

# *ENTERPRISING*

By Michael Swiskay  
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## CONTACT

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FADE IN:

The screen is filled with a painting of the North Sea. It will be revisited.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. THE NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE - DAY

We travel to the entrance facade of the 'Metropolitan Club', Mecca for New York commercial elite.

CUT TO:

INT. THE 'METROPOLITAN CLUB' - CONTINUOUS

At a lectern before an attentive audience stands SAUL KING. Around thirty, he is a young, impeccably dressed African-American professional. SAUL exudes wealth and poise. A Power-Point demonstration for financial statements of EuroProperty Advisors N.V., the subject of the presentation, is behind him. He had conducted an information meeting for investors. Now he takes questions.

SAUL

EuroProperty Advisors will redefine the residential housing market in North America. Any other questions?

NICOLE BROOMALL, 24, is a young and well-tanned investment analyst dressed in top fashion. Her hand shoots and SAUL acknowledges her.

NICOLE

The Euro's in free fall against the dollar. How do they finance it?

SAUL

A rock solid balance sheet. The best foreign currency risk management system ever...and its mine!

ROBERT SCULLER, 26, is an arrogant investment professional. He ejaculates a cutting remark.

ROBERT

I'll believe it when I see it.

SAUL

Read the pamphlet at your seat sir. All your questions answered.

NICOLE  
He has eyes but can he see?

ROBERT  
Watch it Nicole!

SAUL  
Any other questions? Good.  
EuroProperty would like to  
entertain you.

SAUL strides through the audience. He and NICOLE ogle each other forcefully as he passes. He exits to another room, the audience following.

CUT TO:

INT. THE 'METROPOLITAN CLUB' EVENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Servers are at their posts as SAUL enters. NICOLE leads the audience of earlier in and SAUL greets her.

SAUL  
What are you drinking?

NICOLE  
A Daiquiri...strawberry, not banana.  
SAUL takes her hand and leads her  
to the bar. ROBERT notes this with  
an ill-willed stare.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. 'THE 'METROPOLITAN CLUB' - NIGHT

The evening's festivities are winding down. NICOLE and ROBERT remain. ROBERT is drunk.

ROBERT  
...Jesus...you and black men!!

NICOLE  
Oh god...shut up!!

ROBERT  
Black is bigger, right?!

NICOLE  
You're such an asshole!

SAUL joins them.

SAUL  
You all right?

ROBERT  
She's giving you affirmative  
fucking action.

SAUL  
What?

ROBERT  
...affirmative action pal.

SAUL  
Really!?

ROBERT  
Where the hell would you be without  
'Affirmative Action'?!

SAUL  
France man! INSEAD. You might have  
heard of it. The Harvard Business-  
School of Europe...on a McCarthur  
Foundation fellowship... No  
affirmative action here either.

NICOLE  
Wrong. Very affirmative! NICOLE  
takes SAUL'S hand and leads him  
off.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE 'METROPOLITAN CLUB' ENTRANCE FACADE - CONTINUOUS

SAUL and NICOLE exit the club.

SAUL  
You've got nice friends.

NICOLE  
He's a dick.

SAUL  
If he had half a brain he'd make  
sure you liked him.

NICOLE  
He's such a dick, but...god, he makes  
a ton of money!

SAUL  
 Lot of dicks who make a ton of  
 money.

NICOLE  
 ...Where do you live?

SAUL  
 Tribeca.

NICOLE  
 Perfect! Let's go to my place. I'm  
 in the East Village.

SAUL  
 Not tonight. I'm on an early flight  
 to Amsterdam tomorrow. Back next  
 week.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF AMSTERDAM - DAY

From the view down Amsterdam's Damrak the city Central Station is seen. Jacques Brel's 'Amsterdam' is heard as we travel a panoramic route through the grand metropolis. In the Red-Light-District, prostitutes market their wares amid signs advertising other seedy businesses. Traveling up Spuistraat we come to Koningsplein, a city square amid cafes, shops and classic Dutch Brown Bars.

CUT TO:

EXT. KONINGSPLEIN - CONTINUOUS

CLARA van HAAM, a very short, stunningly beautiful young lady displays prints of her original painting for sale.

FADE TO:

INT. THE TWEEDE KAMER - CONTINUOUS

Near Koningsplein, the Tweede Kamer is one of Amsterdam's finest marijuana Emporiums, or 'coffee houses'. It is dark, small and crowded with loyal ganga buyers. SAUL and MONIQUE, a late twenties statuesque Dutch beauty, indulge in the last of a joint. MONIQUE puts the 'roach' into a clip and finishes it.

SAUL and MONIQUE exit. MONIQUE trails behind at a leisurely pace. SAUL speeds ahead.

CUT TO:

EXT. KONINGSPLEIN - CONTINUOUS

SAUL exits the 'Tweede Kamer', soon encountering CLARA. Both she and her art dazzle SAUL. He surveys both with intent. Their mutual interest is so strong that neither will forget this encounter. SAUL indicates a scene on one of the prints.

SAUL  
Where is this?

CLARA  
The North Sea...from the home of my  
parent's.

MONIQUE intrudes upon CLARA and SAUL'S moment and offers SAUL the remainder of a chocolate bar she had been eating.

MONIQUE  
You like?

SAUL  
...Ah gluttony. SAUL takes the  
chocolate and chomps on a hefty  
bit, then offers to CLARA who  
accepts.

CLARA  
Thank you.

SAUL  
Graag gedaan.  
(Dutch 'you're welcome')

CLARA  
You speak Dutch?

SAUL  
Your English is much better than my  
Dutch.

SAUL succumbs to MONIQUE'S forceful tugs and they walk off.

MONIQUE  
Who is she?

SAUL  
I don't know. What's the matter?

MONIQUE  
You go home tomorrow.

ELS. CLARA'S mother approaches. She is tall, blond and middle aged.

ELS

Clara!

ELS glares at CLARA. CLARA hastily gathers her things. ELS grabs CLARA and forcibly escorts her away.

CLARA

...god verdoemen! {Dutch expletive}

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. THE van HAAM HOME IN NOORDWIJK aan ZEE - NIGHT The van HAAM residence is a large white colonial home. It overlooks the North Sea. Through a window is seen a nicely furnished abode. It is kept meticulously neat.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. van HAAM'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS In an office that would make Bill Gates drool sits CLARA's Father. Middle aged, blond and short he revels in Cyber- Heaven. Out of a large widow can be seen the North Sea. CLARA'S painting of the scene, noted earlier, hangs above it. ELS firmly escorts CLARA in. (NOTE: All text in bold highlighting throughout the script is to be enacted in Dutch, subtitled in English.)

ELS

The little devil is home!

MR. VAN HAAM

Els, you must calm down. Clara, your mother---

CLARA

Yes Papa, I will clean it up. ELS retrieves a can of turpentine from under the desk.

ELS

Now!

ELS takes CLARA by the arm and drags her to the basement door. She rips it open.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BASEMENT OF THE van HAAM HOME - CONTINUOUS An unfinished painting sits on an easel. ELS pulls CLARA down the stairs. Against the wall is a small billiard table, the only item protected from the paint onslaught of CLARA'S slovenly creative episode. The rest of the room is soiled by spillage.

ELS (CONT'D)  
Messes messes messes and your  
sacred billiard table untouched!  
MR. van HAAM has crept behind them.

MR. VAN HAAM

Els, sometimes a painter makes a mess.

ELS  
The brat's whole life is a mess!  
CLARA falls to her knees to clean  
as she gently sobs.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. LE BISTRO D'OR - NIGHT

Le Bistro d'Or is a trendy and expensive eatery. EVAN FINER, NICOLE'S boss, is the founder and principal of Aggressive Growth Fund, a Hedge Fund. He is a fortyish captive of Haute Couture. They are with SAUL.

EVAN  
Black man white woman. Sounds like  
trouble.

NICOLE  
Who cares?

SAUL  
Why are you guys obsessed by black  
guys with white women?

EVAN  
I don't make the rules. Ask her  
father.

NICOLE  
Shut up please!

SAUL  
What about your father?

NICOLE  
I'd rather not talk about the  
schmuck!!

SAUL runs his fingers through NICOLE'S hair.



SAUL

Forget about your father. Forget about the rules...all we care about are deals.

NICOLE

Deals...a very good thing! EVAN picks up the wine bottle and fills the glasses.

EVAN

To a Saul King deal! The trio click their glasses, celebrating SAUL'S deals.

SAUL

Deals...big numbers...numbers are color blind!

EVAN

You could be green and put up big numbers and nobody'd care.

NICOLE

I'd care if he were green. EVAN withdraws his platinum American Express card.

EVAN

The only color that matters is platinum.

SAUL

No Evan. For Amex it's black!

EVAN

Credit cards, schmedit cards! Let's talk about your deals.

SAUL

Not something I'm talking about.

EVAN

You can do whatever you want.

SAUL

I know.

EVAN

So?

SAUL  
I want to go Emilio's. EVAN raises  
his glass.

EVAN  
To the value of what you know.

SAUL  
I'm not telling you anything.

NICOLE  
You'll make a lot of money.

SAUL  
I don't need the money.

EVAN  
What the fuck do you need?! There  
can never be enough.

SAUL  
Huh?

EVAN  
We're all gonna die. How can there  
ever be enough?

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. THE DE STEPHANO GALLERY OF CONTEMPORARY ART - NIGHT

The de Stephano Gallery defines the cutting edge of the contemporary art. It is mobbed. SAUL and NICOLE stand together. EMILIO de STEPHANO is an Italian expatriate who owns the gallery. At 51, he is dark, tall, thin and gay with a crush on SAUL. ERNESTO CABALLO, the artist of the evening, is a short, well-built young Spaniard. He also arouses EMILIO'S libidinous interest. EMILIO is less than fond of NICOLE.

SAUL  
Picasso, Goya, Velasquez...  
(SAUL puts his arm around  
ERNESTO)  
Caballo!

EMILIO  
Spanish wizards with a brush.

SAUL  
Long way from the slums of Madrid.

ERNESTO  
Muchisimas gracias Saul! ERNESTO  
hugs SAUL tightly.

SAUL  
De Nada.  
(Spanish you're welcome)  
Who will I discover my next trip?

EMILIO  
You have to work in the gallery  
with me!

SAUL  
I'm a buyer not a seller.

EMILIO  
We sell a lot of art. You have to  
work with me.

SAUL  
This one I like. SAUL indicates a  
painting.

EMILIO  
For you...only \$5,000.

EVAN  
And for me?

EMILIO  
...well, I--

EVAN  
How about \$6,000? You know a thing  
or two about bidding wars, don't ya  
Saul?

SAUL  
You want to have a bidding war...  
over the painting?

EVAN  
When was the last time one of your  
clients lost a bidding war? Emilio,  
take us someplace private.

EMILIO leads the group to a door. Through it is his office.

CUT TO:

INT. EMILIO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The door opens. The lights come on and the entourage enters. Eccentricity and disorganization characterize EMILIO'S office. The walls are adorned with photographs cataloguing EMILIO'S art world stature. EVAN sits at EMILIO'S desk. He takes out an elaborate cocaine dispenser and disturbs some curios on the desk.

EMILIO  
Please be careful.

EVAN  
Sorry. Take this. EVAN hands the cocaine to EMILIO who hesitates. EMILIO is unfamiliar with the apparatus.

EVAN takes it back, indulges instructively, then returns it to EMILIO.

EMILIO  
Thank you.

EMILIO revels in the drug's superior quality. He offers to ERNESTO who also indulges. ERNESTO gestures to NICOLE.

NICOLE  
...I'll pass. ERNESTO offers it to SAUL.

SAUL  
No thanks.

EVAN  
I get the best--

SAUL  
Thanks but not for me.

EVAN  
OK, don't have any. EVAN takes the dispenser from ERNESTO, then a large hit.

FADE IN:

EXT. THE STREETS OF DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN - NIGHT

SAUL and NICOLE walk.

NICOLE  
He's not so bad.

SAUL  
Right. And George W. Bush'll be  
remembered as a great president.

NICOLE  
He's not so bad.

SAUL  
George Bush or your boss?

NICOLE  
He says great things about you.

SAUL  
So does Investors Dealer Digest.  
What is it about your father?

NICOLE  
...nothing.

SAUL  
Bullshit.

NICOLE  
Not talking about the SOB!

SAUL  
OK. Subject dropped. Skyscrapers  
loom down on them as they arrive at  
SAUL'S

building. She playfully sprints ahead as SAUL gives chase.  
NICOLE stops at the front door.

NICOLE  
The key monsieur.

SAUL takes out the key, opens the door and NICOLE darts in.  
SAUL follows. He catches NICOLE by the elevator. SAUL presses  
the elevator call button then a confident turn and a fast but  
passionate kiss on her kips. The elevator doors open and they  
scurry in.

CUT TO:

INT. SAUL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The elevator opens directly into a grand loft that occupies  
the whole floor. SAUL and NICOLE enter. Cutting edge modern  
art adorn exposed brick walls. The lights are out except the  
flashing of SAUL'S telephone answering machine. SAUL sees  
this and breaks from NICOLE.

NICOLE

Where are you going? SAUL goes to the answering machine and plays the message.

CLIENT (O.S.)

No answer on your mobile and you're not home. We are prepared-- SAUL quickly shuts off the answering machine.

NICOLE

Who's that?

Turning on the lights, SAUL shrugs. NICOLE goes to SAUL and glides her hand up his leg, ending with a caress of his chest.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Who is it?

SAUL

Nobody.

NICOLE

Play the message.

SAUL

He's the chief executive of a client.

