, MALIBU - SAME

31

A MOVING TRUCK drives up to the gate.

SLEEPY ANNOYED GUARD
Can I help you?

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

GUARD
From whom?

DRIVER
Walter Koolhaus.

At the mention of Koolhaus the GATE opens.

32 EXT. FRONT DOOR - SAME 32

A BUTLER answers the door.

BUTLER
Yes?

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

The butler warily cooperates.

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

33 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 33

Walter is reading the International Herald Tribune as Vivien
writes. The PHONE rings - he gets it.

WALTER
Hello.

INTERCUT:

BUTLER
I have Mr. Getty on the line.

And Getty's voice comes booming in:

GETTY
What kind of bamboozle are you
pulling?

WALTER
 (mock shocked)
 John, I'm appalled at your tone.

GETTY
 How much?

WALTER
 I'd like to make a trade.

GETTY
 I'm listening.

WALTER
 The Jockey of Artemision.

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

WALTER
 Do we have a deal?

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

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

Walter hangs up.

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

VIVIEN
 I can spice things up if you like.

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

34 EXT. CHASEN'S - NIGHT

34

Walter and Vivien are greeted as regulars.

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

TIME FADE:

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

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

VIVIEN

What's swirling around that mysterious brain of yours?

WALTER

Distracted by this Agency thing.

VIVIEN

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

WALTER

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

VIVIEN

I thought that was called marriage.

WALTER

And besides, I love this country.

VIVIEN

Don't get *maudlin*.

WALTER

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

VIVIEN

How do you know *you're* not the sitting duck?

WALTER

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

VIVIEN

Are we getting paranoid again?

WALTER

This from someone who thought I had her trailed at lunch?

VIVIEN

Touche'.

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

WALTER

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

VIVIEN

A veritable zoo.

WALTER

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

VIVIEN

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

WALTER

Exactly. He's predictable. And a necessary evil.

VIVIEN

How does Getty fit in?

WALTER

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

VIVIEN

You've lost me.

WALTER

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

VIVIEN

Are you going to tell me why?

WALTER
 (whinnying)
 Nayyyyyyyyyyy.

36 EXT. TOPANGA STATE BEACH - DAWN

36

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

CREW CUT
 There's new developments.

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

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

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

CREW CUT
 Intel.

WALTER
 That's CIA for "fuck if I know."

CREW CUT
 We spotted his handler.

WALTER
 I'll discuss it with Constantine.

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

WALTER
 Yesterday you were saving Constantine's life - now you're using him as bait?

Crew Cut clutches his board.

WALTER (CONT'D)
 The Shepard, huh? Sounds like
 you're leading a lamb to the
 slaughter.

And Walter catches a WAVE.

WALTER'S POV - as he picks up speed we get a momentary **FLASHBACK:**

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

BACK TO - OCEAN

Walter surfs the wave to shore.

INT. WALTER'S WAREHOUSE / OFFICE

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

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

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

43

INT. BASEMENT WORKSHOP - DAY

43

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

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

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

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

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Walter cutting the mallet in half, inserting a hinge.
- Vivien holding the polo mallet in place as Walter hollows out the interior of the shaft with a drill.
- Walter inserting a length of the rifle.
- Walter hollowing out the mallet, inserting the bullet cartridge
- Walter jerry-rigging a trigger.

Once finished, he folds it in half, clutching the head of the mallet to his shoulder, cocking it with a satisfying CLICK.

VIVIEN

If only you were this handy at home.

They take the mallet to test on the SHOOTING RANGE.

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

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

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

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Can I try?

WALTER

(checks his watch)

Sure. But lets get you something more suited to a lady.

They browse their gorgeous guns.

VIVIEN

That one's pretty.

ON GUN - a Luger.

WALTER

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

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

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

VIVIEN

Perhaps I'm more suited to chess.

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

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Forgot my lighter, meet you upstairs.

She darts back to the SHOOTING RANGE.

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

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

45 EXT. POLO FIELD - SAME 45

Walter greets the other players. Vivien mingles.

BACK TO:

46 EXT. WILL ROGERS PARK - DAY 46

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

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

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

47 EXT. POLO FIELD - SAME 47

King Constantine warms up with his fellow Greek teammates, and Koolhaus rides with the American team. Constantine takes rides over to greet Walter.

CONSTANTINE

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

Vivien chats up some bluebloods. The BEARDED figure passes.

ON VIVIEN - *noticing something*, nostrils flaring slightly.

