

HALSTON

"THE PARTY'S OVER"

104

WRITTEN BY  
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IAN BRENNAN

OVER BLACK:

The HISS of a needle placed on a record.

1 I/E. 63RD STREET TOWNHOUSE -- MONTAGE 1

CLOSE ON a gram of cocaine cut into lines with a gleaming razor blade. A platinum straw enters frame and HOOVERS up the line.

CAMERA DOLLIES IN FAST A LA BOOGIE NIGHTS into HALSTON registering the hit of endorphins. He squeezes both nostrils, and sniffs as he stands.

HALSTON

Okay, let's go.

As he heads toward VICTOR who waits at the door, the groove of Tantra's "Hills of Kathmandu " plays and camera ROTATES ON ITS AXIS at 45rpm like a record turning. The swirling camera follows them out the door to --

2 EXT. STUDIO 54 -- NIGHT -- MONTAGE 2

The limo arrives outside Studio 54 and the image stops spinning as the music continues. FLASH BULBS EXPLODE as Halston emerges from the limo, Victor, ELSA and JOE EULA follow.

As they approach the entrance, camera finds RENEE, 20s, bridge and tunnel, maybe a little unstable, amongst the throng of wannabe partygoers behind the velvet rope.

RENEE

*HALSTON! I'M WEARING YOU! TELL THEM  
TO LET ME IN!*

He ignores her. Doorman MARC BENECKE raises the velvet rope and they walk inside.

3 INT. STUDIO 54 -- MONTAGE 3

PAN OFF the iconic MAN IN THE SPOON to a dance floor in the most fabulous circle of hell. In the saturated light, sweaty bodies of shirtless men and fashionable pixies twirl like dervishes. Manic. JUMP CUTS as Halston and Victor and Elsa and Joe do bumps of coke off spoons. Lines off table tops. Victor eats a quaalude off the extended tongue of a man in a leather thong. The music POUNDS.

4 INT. STUDIO 54 -- MONTAGE 4

Victor heads upstairs to the VIP area holding 4 scotches in his hands. He stops. SNAP ZOOM to find Halston on a divan kissing a MAN, his hand down his pants. PUSH IN on Victor.

5 INT. OLYMPIC TOWER -- DAY -- MONTAGE 5

A pair of hands opens a SAFE. Pulls out PETTY CASH.

6 EXT. OLYMPIC TOWER -- DAY -- MONTAGE 6

PAN UP from a MANILA ENVELOPE to find SASSY JOHNSON, who hands it to a SHADY COKE DEALER, who looks both ways, then palms her a large BAGGIE OF POWDER.

7 INT. OLYMPIC TOWER -- MONTAGE 7

Follow the baggie in her hand as it's carried through the workroom MID-FASHION SHOW and brings it backstage to a kind of chic cocaine tureen. She pours the coke in.

Doing final touches and sending models out, Halston looks up to see models FAWNING as Elsa fits them with her newly desired CHUNKY SILVER CUFFS. We clock Halston's irritation.

SASSY (O.S.)

Halston.

She gives a "coke's here" nod. Halston bends over, snorts a spoonful, adjusts a belt then sends the last model with the cuffs out as CAMERA DOLLIES OUT TO THE SHOW, carrying her out onto the runway. The dresses are opulent now, decadent, and more structured.

Find LIZA and Victor as they give a standing ovation. They both openly do bumps of coke, out in the open. WHIP PAN as the audience cheers to find Halston striding out, taking his bow, high as a weather balloon.

8 I/E. MONTAUK ESTATE -- DAY -- MONTAGE 8

Camera follows Halston, Victor and Elsa into the sprawling Montauk estate dressed to the nines. A REAL ESTATE AGENT natters on MOS. Halston takes one look and turns to her.

HALSTON

I'll take it.

9 EXT. STUDIO 54 -- MONTAGE 9

Halston, Victor, Joe and Elsa emerge from the limo. Halston smiles. WHIP PAN to:

HALSTON

*Stevie...!*

STEVE RUBELL, 30s, all Izod and bad hair, lifting the velvet rope for them.

(CONTINUED)

9

STEVIE

Hiya, sweetheart. It's a big  
night...

Camera finds Renee, behind the rope, screaming, DESPERATE.

RENEE

*STEVE! PLEASE LET ME IN! PLEASE!*

STEVIE

(to Halston)  
See you inside.

He walks over to Renee, gives her the once-over.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Never gonna happen. You're bridge  
and tunnel, honey. You got bad hair  
and a knock-off dress.

10 INT. STUDIO 54 -- MONTAGE 10

POPS of wild dancing, then balloons raining from the ceiling  
as BIANCA JAGGER emerges onto the floor RIDING A WHITE HORSE.

11 INT. 63RD STREET TOWNHOUSE -- MONTAGE 11

A bustling afterparty. Halston does an enormous rail then  
woozes out to the sunken living room and stops, so stoned.  
CLOSE ON his dilated pupils. Reveal Victor in AN ORGY on all  
the furniture. A beat, then Halston sinks into a chair and  
watches, struggling out a cigarette and lighting it.

12 INT. OLYMPIC TOWER -- WORKROOM -- MONTAGE 12

Camera PANS past a bustling workroom to Halston fitting, in a  
rage. He pulls a dress off a fit model and starts tearing at  
it as Joe looks on. Over the pounding music:

HALSTON

*It's SHIT! What is this fabric?  
Where did you even GET this?*

He pulls the lid off the tureen. It's empty.

HALSTON (CONT'D)

*SASSY! What the fuck???*

WHIP PAN to Sassy in the doorway.

SASSY

We've gone through a two week  
supply in a day...

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: 12

HALSTON  
*GET IT, SASSY!*

13 I/E. OLYMPIC TOWER -- MONTAGE 13

Sassy walks down the hallway as DELIVERY MEN push HUGE CARTS OF ORCHIDS. The place is basically a jungle now. Pointing:

SASSY  
Workroom. Office. Conference room.

JUMP CUTS of the drug sequence, faster. Sassy gets petty cash. Walks down the street. Scores LOTS OF BAGGIES.

14 EXT. STUDIO 54 -- MONTAGE 14

Halston exits the limo again, Liza in tow. FLASH BULBS. As Marc lifts the velvet rope, find RENEE, screaming, manic.

RENEE  
*HALSTON! Let me in! PLEASE!*

He's gone. Push in on Renee as we follow her in JUMP CUTS as the music gets muffled and distant. She exits the line, walks around the back of the building, searching. Spots a door. She pulls off her pantyhose, wraps it around her fist and SMASHES THROUGH the glass. Gingerly reaches in and opens the door.

15 INT. STAGE DOOR -- STUDIO 54 -- MONTAGE 15

She walks into a dingy side door, mops and ladders and cleaning equipment and then another locked door with no window. Then, she looks up. AN AIR VENT. Camera pushes in. We hear music coming from it. She pulls the ladder from the wall, props it up and CLIMBS.

