

AMERICAN GIGOLO

by

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FINAL SHOOT!

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"The idea of a duty to be performed,
and the fear of making himself ridiculous
if he failed to perform it, immediately
removed all pleasure from his heart."

-- of Julien Sorel in
The Red and the Black

JULIAN KAY, 26, boyish, sensual, professional. *
His features are lean, hard. Razor-like.

At first his movements seem disjointed: the legs too loose, the hips too high, the chin slightly turned. Then you see the pattern. Every gesture is calculated to attract attention.

Scratching his ear, massaging his wrists, smoothing the flat of his palm across his buttocks.

His eyes flit out at you, you turn your head, he smiles. You try to turn away, but cannot. He smiles again.

Julian is on the prowl. He is looking: for a trick, a companion, someone to please.

Yet all the while he is heading toward love.

AMERICAN GIGOLO

FADE IN:

PRE-CREDITS

1 INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE - NIGHT *

We only SEE his face, speaking through the shadows.

He brushes his index finger lightly across his lips as he speaks. He knows:

his lips are his most sexual organ.

JULIAN

You know who I am. I know who you are. We have no secrets. I know what you're thinking. You know what I'm thinking. We have our own methods of communication. You don't have to say anything. I can read your thoughts. I know what you need. You're afraid. You're afraid of your husband. You're afraid of yourself. You're afraid of your own sexuality. You're afraid to ask for what you need. You're afraid of being hurt.

Julian sits in a dimly lit booth with a MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN. His eyes are only on her. His creme broule is untouched.

The Woman nervously sips her coffee as he spins his web:

JULIAN

There's no reason to be afraid. I don't know why you're afraid. I don't even know why we're sitting here. Why we're wasting time eating things we don't want to eat, doing things we don't want to do, talking in front of people who don't matter. It's so simple. You know who I am. You want to be here. You want to be with me. You know what I can do. I can make you relax, relax like you've never relaxed before. Make you aroused like you've never been aroused before. Excited. I know how to touch you. Where to touch you. How to kiss you. Where to kiss you...

CUT TO:

END PRE-CREDITSCREDITS

2 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

Julian pulls his "Mercedes Black" 450SL to the curb, gets out and opens the door for the Middle-Aged Woman. *

They walk into Juschi's. *

CUT TO:

3 INT. JUSCHI'S - DAY *

-- A gracious SALESMAN slips Julian into a cashmere sports jacket. He has already set aside two dark three-piece suits.

-- Julian examines the fit of his tan gabardine slacks in the three-way mirror.

-- Julian watches as the Woman signs a charge slip. The Salesman sets Julian's clothes aside.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

Julian's black convertible snakes up the Malibu coast. The morning sun glistens across the Pacific. *

CUT TO:

5 EXT. MALIBU HOME - DAY

The Middle-Aged Woman kisses Julian and closes the door behind him.

He gets into his car and drives off.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. COAST HIGHWAY - DAY *

He slips a cassette of Johnny Hallyday's "Super Hits" into the stereo and turns up the volume:

"Celui quit'a fait pleurer"

CUT TO:

7 EXT. ANNE'S HOUSE - DAY

Julian pulls into another Malibu driveway, gets out and enters a beach house.

CUT TO:

END CREDITS

8 INT. ANNE'S HOUSE - DAY

Julian walks through the comfortable beach house. Expensive antiques and prints offset white rattan beach furniture.

Two topless women are sunning themselves on the deck. Julian walks out and joins them. *

JULIAN

Hello, girls.

ANNE, an attractive woman in her mid-thirties, welcomes him enthusiastically:

ANNE

Julian! You came all the way out here. It's been weeks.

JULIAN

(shrugs and smiles)
I had to drop somebody off up the beach so I thought I'd drop by.
Hello, girls. *

Anne's companions, BETH and JUDY, both about 20, girls of extraordinary and vacuous beauty, greet him more coolly:

BETH

(sarcastic)
You mean you didn't fly down to Rio for the weekend?

Anne dismisses them with a wave of her hand:

ANNE

Don't mind those cunts. They're just jealous.

Anne leads Julian into the house. She doesn't bother to put a top on.

ANNE

I've been trying to reach you all day.

JULIAN

I got the message. A trick?

Julian helps himself to a can of diet soda.

ANNE

Tonight. A woman from Charlottesville.

(MORE)

8 CONTINUED:

ANNE (CONT'D)

She's flying in to close a negotiation on her husband's estate.

JULIAN

(drinking soda)

First time?

ANNE

Yeah. She's meeting with Smith, Silberman and Hancock in the morning. They want a chauffeur.

JULIAN

That's cool. A thousand?

Anne nods.

JULIAN

Six hundred for me.

ANNE

Awh, Julie, don't start this up again.

JULIAN

You like fifty-fifty? Why don't you get Mike or one of those high-school dropouts you like so much..

ANNE

There's no percentage in it if I don't get fifty-fifty. You already cut me out of the repeaters.

JULIAN

That's only fair.

ANNE

It ain't fair, but I ain't got any choice.

JULIAN

Of course you do. You can keep dealing those uneducated fags...

ANNE

(interrupting)

Look who's talking.

JULIAN

(ignoring her)

... who don't know class from ass. All right, fifty-fifty.

8 CONTINUED: (2)

ANNE

Who did you drop off up the beach?

JULIAN

(teasing)

Wouldn't you like to know?

ANNE

Awh, Julie, why do you do this to me?

JULIAN

You know somebody else that can get into the L.A. Country Club? --and that's not the Hillcrest. I gotta run now. Leave the info on my service.

Julian turns to leave.

ANNE

You don't want to take some sun?

JULIAN

(gestures)

Not with those bitches. They'll eat a man up.

Beth cocks her head and calls back:

BETH

That's more than you'd ever do.

JULIAN

(to Anne)

No class. Catch you later, Anne.

Anne calls to him as he leaves:

ANNE

How's the Swedish coming?

CUT TO:

9 OMITTED

*

10 EXT. LIMO - EVENING

Julian straightens his jacket and slides the glass partition open. MRS. DORBRUN, a well-dressed woman about 50, looks with wonderment at the L.A. night landscape.

Julian turns and looks at Mrs. Dobrun:

JULIAN

May I take off my cap, ma'am?

10 CONTINUED:

MRS. DOBRUN
(smiles)
Of course.

JULIAN
Thank you.

Julian places his cap on the seat. He runs his hand through his hair as he glances at Mrs. Dobrun in the mirror. She is watching him.

The black limousine speeds up the San Diego freeway.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - EVENING

Julian pulls the limo into the hotel drive. While the doorman opens the door for Mrs. Dobrun, Julian runs around the car and takes out her luggage.

Before the porter can protest, Julian slips a folded bill into his palm. Julian carries Mrs. Dobrun's luggage into the hotel.

CUT TO:

12 INT. MRS. DOBRUN'S SUITE - EVENING

A bucket of iced champagne and a basket of fruit wait on the table. Julian's manner is overly polite, almost apologetic:

JULIAN
I think I know this hotel even better than my own apartment. It's where the important people stay. I used to be a pool boy here.

Mrs. Dobrun opens a suitcase.

JULIAN
You want me to help you with anything? Here, I'll open the champagne.

MRS. DOBRUN
Look, ah, you don't...

JULIAN
(opening champagne)
My name's Julian.

MRS. DOBRUN
You don't have to open the champagne. I'll give you a tip. Don't worry.

12 CONTINUED:

JULIAN

(abject)

Oh, Jesus, I'm sorry, Mrs. Dobrun.
That's not what I meant at all.
I'm just trying to do my job right.
Sometimes people complain.

MRS. DOBRUN

I'm sorry.

JULIAN

Is this your first trip to L.A.?

MRS. DOBRUN

Maybe you can help me.

JULIAN

Yes?

MRS. DOBRUN

I haven't been here in several
years... and I was wondering if
there were any new really good
restaurants, you know, where the,
ah, famous people go.

JULIAN

It's safer to recommend the
established restaurants; Ma Maison,
Scandia, La Scala. But of the
newer ones, I hear Le Dome is quite
popular.

Julian still holds the open champagne bottle.

MRS. DOBRUN

You're making me thirsty just
standing there. Pour me a drink
and set the bottle down.

Julian pours her a glass.

The more we see of Julian Kay, the less we understand him. *
He can be many things to many people. He seeks out the
pleasure they desire, then provides it. He can be sweet,
consoling, cool, intellectual, kind, earnest, arrogant --
and all the while remain something beyond all his poses:
a mysterious sexual force.

CUT TO:

13 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Julian is on the phone in the hotel lobby.

13 CONTINUED:

JULIAN

(on phone)

Fuck, I don't know anything about that. But - I'm not sure - I don't think Mrs. Dobrun's hold on the tobacco people is that strong. In fact, I'm sure of it. She seemed worried about that. She may settle short.

(a beat)

I don't know. She's a nice woman. Look, I'm supposed to meet her here tomorrow at 12:30. Whatever she's doing in the morning, she's gonna be finished by noon.

(a beat)

Okay, Anne, love you too.

(a beat)

Don't worry. I'll be ready.

Julian steps out of the phone booth, removes his coat and cap and exchanges them for his regular sport jacket at the cloak room. He tips the girl and flirts with her. She knows him.

CUT TO:

14 INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE - NIGHT

*

Straightening his jacket, Julian steps into the Cocktail Lounge. He slips a bill into the maitre d's palm and chats with him a moment before finding a seat.

*

Julian orders a drink and checks out the lounge. He studies the room for potential customers: the pickings are slim. He sips his Manhattan.

Then he sees her: even with her back half-turned, her beauty is apparent. Blonde hair, about 30. She has been waiting. Drinking and waiting. For what? Something to change her life? Something. Julian senses this.

She speaks to the waiter in a foreign language. He listens closely. It seems to be French.

Julian gets up and, drink in hand, walks over to her table. She turns as he approaches.

JULIAN

Excusez-moi, puis-je m'asseoir un instant. J'ai surpris votre conversation...

*

*

MICHELLE

Mais bien sur.

14 CONTINUED:

JULIAN
 (introducing himself)
 Je m'appelle Julian Kay. *

MICHELLE
 Excusez-moi. Michelle Jost.

JULIAN
 Enchante. *

MICHELLE
 (notices his glass)
 Est-ce-que je peux vous offrir
 quelque chose? *

Julian sits. *

JULIAN
 Avec plaisir.

Michelle waves the waiter over.

MICHELLE
 Mr. Kay would like another drink.
 Qu'est-ce que vous prenez?

Michelle's fluent English takes Julian aback.

JULIAN
 Manhattan. Dry Manhattan on the
 rocks.

The waiter takes the order and leaves.

JULIAN
 You speak English?

MICHELLE
 You speak English?

JULIAN
 You had me fooled.

MICHELLE
 And you me.

JULIAN
 How long have you been in Los
 Angeles?

MICHELLE
 I live here.

JULIAN
 You live here? I don't understand. *

14 CONTINUED: (2)

MICHELLE

You wouldn't. I am trying to refresh my college French. I usually practice with a friend, but she hasn't arrived yet.

*
*
*
*

(beat)

Where are you from?

JULIAN

I was born in Torino. But I studied at NATS.

*

MICHELLE

You don't have any accent at all.

JULIAN

I've been traveling too much.

MICHELLE

I envy you. I used to travel a lot, but now my husband is involved in local politics. He thinks it's chic to have a bilingual wife. So I practice French.

*
*
*
*
*

Julian is doubly taken aback. First, he thought Michelle could not speak English. Second, he thought she was unattached.

Julian gulps down his drink and places a five-dollar bill on the table.

JULIAN

I think he's right.

MICHELLE

Where are you going?

JULIAN

I made a mistake.

*

MICHELLE

My husband's in New York.

JULIAN

No, I made an even bigger mistake than that.

Michelle is confused. She assumed Julian would be more persistent.

MICHELLE

Huh?

JULIAN

You wouldn't understand.

14 CONTINUED: (3)

MICHELLE

Why?

JULIAN

I've got to go.

MICHELLE

Where?

JULIAN

(shrugs)

I don't know. Home. Pips.

MICHELLE

I've got no place special to go.

JULIAN

What about your friend?

MICHELLE

I'm not waiting for anyone.

JULIAN

You still don't understand. *

MICHELLE

Understand what?

Julian feels awkward, embarrassed. He has made a mistake; but why doesn't he just get up and leave? Something about Michelle holds him.

JULIAN

Understand who I am.

MICHELLE

Who are you?

JULIAN

You don't even understand who you are. Why you're here. Why you're sitting in that chair. *

MICHELLE

Why are you here? *

Julian starts to rise:

JULIAN

I've got to go.

Michelle holds his hand.

MICHELLE

Wait. Just tell me one thing:
why did you come on to me?

14 CONTINUED: (4)

JULIAN

Like I said, I made a mistake. I heard you speaking in French. Often in big hotels you meet women from foreign countries who need a translator or guide and will hire you.

*

MICHELLE

How many languages do you speak?

JULIAN

Five or six.

MICHELLE

Plus the international language.

JULIAN

That's right.

MICHELLE

(catching on)

Ah.

(sarcastic)

You're really something special, aren't you?

Julian answers her in kind:

JULIAN

You're one to talk. I saw you sitting here. You wanted me to come over. I know what I see.

MICHELLE

How much would you have charged me?

*

JULIAN

As a translator or a guide?

MICHELLE

No. Just a straight fuck.

JULIAN

Now you've made a mistake. I don't do that.

MICHELLE

Oh no? I know what I see, too.

Ever polite, Julian stands.

JULIAN

It's been a pleasure talking to you, Madame Jost. Don't spoil it. Bonne chance.

14 CONTINUED: (5)

Julian turns and walks off. He nods to the Maitre d' as he exits.

Michelle watches him as he goes. Michelle is befuddled, hurt. Yet also: intrigued, excited.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. WESTWOOD APT. HOTEL - DAY *

A car waits in front of the Wilshire Boulevard hotel. Julian enters. *

CUT TO:

16 INT. JULIAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Julian's room, like his mind, is eclectic.

Stacks of half-read books and magazines are scattered across his large unmade bed. Cassettes and records are mixed with shoes and shirts. A cold cup of coffee sits on the Times crossword.