NICOLE

Even better!! Play it! Nothing bad'll happen!

SAUL

You sure?

Something 'bad' happens as he initiates a passionate kiss. The message is now forgotten, NICOLE libido driven.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. A LONG ISLAND BEACH-FRONT COMMUNITY IN AMAGANSETT - DAY

The sky is clearest blue. The beach bakes under the hot sun. There is a row of vacation homes along the shore. Through a window of one are seen two figures.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DEN OF THE BEACH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dressed in sandals and shorts, SAUL sits. He is accompanied by a Real-Estate Agent, dressed in a crisply pressed summer suit. Necessary papers for the purchase of the house in which they sit are executed. They rise, shake hands and SAUL exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BEACH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

SAUL exits the house and strides to his white BMW convertible.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAUL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

As SAUL drives along the highway he listens to messages.

CLIENT (O.S.)

We have to make a conference call to Itsugi Group in Tokyo. Nine tonight, your time.

SAUL

Oh shit!

SAUL makes a call. NICOLE'S voice is heard.

NICOLE (O.S.)

It's Nicole. You know what to do.

SAUL

Got a problem about tonight. Have a conference call in the office at nine! Got a great deal on the place in Amagansett! We'll talk later. He hangs up.

FADE TO:

INT. SAUL'S OFFICE - EVENING

SAUL works in the New York office of 'Rogers-Rothschild'. They are a top Investment Banking firm headquartered in London. His spacious office defines luxury, comfort and class. With Saul rapt in work, the telephone rings.

SAUL

Saul King.

NICOLE (O.S.)  
Saturday night conference call.  
Jesus!

SAUL  
A client is a client.

NICOLE (O.S.)  
A girlfriend is a girlfriend. I'm  
coming over.

SAUL  
Give me a few hours.

NICOLE (O.S.)  
Ten o'clock.

She hangs up and SAUL comments.

SAUL  
No work, all play...these woman, man!

CUT TO:

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

NICOLE'S small Manhattan East Village studio oozes an urban efficiency with all the necessities of modern life.

Her futon is in the sofa configuration. A mélange of art prints adorn the white painted walls. The music of Alanis Morissette fills the room. NICOLE hangs up the telephone. She gets a DVD and a large black, dildo. She plays the DVD and reclines on the futon. It is hard-core pornography of an African-American man with a Caucasian women. While still clothed, NICOLE begins to sensually guide the dildo along her inner thighs. She revels in masturbatory ecstasy.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. THE LOBBY OF SAUL'S OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Clad in a tight fitting skirt and blouse, NICOLE buoyantly strides into the building lobby. She carries a parasol and approaches the security guard, a grizzled man in his fifties.

NICOLE  
Nicole to see Saul King at Rogers-  
Rothschild.

SECURITY GUARD  
What's his extension?



NICOLE

7166.

The security guard makes a telephone call.

SECURITY GUARD

Mr. King, Nicole is in the lobby.  
 (He listens, hangs up,  
 then continues to  
 NICOLE.)  
 Sign in please. She obeys.

NICOLE

Anybody else up there?

SECURITY GUARD

Mr. King is a lone wolf. NICOLE  
 adopts a libidinous excitement as  
 she walks to the elevator. This  
 draws the attention of the security  
 guard.

CUT TO:

INT. SAUL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

SAUL'S feet are up on his desk while he reads. NICOLE enters.

SAUL

Here she is.

NICOLE

Here I am!

SAUL

Shit with the Euro in Tokyo.

NICOLE

You work too hard.

SAUL

It's not work.

NICOLE

It's work!

SAUL

...sort of...a pastime.

NICOLE

Got a better idea!

NICOLE begins to seduce SAUL. She uses the closed parasol as an erotic implement. They have sex as NICOLE screams through their copulation.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
...Oh God, I love fucking in your  
office...!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAUL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

NICOLE and SAUL lounge together intimately in post coital bliss.

SAUL  
You like Swing Music?

NICOLE  
Who'll be my dance partner?

FADE TO:

INT. A CAR SERVICE SEDAN - NIGHT

SAUL and NICOLE occupy lush, yet faux leather seating. They are chauffeured as seductive music serenades.

NICOLE  
Never been to Harlem.

SAUL  
First time for everything.

NICOLE  
...is it...safe?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE OASIS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A limousine pulls up and discharges SAUL and NICOLE. They enter the Oasis Restaurant.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OASIS RESTAURANT BAR - CONTINUOUS

The lights are low. There is a baseball game on the television. Ballroom dance Music is heard. At the bar sit a handful of African-American patrons.

NICOLE  
The music sounds amazing!

SAUL  
Harlem Swing Orchestra.

SAUL takes NICOLE by the hand and escorts her to the dining area.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OASIS RESTAURANT DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The décor of the dining room celebrates African-American musical artists. It is a large space with many tables. A racially mixed crowd is in attendance. Four African-American servers race about tending to the diners. The 2 men are in pants, the 2 women in skirts. A 14 piece band is playing Swing Music. A few couples dance. SAUL and NICOLE enter. They are greeted by ANN SPRING. The owner, she is a middle aged African-American woman.

ANN  
Hello Saul and your lovely friend.

SAUL  
Hi Ann.

NICOLE  
I'm Nicole.

ANN kisses NICOLE on her cheeks.

ANN  
A pleasure, my dear.

NICOLE  
Nice to meet you too.

ANN  
Are you hungry?

NICOLE  
Starved.

ANN takes a few menus. She shows them to a table at the front of the restaurant, near the orchestra. SAUL pulls out the table to facilitate NICOLE'S seating.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
Ann, this is so nice!  
(To Saul)  
You better like to dance

SAUL  
I'm not very good.

NICOLE  
That I can't believe.

SAUL  
I'm not very good.

NICOLE  
I am!

NICOLE escorts SAUL to the floor. She leads the couple well. They dance lustily as SAUL catches on some. He then leads the pair back to the table.

SAUL  
Where'd you learn to do that!?

NICOLE  
Studied it a little.

They return to their table.

ANN joins them.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
What do you suggest?

ANN  
Chicken and waffles.

NICOLE  
What?

SAUL  
Chicken and waffles.

NICOLE  
...Waffles...are for breakfast.

SAUL  
Waffles are waffles.

NICOLE  
...I love Belgian waffles.

SAUL  
Two chicken and waffles Ann...and a  
bottle of Moet.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OASIS RESTAURANT DINING ROOM - NIGHT

After some intense dancing, NICOLE and SAUL return to their table. They are hot, sweaty and spirited. SAUL takes the half filled bottle and brushes it across NICOLE'S forehead. She swipes it from him and 'chugs' some champagne.

JOSEPH (O.S.)  
You have slowed.

SAUL  
Only the body, not the mind.  
Joseph?

A quick head spin and SAUL sees JOSEPH ST. CLAIRE. He is a graying, mid-fifties Haitian. SAUL jumps up and they embrace.

SAUL (CONT'D)  
(continuing)  
Nicole Broomall, Joseph St. Claire.

JOSEPH  
Nice to meet you. He kisses her on the cheek.

SAUL  
Meet...my mentor.

JOSEPH  
His art teacher in primary school.

SAUL  
Taught me everything I know about art.

JOSEPH  
Wasn't a great success making art.

SAUL  
Thanks. Now I make a different art.  
Think I'm a success at that.

JOSEPH  
(sarcastically)  
Playing with billions of dollars is certainly 'art'. Ask Loni, Chester Partners.

SAUL  
They got a little carried away.

JOSEPH  
 'A little carried away?!' Some Of  
 their 'artistry' and we have the  
 biggest bankruptcy in history.

SAUL  
 ...An isolated incident. Skims froth  
 from the mortgage sector. It'll  
 bounce back.

NICOLE  
 It always does.

JOSEPH  
 So they say.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)  
 King Saul and his white wife!

STEPHANIE is a short and shapely African-American woman in  
 her late twenties. She strides to SAUL and NICOLE'S table.

NICOLE  
 You think I'm his wife?

STEPHANIE  
 Then what are you? I could never be  
 his wife, but you're--

SAUL  
 Will you shut up!?

STEPHANIE  
 You should go in white face!

SAUL  
 Don't have to. Money is color  
 blind.

JOSEPH  
 Excuse me ma'am, please--

STEPHANIE  
 Shut up old man!

SAUL  
 Don't talk to--

STEPHANIE  
 Enough out of you?!

NICOLE  
 I don't think--

STEPHANIE

(to NICOLE)

Of course not! Thinking isn't what you're good at. SAUL stands.

SAUL

Leave her alone! ANN joins them.

ANN

Young lady, if you don't behave yourself, you'll have to leave.

STEPHANIE

I'm done.

(To Nicole)

Ask the Nigger how he got the name Saul.

STEPHANIE storms away. She joins another African-American man.

NICOLE

...a beautiful name.

SAUL

My father...didn't want me...to have a 'Nigger' name.

NICOLE

...can we go?

JOSEPH

Don't let--

SAUL

Damage done. Ann, bring the check please.

ANN

Of course. I'm sorry about this Saul.

SAUL

...it happens.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. THE CAR SERVICE LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

SAUL boots up his laptop. He is accessing the Internet for current financial news. Soft classical music plays.

SAUL  
Stephanie could never get it.  
(Continuing sarcastically)  
I'm just a sell out.

NICOLE  
Not to Joseph.

SAUL  
Am to Stephanie. Couple of others  
too.

Now online, SAUL'S attention becomes riveted to the screen of his laptop. SAUL then shows NICOLE the laptop screen.

SAUL (CONT'D)  
Oh my god, look at this. Those prophets of doom...its becoming reality! All these interest rate cuts by the Fed...foreclosures just keep setting records! The Federal Home Loan Bank Board mandates liquidation of the three largest Sub-Prime housing lenders. Liquidity is drying up...just as all these other huge scandals are rocking the markets. Tokyo's fallen to its lowest level in ten years! The Dollar's collapsing. The word is that tomorrow's opening on the New York Stock Exchange will set records on the downside!

NICOLE  
What's gonna happen?

SAUL  
...civilization as we know it will no longer exist.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SAUL'S OFFICE - MORNING

SAUL enters and removes his scarf and overcoat. He peruses the front page of the Wall Street Journal. The banner headline reads 'Liquidity and Credit Crises drive Merger and Acquisition transaction volume to falling 25 year low.'

SAUL  
(acidly)  
...Numbers are color-blind.



He peers out the window, his face etched by pained disgust.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE WAITING AREA OUTSIDE ISRAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

ISRAEL is SAUL'S boss. His reception area reflects old-world, Imperial British class. GABRIELLA occupies the desk. She is a mature, Latin lady holding a maternal fondness for SAUL.

On the paneled walls near her desk are portraits of the founders of 'Rogers-Rothschild'. SAUL enters.

GABRIELLA  
Hello Saul.

SAUL  
Hi Gabby.

GABRIELLA  
Are you all right?

SAUL  
...I've been better. GABRIELLA picks up the telephone to call ISRAEL.

GABRIELLA  
He's here.  
(To SAUL)  
Go on in.

SAUL enters ISRAEL'S office.

CUT TO:

INT. ISRAEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ISRAEL, sitting at his desk, is a mid fifties, upper class Brit. Clad in banker's gray, he has ultimate authority over the Americas Division. Framed 'tombstones' of many of his past deals adorn the walls. SAUL enters. ISRAEL rises to greet his guest.

ISRAEL  
Please sit down.

SAUL  
Must be serious.

ISRAEL  
We need to talk.

SAUL

Yes.

ISRAEL

The end of the year.

SAUL

The year is ending.

ISRAEL

You know the formula.

SAUL

What,  $E=MC$  squared?

ISRAEL

I wish it were that easy.

SAUL

Don't tell that to Einstein.

ISRAEL

You're next in line for partner.

SAUL

That's nice.

ISRAEL

A Rogers Rothschild partnership--

SAUL

I've generated hundreds of millions in fees. Have a mega deal in the works now...and it's the end of the year...bonus time, right?. But I'll be the first black partner In Rogers Rothschild history! I think you're avoiding the issue.

ISRAEL

We made some very big mistakes. You know how things are.

SAUL

No. How are they?

ISRAEL

Don't be like that with me. Our earnings--

SAUL

Don't exist.

ISRAEL  
Saul, you know the bonus pool is dry.

SAUL  
Does that mean I can go now, empty handed?

ISRAEL  
Imagine Saul. The first African-

SAUL  
First African-American partner!  
What does that say about you guys?

ISRAEL  
Saul, a partnership at Rogers,  
Rothschild--

SAUL  
That and a couple of bucks, I'm on  
the subway!

ISRAEL  
The business will improve. It  
always does.

SAUL  
And I'll be a partner. Hallelujah!

ISRAEL  
You must see the value--

SAUL  
Jesus Israel. I have to raise some  
cash.

ISRAEL  
Sell some art. There's a fortune  
hanging on your walls.

SAUL  
Some things are timeless. Looks  
like I gotta go to work. SAUL  
stands.

ISRAEL  
Just a moment Saul.

SAUL  
What now?

ISRAEL  
A matter of public relations.

SAUL  
Public relations?

ISRAEL  
You are involved with a young lady  
who works for...oh, what is that  
horrible man's name?

SAUL  
You mean the white girl who works  
Evan Finer?

ISRAEL  
Black or white, you must stop  
seeing her.

SAUL  
Why?

ISRAEL  
Because...