16 INT. AIR VENT -- STUDIO 54 -- MONTAGE 16

The grate CLANGS to the floor. Renee's head pops in the air vent, then she climbs inside. She army crawls through the cramped vent towards the music, getting louder and louder. The vent narrows. With effort, she squeezes a shoulder through, then we see the smile disappear from her face.

She's stuck. She tries to pull herself back. She can't move. Suddenly panicked, she screams:

RENEE  
*HELP!!*

17 INT. STUDIO 54 -- MONTAGE 17

It's Karl Lagerfeld's birthday, and the In Crowd (sans Liza and Halston in chic black) are wearing circus themed outfits. \*

(CONTINUED)



JOE EULA

Well, there's bad news, and then  
*really* bad news, and then, like,  
the *worst* news.

HALSTON

What?

JOE EULA

Studio got raided. Stevie got  
locked up for tax evasion, fraud,  
*some* shit. It's gonna be shut down  
for a *WHILE*.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

HALSTON

Wait, what's worse than that?

JOE EULA

Well, when the cops looted the  
place, they found -- I mean, it's  
*insane* --

ELSA

*WHAT?*

JOE EULA

They found a dead body in the air  
vents. Some crazy bridge and tunnel  
girl. She was trying to get in.

HALSTON

Jesus *Christ*.

JOE EULA

Yep. *THAT'S* not the worst part.  
(wait for it)  
She was wearing Calvin Klein.

Off their looks of horror we SMASH TO TITLES.

21-22 OMITTED

21-22 \*

23 EXT. HELMSLEY HOTEL COURTYARD -- DAY

23 \*

DAVID MAHONEY and Joe Eula have a clandestine meeting.

\*

JOE EULA

I don't get it. Halston's name is  
on *everything*. Loungewear,  
furniture, linens, luggage, *wigs*,  
*TOILET PAPER* for godssake. How can  
we be losing money?

(CONTINUED)

MAHONEY

We're not *losing* money, but we're not making what we should. I've got big plans for this company, Joe. I can't get into it, but you, me, Halston, we stand to make a *LOT* of money --

(off Joe's look -- *plans?*)

-- but the brand has plateaued. For the first time in five years, we'll have a quarter with no sales growth, and *that* is a problem...

JOE EULA

Not to state the obvious, but this might be a conversation you should be having with Halston.

MAHONEY

I've *tried*. You mention *boards* with him, *quarterly reports*, his eyes glaze over.

(then)

We've got licensees coming out of our ears. Halston, Inc. should be *PRINTING* money but it's not. Why?

\*  
\*  
\*

JOE EULA

Because he's not interested.

MAHONEY

See? I *did* come to the right person. Take luggage. Halston was interested in that for about five minutes. Does one great line, then POOF. Doesn't care. That's a *problem*, because that means we have *ONE* line of luggage to sell. Even if it does great, it's *one line*. Doesn't even recoup the overhead. We'da been better off not doing it.

JOE EULA

I see what you're saying...

MAHONEY

Right now, the Halston fragrance? Gangbusters. That's what's keeping us afloat.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



23

MAHONEY (CONT'D)

But if this is how Halston's gonna be, how he's gonna act, how he's gonna design, we need something else from him -- like the perfume -- some big-ticket item that will be HUGE for us. And I happen to know what that item is.

JOE EULA

Jeans.

MAHONEY

Jeans.

HALSTON (V.O.) (PRE-LAPPED)

I don't want people walking around with my name on their ass.

\*

SMASH TO:

24

INT. OLYMPIC TOWER -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

24

Joe hovers, watching as David follows Halston as he mists the small jungle of orchids with a small chic gold spray bottle, poking little sticks of fertilizer into each pot.

HALSTON

I wouldn't even put my name on a perfume bottle, David. I'm not putting it on America's keister.

MAHONEY

Fine! Your name goes inside the zipper! You don't see it til you unzip. Love that --

HALSTON

David, jeans are a *FAD*. Balenciaga didn't do fads and neither will I.

MAHONEY

"Fad"? I don't care what you call it. "Status Jeans" are a 500 *MILLION* dollar market. Look at Calvin Klein -- he sold 15 million pairs of jeans last year -- !

\*

\*

Halston wheels on him, slamming his fists on the table, suddenly LIVID:

HALSTON

You do *NOT* walk into MY office and mention that name to me, David --

(CONTINUED)

MAHONEY

(not backing down)

*It's NOT your office, Halston, it's  
Norton Simon's. It's MY fucking  
office if it's anybody's --*

HALSTON

-- Calvin Klein is a fucking HACK --

MAHONEY

*-- I agree! THAT IS WHAT I'M  
SAYING! You do a line of jeans,  
Calvin Klein'll jump off the G.W.  
Bridge -- !!*

\*  
\*

SLAM! Halston has ducked into the bathroom. A beat. Joe looks to Mahoney with a shrug. Then, way too quickly to have actually used the bathroom in any traditional sense, Halston breezes back in, perky, his mood totally changed.

HALSTON

Dungarees, David. Let's call them what they are. Not jeans. Dungarees. Halston doesn't do dungarees and that's my last word on the subject.

He spritzes an orchid, then holds it up next to his face, like a spokesmodel, playful, faux-grandiose:

HALSTON (CONT'D)

I'm like this orchid, David. I'm a hothouse flower. You wouldn't put me in your front window box with carnations, would you?

\*

David resists the urge to roll his eyes. He goes to respond but Halston has already moved on.

HALSTON (CONT'D)

Joe, get the models in here. Let's fit. Good to see you, David.

Off Mahoney, quietly fuming we SMASH BACK TO:

Joe exhales, knowing what's being asked of him.

JOE EULA

So you're asking me to talk to him.

MAHONEY

Except I'm not asking. You're as much Halston as he is, Joe. He'll listen to you. We got three months, maybe, before the market on high-end jeans is saturated and we'll have *totally* missed the boat.

(then, severe)

Taking on Halston was a *big* risk for me, Joe. I wanted a shiny, marquee brand for Norton Simon, but when I look at it now... It looks like what I invested in, what I bet my reputation on, is orchids and coke and parties at Studio 54. That shit's not gonna fly for much longer, you understand? Get him to 'yes' on this.

\*  
\*

David slaps him on the back, then walks off. Off Joe, dreading:

INT. HALSTON'S TOWNHOUSE -- DAY

\*

SOUNDLESS SUPER 8 FOOTAGE on the back of a canvas. The camera zooms in to find a signature on the frame. This is a Warhol. We see Victor's coked-out eyes peek over the canvas to camera, then watch as a knife makes several long cuts through the painting and a black rubber dildo in Victor's hand pops through and moves the length of the cut in the least interesting or artistic way possible. Victor's head pops up as he stares into camera, saying things we can't hear, then pushes a fist slowly through the canvas. He punches holes in the canvas, then flips it over revealing that this is a portrait of HALSTON. He pokes the dildo through Halston's face, then starts violently slashing it from behind.

