



UNIVERSAL CABLE PRODUCTIONS

ALL THAT GLITTERS

Night 1

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Based on the Book by Thomas Maier

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FADE IN:

ACT ONE

WIDE SHOT - MANHATTAN SKYLINE - NIGHT

Sparkling. Magical. BEAMS of light crisscross the SKY, coming from --

EXT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - 5TH AVE. - NIGHT

LIMOUSINES off-load at the curb. WOMEN IN spectacular GOWNS. MEN IN TUXEDOS. Climb the stone steps like acolytes to a shrine. The signature event of New York's social calendar. ACROSS A BANNER: *DIANA VREELAND OF VOGUE - IMMODERATE STYLE!*

CARD: METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART COSTUME GALA - 1994

ORIENT TO: One LIMOUSINE *parked away from the crowd.* A YOUNG FEMALE ASSISTANT in a long GOWN teeters *click-click* in heels *running* to the WINDOW. It *zips* DOWN --

CLOSER. BACK SEAT. ANNA WINTOUR (43), trademark Lulu-in-Hollywood black bob, dark glasses.

YOUNG FEMALE ASSISTANT

Tina Brown hasn't gone in yet, Anna. But Mr. Newhouse and his wife are inside. And Mayor Koch. And Governor Cuomo and his wife.

Doesn't faze Anna.

ANNA

I'll wait.

Zip -- UP goes the window again.

SPLIT SCREEN: A SECOND LIMOUSINE

PULLS to the curb down the block. A YOUNG MALE ASSISTANT in a TUXEDO opens the DOOR. TINA BROWN (40, also in a long gown) peers from the back seat.

YOUNG MALE ASSISTANT

Anna Wintour hasn't arrived yet, Tina.

Tina, roiled by emotions. Tugs at her frosted blonde hair. *Over-thinks* every decision.

TINA
I guess I'll head inside.
(*then, immediately*)
No, not yet. Let's wait.

The Young Male Assistant CLOSES the door again. The TWO ASSISTANTS LEAVE FRAME --

END SPLIT SCREEN.

NEW ANGLE. The TWO ASSISTANTS meet ANDRE LEON TALLEY (45, 6'4", black velvet cape over a scarlet tuxedo) at the bottom of the MET STEPS.

YOUNG FEMALE ASSISTANT
Anna won't move till Tina enters.

YOUNG MALE ASSISTANT
Tina won't budge either.

They wait for Andre Leon to decide --

ANDRE LEON
(*dramatically*)
Every honcho, fat cat, and mucky-muck millionaire in New York is waiting to see if Anna or Tina goes in first.

FEMALE ASSISTANT
My hands are shaking.

YOUNG MALE ASSISTANT
When I left Idaho I told my parents I'd kill for a job at Conde Nast. Now it feels like someone's gonna die tonight.

A *shared* look, then --

ANDRE LEON
Isn't it fabulous?

SPLIT SCREEN AGAIN.

PUSH IN CLOSER. ANNA. TINA. Side by side. *Waiting.* Their thoughts make it seem as if they're in CONVERSATION --

TINA
My father taught me there are three aristocracies in the world: money, family and beauty. Of the three, beauty always wins.

ANNA

Obviously. People will give up money and family for beauty.

TINA

Then again, my father was a movie producer. Not Socrates.

ANNA

But it's true. That's why Conde Nast was an American genius. When he created *Vogue* he convinced a country of Puritans to throw their Bibles in the drawer -- Magazines would teach us how to live.

INSERT: FLASH THROUGH OLD ISSUES OF *VOGUE*, *GLAMOUR*, *HOUSE & GARDEN*. Pages of clothes, furniture, jewelry, cars.

TINA BROWN

And when someone says there's more to life?

ANNA WINTOUR

Then I tell them about Margaret Case ...

END SPLIT SCREEN.

PUNCH: CLOSE ON A RECORD STYLUS

Dropped in an LP groove. By a frail WOMAN'S HAND. Couture rings & bangles. Sinatra, *Let's Get Away From It All*.

IN A FULL LENGTH MIRROR

Silver-haired MARGARET CASE purses her lips. Meticulously applies Dior *Classic* red LIPSTICK with a frail hand.

ANNA (V.O.)

Margaret Case was hired by Conde Nast in the 1920's. To learn the *Social Register*. *Who was in? Who was out?* She was the original fashion police.

WIDEN: MARGARET'S CASE'S APARTMENT - MANHATTAN - DAWN

Margaret buttons a RAINCOAT. Wraps a scarf. Steps back. Poses. Even at her age *needs* to look stylish.

ANNA (V.O.)

Fifty years later, Margaret put on a Chanel raincoat and cashmere Hermes scarf. Grabbed an Yves St. Laurent hand bag.

FOLLOW Margaret -- TO THE WINDOW. A rainy day. *Lights* a cigarette. Gazing at the skyline she adores.

ANNA (V.O.)

Opened her sixteenth floor window ...

Margaret opens the sash. Struggles to lift one leg in/one leg out. Tugs her raincoat neatly --

ANNA (V.O.)

... and threw herself out ...

Margaret *springs* backwards into nothingness. -- CAMERA TILTS DOWN. Margaret tumbling horribly towards the pavement, until --

PUNCH INTO SLOW MOTION. Margaret suddenly seems to float. Her raincoat flutters like wings.

ANNA (V.O.)

The Newhouse family had bought Conde Nast Publications and someone decided Margaret was obsolete. She was the last to learn she was fired. A tradition with the Newhouses. ... I wonder what the poor thing was thinking as she fell.

FLASH THROUGH PHOTOS of HIGH SOCIETY MEN & WOMEN from the 1920's, '30's, 40's and 50's. At Formal Balls, Garden Parties, Regattas, Teas.

ANNA (V.O.)

Her world had changed. Old and rich was replaced by young and sexy.

PHOTOS OF AMERICAN ARISTOCRATS VANISH. -- REPLACED BY the first SUPERMODELS: TWIGGY, CHERYL TIEGS, BEVERLY JOHNSON, KELLY EMBERG, PAULINA.

TO MARGARET. *Falling* in REAL TIME now. -- *SMASH!* Margaret hits the pavement. Demure in a lake of blood the color of her lipstick. PUSH IN as RAIN washes the blood away --

ANNA (V.O.)

They say the mortician did a *fabulous* job. Even though it had to be a closed coffin, he buried Margaret in Givenchy.

BACK TO SPLIT SCREEN. TINA. ANNA. Turned to each other in their respective limousines. *As if they were debating --*

TINA

I heard Margaret was penniless and quite ill. Old age is unbearable for most of us.

