

HALSTON

"THE SWEET SMELL  
OF SUCCESS"

103

WRITTEN BY  
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OVER BLACK:

The sound of surf crashing onto the beach.

1 EXT. BEACH -- DUSK

1

CLOSE ON a shell washed up onto the sand. It's very old, calcified. Maybe was an oyster once, but there's a strange shape to it. Undulating. Sensual. An almost erotic DENT in it. A FIGURE crouches down and picks it up, a hand feels its contours. A distant voice calls:

HALSTON (O.S.)

*ELSA!!*

Reveal it's ELSA PERETTI, rugged up in the warm clothes of a late New York Autumn. She pockets the shell and hurries off to HALSTON in the distance.

CUT TO BLACK:

CHRYON: 1974. Giorgio Moroder's 'Chase' plays...

2 INT. THE ANTIQUES GARAGE -- FLEA MARKET -- DAY -- MONTAGE 2

Elsa walks through a flea market, a vision of mid-70s Halston style. Something catches her eye. She stops. ANGLE ON: a SMALL, weird SILVER FLOWER VASE. It reminds her of the shell, an important talisman to her. She picks it up, considering it. It feels like something from another age.

SMASH TO:

3 INT. 68TH STREET SALON -- DAY -- MONTAGE

3

As the salon is set up for a runway show, Halston eyes the little flower vase around Elsa's neck. He walks over, and without a word, takes it off of her.

MATCH CUT TO:

4 INT. 68TH STREET -- SALON -- NIGHT -- MONTAGE

4

Close on the flower vase as Halston puts a tiny flower into it. Widen to reveal it's a FIT MODEL. Halston nods and sends her out onto the RUNWAY. CAMERA FOLLOWS, close on the vase.

5 INT. 68TH STREET -- SALON -- NIGHT -- MONTAGE

5

\*

After the show now. Drinks, coke, laughter. JOE EULA walks in.

JOE

Good news -- orders are through the roof!

(CONTINUED)

5

HALSTON  
What do they want the most?

JOE  
(rolling his eyes)  
The *necklace*.

Halston looks down at the vase in his hand. He hands it back to Elsa.

HALSTON  
I want *this*.

SMASH TO:

6

INT. 68TH STREET -- WORKROOM -- DAY -- MONTAGE

6

Elsa sketches at a workbench -- she's drawing a bottle -- similar to the flower vase, but slightly different. More feminine. And modern now.

MATCH CUT TO:

7

INT. SILVERSMITH -- DAY -- MONTAGE

7

Elsa hands the drawing over to a SILVERSMITH. JUMP CUTS as his hands carve the shape out of wood, then HAMMERS A SILVER PLATE around it.

8

INT. GLASS BLOWER -- DAY -- MONTAGE

8

A GLOWING BLOB OF MOLTEN GLASS is pulled from the kiln, white hot. A GLASS BLOWER places the blob into a ceramic mold in the shape of the bottle. JUMP CUTS as the glass is cooled, the mold cracked open. ECU as a STOPPER BULB is inserted into the bottle's neck. PUSH IN on Elsa's smile.

The MUSIC cuts out, END MONTAGE as the electronic sounds echo to silence as we CUT TO:

9

INT. 68TH STREET -- SALON -- NIGHT

9

CLOSE ON Halston's face, deep in thought. Joe and Elsa stand around the little glass perfume bottle on an otherwise empty table. Halston smiles.

HALSTON  
It's *perfect*.

MAHONEY (V.O.) (PRE-LAPPED)  
You don't understand --

10

INT. 68TH STREET -- HALSTON'S OFFICE -- DAY

10

DAVID MAHONEY and a very straight-looking man in a suit, MIKE LICHTENSTEIN, 50s, sit across from Halston, who paces behind his desk. Elsa and Joe hover behind them. Mid-argument.

MIKE

Look, it's *beautiful*, Halston --

MAHONEY

-- it really is -- but I can't manufacture it! Look.

Mahoney leans forward and takes the bottle from Halston's desk and pulls out the stopper-bulb.

MAHONEY (CONT'D)

-- *it doesn't go straight in.*

HALSTON

Yes, I can see that -- I'm not *BLIND*, David. *That's what I like about it.*

MAHONEY

*I can't manufacture it.*

\*

MIKE

He means we can't make this bottle in large numbers.

MAHONEY

Halston, there's these things called *factories*, okay? They automate repetitive actions. They have *spouts* that insert into the bottle *straight down*, the liquid squirts *straight in*. They can't do it sideways!

HALSTON

Because the stopper doesn't go in straight.

\*

MAHONEY

(exasperated)

*YES!*

MIKE

(exasperated)

*YES!*

HALSTON

The -- the *PEDANTRY* of this conversation -- this bottle says *ME*. This says *HALSTON*.

\*

(CONTINUED)

MAHONEY

-- well, it *doesn't* say Halston,  
which is a whole other thing, your  
name isn't even on the bottle.

HALSTON

(softly, wounded)

Because it's a piece of art, I  
don't want to mar the art. *David,*  
*this is what I WANT.*

\*

Mike now has the bottle, pulling the stopper-bulb in and out.

MIKE

But you have it coming in at a 45  
degree angle --

MAHONEY

-- perfume is all about the  
eroticism of the bottle --

\*

\*

MIKE

-- and the *stopper* --

MAHONEY

-- and the stopper, the little  
glass wand. It's -- forgive me,  
it's -- you *know* --

\*

HALSTON

A cock.

MAHONEY

I was gonna say 'phallic', but  
yeah, okay, it's a cock.

MIKE

A woman dips the stopper in, it's  
an *intimate* act. It's *penetrative*.  
She pulls it out, it's dripping  
with fragrance, she drags it across  
her wrist or her neck, moistens her  
skin with it...

\*

\*

MAHONEY

And Halston. The longer that wand  
is, the more expensive the  
fragrance. I'm sure you know that.  
So that's what we need, the longest  
glass wand we can make.

MIKE

With that bottle, you just can't  
have a long wand --

(CONTINUED)

MAHONEY

-- with that bottle, you're stuck  
with a short wand, it's at an angle  
and I -- I don't know what kind of  
penetration *that* is...

Halston bristles, cutting him off, defiant, ice cold.

HALSTON

Are you saying I can't be  
penetrated?

Silence. A chill descends on the room. Mahoney and Mike just sit there, a little stunned, seeing Halston staring at them, challenging, a wall suddenly up. They're back-footed, unsure what has just happened. Mahoney opens his mouth to say something, then decides against it. Then:

HALSTON (CONT'D)

This bottle is what I want, and  
this bottle is what we're doing.  
You say it can't be done -- which  
is *absolute bullshit*, by the way --  
what you're *REALLY* saying is, it's  
too *EXPENSIVE*. So exactly how  
*expensive?*

\*

MAHONEY

(with a sigh)

Around \$50,000, probably? We'd have  
to fabricate an *adaptor* that'd fit  
on the end of the *spout* --

HALSTON

(pulling out a checkbook)

Okay, well, how 'bout this? I'll  
pay for it.

MAHONEY

Halston, I won't let the talent  
pay.