POP TO a WIDE behind the camera where a COKED-OUT GUY WITH A NONDESCRIPT EUROPEAN ACCENT IN HIS UNDERWEAR mans the camera as the radio BLARES.

COKED OUT GUY

Yeah, that's so good...

HALSTON (O.S.)

WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING???

Reveal Halston in the doorway, aghast.

VICTOR

*I'm making ART. Don't interrupt!  
What the fuck is wrong with you!*

(CONTINUED)

HALSTON  
That's my Warhol!

VICTOR  
No, it's not, it's Warhol's fucking  
Warhol --

HALSTON  
*FUCK YOU! THAT'S MY FACE AND YOU'RE  
SHOVING A DILDO THROUGH IT --*

\*

POP TO the sad MOS footage. Still rolling. BACK TO:

\*

VICTOR  
*OKAY, WELL, YOU WANTED ME TO HAVE  
IT --*

HALSTON  
*THAT WAS ON MY WALL AND YOU STOLE  
IT!!!*  
(to the guy)  
*AND WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU???*

\*

\*

COKED OUT GUY  
(fuck off)  
I'm Victor's friend.

VICTOR  
(re: Halston)  
Ignore him. He doesn't understand  
art.

Halston turns on his heels and storms out.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
*IT'S GONNA BE WORTH MORE NOW, YOU  
PIECE OF SHIT!!! YOU SHOULD BE  
THANKING ME!!! I'm a true ARTIST!!!*

A beat. Victor does a bump of coke, turns to the guy.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Let's keep going. You still  
rolling?

INT. MONTAUK BEACH HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- THE NEXT DAY 27

CLOSE ON a cassette as it's inserted into the tape player of  
a hifi stereo set. A finger hits PLAY.

A demo of "Got Tu Go Disco" plays. Reveal Joe dancing a bit  
at the stereo as we RACK TO Halston across the room,  
sketching in his chair. He looks up.

(CONTINUED)

HALSTON

What is this?

JOE EULA

Groovy, right? It's the show I was telling you about -- "Got Tu Go Disco" -- I'm doing the costumes, I'm kinda producing it...

(off his dry look)

I told you, it's gonna be on Broadway! We're opening at the Minskoff! It's about Studio 54 -- Marc's in it!

HALSTON

Marc *BENECKE*? Marc Benecke the doorman at Studio 54.

JOE EULA

Yes! It's like, his story.

HALSTON

(nailing it down)

*You're doing a musical about Marc Benecke, the doorman at Studio 54, starring Marc Benecke, the doorman at Studio 54.*

JOE EULA

(grooving)

Broadway's first disco musical! Cool, huh? I mean, this is just a *demo...*

HALSTON

It's *TERRIBLE*. Turn it off. I'm trying to work.

Joe deflates, and turns off the tape, grousing:

JOE EULA

I mean, I was *gonna* ask if you wanted to invest, but *okay...*

Halston sketches, deep in thought, but struggling. He bristles a little as Joe peeks over his shoulder.

JOE EULA (CONT'D)

Interesting. *SOMEONE'S* got Calvin Klein on the brain...

We see the sketches. It's a different kind of design. Form-fitting. Structural. Joe heads to the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

HALSTON

I find his work so tedious, but obviously he's hitting a chord. He uses great material, I'll give him that, but it's so *restrictive*.

\*

Returning with coffee, Joe turns back to give a knowing eyebrow raise.

JOE EULA

*Well...*

Joe places a coffee in front of Halston and sits next to him.

HALSTON

Thanks.

Joe takes the pencil and makes an adjustment.

JOE EULA

What about clingy here at the torso, then loose at the waist...?

Halston gives an unconvinced wince, staring at the image, willing himself to have a flash of inspiration. Joe hesitates, then sees his opening.

JOE EULA (CONT'D)

I think you're right, you know. Calvin Klein's the one you need to chase.

Halston gives a 'hmm', making a few pencil strokes and staring again. Joe leans in.

JOE EULA (CONT'D)

You're better than him.

Halston looks up, perplexed.

HALSTON

I know that.

JOE EULA

I *know* you know. Just.  
(then)

If you *really* want to make him mad -- *go after the jeans market*.

Halston bolts to his feet, tossing the pad onto the table.

\*

HALSTON

He got to you, didn't he?

\*

(CONTINUED)

JOE EULA

Who -- ?

HALSTON

*Don't bullshit me, Joe. MAHONEY. He got to you. Jesus CHRIST, JOE! MAHONEY'S GOT YOU DOING HIS DIRTY WORK, NOW, DOES HE???*

\*  
\*  
\*

JOE EULA

He's *RIGHT*, H! It's a *HUGE* market!

HALSTON

You were supposed to be my *friend* --

JOE EULA

What the fuck? I *AM* your friend, and I'm telling you, Mahoney's right! You've stopped growing!

HALSTON

*BULLSHIT! I'm bigger than I've ever been!*

JOE EULA

But *YOU'VE* stopped GROWING.

HALSTON

*I've got -- what -- thirty-five licenses? And how many clothing lines? I can't even keep track!*

JOE EULA

*That's the problem, H! You can't keep track of it all because you're not INTERESTED in it --*

HALSTON

FUCK YOU.

JOE EULA

*STOP SAYING THAT. I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU SOMETHING YOU NEED TO HEAR! You're spread too thin! You don't delegate, so you can't service the licensing agreements, so Norton Simon is not seeing their investment and now you've got a COMPETITOR who's nipping at your ass and all you have to do to FIX it is DESIGN A GODDAMN PAIR OF BLUE JEANS and you won't do it!*

(CONTINUED)

HALSTON  
YOU'RE RIGHT! I *won't* do it!

JOE EULA  
Well, then, you're a fucking *child*.

Silence. Halston stares at him. Joe immediately wants those words back. The low roar of the ocean is haunting.

JOE EULA (CONT'D)  
That came out wrong...

The front door opens to a musical:

ELSA (O.S.)  
*Hellooooo!*

Halston stares at Joe, wordless, as Elsa breezes in.

ELSA (CONT'D)  
Sorry I'm late. Where's lunch?

Camera pans across a LAVISH LUNCH as Elsa holds court off screen, jittery and high, mid-screed --

ELSA (O.S.)  
*...I've been their highest grossing jewelry designer five years in a row! It's been a sensation, having me there, and now my contract is up, we have to renegotiate, they say, "Well, Elsa, you know, we don't really KNOW how much money you made for us. Tiffany's, it's a legacy brand," all this bullshit. So I say to him, to Richard, I say this to his face -- but Richard, I KNOW what I've made you.*

JOE EULA (O.S.)  
(knowing)  
Mmm hmm.