ANNA

Margaret Case lost her job at *Vogue*. That's why she jumped. *Who wouldn't?*

TINA

I wouldn't.

ANNA

But that's the difference between us, darling.

TINA

(seems to meet her eyeline)
Then we finally agree. *Darling.*

DISSOLVE TO:



WIDE SHOT - BUCKINGHAM PALACE - DAY

Looking THROUGH the iconic FRONT GATES at the home of the Windsors. In a relentless rain -- per usual.

CARD: BUCKINGHAM PALACE - LONDON - NOVEMBER, 1983

INT. ROYAL PRESS OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

A Constable LANDSCAPE fills one wall. FIND TINA BROWN (29), alone. Blonde, curvy, blue-eyed. In her thrown-together outfit and strand of pearls. Hasty make up. As if pretending to be an adult.

Tina looks to a CLOSED DOOR. Jumps up, pulling a reporter's PAD from her handbag. Snoops around, *scribbling* notes. STOPS by a FRAMED PHOTO. -- INSERT: DIANA, PRINCESS OF WALES at her WEDDING to PRINCE CHARLES, ELIZABETH and PRINCE PHILIP. The most celebrated event in the world. *But from this shot the Princess couldn't look more miserable.*

Tina quickly to the DESK. *Flips* through the LEATHER BOUND APPOINTMENT CALENDAR -- until the DOOR OPENS. Tina shuts the Calendar. Jumps to her seat as --

A tall ROYAL PRESS OFFICER (30's) in Morning jacket strides in carrying a LETTER in his hand. Formal, *but clearly annoyed.*

ROYAL PRESS OFFICER

Miss Brown, I found your reply thanking Princess Diana for granting you an interview today ...

TINA

(cuts him off)

I realize she's terribly busy. But I won't be long. Can we get started?

Tina rises.

ROYAL PRESS OFFICER

Yet, I cannot find Her Royal Highness' *original* invitation to you.

TINA

No apologies necessary. My staff misplaces things, too. Which way ...?

He takes a step to block her. His scowl means trouble.

ROYAL PRESS OFFICER

Miss Brown. I've handled countless underhanded attempts by the press to get at the Princess. I compliment *yours* as exceedingly sly. You sent a fraudulent RSVP to an invitation that was *never* proffered.

TINA

Ten minutes is all I need ...

ROYAL PRESS OFFICER

The Royal Family would never grant an interview to *Tatler* Magazine. The same magazine that scornfully refers to Prince Charles as '*Brian*'.

TINA

No, no, that's *Private Eye* Magazine, not *Tatler*.

Tries to fight off a *giggle*. But can't.

ROYAL PRESS OFFICER

Leave now, Miss Brown.

TINA

Please send my regards to the Princess ... and to '*Brian*'.

INT. TATLER MAGAZINE - OFFICES - LONDON - DAY

Sloppy chaos of a college literary journal. WITH TINA, *grumpy*. Yanks cheap pearls from her neck, off comes the suit jacket.

CARD: TATLER MAGAZINE - LONDON

A young ASSISTANT spots Tina.

YOUNG TATLER ASSISTANT

He's waiting for you.

INT. TINA'S OFFICE - IN A MOMENT

Piles of MANUSCRIPTS, BACK ISSUES and BOOKS. -- TINA enters to find -- GARY BOGARD, 40's, her publisher. Aussie, long sideburns, garish orange tie.

GARY BOGARD

Christ, Tina, how snide must we be?



TINA

Just a little bit more -- what are we arguing about?

Bogard *shakes* a new *Tatler*: Mick Jagger's long, blonde girlfriend JERRY HALL on the COVER.

GARY BOGARD

Martin Amis called Truman Capote a 'ubiquitous lapdog of high society'.

TINA

I toned it down -- from 'the sissy Munchkin of Park Ave.'

GARY BOGARD

You've had six libel suits this year.

TINA

Capote lives in New York. America has a First Amendment. English law only protects the rich and powerful.

ANGLE. THREE STAFFERS suddenly crowd the DOOR. (MILES CHAPMAN, 30's, short, lantern-jaw; NIGEL DEMPSTER, 30's, shaggy golden hair; SARAH GILES, 20's, stunning, movie star blonde). This beat plays *fast & impertinent* -- like *Monty Python*. (We see them briefly here -- but in Nights 2 & 3 when Tina brings them to *Vanity Fair* they'll have an impact like refugees from Sodom & Gomorrah.)

MILES CHAPMAN

Told you they'd nominate The Dresser for Best Picture. Americans are spellbound by English overacting. Pay up, luv.

Tina reaches in her handbag; Miles snags a pound note.

NIGEL DEMPSTER

Don't gloat, Miles.

GARY BOGARD

Can you leave me alone with Tina?

MILES CHAPMAN

(*pinches Bogard's nose*)
Nothing gives me more pleasure than leaving you alone.

Sexy blonde Sarah pretends to straighten Bogard's tie -- actually *unties* it. Infuriates him.

SARAH GILES

I don't care what everyone says, darling.
You are tolerable. After a few drinks.

Holds up four fingers. Tina *shoos* them away.

TINA

Out. Out.

Once they're gone --

GARY BOGARD

I certainly won't miss those three.

TINA

(*misunderstanding*)
You can't fire my staff ...

GARY BOGARD

No, I mean ... I've sold the *Tatler*.

Tina taken by surprise.

TINA

You sneaky sack of shit. Who's my new boss?

GARY BOGARD

An American. Si Newhouse. He owns Conde Nast publishing. *Vogue*, *Vanity Fair*, *Gentleman's Quarterly*, *Random House* ...

TINA

(*cuts him off*)
Christ, Gary, I know bloody Conde Nast. How much?

GARY BOGARD

I'm not discussing money with you.

TINA

A hundred thousand pounds?

GARY BOGARD

You're not getting it out of me, Tina.

TINA

Two hundred? Two-fifty?

Bogard too excited to keep it in.

GARY BOGARD

A million.

For the first time we see Tina off her game.

TINA

A million bloody pounds? The Vandals were more restrained when they sacked Rome.

GARY BOGARD

I tripled our circulation!

TINA

(*mocking*)

Good for you.

GARY BOGARD

Well, *you* did. But who hired you? Who let you put rock stars and models on the cover? Let you ban Dowagers in gowns like tents and plump Lords on horseback? Now we're making money. And the biggest publisher in America wants us!

Giddy. -- Tina turns away to her typewriter. Rolls in a sheet. TYPES fast. *Signs* it. Hands the paper to Bogard.

BOGARD

What's this?

Tina already packing up --

TINA

My resignation. I'm taking my husband to Sandy Lane in Barbados. Harry's been in the dumps since Rupert Murdoch fired him.