\*

HALSTON

Business people always say you  
can't have the talent pay, and yet  
we DO pay, constantly, in ways you  
can never and will never  
understand.

He writes the check, hands it to them. Then, livid:

(CONTINUED)

10

HALSTON (CONT'D)  
Now is this meeting over or do we  
want to talk some more about how I  
don't know how to fuck?

Off Mahoney stammering, flabbergasted.

MAHONEY  
Um. No. Yeah. That's, um. Okay.

As we SMASH TO CREDITS.

11

INT. HALSTON'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

11

\*

JUMP CUTS of fancy toiletries in the bathroom. Toner. Black  
African soap. Halston dabs a pale blue eye cream onto a  
finger, then applies to his eyes. He squeezes moisturizer  
onto a palm from a silver tube. His pre-bedtime ritual.  
Camera follows as Halston turns off the lights, heads into  
the bedroom to see VICTOR, all dressed up. Halston stops in  
his tracks.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

VICTOR  
Let's go out. I want to party.

\*  
\*

HALSTON  
Victor, it's a school night --

\*  
\*

VICTOR  
*Oh, don't give me that shit --  
since when has that bothered you?*

\*  
\*  
\*

Halston heads to his deliciously decadent bed.

\*

HALSTON  
I'm serious -- I'm trying to be a  
responsible adult here. I can't  
stay out all night *any old night of  
the week, I have two collections to  
finish tomorrow.*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

VICTOR  
(flaring with rage)  
*DON'T THINK I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S  
GOING ON HERE!!!*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

HALSTON  
*Victor -- what do you mean -- ALL  
I'M SAYING IS THAT I'D LIKE TO STAY  
IN TONIGHT --*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

VICTOR  
*ALONE! Is what you're saying. You'd  
like to stay in ALONE -- !*

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

HALSTON

I didn't even say that --

VICTOR

*FUCK OFF Mister BIG TIME FAMOUS  
FUCKING HALSTON -- I see RIGHT  
through you you fucking asshole!*

HALSTON

*What are you talking about???*

VICTOR

I'm just a rent boy. That's all you  
want from me.

HALSTON

*For fuck's sake, Victor, all I said  
was I don't want to go out tonight!*

VICTOR

(not listening)  
-- yeah yeah, bullshit bullshit --  
I fuck you with this big dick then  
you send me out into the night then  
you go back to your perfect life,  
put nice clean silken sheets on the  
bed *WELL I'M NOT INTERESTED IN THAT  
SHIT --*

HALSTON

(quietly, exhausted)  
Jesus Christ...

VICTOR

(screaming over him)  
-- *YOU DON'T WANT TO BE SEEN WITH  
ME! YOU DON'T CARE WHAT I WANT! I'M  
JUST A DICK TO YOU! YOU DON'T WANT  
NOTHING MORE FROM ME -- !!!*

HALSTON

(screaming)  
*FINE!!! FINE!!!*

Victor finally stops, eyes welling. Halston shakes his head  
pressing his palms into his eye sockets.

HALSTON (CONT'D)

Let's fucking *GO OUT*, then.

Placated, Victor shoots him a coy smile, unashamed.

VICTOR

*Thaaanks papiiii...*

(CONTINUED)

As Halston throws back the covers and heads to the closet -- \*

HALSTON \*  
But I am home by 1 am, *IN MY OWN* \*  
*BED* and I *YES* I will be sleeping \*  
alone tonight, you understand? I am \*  
having *ONE* drink. And *NO COKE*. \*

Victor gives a puckish smile. To himself: \*

VICTOR \*  
No coke. *Su-u-ure*. \*

As Halston tugs on a black turtleneck -- \*

MAHONEY (PRE-LAPPED)  
So, Halston -- how is it going?

12 EXT. CAFE -- THE WEST VILLAGE -- DAY 12 \*

Halston and Mahoney sip espressos. A beautiful fall day. \*

HALSTON  
(suspicious)  
What do you mean? Why are you  
asking *me* that?

MAHONEY  
(with a laugh)  
No -- I mean, it's going well --  
you're fully capitalized, you  
*PERSONALLY* are quite rich --

HALSTON  
I am suddenly *EXTREMELY* nervous.

MAHONEY  
Let me start over. How are you  
*feeling*?

HALSTON  
I feel good. The money's one thing,  
but feeling *protected*, being  
allowed to be *creative* -- it's what  
we talked about -- and yes, I feel  
like you're keeping your promise  
and I'm so appreciative...

MAHONEY  
Good. That's my job. I'm the papa  
bear, you're the cub. I want you to  
feel protected. It's #1 priority to  
give you the space to be creative.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAHONEY (CONT'D)

Now the clothing line, that's going like gangbusters, obviously. But if you want me to keep giving you that space you need, to keep feeling creative and protected -- I need you to give me one thing.

(beat)

*Perfume.*

\*  
\*

Halston considers this a second, then lights a cigarette.

\*

HALSTON

Let me think about it over the holidays.

MAHONEY

No, Halston. I need it now.

(off his look)

As you know, Norton-Simon owns the Max Factor brand. I called them, and they want to do it.

HALSTON

David, why would I do that?

\*

MAHONEY

Because our projections say a Halston fragrance could be *HUGE*. You'd be a household name. It'll elevate what you're doing now, and elevate everything that comes after --

HALSTON

No, David. I mean -- what do *I* get out of it?

MAHONEY

Honestly, Halston? If it's even *remotely* as successful we think it could be? You name it.

Halston thinks for a second.

\*

HALSTON

An atelier. A *REAL* one. A *FANCY* one. I've outgrown my studio. I need more space --

\*

CUT TO:

13 INT. OLYMPIC TOWER -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

13

Halston steps inside the bare office space of a stunning glass floor through in a midtown high-rise. A REAL ESTATE AGENT begins to show him around and he's gobsmacked.

HALSTON (V.O.)

-- I've got my eye on Olympic Tower. I could be creative there. I felt like I was floating in the clouds...

BACK TO:

14 EXT. CAFE -- THE WEST VILLAGE -- RESUME

14

\*

Mahoney smiles.

MAHONEY

Halston, you knock this one out of the park, I'll give you anything you want.

MIKE (PRE-LAPPED)

Hello, Halston. Mike Lichtenstein.

15 INT. 68TH STREET -- HALSTON'S OFFICE -- DAY

15

Halston sits smoking at his desk opposite Mahoney and Mike Lichtenstein.

HALSTON

Pleasure. Look, I'm gonna be blunt. I know Max Factor used to be something, back in the day, when the earth was still cooling --

MIKE

-- and it *will* be again --

HALSTON

-- but it isn't *now*. Right? I mean, I'm not trying to be a prick, but *Max Factor* is tacky and common, you can buy Max Factor at *Woolworth's* --

MAHONEY

But that's sorta the point Halston. The upside, profit-wise, is just through the roof. Max Factor's accessible to *everybody*.

(CONTINUED)

HALSTON

Well, that's exactly what I'm saying, David. If *everybody* can get something, what's the point of having it? You can't walk into a dime store and buy Halston, *and you shouldn't be able to*. It'd destroy the whole *mystique*. I'm sorry if that sounds snobby --

MIKE

It does, for the record. Sound snobby.