ELSA (O.S.)  
*Because EVERY UNIT, I know what it costs to make, and I know what you sell it for! So don't pretend you don't know!*



-- as a pair of hands takes a delicate mother of pearl spoon to dollop thousand-dollar tins of beluga caviar onto a blini, then move seamlessly to an ivory set of coke paraphernalia -- coke is shaken out of a tiny ivory bottle. An ivory razor blade cuts out a line. The line is snorted up a nostril with an ivory straw.

Halston squeezes his nose, pops the blini in his mouth and fetches a baked potato from a silver platter and dresses it as he listens, impassive, to Elsa's nattering, both she, Joe and Victor doing bumps of coke between bites...

ELSA (CONT'D)

So I tell him, *Richard* -- here's what you should do. Go rent the biggest truck you can find, fill it with hundred dollar bills, park it in front of my apartment, and then carry it up in boxes and I'll tell you when to stop because if I'm signing another contract with you you're going to PAY me whatever the fuck I want and you're going to let me *design* whatever the fuck I want. *I'm* the boss now.

Halston's face is stony, as he cuts into his baked potato.

JOE EULA

Exactly! You've fucking *put Tiffany's on the map again. WHO WAS GOING TO FUCKING TIFFANY'S???*

ELSA

(with a laugh)

Well *A LOT OF PEOPLE* but thank you, you're kind to say that but also, *EXACTLY!* Pay me! It's *ludicrous!*

Out of left field, too loud:

HALSTON

*These potatoes are cold.*

Elsa and Joe turn to him. With a chortle:

ELSA

Just put it in the oven.

VICTOR

H doesn't know how to use the oven.

ELSA

Where'd the food come from?

(CONTINUED)

HALSTON  
Olympic Tower.

ELSA  
Get the fuck out.

VICTOR  
He has meals flown in.

ELSA  
(aghast)  
*To MONTAUK? FROM MANHATTAN???*

HALSTON  
Not anymore if they can't fly me in  
a hot fucking baked potato...

ELSA  
Hold on hold on hold on. You have  
got to be joking.

JOE EULA  
H puts the order in to Olympic  
Tower, they make it, sea plane  
flies it in to Lake Montauk and  
they drive it over.

ELSA  
And your order was *full caviar  
service and baked potatoes?*

HALSTON  
It's what I had a taste for!

ELSA  
*Oh my GOD this is incredible.*  
*HALSTON. This is, like, NEXT LEVEL*  
*eccentric. FLYING SEAFOOD IN TO*  
*MONTAUK? That's like bringing*  
*pineapples to Hawaii.*

\*

\*

All four erupt in laughter at the insanity of it all. Even Halston, who laughs, somewhat manic, but keeps his gaze trained on Elsa, a fire in his eyes. The laughter subsides. Elsa wipes tears from her eyes.

ELSA (CONT'D)  
Ohhh my god...

HALSTON  
You really have become a *crashing*  
bore, haven't you.

(CONTINUED)

ELSA

*Excuse me?*

HALSTON

You breeze in here for the weekend,  
YOU'RE FUCKING LATE, don't say  
'sorry', don't waste a *single*  
breath asking how *I'm* doing --

JOE EULA

H...

HALSTON

Fuck you --  
(to Elsa)  
-- and you go *ON* and *ON* about all  
your *SUCCESS* --

VICTOR

Joe asked her --

HALSTON

(leaning in, venomous)  
*I've read every article -- you know  
what word you DON'T mention?  
HALSTON --*

ELSA

What the *FUCK* -- ?

HALSTON

-- *except to drop snarky hints  
about how Halston perfume was all  
YOUR idea --*

ELSA

I have *NEVER*, in my *LIFE* --

JOE EULA

She's never said that, H --

HALSTON

*WHERE IS MY FUCKING THANK YOU,  
ELSA? I GOT you that job at  
Tiffany's, I gave you my APARTMENT  
-- STILL waiting for a thank you --*

\*  
\*

Elsa stands, LIVID. Victor sits back, hands behind his head,  
relishing. Joe tries to referee.

ELSA

*OHSHHHHHH NO. You don't get to  
fucking do this -- you don't get to  
make this about you --*

(CONTINUED)

HALSTON

*You get to be creative and it's  
because I'M paying for it. If  
you're an ARTIST IT'S ON MY DIME  
AND I'D LIKE A LITTLE  
ACKNOWLEDGEMENT IN PRINT, THANK YOU  
VERY MUCH --*

ELSA

*-- FUCK YOU, HALSTON. IS THAT THANK  
YOU ENOUGH? YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE  
UPSET ABOUT? I'M MORE TALENTED THAN  
YOU AND YOU USED ME FOR AS LONG AS  
YOU COULD AND YOU CAN'T USE ME  
ANYMORE AND THAT DRIVES YOU NUTS!*

JOE EULA

Guys. COME ON.

Victor has started loudly humming "Toreador" and conducting an imaginary orchestra as Halston follows Elsa to the door as she gathers her things in her arms, shouting all the way.

HALSTON

*I thought you were staying for the  
weekend! I was looking forward to  
sitting around the campfire  
listening to stories about how  
fucking wonderful you are -- !!!*

ELSA

*I FUCKING LOVED YOU, HALSTON. What  
the fuck does that say about me? I  
hope I never fucking lay eyes on  
you again, you PATHETIC HAS BEEN.  
You USELESS PIECE OF SHIT!!!*

HALSTON

*YEAH, DON'T LET THE DOOR HIT YOU ON  
THE ASS!*

The door slams. Silence. Victor leaps onto the sofa, giggling. Joe heaves an exhausted sigh.

JOE EULA

H...

Halston hangs his head, then looks up, a moment of clarity.

HALSTON

Was I always like this?

JOE EULA

Um. Like *THAT*? No. That's new.

(CONTINUED)

HALSTON

Do you think it's the...

He gestures vaguely in the direction of the cocaine.

HALSTON (CONT'D)

Because I feel like *that's* when it  
all started to go sour. Maybe I  
should lay off it a little bit.

Victor is already rushing over in damage control.

VICTOR

What the fuck are you talking  
about? No way! That shit's medical  
grade. It's practically a vitamin.

He takes him by the shoulders, making sure he hears him.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Believe me -- when it's the end?  
We'll *know*.

The group disperses. Halston pours himself a scotch. The  
phone rings. \*

HALSTON \*

Hello? \*

A beat. His face goes slack. \*

29-32 OMITTED

29-32 \*

33 INT. MONTAUK BEACH HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER 33

Victor sits on the sofa with Joe.

JOE EULA

Okay, but it was hanging in *HIS*  
townhouse.

VICTOR

*That doesn't mean I stole it!*

There's a yelp from the kitchen.

34 INT. MONTAUK BEACH HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER 34

Victor and Joe hurry into the kitchen to find Halston curled  
up on the floor, convulsing with sobs.

JOE EULA

What happened?

(CONTINUED)

34

HALSTON  
My mother died.