GARY BOGARD

If you leave, you'll be making a terrible mistake. You won't get another chance like this ...

Tina walks out--

GARY BOGARD

(*calls after*)

They'll hire someone and you'll disappear in the Caribbean like Amelia Earhart!

Tina's VOICE from outside --

TINA (O.C.)

... lost in the Pacific, for Christ's sake.

AERIAL OVER MANHATTAN - NIGHT

SOUND CUE: rhythmic clapping, thumping dance-track BASS.

EXT. DANCETERIA - 21ST ST. - NIGHT

Massive, multi-level DISCO in Chelsea. Funky neighborhood in transition. A loud, festive CROWD at the door.

ORIENT TO ANNA WINTOUR gripping a POLAROID like a six-gun. Dark Raybans (even at night), micro-mini-skirt, no bra, hair black as a Geisha. *Sultry*, in a naughty way. Moves slowly along the LINE waiting to get in.

REVERSE. YOUNG WOMEN with a 'look' called *New Romanticism*. Hair piled in castles of curls. Make up like war paint.

ANNA stops by TWO YOUNG WOMEN in *bustiers*. *Flash!* Takes a shot. Waves the developing IMAGE as she moves on to the ENTRANCE. -- Anna touches the BOUNCER's arm. He adores her. Lets her slip inside.

CARD: DANCETERIA - CHELSEA - NOVEMBER, 1983

INT. DANCETERIA - NIGHT

SIX FLOORS. *Lights strobing*. Gay & straight. Paroxysms of hair, kaleidoscope make-up.

AT THE BAR. Anna sits with shaggy-hair, London pal ANTHONY HADEN-GUEST (30's), bastard aristocracy. Three empty martini glasses by his hand.

ANTHONY HADEN-GUEST

Of course, I can get you into *New York Magazine*. I've written several very important pieces for Ed Kosner.

ANNA

Anthony, you profiled four different Supermodels.

ANTHONY HADEN-GUEST

He pays well. I hear he wants to try a regular fashion editor ...

Anna has a copy of *NEW YORK MAGAZINE*. *INSERT: ARCHBISHOP O'CONNOR* on the COVER.

ANNA

They know *bloody* all about fashion. They should beg me to do it.

Anthony slips a hand between her legs. She removes it.



ANTHONY HADEN-GUEST
Can't your father get you something
better in London?

ANNA
I'd rather live in New Jersey.

He clutches his heart and falls forward suddenly trying
to kiss her -- but Anna holds up the magazine so he
kisses the Archbishop.

ANNA
Don't be naughty. I moved here to work at
Vogue -- but I can use *New York Magazine*.
I need Alex Liberman to notice me. He
controls *everything* at Conde Nast.

Now *she* suddenly presses her lips to his ear, bites his
lobe, teasing as she whispers.

ANNA
Now get me an interview. I'll get the
job.

Slides off the stool. -- FOLLOW ANNA --

TO THE DANCE FLOOR. *Dancing* through the throng. Draws
stares. Anna is a beacon when she dances. Sensual, cool,
effortless. -- BY THE STAGE, Anna dances UP FRONT as a DJ
introduces --

DJ
(over mike)
Get into a groove with Sire Records' new
recording star -- Madonna!

ANGLE. A very young MADONNA struts out *singing* to a
backing track. Her first monster song -- *Holiday*.

ORIENT TO INCLUDE: ANNA, *lifts* her POLAROID -- *FLASH!*
Captures Madonna's *look*: miniskirt rolled to navel. Mesh
tank top, bra peeks through. Black lace gloves.
Stilettos. Teased hair, oversized bow, *heavy* makeup.

ON ANNA, drinking in *everything* about Madonna.

DISSOLVE:

EST. MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Bitter cold. Snow flurries swirl between the skyscrapers.

CARD: NEW YORK CITY - JANUARY, 1984

EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - MID-TOWN - NIGHT

FIND TINA, stepping out of a cab. In a tropical, white linen suit. *Shivering* -- and sunburnt.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - MAIN DINING ROOM - EVENING

TINA guided by the MAITRE'D through the wealthy crowd. Stops for a flash to check herself in the enormous mirror. *Averts her eyes instantly.*

MOVING WITH TINA THROUGH THE ROOM. An iconic era of fashion. NFL-scale shoulder pads. Double-breasted jackets. Towering-permed hair. Galaxies of sequins. *Gluttonous* immodesty.

IN THE BACK - A TABLE

Rising up to greet Tina -- a thin, elegant, handsome MAN. Silver hair, pencil mustache. Perfect gray suit. ALEXANDER LIBERMAN (60's) speaks with breathy Pan-Euro inflection. A little Russian, a little French. Women adore him. And he knows it. *Kisses* Tina on both cheeks.

ALEX

Tina, *ma chere*. Alex Liberman. Si is on his way. How was your flight?

TINA

Lovely, first class.

ALEX

Is there anyway else?

Pulling out her chair. As they sit --

ALEX

Si asked me why we should pay a million pounds to buy *Tatler*, and I said because you came with it. Then you disappeared to the islands!

TINA

(*feigns innocence*)

I thought it was time to try something new.

ALEX

It only made Si want you more! He made us track you down. Get you a plane ticket. But you knew he'd do that. That's why you resigned, *n'est-ce pas*?

Tina registers Alex is canny.

TINA

But here I am shivering in my linen suit.

ALEX

At Conde Nast we think of magazines like our children. *Vanity Fair* is our troubled child. Which only makes me love it more.

TINA

It took fifty years to bring *Vanity Fair* back. You can ask your readers for a little more patience.

ALEX

This is New York. Patience is weakness. That's why they all watch Si. When he wants something, he *moves*. *Glamour, Self, Mademoiselle, Random House!* Every minute, of every day, everyone is reading something Si owns!

(then)

Something to drink, *ma chere*?

TINA

Hot tea would be lovely.

The WAITER pours champagne.

TINA

Oh, no, I'm a light-weight ...

Alex leans-in like a lover. *Pats* her hand.

ALEX

You wouldn't be here if you were.

Alex suddenly on his feet, as -- ANGLE. SI NEWHOUSE (55), a small man, works his way to the table. Ill-at-ease in public. You could easily miss him. Chinless, thick eye brows, wide nose, a frog king.

Si sits without making eye contact with Tina. Instantly, BIG SHOTS from various tables come over to Si.

OVERLAP VARIOUS BIG SHOTS

Si, a minute before you leave? ... Si, I left three messages? ... I need a feature, Si. Talk about buildings. Or my coke habit! Just print *something*!

Si ignores them - but one aggressive BIG SHOT HUSBAND with very red hair pulls his sexy BLONDE WIFE to Si.