A Ruscha print hangs on one wall. On another is a chart illustrating styles of 19th century furniture.

Every object is an extension of his probing mind: always curious, always learning, always assimilating. Always improving his craft.

Julian, wearing jeans and a T-shirt, lies on his Universal bench press.

A Berlitz "Learn Swedish" tape is on his stereo. Julian repeats after the cassette:

CASSETTE

I am not interested in that.

(a beat)

Jag ar inte intresserad av det.

JULIAN

(lifting barbells)

I am not interested in that.

(a beat)

Jag ar inte intresserad av det.

CASSETTE

How much farther have we to go?

(a beat)

Hur manga rum, trapsteg ar det?

JULIAN

How much farther have we to go?

(a beat)

Hur manga rum, trapsteg ar det?

16 CONTINUED:

The PHONE RINGS. Julian waits. It RINGS AGAIN. He crawls onto the bed and picks up the receiver.

JULIAN

Yeah, put him through.

(a beat)

Hey, Leon. What's up?

A black man's VOICE comes across the phone:

LEON (V.O.)

Julian, baby, I hate to bug you like this, but you gotta help me out. I had this Palm Springs gig set up for tonight for Joey and the guy takes a powder, or at least he ain't nowhere around.

JULIAN

I can't do it. I get a haircut now...

(looks at fingernails)

... and I got a thing this afternoon.

LEON (V.O.)

Baby, baby, it's a two-hour gig...

JULIAN

Plus the drive.

LEON (V.O.)

Plus the drive. Five C's. Straight in-and-out job. Do a brother a favor.

JULIAN

Well, maybe -- if I get free. I'll give you fifty bucks.

LEON (V.O.)

Fuck that, Jack. You think I'm in the charity business?

JULIAN

Hey, hey, who's doin' who the favor here? Who just called up who beggin' for a sub?

LEON (V.O.)

Okay, baby, I'm sorry. I appreciate it.

JULIAN

Anything for a friend. Call back and give the service the info. I'm bad with details.

LEON (V.O.)

Thanks, bro.

16 CONTINUED: (2)

Julian gets another line and flashes the desk:

JULIAN

Jill, get me an appointment at
Sassoon's in 45 minutes and tell
the maid she can make the room
up in an hour.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. INTERSTATE 10 - EVENING

Julian's black Mercedes heads west. *

CUT TO:

18 EXT. PALM SPRINGS - EVENING

Julian pulls into the drive of an expensive Palm Springs home.

19 INT. PALM SPRINGS HOME - NIGHT

Julian, straightening his tan polished cotton suit, argues with MR. RHYMAN, a fortyish businessman, in the living room of Rhyman's nouveau riche home. Rhyman wears gabardine slacks and Gucci loafers. *

JULIAN

(holding up hands)

Hey, baby, somebody's made a
mistake. I don't do fags. I
don't do couples.

Rhyman is nervous. He has had several drinks. *

RHYMAN *

No, no, you don't understand.
It's just my wife. Judy. Not
me. Just her.

JULIAN

(nods)

Okay.

RHYMAN *

But can I watch?

JULIAN

Of course.

Rhyman motions toward the bar: *

RHYMAN *

Would you like a drink?

19 CONTINUED:

JULIAN

No.

Julian starts to unbutton his shirt. Rhyman stops him. *

RHYMAN

Not yet. *

Julian slowly slips one button back into its hole, teasing Rhyman with his eyes. *

JULIAN

You'll have to pay me now.

RHYMAN

(digging into pocket) *

Sure, sure.

He slips Julian the folded bills.

RHYMAN

I like to talk afterwards too. *

Julian nods and heads toward the bedroom.

CUT TO:

20 INT. RHYMAN BEDROOM - NIGHT. *

Julian takes his jacket off and drapes it over the back of a chair. He looks across the brightly-lit room.

JUDY, Rhyman's wife, lies naked under a sheet. It's not clear whether she's afraid or aroused -- or both. *

Julian unbuttons his shirt as he sits next to Judy. A gold statuette stands on the night stand.

Rhyman stands against the wall across the room. *

Julian speaks softly to Judy, as if they are the only ones in the room. In his mind they are: he is not interested in Rhyman. *

JULIAN

(sing-song)

Hello, Judy. You're a very sexy lady. You're a very good-looking woman. You're going to like me. We're going to have a lot of fun.

(slips off shoes)

I can tell. I like you. Just lie back and relax. Close your eyes. Let your mind run free. You'll like this. *

20 CONTINUED:

Julian drops his trousers to the floor. Judy seems afraid.

JULIAN

Don't worry, baby. I know what you want. I know how to take care of you.

(touching her)

You have a very firm, beautiful body. Close your eyes, baby.

Julian pulls the sheet down her naked body. He shelters her eyes from the light and whispers in her ear:

JULIAN

Just ignore him. This has nothing to do with him. It's just you and me.

Rhyman calls from across the room: *

RHYMAN *

No, no. From behind. It has to be from behind.

Julian looks at Judy; she shows no reaction. He slips one hand under her body:

JULIAN

Com'on, baby, just flip on your stomach.

Julian turns her over. He kisses her cheek softly:

JULIAN

(whispers)

Don't worry. Leave everything to me. I'll get you wet. I can take care of you. I know how to do this...

RHYMAN *

(calling out)

Now slap her! Slap that cunt!

Judy braces for the blow. Julian studies her face a moment. She has been here before.

Julian looks at Rhyman in a cold, degrading manner; then turns at Judy and looks at her in an equally cold manner. He raises his hand.

RHYMAN *

Now hit her!

He slaps her. Rhyman winces. *

CUT TO:

21 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

Julian, wearing a summer outfit, walks into Juschi's. *

CUT TO:

22 INT. JUSCHI'S - DAY *

Julian smiles and puts his hand on the Salesman's shoulder as they walk toward the cash register.

JULIAN

I decided to keep the sweater.

SALESMAN

I didn't think you would keep all that stuff. It wasn't your style.

The Salesman puts a beige cashmere sweater into a bag and hands it to Julian. He counts a stack of bills and puts them into an envelope:

SALESMAN

Eight hundred, eight-twenty, eight-thirty. Seventy percent on eleven hundred and eighty.

JULIAN

Fair enough. Thanks, Mario.

Julian slips the envelope into his vest pocket and starts for the door.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. DAISY - DAY

Julian walks up Rodeo to the Daisy and steps into the out-door cafe. *

He spots LEON, a stocky black pimp, and sits down with him. He places his books on the table top.

Leon has little of the gaudy flash associated with the term, "pimp." A casual passerby would instead take him for an ex-football player turned actor. He has traded in his Mack coat and hat for the Beverly Hills casual/chic look. But traces of the pimp remain -- gold necklace and bracelets, a pair of red snakeskin boots.

Next to Julian, he is a shadow of style.

JULIAN

Hey, Leon.

LEON

Julie.

23 CONTINUED:

Julian removes his jacket and situates his chair to take maximum advantage of the sun.

Julian pulls out several folded bills, counts off fifty and gives them to Leon.

LEON

Thanks for helping me out. I finally found Joey holed up with one of his boy friends.

JULIAN

Don't mention it.

A pretty WAITRESS smiles at Julian:

WAITRESS

Hello, Julian.

JULIAN

Hi. Just Perrier, thank you.

She walks off.

LEON

You made quite a hit in Palm Springs. They want you to come back.

Julian, rubbing his eye, looks away. Two girls, dressed by Anne Klein, laugh at a nearby table.

LEON

I'm serious. They want you back this week. I told 'em I'd try.

Julian just shrugs. The Waitress brings his Perrier water and walks off.

LEON

I wouldn't take much 'cause these are regulars for me.

JULIAN

I don't know. Maybe.

LEON

Principles?

JULIAN

It's a long drive, Leon. Besides, I don't like to play the same numbers too often. People think they own you. Nobody owns me.

LEON

That include Anne?

23 CONTINUED: (2)

JULIAN

Anne who?

LEON

I don't know why you fool with that bitch.

JULIAN

She's got a job coming up for eight grand in a week. Can you get me that?

LEON

Watch out for that cunt, though. She'll sell you out. She's not happy with you.

JULIAN

(ironic)

But you really care about me?

LEON

You walk a thin line, Julie. I wouldn't want to be in your shoes. You're getting awfully cocky. All the other boys are happy to have a car, a house in the hills. But not you, Julie. You got all your rich cunts lined up. Once-a-month tricks. A little tennis, an orgasm, a dip in the pool. But I'll warn you as a friend: if those cunts ever turn on you, you're through.

JULIAN

You sure?

LEON

They'll cut you out.

JULIAN

(smiles)

There's always gonna be more women, Leon.

Leon nods and smiles: ain't that the truth.

CUT TO:

24 INT. JULIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

His digital clock reads 12:05; Julian is dressing to go out.

Nude from the waist up, he stands in front of his mirror. He unfolds a freshly laundered shirt and holds it to the mirror.

24 CONTINUED:

He places an assortment of shirts, ties, sweaters, and belts on the bed, trying to decide which outfit will be right for tonight. This shirt with this belt?

This belt with that tie?

The Miracles' "The Love I Saw in You Was Just a Mirage" plays on the stereo. He starts to dress.

Playing two characters, he speaks to himself as he dresses. ONE CHARACTER, amiable and outgoing, asks the questions; ANOTHER, reserved and paranoid, answers them:

JULIAN

Ar detta Ert forsta besok?

(a beat)

Nej, vivar har i fjol ocksa.

(a beat)

Ar Ni har ensam?

(a beat)

Jag ar har med mid min fru nagra vanner.

(a beat)

Far jag bjunda...

The PHONE RINGS.

JULIAN

... pa en drink?

Julian picks up the receiver.

JULIAN

Yeah.

(a beat)

She says she's a friend?

(a beat)

Where does she know me from?

(pause)

Okay, let her come up.

He hangs up receiver. Julian checks his appearance in the mirror. The DOORBELL RINGS.

He answers the doorbell: Michelle stands in the doorway.

MICHELLE

I'm...

JULIAN

Bonsoir.

MICHELLE

... Michelle...

JULIAN

How did you find me?

*

24 CONTINUED: (2)

Julian's reaction is polite, cold.

MICHELLE

It wasn't hard.
(walks in)
Are you surprised?

JULIAN

(nothing surprises him)
What do you want?

Michelle looks around the apartment. She's putting up a tough front.

MICHELLE

I would have thought you'd live
in a place with soft lights,
thick carpet, big circular bed,
mirrors on the wall -- you know,
that sort of thing.

JULIAN

This is my apartment. Women don't
come here.

MICHELLE

Oh.

There is an awkward pause. Michelle walks a few steps.

MICHELLE

Are you going out?

JULIAN

Yeah.

MICHELLE

Business?

JULIAN

Maybe.

MICHELLE

Isn't it a little late?

JULIAN

Isn't it a little late for you?

MICHELLE

My husband's still in New York.
I'm alone.

Julian lets her words hang in the air. He continues to make it uncomfortable for you.

Michelle musters her courage.

24 CONTINUED: (3)

MICHELLE

I thought it would be easier.

JULIAN

What?

MICHELLE

To "be" with you. To procure you.

JULIAN

I told you you were mistaken. I don't do that.

Michelle's composure starts to slip. Her hands are shaking.

MICHELLE

Why are you doing this to me?

JULIAN

Doing what?

Michelle's lips quiver. She thought she could bluff her way through this -- but now she is mortified, immobilized. She wishes she hadn't come.

MICHELLE

Embarrassing me.

(her voice trembles)

I can't keep up this front much longer. I found out who you were. I looked you up. I came here in the middle of the night. I'm all alone. I wanted to know what it would be like. I want to fuck you. I brought money. What more can I do? Why do you humiliate me so?

Julian closes the door, shuts off the lights and steps over to Michelle. He smiles at her tenderly.

And starts to unbutton her blouse.

CUT TO:

25 INT. JULIAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Julian is on the phone; Michelle sleeps by his side. The telephone rests on a stack of books: Collectors' Guide to Antiques, Classic Furniture, Meubels francais du XIIIe siecle and a Sotheby Parke Bernet catalogue.

JULIAN

Oh, don't say that. You're getting me aroused just thinking about it.

(MORE)

25 CONTINUED:

JULIAN (CONT'D)

I'm lying here getting a hard-on
and it's not even ten o'clock yet.

(a beat)

Oh, now you're just teasing me.
Stop talking like that or I'll
have to hang up and jerk off
right now.

(a beat)

You like that, don't you?

Michelle wakes up listening to him.

JULIAN

(on phone)

Oh baby, how can you say that?
We're lying here talking about
getting aroused and having more
pleasure than you've had in ten
years and you have to bring up
some goddamn eight hundred dollar
stereo. How much is your husband
worth? A couple million dollars?
Of course I can do without it.
I'll listen to the radio. I'll
listen to your stereo.

(a beat)

Lisa, Lisa, just listen to
yourself. How can you say that?

He notices Michelle.

JULIAN

(on phone)

Can you hold a second? There's
somebody at the door.

Julian puts his client on hold and turns to Michelle.
He speaks to her as if she's the only person he's been
thinking about.

JULIAN

Good morning.

(polite kiss)

What would you like for breakfast?

Michelle is taken aback by his chameleon-like changes.

MICHELLE

Well, ah...

JULIAN

Coffee, orange juice, eggs,
croissant?

MICHELLE

Sure. No eggs.

25 CONTINUED: (2)

Julian gets another line and dials room service:

JULIAN

This is Julian Kay. Two coffee,
orange juice, croissant -- and
one scrambled egg with a side of
cottage cheese.

*

He reconnects himself with his client:

JULIAN

I'm sorry, Lisa, this is really
embarrassing. There are some
people here and I have to hang up.

(a beat)

I'll pick you up at six. See you
then, love.

Julian shakes his head to himself and cradles the
receiver. He turns back to Michelle:

JULIAN

So what do you think?

MICHELLE

About what?

JULIAN

Did you make the right decision to
come last night? Was it what you
expected?