MUSIC PLAYS as we DISSOLVE TO:

35

INT. MIDWESTERN FUNERAL HOME -- DAY

35

In SUPER-SLO MOTION, Halston, all in black, sunglasses on, walks through a parting sea of dowdy mourners in the lobby of a down-market suburban funeral home. It's other-worldly -- every eye that catches him holds the gaze and conversation stops, as if witnessing a god descending to the Earth.

He makes his way down the center aisle as we reveal an open casket wreathed with an impossible number of DAFFODIL bouquets. Sprays of monochromatic DAFFODILS everywhere.

He takes a handful of them and walks toward the casket. He removes his sunglasses to reveal a face streaked with ceaseless tears from bloodshot eyes that have not stopped crying. Halston places the daffodils on his mother's chest, then leans over and lays his head on her breast, needing her hands to cradle his head one more time. He holds it there.

CUT TO:

36

INT. 63RD STREET TOWNHOUSE -- NIGHT

36

The MUSIC SLOWLY FADES as CAMERA PULLS back from Halston's exhausted face, empty of all feeling, sipping a double scotch alone, staring numbly at MATCH GAME on the TV. The jaunty theme music plays as Gene Rayburn throws to commercial.

A girl whistles "Oh My Darling Clementine" as camera moves from a jean leg and boot to find a model sitting oddly in the frame, looking down, wavy auburn hair draped to the side.

Push in on Halston's face, staring, numb. The model looks up. It's BROOKE SHIELDS. She looks to camera.

BROOKE SHIELDS  
You know what comes between me and  
my Calvins? Nothing.

A chyron in iconic font appears as a smoky baritone intones:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Calvin Klein Jeans.

A beat. Halston WHIPS his scotch at the TV. It shatters against the image as we SMASH TO:

37

INT. OLYMPIC TOWER -- MAHONEY'S OFFICE -- DAY

37

A cold and distant Mahoney looks up from his desk. Halston looms over him, jittery.

HALSTON

I'll do it. I'll do jeans. *BUT*. I do it *my* way, okay? Just like the perfume --

MAHONEY

You have something on your nose.

HALSTON

Do I?

Halston quickly wipes the whiff of powder from his right nostril. Now back-footed:

HALSTON (CONT'D)

You know, I was resistant to blue jeans because I didn't know how to make them *Halston*, right?

MAHONEY

Mmm hmm.

HALSTON

-- but now I do. This is the fabric.

He tosses a sample of thick, very blue denim on Mahoney's desk. Almost too thick to be denim. Mahoney feels it.

HALSTON (CONT'D)

I want to do a partnership with Levi's --

MAHONEY

This is really thick.

HALSTON

Mmm hmm. *Very* thick. It's sensual. Almost like *velvet* -- it's a *modern* take on blue jeans --

MAHONEY

Halston, people wear jeans to the discotheque. You can't *dance* in something this thick, you'll pass out! Look at what Calvin's doing -- the jeans are thin, they're form-fitting, you wear them in --

(CONTINUED)

HALSTON

(flaring)

You have never *once* questioned my  
artistic vision --

MAHONEY

Well, I am now. This isn't gonna  
work --

HALSTON

*All right*, well, I might be willing  
to *consider* another fabric --

MAHONEY

No, I mean, *jeans* are not going to  
work! Halston jeans are not going  
to happen! We missed the window. If  
we had this conversation three  
months ago, we mighta had  
something, but as of right now? The  
market's saturated. Calvin Klein,  
Chic, Gloria Vanderbilt, Cacharel,  
Sasson, Ford, Jordache, Ferrari --  
we can't make money on Halston  
jeans. We missed the boat. That  
ship is out to sea. Where were you  
three months ago, Halston? Fashion  
moves fast. You know that.

Silence.

HALSTON

All right, well, *c'est la guerre*.  
How about you and I go to lunch...?

MAHONEY

I can't today. Let's get something  
in the books.

He goes, *ice*. Halston stands there, stunned.

INT. MAHONEY'S FANCY SECOND HOME -- NIGHT

David Mahoney and BOBBI eat Dover sole and sip chablis in  
their fancy dining room.

BOBBI

...and you know I was having lunch  
with Blaine --

MAHONEY

Who's Blaine?



BOBBI

(duh)

Blaine Trump. And *she* says they just finished a *STUNNING* new beach house in *Quogue* of all places, but I guess the tract of land is just -- *epic* -- and the house is all glass and cedar -- it's a *Gwathmey* -- so it's all these big cubes and *triangles* but SHE said --

MAHONEY

We *have* a beach house. We're having dinner in it right now.

\*  
\*

BOBBI

That's not my point, my point was *SHE* was saying that the *BIG* thing now is *BOATS* --

MAHONEY

Like sailboats? Neither of us know how to sail.

BOBBI

No, like *YACHTS*. I mean, *MAYBE* they're sailboats -- *you wouldn't sail them anyway, you hire a captain, you have a whole staff.*

MAHONEY

Bobbi, you know what a depreciating asset is?

BOBBI

(no)

Yes.

MAHONEY

It's what a boat is. Depreciating asset. The second you set foot on them you lose 90% of your investment. They're *money pits*.

\*

BOBBI

(annoyed)

So you're telling me you're CEO of Norton Simon Industries and we can't afford a boat.

He drops his silverware clinking against the china.

(CONTINUED)

MAHONEY

Jesus Christ. Sweetheart. Don't make it sound like I'm not providing, okay? I'm making some moves, you gotta be patient --

BOBBI

I've *BEEN* patient -- a *YEAR* ago you said just wait til Halston does a line of jeans. Well, what happened? If he'da done jeans a year ago, I'd be in San Tropez right now instead of listening to you tell me how poor we are or something --

\*

MAHONEY

I'm gonna take Norton Simon private.

A stunned beat.

BOBBI

Oh my god. Wh-what does that even mean?

MAHONEY

It's called a "*leveraged buyout*." I'm lining up investors to buy out the stockholders, turn Norton Simon into a private corporation. I've got a billion lined up, need 1.5 probably -- our brands are worth more than that if we sell them off individually so we keep the ones that are profitable, Hunt-Wesson, Max Factor, Johnny Walker, sell off the ones that aren't. *Avis* -- *hemorrhaging* money -- *Halston*...

BOBBI

(concerned)

Halston?

MAHONEY

He'll be *fine*. He'll make a killing off the sale. *IF* we can pump up the brand first because right now, it's flagging. Jeans woulda done the trick, we missed that, so I'm on the lookout for another big license. If I can find that thing, a year from now? You'll have boats coming out of your ears.

(CONTINUED)

38

BOBBI

Wow. *Oh me of little faith.*

She leans in and kisses him. Camera pulls back as she does an excited little shiver. PRE-LAPPED DISCO MUSIC BLARING.

39

INT. STUDIO 54 -- DJ BOOTH -- NIGHT

39

Halston sits behind the DJ booth, sunglasses on, hiding, peering out at the dance floor as if from an aerie. He does a bump of coke from a tiny silver spoon. A beat. Then, he pulls out a vial, taps out an ENORMOUS line that he HOOVERS up his nose. A beat as his head bops to the beat. That's better.