HUSBAND (DONALD TRUMP)

Stop kissing the mayor's ass, Si. You put that bald dummy, Ed Koch on the cover. Write about me! New Yorkers love me more! Trump Tower saved 5th Ave. Hell, I'm saving New York! It was all garbage, pimps and gangs till me!

SI

(*unfazed*)

Am I getting your book, Donald?

DONALD TRUMP

If the deal is right, Si. Every publishing house wants me. I'll sell more books than the Bible.

(*yanks wife closer*)

And Ivana deserves a *Vogue* cover. Show me a woman in this room with a better body!

IVANA

Enough, Donald.

IVANA TRUMP pulls DONALD TRUMP away.

DONALD TRUMP

(*as he leaves*)

You want my book? Give us a cover!

Once they leave --

SI

That blowhard Trump has been telling everyone he's gonna be President. He's lucky his father was born first.

ALEX

So are you.

(*then*)

Si, Tina gave up her Caribbean vacation for us. Tell her what you're thinking.

Si is compulsively breaking a dinner roll into smaller and smaller bits. Doesn't make direct eye contact.

SI

I'm thinking *Vanity Fair* reads like the fucking Encyclopedia Britannica.

-- still doesn't look at Tina.

ALEX

What Si is saying is *Vanity Fair* needs a great editor! We want you to take over.

TINA

Didn't you just fire Richard Locke and hire Leo Lerman as editor? That would make me your third editor in less than a year.

ALEX

A few missteps. But they led us to you!

TINA

Your advertisers have already made their buys for 1984. Whoever takes over *Vanity Fair* could never turn it around quickly.

ALEX

You can!

Tina wonders if his cheery support means Alex sold Si on her.

TINA

It would mean uprooting my husband, Harry. His children live in London.

ALEX

Shameful the way Rupert Murdoch fired him. Maybe Harry would be interested in something at Random House?

Si still hasn't made eye contact -- then out of the blue.

SI

Tommy the Toreador. Murder at the Gallop. Go Kart Go. Inn of the Frightened People.
Produced by George H. Brown.

Nerdy but definitive. Tina, stunned.

TINA

Wow. You know my father's films?

ALEX

Si is an encyclopedia of movies.

SI

I had asthma as a kid. Went to double features. Saw every 'B' movie.

TINA

Daddy never thought of them as 'B' movies when he was making them. The critics decided that for him. So he retired to Spain. Too many vicious reviews.

SI

The London *Evening Standard* had it out
for your father. Charlie Wintour's paper.
I tried to buy it.

TINA

Is there anything you don't know, Si?

SI

If you're working for me?

TINA

If I said 'Yes' -- would I have your full
support?

Si finally looks at her -- and Tina catches a glimpse of
ferocity beneath Si's *nebbishy* appearance.

SI

I've spent \$75 million to re-start *Vanity
Fair*. Isn't that 'full support'?

Si rises. The whole room *reacts*.

SI

My brother wants to shut down *Vanity
Fair*. I can only hold him off so long.
But if you say 'Yes', you'd better be
able to walk on water, Tina Brown.

Tina watches VARIOUS MEN chase after Si as he leaves.

INT. TINA'S HOTEL - LATER

Tina rushes in to grab the phone.

TINA

(into PHONE)

Harry?

INTERCUT: SARAH GILES, at the *TATLER* offices. Morning.

SARAH GILES

Just me. Did they make an offer?

TINA

A hundred thousand to start. Plus a
twenty-five thousand dollar clothes
allowance.

SARAH GILES

Twenty-five thousand for clothes? That's
a total waste on you, darling. -- Listen.
(MORE)

SARAH GILES (CONT'D)

We got a call for *every back issue* of
Tatler that you edited. Shipped them to
New York Magazine. Guess who?

TINA

SARAH GILES

I despise when you do that, (OVER)
Sarah. Just tell me ... Anna Wintour.

Tina sinks onto a sofa.

TINA

Charlie Wintour's daughter? What in God's
name for?

SARAH GILES

I was going to ask you that, darling. So,
did you take the job?

TINA

Anna Wintour is in New York?

OFF TINA --

END ACT ONE

FADE IN:

ACT TWO

MUSIC CUE: BORDERLINE by Madonna

CLOSE ON ANNA WINTOUR

Staring *intently* O.S. Body in tune with the *thumping* MUSIC. Suddenly, raises her POLAROID CAMERA. *Flash!*

WIDEN AND REVEAL: INT. LOFT - SOHO - DAY

FOUR MODELS, dressed *like* MADONNA at *Danceteria*. Dance against a BLANK WALL. -- *BAM! BAM!* PAINT explodes BEHIND them in bright color bursts. Abstract art before our eyes.

CARD: NEW YORK MAGAZINE - FASHION SHOOT

REVERSE TO: manic, stocky JULIAN SCHNABEL (30's) taking photos as his TWO ASSISTANTS shoot PAINT GUNS at the WALL. *Pow, pow, pow!*

JULIAN SCHNABEL

(*OVER music*)

Wonderful! Lovely! You are my painting!
You are the colors!

Artful mayhem. -- ORIENT TO INCLUDE: ANNA with *New York Magazine* EDITOR, ED KOSNER (30's, fuzzy, rumpled) giddy around the models. But his ART DIRECTOR PATRICIA BRADBURY (female, 30's, uptight) is openly hostile towards Anna.

FLASH! FLASH! Until -- ANNA strides into the middle. MUSIC cuts OFF. The MODELS tense, unsure --

ANNA

Everyone relax. Deep breaths. Come closer.

They gather around Anna. All a foot taller than her. Julian Schnabel joins.

ANNA

This looks like a photo shoot.

JULIAN SCHNABEL

It *is* a photo shoot, Anna.

Now we see Anna's charisma -- *when she talks about how she sees fashion she's a master storyteller.*

ANNA

You've worked all day and yet your pay check seems to shrink before your eyes. You run home because you need to go out tonight. You try a hundred looks in front of the mirror. Then it comes together. You look delicious. You head for a club but you're a little on edge moving past the bouncer. Inside, the dark unsettles you. But then you step onto the floor. You love this Madonna song. It's too loud to talk. *Or worry.* You forget your problems. Forget the designers. The competition. The endless dieting. Now it's more than dancing. *Right now you finally feel free.*

Relaxes them. Makes them *giggle*.

ANNA

You are my stars. I want to see it on your faces.

(to Julian Schnabel)

Do it, again.

Once Schnabel leaves --

PATRICIA BRADBURY

I don't get it. What does Madonna have to do with fashion anyway?

Anna gives her a long look.