(off his look)

Halston, aren't you from Indiana?

HALSTON

(steely)

WAS.

(then)

Max Factor, everything it represents -- cheap, cellophane-wrapped chintz -- it's *everything* I ran away from.

MIKE

Fair enough. But what Max Factor *also* is -- is *SCALE*. The scale on which Max Factor can produce the Halston signature fragrance simply cannot be matched anywhere in the marketplace --

\*

HALSTON

(cutting him off)

Mike, you're a lovely man, I'm sure, but you're not hearing me.

(then)

Let's go for a little walk. Grab your coats.

Halston keys into the new townhouse, walks David and Mike inside. Pure modernism, monochromatic, chic. No one has ever seen a place like this before. ORCHIDS in terra cotta pots abound. They are like beautiful, unmessy, perfect PETS.

MAHONEY

Oh, man. Halston...

HALSTON

This is my new home, I finished it this week.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HALSTON (CONT'D)

If I'm going to do a fragrance, it has to meet or exceed this level of sophistication and taste. If it doesn't, I'm just not doing it. End of conversation.

MIKE

Wow. It's a. It's a *marvel*.

Mike takes a few steps inside, looking around, agape. He turns back to Mahoney then looks to Halston.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I see what you're saying now. Thank you.

CUT TO:

17 INT. 68TH STREET -- BOUTIQUE/FRONT WINDOWS -- DAY 17

ED AUSTIN is in the window, working on a display -- elegant but staid. In leather pants and a black mesh shirt, Victor approaches. TWO BUSINESSMAN passing by stop and watch as Victor presses himself up against the window like he's fucking the glass.

ED

Victor, goddammit, get outta here!

Victor LICKS THE WINDOW, then disappears. CUT TO:

18 EXT. 68TH STREET -- MOMENTS LATER 18

Ed cleans Victor's tongue marks off the glass with WINDEX. Then...BOOM! Victor appears *inside* the windows and does exactly the same thing: fucking and licking the glass right in front of Ed, who shouts:

ED

VICTOR, MOTHERFUCKER!

Ed runs back inside and Victor dashes up the boutique stairs to safety as we CUT TO:

19 INT. 63RD STREET TOWNHOUSE -- NIGHT 19 \*

We pan down...through glamorous candles...to find a dinner date in progress...LIZA and Halston, at an elegantly plated table for two. The serene monochromatic apartment glows. Liza takes a sip of wine, is quiet as she takes it in. \*

HALSTON \*

You hate it. \*

(a beat) \*

(MORE) \*

(CONTINUED)

HALSTON (CONT'D)

You think it's too cold. Well, I'm  
sorry, I think it's the future.  
You --

LIZA

Halston.

She takes his hand.

LIZA (CONT'D)

I love it. You have the best taste  
of anyone I've ever known. I wanna  
move in! If you'd have me.

HALSTON

(sweet, softly)

I'd have you. We could use your  
Oscar as a doorstop in the  
bathroom.

They laugh. Liza digs into her plate of food.

LIZA

Oh my god, this is so fantastic.  
Real food again after months in  
that Mexican hellhole. I was  
beginning to smell like a shrimp's  
asshole.

Halston does a spittake.

LIZA (CONT'D)

I'm serious! All they fed us was  
shrimp! And half the movie takes  
place on this boat, right? The boat  
stunk so bad, Gene Hackman refused  
to go below deck! Honestly. Burt  
and I went down there, just to see  
what the fucking smell was! *BILGE*,  
they call it -- it's like this  
rotten, brown SLOP -- honestly, I  
thought about vomiting because it  
would *IMPROVE THE ODOR* --

HALSTON

Sweetie, you gotta stop. I'm trying  
to eat.

LIZA

Who cooked this, you?

HALSTON

21.

(CONTINUED)

LIZA

What??? Honey you are full-time  
fancy now.

\*  
\*  
\*

HALSTON

I am! I call them up, tell them who  
I am and lo and behold, 10 minutes  
later, a three-course meal arrives!  
The chef himself wheels it over on  
a little cart. Plates, silverware,  
everything. And here we are.

\*

LIZA

Oh, I *HATE* you.

HALSTON

Darling, that's just the kind of  
thing people do for you when you're  
famous. I mean, *REALLY* famous.

LIZA

(with a howl)

Oh, *FUCK OFF*.

(then, leading)

So if I'm gonna move in here, what  
are we gonna do with Ed?

\*  
\*  
\*

HALSTON

Overrule, the witness is leading.

(then)

Ed's *fine*. He does the window  
displays now. Ed's -- *Ed*.

\*  
\*  
\*

LIZA

Well, what about Victor? Where's  
he?

HALSTON

I couldn't handle Victor tonight.  
It's like welcoming a very intense,  
very localized weather pattern into  
one's home. Honestly, I just wanted  
a relaxing evening eating a  
Michelin-starred meal in my new  
apartment with the woman I love.

\*  
\*

\*  
\*

Liza smiles, moved, then:

LIZA

Halston, I'm getting married.

This slams him in the gut.

(CONTINUED)

HALSTON

To who?

LIZA

To Jack! What do you think?

HALSTON

Of course. Sweetheart, that's wonderful.

(beat, dry)

So you won't be moving in.

\*  
\*

Liza clocks the sadness in his voice.

LIZA

Baby, what's wrong?

\*  
\*

HALSTON

I'm just -- I guess I'm scared  
you're gonna get married and I'm  
never gonna see you again --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LIZA

HALSTON. Listen to me. I *promise*  
you. That will *never, EVER* happen.  
Do you hear me? I *promise*.

HALSTON

Good.

His eyes well. He is shocked how he is taking this news.  
Something has quickly bubbled up, and he fights to tamp the  
feelings back down. He stands, lights a cigarette, heads to  
the window, his back to her now.

\*  
\*

LIZA

Halston? Where'd you go?

\*  
\*

HALSTON

(covering)

I'm here.

(beat)

Just thinking about the wedding  
dress I'm going to make you...

He smiles as Liza screams and runs over and jumps on his as  
we CUT TO:

\*  
\*

21 INT. 68TH STREET -- WORKROOM -- NIGHT

21

Close on a line of coke as it's snorted up a nose. Reveal Victor as he squeezes his nostrils shut with one hand, then pours the last of a bottle of vodka into a glass and swigs.

He turns and takes in the room: it's after hours -- fun and loose. Elsa changes the record on the stereo as Joe and Halston both sketch, eyeing a mannequin with a Joe Eula sketch of Liza's face pinned to its head.

ELSA

So Dorothy's daughter is marrying  
the Tin Man's son? It's like a gay  
wet dream *had a wet dream!*

Halston smiles at her, a twinkle in his eye as she kisses him on the cheek, flirty and hands him a fresh drink. Victor clocks it. Halston has an idea. With a chuckle:

HALSTON

Why don't we put Liza in *yellow*?

JOE

Like she's the fuckin' *yellow brick road*?