He spots something. ELSA in the sable coat he gave her. He beelines toward her. In the middle of the dance floor, he turns her around by the arm.

HALSTON

You didn't come to the funeral.

ELSA

What?

HALSTON

My mother died. You weren't there.

ELSA

Halston, you didn't *fucking tell me* she died! You didn't tell anyone! How the fuck am I supposed to -- I'm sorry about your mother, but you talk to me the way you talked to me and expect me to just show up when you don't even invite me? What am I? Some fucking *MIND READER???*

She tries to walk past him. He grabs the coat and starts pulling it off her as she goes.

HALSTON

Give me this, then...

ELSA

*WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING???*

HALSTON

*WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME TO DO JEANS???* YOU FUCKING KNEW I SHOULD!!! AFTER ALL I DID FOR YOU? WHO IS THIS FRIEND I THOUGHT I HAD!!! GIVE ME THIS FUCKING COAT, I bought it it's mine!!!

(CONTINUED)

39

ELSA  
*HERE, TAKE YOUR FUCKING COAT, YOU  
PIECE OF SHIT! YOU NOTHING! YOU'RE  
NOTHING TO ME! You're nothing but a  
no culture cheap faggot dress  
maker!*

\*  
\*  
\*

HALSTON  
And you're nothing but a low-class  
jewelry designer!

\*  
\*  
\*

ELSA  
Faggot faggot faggot!

\*  
\*

She throws the coat on the floor, stomping on it -- takes a  
bottle of vodka from a table, shakes it out all over the coat  
and his shoes, then SMASHES it on the ground, then collapses.  
Halston coolly stares, then exits as we CUT TO:

\*  
\*  
\*

40 INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

40

The phone rings. Liza Minelli clicks on the light and answers  
the phone, panicked.

LIZA  
Hello?

We hear Halston on the other line, VERY MUFFLED.

HALSTON (V.O.)  
Hi, darling, it's me. I just had a  
hell of a night --

LIZA  
Who is this?

HALSTON (V.O.)  
It's me. I just got back from  
Studio --

LIZA  
WHO?

41 INT. HALSTON'S BEDROOM -- INTERCUT

41

Halston screams down the phone.

HALSTON  
*IT'S HALSTON!!!*

LIZA  
*Halston? Darling I can barely hear  
you. Must be a bad connection. Call  
me back.*

(CONTINUED)

41

She hangs up. The phone rings again. She picks up.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Hi.

HALSTON

*Is that better? I just had the  
worst night of my LIFE --*

LIZA

Sorry, darling, I just can't hear  
you --

Halston SLAMS down the phone screaming:

HALSTON

*FUCK!*

42

INT. 63RD STREET TOWNHOUSE -- MORNING

42

Halston pops four aspirin and chugs a glass of orange juice. Very hungover. He sits at the kitchen table and opens up The New York Times. He freezes, then peers at an article on A20. We see the headline: RARE CANCER SEEN IN 41 HOMOSEXUALS. OUTBREAK OCCURS AMONG MEN IN NEW YORK AND CALIFORNIA -- 8 DIED INSIDE 2 YEARS.

A moment. Halston stares, then begins to read. IN BG we see Joe leading a TELEPHONE REPAIRMAN out the door.

JOE EULA

Thanks again, it's very much  
appreciated.

HALSTON

Is it fixed?

\*

JOE EULA

I *guess* you could say that --

HALSTON

Must have had something to do with  
the construction...?

Joe walks into the kitchen, perturbed.

JOE EULA

Nope. That's not what it was.

43

INT. 63RD STREET TOWNHOUSE -- FLASHBACK

43

The Repairman unscrews the receiver on Halston's bedside phone and at least a gram of white powder falls out.

(CONTINUED)

43

JOE EULA (V.O.)  
The guy unscrewed the receiver and  
a *pile* of cocaine poured out.

REPAIRMAN  
Um. Is this cocaine?

JOE EULA  
Probably.

\*  
\*

44 INT. 63RD STREET TOWNHOUSE -- KITCHEN (RESUME)

44

JOE EULA  
He said there was so much coke in  
there it "*oxidized the phone*"!

HALSTON  
No way. How is that even possible?

JOE EULA  
I've seen you do it!

POP TO:

45 INT. 63RD STREET TOWNHOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- FLASHBACK 45

POP of Halston, sitting in his living room, chatting MOS on  
the phone. Does a bump of coke.

JOE EULA (V.O.)  
You sit there on the phone, doing  
bumps of cocaine and every time a  
little bit must fall through the  
little holes into the receiver!

BACK TO:

46 INT. 63RD STREET TOWNHOUSE -- RESUME

46

Halston just stares, a sphinx. A beat, then:

HALSTON  
I've *NEVER* done that.

JOE EULA  
Jesus *CHRIST*, Halston, let us all  
know when you plan your return trip  
to planet Earth --

HALSTON  
They're all lies! It's all I read  
in the papers now -- *lies* about me!

(CONTINUED)

JOE EULA

HALSTON. The coke shit has gotten out of control. YOU are out of control.

HALSTON

HOW DARE YOU. You don't know the kind of pressure I'm under --

JOE EULA

YES, I DO! Because I'm the one who has to BE Halston when Halston's on a coke bender! I'M Halston til you decide to roll out of bed at three in the afternoon and you're STILL too hungover to speak!

HALSTON

Oh, it's real hard on you, is it?

JOE EULA

(emotional)

Yes, Halston, it is. I've given you TEN years of my life. I've given up MY dreams for YOURS. So I could stand in your shadow and fish cocaine out of your phone and watch as the work gets worse and worse and worse.

A beat. Halston goes cold. Calculated:

HALSTON

You've spent ten years in my shadow, Joe, because deep down, you know that's where you belong. Standing in my shadow is the best you're ever gonna do so don't give me this needy, sad-sack bullshit. I've given you more than you could've ever hoped for and if you don't like the work? Well, there's the door, Joe. You can fuck off to design fucking costumes for your shitty fucking disco musical about the goddamn doorman at Studio 54. THAT'S the level of taste I've come to expect from you. You have second-rate instinct and no ideas. You're an embarrassment. You're beta to my alpha and that's as good as it gets for you and the quicker you realize that the happier you'll be.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

46

HALSTON (CONT'D)

Accept that fact and quit being  
such a fucking sourpuss or get the  
fuck out of my life.

Joe stands there, stunned, tears streaking his face. He opens  
his mouth to respond, but he's too upset. He turns and walks  
out. The door slams behind him. Halston just stands there.

HALSTON (V.O.) (PRE-LAPPED) (CONT'D)

So -- how long are you going to be  
gone?

47

INT. LIZA'S APARTMENT -- DAY

47

Halston watches, stunned as a twitchy Liza packs her  
suitcases, covering anxiety.