ON FIELD - the BEARDED MAN trots onto the field, blending in.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Constantine swinging his polo mallet
- Koolhaus, playing, trying to keep an eye on Constantine
- Crew Cut, standing in the shadow of a Eucalyptus Tree, watching through binoculars.

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

Constantine CHECKS Walter, nearly knocking him off his horse.

WIDE SHOT - the trees surrounding the field.

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

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

CU - elegant fingers poised on a trigger -

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

BACK TO FIELD:

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

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

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

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

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

What the hell just happened?

KOOLHAUS

I was wondering the same thing.

50 INT. CLUBHOUSE - SAME

50

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

WALTER

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

CREW CUT

Our guys didn't fire.

Walter pauses a beat, then abruptly PINS Crew Cut against the wall by the throat -

WALTER
What just happened out there.

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

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

CREW CUT
(gasping for air.)
Yes.

And Vivien enters, out of breath.

VIVIEN
Walter? Are you okay?

WALTER
Fine, no thanks to these clowns.

Lets go out Crew Cut.

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

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

CREW CUT
The King is *fine*.

KOOLHAUS
You got lucky.

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

KOOLHAUS
Absolutely not.

VIVIEN

Why?

KOOLHAUS

Because The Shepard will be back.

Crew Cut examines the mallet-rifle closely.

CREW CUT

Very clever device.

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

WALTER

Lethal in the wrong hands.

51 INT. BATHROOM - LATER

51

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

WALTER

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

VIVIEN

I wouldn't miss it for the world.

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

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Besides, you know how much I love trucks.

EXT. HAMMER'S FRONT GATE - DAY

A convoy of THREE IDENTICAL MOVING TRUCKS arriving.

52 INT. MOVING TRUCK - DAY

52

Vivien drives, Walter rides shotgun. They pull up to:

53 EXT. HAMMER MANSION - DRIVEWAY - SAME

53

HAMMER watches as three ART INSTALLERS lay planks of wood, creating a makeshift surface to drive the forklift over.

Hammer follows the installers, but Vivien intercepts him.

VIVIEN
 Armie, come sit by the pool and
 tell me about your memoirs...

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

54 EXT. HAMMER MANSION - LATER

54

The three trucks are parked side by side, so close that the side mirrors are folded in.

EXT. NEARBY HILLSIDE - SAME

A MOTORCYCLIST, identity obscured by a helmet, is parked by the side of the road, watching through binoculars.

INSERT - BINOCULAR'S POV - SAME - ART HANDLERS rolling the sculpture toward the trucks.

INT. WALTER'S TRUCK - SAME

Two Handlers are inside - REMOVING half of the side wall of the truck - which has been prepped. It slides away, opening space to the adjacent truck.

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

The walls are then rolled back into place.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - SAME

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

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

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

The Motorcyclist rides up to the rear of the truck, SHOOTS the lock off - raises the door revealing - NOTHING.

INT. WALTER'S WAREHOUSE - SAME

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

TIME FADE:

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

WALTER

You asked what's in it for me?

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

VIVIEN

(ASTONISHED)

The plot behind the plot behind the plot. *Voila'*.

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

INT. GOODWILL THRIFT STORE - DAY

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

NIGEL

This city is devoid of chivalry.

He skulks out. The CASHIER dials the phone.

CASHIER

(into phone)

It's here.

69

INT. KOOLHAUS LIVING ROOM - DAY

69

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

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

Doug Wheeler is installing his light sculpture, supervising his assistants - one of whom is a disgruntled Billy Al. They position plexiglass against the wall at a curved right angle.

Doug wires neon tubes around the piece's perimeter, creating a rectangular frame of light on the wall. Billy Al gets distracted by the blank spot where the Mondrian once hung.

DOUG

Billy Al - what are you doing?

BILLY AL

I have a piece that would fit perfectly here.

DOUG

The narcissism...

BILLY AL

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

DOUG

Sure thing.

ASSISTANT

It's ready.

DOUG

Walter - Vivien!

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

All is silent, then:

BILLY AL

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

DOUG WHEELER

Fuck you, Bengston.

WALTER

We'll take it.

EXT. GOODWILL THRIFT SHOP - DAY

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

Doug and Peter emerge and peacock in front of the mirror.

Waiting a beat to make his entrance, Billy Al emerges in an immaculately tailored, Saville Row style suit, complete with cravat. Everything is initialed **BAB**, even the slippers.

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

FLASHBACK TO:

CHYRON: 6 MONTHS EARLIER

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HABERDASHERY - DAY

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

NIGEL

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

BILLY AL

(imperious)

Neither. Straight down.
Waaaaaaaaaay down.