*

*

MICHELLE

No, it was like sleeping with a real
person. I'm not used to that.

JULIAN

Do you remember what you said last
night?

MICHELLE

Yes.

CUT TO:

26 INT. JULIAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

They finish breakfast in the sitting room. He is wearing
trousers and a silk navy bathrobe. She's fully dressed.
A folded newspaper rests under his coffee cup.

*

He places his napkin on his plate and stands. It's
Michelle's cue to leave. He kisses her forehead.

*

MICHELLE

What do you do today?

26 CONTINUED:

JULIAN

I've got to go to the health club.

MICHELLE

And see your friend this evening?

Julian shrugs.

Michelle hesitates, then speaks:

MICHELLE

I want to apologize, Julian.

JULIAN

For what?

MICHELLE

I realize I was probably rude
and insulting when I came here,
and you were very kind to me.
I had a good time.

JULIAN

So did I.

MICHELLE

So I guess I learned a lesson.

He realizes she is liking him too much, and becomes colder.

JULIAN

I was rude, too.

MICHELLE

Do you remember what you said
last night?

JULIAN

(polite smile)

Yeah.

MICHELLE

(half-serious)

Do you say that to all the women?

JULIAN

(without emotion)

Yeah.

Michelle is again taken aback: she's confused by his interior and exterior selves. Is everything he does an act?

MICHELLE

But I was different, wasn't I?

26 CONTINUED: (2)

JULIAN

What do you mean?

MICHELLE

You said women didn't come to your apartment, and then you asked me to stay overnight?

JULIAN

(nods)

That's true. You're different in another way, too.

MICHELLE

You mean I'm young.

JULIAN

(cold)

No. The price. It was awfully cheap.

Julian opens the door for her.

MICHELLE

Well, I thought maybe we'd do this again sometime.

JULIAN

(smiles)

No. I'm afraid not. It was very nice meeting you, Michelle. I hope things work out with your husband.

Michelle, hurt and confused, leaves.

Julian closes the door behind her and thinks a moment.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. SOTHEBY PARK BERNET - EARLY EVENING

Julian escorts LISA WILLIAMS, an attractive woman about 40, into the Beverly Boulevard offices.

CUT TO:

28 INT. MAIN EXHIBITION HALL - EARLY EVENING

About a hundred persons mill about the large rectangular hall. The room is filled with antique furniture and artifacts. Framed paintings and frayed prayer rugs hang on the walls.

Each item for auction is listed by lot number. Potential buyers study the various lots, comparing them to the catalogue picture and description.

28 CONTINUED:

TRACKING across the cluttered hall, one is amazed by the diversity and beauty of the items up for auction: a marquetry-inlaid George III armoire, a rose Art Nouveau armchair, two matching Tiffany lamps, a portrait of the Van Dyck school, and on and on.

Voices drift in and out of the pre-auction crowd:

- Three black-suited Japanese soberly debate a gilt-mounted Louis XIV commode.
- A young girl in jeans and a sweater examines an elegant Sarouk carpet.
- Two aging gents discuss a nude portrait: "It may be Clinton's face, but it certainly isn't Clinton's body."
- Julian and Lisa examine a Jacobean chest of drawers. Julian pulls out a drawer and studies the dovetails while Lisa reads the catalogue:

LISA

... late 17th Century, unrestored.
(turning pages)
It's estimated at 2800 to 3000.

JULIAN

(holding drawer)
Somebody started to work on it.
My guess is that it'll go for more than three grand. Thirty-five hundred at least. It's a great piece, but not a great buy. At twenty-eight hundred, it's a great buy. What do you think?

LISA

It looks just perfect for the guest room, but...

JULIAN

(looking around)
There's a George III chest around here somewhere that won't go for more than twelve hundred. No bargain, but a good investment at least. And the lines are beautiful...

Lisa spots someone across the hall:

LISA

Uh-oh.

28 CONTINUED: (2)

JULIAN

... actually that hideous Louis Quatorze commode will probably be the best buy if the Japs don't bid up on it.

LISA

Do you see who I see?

Lisa looks across the room at MRS. SLOAN, a highborn and overdressed woman in her late seventies.

JULIAN

Who is it?

LISA

Randolph Sloan's widow. A stockholder in Jim's company.

JULIAN

Is she still alive?

LISA

She'll make a beeline straight here.

JULIAN

'There goes the Louis Quatorze commode.

LISA

What'll I do?

Julian affects a German homosexual accent:

JULIAN

Come, Lisa, let's vace the enemy bevore it vaces us.

Adding a faint homosexual bounce to his buttocks, Julian escorts Lisa toward Mrs. Sloan.

Mrs. Sloan eyes them suspiciously.

LISA

Lucille, how nice to see you. Are you buying or selling?

MRS. SLOAN

Just looking.

She says as she turns her eyes on Julian.

Julian plays his beard role to the hilt: his English is barely comprehensible through a swishy kraut accent.

28 CONTINUED: (3)

JULIAN

Der es an exquisite Louis Quatorze
commode auf der.

LISA

(introducing)

Lucille, this is Willem Shoenvelt.
He's helping me redecorate the
guest house.

JULIAN

(broken English)

Great hospitality, madam.

He extends hand. Julian's wrist collapses as Mrs. Sloan
touches it.

JULIAN

I like eure dress very much
greatly. I think it will be
much in style next year.

LISA

(reproving)

Willem.

Julian "accidentally" knocks over a Sheraton chair with
his foot. Reaching down to pick it up, he bumps into
Mrs. Sloan. She in turn bumps into a brass floor lamp.

JULIAN

Entschuldigen Sie bitte.
Entschul...

Begging a hundred forgivenesses, Julian grabs the lamp
before it falls and sets it upright. Bystanders turn
and look. Lisa feigns shock and relief.

JULIAN

Ich bedaucre sehr. I do not know
what...

Julian bumps a \$10,000 Tiffany lamp with his elbow and
sends it toward the floor. This time Lisa is genuinely
aghast.

JULIAN

Verdammt!

Julian reaches down and, in a continuous motion, grabs
the Tiffany lamp and replaces it on the table. He
shamefacedly looks around to see if anyone has noticed:
everyone has.

A Sotheby Parke Bernet representative walks quickly
toward them. Mrs. Sloan is mortified.

28 CONTINUED: (4)

JULIAN
Entschuldigen Sie bitte. Auf
Wiedersehen.

Mrs. Sloan and Lisa watch as Julian hurriedly leaves.
Lisa turns to Mrs. Sloan and shrugs.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET - LATE AFTERNOON

Lisa and Julian double over the side of his Mercedes
laughing.

JULIAN
My God! Did you see her?

Lisa is laughing so hard tears come down her cheeks.
She puts her arm around Julian.

Perhaps this is the secret of Julian's success more than
anything else: he makes women happy.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. WESTWOOD APT. HOTEL POOL - DAY *

Julian, wearing cut-off jeans, sits by the small hotel
pool, sunning and reading the L.A. Times. A can of diet
soda rests beside his chair.

He folds the paper over and looks at the lower front
page. A news story catches his interest.

The caption reads:

WIFE OF LOCAL FINANCIER
SLAIN IN PALM SPRINGS HOME

A one-column photo of Judy Rhyman is below the headline. *

The story carries over to page three. There's a two-
column photo of the Rhyman Palm Springs house. *

Michelle, wearing French jeans and a pullover, walks
into the pool area and approaches Julian. He folds the
paper and says:

JULIAN
I wish your husband would come back.

MICHELLE
He has.

JULIAN
Oh.

30 CONTINUED:

Michelle pulls up a lawn chair and sits alongside Julian.

MICHELLE

I can't stop thinking about you.

Julian looks at her a moment, then turns his eyes back to the still blue pool.

MICHELLE

Do you mind?

JULIAN

What have you been doing?

MICHELLE

When?

JULIAN

This morning.

MICHELLE

Driving around.

(a beat)

I drove to Anaheim, then to Long Beach. Then I came here.

JULIAN

(pause)

I'm not part of your problems, Michelle. I'm not the solution to your problems.

MICHELLE

I brought money.

JULIAN

I won't take it.

MICHELLE

A hundred dollars?

Julian, pained, looks away. Michelle says almost pleadingly:

MICHELLE

More? Five hundred?

He looks at her sympathetically.

JULIAN

No.

MICHELLE

I'll buy you the stereo.

JULIAN

I've got a stereo.

30 CONTINUED: (2)

MICHELLE

What then?

He stands.

JULIAN

Let's go.

MICHELLE

What?

Julian takes her hand.

JULIAN

I don't want your money. Let's
go to my room.

CUT TO:

31 INT. JULIAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Julian and Michelle are in bed. He fingers a small gold
cross hanging on a chain from her neck.

MICHELLE

(smiles)

Bulgari. You want it?

JULIAN

No.

MICHELLE

I want to know everything about you.

JULIAN

Why?

MICHELLE

I don't know. It seems important.

JULIAN

We just made love, didn't we?

MICHELLE

Yes.

JULIAN

Then you know all there is to know.

MICHELLE

Don't be childish. Where are you
from?

JULIAN

No. I'm not "from" anywhere.
I'm from this bed.

(MORE)

31 CONTINUED:

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Everything that's worth knowing
about me you can learn from letting
me make love to you.

MICHELLE

That's not true. Why do you fuck
older women?

JULIAN

What's older?

MICHELLE

Forty. Fifty. Sixty.

JULIAN

They pay me.

MICHELLE

So would I. So would many of my
friends. What's so great about
older women?

JULIAN

I see "younger" women.

MICHELLE

So?

JULIAN

I prefer older women.

MICHELLE

Why?

JULIAN

What's the use of bringing some
high-schooler to climax? Some
teenager who gets wet in the
movies and goes home to masturbate?
That's no challenge. It has no
meaning. The other day -- the
day I met you in the hotel -- I
was with a woman, somebody's mother,
whose husband never cared for her,
who hadn't had an orgasm in ten
years -- if at all. She tried to
lie, but I could tell. This woman
hadn't been climaxed in a long time.
It took me three hours to get her
off. For a while I didn't think
I'd be able to do it at all. My
jaw was sore the whole next day.
I almost wished I used vibrators...

MICHELLE

You don't?

*
*
*
*
*

31 CONTINUED: (2)

JULIAN

Never. But, you see, when it was over, I had really done something. Something worthwhile. Something only I could have done. Who else would have cared enough to do it right? Young girls bore me.

CUT TO:

32 INT. L.A.P.D. - DAY

Glenn Rhyman, wearing a conservative suit, sits in the nondescript office of DETECTIVE JACK SUNDAY. *

Sunday, a stocky man in a rumpled suit, sips a styrofoam cup of coffee. He's been doing this a long time.

He pulls a pair of handcuffs out of the desk, looks at them a second and places them on the desktop. Rhyman sinks his head into his hands: *

RHYMAN *

Oh, my God.

SUNDAY

These are not the handcuffs your wife was wearing when she was killed, Mr. Rhyman. We found them in the study. We also found some paddles, dildos, you know what I'm talking about. *

Rhyman is expressionless. He knows all too well what Sunday is talking about. *

SUNDAY

Look, I don't care about your private sex life. It's no concern of the L.A.P.D. However, the manner in which your wife was assaulted suggests that the killer was -- may have once been a "guest" at your home.

Rhyman, grief stricken, looks away and sighs. *

SUNDAY

I'll try to keep what you say in confidence, but I will have to have detailed information about you and your wife's sex practices and what parties, if any, were involved.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. WESTWOOD APT. HOTEL - DAY *

An unmarked police car is parked in the drive.

CUT TO:

34 INT. WESTWOOD APT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY *

Julian is speaking with JILL, the young desk clerk, as Detective Sunday enters,

SUNDAY

(to Jill)

Does Mr. Julian Kay live here? *

Jill looks at Julian.

SUNDAY

(shows shield)

I'm Detective Sunday from the Homicide Bureau. I'd like to ask some...

Julian furtively glances at Jill. He prefers to keep his private life private.

JULIAN

I was just walking into Westwood. Can we talk there?

Julian heads for the front door. Sunday joins him.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD. - DAY *

They cross the street and walk toward Me' Me' Restaurant. *

JULIAN

Do you know Sergeant Thomas, John Thomas? He's in Internal Affairs a... *

SUNDAY

(cutting him off) *

I'm investigating the Rhyman murder from the Los Angeles end. Do you know the case? *

JULIAN

Was it in the paper?

SUNDAY

Yeah.

JULIAN

In Palm Springs?

SUNDAY

Yeah.

35 CONTINUED:

JULIAN
I think I read about it.

SUNDAY
I'll bet you did.

CUT TO:

36 INT. ME' ME' - DAY *

Julian and Sunday face each other across a table looking out on Wilshire Boulevard. A waitress brings two coffees.

Julian shakes a packet of Sweet'n Low into his cup and stirs the coffee.

SUNDAY
What is it exactly that you do, Mr. Kay? *

JULIAN
Julian. I'm a translator and guide. Sometimes a chauffeur.

SUNDAY
What were you doing last night?

JULIAN
I went with a friend to a pre-auction viewing at Sotheby Parke Bernet, then we spent the evening together.

SUNDAY
She'll verify that?

JULIAN
Of course, but I think she'd prefer to remain anonymous.

SUNDAY
Of course.

JULIAN
Am I a suspect?

SUNDAY
No, but I think you'd better let us check out this alibi to be on the safe side. For your sake.

Julian doesn't answer.

SUNDAY
Now, this work you were doing for the Rhymans -- was this as a translator or a chauffeur? *

36 CONTINUED:

Julian enjoys verbal fencing as much as Sunday. They're both good at it.

JULIAN

Neither. This was more of a personal matter.

SUNDAY

You were friends.

JULIAN

Not exactly.

SUNDAY

Well, what, exactly, did you do at the Rhymans? *

JULIAN

Nothing special. Just chit-chat. I have a hard time remembering, you know. I meet a lot of people.

SUNDAY

I understand your problem. Let's see: you talked a bit, had a few drinks, and the next thing you knew you were on your way back to Los Angeles.

JULIAN

More or less.