LIZA

Not long. Two months, I think --  
don't be sad, I'll be back before  
you know it.

HALSTON

But I don't get what this is --  
it's a *tour* -- ?

Liza chuckles, then turns to him, squarely. Kind.

LIZA

It's called, "rehab", Halston.  
(back to packing)  
I'm told it really works. And when  
Liz Taylor calls you up and says,  
"go to Betty Ford," you listen.  
She's right -- I was headed down  
the same path as my mother, and we  
all know how that turned out, and  
I'm not gonna do that.

A sob leaps from Halston's throat. She hurries over and wraps  
him in her arms.

LIZA (CONT'D)

*Oh, sweetheart --*

HALSTON

Everyone's *leaving* me...

LIZA

I'm not leaving you -- I'll be  
leaving you if I keep doing what  
I'm doing, that's all --

She looks him straight in the eye. Delicate:

(CONTINUED)



LIZA (CONT'D)  
Why don't you come with me?

HALSTON  
I don't have a problem.

LIZA  
HALSTON --

HALSTON  
I don't! I haven't even gone out in  
five days! I'm on a tomato juice  
diet! I know how to stop --

LIZA  
H, I know you. The one thing you  
DON'T know how to do is stop.  
(then, firm)  
The party's over. Studio got closed  
down -- Stevie had to go to jail --

HALSTON  
(not hearing it)  
Well, it's reopening in a few  
weeks. I told Stevie I was gonna  
throw the party --

LIZA  
(knows the end is now)  
Well, maybe I'll be back for that,  
then.

She wraps him in her arms and squeezes him, hard.

LIZA (CONT'D)  
I love you. And I'll never leave  
you.

Off Halston's tears, bereft:

48 INT. ELEVATOR/HALLWAY -- NIGHT

48 \*

Victor and Halston ride the elevator, Steve Rubell is with  
them.

VICTOR  
Why are we going to this? I thought  
you hated Calvin Klein.

HALSTON  
I don't hate him, I just think he's  
terrible. But Stevie here loves  
him --

(CONTINUED)



STEVIE

I have to tell you something,  
before we go in. The reopening for  
Studio you want to throw, the  
party?

HALSTON

Yes, I can't wait --

STEVIE

Halston, this *IS* that party.

Victor snickers into his palm. Halston goes white. The  
elevator slows its rise.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

We reopen tonight. We're all going  
there after -- I thought somebody  
told you -- I know you wanted to do  
it, but Calvin offered and, well,  
it's *Calvin*. You understand.

Halston nods, stunned as the door opens and there is CALVIN  
and KELLY, waiting for them. Steve and Victor rush out, air  
kiss Calvin. As Halston slowly walks into the group of  
piranhas, smiling fakely at him --

49 OMITTED

49

50 INT. OLYMPIC TOWER -- DAY

50

Halston paces, agitated, as Mahoney sits at his desk.

MAHONEY

I know you've lost a lot of  
creative partners, Halston, and  
that's normal. That's part of any  
business. But you still have me. I  
want you to know that. Sit. You're  
making me nervous.

(as he does)

We've talked about this. The brand  
isn't where we want it to be --

(before he can argue)

-- that's not your fault, we just  
have to fix it. We need that big  
item to boost the Halston profile  
and we're back in business. *Good  
news is* -- I've found that thing.

(the pitch)

What if. You became. The exclusive,  
in-house designer for JCPenney?

(CONTINUED)

Halston just stares. Then, after a beat --

HALSTON  
Is this a joke?

MAHONEY  
It's not a joke. This could be the biggest deal in the history of fashion. Halston, it could be *huge*.

HALSTON  
And why, David, would I ever do something like that?

MAHONEY  
Because you'll make a *billion* dollars. With a B.

Halston blinks, stunned. \*

MAHONEY (CONT'D) \*

That's a *thousand MILLION* dollars. \*

HALSTON \*

Thank you, David, I know what a billion dollars means. \*

MAHONEY \*

Do you, though? When you earn that kind of money, you're suddenly a member of a *very* exclusive club -- \*

HALSTON \*

(cutting him off) \*

So that's all I'm meant to care about at this point? Money? \*

MAHONEY \*

Of course not. Just think of it as a silver lining to a cloud made of *solid gold*... \*

Halston doesn't laugh. Mahoney shifts, the gentlest of warnings. \*

MAHONEY (CONT'D) \*

I think you see the writing on the wall here, Halston... \*

Halston turns to the window, deeply torn. He knows David's right. \*

(CONTINUED)

MAHONEY (CONT'D)

At some point, you gotta pay the piper. Good news is, this piper's gonna pay you back -- to the tune of a billion dollars. So that's a pretty good piper, if you think about it. And a pretty good tune. I realize the metaphor's kind of breaking down at this point...

HALSTON

Yes, but David -- money aside -- how am I supposed to *justify* this? To *myself*?

Mahoney shifts in his seat, thinking hard, grasping.

MAHONEY

Well, I don't *know!* Penney's? -- they're an *institution* in this country! It's practically a branch of the federal *government*. You're looking at, what, a thousand stores nationwide...?

HALSTON

(wheels turning)  
So. JCPenney's is a part of the American fabric.  
(then, a light bulb)  
...and *I'm* a part of the American fabric.

Mahoney looks at him, with a smile. That's IT. Halston takes a drag, then, with a twinkle:

HALSTON (CONT'D)

Where to I sign?

COUNSELOR (V.O.) (PRE-LAPPED)

Mr. Hugo?

51 INT. NEW YORK CLINIC -- HALLWAY -- DAY

51

Victor sits in a hallway of chairs lined with young men.

COUNSELOR (O.S.)

Victor Hugo?

Victor looks up to see a COUNSELOR with a clipboard standing outside of a clinic office.

52

INT. NEW YORK CLINIC -- OFFICE -- DAY

52

Under bleary fluorescent light, Victor sits opposite the Counselor at her desk. Matter of factly:

COUNSELOR

Unfortunately, you have tested  
positive for H.I.V.

Camera holds on Victor as he takes this in. He is stone.

COUNSELOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I know that's not what you wanted  
to hear today, but the good news  
is, we're just starting trials with  
several new treatments...

(CONTINUED)

VICTOR  
(quietly)  
I knew it.

COUNSELOR  
I'm sorry, sir?

VICTOR  
I knew I'd have it.  
(beat)  
We probably all have it...right?

His eyes shine with emotion and fear. He is oddly centered.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
How could we not? We lived. I mean,  
my God...did we live. With no  
rules...with no fear. With  
liberation. Not since Gomorrah, you  
know what I mean?  
(with emotion)  
And now? Poof. The dream is over.

COUNSELOR  
I know this is a lot to take in.  
The first thing we need to do is  
get a list of all the sexual  
partners you've had...

She hands him a legal pad and a pen. He snorts a derisive  
laugh, then:

VICTOR  
I'll need a few more legal pads.  
(off her look)  
Sugar, I've fucked everybody...