Nigel pins some space in the crotch-

BILLY AL (CONT'D)

Owww - lower than that.

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

INSERT - SERIES OF SHOTS:

- fabric being cut
- hems being sewn
- monograms being stitched

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

HOLD ON BILLY'S SUIT - abandoned.

Flashback over.

GO TO BLACK:

70

INT. KOOLHAUS BEDROOM - NIGHT

70

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

VIVIEN

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

WALTER

Viv...

VIVIEN

Just a splashy to sparkle things up.

WALTER

Do I have to bring up the Vanderbilt incident?

VIVIEN

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

WALTER

What did we say about acid and actresses?

VIVIEN

I know, but-

WALTER

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

VIVIEN

How come we never have any fun anymore.

WALTER

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

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

WALTER (CONT'D)

Be-lu-ga...

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

71 EXT. TOPANGA BEACH - DAWN

71

Crew Cut paddles out to Walter.

WALTER

We've got to stop meeting like this.

CREW CUT

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

WALTER

There's a surprise.

CREW CUT

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

WALTER

Why is she relevant to the Shepherd?

CREW CUT

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

WALTER

Why so sure?

CREW CUT

They say no one ever misses a Koolhaus party.

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

72 INT. KOOLHAUS WINE CELLAR - SAME

72

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

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

CU - LYSERGIC ACID DIETHYLAMIDE - SANDOZ LABORATORIES - 1965

She opens a cigarette-sized test tube with an EYE DROPPER as its cap, removes a modest party supply. Puts the acid back.

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

VIVIEN

Read it to me.

WALTER

He's talking to someone in Athens.
(adopting Hammer's accent)
"That monarch's a monster!"

VIVIEN

Poor Constantine...

WALTER

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

VIVIEN

Armie's wife... poor dear.

WALTER

"Her name is really Pandora? Does she have a sister named Aphrodite?"

VIVIEN

He did not say that.

WALTER

"I'll send my driver for her at 9."
(stops reading, irritated)
I don't know...

VIVIEN

What?

WALTER

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

VIVIEN

Could he be a *she*?

WALTER

Possibly. But if he was as a she, she had a convincing disguise.

VIVIEN
Or very butch genes.

WALTER
Whoever tried to kill Constantine
should have some sort of wound on
their right hand. That's the key.
(flustered)
I can't figure these new kids at
the Agency out, whether they're
liars or losers - or *both*.
(takes Vivien's hand)
Stay close tonight.

74 INT. VIVIEN'S DRESSING ROOM - SAME 74

Vivien combs out her freshly washed hair. Walter pops in.

WALTER
Close your eyes.

Walter unveils a MONDRIAN DRESS. Viv *gasps* - it's gorgeous.

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

VIVIEN
I love you Walter.

75 EXT. KOOLHAUS HOUSE - NIGHT 75

The house is lit with torches and candles, pulsating with color. WAITERS with champagne flank the doorway.

76 INT. KOOLHAUS FOYER - DAY 76

Walter greets CREW CUT, who has two more AGENTS with him.

CREW CUT
This is JD.

Walter shakes the hand of an uptight looking dude.

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

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

Walter flashes icy before returning to his charismatic smile.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Good to see you, Winston.

WINSTON
Is it?

WALTER
Nice hair cut.

78 INT. KOOLHAUS LIVING ROOM - SAME

78

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

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

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

WALTER
It looks beautiful.

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

WALTER
Cool, I can pay you tonight.

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

A trio of Salsa musicians plays quietly in the backdrop.

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

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

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

WALTER
Girls will be girls.

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

Crew Cut approaches Walter:

CREW CUT
King Constantine is pulling up.

EXT. KOOLHAUS HOUSE - SAME

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

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

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

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

VIVIEN
He would have been very proud.

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

VIVIEN
With a crowbar.

CONSTANTINE
That troll had me so enraged.

WALTER
That troll is on the patio.

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

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

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

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

CONSTANTINE'S POV - noticing a beautiful WOMAN.

KING CONSTANTINE
 (to Walter)
 Is that Juliet *whats her name*?

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

And a stunning, European actress saunters up, JULIET.

JULIET
 It was grueling.

WALTER
 I want you to meet King
 Constantine.

JULIET
 Nice to meet you, Your Highness.

Constantine turns on the royal charm.

79 INT. UPSTAIRS - SAME 79

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

81 INT. SECOND FLOOR - SAME 81

Vivien and Pandora stare at a luscious Klimt.

VIVIEN
 Do you like what you see?

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

VIVIEN
 Feel it.

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

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

CU - VIVIEN'S FACE - a wave of pleasure ripples across.