SAUL has exited.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. A STREET-CORNER BY A SUBWAY ENTRANCE - EVENING

Without requite, SAUL desirously stares at the taxis whizzing by. He withdraws a Metrocard, then descends the stairs to the subway station.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS

Metro card in hand, SAUL enters the station. His entrance attracts the attention of a homeless drunk who is urinating. The homeless man turns and showers SAUL'S pant legs with urine.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAUL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

SAUL is at his desk going through mail. He sits and opens a bill from American Express. The text of the bill reads 'Dear Mr. King: As you know, bills to the Platinum Card are payable in full upon receipt.'

We have not received payment for your last statement. To maintain your superior credit standing, please remit in full immediately.'

SAUL lays his head down upon the desk and falls into a troubled sleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NIGHTMARE SEQUENCE, A LARGE COURTROOM - DAY

In the back of the courtroom SAUL is at an easel, painting. He has soiled his beautifully tailored business attire. A BANKRUPTCY TRUSTEE begins to speak. Throngs of formally attired people stream into the courtroom. SAUL sets down the paint brush and runs to his desk. His attention is riveted on the BANKRUPTCY TRUSTEE.

BANKRUPTCY TRUSTEE

Next for public auction is the King Amagansett beach-front property. It sits on 1/2 of an acre and has mooring rights. Bidding is open at

\$25,000.

SAUL

\$25,000?! Jesus!!

CUT TO:

INT. SAUL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

SAUL is slumped over his desk, asleep. He wakes in start, the nightmare a vivid mental image. The telephone rings.

SAUL

Who the fuck is that?  
(He answers the phone)  
Saul King.

NICOLE (O.S.)

Hi Saul. I have to see you.

SAUL

I'm stuck in the office.

NICOLE (O.S.)

...Have you eaten?

SAUL

I'm a little busy.

NICOLE (O.S.)  
I'll bring over Chinese.

SAUL  
You're not staying too long.

NICOLE (O.S.)  
Be there at seven.

SAUL  
Fine. Bye.

SAUL hangs up and sits erect. He resumes work.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. THE AMSTERDAM RED-LIGHT-DISTRICT - DAY

Outside a Red-light-District 'office' sits a man. VENUS, a mid 30's local prostitute, walks by. Tall, in good shape and blond she propositions the man. He refuses. This drives her into a jealous rage. The man retreats.

VENUS  
They line up for her!

Another man steps out and joins his friend. They cower before the crazed VENUS, then run back into CLARA's 'office'.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARA'S 'OFFICE' - CONTINUOUS

The men run in. CLARA is now a Red-Light-District prostitute. She and the man who had exited have just 'transacted'.

CLARA  
I'm sorry. I don't do it with two men at once.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. THE DOOR OUTSIDE SAUL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

NICOLE arrives. She wears a fur coat and taps on the door.

SAUL (O.S.)  
Come in.

NICOLE enters.

CUT TO:

INT. SAUL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

NICOLE, carrying Chinese Food Takeout, removes her fashionable coat and joins SAUL. NICOLE begins to clear away some of the papers on the desk for the food.

SAUL  
I'll do that.

SAUL finishes what NICOLE had begun and deposits the cartons on the desk.

NICOLE  
No Peking Duck.

SAUL  
Too much fat. What do you have to talk to me about? NICOLE begins to massage his shoulders.

NICOLE  
I miss you.

SAUL removes her hands. A miffed NICOLE retreats.

SAUL  
You have to talk to me, right?

NICOLE  
Help us.

SAUL  
Help you.

NICOLE  
Saul, you know what I mean!

SAUL  
Really?

NICOLE  
You don't have any idea--

SAUL  
Don't be ridiculous.

NICOLE  
Everybody's redeeming their--

SAUL

Oil Prices...the collapse of the residential mortgage market...consumer spending falling off the planet. What a fucking mess!

NICOLE

This is my first job. I'm worried.

SAUL

Go to business school. What'd you buy?

NICOLE

Huh?

SAUL

The Chinese food.

NICOLE

Oh...um, steamed dumplings...spare Ribs...egg rolls, the Happy Family. You know, pork, shrimp, chicken...

SAUL

Sounds delicious. SAUL metes out the food. They eat while in conversation.

NICOLE

...What are you working on?

SAUL

This and that.

NICOLE

You think you could be little more specific.

SAUL

Playing the game.

NICOLE

By whose rules?

SAUL

What?

NICOLE

Play by ours. You'll be a winner.



SAUL  
You just want 'to win'...by any  
means necessary, don't you?

NICOLE  
..We'll both be winners.

SAUL  
Really?

NICOLE  
We win you win.

SAUL  
Fucking A! A win-win situation!

NICOLE  
You wouldn't be doing--

SAUL  
I'd be doing' a lot.

NICOLE  
Same thing everybody else does.

SAUL  
But I'm 'not everybody else, right  
Nicole?

NICOLE  
No, you're--

SAUL  
Yes I am. You have Evan's number?

NICOLE  
..You mean...! I'll get him on my  
mobile.

NICOLE takes out her mobile phone and presses some buttons.  
She hands it to SAUL and he waits a moment.

SAUL  
Evan, its Saul. Call me. We have to  
talk. 212-724-3570. SAUL returns  
the mobile to NICOLE. She takes it  
and unsuccessfully attempts more  
seduction.

NICOLE  
Return on investment.

SAUL  
I'm busy. You have to go.

NICOLE  
You know how much I love--

SAUL  
Got a conference call with the  
client in the morning. Go!

NICOLE continues to attempt her seduction of an averse SAUL.

NICOLE  
Everything'll be--

SAUL  
Will you get outta here!?

NICOLE  
Thank you Saul.

SAUL  
Yeah..

NICOLE backs out of the office gazing at SAUL.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. A STREET IN THE AMSTERDAM RED-LIGHT-DISTRICT - DAY

On her bicycle, CLARA is en-route to her Red-Light-District 'office'. Only music is heard. She arrives, locks her bicycle and enters. She hangs some prints of her paintings on the walls. Next, she dons the alluring attire her work requires. Assumption of a 'marketing' posture in the window soon attracts a man who enters her 'office'.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARA'S 'OFFICE' - CONTINUOUS

The man enters. The transaction is discussed and money changes hands. CLARA turns on the red light and closes the window shades.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WINDOW OF CLARA'S 'OFFICE' - CONTINUOUS

CLARA'S 'office' is seen, with red light on and shades closed.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MANHATTAN STREETS - DAY

The music continues. A taxi makes its way through the traffic. It stops and Saul exits. He enters an office building.

CUT TO:

INT. AN OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The music continues. SAUL enters an elevator. At an upper floor, it's doors open. He exits and approaches the receptionist. She takes his coat. SAUL wears a navy blue suit, white shirt, gold tie and French cuffs. He is ushered into a conference room by the receptionist. There he meets a group who represent sources of investment capital to finance his client's acquisition. SAUL assumes a position at the head of the table. He begins his presentation to which his clients become rapt.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAUL'S OFFICE - DAY

Saul is at his desk. The phone rings and he answers.

SAUL

Saul King.

EVAN (O.S.)

Hey Saul. Wasn't sure you'd--

SAUL

Can we just get it over with please?

EVAN (O.S.)

OK. Dinner tomorrow night at the Bistro.

SAUL

You love that place.

EVAN (O.S.)

Its the best. I'll book in my name. Seven o'clock.

SAUL

Sounds like a plan. SAUL hangs up.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. AMSTERDAM AIRPORT SCHIPHOL - DAY

PAOLO FERRUZI'S plane has landed. A New York Mafia Don, he has cleared passport control and is wheeling much luggage through customs. In his mid fifties, he is short and overweight. With him is PIETER BURG, tall, lean and grayed. A powerful and highly respected Dutch police officer, he is on the take. PAOLO'S luggage is filled with various illegal drugs. A customs officer gestures to PAOLO to bring his luggage for inspection. PAOLO doesn't notice. ANDRIES van DELT, a tall, young and ambitious customs officer, approaches PIETER and

PAOLO.

ANDRIES

(in Dutch)

Sir, come here please.

(In English)

Sir, come here please.

PIETER withdraws his Amsterdam Police I.D, showing ANDRIES. he perusing it. ANDRIES knows of PIETER'S reputation as the 'archetype' police officer. This and his inferior rank color his reaction.

PIETER

He's with me. Let him pass.

ANDRIES

Of course Mr. Burg.

PIETER

Keep up the good work. What is your name young man?

ANDRIES

Andries van Delt.

PIETER takes out a pad and notes the officer's name.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE AIRPORT PARKING LOT - DAY

PAOLO'S baggage has been loaded into a mini-van. The rear doors are open revealing a fully loaded cargo space. PAOLO hands PIETER an envelope. PIETER checks its contents.

PIETER

So generous.

PAOLO  
Not a problem.

PIETER  
(a hint of sarcasm)  
Men like you are generous?

PAOLO  
With men like you.

PIETER  
Men like me?

PAOLO  
Have to be generous to men like  
you.

PIETER  
(continued sarcasm)  
Thanks.

PAOLO  
Something the matter?

PIETER  
Niet lekker.  
(Dutch 'not pleasant')

PAOLO  
What?

PIETER  
I don't like drug addicts!

PAOLO  
Hey Pieter, if the didn't get their  
shit from me they'd get it  
someplace else. And you wouldn't be  
Euros richer.

PIETER indicates the mini-van's fully loaded cargo area.

PIETER  
You can't imagine what the drugs do  
to these troublemakers. You leave  
Amsterdam and these addicts are on  
my watch! Everything has a price.

PAOLO  
Amen!

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. LE BISTRO D'OR - EVENING

CHANTAL is the restaurant hostess. She is a beautiful young lady with long hair and a French accent. SAUL enters, clad in business attire.

SAUL

Hi. Reservation for 2 at 7 name of Evan Finer?

CHANTAL

Yes...Evan for two at seven. Would you like to be seated?

SAUL

In a minute. Men's room's over there, right?

CHANTAL

Yes sir.

SAUL proceeds to the men's room.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MEN'S ROOM OF THE RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

SAUL enters. He withdraws a micro cassette recorder and speaks.

SAUL

Meeting Evan Finer. February 16.

SAUL plays back the tape checking the recorder's function. It is heard again.

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

Meeting with Evan Finer, February

CUT TO:

INT. LE BISTRO D'OR - CONTINUOUS

SAUL approaches CHANTAL. She takes two menus and a wine list, then escorts SAUL to a table. She seats him and hands the menu.

CHANTAL

May I get you something from the bar?

SAUL

Yes. I'd like--

A pair of hands come around CHANTAL'S waist which then spin her. It is EVAN, planting a wet kiss on her lips.

EVAN  
Chantal darling, Petrus '82. The  
wine choice floors CHANTAL.

SAUL  
'82 Petrus?!

CHANTAL  
Yes Evan! Right away. CHANTAL  
scurries away.

EVAN  
I hope like red wine.

SAUL  
A thousand dollar bottle of wine?

EVAN  
...to celebrate. The business hasn't  
been this bad since the great  
depression. And you're onto a huge  
deal now. God, you're the best!

SAUL  
Thanks.

CHANTAL arrives with the wine. She extracts the cork. EVAN  
takes his glass and puts it in front of SAUL to sample.  
CHANTAL pours and SAUL tastes.

SAUL (CONT'D)  
The elixir of the gods.

CHANTAL  
What?

EVAN  
Its perfect. I'll see you  
later...OK?!

CHANTAL  
OK. Later!

CHANTAL steps away. Her seductive stroll attracts SAUL'S  
attention.

EVAN  
Like the wine?

SAUL  
Wine's amazing.

EVAN  
I love a good red.

SAUL  
Are we here to talk about wine?

EVAN  
Got something else in mind?

SAUL  
The hostess.

EVAN  
You do like white women.

SAUL  
I don't discriminate.

EVAN  
Forget about Chantal.

SAUL  
The hostess?  
(EVAN nods)  
I see.

EVAN  
You will not expose her to that  
myth of black male sexuality.

SAUL  
I will expose you to the myth of  
making lots of money!

EVAN  
Lately it's been a myth. Talk more.

SAUL  
You know what I love about  
residential Real-Estate?

EVAN  
God, what you greedy slobs did to  
this amazing market! Everybody was  
fortunes! CLO's, CDO's, default  
swaps... What can you love about  
Alphabet Soup garbage now?



SAUL  
Everybody made money. Everybody  
lost money. Laissez Faire  
Capitalism.

EVAN  
I got an idea how we'll make money  
again!

SAUL  
There are all these greedy slobs  
out there who know squat about  
residential Real Estate...we'll clean  
up!

EVAN  
...and?

SAUL  
Its not that easy.

EVAN  
Its as--

SAUL  
Five million.

EVAN  
Five million?

SAUL  
You'll make a lot more.

EVAN  
Why?

SAUL  
Because I said so. Buy it at 9 sell  
it for 30 in a week.

EVAN  
I make my money you get yours.

SAUL  
That's not good enough.

EVAN  
Yes it is.

SAUL  
You're paying me fifty grand up  
front.

EVAN  
Listen kid, I--

SAUL  
Fifty grand up front...in cash, now.

EVAN  
The balance--

SAUL  
Five million in cash.

EVAN  
Payable when I have my money. OK?  
Talk to me.

SAUL  
You're forgetting something.

EVAN  
What am I--

SAUL  
I'm not fucking around! 50 grand up  
front!

CHANTAL approaches.

CHANTAL  
May I take your order?

EVAN  
Come back in five minutes. CHANTAL  
silently steps away.

When she is at a distance, EVAN withdraws fifty thousand dollars in crisp bills and hands them to SAUL.

SAUL  
Thank you.

EVAN  
Whatever it is better happen!