DISSOLVE TO:

A sky filled with clouds over a floor of clouds. It's like  
we're in heaven as a SNYTH PLAYS and a MODERN WOMAN in WHITE  
walks toward camera.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
*Presenting the Halston III  
Lifestyle collection.*

She fades out before she can run into the camera and THREE  
MODERN WOMEN FADE IN in sassy hats and slacks. Then TWO  
MODERN WOMEN in one-piece swimsuits.

(CONTINUED)

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
*Sports lifestyle.*

Then a MODERN WOMAN in a breezy blue wrap around. THREE MODERN WOMEN in smart skirts and tops.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
*Career lifestyle.*

SO MANY WOMEN walking towards camera. So many lifestyle looks, a wet-dream of early 80's fashion. One of them waves a tiny American flag for some reason.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
*A totally new fashion point of view  
for the modern American woman's  
lifestyle. All this and much more.  
Halston III exclusive designs.*

Now the modern women walk away from camera and look back at a wolf whistle. Reveal Halston, tossing a suit jacket over his shoulder, presumably the source of the whistle.

HALSTON  
Only at JCPenney.

The HALSTON logo appears on screen above the JCPenney logo as Halston flashes his million dollar American smile. But his eyes are dead.

54 EXT. EAST NEW YORK SUBWAY PLATFORM -- BROOKLYN -- NIGHT 54

Victor stands smoking as an A train trundles into the station. Riders emerge. He trolls for men. \*

VICTOR  
Hey, you wanna make some money?

The guy walks on. He spots a HOT CONSTRUCTION WORKER, 40. \*

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Hey, man, are you gay or straight?

MAN  
What the fuck did you just say to me?

VICTOR  
So you're straight. You wanna make \$200? I know a guy, he's gay, he's really rich. He's had a bad week. Give him some good dick and you'll get \$200.

(CONTINUED)





56

Reveal an YACHT BROKER in a three piece suit who stands before an easel, presenting boards of large yachts.

YACHT BROKER

Okay, this one? She's 172 feet, she's called the Big Eagle. She accommodates 12 guests, 9 crew --

MAHONEY

NINE crew...

YACHT BROKER

Yeah. Designed by Giorgio Vafiadis. She just launched in Yokkaichi, Japan, but for the right price, we could have her here in two weeks...

MAHONEY

And what's that gonna set me back.

YACHT BROKER

For a million, she's yours...

57

INT. OLYMPIC TOWER -- WORKROOM -- INTERCUT

57

Halston spoons coke into his nose, then goes back to a FIT MODEL in a dress that just doesn't work. He goes to pin.

HALSTON

Relax your shoulders.

(as she tries)

*RELAX YOUR SHOULDERS OR THE DRESS  
DOESN'T WORK.*

(then)

Take it off.

FIT MODEL

I'm trying --

HALSTON

*THE FUCKING DRESS DOES NOT WORK,  
PLEASE FUCKING TAKE IT OFF.*

58

INT. OLYMPIC TOWER -- DAY -- INTERCUT

58

The elevator door opens and three LAWYERS IN SUITS stride down the hallway. Mahoney's Secretary stands as they near.

SECRETARY

Can I help you?

LAWYER

We'll just be a minute.

(CONTINUED)

They walk past her and enter.

MAHONEY (O.S.)

I mean, yeah, fuck it. Let's do it.  
Now I just gotta find a captain and  
*NINE* fucking crew, but what the  
hell --

The lawyers walk in and Mahoney startles at his desk. From the look on his face he immediately knows this is bad.

MAHONEY (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

LAWYER

David, we need to have a  
conversation.

MAHONEY

(to the broker)

Would you excuse us?

INT. OLYMPIC TOWER -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Halston steps out of the bathroom and walks towards his office. Notices workers are removing carts full of orchids, some racks of clothing. Sassy runs up.

SASSY

*H!* I tried to stop him, but he just  
walked right in --

Halston walks into his office to see a stout man in a suit, CARL EPSTEIN, who stands as he enters.

CARL EPSTEIN

Mr. Halston.

HALSTON

Who are you?

Carl flashes a warm smile and offers his hand.

CARL EPSTEIN

I'm Carl Epstein. I run your  
division now.

(off his shock)

There will obviously be some cuts.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE HIGH-RISE -- BALCONY -- NIGHT

Mahoney sips a scotch as he stares out at the skyline.

(CONTINUED)

60

BOBBI (O.S.)

Honey...

He turns to see Bobbi, ducking her head out.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

He's on his way up.

HALSTON (V.O.) (PRE-LAPPED)

*What the fuck is going on, David???*

61

INT. UPPER EAST SIDE HIGH-RISE APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER 61

Halston strides across the room, beyond furious.

MAHONEY

Okay, first? You gotta calm down.

HALSTON

*The guy says he runs my company, David. You better explain to me right now how that isn't true.*

MAHONEY

*Let me fix you a drink, first, and I'll explain the whole thing --*

HALSTON

*NO. You TELL ME how there are people WHO I DO NOT KNOW IN MY OFFICE RIGHT NOW LOADING THINGS INTO BOXES AND CARTING THEM AWAY WHEN YOU PROMISED ME THAT YOU WOULD ALWAYS BE THERE FOR ME. YOU PROMISED YOU WOULD PROTECT ME --*

MAHONEY

(exploding)

*I GOT OUTBID, HALSTON!!!*

(then)

*I fucked up! I tried to take Norton Simon private -- I was gonna make us a LOT of money -- and word got out about the share price I was offering, how it was too low, and another company came in and I got outbid. By ONE fucking dollar per share. Esmark. They're a packaged goods company out of Chicago. They bought us out. Once it was in motion, there was nothing I could do. I'm out the door. Carl Epstein runs Halston now.*

(CONTINUED)

Halston stands, putting it all together. Tears in his eyes.

HALSTON

That's what JCPenney was all about,  
wasn't it? You knew you were going  
to sell Halston...

Mahoney goes to protest, but crumples, racked with guilt.

MAHONEY

I'm sorry, Halston. I let you down.  
Clearly, I didn't think this all  
the way through...

Halston trembles with emotion.

HALSTON

No, you didn't. Didn't even bother  
to tell me...

MAHONEY

I mean, for you, Halston, it's just  
management change, really. It's not  
gonna be all that different day to  
day. You'll get money.      \*

HALSTON

(a wounded child)  
You told me that I would never be  
alone.

A heavy beat. Mahoney shrugs his shoulders. But his eyes brim  
with tears.

MAHONEY

It's *business*, Halston.

A moment as Halston stands there, devastated. He walks out.

62      INT. HALSTON'S OFFICE -- LATER      62

Halston walks down the hallway past rooms where orchids are  
getting packed away. He walks into his office, numb, and  
closes the door. Walks over to the window and STARES OUT at  
the city. CAMERA PULLS BACK as he gazes out, in arctic  
isolation and we --      \*

**END EPISODE**