HALSTON

(pleased Joe gets it)  
*I never said that!*

They both laugh. Joe sneaks up behind Halston, watching over his shoulder as he sketches.

JOE

Yeah. And a long train, H, that's  
pretty great. Oh! And some ruby  
slippers!

Joe dips his brush, begins an expressionistic watercolor of Halston's sketch.

HALSTON

Elsa, my love, grab me some yellow.  
The Indian slubbed silk, I think.

Victor watches, seething, the odd man out as Elsa pulls a bolt, and rolls the cloth out.

ELSA

What about a *suit*? I mean, a gown?  
She's already done that! But a  
double breasted jacket? In the  
yellow? She could pull it off --

(CONTINUED)

JOE

Elsa, that's fucking *genius*...

Victor storms over, empty bottle in hand, head full of steam:

VICTOR

*ELSA!*

(to Halston)

*My LOVE.*

(to Elsa)

Go get us some more vodka.

ELSA

*Excuse me? I'm not your fucking  
maid.*

HALSTON

Victor. Get money out of my jacket  
and go buy whatever you need.

VICTOR

You think I don't have my own  
money?

HALSTON

I'm not saying you don't have your  
own money. But we're trying to  
work, and you're being an asshole.

Victor seethes. He pulls the fabric from the bolt on the  
table, wrapping it around his head like a nun as he sashays  
out, high, dragging it behind him down the stairs.

VICTOR

Hello! Everyone! I'm *Halston*, I'm  
*full of myself*! I'm so *important* --  
I'm always *working*! I say Victor's  
an asshole but *I'M* the asshole.

Joe and Elsa share an exasperated look as Halston runs after  
him.

Halston yanks the fabric away, pissed.

HALSTON

*HEY. What is wrong with you?*

\*

VICTOR

I wanna go to the wedding with you.

HALSTON

Well, we're all going.

\*

(CONTINUED)

He drapes himself on Halston, who sees how drunk Victor is.

VICTOR  
On your arm.

HALSTON  
Victor, you're *black*ed out --

Victor suddenly flares with aggression, grabbing Halston and pushing him against the wall. It's dangerous.

VICTOR  
You know what else? I'm not gonna charge you anymore when I fuck you. From now on, when I fuck you, it's on *me*.  
(off Halston's look)  
"Awwww. That's what's fun about it, Victor! I *like* that you're rough trade. It's what gets me *hard*..."

Victor plunges his hand into Halston's pants. Halston gasps, suddenly turned on as Victor jerks his cock.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Ooooo well, guess what? I'm not just some prostitute, okay? I'm more than that. I'm an *ARTIST*. And I should be more than that to *YOU*. So now I'm your *boyfriend*, you understand?

HALSTON  
Yeah...

VICTOR  
Yeah? Good. Now how 'bout you let your boyfriend take you home and fuck the shit out of you?

Halston kisses him, passionate. Intense and dangerous.

\*

SMASH TO:

INT. 63RD STREET TOWNHOUSE -- MORNING

Leather briefcase in hand, a STRIKING WOMAN (ADELE, French, 40s) stands in Halston's living room, taking it in.

HALSTON (O.S.)  
So you're my '*nose*'.

She looks up to him, smiling, as he descends the steps, smoking.

(CONTINUED)

ADELE

You'll have to explain to me your  
fascination with orchids.

HALSTON

(haughty)

It *hardly* requires explanation.  
They're beautiful, for one, and  
they're *deceivers*. Each one is  
shaped like the insect it's meant  
to attract. Mistakes the orchid for  
a mate, and pollenates it. Very  
clever.

Adele gives a tiny, inscrutable smile.

ADELE

Hm.

(then)

And they have no smell. That's very  
telling.

Halston studies her. This woman is no pushover. He extends a  
hand.

HALSTON

Halston.

ADELE

Adele.

HALSTON

And who do you work for, Adele?

ADELE

A company called International  
Flavor & Fragrances. But Max Factor  
has asked me to --

HALSTON

You work for *me*. If we're designing  
a fragrance together, then you work  
for Halston. Not Max Factor.

ADELE

Interesting. Usually, people like  
you are content to let me do my  
work and earn you millions and  
millions of dollars. It sounds like  
you'd like to be more involved.

HALSTON

Yes. That's the only way I will  
agree to do this.

(CONTINUED)

ADELE

So you're willing to build a  
fragrance from the ground up?

HALSTON

I *insist* on it, as a matter of  
fact.

ADELE

Well. Let's get started.

Halston sits as Adele places her briefcase on the coffee  
table and opens it. Inside, dozens of vials.

ADELE (CONT'D)

Today will be just a primer. For us  
to begin to develop a common  
*language*, as it were.

(then)

Before we begin, I'm going to ask  
you to put out your cigarette.

HALSTON

(taking a drag)

You can ask, darling, but it's not  
going to happen.

She smiles. He will be a hard nut to crack. She continues,  
dipping a blotter into a vial.

ADELE

All fragrances have a mixture of  
three notes -- base, heart and top.  
The top, I like to think of as the  
present. It's ephemeral. It's here,  
then it's gone. The heart is the  
core of the fragrance -- it's the  
soul of the perfume, it holds it  
all together. But I'd like to start  
with the bottom note -- the base  
note -- the base note is the most  
important. It is about the *past*. As  
we develop our language together,  
I'm going to be asking you to  
recall things from your life --  
smells, yes, but also memories,  
feelings.

She holds the blotter under his nose.

HALSTON

Well, that smells like cow shit.

(CONTINUED)

ADELE

I see. Interesting. That is an oud  
-- it's a heavy, musky scent.  
Ancient. It comes from the Agar  
tree -- *NOT* cow shit -- interesting  
that's what it conjured for you...

Halston shifts a little, uncomfortable. She clocks it.

ADELE (CONT'D)

There's no wrong answers, Halston.  
It's just a process.

HALSTON

(standing)

Well, that's all the process I can  
give you today -- a Halston woman  
can't go around smelling like cow  
shit. Let's get another meeting on  
the books?

As he goes to leave, she stands:

ADELE

Yes, and when we do meet again, I'd  
like you to have thought about a  
few things...

HALSTON

Oooo, I get homework?

ADELE

Nothing difficult. Just three  
words. From your past.

A beat. Halston considers her, a vague feeling of danger  
boiling beneath the surface. He gives a vague nod.

24-25 OMITTED

24-25

\*

26 INT. EL MONTECITO PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH -- SANTA BARBARA --~~DAY~~

\*

Crying tears of joy, Liza (in the yellow suit) and JACK HALEY  
kiss at the altar, just married. A smattering of applause as  
they turn to the congregation, now husband and wife. The  
whole gang is here, Victor on one side of Halston, Elsa on  
the other. Liza mouths "I love you" to Halston through tears.  
He smiles at her, emotional. Elsa clocks the sadness on  
Halston's face. She nudges him.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ELSA

Don't look so sad.

(CONTINUED)

26

HALSTON

I'm not.

ELSA

Bullshit. I can see it in your  
eyes.