SAUL  
It will.

EVAN  
You have your retainer. I'm  
listening.

SAUL  
Trans-National Home Finance.

EVAN  
Are you kidding?

SAUL  
Stock's trading at 9.

EVAN  
So?

SAUL  
This time next week trading at 30.

EVAN  
Who's gonna take over that dog?

SAUL  
What do you know? They are the most  
undervalued...Ever hear of  
EuroProperty Advisors?

EVAN  
Of course.

SAUL  
We do all their work worldwide.  
They are very interested in the US  
market. They're gonna buy Trans-  
National Home Finance. Own the  
stock.

EVAN  
I can't believe this.

SAUL  
Believe it. You'll make a ton of  
money.

EVAN  
And you're gonna too kid!

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SAUL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

It is Sunday night. A casually dressed Saul is working. His desk is littered with Styrofoam cups, a partially read Sunday New York Times and the tools of his trade. The Sunday New York Times magazine section sits atop other sections of the paper. It is opened to the crossword puzzle. SAUL breaks from his work and tries to solve more.

FADE TO:

INT. EVAN'S OFFICE - DAY

EVAN occupies a large, pretentiously furnished office. The desk at which he sits is equipped with the most advanced market information hardware. He makes a phone call.

EVAN

Hey Pete, believe it or not, hear very good things about Trans-National Home Finance. You know what that means. Buy as much as you can. Later.

(He hangs up and makes another call)

Hi Wesley. You know what the word is now? Trans-National Home Finance.

(a beat)

I'm serious. Buy me all you can!  
EVAN hangs up and makes another phone call.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. THE WINDOW OF CLARA'S RED-LIGHT-DISTRICT 'OFFICE' -

NIGHT

CLARA sits by her window. Suddenly, a rock shatters the glass. CLARA is a little bloodied.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE JOIE DE VIVRE - NIGHT

The Joie de Vivre is an Amsterdam Red-Light-District bar where the regular clientele defines risqué. There is a long bar around which are scattered tables, inhabited by Red-Light-District denizens. TONO, a tall, lithe late twenties Indonesian sits with WANGWON. She, a tall, dark and exotic Asian beauty. A friendly 'competitor' of CLARA'S in the Red-Light-District, WANGWON has migrated from Thailand. TONO distributes the finest Asian marijuana and hashish in Amsterdam. He platonically shares a canal houseboat with CLARA.

TONO

Can you get more of that amazing Thai weed you had?!

WANGWON

I hope so.

TONO  
In quantity?

FRANS, 30 years old, is short with dark hair. He approaches.

TONO (CONT'D)  
Oh shit. go bother somebody else.  
FRANS takes out a wad of cash.

FRANS  
This bothers you?

TONO  
It bothers me.

FRANS  
How can money bother you?

TONO  
Because its yours. I don't do  
business with the scum of the  
earth. Go away!

WANGWON  
Can't you hear--

FRANS  
Shut up whore!

TONO makes a lightening fast move. Instantly subdued is FRANS who writhes beneath TONO on the floor.

TONO  
I want nothing to do with you!

TONO stands, pulls FRANS up, and viciously throws him aside.

FRANS  
You're on my shit-list!

TONO  
(sarcastically)  
I'm so scared.

CLARA races in. She is feverish, a little bloodied and scans the Joie de Vivre. She finds TONO and hurriedly steps to him and WANGWON.

CLARA  
Somebody threw a rock through my  
window. This note was on it. CLARA  
hands TONO the note and he reads it  
aloud.

TONO

'You fuck way too many men. Ever think of leaving some for the rest of us?' Are you all right Clara?

VENUS

Message delivered.

CLARA

You threw the rock?

VENUS

For starters!

WANGWON

Why did you--

VENUS

It's none of your business!

CLARA

What have I ever done to you?

VENUS

How many men do you fuck while we sit and twiddle our thumbs?! It'll change real soon!

VENUS takes out a switchblade and approaches CLARA. WANGWON tries to intervene. VENUS throws her to the floor viciously, then menaces CLARA. TONO quickly subdues VENUS. He throws her to the floor on her back, takes the switchblade and holds it to her throat. CLARA goes to WANGWON and helps her up. WANGWON runs out just as PIETER enters. He is unseen by VENUS, TONO and CLARA.

TONO

Leave Clara alone.

PIETER

The shit that goes on in this dive!

TONO continues to hold the switchblade at VENUS' throat. The bartender comes from behind the bar and separates them.

VENUS

Watch out bitch.

PIETER

I thought you were staying out of trouble.

TONO  
Hey Burg, Other people make trouble  
for me.

VENUS exits. TONO and CLARA embrace.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. EVAN'S OFFICE - DAY

There is a news story coming across a screen on EVAN'S desk. It reads 'Amsterdam based EuroProperty Advisors N.V. to acquire Trans-National Home Finance for \$37 per share in an all cash transaction.'

EVAN  
Very nice.  
(There is a knock at the  
door)  
Get in here.

NICOLE enters.

NICOLE  
Saul was right on.

EVAN  
No he wasn't.

NICOLE  
What?

EVAN  
(triumphantly)  
I make it 37.

NICOLE  
What are you talking about?

EVAN  
Saul does the deal at 32. I work  
things, people speculate now its

NICOLE  
Nice to 'work things'.

EVAN  
Word gets around. Information to  
share so Saul has to redo the deal.  
I make it 37... putting more money in  
our pockets.

NICOLE  
Very nice to work things, but  
(continuing sarcastically)  
he didn't give you the information  
in confidence?

EVAN  
...This is business...nothing is 'in  
confidence'.

NICOLE  
I think I should talk to Saul.

EVAN  
Give him my regards. NICOLE exits.

CUT TO:

INT. NICOLE'S OFFICE. - CONTINUOUS

NICOLE'S office is neat, efficient and consistent with her  
ultra-hip self image. She comes to her desk and makes a  
telephone call.

SAUL (O.S.)  
Saul King.

NICOLE  
Hi. It's me. Where have you been?

SAUL (O.S.)  
Ask your fucking boss.

NICOLE  
What are you talking about?

SAUL (O.S.)  
Been a little busy restructuring  
the deal. I wonder why?

NICOLE  
I didn't do anything.

SAUL (O.S.)  
Somebody did.

NICOLE  
Its not-

SAUL (O.S.)  
Meet me at the gallery at nine.



NICOLE  
I'm starved.

SAUL (O.S.)  
The gallery at nine! There is a  
click indicating SAUL'S hanging up.

FADE TO:

INT. THE de STEPHANO GALLERY OF CONTEMPORARY ART - NIGHT  
EMILIO paces as he waits for SAUL. NICOLE is in the ladies  
room. SAUL enters, with shirt open and tie loosened.

EMILIO  
Hello Saul.

SAUL  
Hi Emilio. Is she here? EMILIO  
kisses SAUL'S cheek.

EMILIO  
She is in the ladies room. I never  
liked her.

SAUL  
(sarcastically)  
Really?

NICOLE enters from the ladies room. Her clinging work attire  
does not restrain her as she rushes to SAUL. She attempts an  
embrace. He does not respond.

SAUL (CONT'D)  
Emilio, give us some space.

EMILIO  
...Of course.

EMILIO steps away.

SAUL  
My client starts with a 32 offer.  
They have to pay 37. Because of  
that sleaze you work for...and me...my  
client takes a three hundred  
million dollar bath!

NICOLE  
It happens.

SAUL  
You've been playing me all along.  
You don't give a shit about me.  
(MORE)

SAUL (CONT'D)

I'm just your rich meal-ticket with  
a big, black dick, right bitch?

NICOLE

What did you say?

SAUL

Are you deaf?!

NICOLE

What's your problem?!

SAUL

Think about it. I go to Amsterdam  
tomorrow to see the client. You  
people are all the same.

SAUL exits. NICOLE then turns to EMILIO who can only shake  
his head.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM AT AMSTERDAM AIRPORT SCHIPHOL - DAY

A weary SAUL has claimed his luggage. An older woman  
struggles with hers. SAUL plucks it off the baggage carousel  
and puts it into a cart for the lady.

DUTCH WOMAN

Dank je wel.  
(Dutch thank you)

SAUL

Graag gedaan.  
(Dutch you're welcome)

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. A WASHINGTON D.C. MEETING ROOM - DAY

NATE VINTNER is short, paunchy, dressed conservatively and  
heads enforcement for the Securities and Exchange Commission.  
He conducts a news conference.

NATE

Ethics becoming obsolete. Another  
day, another scandal. NATE gestures  
to a journalist with a raised hand.

JOURNALIST 1

Then this thing with Trans-  
National Home Finance is not an  
isolated incident?

NATE

What do you think? NATE gestures to another journalist with a raised hand.

JOURNALIST 2

What do you see as the long term implications of this activity?

NATE

The capital markets becoming perverted. Indeed, our way of life is at stake here!

JOURNALIST 3

Is there something you can do?

NATE

Can't purge mankind of greed. NATE's comment evokes some laughter from the journalists.

JOURNALIST 3

Is there something you can do?

NATE

EuroProperty Advisors is paying \$300 million more than they planned. This cannot go on! You people who think this business is a game...you're gonna show me how you're such astute investors. Other reporters begin to raise their hands.

FADE TO:

INT. EVAN'S OFFICE - DAY

EVAN is reading the Wall Street Journal. After some perusal he puts 'the Journal' down and makes a call over the intercom.

EVAN

Nicole, get in here.

In a moment, NICOLE enters carrying the 'the Journal'. It is open to the article detailing the VINTNER news conference.

NICOLE

I was just reading--

EVAN  
Pleasant reading!

EVAN tears the article out, rips it up and tosses the torn paper aloft.

NICOLE  
...god...what's gonna happen?

EVAN  
The Feds'll snoop around. That's not good.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HALLWAY BY THE ELEVATOR - DAY

The elevator doors open and NATE VINTNER steps out. He approaches the Aggressive Growth Fund office. EVAN and NICOLE'S conversation continues off screen.

EVAN (O.S.)  
Greedy nigger son-of-a-bitch. He'll cover my ass!

NICOLE (O.S.)  
We're all greedy sons-of-bitches. 'Greed is good. It works,' right?  
NATE enters the office.

CUT TO:

INT. EVAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

EVAN  
Maybe. Gotta get the nigger to cover my ass.

NICOLE  
What about mine? There is a page tone followed by a voice.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)  
Mr. Finer, there is a Nate Vintner who says he must see you.

NICOLE  
...omigod!

EVAN  
God has nothing to do with it.

NICOLE  
Probably not.

EVAN  
(into the intercom)  
Send him in.  
(NATE enters. EVAN rises  
to greet his guest)  
Good morning Mr. Vintner.

NATE withdraws a micro cassette recorder. He puts it in the record mode and places it on EVAN'S desk.

NATE  
Funny. You always know who's  
getting bought out long before  
anybody else. Trans-National Home  
Finance, Nextronic, Luftol--

EVAN  
It's our job.

NATE  
You're very good at it.

NICOLE  
We're the best.

NATE  
Mr. Finer, can we speak alone.

EVAN  
Nicole and I work on everything  
together.

NICOLE  
I'm the chief analyst.

NATE  
Seen all the numbers. You have a  
great record.

EVAN  
Nicole lives and dies residential  
and commercial Real-Estate.

NATE  
You must know Trans-National Home  
Finance very well then.

NICOLE  
...They're the most undervalued  
residential Real-Estate--

NATE  
 (Heavy sarcasm)  
 And you read the Wall Street  
 Journal!

NICOLE  
 They--

NATE  
 You're gonna show me how you know!  
 My office in Washington on Monday.  
 With all your 'brilliant' research.

With I could see it now, but no time. Go 37 other hedge funds  
 to visit in New York. You are mine! NATE snatches his micro-  
 cassette recorder and exits.

NICOLE  
 There is no brilliant research

EVAN  
 There is. Saul has it.

NICOLE  
 He's in Amsterdam.

EVAN  
 WHAT!! Get out! I have to make a  
 call...alone!

NICOLE  
 Who are you calling?

EVAN  
 None of your business. Get out!

NICOLE  
 Who are your calling?!

EVAN  
 Our savior. I'm going to Amsterdam.  
 Now get out!

NICOLE  
 Jesus, you're fucking crazy! EVAN  
 picks up the telephone and dials as  
 NICOLE exits.

EVAN  
 Is Paolo there?

CUT TO:

INT. NICOLE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

NICOLE furtively patches into the conversation EVAN is having and eavedrops.

EVAN (O.S.)  
 Hey Paolo, Evan. We have to talk.  
 Important stuff Ferruzi. Trattoria  
 Napoli, Mulberry Street at seven.  
 I'm there.

The sound of EVAN hanging up is heard

NATE  
 NICOLE

Oh my god. Paolo Ferruzi.

CUT TO:

INT. EVAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

EVAN make another call.

SECRETARY (O.S.)  
 Mr. King's office.

EVAN  
 Hi, Its Evan Finer. I know Saul's  
 in Amsterdam. Gotta get a hold of  
 him..yeah. Let me read that back.  
 Thanks.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE TRATTORIA NAOPLI - EVENING

The Trattoria Napoli is a Little-Italy ristorante frequented by Mafia underworld figures. PAOLO sits in an elevated area reserved for VIP's. EVAN enters, spots PAOLO and joins him. PAOLO rises, they shake hands and sit.

PAOLO  
 Buena sera Evan.

EVAN  
 Yeah. Hi.

PAOLO  
 Something the matter?

EVAN  
 Protecting your assets.

PAOLO  
Why's that a problem?

EVAN  
Niggers and business mean risk.