SUNDAY

(getting tough)

Julian, I'm gonna take you in. We've got our own memory refresher course. I think you'd like it. You seem like a young man who wants to improve himself.

Julian backs off.

JULIAN

Look, Detective, I want to cooperate with the police in any way I can. But you must understand there are delicate matters involved. Things which may not fall under the exact letter of the law. Publicity is the last thing I want.

SUNDAY

I won't book you, Julian. Though I could.

(MORE)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

I won't take away your chauffeur's license, though I could do that too. I could even bring you up on a drug charge. In your profession with your contacts, that shouldn't be hard. But I won't do that either.

(hard)

Just tell me about the Rhymans. *

JULIAN

(thinks a moment)

Okay.

CUT TO:

37 INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - NIGHT *

A political fund-raiser. Between seventy-five and a hundred contributors sit around tables, enjoying the standard regimen of lukewarm chicken, peas and political speeches.

A banner above the platform proclaims:

CALIFORNIA DEMOCRATS
WELCOME 22ND DISTRICT
SEN. CHARLES STRATTON

*
*
*

Julian, wearing a black gabardine suit with a grey wool vest and silk tie, sits next to MRS. LAUDNER, an overdressed dowager who reeks of wealth and patronage. *

Standing behind the "Beverly Wilshire" podium, a HOLLYWOOD ACTOR introduces "Charles Stratton." *

Julian -- a textbook of good manners -- applauds politely. *

Mrs. Laudner, visibly uncomfortable, is bored by the whole business. She nudges Julian.

MRS. LAUDNER *

Do you follow California politics, Julian?

JULIAN

Not very much.

MRS. LAUDNER *

You're smart. They're all whores.

She pokes a lethargic fork at her uneaten food. Julian stops her.

JULIAN

Don't eat this stuff. We're going out later.

37 CONTINUED:

Julian motions for a waiter to pick up their plates.

CHARLES STRATTON steps up to the podium to a round of applause. Handsome, young and tanned, he is the quintessence of California success. *

Mrs. Laudner whispers behind her palm to Julian: *

MRS. LAUDNER *

This guy's a real comer. *

38 LATER

Julian and Mrs. Laudner stand in the reception line. *

Stratton and his lovely wife greet his supporters and constituents. *

Julian looks up and recognizes Stratton's "lovely wife": it is Michelle. A flicker of emotion crosses his face. *

Julian and Mrs. Laudner step up to Stratton and Michelle. *

Sen. Stratton recognizes Mrs. Laudner instantly: *

STRATTON *

Mrs. Laudner, how nice of you to come. It's always a pleasure to see you again. *

MRS. LAUDNER *

It's bullshit, but I like it.
Can we talk later? *

STRATTON *

Of course. Mrs. Laudner, this is my wife, Michelle. *

Michelle automatically stretches out her hand and greets Mrs. Laudner. *

Julian watches Michelle play her role: she bears little resemblance to the girl who has been seeing him. She seems more like a manikin than a person, an attractive adjunct to a well-oiled political machine.

MRS. LAUDNER *

And this is Julian Kay. *

Michelle's lips tremble when she sees him. Her eyes betray her affection. She retains her composure.

Julian deferentially greets the Senator and his lovely wife.

38 CONTINUED:

JULIAN

My honor, Senator. Mrs. Stratton.
 (looks at Michelle)
 You're a fortunate man, Senator.

*

After Julian and Mrs. Laudner move forward with the line,
 Stratton leans over and whispers to Michelle:

*

*

STRATTON

You know what he is?

*

She watches Julian and Mrs. Laudner walk away.

*

Crossing the room, Mrs. Laudner turns to Julian and
 remarks:

*

MRS. LAUDNER

That boy's gonna go far.
 (a beat)
 And he's got a nice wife too.

Julian takes Mrs. Laudner by the arm:

*

JULIAN

Tell me about them, Emily.

*

*

MRS. LAUDNER

I said he was a comer.

*

*

JULIAN

No, about them. As a couple.
 What's their marriage like?

*

*

*

Julian speaks from genuine concern for Michelle. But Mrs.
 Laudner thinks he's trying to set up another mark:

*

*

MRS. LAUDNER

(playful)

Oh, Julian. You're incorrigible.

*

*

*

JULIAN

Com'on.

*

*

MRS. LAUDNER

(confidential)

Well, it's no secret she's very
 unhappy.

*

*

*

*

CUT TO:

39 EXT. WESTWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

The usual Westwood mix: stores, students, sun.

CUT TO:

40 OMITTED

*

41 EXT. WESTWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

Julian, book in hand, walks south on Westwood. He watches his reflection in the store windows as he passes.

He turns into Tower Records.

CUT TO:

42 INT. TOWER RECORDS

Julian, standing amid a gaggle of high school girls, looks over the new LP releases.

We CONTINUE TO WATCH him from the observer's POV. From the sidewalk, then from inside the store.

Julian turns: he is about to bump INTO US. Then he turns again, and moves down another aisle. We FOLLOW down a parallel aisle.

Then Julian abruptly turns TOWARD US and looks up. He runs into the person who has been following him and smiles.

Michelle pretends to be looking through a record rack.

JULIAN

Hello there.

MICHELLE

(feigns surprise)

Oh. Hello, Julian.

JULIAN

You shop here often?

MICHELLE

Just browsing.

JULIAN

Me too.

(gestures)

Well, I've got to go. Nice to talk to you, Mrs. Stratton.

Julian is teasing. He also wanted to "bump" into her.

MICHELLE

Wait.

Julian turns and walks back to her.

MICHELLE

I have to talk to you. Why don't we have a drink?

42 CONTINUED:

JULIAN
 (touches her hand)
 I'd like that. Now or later?

CUT TO:

43 INT. MOVING RESTAURANT *

Julian and Michelle sit in a darkened nook in the bar section. She sips a whiskey sour. He straightens her collar.

MICHELLE
 I wish you hadn't been there last night. I didn't want you to know who I was -- am.

JULIAN
 It doesn't matter.

MICHELLE
 Jost is my maiden name.

JULIAN
 I've seen your husband on television. He's very impressive.

MICHELLE
 He's very ambitious.

JULIAN
 You should not see me anymore. It only makes things worse for you.

MICHELLE
 Are you refusing to see me again?

Julian squeezes a lemon slice into his iced tea.

JULIAN
 (ironic)
 You looked quite nice in the reception line last night. Very demure and proper.

MICHELLE
 What is that supposed to mean?

JULIAN
 Nothing.

Cautious and afraid, they toy with each other. Julian and Michelle are moving together emotionally, but neither wants to be the first to admit it.

43 CONTINUED:

MICHELLE

I would never do anything to hurt him politically. I could never leave him. I would die first.

JULIAN

You're dying now. You're becoming a non-person. Another five years and there'll be nothing left.

MICHELLE

Why are you saying this to me?

JULIAN

Because I know you. I understand you. I can help you.

MICHELLE

(in awe)

Boy, you're really good. You've really got that bullshit down pat.

JULIAN

Don't let your husband blackmail you.

MICHELLE

He has this big political thing about having a wife and family. He keeps wanting me to get pregnant.

JULIAN

Who are we talking about? You or him?

MICHELLE

I can't tell anymore.
(almost desperate)
What can I do?

JULIAN

I don't know: be yourself?

MICHELLE

Leave him?

JULIAN

His career will survive. People forget. These things have to be done quietly. Don't let him fool you with his talk about duty and self-sacrifice. He's getting what he wants. You have to do the same: take the pleasure when you can.

She sips her empty glass:

43 CONTINUED: (2)

MICHELLE

And you, Julian? Where do you come
in? Where do you get pleasure?

CUT TO:

44 INT. WESTWOOD APT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY *

Jill calls Julian over as he enters:

JILL

Julian.

JULIAN

(walks over)

Hey, Jill.

JILL

There was a kid here looking for
you.

JULIAN

(suspicious)

What did he want?

JILL

He wouldn't say. He seemed to
know where your room was. I told
him he couldn't go up and he left.

JULIAN

Black or white?

JILL

White. About 18. Blond hair.

JULIAN

What was he wearing?

JILL

Jeans, tennis shoes, white shirt.
Is anything wrong?

He dismisses her concerns with a wave of his hand.

JULIAN

No. Thanks for telling me. See
you later.

Thinking to himself, Julian heads toward his room.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - DAY

A Beverly Hills landmark.

CUT TO:

46 INT. EL PADRINO ROOM - DAY

The late afternoon crowd is sprinkled with members of Julian's native class: the young, the beautiful, the rich and the deeply tanned.

Julian and LILLIAN, an attractive mid-fortyish woman, sit in an out-of-the-way booth. Julian's copy of The Uses of Enchantment rests beside her arm.

LILLIAN

(looks at book)

This was really thoughtful of you, Julian.

JULIAN

It's quite a good book. I thought you'd like it.

LILLIAN

I'll read it.

JULIAN

Then we can...

LILLIAN

(secretive)

You know what I really would like, Julian?

JULIAN

(inviting)

No, what?

LILLIAN

I'm embarrassed to say.

JULIAN

Com'on, Lillian, there's no secrets between us.

LILLIAN

Well, there's this kid who does our lawn, you know. A Spanish boy. He must only be 17. I just sit in the kitchen and watch him. I can't take my eyes off him. I fantasize about him coming into the bedroom, taking off his jeans...

JULIAN

He works alone?

LILLIAN

His father leaves after about an hour, then he's the only one here.

46 CONTINUED:

JULIAN

What are you afraid of, Lillian? You surprise me. You're a good-looking woman. Just because you're not some silly little schoolgirl, you think you're not allowed to desire young men? How foolish you are. You're a good-looking woman, but you're afraid, you're embarrassed of being yourself.

(a beat)

Don't disappoint me, Lillian. Next time he comes by and it's hot out and he's sweating, ask him in for a Coke. He'll appreciate it. His other employers don't pay any attention to him. They think he's just some dumb spic kid. Be nice to him.

CUT TO:

47 INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE LOBBY - DAY

Julian, straightening his coat, walks out of the El Padrino Room, through the lobby and into the barbershop. *

CUT TO:

48 INT. BARBERSHOP - DAY

Julian sits in one of the chairs and motions to the BOOTBLACK.

JULIAN

Joe.

BOOTBLACK

Just a second, Mr. Kay. *

Detective Sunday walks into the barbershop, looks around, spots Julian. He walks over.

SUNDAY

What a surprise. Mr. Kay. *

JULIAN

(suspicious)

Yeah, there've been quite a few coincidences lately. It's getting to be a pattern.

(a beat)

Sit down, Detective. Get a shine. You need it. On me.

48 CONTINUED:

SUNDAY

Thank you, Julian.

Sunday looks at his scruffy shoes and sits next to Julian. The Bootblack brings his stool over and starts to shine Julian's brown Armani's.

SUNDAY

You're quite dressed up today.

JULIAN

I have to go over to the Cuntry Club.

SUNDAY

We checked out your alibi. Mrs. Williams say she was with you Tuesday night, but that you dropped her off at seven. The Rhyman murder was at ten.

*

JULIAN

Shit.

(a beat)

But I described her house. Her bedroom.

SUNDAY

She said that you had been helping her redecorate. That you had been to Park Bernet looking for a bureau.

(a beat)

I can understand why she might say that. She has a reputation to protect.

Julian, shaking his head to himself, is more piqued than surprised: "does it just figure?"

Sunday, studying Julian's reactions, mixes his "hard" and "soft" questions:

SUNDAY

(pleasantly curious)

How do you do it, Julian? This afternoon with Mrs. Jarvie, tonight at the Country Club. How do you seduce all these women?

Julian looks at Sunday coldly. The Detective has been fucking with his client list: interrogating Mrs. Randall, spying on Mrs. Jarvie. With attention like this, Julian will soon be back out on the streets.

JULIAN

I'll tell you what, Sunday.

(MORE)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

JULIAN (CONT'D)

You've been bugging me quite a bit. Spying on me, digging into my private life. You ease off my clients a bit and I'll tell you how to get more women.

SUNDAY

How's that?

The Bootblack moves over to Sunday's chair.

JULIAN

First, obviously, you dress for shit. But anybody can fix that. It's your face. And your body. You carry yourself all wrong. You got back problems? And your jaw...

(gestures)

... it hangs so loose. Tighten it up a little. Do some jaw exercises...

SUNDAY

Doesn't it every bother you, Julian?

JULIAN

What?

SUNDAY

What you do.

JULIAN

Giving women pleasure? I should feel guilty about that?

SUNDAY

But it's not legal.

JULIAN

But legal is not always right. Men make the laws, and sometimes men are wrong. Or stupid. Or jealous.

SUNDAY

And you know better?

JULIAN

There are men who are above the law.

SUNDAY

How do these men know who they are?

*

48 CONTINUED: (3)

JULIAN

They know.

(a beat)

They ask themselves.

SUNDAY

Why didn't you tell me you
handcuffed Mrs. Rhyman?

*

JULIAN

I didn't.

SUNDAY

Yeah, you said that. That's why
I went back and checked it twice
with the coroner. Mrs. Rhyman's
wrists were cut up quite a bit
where the cuffs were -- apparently
she put up quite a fight after she
was handcuffed. But, underneath
the cuts...

*

(gestures)

... there were bruises from where
she had been cuffed earlier. The
coroner estimates about 48 hours
earlier. Which would be the
night you were there.

Julian is silent. The Bootblack finishes Sunday's shoes.

JULIAN

I'll take care of you in a minute,
Joe.

Joe walks off. Sunday takes a black-and-white 5x7 out of
his pocket and hands it to Julian: it is a grisly crime
scene photo of Judy Rhyman's body.

*

SUNDAY

She was beaten with a heavy
metal object, raped, then
violated with an object --
presumably the murder weapon.

Julian pales when he sees the photograph.

JULIAN

Jesus Christ.

He tries to explain:

JULIAN

Yeah, I handcuffed her, but
you've got to understand people
like the Rhymans.

*

(MORE)

48 CONTINUED: (4)

JULIAN (CONT'D)
It's like a game to them. I'll
explain...

Sunday listens.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. WESTWOOD APT. HOTEL STAIRS - DAY *

Julian walks through the lobby. He is suspicious and
angry.