Liza and Jack exit down the aisle, our group sweetly throws  
flower petals...yellow, to match the dress. They stand to  
follow Jack and Liza out. Elsa takes Halston's arm. Victor  
clocks this, pulls Halston close to him. Elsa smiles thinly  
at Victor, puts her head on Halston's shoulder.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ELSA (CONT'D)

I can be your new Liza, Halston.  
Now I'm your girl Friday.

VICTOR

Don't count on it, honey, that's my  
job now.

\*  
\*  
\*

Off Halston's tense smile we CUT TO:

\*

27

INT. 68TH STREET -- HALSTON'S OFFICE -- DAY

27

Camera pans off sunlight streaming in the window onto  
Halston, leaning back in his chair, guarded, staring at  
Adele, who sits opposite. A beat, then:

HALSTON

*Grass.*

ADELE

Hm. Cut grass? Like a freshly mowed  
lawn?

He turns and gazes out the window, reaching.

HALSTON

No. Spring grass -- peeking up  
through the mud after the first  
thaw...

(a beat)

Daffodils...

\*  
\*  
\*

DISSOLVE TO:

28-29

OMITTED

28-29

\*

30

INT. FARMHOUSE -- KITCHEN -- FLASHBACK

30

\*

TIGHT ON A JAR of freshly picked spring daffodils in a clay  
jar. So yellow they almost vibrate. A small HAND reaches in  
and plucks one out.

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

Reveal Halston's MOTHER watching him, her chin in her hands, \*  
transported, as Halston constructs something with the \*  
daffodils at the kitchen table. \*

He smiles at her, then walks behind her, placing a wreath of \*  
daffodils on her head. She bursts into tears of unadulterated  
joy, squeezing him to her.

ADELE (V.O.)  
And what does the smell of  
daffodils make you feel?

HALSTON (V.O.)  
Innocence. Comfort.

BACK TO:

31 INT. 68TH STREET -- HALSTON'S OFFICE -- RESUME 31

Adele mixes two fragrances onto a blotter from her suitcase  
of vials. She leans over the desk, placing it under his nose.  
He smells it, then nods.

HALSTON  
Hm. Yes, I like that.

Adele turns back to the vials, searching.

ADELE  
It's lovely. Citrusy, very light.  
But it needs a bottom note.

She pulls out a vial, and adds another drop to the blotter,  
then holds it out again to Halston. He recoils slightly  
before smelling, suspicious.

HALSTON  
What is it?

ADELE  
Leather.

She gestures, 'go on'. He inhales and turns away.

ADELE (CONT'D) \*  
What would you add to it? \*

HALSTON \*  
Soap. Or... Shaving cream. \*

\*

CUT TO:

32 OMITTED 32 \*

33 INT. FARMHOUSE -- BATHROOM -- MORNING -- FLASHBACK 33

Halston watches as his father shaves in the mirror. He removes the blade from the razor, then hands it to Halston, who we see has lathered up his face like his dad. His father holds him up in front of the mirror, proud, as Halston shaves the cream off his face.

JAMES

Atta boy...

ADELE (V.O.)

And what do those smells make you feel?

HALSTON (V.O.)

Closeness. Acceptance...

SMASH TO:

34 INT. FARMHOUSE -- KITCHEN -- ANOTHER NIGHT -- FLASHBACK 34

Halston sits at the kitchen table, drawing rudimentary sketches of dresses as his mother cooks. His father stumbles over, now blind drunk. His mother freezes, eyeing him.

JAMES

What the fuck are these -- ?

He GRABS the drawings and crumples them, brandishing them at her in his fist.

HALLIE MAE

They're just *drawings* --

JAMES

*You mother him like this, he's gonna grow up to be a sissy --*

Camera follows as Halston RACES OUT OF THE ROOM.

HALLIE MAE (O.S.)

*They're just DRAWINGS --*

Halston winces at the wet SMACK of an open hand hitting flesh. She YELPS as Halston races into a bedroom and slams the door, his heart racing, panting.

SMASH TO:

35 INT. 68TH STREET -- HALSTON'S OFFICE -- RESUME

35

Halston is suddenly doubled over, weeping, in the midst of a PANIC ATTACK. Adele hovers over him, gentle:

ADELE

Halston...

HALSTON

Please leave. Right now.

Adele calmly packs up her suitcase as he sobs, unable to control his breathing. Gentle, but firm:

ADELE

I know it's difficult, but this is good work we're doing. I'll come back later in the week.

At the door, she turns:

ADELE (CONT'D)

Halston?

He looks up, his chest heaving, tears streaming down his face.

ADELE (CONT'D)

Next time you will *bring* some scents to me, yes?

He nods, shaken, terrified. She smiles, then walks out.

36 INT. 63RD STREET TOWNHOUSE -- NIGHT

36

Halston walks through the door, visibly exhausted. He smells something. He walks toward the kitchen. Victor is cooking in an apron. He flashes Halston a smile.

VICTOR

"Lucy-y-y-y! I'm ho-o-o-me!"

Halston approaches him, suddenly deeply threatened.

HALSTON

What are you doing?

VICTOR

I'm cooking for you. Arepas Venezolanas.

Halston narrows his eyes. Victor laughs.

(CONTINUED)

VICTOR (CONT'D)

No no no no, I'm not tricking you.

Victor pulls out a chair for Halston. Halston sits, wary. Victor swivels, comes back with a bottle of white, pours some for Halston. Then goes back to the stove.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

I wish you weren't afraid of me, darling. Everybody around you, you want *loyalty*. People have to do exactly what you say. But I'm not like that. I'm *HONEST* with you, okay? I'm honest because I'm my *OWN*, you understand?

Halston stares. Victor pulls up a chair, takes Halston's hand and presses it against his chest. Victor presses his hand against Halston's chest. He stares at Halston. It's intense. Deeply uncomfortable, Halston tries to meet his gaze.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

(quiet)

Shhh.

(a beat)

In my eyes.

Halston looks into Victor's eyes. He can feel Victor's strong hand press against his chest. He can feel the beat of Victor's heart in his own palm.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

One team.

Halston struggles against tears. He can't speak. Suddenly, he BOLTS upright, pacing a few steps away. Victor is immediately on him. FAST, INTENSE:

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Why do you push me away like that!

\*

HALSTON

I'm NOT PUSHING YOU -- I'm just EXHAUSTED -- it was a VERY difficult day --

VICTOR

This is your problem, sweetheart -- you think you're the only one who's exhausted! You know what is EXHAUSTING???

(pounding his chest)

BEING THIS! BEING AN ARTIST AND NOBODY KNOWS!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VICTOR (CONT'D)

*WE COULD BE A TEAM, YOU AND ME, BUT  
NO! I'M YOUR DIRTY PIECE OF ASS!*

Halston throws up his hands, DONE.

HALSTON

I'm not doing this. I can't deal  
with you. Get out.

