

HALSTON

"THE SWEET SMELL
OF SUCCESS"

103

WRITTEN BY
IAN BRENNAN
RYAN MURPHY

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)

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.

INT. HALSTON'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

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 -- !*

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)

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.

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 *blacked 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 *SAIN'T* -- *!!!*

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)

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)

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:

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 --

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