ANNA

Everything. Because she invented her style. Because she's authentic. Because every designer in New York better start paying attention to what young women want -- or retire.

Bradbury appeals to Kosner.

PATRICIA BRADBURY

And why is Julian Schnabel here? He's a painter

ANNA

Julian loves women. If you knew any fashion photographers, you'd understand why that makes him different.

Anna runs her hand down Kosner's arm. He has a giddy crush on her -- like many men.

INCLUDING

CUE

MOVIES • TV • THEATER • RESTAURANTS

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FALL FASHION

PAINTING THE TOWN • BY ANNA WINTOUR

NEW YORK

**WITH ARTWORKS
DONE SPECIALLY
FOR NEW YORK BY:**

Dennis Ashbaugh
Jean-Michel Basquiat
Gary Falk
Janet Fish
Red Grooms
Alex Katz
Lois Lane
Robert Longo
Nabil Nahas
Judy Rifka
David Salle
Billy Sullivan



ANNA

I want people talking about us. Like they talk about *Vogue*.

Kosner beams to Bradbury.

KOSNER

Why can't *New York Magazine* give *Vogue* a run for its money?

PATRICIA BRADBURY

We're a news magazine. Who'll even care?

ANNA

Vogue will.

EXT. ON THE STREET - MANHATTAN - EAST SIDE - DAY

Tina walking quickly. *Freezing* in an old raincoat. Checks her watch. *In a panic*. Looks at building numbers.

CARD: FEBRUARY, 1984

ORIENT TO INCLUDE: A YOUNG SECRETARY (20's) in sneakers, carrying heels. Ankle length overcoat.

SECRETARY IN SNEAKERS

(*noticing Tina*)

What number you looking for?

TINA

Is it obvious I'm lost? 350 Madison. I'm late. On my first day.

SECRETARY IN SNEAKERS

So cute. You sound like *Mary Poppins*. This is Lexington.

(*pointing*)

Madison is two blocks *that way*. No one gets lost in Manhattan! Streets go up and down. Avenues across.

TINA

I've been known to get lost in my own livingroom.

The Secretary suddenly reaches at Tina. Tina *flinches*.

SECRETARY IN SNEAKERS

Your raincoat's inside out, sweetie. Try to make a good first impression.

She helps Tina turn the coat.

TINA
Thank you, I will.

Tina notices she carries Vogue in her bag.

SECRETARY IN SNEAKERS
Hope your boss isn't a douche. Just tell
him it's your first time in America!

INT. VANITY FAIR OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Over 30 STAFF waiting for Tina. Standing room only.
Checking watches. *No sign of Tina.*

DOUG JOHNSTON (30's, AD DIRECTOR, longish hair, gay --
and so handsome he's *beautiful*). Passes round OLD ISSUES
of *various* MAGAZINES.

DOUG
Here's Tina in matching bikinis with
Brigitte Bardot for the *Standard*. And for
the *London Times* she posed as a Playboy
Bunny

RUTH ANSEL (ART EDITOR, 30's, Vassar, swirls of red hair)
grabs it.

RUTH
Who hasn't?

DOUG
My favorite is *Punch*, 1976. She posed as
a stripper in New Jersey.

DAVID O'BRASKY, the PUBLISHER (50's, stocky, balding,
guttural Brooklyn accent) pulls it from him.

O'BRASKY
She was a stripper ... ?

Others crowd round. AD LIB: *Let me see? Is she really
naked? Did you say she's topless?*

DOUG
That's Tina Brown in the 'G' string.

O'BRASKY
I thought she was some Oxford
intellectual?

DOUG
You never heard of Hugh Hefner College at
Oxford? She graduated *Cum* loudly.

SOUND CUE: Pulsing fuzz-tones of SATISFACTION by The Rolling Stones.

FLASHBACK: INT. STRIP CLUB - NEW JERSEY - NIGHT

Room packed with *Guidos*. The MC/OWNER, short & stumpy on a stool by the stage, leans into the mike.

M.C.

... for your delight, all the way across
the sea from London, England, feast your
eyes on one hot cup of tea: 'Union
Jackie'!

BEHIND A CURTAIN. TINA BROWN (20's) red & blue sequinned G-string and pasties. She seems so young. More school girl than journalist. Takes a breath -- then struts out ONTO STAGE like a pro -- for just one step --

CARD: HACKENSACK, NEW JERSEY - 1976

-- then *staggers* on her high heels, catches herself just before falling. Tina *twirls* into a tepid bump-and-grind. *Strobing* lights blind her. Her eyes adjust to: dull, hungry stares from a throng of GUYS below.

AT A TABLE - LATER. Tina in a sweatshirt over her stripper's costume with BIG ED, the M.C.

BIG ED

... to be fair you've got a great ass.

TINA

That's so kind, really lovely.

BIG ED

Not for nothin', we like our Show Girls fuller upstairs. Your crotch-swivel needs a lot of practice but I no doubt could book you full frontal.

TINA

That's so, um, wonderful to know. Cheers.

END FLASHBACK:

BACK TO: INT. VANITY FAIR OFFICE - CONTINUED

O'Brasky tosses the *PUNCH* magazine at Doug.

O'BRASKY

It's a put-on. No way Alex Liberman is hiring a new editor who stripped in New Jersey.

Ruth *points* as -- ALEX LIBERMAN enters the office. Room falls silent. Liberman promiscuous with Continental kisses for the YOUNG WOMEN on staff.

ALEX

Bon jour mes enfants.
(*then, to Doug*)
Where's Tina?

O'BRASKY

Not in yet, Alex.

Alex *frowns*. He can be testy.

ALEX

C'est dommage. I have a meeting upstairs at *Vogue*.

Leaves quickly -- one more stop for *kisses*.

ORIENT TO A TV on a table by the OFFICE DOOR. STAFF watching MTV. Michael Jackson's *THRILLER* video. In endless rotation. Before his face transmogrified.

And here's TINA. Stepping in. *No one notices her.*

TINA

Can we get *him* for my first cover?

The English accent makes head turns --

TINA

Might be fun? What's everyone think?

DOUG

Over Alex Liberman's dead body?

O'Brasky hurries to guide Tina up front.

O'BRASKY

Let's welcome Tina Brown, our new editor.
And I know third time's the charm.

O'Brasky forces *applause*. Sputters out quickly.

TINA

So sorry I'm late. It won't happen again.
I hope.



ORIENT TO: TWO FEMALE ASSISTANTS, *whispering*.

ONE FEMALE ASSISTANT

She's cute. Who bangs her first -- Alex
or Si?

SECOND FEMALE ASSISTANT

Alex.

ONE FEMALE ASSISTANT

Si.