His fears are confirmed. Jill says as he passes the desk:

JILL
They were here two hours. I
couldn't stop them. They had
a search warrant.

Julian heads upstairs.

CUT TO:

50 INT. JULIAN'S ROOM - DAY

Julian's suite is a mess. The police have searched every
corner: the mattress has been pulled off its springs,
books off the shelves, drawers out of the dresser. After
a moment, Julian picks up the receiver and dials:

JULIAN
Hi, Jill. It's Julian. You can
send the maid in now.

Julian hangs up and looks around the room.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. ANNE'S HOUSE - DAY

Julian's car is parked outside.

CUT TO:

52 INT. ANNE'S HOUSE - DAY

Julian walks into the empty house.

Anne, sitting on the deck, sees him and walks over.
She wears shorts and a Hermes T-shirt.

TIM, a boy of about 7, bounces a beach ball on the sun deck.

52 CONTINUED:

ANNE

You're becoming a regular visitor,
Julian. What's happening?

JULIAN

Something I wanted to talk about.

Anne motions towards the boy.

ANNE

I don't like to have anybody in
the house when Tim visits. The
courts might not let me see him
at all.

JULIAN

Let's go to the beach.

CUT TO:

53 EXT. MALIBU BEACH - DAY

Julian and Anne walk along the beach.

JULIAN

I think I'm in a frame.

ANNE

Who's putting you in?

JULIAN

I'm not sure. I can only see
the frame.

(a beat)

It's the Rhyman murder. You know,
in Palm Springs. *

A teenage girl and her water-soaked Irish Setter dash
down the beach past them.

ANNE

You tricked with them?

JULIAN

Only once. As a favor to Leon.

ANNE

(without emotion)

You two-timing bastard.

JULIAN

So I'm a nice guy. I can't help
it. Would you ask around?

ANNE

Why don't you ask your new friend
Leon?

53 CONTINUED:

JULIAN

I may just do that.

ANNE

You trick for other people. You cheat me out of money. Then when you need a favor, you come back to me.

Julian looks out across the ocean.

ANNE

If I help you, you'll have to help me.

JULIAN

How?

ANNE

You'll have to come back to me. Work strictly for me.

JULIAN

That doesn't have anything to do with this.

ANNE

Like shit it doesn't. When I found you, you were on the street sucking cock. I taught you how to treat women. How to make love. Then one day you come to me and say, "I'm too good for you" and cut me out. It ain't right, Julie.

JULIAN

It's different now, Anne. I'm more than I used to be. When I'm good now, I don't even have to make love. I'm getting older. I've got to move forward.

ANNE

Please, Julie, save me the speeches.

(pause)

How's the Swedish coming?

JULIAN

I'll be ready.

ANNE

She's coming in a week from today.

JULIAN

What do they want?

53 CONTINUED: (2)

ANNE

Chauffeur, guide, part-time translator. She apparently has certain sexual idiosyncrasies. She's wired to a lot of auto money.

(a beat)

You gonna come back with me?

Julian nods. They continue down the beach.

ANNE

You did it, didn't you?

JULIAN

What?

ANNE

The Rhyman killing.

He doesn't answer.

ANNE

Don't worry, Julie. It doesn't matter.

Julian looks out back across the ocean: a vast, empty plain.

CUT TO:

54 INT. JULIAN'S ROOM - DAY

Julian, barefooted, wearing jeans and an "Ohio U" T-shirt, holds a ten-pound dumbbell in hand. He alternates between curls and high-low arm lifts.

The Berlitz cassette is on the player. Julian speaks to the mirror as he lifts the weights:

CASSETTE

Hur lange behover jag vanta?

(a beat)

How long must I wait?

JULIAN

Hur lange behover jag vanta?

(a beat)

How long must I wait?

The CASSETTE RUNS OUT. Julian continues his arm curls.

He repeats the last line, placing the emphasis on a different word each time. Each line has a different meaning.

54 CONTINUED:

JULIAN
 How long must I wait?
 (a beat)
 How long must I wait?
 (a beat)
 How long must I wait?

CUT TO:

55 OMITTED *

56 EXT. BEL AIR HOME - DAY

Julian climbs out of his Mercedes and walks across the leisurely green lawn of a Bel Air estate.

A 17-year-old SPANISH YOUTH clips the hedge as his father runs a power mower across the lawn.

Julian steps over to the Spanish Youth:

JULIAN
 Ola. Hable usted ingles?

SPANISH YOUTH
 Un poco..

JULIAN
 Quiere usted ayudarme? Estoy buscando por 890 North...
 (looks at him closely)
 ... you work for Mrs. Jarvie, don't you? She has a house in Brentwood. On Carmelina just north of Sunset.

SPANISH YOUTH
 (thinks)
 Si. We work there.

JULIAN
 (digressing)
 I really shouldn't tell you this, but I was at her house last week and we were sitting in the kitchen and she was talking about you.

The Youth grins sheepishly.

SPANISH YOUTH
 No?

JULIAN
 She's really a nice woman, a good-looking woman.
 (MORE)

56 CONTINUED:

JULIAN (CONT'D)

You should meet her sometime. She's kind. I like her a lot.

(confidential)

You should knock on the door. Say hello. I think she would like to meet you. She's...

(shrugs)

... well, just forget I said anything.

The Spanish Youth's father looks over reprovngly, but the Youth dismisses his critical glare with a wave of his hand: don't worry, it's all right, Dad.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. COLDWATER CANYON - DAY

Julian's Mercedes winds its way up the canyon.

CUT TO:

58 EXT. WILLIAMS HOUSE

Julian pulls into the driveway of a Coldwater Canyon home and gets out.

He presses a wrinkle out of his trousers and rings the doorbell. A MAID answers:

MAID

Yes?

JULIAN

I'd like to speak to Mrs. Williams. My name is Julian Kay.

*

MAID

Just a moment.

Julian nervously waits. A moment later, Lisa Williams comes to the door.

LISA

(defensive)

Hello, Julian. Why are you here?

JULIAN

Can I talk to you?

LISA

What do you want?

Julian tries to edge his way inside. Lisa holds her ground.

58 CONTINUED:

JULIAN

Have the police talked to you?

LISA

Yes, there was a detective here. I was very surprised you used my name.

JULIAN

I'm very, very sorry about that, Lisa, but this is very important. This is my life.

Lisa struggles to maintain her front.

LISA

I told the detective the truth.

JULIAN

But I was here, Lisa, I was here with you until midnight.

LISA

Julian, that's not... I can't. You weren't here.

A casually-dressed, middle-aged man, JIM WILLIAMS, walks to the door and stands beside his wife.

WILLIAMS

What is it, dear?

LISA

This is Julian Kay. The boy who was helping with the decorating. The one who told the police he was with me the night of that murder.

*

Williams eyes Julian with cold disdain.

WILLIAMS

It's bad enough you make a fool of my wife at Park Bernet, but then you go spreading your dirty lies. Leave us alone.

JULIAN

I swear, Mr. Williams, I'm not lying.

Williams edges Lisa behind him. He is in control here, not his wife.

WILLIAMS

(hateful)

I don't know what you did. I don't want to know.

(MORE)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
 Whatever it is, you're going to
 have to pay for it. And you're
 not going to get out of it by
 dragging me or my wife into your
 sordid affairs.

JULIAN
 The truth. That's all I'm asking
 for.

WILLIAMS
 I know you're lying.

JULIAN
 How?

Williams looks him straight in the eye:

WILLIAMS
 Because I was here with my wife
 the entire evening.

CUT TO:

59 INT. JULIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Julian and Michelle, both clothed, sit cross-legged on
 his large bed.

MICHELLE
 Thank you, it's been a wonderful
 evening.

JULIAN
 Tack, det har varit en underbar
 kvall.

After each response, they move closer to each other.

MICHELLE
 Can I see you again tomorrow?

JULIAN
 Kan vi traffas imorgon?

Michelle whispers seductively:

MICHELLE
 Do you live alone?

JULIAN
 Bor Ni ensam?

Michelle slips into French:

59 CONTINUED:

MICHELLE

Je crois que je t'aime beaucoup. *

JULIAN

Moi aussi.

They embrace and roll on the bed together. Their tongues are lost in each other's.

Julian runs his hand down her firm leg. She grasps his buttocks.

He unsnaps her jeans and starts to unzip her fly.

MICHELLE

No, not yet.

Julian pulls her zipper down.

JULIAN

Huh?

MICHELLE

Please, Julian, I don't want to fuck yet.

JULIAN

(confused)

Why not?

MICHELLE

Let's just make out some more.

He pulls back from her embrace.

JULIAN

What's wrong?

MICHELLE

(kissing him)

I just want to make out some more.

Julian, baffled, pushes her back.

JULIAN

Michelle. You love to make love. What's wrong.

MICHELLE

I love to be with you, to talk to you. I love it when you kiss me, when you touch me... but not when you fuck me. Because when you fuck me you go to work.

JULIAN

But you loved to make love before.

59 CONTINUED: (2)

She zips up her fly.

MICHELLE

That was before.

JULIAN

Before what?

MICHELLE

Before I cared about you.

JULIAN

If it's your period, that's all right with me. In fact, I like the taste of the blood, I love the...

MICHELLE

(cuts him short)

Don't give me that bullshit. You know what I'm talking about. I can't give you any pleasure. You can't fool me: I see the way you dramatize your "orgasm" just to give me pleasure. Such a big production, but you really hold yourself above everything. Always at a distance, always in control.

JULIAN

But I get my pleasure from pleasing you.

MICHELLE

That's not enough -- not for you, not for me. I can't take sex unless I can give it -- and there's nothing you will take from me.

JULIAN

You don't know what you're talking about.

MICHELLE

Yes I do. And so do you.

Julian stands and walks over to the stereo. He fools around with a couple of tapes but can't seem to get one into the tape deck.

JULIAN

Yeah, I do. You're talking about me changing my life. About giving up what I do.

59 CONTINUED: (3)

MICHELLE

Is that so shocking?

JULIAN

What do you want me to say? That I care about you? All right, dammit, I care. I really do.

MICHELLE

It's still not enough.

Julian walks over to his portable typewriter and looks at the half-written page in the carriage: it's a letter to the Manager of the Westwood Apt. Hotel on Los Angeles Police Department stationery. *

JULIAN

How can I quit? This is all I'm good at...

MICHELLE

That's not true.

JULIAN

(pause)

Besides, I can't quit. I need the protection.

MICHELLE

What protection?

JULIAN

The people I know take care of each other. If I quit, I'd be out on a limb.

MICHELLE

Then we'd be even. I'm already out on one.

JULIAN

I'm in trouble right now. I need their help.

Michelle doesn't understand.

JULIAN

I'm being framed by somebody. I don't know who. There was a murder in Palm Springs a couple weeks ago. The police think I did it. It was a woman I met once, but I was someplace else. But my alibi completely denies it. *

59 CONTINUED: (4)

MICHELLE

(astonished)

Why would anyone want to do that
to you?

*
*

JULIAN

That's what I can't figure out.
It doesn't make any sense.

MICHELLE

When was the murder?

JULIAN

A week ago Tuesday.

Julian sits on the bed next to Michelle.

MICHELLE

Weren't we together that night?

JULIAN

(looks in her eyes)

Baby, I wish we were.

He puts his arms around her and kisses her passionately.

She starts to pull back. He kisses her neck:

JULIAN

All right, we won't make love.

CUT TO:

60 EXT. WESTWOOD - DAY

Julian is again walking through Westwood. He is again being followed. We SEE him from an unseen observer's POV.

He walks up Westwood and turns on Weyburn. He stops and glances at clothes in a men's store window. He is aware that he is being followed.

Walking on, he glances back and sees who is tracking him: a young man in his mid-twenties.

Julian's eyes flit forward and back again.

Watching his follower's reaction in a store window, Julian cuts across the street. FLOYD, the young man, follows.

Passing the Hamburger Hamlet, Julian cuts through the entrance to the Bruin Theater.

Julian ducks behind a corner and waits. When Floyd turns the corner, Julian grabs him by the collar and smashes him against one of the movie poster display windows and frisks him.

60 CONTINUED:

JULIAN

You're really not very good at this,
you know.

The young man is frightened and nervous. He's obviously
had no previous experience as a gumshoe.

FLOYD

What?

JULIAN

Following people. You're lousy at
it.

FLOYD

Who are you? What are you talking
about?

JULIAN

Who's paying you? You're too
obvious to be a cop. Leon?

FLOYD

I'm going to call the police.

Julian reaches into the young man's jacket and removes
his wallet.

JULIAN

Go ahead.

Julian flips through the wallet pulling out credit cards
and other pieces of identification.

JULIAN

Let's see: Floyd Wicker,
BankAmericard, Master Charge,
driver's license...

FLOYD

(grabbing)
Give those back.

JULIAN

(pushes him away)
... born 7-23-52. 1405 North
Hawthorne, L.A. 90046. Picture
of girl friend: so-so. Her eyes
are too close together. American
Express. State Congressional
Library pass...

(getting interested)
State of California employee
identification, Senate pass,
Charles Stratton, California...

(MORE)

*

60 CONTINUED: (2)

JULIAN (CONT'D)

(angry)
Who the fuck are you?

The young man grabs his wallet and cards back.

FLOYD
You can read, can't you?

JULIAN
You work for Senator Charles Stratton? *

FLOYD
(shrugs)
Yeah.

JULIAN
Why are you following me?

FLOYD
I was told to.

JULIAN
By the Senator?

FLOYD
Who else?

JULIAN
Why?

FLOYD
I was really following his wife.
But that led to you.

JULIAN
How long have you worked for
Stratton, Floyd? *

FLOYD
Six months.

JULIAN
Jesus Christ. And this guy wants
to run for Congress.

FLOYD
He didn't think it would be right
to hire a private detective.

JULIAN
What do you know about me?

FLOYD
You're just a guy who's been seeing
his wife -- or vice versa.

60 CONTINUED: (3)

JULIAN

If the Senator wants to know
about my private life, why doesn't
he ask me himself?