VICTOR

*Oh, I cook you dinner and you kick  
me out, huh? Maybe you call Ed  
over, you have a nice fucking  
dinner with him!*

HALSTON

(exploding)

*JESUS CHRIST I DON'T GIVE A FUCK  
ABOUT ED -- !!*

Suddenly, Victor grabs Halston by the lapels and PUSHES him  
against the wall. Halston is stunned, Victor's face an inch  
away from his, his eyes welling, crazed:

VICTOR

*FUCK YOU HALSTON I LOVE YOU. TELL  
ME YOU LOVE ME.*

HALSTON

*Get the fuck out of my house --*

Victor slams him against the wall again, repeating:

VICTOR

*FUCK YOU HALSTON I LOVE YOU. TELL  
ME YOU LOVE ME.*

Halston wilts, starting to cry like a young child. Victor  
takes a step back, relenting.

HALSTON

*I -- I can't...*

Victor watches as Halston slides down the wall. A moment,  
then, quiet, resigned:

VICTOR

*Okay.*

As Victor heads to the door, weak:

HALSTON

*Victor...*

(CONTINUED)

VICTOR

Fuck you.

Halston cries out after him.

HALSTON

Victor, *PLEASE!!!*

This turns him at the door. A plea of utter desperation:

HALSTON (CONT'D)

*PLEASE* don't leave. *PLEASE...*

Victor's eyes well, moved. He hurries over to Halston, cradling him in his arms.

VICTOR

I'm sorry. I shouldn't push you  
like that. I'm sorry. I'm right  
here...I'm here, baby...

Camera pulls back as Victor holds him, almost like a father figure and we CUT TO:

INT. 68TH STREET SALON -- HALSTON'S OFFICE -- DAY

Camera pushes in slowly on Halston, holding on him as he sits behind his desk, smoking, sunglasses on, not really listening to a presentation we don't see.

JEFF WALKIN (O.S.)

The "Halston Woman." Confident.  
Beautiful. Twenty-eight to forty-  
three. Average household income of  
thirty-eight thousand dollars.  
Seeks the finer things, loves a  
night out, but adores a night at  
home. On her nightstand: Chanel  
Number 5. And *Charlie*, the  
fragrance to beat. How will we do  
it -- ?

We finally reveal what's in the room. Mahoney, Mike, JEFF WALKIN, an utterly replaceable suit at a presentation board with a tacky watercolor of a SOPHIA LOREN-type model holding a SQUARE BOTTLE. Looming to the side are Joe and Elsa, who shoot one another a look, willing their souls to leave their bodies.

HALSTON

No.

MAHONEY

Ah -- no to what? The bottle?

(CONTINUED)

JEFF WALKIN  
Okay -- SURE -- hold on, we have  
LOTS of options.

Jeff fumbles a deck of boards onto the easel. Each one some variation of a squarish perfume bottle with HALSTON embossed somewhere on the glass.

JEFF WALKIN (CONT'D)  
So *this* one is --

HALSTON  
No.

JEFF WALKIN  
'Kay. How about -- ?

HALSTON  
No.

MAHONEY  
Halston, you didn't even look at  
that one.

\*

MIKE  
You gotta play ball here, Halston.

Halston walks over to the board, taking boards off one by one and dropping them on the floor.

HALSTON  
No. No. No. No. No. No. No. No.  
(to the room)  
So these are all a 'no'.

Mahoney stands, pissed, as Halston heads to the door.

MAHONEY  
Halston, can I have a word?

HALSTON  
No.

He walks out. Elsa and Joe slip out the door as if somehow no one will see them. Off the shell-shocked faces in the room we  
SMASH TO:

The scene from the teaser again, except now, we're on Halston, feeling the contours of the little flower vase with his hand.

38

JOE (O.S.)  
Good news -- orders are through the  
roof!

HALSTON (V.O.)  
What do they want the most?

JOE (O.S.)  
(rolling his eyes)  
The *necklace*.

Halston looks up from the vase in his hand, suddenly decided.  
He walks over to Elsa, hands it back to her.

HALSTON  
I want *this*.

SMASH TO:

39

INT. HALSTON'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT -- INTERCUT

39

Halston holds the SILVER PLATED version of the eventual  
bottle in his hand, almost stroking it with the palm as he  
talks on the phone, boxes lining his old apartment -- he's  
moving out.

HALSTON  
Can you make it glass?

40

INT. ELSA'S STUDIO APARTMENT -- INTERCUT

40

ELSA  
Sure, but *Halston* -- *darling* -- I  
give you your bottle and what? What  
do I get?

HALSTON  
WELL. I called Walter Hoving this  
afternoon, he's CEO of Tiffany.  
He's interested in hiring *YOU* as  
their new in-house designer.

Halston smiles, waiting for the gratitude. Then:

ELSA  
*That's IT?*

HALSTON  
What? Did you not hear me?

(CONTINUED)

ELSA

So I give you your perfume bottle  
and you get me an *interview*  
someplace? What the fuck is wrong  
with you?

Halston opens a box, pulling COAT SAMPLES out. He finds one.

HALSTON

Yes, but I *ALSO* just purchased you  
a *VERY* expensive fur coat. It's  
*SABLE*. *WAIT* til you see it.

\*

ELSA

(dripping with irony)  
Oh, *incredible!* A *COAT!* Halston,  
you're a *SAINT* -- *!!!*

HALSTON

(cutting her off)  
*Okay stop.*  
(then)  
*I'm giving you my apartment.*  
(off her silence)  
I'll pay your rent. You can live  
here for free.

A beat. She considers this. She makes a face. 'Not bad.'

ELSA

Be honest. Is this you being kind,  
or you keeping me close so you can  
control me?

HALSTON

Keeping you close so I can control  
you.

ELSA

(a guffaw, then)  
HAH! Fine, then. It's a deal.

41 INT. 68TH STREET -- HALSTON'S OFFICE -- DAY

41 \*

Close on the ICONIC HALSTON BOTTLE (no ribbon) as it sits all  
by itself on the desk. Reveal Mike and Mahoney, sitting  
gobsmacked, seeing the bottle for first time.

\*

\*

\*

MIKE

But it's...it's a *blob*.

\*

\*

MAHONEY

Halston, it's not gonna sell.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

41

HALSTON  
Yes it will. *Trust* me.

MIKE  
I mean -- you're name's not even on  
it.

HALSTON  
The name Halston will be on a  
ribbon right...*here*.

He looks over to Elsa, who gives a prim smile. The men shift  
awkwardly in their seats. Definitive:

HALSTON (CONT'D)  
Gentlemen? *This is the bottle*.

MAHONEY  
Uh -- alright, we'll -- we'll fly  
it up the flagpole at corporate,  
but --

As he pulls Elsa out on his arm, cutting him off:

HALSTON  
Good. You do that.

Off their looks:

ADELE (PRE-LAPPED)  
It's very common, what happened  
last time.

42 INT. IFF LAB -- DAY

42

The International Flavors and Fragrances Lab. Halston sits in  
a chair as Adele pours him a glass of dry white wine.

ADELE  
Smell is the sense that, in humans,  
is most tied to memory. Intimacy,  
previous and current. The fact that  
you got so emotional means you're  
doing the work, and for that, I  
thank you.

HALSTON  
I should thank *you*. I don't need an  
analyst anymore -- I can just smell  
those blotters of yours and break  
down any time I'd like!  
(sitting)  
Honestly, though, it was good for  
me, I think.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HALSTON (CONT'D)

I think I have some -- some  
*emotional* blocks that I need to  
work on? I'm a broken little bird  
in a lot of ways, and no one is  
going to be able to fix me but *me*.