They make a 'pinky' bet.

O'BRASKY

I'm sure Tina wants to say something ...

TINA

Well. Of course. I do. So many changes.
How are you all feeling?

Prompting --

VARIOUS STAFFER VOICES

Are we keeping our jobs? ... How much
notice will we get? ... Will we get
references? ... Any severance? ... Fat
chance, knowing Si.

Tina off-guard, overwhelmed.

O'BRASKY

Let the woman talk. Christ. She'll answer
all your questions.

TINA

Actually, I don't think I can. Not yet.
But, please, I know there's gossip about
the health of our venerable monthly. Just
don't start jumping over-board till we're
actually sinking.

A *smile* -- skeptical faces stare intently back.

TINA

This happened so quickly. Yet another
editor. At this point it seems just a
patch on the sail. Oh, God, not another
bloody nautical metaphor.

(tamps down nerves)

Look, I'm as much in the dark about our
future as you all. *But* -- why would Si
hire me if he didn't still have faith in
us?

STAFFER FROM THE BACK

Because he's a sadist?

TINA

Well, I'm not a masochist. I'm going to dig in and work hard. I know I have a great deal to learn to be an editor in New York City. I did turn to the accepted scholarly text on all things New York ...

Unfolds a copy of *THE DAILY NEWS*. Gets a needed laugh.

TINA

I know it costs \$1.10 for a gallon of petrol ...

DOUG

Gas. And New Yorkers don't drive.

TINA

Thank you. And a movie in Times Square is \$2.50. But a Triple X costs more.

ANOTHER VOICE

Not after Mayor Koch shuts them down!

TINA

I know there are *Ghostbusters* roaming the streets of Manhattan. And George Steinbrenner wants the city to pay for a new Yankee Stadium which makes him -- 'a bum'? Is that right? And there's something wonderful called 'McNuggets' to sample. Whatever they are.

DOUG

You don't want to know.

She closes the paper.

TINA

I've tried writing plays and poems, and one sad, stillborn novel. But magazines seem so much more exciting to me. A way to speak to the world. *In the moment*. So, we need to figure out what we want to say -- and how we want to say it. And we need to do it quickly. April is my first issue ...

O'BRASKY

Goes to the printer three weeks from today.

Tina chuckles.

TINA

Ta for that. When do we really ... ?

Looks to Doug. He holds up THREE FINGERS. OFF TINA --

INT. NEW YORK MAGAZINE - ED KOSNER'S OFFICE - DAY

Anna strides in. (Always dressed to impress. Always in high heels.) KOSNER feet up, watching a boxy TV. Anna DROPS the new ISSUE on his lap.

INSERT: NEW YORK MAGAZINE COVER. 'Lower East Side Real Estate Explodes! There Goes The Neighborhood! -- Anna pages through to find her JULIAN SCHNABEL SPREAD. Buried.

ANNA

You exiled me with the movie listings and neighborhood restaurants. ...

Leans close enough to kiss Ed. *Bam!* Drops the new, thicker *VOGUE* on top of New York. INSERT: BROOKE SHIELDS (17). Shirt open. *Sexy.*

ANNA

She's why *Vogue* tripled your circulation.

ED KOSNER

Anna, I had to fight just to keep you in. Some people here are punching back against fashion coverage.

ANNA

I can punch, too.

Balls her slender hand and *punches* Kosner in the arm -- about as sexual as a punch can seem. Kosner melts.

ED KOSNER

Come to lunch. We'll plan a revolution.

Making a pass -- but now Anna is ignoring him because -- ORIENT TO TV.

ON SCREEN: LIZ SMITH - WNBC

Bleached-blond Texan (40's), head turned *slightly* for her 'best side'. Everybody watches her.

LIZ SMITH (ON TV)

... and First lady Nancy Reagan was escorted by James Galanos in one of his glittery beaded dresses.

(MORE)

LIZ SMITH (ON TV) (CONT'D)
Adios Rosalyn Carter! Designer dresses
 are back in The White House. ...

PLAY FOOTAGE of NANCY REAGAN on Galanos' arm.

LIZ SMITH (ON TV)
 And speaking of 'have not's'-- Conde Nast
 is still anxious about Chairman Si
 Newhouse's decision to bring back *Vanity
 Fair*.

PLAY FOOTAGE OF SI with wife VICTORIA. Vicky beaming at
 photographers; Si head down, eyes averted.

LIZ SMITH (ON TV)
 Newhouse has announced his third editor
 in less than a year. Tina Brown, the
 Oxford University *wunder-gal* who no one's
 heard of, is taking over.

PUSH IN ON ANNA. Walking slowly towards the TV still she
 blocks Kosner's view.

LIZ SMITH (ON TV)
 Despite her souffle of blonde hair and
zaftig figure, Tina Brown is said to be
 one smart cookie. Voted 'Best Young
 Journalist' in England, the writer is
 famous for a razor sharp tongue. But it's
 one thing to pillory the Lords and Ladies
 of boring old England, and another to
 take on the thin-skinned Titans who rule
 Manhattan.

ORIENT TO ANNA in front of the SCREEN watching.

LIZ SMITH
 Will sassy Tina Brown be too Limey, too
 late to save *Vanity Fair*? Sources say
 Tina Brown has mesmerized the height-
 challenged Emperor of Conde Nast -- at
 least for now.

Kosner steps up close behind Anna. Slips his arm past her
 turning OFF the TV.

ANNA
 Tina Brown got *Vanity Fair*?

ED KOSNER
 You know her?

ANNA

I guess she ran out of men in London to fuck.

Whoa. Anna slips her Raybans back on.

ANNA

I'm going to lunch.

ED KOSNER

Without me?

PATRICIA BRADBURY comes in as Anna exits on high heels.

PATRICIA BRADBURY

Are you *schtupping* her?

ED KOSNER

No. ... But you can spread the rumor.

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - BROWNSTONE - DAY

Funky neighborhood still mostly artists. But SCAFFOLDING on a bunch of buildings, INCLUDING --

INT. DAVID SHAFFER AND ANNA WINTOUR'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

Mid-remodel. Plastic sheathing on some walls. *Thumping* O.S. --

IN THE BEDROOM. ANNA mounted on DR. DAVID SHAFFER (45, South African, bald, bug-eyed -- a pediatric psychologist). *Bouncing* so the bed *slams* into the wall. Shaffer holds on to her.

SHAFFER

(*overwhelmed*)

Oof, um, darling? ... if you're ready, I'm ready.

ANNA

Hush.

Anna arches back, falls forward, black bob a veil. *Sigh.* Shaffer holds her tenderly.

SHAFFER

(*whispers*)

I love you.