PAOLO  
A very risky mix.

EVAN  
I'm in a little trouble.

PAOLO  
What does that mean for me?

EVAN  
I won't be able to launder--

PAOLO  
I hate that goddam word!

EVAN  
Won't be able to do what I do to  
your money if the Feds nail me.

PAOLO  
What have you been up to?!

EVAN  
Don't complain. You get great  
returns.

PAOLO  
Thanks.

EVAN  
Gotta cover my ass.

PAOLO  
Cover your ass.

EVAN  
You can help.

PAOLO  
Of course. You want something.

An African-American waiter approaches. He is clad in the well-tailored restaurant server's uniform.

WAITER  
Gentlemen, something from the bar?



PAOLO  
Two Chivas on the rocks. The waiter  
steps away.

EVAN  
A black waiter?

PAOLO  
Equal employment crap.

EVAN  
Fucking affirmative action is  
everywhere!

PAOLO  
Not so loud. What do you need?

EVAN  
Amsterdam.

PAOLO  
...avenue?

EVAN  
Europe you fucking moron!

PAOLO  
Did you just call me a moron?!

EVAN  
I don't---

PAOLO  
Never talk to me like that!

EVAN  
Paolo, forgive me. I am so---

PAOLO  
This time pal! Just don't let it  
happen again...What about Amsterdam?

EVAN  
With help in Amsterdam won't have  
to worry about the Feds.

PAOLO  
What do you need there, tulips?

EVAN  
Your business in Amsterdam is  
flowers?

The waiter returns with the drinks.

PAOLO

Thanks.

EVAN

Who do I talk to?

PAOLO

About what?

EVAN

What the hell do you think?! You gotta know like...a cop or something

PAOLO

His name's gonna cost ya.

EVAN

Jesus Paolo! Don't you get it? I'm a little desperate.

PAOLO

Can't have a desperate man managing the family money. I'll help you.

EVAN

Thanks.

(He gestures to the waiter who approaches)

Bring your best Chianti.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. AN AMSTERDAM CANAL ROW HOUSE - DAY

A taxi pulls in front of a classic Amsterdam row house on the Herengracht (the Gentleman's Canal). It discharges SAUL. SAUL cuts a dashing figures in his well-tailored coat. He enters the row house under music.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SAME AMSTERDAM CANAL ROW HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Under music SAUL steps off the elevator. It is the headquarters of EuroProperty Advisors N.V. In the elegant reception area sits a young, well-dressed blond lady. She rises, takes SAUL'S coat and ushers him into a classic old-world conference room. At a long, wooden table sit three executives. Each has a folder filled with data before them.

They rise as SAUL enters. Good natured greetings abound. SAUL then begins his presentation.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOUSEBOAT OF CLARA AND TONO - DAY

The music continues. CLARA works in the small studio space. She is soiled from her energetic painting. She notes the time and stops. Brushes cleaned, they are returned to their place. Then she enters the bathroom.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOUSEBOAT - DAY

The music continues as a cleaned and preened CLARA exits the houseboat. She mounts her bicycle and rides off.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CANAL ROW HOUSE OFFICE OF EUROPROPERTY ADVISORS -

DAY

SAUL exits and begins a leisurely stroll. He arrives at a tavern. The sign reads 'Jonge, Oude'... (Dutch 'young', 'old'). Lower on the sign is written Hoppe (a brand of

Genever, an oft consumed Dutch liquor) and Biljarts (Dutch billiards).

CUT TO:

INT. 'JONGE, OUDE'... - CONTINUOUS

This is a classic Dutch Brown Bar. Dark paneled walls surround a billiard table and serving area. MEES joins SAUL. He is a tall, bearded and bohemian Dutchman in his late thirties.

MEES

Saul King!

SAUL

Dag  
(Dutch 'hello')  
Mees.

They embrace.

MEES

How long has it been?

SAUL  
...Too long.

MEES  
Where have you been?

SAUL  
Nowhere special.

MEES  
A moment.

MEES approaches the bar and orders two Hoppe. SAUL has taken a seat. MEES joins him, placing the glasses on the table.

SAUL  
Bedankt.  
(Dutch 'thanks')

MEES  
Graag gedaan.  
(Dutch 'you're welcome')  
It is good to see you.

SAUL  
Likewise.

SAUL raises his glass. MEES emulates SAUL and continues sarcastically.

MEES  
To business, that dirty little  
enterprise of getting away with it.  
(SAUL nods and they click  
their glasses. Only MEES  
drinks)  
You're not drinking?

SAUL  
Proste.

MEES  
You don't drink to business.

SAUL  
No.

MEES  
Curious.

SAUL  
Let's not talk about this garbage.

MEEES  
Business is garbage?  
(SAUL shrugs)  
What brings you to Amsterdam?

SAUL  
Business.

MEEES  
You come to Amsterdam for garbage?

SAUL  
Among other things. SAUL downs his  
drink.

MEEES  
Let's go outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE 'JONGE, OUDE'... - CONTINUOUS

SAUL and MEEES exit 'Jonge, Oude'... MEEES has a 'joint' which he  
lights.

SAUL  
Good idea.

MEEES  
Enjoy.

MEEES passes the 'joint' to SAUL who takes a deep hit and  
returns it.

SAUL  
You get the best smoke man!

MEEES  
Can get very good smoke in  
Amsterdam.

SAUL  
One of the things I love about this  
place.

MEEES  
You haven't visited for so long.

SAUL  
Business hasn't been very good.

MEEES  
What else is new?

SAUL  
 ...very funny.

SAUL and MEES begin a leisurely stroll that will bring them to the Red-Light-District.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE AMSTERDAM RED-LIGHT-DISTRICT - DAY

SAUL and MEES 'window shop' as they walk by prostitutes sitting in windows.

MEES  
 The Red-Light-District has always fascinated you.

SAUL  
 Capitalism in its purest form.

MEES  
 No. Slavery is purest capitalism.

SAUL  
 How is--

MEES  
 Is it not a dream of every capitalist to get something for nothing...like labor through slavery.

SAUL  
 ...something for nothing?

MEES  
 I think you know all about it.

SAUL  
 Huh?

MEES  
 American history...Slavery. But you are no slave. They pay you very well.

SAUL  
 No comment. These ladies aren't slaves. They have something they choose to sell and they sell it.

SAUL passes CLARA'S window, she alluringly on her feet. SAUL stops and gazes. CLARA returns the gaze as a compelling recollection slowly envelops them both.

SAUL (CONT'D)  
Oh my god!

MEES  
What?

SAUL  
...I have go in.

MEES  
Saul, are you all right?

SAUL  
I'm good.

SAUL enters CLARA'S 'office'. MEES follows.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARA'S 'OFFICE' - CONTINUOUS

SAUL enters. The brief encounter SAUL and CLARA had earlier is a vivid memory for them both.

CLARA  
Hello!

SAUL  
Dag!  
(Dutch 'hello')  
MEES follows SAUL in.

CLARA  
...I don't do it with two men at once.

SAUL  
And you shouldn't. Mees, please leave us.

MEES  
Saul, you never--

SAUL  
I know. I'll talk to you later.

MEES  
Tot ziens.  
(Dutch "'see you later')  
MEES exits.

SAUL  
Who are you?

CLARA  
Who are you?

SAUL  
I asked you first. Do you remember--

CLARA  
You were with a girl.

SAUL  
That's history. But you...paint.

CLARA  
Yes.

SAUL notices prints of CLARA'S paintings on the walls.

SAUL  
...your work is so good!

CLARA  
Thank you.

SAUL  
Graag gedaan.  
(Dutch you're welcome)

CLARA  
You speak Dutch.

SAUL  
A little.

CLARA  
Do you speak any other languages?

SAUL  
Spanish.

CLARA  
That's not what I mean.

SAUL  
Educate me.

CLARA pulls the window shades down, turns the exterior red light on and returns to SAUL. They make electric love. The aesthetic contrast between an unclothed black man erotically entwined with a light skinned Dutch beauty is striking. At lovemaking's conclusion, they lounge together intimately.

CLARA  
What is your name?



SAUL  
I'm Saul.

CLARA  
Clara.

SAUL  
Clara...is a beautiful name.

CLARA  
Thank you. But you must go.

SAUL  
What?

CLARA  
Please.

SAUL  
Why?

CLARA is now ushering him to leave.

CLARA  
I'm working.

SAUL  
...working...how much do I owe...?

CLARA  
Nothing.

SAUL  
What?!

CLARA  
I won't charge you.

SAUL  
You mean--

CLARA  
I hope you enjoyed it.

SAUL  
...Can I see you later?

CLARA  
Please come back.

SAUL  
 I will. Tot ziens.  
 (Dutch 'see you later')  
 SAUL exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE RED-LIGHT-DISTRICT - CONTINUOUS

SAUL emerges from CLARA'S 'office'. Her window shades open. She assumes her 'marketing' posture as SAUL walks away, murmuring.

SAUL  
 My god, she's a...I don't know.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. 'JONGE, OUDE'... - EVENING

MEES is engaged in a game of billiards. His opponent is JOHANNES van KRUK. At 45, JOHANNES is a well-known Dutch painter. SAUL enters.

MEES  
 Hello Saul.

SAUL goes directly to the bar.

SAUL  
 Three Genever please. The bartender fills the order and SAUL pays. Joining MEES and JOHANNES, he offers a glass to each. JOHANNES shakes his head in refusal.

JOHANNES  
 Not for me thank you.

SAUL  
 You are Johannes van Kruk.

JOHANNES  
 Yes. It is Saul, yes?

MEES  
 Johannes no longer joins us in drink.  
 (JOHANNES prepares a billiard shot)  
 You have never...in the Red-light-District.

SAUL  
I still haven't.

MEES  
You didn't?

SAUL  
Pay for it.

MEES  
What do you mean?

SAUL  
On the house...priceless.

MEES  
She didn't charge you?!

SAUL  
Am I disturbing your game?

MEES  
I'm losing very badly. JOHANNES  
makes a victorious shot. MEES goes  
to the bar.

SAUL  
Johannes...incredible.

JOHANNES  
Drink was killing me.

MEES soon returns with two Genevers. He gives one to SAUL.

MEES  
...It was free?

JOHANNES  
Nothing is free.

SAUL  
It was priceless.

MEES  
Proste.

SAUL and MEES click their glasses and drink.

JOHANNES  
A game?

SAUL  
...Priceless.

MONIQUE enters. She sees SAUL, runs to and embraces him. He is unresponsive. MONIQUE retreats.

MONIQUE  
Hello Saul! Are you well?

SAUL  
I'm...distracted.

MONIQUE  
Amsterdam is like that.

SAUL  
I know.

MONIQUE  
It is so good to see you! Play me  
biljart.

SAUL  
Not now. Mees, let's go the Tweede  
Kamer.

MONIQUE  
They don't serve Genever.

SAUL  
Something better. SAUL and MEES  
exit. A miffed MONIQUE watches them  
leave.

FADE TO:

INT. THE TWEEDE KAMER - DAY

SAUL and MEES indulge in a thick joint.

MEES  
She's a prostitute!

SAUL  
She's not a prostitute.

MEES  
Men pay her for it.

SAUL  
I didn't.

MEES  
Other men pay her for it.

SAUL  
All she needs is recognition.

MEES  
Recognition...as a prostitute.

SAUL  
As a gifted painter.

MEES  
And I'll conduct the Concertgebouw.

SAUL  
Never knew you were musically  
inclined.

MEES  
I...will not conduct the  
Concertgebouw.

SAUL  
You know Mees, I met her...a couple'a  
years ago.

MEES  
I thought you never-

SAUL  
She was selling her art on  
Koningsplein. Monique was with me.

MEES  
Monique knows her?

SAUL  
They weren't formally introduced.

MEES  
Monique does not like to share.

SAUL  
I know.

MEES  
Do you know how our government  
treats artists?

SAUL  
I can guess.

MEES

In Holland, a gifted artist... a ward of the government. Something not so well known in your country.

SAUL

Absolutely not known in my country!

MEES

Such a gifted painter! She works as a prostitute. She only wants repeat business.

SAUL stands and exits while speaking.

SAUL

Its not business if she doesn't charge me. Think about that Mees.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. AMSTERDAM AIRPORT SCHIPHOL - DAY

EVAN deplanes. Under music he clears passport control and claims his bags. EVAN adopts an aggressive manner to hasten his way through the airport. PIETER sees EVAN and approaches.

PIETER

Evan Finer?

EVAN

That's me.

PIETER

Welcome to Amsterdam.

EVAN

Thanks. Pieter, right?

PIETER

Yes. You are a friend of Paolo?

EVAN

I manage his money.

PIETER

For that he needs a good friend.

EVAN

And you're a friend a Paolo.

PIETER  
All friends of Paolo.

FADE TO:

INT. PIETER'S OFFICE - DAY

PIETER'S corner office is the model of organization. He and EVAN are seated across from each other at the desk. Upon it rest beer bottles and two partially filled glasses.

PIETER  
Euros.

EVAN  
What?

PIETER  
Euros. I will coordinate the whole operation.

EVAN  
Listen, I know--

PIETER  
You know nothing!

EVAN  
Wait a second. I'm paying you--

PIETER  
Do you want to get him? Pay me Euros now...in cash.

After some hesitation, EVAN opens his case and withdraws a wad of large denomination Euro notes.

He places 10 1000 Euro notes on the table and is disturbed by PIETER'S 'usurpation'.

EVAN  
Spend it wisely.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. CLARA'S 'OFFICE' - DAY

SAUL arrives at CLARA'S window. The shades are closed and the red light is on. He sits. VENUS sits in her window staring at SAUL. She stews over this.