ADELE

(a smile, then)  
You had some homework...

HALSTON

Yes.

He digs in a shopping bag on the floor he's brought here,  
pulls out a delicate smaller-sized ORCHID.

HALSTON (CONT'D)

You were wrong saying Orchids have  
no fragrance.

She pulls the orchid to her, smelling it.

HALSTON (CONT'D)

It's called "Lady of the Night."

ADELE

That's lovely -- it's reminiscent  
of...of *freesia*...  
(smelling again)  
Or lily of the valley...

HALSTON

And it's rare. Rarified is good.

Halston pulls out a fresh pack of cigarettes, pulling off the  
cellophane.

HALSTON (CONT'D)

Also, *tobacco*. I've smelled it in  
men's cologne but never in a  
*woman's* fragrance...

He holds the open pack in front of her nose.

HALSTON (CONT'D)

It's *sweet*, isn't it? They process  
tobacco with sugar. I find it so  
comforting --  
(smelling it)  
-- almost smells like a loaf of  
bread baking in the oven...

(CONTINUED)

42

ADELE  
(eyes lighting up)  
*That's fascinating, Halston. I love  
that...*

HALSTON  
I have one more.

He pulls a plastic bag from his pocket and holds it up. Her  
eyes go wide.

ADELE  
*Is that a jock strap?*

HALSTON  
*Yes. Not mine, my friend Victor's.  
Now, if you'd prefer not to smell  
it...*

ADELE  
(disappointed)  
*Halston. Give it to me.*

She takes the bag, opens it. Pulls it out, cups it with her  
hands and inhales deeply. A moment. She considers the aroma  
for a moment. The intensity of it. Then, as she sits back in  
her chair:

ADELE (CONT'D)  
*And what does this fragrance mean  
to you?*

SMASH TO:

43 INT. 63RD STREET TOWNHOUSE -- NIGHT

43 \*

The lights are hushed. Halston does a bump of coke, Victor  
exits from the bathroom wearing only a jockstrap. They begin  
to go at it, it's sexy, but dangerous. More like a fight.  
They kiss, aggressive, pulling at one another. Halston pulls  
the jock strap down as we CUT BACK TO:

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

44 INT. IFF LAB -- RESUME

44 \*

Halston stares at her, no longer afraid, confident. With a  
little smile, he leans forward.

HALSTON  
*Sex.*

Adele smiles, relishing.

ADELE  
*Halston, you're a born *perfumier*...*

(CONTINUED)

Off Halston's laugh we SMASH TO:

45 EXT. WEST VILLAGE -- DAY 45 \*

Elsa holds Halston's arm with both of hers, cuddling it as they walk excitedly down the street.

ELSA  
What do you think about you and me?

HALSTON  
What do you mean?

ELSA  
I think you *know* what I mean.

HALSTON  
Honestly, Elsa, I don't.

She stops, suddenly serious. She looks him in the eye, vulnerable. Realizing:

HALSTON (CONT'D)  
Oh.  
(then)  
Darling, what do you want me to say?

ELSA  
Say you'll marry me or something. I don't know...

HALSTON  
Oh, Elsa...

He pulls her into a hug. She squeezes him, eyes welling:

ELSA  
It's stupid. I shouldn't have said anything --

HALSTON  
It's just -- it's not how I *am*. You *know* that...

She gives a little nod, pulling it together. A beat, then:

ELSA  
I know. Had to give it a try.  
(a beat)  
You're the only man who has ever understood me. Who has ever tried.

He kisses her on the temple then pulls her into --

46 INT. BERGDORF GOODMAN -- MOMENTS LATER

46

They approach an empty Halston display, puzzled. Halston calls over to a SALESWOMAN.

HALSTON

*Excuse me --*

*(as she turns)*

My wife here was looking for a bottle of the new fragrance by Halston?

ELSA

The one in the fancy bottle? I mean, I hear the perfume's *okay* but it's the bottle that's *REALLY* amazing...

SALESWOMAN

We're sold out. We sold out before noon.

Halston and Elsa share a stunned look. Sotto:

SALESWOMAN (CONT'D)

And Ma'am? You're *exactly* right -- honestly some people are buying it *just for the bottle...*

Elsa flashes a shit-eating grin to Halston as they turn and Andrea True Connection's "More More More" starts to play as they walk out the door and the image BLOWS OUT TO WHITE.

47 INT. WHITE ROOM -- CORPORATE MARKETING MONTAGE

47

In all black, Halston whirls around in a chair in a blank white space. He speaks directly to camera.

HALSTON

Hello. I'm Halston.

He gets up and walks toward us as camera dollies with him. Reveal a display of luggage.

HALSTON (CONT'D)

I'm excited to tell you about my new line of luxurious Ultrasuede luggage, by Hartmann. At last... Halston's got himself a new set of luggage.

WHIP TO:

(CONTINUED)

Halston slides into a brown AIRLINE SEAT, magazine in-lap,  
drink in-hand.

HALSTON (CONT'D)

Hello, I'm Halston. I'm pleased to  
announce a new line of high  
fashion. Now, when you fly with  
Braniff Airlines, everything from  
the seats to the uniforms to the  
slippers on your feet will be  
designed by yours truly. Braniff,  
by Halston. Fly in high style.

WHIP TO:

Halston strolls across a CARPET which is unrolling in front  
of him.

HALSTON (CONT'D)

Hello, I'm Halston. If there's one  
thing I love putting my feet on at  
the end of the day it's a Karastan  
carpet...

**NOW MULTIPLE HALSTONS STROLL OUT, winking and smiling to one  
another** with RACKS of SHIRTS, scantily-clad models in bra and  
underwear...

HALSTON 2

Hello, I'm Halston. Cluett Peabody,  
the first name in shirts, is soon  
to add another: Halston.

HALSTON 3

Hello, I'm Halston. You may know me  
for overall style -- but what about  
style *under* it all?

The **HALSTONS** keeping coming. Their intros -- "Hello, I'm  
Halston," begin to feel like a musical round. "Hello, I'm  
Halston" (belts and wallets); "Hello, I'm Halston" (a line of  
wigs); "Hello, I'm Halston" (sleepwear and robes).

And one-by-one, the Halstons leave...but their LICENSED GOODS  
are left behind in the white room as the music plays.

HALSTON -- alone now -- is left standing amongst a world of  
fashionable belongings. All licensed...All Halston.

He lights a cigarette, looks out. At the HEIGHT of his  
success. He is Halston... AND SO IS THE WORLD. End MONTAGE.

48 INT. 68TH STREET -- SALON -- DAY

48

Mike and Mahoney in a two-shot, staring directly at camera, contrite.

MAHONEY

I guess a, uh, *MEA CULPA* is in order...

MIKE

(handing an envelope)

Here's the \$50,000 you gave us --  
*WITH INTEREST* -- !

Reveal Halston, taking it, smoking. A benevolent victor:

HALSTON

Thank you, David. Mike. That's big of you...