Expecting a romantic *quid pro quo* -- Anna *whispers* back.

ANNA

(*whispers back*)

How the hell did *shabby* Tina Brown get to Conde Nast from *Tatler* magazine? Before me?

Rolls off.

SHAFFER

Who?

Anna anxious -- reveals vulnerability to her lovers.

ANNA

Tina's father blames all his beastly failures on my father's newspaper. Daddy got fed up with all George Brown's scathing letters and threatened lawsuits.

SHAFFER

You never mentioned this Tina Brown before.

Anna *snuggles* close to him.

ANNA

Because I don't think about Tina Brown. Everyone in London knows each other. She was always Little Miss 'Look, I Have A Typewriter!' Pushy striver. She went to Oxford. I stopped school at fourteen. She was always bad-mouthing the Wintours.

Her eyes well up. Shaffer strokes her arm.

ANNA

Since I was ten years old I've been studying *Vogue*. Page by page. Tearing out pictures. Falling asleep dreaming of working there. Tina Brown isn't supposed to be in my *bloody* dream.

SHAFFER

I read fairy-tales to the children I treat. They realize the witch is always your deepest anxiety. That's why most stories end the same way, whether Snow White or Red Riding Hood. To be happy confront the witch in your dream.

ANNA

-- and stab her over and over till she's dead?

SHAFFER
A metaphor, darling.

ANNA
Is it?

Her eyes well up. He kisses her.

SHAFFER
You're stuck with Tina Brown in your
fairy-tale for now. Take action. Maybe
get your work to someone at *Vogue*?

Anna trusts the advice from older men like Shaffer.

ANNA
My old boyfriend Jon Bradshaw knows one
of their fashion editors, Polly Mellen.
I'll call him.

SHAFFER
Now I'm jealous. Don't fall in love with
him again.

ANNA
Maybe I'm not the only one who needs a
therapist?

Tweaks his nose. PHONE rings. Anna beats Shaffer to it.

ANNA
(*into phone*)
Yes? ... Hi, Serena, it's Anna. You never
answer my calls.

Anna calm and chatty. Shaffer *unnerved*.

SHAFFER
(*reaches for phone*)
Let me talk to her, Anna.

Anna won't relinquish the phone.

ANNA
(*into phone*)
So what if I'm fucking David? You're
having an affair, as well. That's why you
both separated.

SHAFFER
Anna.

Tries to seize the phone. Anna ducks underneath his arm.

ANNA

(*into phone*)

Let's be civil. I intend to help raise your boys after you divorce David. Which is inevitable.

(*then*)

Darling, you'll damage your larynx. So lovely to chat, Serena.

Shaffer finally takes the phone. The line is dead. OFF
Shaffer's look --

ANNA

I want us to be together, David. But I have more important things to do than manage the end of your marriage. Tina Brown got to Conde Nast ahead of me.

END ACT TWO

FADE IN:

ACT THREE

FILLING FRAME: COVERS OF THE NEW *VANITY FAIR*

Somber black & white FACES. SUSAN SONTAG, ITALO CALVINO, PHILLIP ROTH.

WIDEN TO: INT. EDITORIAL MEETING - *VANITY FAIR* - MORNING

Tina with Alex -- and Doug, Ruth, O'Brasky. Passing by FRAMED ISSUES of her predecessors' *VANITY FAIRS*.

ALEX

Some people here thought we could make the New York intelligentsia into celebrities.

Never *his* fault.

TINA

Only *celebrities* are celebrities. I believe you Americans invented that rule.

ALEX

Si wanted a magazine for the elite few.

TINA

The 'elite few' don't buy Calvin Klein underwear.

She *giggles* -- Alex doesn't.

ALEX MOVES ON TO A MOCK UP ISSUE OF *VANITY FAIR* - **APRIL, 1984.**

Tina nervous as Alex passes by -- handwritten HOLDERS for ARTICLES. CUT OUT ADS from previous ISSUES. '*Possible ESTEE LAUDER spread.*' Sheets with just a big '?'

HOLD ON: A BLACK & WHITE PHOTO OF TOM BROKAW. 'COVER' written across in black marker.

TINA

I didn't put this here. Who's this gentleman?

O'BRASKY

Tom Brokaw. The new NBC anchor. Our readers watch lots of TV news.

TINA

As my father would say, he looks like he was born not to get the joke.

Alex doesn't smile -- but Doug *winks at Tina*. Alex taps a PHOTO of dapper DOMINICK DUNNE, pin-stripe suit, round glasses. Scrawled: '*Possible D. Dunne piece*'?

TINA

Dominick Dunne's article on the trial of the man who murdered his daughter is the best thing we've published so far.

Alex lights up at a chance to name drop.

ALEX

His brother John and sister-in-law Joan Didion are *my dear* friends.

TINA

I'd like to meet him.

ALEX

You're the editor of *Vanity Fair*. You can meet any writer in New York! I'm going up to *Vogue*.

Alex leans in to offer Continental *kisses* to Tina -- she knows for now she has to endure. Once he leaves --

Tina starts pulling down ARTICLES on the MOCK UP WALL.

TINA

I didn't put these up. '*How to Read The New York Times*.' Yet another piece on that pea-brained '*Ayn Rand*'?!

O'BRASKY

All paid for, Tina. We own this inventory. And our market research company says 42% of our readers are interested in Ayn Rand.

TINA

Doesn't it mean 58% couldn't care less?

O'Brasky *fumbles*, then --

O'BRASKY

We can't pay writers for new material with only fourteen pages of ads! No way we'll break even on this issue. Someone shoot me.

They wait for O'Brasky to leave --

DOUG

It's crossed my mind.

Tina sinks into a chair. Tugs at her hair.

TINA

Who do I answer to? Si, Alex or *Untergruppenfuhrer* O'Brasky?

DOUG AND RUTH

Yes.

TINA

Then how do I know how I'm doing?

DOUG

There's only one place in New York where you'll know for sure. The Port Authority.

TINA

Isn't that a bus terminal?

DOUG

In 1930 Si's father Sam figures if he has to sell papers, he should open more newsstands. But the mob controls them all. So he pays-off a few guys and sets up the largest newsstand in the world at the Port Authority. Still is. Watch the downtrodden *hoi polloi* buy magazines -- and you'll know where you stand.

TINA

In London, I'm considered *hoi polloi*. And they remind you everyday.

CLOSE ON CONDE NAST BUILDING DIRECTORY

NAMES and FLOORS. PUNCH EVEN CLOSER: '**TINA BROWN**, VANITY FAIR, EDITOR'.