The red light goes off and a man exits. The shades open, revealing CLARA in her alluring 'marketing' posture and SAUL enters.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARA'S 'OFFICE' - CONTINUOUS

SAUL pulls down the shade. He makes repeated and unsuccessful passes at CLARA during the ensuing dialogue.

CLARA  
Hello!

SAUL  
Business good?

CLARA  
Yes.

SAUL  
Let's make a deal.

CLARA  
What?

SAUL  
How much?

CLARA  
For what?

SAUL  
What do you think?

CLARA  
For you...free.

SAUL  
OK.

SAUL approaches CLARA who retreats.

CLARA  
Not here.

SAUL  
Huh?

CLARA  
Please go. We meet later.

SAUL  
How much?



SAUL takes out his wallet.

CLARA

I will not charge you to make love.

SAUL

What the hell do you do all day?!

CLARA

That is not making love.

SAUL

...no, I guess not.

CLARA

Please go. I have to work.

SAUL

She's kicking me out.

CLARA

Come back at seven.

SAUL

Jesus! You're a brilliant painter.  
Why the hell don't you get aid from  
your government?

CLARA

I will not do that.

SAUL

Huh?

CLARA

I depend only on me.

SAUL

That's ridiculous.

CLARA

Maybe.

SAUL

Then do something about it.

CLARA

I am.

SAUL

Really.

CLARA

I will.

SAUL

...An entrepreneur working on the  
'cum'.

CLARA

I'm the only person I can depend  
on.

SAUL

Oh come on! What about your family?

CLARA

They never cared.

SAUL

How--

She takes SAUL by the hand, cutting him off and speaks while leading him out of her 'office' to the street.

CLARA

They never cared.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE RED-LIGHT-DISTRICT - CONTINUOUS

CLARA and SAUL exit her office. SAUL stops her.

SAUL

What is it? Where are you going?

CLARA

I had to get out of there. Do you  
remember one of the paintings in my  
'office', of the shore?

SAUL

...oh yes!

CLARA

I was six years old when I painted  
it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK - THE van HAAM BACKYARD PATIO - DAY The van HAAM home sits on a large plot of land. It has an unobstructed view of the North Sea. A six year old CLARA is painting the scene from the patio.

Her parents are with her tall older sister. Her sister shows them work she did in school on which she got a top grade. CLARA has spilled paint all over the segment of the patio at which she works. Having finished, she runs to her mother and

YOUNG CLARA  
Mommy, look what I've done!

ELS  
Stop pulling my dress Clara.

YOUNG CLARA  
Mommy, please come look!

YOUNG CLARA and ELS walk to the patio segment where CLARA had worked.

ELS  
You evil child! Clean this mess up  
this instant!

YOUNG CLARA  
The painting mommy, do you--

ELS  
Clean it up now!

YOUNG CLARA  
I will. Do you like--

ELS  
Such a mess!

YOUNG CLARA  
Please mommy, tell me--

ELS  
You will clean this mess up now!

YOUNG CLARA  
Yes mommy.

CLARA'S cries of lament are heard as she goes inside. In a moment she returns with cleaning implements and does as ordered.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEAR CLARA'S 'OFFICE' - DAY

SAUL holds CLARA's hand.

CLARA

My older sister...so good in school.  
The first soprano in the church  
choir. She stood near two meters!!  
All I do is make messes.

SAUL

Bullshit! You---

CLARA

What!? I'm a prostitute.

SAUL

If you say so.

CLARA

And I must go back to work.

SAUL

As you must...working girl.

CLARA

You have them in New York.

SAUL

They don't sit in windows.

CLARA

When do you go home?

SAUL

Oh...end of the week.

CLARA

You go home...I go back to work  
now.

CLARA begins to walk off.

SAUL

Wait.

CLARA

I'm finished at seven. Come back  
then if you like.

CUT TO:

INT. SAUL'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

SAUL enters. He notes the flashing light on the telephone and  
retrieves his message.

EVAN (O.S.)  
Its Evan. I'm in Amsterdam and we  
gotta talk. Number at my hotel room  
963.

SAUL  
What the hell is he doing here?  
(SAUL makes a call)  
Room 963 please.

EVAN (O.S.)  
Hi.

SAUL  
You're in Amsterdam.

EVAN (O.S.)  
You figured that out all by  
yourself.

SAUL  
Why--

EVAN (O.S.)  
I want to settle things.

SAUL  
You come like 4000-

EVAN (O.S.)  
Meet me for dinner.

SAUL  
OK. Where?

EVAN (O.S.)  
You know the Excelsior?

SAUL  
Expense account dream. You buying?

EVAN (O.S.)  
Just be there.

SAUL  
Fine. When?

EVAN (O.S.)  
Eight o'clock.

SAUL  
Tonight?

EVAN (O.S.)  
Of course tonight!

SAUL  
Sorry. I'm busy.

EVAN (O.S.)  
Change your fucking plans!

SAUL  
Not possible. Tomorrow.

EVAN (O.S.)  
Right. Tomorrow. Same time.

SAUL  
The Excelsior tomorrow night at eight.

EVAN (O.S.)  
Fine.

EVAN hangs up. SAUL puts the phone down.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. THE AMSTERDAM RED-LIGHT-DISTRICT - EVENING

SAUL makes his way to CLARA'S 'office'. When he arrives, her shades are closed and the red light on.

SAUL  
She has a fucking monopoly.

The red light goes off and a man emerges. The shades open and CLARA assumes her place in the window. SAUL enters.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARA'S 'OFFICE' - CONTINUOUS

CLARA  
You're here!

SAUL  
I'm here.

CLARA  
I'm happy.

SAUL  
So am I. Where do you live?

CLARA  
On a Houseboat.

SAUL  
Really?!

CLARA  
Have you been on one?

SAUL  
Never. I come to Amsterdam and my  
time...hotels...offices...restaurants.

CLARA  
Then you must take me home.

SAUL  
I could do that.

CLARA  
Would you like to stay with me?

SAUL  
I could do that too. Probably  
cheaper than my hotel.

CLARA  
Nee.  
(Dutch 'no')

SAUL  
Okay. How much?

CLARA  
Your help.

She begins taking down the paintings.

SAUL  
Why are you taking them down?

CLARA  
Another girl comes in after. SAUL  
helps CLARA.

SAUL  
You share your 'office'?

CLARA  
Yes.

SAUL  
You have to rent it.

CLARA  
Of course.

SAUL  
How much?

CLARA  
Euros a day.

They have finished removing the prints. CLARA takes SAUL by the hand and leads him out.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE CLARA'S 'OFFICE' - CONTINUOUS

Upon exiting, SAUL takes the lead and subjects CLARA to a passionate kiss. VENUS walks by.

VENUS  
Take that inside!

SAUL  
What's your problem?

VENUS  
Ask her.

VENUS continues on her way.

SAUL  
You know her?

CLARA  
We are...competitors.

SAUL  
I need to get my things from the hotel.

SAUL and CLARA walk off.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE AMSTERDAM STREETS - CONTINUOUS

SAUL and CLARA walk by a building with a sign that reads GGD. This is a Dutch public health facility.

CLARA  
Oh yes! Tonight I can go the GGD.



SAUL  
The what?

CLARA  
GGD...public health.

SAUL  
Something the matter?

CLARA  
I don't think so. Tonight I can be  
examined.

SAUL  
For what?

CLARA  
I am very careful.

SAUL  
What are you talking about?

CLARA  
I feel all right.

SAUL  
So do I. Maybe I should get  
examined.

CLARA  
You like?

CLARA takes SAUL by the hand and leads him into GGD.

CUT TO:

INT. The G.G.D. OFFICES - CONTINUOUS CLARA and SAUL enter.  
They make their way through the halls of the clinic.

SAUL  
You walk in and get medical care?

CLARA  
Yes.

SAUL  
And it costs nothing.

CLARA  
Nothing.

SAUL

And if you're sick doctor's treat  
you, right

CLARA

I wouldn't make any sense if they  
didn't.

CLARA leads the pair through a door into the waiting area.

CUT TO:

INT. The GGD WAITING AREA - CONTINUOUS CLARA and SAUL enter.  
At the desk sits a receptionist. In the waiting area sit a  
number of young women. They are racially mixed CLARA takes a  
number. She and SAUL sit.

SAUL

Let me get this straight. You just  
walk in here...get examined and  
treated for free. Probably don't  
have to wait very long either.

RECEPTIONIST

Drie.  
(Dutch 'three')  
WANGWON rises.

CLARA notices her and waves. She does not acknowledge CLARA  
and hurriedly makes her way to the desk.

CLARA

Wangwon, how are you?

WANGWON

I must see the doctor. You keep it  
up you'll have to see one too.  
Watch out for Venus! WANGWON is  
ushered into one of the rooms  
behind the desk. SAUL'S eyes follow  
WANGWON. CLARA fearfully hunches  
over.

SAUL

Lotta competition. She Dutch?  
(He sees CLARA hunched  
over)  
Shit! Are you all right?

CLARA

I'm scared. Do you remember...  
Before...when we left my 'office'?  
My...competitor.

SAUL  
Your competitor, oh yes.

CLARA  
This girl, Wangwon, told me  
Venus... 'my competition' wants to  
hurt me. She threw a rock in the  
window where I work.

SAUL  
Why does she want to hurt you?

CLARA  
My business is much better than  
hers.

SAUL  
You're business has probably been  
better than mine up until  
recently... I'm not sure I like you  
having such a good business.

CLARA  
I'll sell something else!

SAUL  
Everybody's got something to sell.  
How would it change my business if  
my competition 'hurt' me... like  
cause me physical pain... as a  
strategy move?... Man, she gets free  
medical care!

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. AN EMPTY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

PAOLO stands on one side of a large table. His deputies loom behind him. On the other side is group of darkly suited men. On the table sits a display of cocaine. GIOVANNI, leader of the darkly suited men, tastes the product. He extends his hand to PAOLO to shake.

GIOVANNI  
Very good Paolo.

PAOLO  
Expect the finest!

Two briefcases are open, revealing piles of hundred dollar bills. GIOVANNI pushes them toward PAOLO.

GIOVANNI

Good to never have expectations.

GIOVANNI nods. Machine gun fire rains down from two snipers hidden in the rafters. PAOLO'S entourage is wiped out.

FADE TO:

INT. A GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

TONO and a friend, MARC, have finished a martial arts tutorial. They are in the locker room, have showered and changed. MARC is a short, lean and blond Dutchman of 22. They carry gym bags and are soon to exit to the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

TONO and MARC exit the gymnasium.

TONO

That's 75 Euro.

MARC

Can I pay you next week?

TONO

(sarcastically)

You don't have the money?!

MARC

...I will have--

TONO

Don't worry. You'll have it next week, right?

MARC

Right.

TONO

Good. Listen, you should study Tai-Chi. I have a master for you to work with.

MARC

Is he expensive?

TONO

No. But he doesn't give credit.

MARC  
Can I pay by check?

TONO  
Goodbye Marc.

They shake hands and go separate ways. TONO continues on his way. FRANS approaches TONO. He is escorted by two thugs.

FRANS  
Hey Tono.

TONO  
What do you want?

FRANS  
The best stuff money can buy.

TONO  
Not from me!

FRANS  
Oh no?

TONO  
Will not do business with scum! The two thugs brandish switchblades.

FRANS  
I'll take what I want. Bring us to your stash. I like this new way of doing business.

TONO  
I don't.

TONO flips around and levels one of FRANS' henchmen. FRANS withdraws a gun but TONO pummels him before he can fire. The other thug sets on TONO cutting him above the elbow. TONO then knocks the switchblade wielder out as well. Taking a towel out of his bag, he wraps his wound and runs off.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. THE HOUSEBOAT OF CLARA AND TONO - NIGHT

The door opens and a light goes on. SAUL and CLARA enter. SAUL carries his luggage. Paintings adorn the walls.

SAUL  
This is your work!

CLARA

Yes.

SAUL

Why aren't you famous?

CLARA

...bad luck.

SAUL

Luck'll change

CLARA

That would be very nice...nobody in Dutch modern art likes me.

SAUL

How can that be?

CLARA

Ask Johannes.

SAUL

(flippantly)

Must be Johannes van Kruk.

CLARA

...Do you know him?!

SAUL

Anybody who knows anything about Dutch modern art does...I can never beat him in 'biljart'.

CLARA

I could.

SAUL

You knew him well?

CLARA

He taught me everything I know about painting...and much more.

SAUL

A student of van Kruk.

(CLARA nods)

Oh my god.

TONO enters.

TONO  
Goedenavond.  
(Dutch 'good evening')

CLARA  
Dag.  
(Dutch 'hello')  
Tono, Saul from America.

SAUL extends his hand to shake. TONO does the same, his arm wrapped in a bloody towel.

SAUL  
Hi. What happened to your arm?

TONO takes out a 'joint', lights it and takes a hit as he speaks.

TONO  
Commercial risk. TONO hands the  
'joint' to SAUL. SAUL smokes.

SAUL  
All about risk-reward. Your  
business must be great man!

TONO  
Not today.

CLARA  
What happened?

TONO  
I was attacked...nasty customers can  
be a problem.

SAUL  
Agreed.

CLARA  
Did you hurt him.

TONO  
Them.

SAUL  
Them?

TONO  
There were three.

SAUL  
Three?

TONO indicates his wounded arm.

TONO  
One got me. But they are in worse  
shape.

CLARA and TONO share a light embrace

CLARA  
Tono is a good man to have around.