The young man doesn't answer. Julian fumbles in the
pocket of his khaki jacket and pulls out a felt pen.

Holding Floyd's face with one hand, Julian writes bold
black numerals across his head: 636-1636. *

JULIAN

Here, Floyd, this is my phone
number. Just so you won't forget.
If Stratton wants to talk to me,
just have him call. *
(pushes him away)
Now leave me alone.

The young man, embarrassed, touches his forehead and
walks out of the Bruin Theater entrance.

Julian watches him for a moment, then heads the opposite
direction.

CUT TO:

61 EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD. - NIGHT

A discreet sign indicates the LOS ANGELES COUNTRY CLUB.

62 EXT. L.A. COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT

Julian sits on the patio.

The Country Club looms behind him like an antebellum
mansion. Blacks and Filipinos, dressed as waiters,
collect and deliver drink orders. The women wear skirts;
the men jackets and ties. The children, like miniature
versions of their parents, sit soberly and try to look
respectable.

The patio overlooks a fountain and the ninth hole. In
the distance, above the fir trees, one can SEE the lights
of Trousdale and the Hollywood Hills.

The WASP Holy of Holies.

Julian sips his bourbon Manhattan, looks at the door and
waits.

Senator Stratton, an assistant and Floyd (with traces of
felt pen on his forehead) appear at the door. The young
man says something to Stratton and points out Julian. *
The assistant gives the maitre d' a tip.

62 CONTINUED:

Stratton walks over to Julian. The assistant and Floyd find another table. *

Julian watches the Senator out of the corner of his eye, then goes back to his Manhattan.

Stratton pulls up a white wrought-iron chair and sits down across the table. Julian shows no emotion. *

STRATTON *

I received your message, Mr. Kay. I thought I'd come see you in person. *

A black waiter promptly arrives tableside:

STRATTON *

Vodka tonic, please.

Julian waits for the waiter to leave.

JULIAN

This is a surprise, Senator. I'm happy to see you haven't lost touch with your constituency.

STRATTON *

I'm not talking as a Senator now, I'm talking as a husband.

JULIAN

That's too bad. I'm not a wife.

STRATTON *

What do you want?

JULIAN

Want?

STRATTON *

I know who you are. I've had you researched. I can't stop my wife from being a fool, but I can stop her from being blackmailed.

Julian glances back at the door. He's expecting someone.

JULIAN

I don't know what you're talking about.

STRATTON *

You don't? A week ago you murdered a woman in Palm Springs.

(MORE)

62 CONTINUED: (2)

STRATTON (CONT'D)

I won't bother with the niceties of presumed innocence. Three days later you saw my wife at a fundraiser and seduced her. You think you can blackmail me into helping you.

As Stratton speaks, an overdressed fiftyish woman walks in, spots Julian, smiles and walks toward him. Then she sees Stratton and abruptly turns on her heel and exits.

JULIAN

(watching her go)

You're crazy.

STRATTON

Am I? My wife asked me last night about the Rhyman murder. It didn't make any sense until I heard about you...

JULIAN

(interrupting)

Have you discussed this with Michelle?

With just one look, Julian knows Stratton has not confided in his wife. This kind of man doesn't confide in anyone.

STRATTON

(ignoring Julian's question)

... You won't blackmail me. You can threaten to spread our names over every tabloid, but I won't interfere with the legal process.

The waiter brings Stratton's vodka tonic. They wait for him to leave.

JULIAN

You don't know what the fuck you're talking about, mister.

STRATTON

I know a whore when I see one. How much?

Julian looks Stratton in the eye and realizes how much he hates him.

JULIAN

Not to see your wife again?

Stratton nods.

62 CONTINUED: (3)

JULIAN

Two grand.

STRATTON

You got a deal. I don't want to give you a check. I'll get you the cash in about an hour.

Julian points at Stratton.

JULIAN

I'm seeing Michelle because I want to see her -- and she wants to see me.

(growing angry)

I don't want a fucking dime from you. I was just testing you, trying to see what kind of man you were. There ain't no amount of money you got that I want.

Stratton responds to Julian's disdain in kind:

STRATTON

Let me be even simpler. You live off the good graces of a small number of people -- such as Mrs. Andrews who was just at the door a minute ago.

(gestures)

And the good graces of places such as this. Before you have time to stand up, I can have you barred from this club. And Perino's. And Chasen's. Same goes for your clients. You're just a hanger-on. And unless you want to find another crowd to hang on to, you'd better not see my wife again.

This gives Julian pause for thought.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Julian wheels his Mercedes around a corner and heads up Highland Avenue. He removes his bow tie and loosens his collar.

He plugs a CASSETTE into the STEREO and turns east on Hollywood to the hard-driving beat of the J. Geils Band: "Struttin' With My Baby."

63 CONTINUED:

It's past midnight; the stores and restaurants are closed. The theater-goers and tourists have gone home. The streets now belong to their natural denizens: the hustlers, hookers, pimps, transvestites and omnipresent patrol cars.

63A ANGLE *

Studying the sidewalks, he drives down Selma and turns back on Highland.

63B FURTHER DOWN HIGHLAND *

Julian walks out of the Paradise Ballroom, lingering to talk to a couple of hustlers in the doorway. He walks back to his Mercedes and drives off.

63C SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD *

Julian parks on Santa Monica Boulevard and walks down the block toward The Probe. He brushes past a young man propped against the doorway as he enters. *

CUT TO:

64 INT. THE PROBE - NIGHT *

Julian draws some scattered hostile stares. The Probe is a gay bar which caters to the rougher street trade. The air hangs heavy with passion and paranoia. *

He looks out of place in his dinner jacket. The room is packed, elbow-to-elbow, buttocks-to-buttocks, with short-haired young men in jeans and T-shirts. Cowboys, hard-hats, leatherboys, telephone repairmen -- by night. By day, salesmen, copywriters, junior executives. *

Julian taps a street kid on the shoulder and asks him a question. The kid shrugs and walks off.

An aura of hostility surrounds Julian. He's not happy to be here -- and nobody's particularly happy to have him here. He's not well thought of in the hustler crowd -- he moved uptown and now he thinks he's too good for them.

Julian looks around and spots JASON, an old acquaintance, and elbows his way toward him.

JASON

Well, Julian. I haven't seen you in a long time. What brings...

JULIAN

(cuts him short)

I'm looking for Leon.

(MORE)

64 CONTINUED:

JULIAN (CONT'D)

I heard he might be here. Have you seen him?

JASON

Yeah, he was here advertising his new boy. A cute little blond kid. I think he's out in back somewhere.

JULIAN

Thanks, Jason.

JASON

(sarcastic)

It was nice seeing you again.

Julian squeezes his way across the dance floor to the rear of the club where he finds Leon scrunched up against the wall. He sidles next to him.

LEON

Julie. I thought that was you. What is this? Homecoming?

JULIAN

I've been trying to find you.

LEON

Let's go out back where it's quieter.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. THE PROBE - NIGHT *

Julian and Leon lean against the railing.

LEON *

What are you doing here?

Leon shrugs.

JULIAN

I heard you were showing off a new boy.

LEON

(nods and looks back)

Gotta make sure one of these fruits don't steal him from me.

JULIAN

Have you heard anything about the Rhyman killing? *

65 CONTINUED:

LEON

That's all I've been hearing about.
Fuckin' cops been on my ass like
glue.

JULIAN

I've been getting the third degree.

LEON

So have half the boys in town. You
saw what it was like in there.
Everybody's waiting for a crackdown.

JULIAN

I may need some help. I don't have
an alibi. It was you that sent me
there, you know.

LEON

You need one?

JULIAN

Yeah.

LEON

I'll see what I can do.

JULIAN

Who do you think killed her?

LEON

(shrugs)

If I was a cop I'd be more
interested in Rhyman himself --
he's a freak. *

JULIAN

But he's got an alibi.

LEON

Big deal.

(changing the
subject)

Hey, Julie, I got a thing later
tonight I'll let you in on.
Pocket money.

JULIAN

Straight?

LEON

This time of night? You're
kidding.

Julian looks away. Two boys walk off.

65 CONTINUED: (2)

JULIAN

I'm through doing your shit,
Leon. Through with your rough
trade, your goddamn kinky
numbers. That's all over...

LEON

I heard about your other
problems too.

JULIAN

What problems?

LEON

Your clients, Julie. Your rich
pussy. They're looking for new
boys. The cops have made you too
hot. They won't touch you. Ask
around...

JULIAN

Fuck 'em.

LEON

Hey, Julie, you ask me to help
you out of a tight spot. I'm
glad to do it. But then you
tell me you won't do my tricks.
How you expect me to help you?

Julian winces: he's caught again.

JULIAN

(pause)

You get me the alibi, then we'll
talk about the tricks.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - NIGHT

Julian's 450SL speeds down Santa Monica Boulevard. The
streets are deserted.

CUT TO:

67 INT. STRATTON BEDROOM - NIGHT *

Michelle, wearing a pink bathrobe, sits on the kingsize
bed. Charles Stratton, barefoot in black trousers, stands *
by the curtained windows.

Both look very tired. The tears have dried on Michelle's
cheeks.

67 CONTINUED:

A console TV continues to glow, long after the station has signed off the air.

STRATTON

I didn't know you hated me that much.

*

MICHELLE

I don't hate you.

STRATTON

No?

*

MICHELLE

(to herself)

I don't hate you.

He pulls a shoe-tree out of a black wing-tip, shakes it aimlessly in the air, then replaces it and sets the shoe back on the dresser.

STRATTON

What else do you call it? Consideration? Affection? Other wives have "nervous breakdowns" or go on long vacations, but you hire a male prostitute.

*

MICHELLE

(wincing)

Oh my God, Charles, don't start again.

*

STRATTON

But you won't stop seeing him?

*

Michelle doesn't answer. Stratton steps over to the TV and flips the channel selector until he finds an all-night station.

*

MICHELLE

He needs me. He's all alone.
He needs someone.

STRATTON

He! What about me? Are you going to be able to live with what you're doing to me? I'm losing my wife -- who I love. I'm on the very brink of getting my party's nomination for Congress. Instead of getting that nomination, I'll become the subject of slander, gossip. I'll be ridiculed, possibly forced out of politics. Is that what you want to do to me?

*

67 CONTINUED: (2)

MICHELLE
 (distraught)
 No, Charles, no. *

STRATTON *

I'm going to step on him, you know. He's just a little bug who's wandered too far out on the highway. And I've got to squash him.

MICHELLE
 What can I do?

STRATTON *

To save him? Or to help me?

MICHELLE
 They're not the same. I care about you, it's just that I...

STRATTON *

Love him.
 (resigned)
 I'll tell you what to do. Take a rest. Don't rush into anything. Go to Europe for several months. You're not feeling well. Get some psychiatric help, have your affair over there if you like. When you come back the primaries will be over. We can face the problem then.
 (a beat)
 Please.

Michelle mulls this over. It's cruel, but it's the least she can do.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. WESTWOOD APT. HOTEL - DAY *

CUT TO:

69 INT. JULIAN'S ROOM - DAY

Julian opens the door: Michelle, tired and red-eyed, stands waiting.

She smiles through her exhaustion. She's happy to see him.

MICHELLE
 Hello, Julian. I have to talk...

Emotion sweeps over Julian. His heart leaps out to hers. He pulls her body to his.

69 CONTINUED:

JULIAN

Michelle. I've been trying to
find you. I wanted to see you.

Julian pulls back and looks at Michelle:

JULIAN

What's the matter, baby? You
look completely worn out.

MICHELLE

I didn't get much sleep.

JULIAN

Let's take a walk. Let me put
my shoes on.

CUT TO:

70 EXT. UCLA BOTANICAL GARDEN - DAY

They walk up Hilgard past LeConte and turn at the small
sign reading "UCLA Botanical Garden."

Thirty yards from the street, the Botanical Garden is
a world unto itself: a verdant jungle of exotic plants,
imported trees, labyrinthine paths and artificial brooks.
Each specimen is labeled: the Japanese Aralia, the
Mexican Fan Palm, the Hydrangeas.

JULIAN

(hesitant)

I've been thinking about what you
said the other day. I know what
you were talking about. You have
to understand it's not easy for me.
But I think...

Michelle can't let him continue:

MICHELLE

Don't go any further.

Michelle stops and sits by a gnarled Yucca tree. He sits
beside her.

JULIAN

What do you mean?

MICHELLE

I can't bear to hear it.

JULIAN

How do you know what I'm going
to say?

70 CONTINUED:

MICHELLE

I'm afraid of what you're going to say. I can't allow myself to hear it.

(pause)

I made Charles a promise. That's what I came to tell you. I'm going to Rome for two months. It's the least I can do for him.

*

Julian stands and looks away. Two hummingbirds flit above the Oleander bushes.

MICHELLE

Will you wait for me?

JULIAN

When are you leaving?

MICHELLE

Next Monday.

JULIAN

Will we see each other before you leave?

MICHELLE

I don't think we should.

(a beat)

Will you wait?

She stands and walks over to him. Two Japanese students, arm in arm, walk past. He looks away:

JULIAN

All my life, Michelle, I've been waiting, standing at the ocean waiting...

MICHELLE

Julian, please stop...

JULIAN

... waiting for something on the horizon.

(turns to her)

I'm a good liar, but I'm not lying now.

MICHELLE

I'll wait for you. Tell me you'll wait for me.

JULIAN

(sad and resigned)

I don't know if I'll have a chance.

70 CONTINUED: (2)

MICHELLE

You mean because of the Palm Springs murder case. If I do this for Charles he won't hurt you. He may even help you.

*

Julian shrugs his shoulders hopelessly. With friends like Stratton and Leon, he needs no enemies.

*

Julian takes Michelle's hand and leads her over a narrow wood bridge toward the exit.

She pulls him to her:

MICHELLE

I wanted to talk about the other day. I didn't mean what I said. When I said I didn't want to fuck you.

(kisses him)

I want to fuck you. I wanted to fuck you then. I always want to fuck you.

(between kisses)

I want to fuck you now.

Julian wraps his arms around her. They exchange a long kiss. Time almost stops.