Vivien reaches down, takes Pandora's hand, brings it to her lips. She kisses each finger.

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

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

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

83 INT. HALLWAY - SAME 83

Pandora tiptoes to:

84 INT. KOOLHAUS BEDROOM - SAME 84

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

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

She HIDES the gun under the bed.

85 EXT. POOLSIDE - SAME 85

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

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

WALTER
You sure.

Vivien's face says it all - she's **sure**.

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

BRITISH VOICE
Stop thief! Stop thief!

BILLY AL'S POV - NIGEL THE TAILOR - *charging* -

And Billy Al darts around the table, Nigel in pursuit.

ON DOUG AND PETER - gleeful - wishing they'd orchestrated it.

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

WALTER

(to Nigel)

Whatever he did, we can take care of it. Just calm down - not here.

NIGEL

He's a *thief*.

WALTER

He's an artist.

NIGEL

He's a *con* artist. He stole that suit!

WALTER

You *stole* the suit, Billy?

BILLY AL

Not *literally*.

WALTER

(to Nigel)

Put it on my tab.

NIGEL

It's *his* debt.

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

WALTER

I'll settle up Monday.

(changing the subject)

Now, you Nigel, of all people, should meet King Constantine.

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

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

BACK TO WALTER: he and Constantine talk polo, when suddenly PEBBLES fall from above. Perplexed, Walter looks up toward the roof. We HEAR a woman giggling, singing, then sobbing.

An elegant LEG with a high-heeled shoe comes dangling down -

Walter walks to the edge of the terrace, raises his arms over his head - JUMPS - grabs hold of the side of the roof, and pulls himself up and over like a cat burglar.

BACK TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

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

VIVIEN

Be a dear and bring this to the kitchen.

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

Vivien looks around for Walter - he's gone.

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

The CAMERA RISES to:

87

EXT. KOOLHAUS ROOF - SAME

87

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

JULIET

You killed him. You killed him and my brother.

WALTER

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

JULIET

Vivien gave me some 'electric champagne.'

WALTER

Shit.

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

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

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

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

88 INT. KOOLHAUS KITCHEN - SAME 88

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

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

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

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
 After you.

The Shepherd starts down the stairs.

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

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

89 EXT. KOOLHAUS ROOF - SAME 89

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

WALTER
 Juliet, listen to me - you're not
 in a movie.
 (MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)

You're at Walter and Vivien's. The champagne Vivien gave you, it triggers the imagination.

JULIET

I know!

WALTER

You have a big imagination - but you're *not* Maria, you're Juliet. Say it.

JULIET

You're not Maria, you're Juliet.

WALTER

Close enough. Now lets get you off the roof, okay?

JULIET

Okay.

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

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

WALTER

I got you.

Juliet is giggling, tripping and fearless.

WALTER (CONT'D)

(shouting below)

Your Majesty!

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

WALTER (CONT'D)

Incoming!

She lands in King Constantine's arms.

JULIET

(singing)

I feel pretty...

KING CONSTANTINE
 (swinging her around)
Oh so pretty...

BACK TO:

90 INT. WINE CELLAR - SAME 90

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

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

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

91 INT. KOOLHAUS LIVING ROOM - SAME 91

Walter sees a dishevelled Vivien emerge, runs to her:

WALTER
 What happened?

VIVIEN
 (monotone)
 Constantine's safe now.

WALTER
 The Shepard?

92 INT. WINE CELLAR - MOMENTS LATER 92

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

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

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

WALTER
 The cellar's at 58 degrees, the Shepherd will be fine till morning.

CREW CUT
That's not Standard Operating
Procedure.

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

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

VIVIEN
I don't.

93 EXT. POOLSIDE - SAME

93

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

WALTER
(passing out flutes)
Long Live The King!

GUESTS
(clinking glasses)
Long Live The King!

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

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

They began a mid-tempo sort of groove:

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

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

CONSTANTINE
I'm untouchable!

FELIX

(singing)

*Ain't no fun just hangin' around
I've got to cover ground
You couldn't keep me down*

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

VIVIEN

(sheepish)

I thought they'd be less dangerous...

WALTER

Bad girl.

VIVIEN

You have no idea.

And Vivien LEADS Walter upstairs to their BEDROOM DOOR.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

I have an idea for my next story.

WALTER

What's it called?

VIVIEN

(opening door)

Pandora's Box.

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

WALTER

I love you honey.

VIVIEN

I love you too.

As they undress we HEAR the MUSIC from downstairs:

MUSIC

It's a beautiful morning...

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

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END