MAHONEY

Halston, there's not much to say -- the Halston fragrance is the biggest worldwide success in the history of worldwide success. Exceeded every expectation. So...*thank you.*

HALSTON

Thank you.

A deliberate beat, then, standing.

HALSTON (CONT'D)

I'll walk you out.

(leading them out)

By the way, I do want to do a fragrance for men -- I'm inspecting the final bottle prototype later this month in fact.

They stop at the end of the hall and turn at the elevator.

HALSTON (CONT'D)

But. I should warn you -- it's a very *challenging* bottle.

(off their looks)

It's a large, male penis.

Mike and Mahoney stand, stunned.

HALSTON (CONT'D)

Kidding.

(CONTINUED)

48

They *explode* with relief.

MAHONEY  
Jesus *Christ*.

MIKE  
I mean, honestly, if Halston did  
it, it would probably *sell* -- !

DING. The elevator opens. Halston walks them in. As the doors  
close:

HALSTON  
Now, David, you did say if the  
fragrance was a success, I could  
have anything I wanted...

MAHONEY  
Halston? Hand to God? *ANYTHING* you  
want.

HALSTON  
Good.

The doors open. Mike and Mahoney walk out. The elevator doors  
close on Halston. We're inside the elevator as the doors open  
again onto:

49 INT. OLYMPIC TOWER -- MIDTOWN -- DAY

49

Halston strides out into his own glass hall of mirrors  
perched high above the Manhattan skyline, a breathtaking  
office that BUSTLES with activity, orchids EVERYWHERE. HIS  
SECRETARY, SASSY JOHNSON stands waiting for him,  
apprehensive.

SASSY JOHNSON  
Good morning -- *SORRY* -- we need an  
answer today on the sock line.

HALSTON  
Women or men's?

SASSY JOHNSON  
Either. Both.

Victor walks up. Shooing her away:

VICTOR  
Away with you...  
(to Halston)  
We're going out tonight. Go home,  
take a disco nap --

(CONTINUED)

Halston takes off his sunglasses.

HALSTON

I just GOT here and *what the hell*  
*is a disco nap?*

VICTOR

I've been telling you all week!  
It's opening night!  
(off his look)  
Studio 54! Andy's gonna be there,  
*Bianca, Liza -- VICTOR HUGO'S GONNA*  
*BE THERE...*

HALSTON

*I can't -- I've got so much shit on*  
*my plate --*

VICTOR

(too loud, over him)  
*BO-O-O-O-O-ORING!* Oh, why don't you  
sit over here in your rocking  
chair, grandma. I'll get your kitty  
cat and your shawl...

HALSTON

(amused)  
Alright, STOP. *Maybe* I'll meet you  
there.

VICTOR

It's almost like you're trying to  
make me happy.

HALSTON

Make US happy.

VICTOR

I like it.

Victor flashes a Cheshire smile, blows multiple kisses and  
goes. Rack focus to Ed Austin, down the hall, looking in.  
Halston pretends not to see him, and goes to close the door.  
As he does:

ED

*HALSTON -- DON'T.*

HALSTON

Ed, I don't have time --

ED

Well, you're gonna *make* the time --

(CONTINUED)

HALSTON

You can't just come *barging* in  
here!

\*

Closing the door behind him:

ED

Yeah, that's what they tell me --  
your secretary, *everybody* -- I'm  
not EVER allowed to see you -- !

HALSTON

Ed, that's not true --

ED

*BULL FUCKING SHIT, HALSTON.* Every  
passing day. Every new product you  
put out. It just gets harder and  
harder to get to you. *Barrier* after  
*barrier* --

\*

HALSTON

(fighting back)

Well, Ed, that's what happens with  
success -- *I'M NOT EVEN A PERSON  
ANYMORE! I'm a BRAND! And the brand  
NEEDS me to have the space to be  
CREATIVE and to THINK -- Halston is  
in BUILDING MODE.*

A flabbergasted beat. With a sad chuckle, simply:

ED

What more is there to build?

This hits Halston in the gut. Contrite:

HALSTON

Socks, evidently?

ED

We need to talk about Victor.  
I do your window displays, Halston,  
I thought that was my job. Now  
Victor seems to think it's *his*.

\*

He pulls out a photo hands it to him. POP TO:

Ed stands outside the boutique, staring where his elegant  
WINDOW DISPLAY was.

(CONTINUED)

50

ED (V.O.)  
It's a rape scene. Victor turned my  
display into a rape scene.

In its place are FIVE SILVER MANNEQUINS, all wearing white  
Halston gowns. One mannequin is on her back, on the ground as  
if she's been raped. A second mannequin squats near the raped  
mannequin with a polaroid camera... and polaroids are  
scattered across the floor. The OTHER THREE mannequins stand  
watching.

51 INT. OLYMPIC TOWER -- MIDTOWN -- HALSTON'S OFFICE -- RESUME 51

\*

HALSTON  
So what are you asking me?

\*

ED  
I think I'm asking you to choose.  
Victor or me?

HALSTON  
I choose Victor.

\*

A moment, then, without a word, Ed walks out. A beat, as  
Halston stands alone in his corner office in a glass castle  
in the clouds.

SECRETARY  
Halston? Sorry. They're here with  
the bottle for the men's  
fragrance...

HALSTON  
Show them in.

\*

52 INT. 63RD STREET TOWNHOUSE -- BATHROOM -- NIGHT

52

Halston steps out of the shower, drying off. He reaches for  
the NEW BOTTLE OF HALSTON'S MEN'S FRAGRANCE. He considers his  
body in the mirror. Sprays it on his chest. Looks at himself  
again. A smile. He feels sexy. Alluring. Excited to see  
Victor. MUSIC STARTS TO PLAY.

53 INT/EXT. LIMO -- STUDIO 54 -- NIGHT

53

Halston watches as the limo passes a snaking line outside  
STUDIO 54. He does a line of cocaine off a small mirror and  
we RAMP TO 48fps. Halston steps out of the limo, blinded by  
flashbulbs. Camera follows as he walks toward the velvet  
rope, which is lifted for him, and into --

54

INT. STUDIO 54 -- CONTINUOUS

54

DISCO MUSIC BLARES as he travels through the club -- lights strobing, bodies undulating, a labyrinthine bacchanalia of sex and drugs and crude, naive excess.

We follow him upstairs, past another velvet rope, to the VIP section skirting the upper level, glowing dance floor below. He passes BIANCA JAGGER, then Liza, who kisses him, high off her ass, then screams in delight seeing someone behind him, running off.

The MUSIC GOES FUZZY, DISTORTED, as Halston STOPS IN HIS TRACKS. He sees something.

In the corner, Halston sees Victor fucking some guy bent over a couch. Halston blinks. Victor looks over to him and they lock eyes, but there's no communication between them. Victor blinks, then looks away as we RAMP DOWN to 24fps. Halston watches him pound this guy in the ass, hard and fast.

The music blares, too loud, deafening. Halston just stares. Not sad. Just stares. Then turns to go to the party below as we SMASH TO BLACK AND WE --

**END EPISODE**