CUT TO:

71 OMITTED

*

72 INT. SUNDAY'S OFFICE - DAY

*

A POLICE OFFICER escorts Julian and his LAWYER into Sunday's office.

*

*

LIEUTENANT CURTIS, a young man in a plaid suit, stands waiting in the corner. Sunday looks up from his desk:

*

*

SUNDAY

This is Lieutenant Curtis from Palm Springs. He's in charge of this case.

*

*

*

JULIAN

I thought you were.

*

*

SUNDAY

Not me. I'm just in charge of pimps, prostitutes and hustlers. They keep me pretty low on the pole.

*

*

*

There's an awkward case as Julian and his Lawyer sit. Lt. Curtis is not a talkative man.

*

*

72 CONTINUED:

Sunday takes a dramatic pause, then looks Julian in the eye:

SUNDAY

You've been identified, Julian.

Julian loses his color. His casual demeanor evaporates. His Lawyer reaches his arm over as if to hush him.

JULIAN'S LAWYER

Julian.

JULIAN

(overlapping)

Who? Who could possible identify me?

SUNDAY

You parked your Mercedes, black, 459SL, about 50 feet from the Rhyman house between 9:30 and 10:00 the night of the 22nd. Then you proceeded up the block, and entered the house.

(a beat)

Someone saw you, Julian.

Sunday and Curtis study Julian.

JULIAN'S LAWYER

I request that formal...

JULIAN

(interrupts)

I don't understand. Who would say such a thing? I wasn't there?

SUNDAY

Then she identified Subject Number one. Then she said she wasn't sure which one of you it was.

Julian breathes a sigh of relief.

JULIAN'S LAWYER

But there was a black Mercedes?

SUNDAY

Convertible.

JULIAN

What was the license number?

SUNDAY

She didn't see it.

72 CONTINUED: (2)

JULIAN

Damn.

Julian searches for some emotion in Curtis' face: there is none.

SUNDAY

We looked through your apartment the other day.

(to Lawyer)

We had a warrant.

JULIAN

I know.

Sunday pulls a letter-sized envelope out of his desk and shows it to Julian. Opening the envelope, he rifles through a stack of bills.

SUNDAY

Recognize these?

JULIAN

No.

SUNDAY

They were found under your mattress.

Julian looks at the bills: they were planted in his room.

JULIAN

So what?

SUNDAY

They were covered with Mrs. Rhyman's fingerprints.

JULIAN

I suppose you found the jewels too?

SUNDAY

What jewels?

JULIAN

I read the papers too. The jewels stolen from the Rhymans. Whoever planted the money probably planted the jewels too.

SUNDAY

There were no jewels.

JULIAN'S LAWYER

(to Curtis)

Didn't you ever wonder why a supposed murderer would keep a monogrammed envelope from his alleged victim under his mattress?

Curtis turns to Sunday for a response.

SUNDAY

We wondered about that.

72. CONTINUED: (3)

JULIAN

And that this whole thing is a frame?

SUNDAY

It occurred to us.

JULIAN

Have you checked on Rhyman himself?
This sounds like something kinky
he'd get into..

Curtis breaks his silence:

CURTIS

He has an alibi. Three Palm Springs
businessmen can account for his
whereabouts.

JULIAN

Big deal. How about...?

SUNDAY

(interrupts)

You're grabbing at straws, Julian.

JULIAN

How about Leon Jaimes, the spade
that sent me out there?

SUNDAY

He spoke highly of you. He said
you were a high class act, not
the kind to do anything dumb like
this.

JULIAN

What do you think?

SUNDAY

(tough)

I think you were in Palm Springs
the night of the 22nd. I think
you're guilty as sin. I think
you went to the Rhyman's, did a
trick, played some rough games,
got stupid or drugged or both,
beat her up, killed her, stole
the money and jewels.

Julian's Lawyer stands:

JULIAN'S LAWYER

Then there's nothing more to
talk about until you press
charges..

72 CONTINUED: (4)

SUNDAY

Even though we think Julian's
guilty, we're not going to arrest
him.

Curtis finally speaks:

CURTIS

For three reasons. One, we don't
have enough evidence. Two, you're
easy to find. Three, if you're
being framed, you're going to be
a lot more use to us on the street.

Julian's Lawyer stands:

JULIAN'S LAWYER

Can we go now?

Sunday turns to Curtis; Curtis nods. They start to leave.

CUT TO:

73 EXT. WESTWOOD APT. HOTEL - DAY

Julian's Mercedes turns into the hotel drive and heads
toward the parking area.

CUT TO:

74 INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

Julian pulls into his parking spot and gets out.

He senses someone watching him: he slowly turns,
scanning the parking area.

A BLOND BOY watches him from across the parking struc-
ture. Standing next to a dark brown Porsche, the boy
wears tennis shoes, jeans and a white T-shirt.

The Blond Boy looks vaguely familiar: Julian tries to
remember if he's seen him before. Was he at The Probe
with Leon?

The Blond Boy quickly gets into his Porsche and drives
off.

Not bothering to lock his car, Julian heads for the hotel
entrance.

CUT TO:

75 INT. WESTWOOD APT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Julian speaks to Jill at the desk:

75 CONTINUED:

JULIAN

The blond boy that was here last week looking for me, remember?

She thinks.

JULIAN

Was he about this tall?

Julian gestures. Jill remembers, then nods.

JULIAN

Tight little body? Kind of faggy looking?

JILL

(nods)

Yeah.

CUT TO:

76 INT. WESTWOOD APT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY *

Julian strides down the corridor, unlocks his door and enters.

CUT TO:

77 INT. JULIAN'S ROOM - DAY

Julian suspiciously surveys his suite.

Is anything unusual? Is anything out of place?

He walks over to the bed and yanks off the covers with one sweeping motion. Finding nothing, he lifts the king-sized mattress off the frame and heaves it against the wall.

There's nothing there.

He studies the room again. The Blond Boy has planted something in his room: where is it?

He methodically destroys his sanctuary. He scatters magazines, newspapers, cassettes and cups off a coffee table and bureau.

He rips the books from his shelves.

He opens the back of his television and searches its interior. Nothing.

He rummages through his toiletries.

He opens the back of the toilet, examines the plumbing under the sink. Nothing is out of order.

77 CONTINUED:

Julian walks back into the bedroom and looks around.

The room is a mess.

CUT TO:

78 INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

Julian steps back into the parking structure. Another car sits where the Blond Boy's Porsche was parked.

Julian steps over to the Mercedes and reaches for the handle.

He senses something wrong.

Stepping back, he notices grease on his pants. And on the side of the car. Grease that wasn't there before.

Julian opens the door and examines the leather interior.

He unlocks the hood, gets out and looks at the engine. All seems in order.

He opens the trunk. Thinks. Then pulls out the mat, spare tire and tool kit.

Inside the car, he empties the contents of the glove compartment, console and door pockets and spreads them across the concrete.

He yanks out the floor mats, rips back the carpeting. He pulls out the seat cushions.

He lies under his Mercedes with a flashlight, examining its underside. His white shirt is dirty and spotted with grease.

Auto parts are spread around the vehicle.

He pulls an oil-spotted plastic bag from the under-carriage.

Squirring from underneath the car, he opens the bag and examines its contents:

Two diamond bracelets, a pearl-string necklace and several rings.

CUT TO:

79 EXT. HERTZ OFFICE - EVENING

*

Julian stands at the counter in the Hertz office at Wilshire and Westwood.

79 CONTINUED

He wears work clothes.

CUT TO:

80 EXT. HERTZ PARKING LOT - EVENING

Julian drives his yellow Pinto up to the sidewalk and waits for the traffic to break.

He looks at himself in the rearview mirror: his hair is too neat. He musses it up with his hand.

He pulls out of the lot and turns off Westwood Blvd.

CUT TO:

81 EXT. HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Julian's yellow Pinto prowls the back streets of Hollywood's tenderloin: Las Palmas, Selma, Cherokee.

Young boys wait invitingly on every corner: studs in leather and choke chains, chicken-boned children, strutting little street punks. Their bodies, shrouded in neon halos, reflect off Julian's windshield. He scans the sidewalks. Boyish faces look back at him from the shadows.

Spotting a police car behind him, Julian takes the grease-spotted plastic bag of jewels off the seat and tucks them out of sight.

He pulls alongside a HUSTLER on Santa Monica Blvd., and asks him:

JULIAN

Do you know a blond kid, about this tall? Hangs out with Leon Jaimes?

The Hustler shrugs. Julian drives on.

CUT TO:

82 OMITTED

83 OMITTED

84 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

The next day. Julian's Pinto is parked on Camden.

He slouches in the driver's seat, watching a brown glass office building across the street.

His eyes are dark, he is unshaven. He starts to doze off, but catches himself.

84 CONTINUED:

LATER. He gets out and walks over to a phone booth.

He drops a dime into the pay phone, dials and waits for the line to ring. His eyes stay fixed on the office building.

JULIAN

(on phone)

Hello, Anne?

(a beat)

Yes, this is Julian.

(a beat)

Yes, yes, I know. I'm sorry.

(a beat)

I know I promised, but I just couldn't --

(a beat)

Can we get together? I need your help.

(a beat)

Perino's at 9:30? *

Julian's eyes catch something across the street.

A limousine pulls in front of the office building and waits.

A moment later, Leon, wearing an unstructured suit, pushes the door open for Glenn Rhyman and they step out. Both are * impeccably dressed.

JULIAN

(on phone)

I promise I'll be there. Don't worry. Thanks again, Anne.

Rhyman gets into Leon's brown Cadillac Seville and they * drive off. Julian gets into his yellow Pinto and follows.

CUT TO:

85 INT. WESTWOOD APT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY *

Michelle stands at the desk with Jill.

JILL

I don't know where he is. Messages have been coming in all day. I haven't seen him since yesterday.

MICHELLE

Tell me, Jill. Please.

JILL

I don't know. Honest. I'd tell you, Michelle.

(MORE)

85 CONTINUED:

JILL (CONT'D)

The police were here all morning.
His room's a mess.

(confidential)

There's a cop waiting outside.
And another in the room. Julian's
gonna get thrown out this time
for sure.

MICHELLE

Does he call in?

JILL

Yes. But I'm not supposed to
tell.

MICHELLE

When he calls in, tell him I'm
looking for him. It's important.
Ask him if there's someplace we
can meet.

JILL

Is there a number where he can
reach you?

MICHELLE

Yes.

She writes down the number.

CUT TO:

86 OMITTED

87 OMITTED

88 OMITTED

CUT TO:

89 EXT. PERINO'S - NIGHT

The Valet opens the door as a young lady dressed in
Alaskan fur steps out of a Jaguar.

Julian, having parked his Pinto down the block, walks
past the Valet and enters.

CUT TO:

90 INT. PERINO'S - NIGHT

Julian brushes his hair into place as he steps into the
exclusive restaurant. His work clothes are soiled; he
has two days' growth on his face.

90 CONTINUED

The MAITRE D' looks at him in surprise.

MAITRE D'

Julian?

Julian fishes in his pocket, pulls out a ten and slips it into the Maitre D's palm.

JULIAN

Yeah. I was working and forgot about the time. Got a reservation for me?

The Maitre D', still puzzled by Julian's appearance, leads him to a booth where Anne waits.

Julian plops down next to Anne and sighs.

ANNE

Julie, you look like shit. What's wrong?

JULIAN

Everything.
(to waiter)
I'll have a straight bourbon.

ANNE

What are you doing to yourself? The way you look now, you couldn't get a maid to fuck you.

JULIAN

I need your help, Anne. The cops are after me. They've got me framed for the Rhyman murder.

ANNE

Where have you been?

JULIAN

Looking for someone.

ANNE

Last night?

JULIAN

What do you mean?

ANNE

Mrs. Vakklar. She came in yesterday afternoon on a flight from Stockholm, and there was no one at the airport to meet her.

90 CONTINUED

JULIAN

Anne!

ANNE

She was furious. The Auto people are furious. I've got hell to pay. What happened didn't you prepare?

Julian can hardly believe what he's hearing. He's at rope's end, and she's talking about some trick he missed.

JULIAN

Didn't you hear me, Anne? The cops are after me. I'm on borrowed time.

ANNE

So you stand me up? Without even bothering to call?

The waiter brings Julian's drink.

JULIAN

(exasperated)

Jesus Christ.

Julian looks around the room. He sees the face he is looking for:

Michelle sits alone in a distant booth. She looks desperately at Julian, mouthing the words, "I must talk to you."

ANNE

(looking at menu)

What do you want?

JULIAN

(nods to Michelle)

Are you going to help me?

ANNE

I've checked around, Julie. You are in trouble.

JULIAN

That's why. I need your help.

ANNE

You never did anything for me.

90 CONTINUED

JULIAN
(incredulous)
Never did anything for you?
I'm your number one boy.

ANNE
You fight me every turn. Screw
me whenever you can. You ask a
favor, then stand up a gig I
worked for six months to set up.

JULIAN
(watching Michelle)
I explained that.

ANNE
I'm through with you, Julie.
You'll have to fend for yourself.
I don't care what happens to you
anymore.

Michelle stands and walks past Julian and Anne's booth
on her way to the restrooms. She nods for Julian to
follow.

JULIAN
You can't replace me.

ANNE
It won't be hard. You like to
think your clients are discriminating,
but they really aren't. Any boy
will do.

Julian's eyes follow Michelle as Anne speaks.

JULIAN
(stands)
Excuse me a second.

90 CONTINUED: (3)

Julian follows Michelle's path. He walks up the carpeted steps and turns at the top of the stairs.

He hesitates a moment, then pushes the door reading "Ladies" and enters.

CUT TO:

91 INT. PERINO'S RESTROOM - NIGHT *

Julian quickly surveys the powder room: fortunately, it's empty.

Except for Michelle. She waits across the room.

MICHELLE

Julian.

He picks up the wood doorstep and wedges it into the doorjamb. She embraces him.

MICHELLE

Thank God you got my message.
I've been looking for you all day.

JULIAN

(holding her)
It's all right, baby.

MICHELLE

(distraught)

No, no, it's not. John talked to the D.A. They've found the murder weapon. They're going to arrest you.