SAUL  
This is hilarious. Here we are, a  
prostitute, a drug dealer, an  
investment banker.

TONO  
You are not like a banker.

SAUL  
No. But I am.

TONO  
How does a banker meet Clara?

SAUL  
It was nothing.

TONO  
Nothing.

SAUL  
Best deal I ever got in my life.

TONO  
What?

CLARA  
I did not charge him.

TONO  
Oh my god!...I have to get a bandage.  
Excuse me.

TONO removes the bloody towel as he exits. Saul strolls,  
scrutinizing the paintings on the walls. They show an  
eclectic mix styles with classic Hollandaise prominent.

SAUL  
Rembrandt...and Haals...and Steen... and  
Dali...and...what is your last name?



CLARA

Van Haam.

SAUL

And van Haam. You are one brilliant painter.

CLARA

Ask Johannes.

SAUL

He would know.

CLARA

No he wouldn't.

SAUL

Are we talking about the same Johannes van Kruk?

CLARA

Do you think there's another?

SAUL

What did you do to him?

CLARA

(her words punctuated by sobs)

I...I had to leave him. He was...please, can we not talk about...

SAUL

No more about Johannes. Do you have a portfolio?

CLARA

I posted my last one.

SAUL

Get another.

CLARA

Why?

SAUL

What is the matter with you?

CLARA

I'm the girl who left Johannes van Kruk. Nobody will look at my work.

SAUL  
Emilio will.

CLARA  
Emilio?

SAUL  
My buddy who owns like the best  
gallery in New York.

CLARA  
A gallery in New York?

SAUL  
Where did Johannes exhibit?

CLARA  
...the Fons Welters...it is best.

SAUL  
I'm talking the Fons Welters of New  
York. Emilio'll love your work, van  
Kruk or no van Kruk. Your portfolio  
goes tomorrow.

CLARA  
...but I don't have a portfolio.

SAUL  
OK, get one.

CLARA  
...tomorrow.

CLARA takes SAUL'S hand and leads him to her bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Her bedroom is small and relatively bare with a single bed. CLARA, the aggressor, engages in a resolute seduction of SAUL. SAUL spies a photograph of a middle-aged man hanging on the wall and breaks from CLARA.

SAUL  
Who's that?

CLARA  
My father.

SAUL  
From the family that never cared?

CLARA  
The family run by my mother.

SAUL  
Your mother.

CLARA  
Bruunhilde.

SAUL  
What?

CLARA  
My mother. Like Bruunhilde.

SAUL  
Who's Bruunhilde?

CLARA  
Operas by Ricard Wagner?

SAUL  
I don't like opera.

CLARA  
Big, blond warrior women.  
Goddesses. Valkyries. Bruunhilde  
was their leader...my mother.

SAUL  
...Oh yeah! You were selling those  
lithographs and that woman...

CLARA  
I miss my father so much. But I  
can't live in the same house as my  
mother.

CLARA begins to lightly sob and SAUL comforts her.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. THE HOUSEBOAT OF CLARA AND TONO - MORNING

SAUL and CLARA are at the small table in the kitchen area.  
CLARA has made coffee. A European Coffee Press sits on the  
table. SAUL drinks while CLARA goes to the door.

SAUL  
Where are you going?

CLARA  
To get the post.

CLARA exits. SAUL remains seated sipping coffee. She returns with the post, sits and opens the largest package.

SAUL  
Something good?

CLARA removes her portfolio from the envelope and gives it to SAUL. CLARA reads the letter that came with it.

CLARA  
This is amazing...today...here...now...my portfolio!

SAUL begins to leaf through the portfolio.

SAUL  
...what are the odds?

CLARA  
Listen to this. 'Dear Miss van Haam. Yours is not the kind of work we seek. Good luck finding a gallery to exhibit your work.'

SAUL  
There must be some kind of metaphysical force at work here! It's like fucking Hollywood! Your portfolio...going to Emilio in New York.

CLARA  
To Emilio in New York!

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. 'JONGE, OUDE'... - EVENING

MEES and JOHANNES are playing billiards. JOHANNES makes a game winning shot. MONIQUE watches. SAUL and CLARA enter. CLARA stays by the door. SAUL goes to the bar. CLARA eyes light up upon seeing the billiard table. They then fall on JOHANNES to which they become locked.

MEES  
You will meet your match.

MONIQUE joins SAUL. CLARA is bringing forth the courage to confront JOHANNES. This she does.

CLARA  
A game of biljart?

JOHANNES  
I don't believe my eyes!

SAUL is at the bar buying Genever while fielding MONIQUE'S curiosity.

MONIQUE  
Who is she?

SAUL  
I'm sure you don't remember.

MONIQUE  
What? How do you know her?

SAUL  
You were there when I met her.

MONIQUE  
She is so small. Easy to forget.  
MEES has joined JOHANNES and CLARA.

MEES  
You know each other, yes?

JOHANNES  
You are an observant man.

CLARA  
Saul...I...can you come here?!

SAUL joins CLARA. MONIQUE remains for a moment, then leaves.

SAUL  
Johannes, Clara tells me--

JOHANNES  
Yes, a dear student.

SAUL  
What does that mean? JOHANNES and  
CLARA have arranged to play  
billiards.

During the game will the dramatic tension crescendo and ebb, coincident with made and missed shots.

JOHANNES  
I love talent. Clara has much.

SAUL  
Then why isn't she famous?

CLARA

Because Johannes cares more about  
drink than art.

JOHANNES

I do not--

CLARA

I cannot believe it! How did you  
become so important? You are--

JOHANNES

Were--

CLARA

...always drunk. All I learned from  
you was how to suffer!

JOHANNES

Clara, You could not know. I lost  
my Rijksakademie commission.

CLARA

I'm not surprised.

JOHANNES

And I drink no more.

CLARA

I can't believe it.

SAUL

Neither can I.

(CLARA makes a difficult  
shot)

Damm she's good.

JOHANNES

...very talented.

CLARA

All you could do is get drunk and  
not be very nice.

JOHANNES

No more.

CLARA

Do you remember what you said when  
I left you?! 'If you leave me you  
can forget about being a painter in  
Holland.' I had to leave but...I had  
nowhere to go...and--

SAUL

Christ, its almost eight! I've gotta meet fucking Finer! Damm! I... man, I can't leave ...I have to meet this guy...Clara, come here! CLARA joins SAUL.

CLARA

Are you all right?

SAUL

I have to go...god I don't want to but...I'll be back around ten. Wait for me...

CLARA

Where are you--

SAUL

An important...a business dinner. I...I'll be back later. SAUL exits.

FADE TO:

INT. THE EXCELSIOR RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The Excelsior Restaurant defines haute cuisine. A number of tables are occupied by the well-heeled. Served coffee, PIETER and EVAN have almost completed dining.

EVAN

You'll be hovering around. Sit at the bar. Your drinks on my tab.

PIETER

(with mocking obedience)  
Yes sir.

PIETER rises and goes to the bar. He is seen gesturing to the bartender to put the drinks on EVAN'S tab. EVAN nods an affirmative to the bartender. SAUL arrives.

SAUL

I'm meeting an Evan Finer.

HOSTESS

This way please.

The hostess brings SAUL to EVAN'S table and departs. Not all the dishes from EVAN'S meal with PIETER have been cleared.

SAUL

You already ate?

EVAN  
I was hungry.

SAUL  
You couldn't wait?

EVAN  
Sit down.

SAUL sits.

SAUL  
What the hell is your problem?

EVAN  
Things didn't work.

SAUL  
Bullshit. I had to restructure the  
damm deal! It came at 37.

EVAN  
Where've you been?

SAUL  
...Amsterdam. Why the hell are you  
here?

EVAN  
I go wherever I want. You don't  
know, do ya?

SAUL and EVAN are yelling over each other to make themselves heard. This draws the attention of the other diners.

SAUL  
Know what? That you owe me 5  
million bucks?! That my client  
takes a 300 million dollar  
bath!...because of me.

EVAN  
Oh fuck you! I'm the one with the  
S.E.C. in my pants and you're gonna  
cover my ass.

SAUL  
I don't think so. SAUL rises.  
PIETER places his hand on SAUL'S  
shoulder.

PIETER  
Hello Mr. King.



SAUL

Who the hell are you? PIETER takes  
out his Dutch police I.D.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. 'JONGE, OUDE'... - NIGHT

CLARA has beaten Johannes again. The tavern is closing.

JOHANNES

Have I had a drink all night?

CLARA

It is unbelievable.

MEES

Come here Johannes. They embrace.

JOHANNES

Thank you Mees.

CLARA

We suffer for our art, yes?

JOHANNES

We do...but Clara, don't be like  
that. You must forgive me. I was--

CLARA

What was I? I don't care about it  
any more. But where is Saul?

MEES

He has this important dinner.

CLARA

For five hours? Americans aren't  
like that. He has to come back!

JOHANNES

He can meet you later.

CLARA

He's moved in with me. He can't  
know where I live.

MEES

What have you done to him?

CLARA

It was his idea.

JOHANNES

If it is meant to be he will find  
you.

CLARA

What?!

JOHANNES

If it is meant to be--

CLARA

Oh god! You never stop saying that!  
Nothing is meant to be. We make it  
'be'! You haven't changed. Goodbye.  
CLARA trudges out

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. PIETER'S OFFICE - DAY

SAUL and EVAN are engaged in a heated conversation. SAUL is ragged and unshaven. EVAN revels in his attempted dominance. SAUL is indomitable.

SAUL

You just can't see past the money  
part of it can you?

EVAN

What else is there?

SAUL

I'm starting to wonder.

EVAN

You should wonder about the rules.

SAUL

Love your fucking rules man. I do a  
nice deal at 32. I tell you--

EVAN

Listen, the system can--

SAUL

I don't give a flying fuck about  
the system.

EVAN

Been very nice to you black man.

SAUL

What's that supposed to mean?

EVAN  
You think you're different. You're  
just like all the rest of us.

SAUL  
Bullshit!

EVAN  
Oh, c'mon, you think--

SAUL  
I'm in a jail in Amsterdam with the  
master of sleaze telling me about  
our glorious system.

EVAN  
I'm just like--

SAUL  
You are 'the glorious system'!

EVAN  
Exactly. Just like you.

SAUL  
Wrong. You're nothing like me.

EVAN  
We're all whores.

SAUL  
With exception.

EVAN  
So your shit doesn't stink.

SAUL  
Go into the toilet after I take a  
crap.

EVAN  
It's so simple. We just get the  
rules on our side.

SAUL  
Those goddam rules again.

EVAN  
We play by 'em we win. A lot of  
guys we know played by 'em and are  
big winners.

SAUL  
They played by your rules and won.  
I played by 'em and lost. We're  
playing by my rules now.

EVAN  
You just don't get it, do you?

SAUL  
I'm taking you down with me. I have  
it on tape.

EVAN  
...tape?

SAUL  
It's all on tape.

EVAN  
What's on tape?

SAUL  
When we had dinner. When I told you  
about the deal. On tape.

EVAN  
Why the fuck did you do that?

SAUL  
Tape doesn't lie.

EVAN  
What the hell are you gonna do with  
it?

SAUL  
I can think of a few things.

EVAN  
I want it.

SAUL  
Of course you do.

EVAN  
And all your merger research.

SAUL  
What the hell do you need that for?

EVAN  
It'll get the rules on our side.

SAUL

The rules are on my side. I got it  
all on tape.

EVAN

Then you will give me the goddam  
tape! And all your research.

SAUL

Don't carry it around with me.

EVAN

Where the fuck is it?!

SAUL

Where I'm staying.

EVAN

Then we just go to your hotel--

SAUL

I'm not staying in a hotel.

EVAN

We'll go wherever you're staying.

SAUL

I don't know where I'm staying.

EVAN

Whadd'ya mean you don't know where  
you're staying?!

SAUL

I'm staying on somebody's houseboat  
and I don't know exactly where it  
is.

EVAN

What?!

SAUL

...I know where she works.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE CLARA'S 'OFFICE' - DAY

CLARA, in a powerful 'marketing' posture, sits in her  
'office' window. MERCER, an agent of VENUS is of medium  
height, very well built with a dark complexion. He enters.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARA'S 'OFFICE' - CONTINUOUS

MERCER has just entered.

MERCER  
Hello.

CLARA  
Hello.

MERCER  
Very beautiful.

CLARA  
Thank you.

MERCER  
We have to do something about that.

CLARA approaches MERCER and begins to caress his upper body. He becomes distracted from the purpose of his visit and succumbs to her wiles for an instant. He then pushes her away violently.

CLARA  
Something you don't like? A smiling  
VENUS is seen outside CLARA'S  
window.

MERCER closes the shades, turns the red light on and attacks  
CLARA.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE AMSTERDAM RED-LIGHT-DISTRICT - DAY

SAUL, EVAN and PIETER are walking to CLARA'S 'office'.

EVAN  
What does she—

SAUL  
You wouldn't understand.

They have arrived at CLARA'S 'office', its shades closed and the red light on. The sounds of a life and death struggle are heard.

PIETER  
She has a customer.

SAUL  
She has a fucking monopoly. No pun  
intended.

EVAN  
Sounds like she likes to play  
rough.

SAUL  
Something's wrong. CLARA'S screams  
are heard.

EVAN  
Sounds like she's having a great  
time.

SAUL  
...She is being attacked!

SAUL summons forth all his might and kicks open the door and runs in. EVAN and PIETER follow.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARA'S 'OFFICE' - CONTINUOUS

SAUL bursts in, sees CLARA being attacked and picks up the coat rack. He beats her assailant with its base repeatedly. MERCER goes limp. CLARA jumps into SAUL'S arms and they share an intense embrace.