A flash of pain crosses Julian's face.

JULIAN

That can't be.

MICHELLE

What are you going to do?

JULIAN

I don't know.

A woman tries to enter the ladies room. Julian puts his hand on the door wedge. The door budges but doesn't open. The woman walks away.

MICHELLE

How can I help you?

91 CONTINUED:

JULIAN

There's nothing you can do...

MICHELLE

There must be something...

Julian interrupts her curtly. If he's going under, there's no reason to take her along. Desperation can give rise to rare acts of altruism. So can love.

JULIAN

(takes her by
the shoulders)

You don't understand. I'm in
deep trouble. Stay away from me.

MICHELLE

(protesting)

No...

JULIAN

There's going to be a scandal.
Don't have anything to do with
me. I'll ruin your life. And
your husband's. It's all over.

MICHELLE

Not if you're innocent.

He takes her face in his hands:

JULIAN

Look at me, baby. How do you
know I'm innocent? How can you
be so sure?

MICHELLE

But you are innocent...

He holds her face in a vise-like grip:

JULIAN

Look at my face. Can you tell
me without any hesitation
whatsoever that you know I'm
innocent?

MICHELLE

Yes.

Julian is overwhelmed: he has never been this loved.

JULIAN

Forget me. Stay away from me.
(his eyes are moist)
I never loved you.

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91 CONTINUED (2)

Julian uses this opportunity to turn away from her and pull the wedge out of the door jamb. He must leave now before they both break down.

A woman pushes the door open, stumbles into the restroom. She looks up at Julian in surprise.

He walks out. Michelle, stunned, watches him.

CUT TO:

92 INT. PERINO'S - NIGHT

Julian storms past a waiter and walks out of the restaurant. His face is blitzed with emotions. He tries to hold them back.

Anne and the Maitre D' watch him as he goes.

CUT TO:

93 EXT. LEON'S APT. - DAWN

Julian's yellow Pinto is parked on the Wilshire high-rise row east of Westwood Village.

Julian, half-asleep, watches Leon's apartment building. He looks like a zombie. He's been up all night.

About dawn, Leon's Cadillac turns into Leon's apartment: a dark brown Porsche driven by the Blonde Boy. Julian watches intently.

Julian get out of the Pinto, puts the plastic bag of jewels into his pocket and walks toward the apartment high-rise.

CUT TO:

94 OMITTED

95 INT. LEON'S APARTMENT - DAWN

There's a knock on the door. Leon, pulling a shirt on, opens the door a crack.

Julian's unshaven face appears through the crack.

LEON
(surprised)

Julian.

95 CONTINUED

JULIAN

Let me in. It's important.

Leon unchains the door.

LEON

Julie, you look terrible. You want to clean up? Get a shave?

The Blonde Boy, standing by Leon's Warhol "Torso" posters, sees Julian enter and slips into the bedroom.

JULIAN

I'm sorry to bug you this time in the morning, but it's important. I've been trying to find you.

LEON

I'm listening.

JULIAN

You got my alibi ready? I'm gonna need it today.

LEON

(hedging)

It's not ready yet, Julie. Tomorrow. I'm piecing it together. It's not easy, you know...

JULIAN

(interrupting)

Why are you trying to frame me?

LEON

What are you talking about?

JULIAN

Judy Ryman's murder. You're behind it.

LEON

You're crazy.

JULIAN

You and Ryman...

(calls out loud enough

for the Blond Boy to hear)

...and that little blond boyfriend of yours. The one in the bedroom. The one that planted Ryman's jewels in my car...

95 CONTINUED

LEON

I don't know what you're talking about.

JULIAN

No?

Julian takes the bag of jewels out of his pocket and throws them against Leon's chest. They clang to the floor.

JULIAN

There they are. He's the one who actually killed her, isn't he? What happened? You sent him out, he got into a scene with Ryman and his wife, got a little rough, killed her. Then you had to get somebody to take the fall. Couldn't be the boy, couldn't be Ryman, so...

LEON

(interrupting: angry)
Shut your goddamn face. I never saw those before. The cops have worked me over three times. I'm clean.

JULIAN

Just answer me one question: how much do I have to pay to get you off my back?

LEON

You ain't talking money, you talking murder. And you gonna pay for it.

JULIAN

How much?

LEON

I'm sorry for you, Julie.

JULIAN

How much!

Leon looks at Julian coldly. His hatred hovers just beneath the surface of his chiseled black face.

LEON

It don't matter how much. The other side will always pay more.

95 CONTINUED

Leon smiles. He's supremely arrogant. The frame is perfect: there's nothing Julian can do about it.

JULIAN

You got the frame on pretty tight, don't you, Leon?

(Leon nods)

You're proud of yourself, aren't you?

The smile comes back to Leon's face.

LEON

The police found the murder weapon in the trash a block from your apartment. And that broad in Palm Springs is going to change her mind any time now-- and identify you.

(a beat)

The police want you bad. And now they got you.

JULIAN

(pleading)

What do you want? This is my life! You know what they'll do to me in jail, don't you?

LEON

(smiles; cruel)

I know.

Julian hears a noise, and swivels. The Blond Boy exits the front door. He turns back to Leon:

JULIAN

I'm 20-30 grand. It's all yours.

Leon has no comment.

JULIAN

(continuing)

I met a Spanish kid the other day. A beautiful boy. Seventeen-year-old. He did a trick with Mrs. Jarvie. He's all yours.

(no comment)

I'll break in new boys for you. I'll work just for you, 40-60 split.

(no comment)

30-70. I'll go fag tricks. I'll do kink. I'll do whatever you want me to do.

95A Leon walks out onto the balcony, then looks back at Julian disdainfully.

LEON

Leave me alone, Julian. Get
but.

JULIAN

Why was it me? Why did you pick
me to frame?

Leon looks across the misty Los Angeles horizon. The sun will soon be rising. He turns back to Julian:

LEON

Because you were frame-able,
Julie. You'd stepped on too
many toes. Nobody cared about
you.

(a beat)

I never liked you much myself.
Now get out.

Leon's eye catches something on the narrow strip of lawn twelve floors down. He makes a subtle gesture to the person down below -- which Julian notices.

JULIAN

Who's out there? Your new boy?

Julian charges toward Leon:

JULIAN

Tell me, you black motherfucker!

Julian hits Leon full force just as he is leaning over the railing.

Leon is just enough off balance to be thrown up onto the iron railing. He teeters atop the iron rail.

Leon's arms flail about. One hits Julian square in the face: Leon starts to sink over the far side. His wallet and change slip from his coat, falling to the pavement twelve stories below.

LEON

Help! Help!

Julian sinking to his knees, grabs Leon's waist through the iron bars.

The black man's 200-pound frame sinks through Julian's hands. Julian clings to Leon's knees.

95A CONTINUED:

LEON

Save me! I'll do anything!

Julian desperately struggles to pull Leon up. Looking down, he sees the Blond Boy standing twelve floors below watching them. Day is breaking.

Leon sinks lower. Julian clasps him around the calves. Leon's arms wave meaninglessly about.

LEON

Help!

Grimacing, Julian maniacally tries to pull Leon back. Leon is his only proof of innocence.

The huge black man sinks lower. Julian's arms are just above his high-heeled red snakeskin boots.

Leon gives out a strangled yelp as his body pops out of his boots and plunges headlong toward Wilshire Boulevard.

A moment is suspended in time as Leon's yellow form slowly drifts downward. Then -- splat -- it hits the pavement almost anticlimactically.

Julian, pulling himself up, drops one of the red boots. It falls to the pavement, bouncing several feet away from Leon's body.

Julian, holding the second boot, stands against the railing.

He hears the SCREECH OF TIRES and looks down.

The dark brown Porsche wheels around Leon's body and speeds down Wilshire. In a moment it is gone.

95B ANOTHER ANGLE *

Julian walks slowly back into the apartment.

He sits on the large white sofa, cradling Leon's red snakeskin boot between his legs.

95C OUTSIDE *

Cars screech to a halt. . Soon there are the SOUNDS of POLICE SIRENS.

96 LATER

FOOTSTEPS are HEARD in the hall. Police enter the room and fan out. One rushes to the railing.

An officer walks over to Julian. He looks up hopelessly:

JULIAN

I want to talk to Detective
Sunday, Homicide.

CUT TO:

97 EXT. WEST L.A. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Purdue Street is a mass of chaos. Still photographers fight with radio reporters and TV cameramen for a glimpse of Los Angeles' newest media celebrity:

Julian Kay, American gigolo, servicer of the rich,
accused murderer. *

*

Julian, dressed in prison clothes, is pushed from a police van. His hands are handcuffed and chained to his waist.

He is pulled by two burly plainclothesmen through the mob of REPORTERS and cameramen. They shout questions at him:

REPORTER #1

Is it true you serviced 400 women?

REPORTER #2

How much did you charge, Julian?

REPORTER #3

How many clients do you have?

REPORTER #4

Are you innocent?

REPORTER #5

Did you work for movie stars?

97 CONTINUED:

REPORTER #1

How many women did you service
in a week?

Julian shields his eyes and looks down as if in shame.

The plainclothesmen haul him into the police station.

CUT TO:

98 INT. SUNDAY'S OFFICE *

Julian sits next to his LAWYER in the interrogation
room. Sunday and Lt. Curtis sit across the table.

Spread across the table are:

- the oil-spotted plastic bag of jewels.
- the gold statuette from Judy Rhyman's bedstand, now *
registered as the murder weapon.
- copies of the Los Angeles Times and the Herald Examiner. *
One bold headline screams: "Gigolo Charged in Palm
Springs Sex Slaying." A follow-up story promises:
"Julian Kay's Clients: the Rich and the Powerful."

SUNDAY

I wish I had arrested you earlier.
It would have been easier on you.

JULIAN'S LAWYER

You better help the judge put an
end to this pre-trial publicity
or we'll never have a fair trial.

CURTIS

We're moving him to Palm Springs
today.

SUNDAY

(to Julian)

Do you have anything to say,
Julian?

Julian has lost the desire to fight back. He is resigned.
He has accepted his fate. He shakes his head:

JULIAN

(half-hearted)

No.

The film begins a SERIES OF FADE OUT/FADE INS.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

99 INT. PRISON VISITORS' ROOM

Michelle and Julian look at each other through the wire mesh. At first there is only silence.

JULIAN

Are you going on your trip?

MICHELLE

No. I decided not to.

Pause.

JULIAN

Does your husband know you're here?

MICHELLE

No.

JULIAN

Why did you come?

MICHELLE

(pause)

I have nowhere else to go. I'm all alone.

There is another pause. Julian looks at her as if she were a foreign land.

MICHELLE

I didn't think I'd ever see you again.

JULIAN

(without emotion)

Don't come back, Michelle.

She fights back tears.

MICHELLE

(pause)

Are you satisfied with your lawyer?

JULIAN

It doesn't matter.

A prison guard walks into the visitors' room and approaches Julian. Michelle starts to rise. Julian's stoic resolve starts to weaken. His eyes reach toward her. He says tenderly, almost desperately:

99 CONTINUED:

JULIAN

Don't go.

The guard taps Julian on the shoulder and he realizes he must leave. He stands and walks off with the guard.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

100 INT. PRISON VISITORS' ROOM - DAY

Julian's Lawyer and MICHELLE'S LAWYER, an older, well-dressed veteran of many criminal cases, sit outside the wire mesh.

MICHELLE'S LAWYER

Michelle Stratton is paying for my services, Julian. I think you know this is a matter of some secrecy. *

JULIAN

(without emotion)

Tell her not to bother.

JULIAN'S LAWYER

Julian, you'll have to help us more.

JULIAN

Tell Michelle to forget me.

MICHELLE'S LAWYER

Frankly, Julian, I'm more worried about your defense than I am about Mrs. Stratton's private life. We have to go through the details of the night of the murder -- your every movement. *

JULIAN'S LAWYER

If you really want to help Julian, you'll get some of this heat off.

MICHELLE'S LAWYER

What do you mean?

JULIAN'S LAWYER

The newspapers and TV are trying him in the media. If they'll ease off a bit, perhaps we can put some of the pieces together: Leon, Rhyman, the Blond Boy -- he's the key. *

They turn back to Julian: he says nothing.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

101 INT. LT. CURTIS' OFFICE - DAY

A Palm Springs policeman leads Michelle into Lieutenant Curtis' office.

MICHELLE
Lieutenant Curtis?

CURTIS
Yes, Mrs. Stratton. This is an honor. I was told you wanted to see me. What can I do for you? *

MICHELLE
I want to talk to you about the Julian Kay/Rhyman murder case. *

CURTIS
Yes?

MICHELLE
I'm paying for Mr. Kay's legal defense. *

CURTIS
(knowingly)
Um-hm.

MICHELLE
I'm paying for Mr. Kay's defense because I know he is not guilty. I do not wish to see an obstruction of justice. *

CURTIS
How do you know he's not guilty?

MICHELLE
Because he was not in Palm Springs the 22nd, the night of the murder.

CURTIS
No?

MICHELLE
No. He was with me.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

102 INT. PRISON VISITORS' ROOM - DAY

Curtis leads Michelle over to Julian.

102 CONTINUED:

He waits behind the wire mesh.

MICHELLE
I told them, Julian.

JULIAN
I heard.
(a beat)
Tu n'vais pas besoin de faire
ca, Michelle. Tu peux le dementir. *

MICHELLE
Jamais. Plutot mourir.

Pause.

JULIAN
What will you do now?

MICHELLE
I don't know. I can't go home.
(a beat)
The newsmen are waiting outside
for me. There's dozens of them.

Julian's voice cracks:

JULIAN
Why did you do it?

MICHELLE
I had no choice.
(draws close to him)
I love you.

She places her fingers in the wire mesh.

Julian passionately kisses the knuckles on one hand,
then the other. He kisses her forehead.

All this time, Julian has prepared himself for the
explosion -- but it never came. Instead, far more
powerful, comes the implosion.

His hands tremble as they touch hers. His eyes are moist.

JULIAN
(kissing her
forehead)
Oh, Michelle, it's taken me so
long to come to you.

FADE OUT.

THE END