EVAN  
Well?

PIETER  
We bring him to jail.

EVAN  
Why?

PIETER  
He is attacking this woman.

PIETER goes to the sink and fills a cup of water. He returns to MERCER and sprinkles much of it on his face. MERCER begins to stir.

MERCER  
Who the hell are you?

PIETER  
You are under arrest. Mercer helplessly stares at PIETER'S ID.

MERCER

Oh fuck!!

The embracing couple has relaxed.

SAUL

What happens now?

PIETER

We take him to jail.

SAUL

Then what?

EVAN

We go wherever you have the tape.

SAUL

Clara, we have to go to the houseboat.

CLARA looks at PIETER with the dread of him being in her home.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. THE HOUSEBOAT OF CLARA AND TONO - DAY

TONO reclines on the sofa. He is dressed in his workout clothing and smokes a joint. CLARA enters. She is followed by SAUL, EVAN and PIETER. TONO springs up and speaks sarcastically.

TONO

So nice to see you Mr. Burg.

PIETER

Equally!

TONO

Clara, why is he here?

CLARA

Ask Saul.

SAUL

I have to get something for him.  
SAUL exits to CLARA'S bedroom and returns with a micro

cassette recorder. He plays the tape at very high volume. His intent is to mask what he is about to say to CLARA and TONO. SAUL puts the player down on a table.



EVAN becomes rapt with the recording of his and SAUL'S dinner. SAUL takes CLARA and TONO aside and continues furtively.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Watch this.

SAUL grabs the micro cassette recorder and delivers robust blows, one each to the faces of PIETER and EVAN. They are both floored. SAUL takes CLARA'S hand and they run out. TONO follows. PIETER and EVAN gather themselves and give chase. SAUL leads CLARA and TONO as they run from the houseboat. PIETER and EVAN pursue them. The chase is on, high speed and on foot through the streets of Amsterdam. The pursuers and their prey encounter as much interference as possible from a city that teems with canals, bridges, thin, winding streets, trams, pedestrians, bicyclists, etc. Near 'Jonge, Oude'... PIETER corners SAUL and withdraws his gun. TONO quickly disarms PIETER. EVAN retrieves the gun and approaches SAUL.

EVAN

Gimme the tape and play by the goddam rules!

SAUL (O.S.)

Whose fucking rules. EVAN aims the gun.

EVAN

Mine!

PIETER acts to restrain EVAN.

PIETER

You will give me my gun.

EVAN

I don't think so. EVAN knocks down PIETER with the gun. TONO moves in on EVAN who fires at TONO. TONO'S quickness

allows for only a superficial wound. He proceeds to pummel

EVAN.

During the action MEES has arrived. He watches. PIETER retrieves his gun and aims it at EVAN.

SAUL

You're finished Finer. PIETER puts the gun into EVAN'S chin.

PIETER  
You are under arrest.

EVAN  
How can you arrest me?!

PIETER  
You take my gun and attack me! A  
man is shot.

EVAN  
I paid you 100,000 Euros!

PIETER  
...dank je wel  
(Dutch 'thank you very  
much')

EVAN  
What'll Ferruzi say?

PIETER  
Nothing. He was murdered.

SAUL  
Paolo Ferruzi?

PIETER  
His Mafia friend.

SAUL  
Paolo Ferruzi murdered?

EVAN  
Holy fucking Jesus!...remember Saul,  
you're on the tape too.

SAUL  
So what? I think my banking career  
is over. Turn state's evidence...get  
leniency.

MEES makes his presence known.

MEES  
Saul, is the show over?

SAUL  
Mees, how long you've been there?

MEES  
Who are these people?

SAUL

Wanna hear a wild story?

SAUL puts his arm around MEES'S shoulder and begins to usher him into 'Jonge, Oude'...

PIETER

Where are you going Mr. King?

SAUL

I'll be right inside. SAUL and MEES enter 'Jonge, Oude'.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. THE HOUSEBOAT OF CLARA AND TONO - NIGHT

A few days have passed. CLARA'S portfolio has been Fed-Exed to EMILIO. CLARA and SAUL lounge on the sofa.

SAUL

All about buying and selling.

CLARA

No charge for this. CLARA plants a deep kiss on SAUL'S mouth. The telephone rings. SAUL and CLARA are initially oblivious to it. CLARA'S outgoing message and EMILIO'S voice are heard in succession.

EMILIO (O.S.)

Molto bene Saul. I must exhibit Miss van Haam! SAUL breaks the embrace and gets the telephone.

SAUL

Emilio?!...You got it...It is one amazing story. Isn't she brilliant?...Are you serious? Emilio gotta go now...because I'm with her.

(SAUL hangs up)

An exhibition at New York's hottest gallery. Pretty fucking amazing!

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. THE HOUSEBOAT OF CLARA AND TONO - MORNING

CLARA and SAUL are waking. CLARA goes into the kitchen to make coffee.

SAUL (O.S.)  
Got a great idea.

CLARA  
What's that?

SAUL enters the kitchen.

SAUL  
Let's tell your parents.

CLARA  
My parents?

SAUL  
About the exhibition.

CLARA  
I haven't seen them...in so long.

SAUL  
Great excuse for a reunion.

CLARA  
...How?

SAUL picks up the telephone.

SAUL  
Wonders of modern technology.

CLARA  
I don't have the number.

SAUL  
Call information.

CLARA  
...The number is not...public.

SAUL  
You don't want to tell them, do  
you?

CLARA  
We lived in Noordwijk aan Zee.

SAUL  
Get the number.

SAUL hands her the telephone. CLARA takes it. After moment of  
thought she speaks.

CLARA  
 ...we will tell them in person.

SAUL  
 What?

CLARA  
 We go to their house.

SAUL  
 Sounds like a plan.

FADE OUT:

EXT. A ROAD ON THE NORTH SEA COAST - DAY

A car stops. SAUL and CLARA exit the vehicle. They walk the long and winding path to the front door, then ring the bell. In a moment the front door is opened by Mr. van HAAM. He is speechless as he and CLARA share an intense stare. They then deeply embrace. Mr. van HAAM pulls back.

MR. VAN HAAM

Oh, Clara! Oh, Clara. You've been...let me look at you... (He acknowledges SAUL) Dag. (Dutch 'hello')

SAUL  
 Dag. Your English is probably much better than my Dutch.

CLARA  
 You say that all the time.

SAUL  
 Don't speak too much Dutch in New York...any more.

MR. VAN HAAM

Please come in.

SAUL  
 Thank you.

MR. van HAAM escorts them in.

FADE OUT:

INT. THE van HAAM HOME - CONTINUOUS In this technologically adorned home now sits the billiard table in a prominent position under a hanging lamp.

CLARA  
The biljart table here?! Where is  
mama?

MR. VAN HAAM

She died one year ago. It was Beroerte. I don't know in  
English.

CLARA  
..When the brain explodes.

SAUL  
The brain explodes...a stroke?

CLARA  
I know how you must miss her papa.  
CLARA submits her father to a tight  
embrace.

SAUL  
I'm so sorry.

MR. VAN HAAM

Thank you. Your older sister is working in Russia. I'm so  
lonely.

SAUL  
Then you will have to join us in  
New York...But now I think you two  
need some time alone.

SAUL sees the door out to the backyard patio and exits to it.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE van HAAM BACKYARD PATIO - CONTINUOUS CLARA and her  
father are seen through the window, engaged in impassioned  
conversation. SAUL comes out upon the patio. He meanders  
about, his attention riveted on the scene of the North Sea  
coast. It is the scene represented in CLARA'S painting seen  
earlier.

SAUL (CONT'D)  
Life imitating art.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE van HAAM BACKYARD PATIO - CONTINUOUS CLARA leads her  
father on the patio from inside. They join

SAUL.

CLARA

Papa, amazing news! Saul has a friend who owns a New York art gallery. I will exhibit my paintings there!

MR. VAN HAAM

You have been painting?

CLARA

..Yes papa.

MR. VAN HAAM

Have you been selling your art?

SAUL

Not yet. But your government--

MR. VAN HAAM

Not like what I read about your government.

SAUL

My government doesn't understand.

MR. VAN HAAM

When is the exhibition?

SAUL

Not for a few months.

MR. VAN HAAM

And I will join you in New York.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. THE HOUSEBOAT OF CLARA AND TONO - DAY

SAUL, CLARA and TONO make their way to the street. A taxi waits. The luggage is stowed and the driver closes the trunk. The trio enters the back seat and the driver takes the wheel. In a moment they're off.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TAXI - CONTINUOUS

CLARA  
Can we make a stop in the Red-  
Light-District?

DRIVER  
We should have enough time.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE RED-LIGHT-DISTRICT - CONTINUOUS

The taxi comes to a stop.

CLARA, carrying a box, emerges first and walks to VENUS' window. SAUL also gets out to watch. CLARA stands before VENUS' window. In a moment VENUS comes out.

VENUS  
Get away from my window!

CLARA  
I have something for you.

VENUS  
What?

CLARA  
Use these in good health.

CLARA hands the box to VENUS who examines the contents. She pulls out some condoms. CLARA walks back to the taxi. VENUS retreats into her 'office'.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
Everybody has something to sell.

SAUL  
What did you give her?

CLARA  
Protection.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. JUDGE RIGER'S CHAMBERS - DAY

The incriminating tape of SAUL and EVAN'S dinner plays while NATE sits with JUDGE RIGER in his chambers.

NATE  
Will I meet King?



JUDGE RIGER  
You can now.

NATE  
He's here?

JUDGE RIGER  
Outside with his lawyer.

NATE  
Get him in here! JUDGE RIGER buzzes  
his secretary.

JUDGE RIGER  
Send Mr. King in.

SAUL enters with AARON, his early forties, Caucasian lawyer.  
The entrance of both a black and white man confuse NATE.

NATE  
..Which of you is Mr. King?

SAUL  
The black one. SAUL extends his  
hand. NATE ignores it and sits.

NATE  
..Is this how you realize your  
'American Dream'?

SAUL  
I do what I have to do.

NATE  
What does that mean?

AARON  
Saul, keep your mouth shut.

JUDGE RIGER  
Mr. Vintner, Mr. King has turned  
very incriminating state evidence.

AARON  
We entreat the court for leniency--

NATE  
Leniency!? Another one of these  
crooks, leniency!? No wonder this  
country is going to the dogs.

JUDGE RIGER

Mr. Vintner, we will be just. Mr. King will serve a six month sentence in a minimum security prison. Upon release he will report to a probation officer on a biweekly basis indefinitely, perform hours of community service per week-

NATE

That's not leniency. That's forgiveness!

JUDGE RIGER

He is also assessed a ten million dollar fine and is barred for life from the securities industry.

JUDGE RIGER rises and exits his chambers. The other follow.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS

JUDGE RIGER assumes his seat presiding over the court. SAUL and AARON take their place together. NATE sits in the audience. EVAN and NICOLE sit together.

NICOLE

You ruined everyone's life!

SAUL

Shit happens. Hope they put you away until the end of time.

EVAN

You son-of-a-bitch! I'll get you you nigger!!

EVAN rises belligerently but is restrained by court officers. JUDGE RIGER pounds his gavel.

JUDGE RIGER

Order in the court!

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. THE DE STEPHANO GALLERY OF CONTEMPORARY ART - EVENING

The opening of CLARA'S exhibition. SAUL and CLARA are together. EMILIO, MR. van HAAM and TONO round out the entourage.

SAUL  
S.E.C.'s getting militant.

CLARA  
What is the S.E.C.?

SAUL  
Government regulators.

CLARA  
More government.

SAUL  
Maybe they did some good here.

MR. VAN HAAM

But you can never work in your business again.

SAUL  
BFD man!

MR. VAN HAAM

What does that mean?

SAUL  
Big fucking deal!

TONO  
BFD-big fucking deal. I like that.

SAUL  
What really hurts is this huge fine  
I have to pay. Emilio, you want to  
exhibit the King collection?

EMILIO  
Are things that bad?

SAUL  
The Hampton real-estate market has  
collapsed. I'll have to sell my  
place out there...and some art man!

EMILIO  
It is a privilege to exhibit the  
King collection.

SAUL  
What's this un-employable  
investment banker gonna do now?

EMILIO  
Work for me! The art world welcomes  
you.

SAUL  
Hey Emilio, I work with you, not  
for you.

EMILIO  
It is my gallery.

SAUL  
I think I decided to work with  
you...or for you or...whatever a long  
time ago. I'm just not going to The  
Vault. But I am going to prison.  
People begin to arrive. ERNESTO  
comes over and embraces EMILIO.  
They share the greeting kiss of  
lovers.

ERNESTO  
Hello Saul.

SAUL and ERNESTO firmly shakes hands.

SAUL  
Emilio...you and Ernesto?

EMILIO  
Just to make you jealous.

ERNESTO  
What?

EMILIO  
Nothing. Come here. ERNESTO joins  
EMILIO and they hold hands.

ERNESTO  
Emilio, these paintings...very very  
good. Who is the artist?

EMILIO  
Clara van Haam, Ernesto Caballo.  
ERNESTO kisses CLARA'S cheeks.

ERNESTO  
Where did you learn to paint?

CLARA

The patio of my parent's house.  
People are streaming into the  
gallery.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE MANHATTAN SKYLINE - NIGHT

DISSOLVE TO:

The painting of CLARA'S that began this tale, that of the  
North Sea from her parent's backyard patio fills the screen.