WIDEN. INT. CONDE NAST - LOBBY - DAY - ON ANNA

Dark glasses off. Anna stares at TINA'S NAME. *Smiles.*
Then her finger finds: **GRACE MIRABELLA**, *VOGUE*, EDITOR.
She puts her dark glasses back on. Steps on the ELEVATOR.

ON THE ELEVATOR as DOORS CLOSE. ANDRE LEON TALLEY (30's,
bright blue vest, wide-brim *chapeau*, white gloves. Hands
full with a plate of CUPCAKES. Anna tiny next to him.

ANNA
(*finger ready to press button
for him*)
Floor?

ANDRE LEON
Vogue.

ANNA
Follow me.

Anna gives him a long look over. Stops at his feet.

ANNA
(*re: low boots*)
Bruno Magli, Raspinos. Lovely.

ANDRE LEON
(*lights up*)
A gift from Miss Diana Vreeland!

ANNA
Diana Vreeland is a living saint. Who
exactly are you?

ANDRE LEON
Andre Leon Talley. And anyone who
worships Miss Vreeland, as I do, deserves
a cupcake.

With his huge hand he presents Anna with a cupcake.

ANNA
Smells delicious.

ANDRE LEON
My Grandmother Bennie sends me a package
of goodies every week. I try to resist
but I love to eat. She always says when
you're poor, food is wealth.

ANNA
I was raised among wealthy people.
Grandma Bennie sounds *far more* astute.

INT. *VOGUE* - MAIN OFFICES - HALLWAY

Anna follows POLLY MELLEN, 40's, cropped-premature-gray hair, wearing black head-to-toe, *always*. Polly talking; Anna *floating* past *Vogue* framed COVERS.

Polly carries Anna's PORTFOLIO.

POLLY MELLEN

It's the most unusual portfolio, Anna.
Stylish in a way that feels real.

ANNA

Thank you, Polly. I believe in natural light. In taking nothing for granted. It was only ten years ago *Vogue* allowed designers to put men in polyester. Shirts with big collars. You told women 'midi or maxi' was their only choice. *Horrid*.

POLLY MELLEN

(*defensive*)

I agree. Unfortunately, designers run this business ...

ANNA

No, you *let* them run it. *Vogue* should push designers in the right direction. Correct their missteps. And if they resist, well, *Vogue* can create new designers.

Polly stops -- just outside an OFFICE.

POLLY MELLEN

Anna, I have to warn you. Grace Mirabella can be difficult.

Anna *shrugs* --

ANNA

'*Difficult*' is necessary when men hold all the power.

INT. *VOGUE* - EDITOR'S OFFICE - DAY

GRACE MIRABELLA (50's, large, black-rimmed round glasses) is on the PHONE. Anna steps inside with Polly.

GRACE MIRABELLA

(*on phone*)

... no, don't pull your ads. Calm down.
(MORE)

GRACE MIRABELLA (CONT'D)
 We'll write something fabulous about your collection. I'll check the copy myself.

Hangs up. In a foul mood. Polly *smiles* --

POLLY MELLEN
 Grace, this is Anna Wintour. From *New York Magazine*.

ANNA
 So kind of you to make time.

Polly sets the PORTFOLIO in front of Grace --

POLLY MELLEN
 Look, Anna has made a map of New York with spots for fashion shoots. She made storyboards, attached Polaroids. I've never seen anything like it ...

-- but Grace is focused on Anna's dark glasses.

GRACE MIRABELLA
 Can you take off your dark glasses?

ANNA
 I have hereditary eye disease in my family. I suffer from bright light.

GRACE MIRABELLA
(doesn't buy it)
 So does Dracula.

Polly sits by Anna. Anna leaves her glasses on.

POLLY MELLEN
 Anna is interested in coming to *Vogue*.

Grace leans back -- waves her glasses as she lectures.

GRACE MIRABELLA
 I meet lots of young women who want to come here because they love clothes. I don't hire them. *Vogue* has a greater mission. Our job is to teach young women standards. A well-dressed woman is a sophisticated woman. Reading us, they learn how not to behave, well, low.

ANNA
 And afterwards we tuck them in at night?

Polly Mellen sits straight. Not how she wants this to go.

GRACE MIRABELLA

Conde Nast used to say, '*Class, not mass.*' Style percolates down.

ANNA

Style happens *after* you balance your checkbook. Anyone wealthy can buy fabulous clothes. What a woman on a tight budget wears is the test of style. And there are more women working now in America than staying at home.

GRACE MIRABELLA

Many -- but certainly not '*more*'.

ANNA

More. And they don't need to be lectured. They want *Vogue* to feel authentic. Not superior.

Grace stone-faced. Closes the portfolio.

GRACE MIRABELLA

That's all the time I have. Anna, I ask potential employees one question: If you come to *Vogue*, where do you see yourself in five years?

ANNA

-- in *your* job. But I'm not waiting five years.

Kaboom.

BY THE ELEVATORS - IN A MOMENT

Polly is still in shock as she hands Anna her portfolio.

POLLY MELLEN

Grace will never forgive you.

-- but Anna pushes the portfolio back to Polly.

ANNA

Give this to Alex Liberman. Tell him I want to speak to him in person.

POLLY MELLEN

Anna, this isn't how we do things.

Anna holds the ELEVATOR door -- *confidently*.

ANNA

We all make choices, Polly. You're making one now. About me. Go up and give this to Alex. And we'll be best friends.

Polly finds herself stepping onto the elevator.

EXT. CONDE NAST - 350 MADISON AVE. - IN A MOMENT

Anna steps out to the street. WHIP PAN: A BICYCLE. A MAN (30's) in a blue Frenchman's work jacket takes Anna's PHOTO. Anna startled at first.

MAN (BILL CUNNINGHAM)

Bill Cunningham, from the *Times*. And what's your name, child?

ANNA

Anna Wintour.

He scribbles her name.

BILL CUNNINGHAM

I adore the shoes, the jacket. Lovely lovely. I'll keep my eye out for you.

He bikes away.

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

OVER BLACK

LOUD VOICES. LOUD MUSIC. From a RADIO, Van Halen's *Jump!*
Laughter. Squeals. Must be a great party. As we --

FADE IN:

ACT FOUR

But we are actually at --

EXT. PORT AUTHORITY - NEWSSTAND - 8TH AVENUE - NIGHT

Immense. *Frenetic.* A large CROWD hanging out with shiny,
gleaming, endless STACKS of MAGAZINES & NEWSPAPERS.
Bright as a box of CRAYONS.

PAN ALONG THE CROWD. VARIOUS GROUPS OF FRIENDS showing
each other FASHION PHOTOS. Turning a CENTERFOLD sideways.
READING aloud from articles. Picking up, putting down,
trying to decide which to buy.

SIX VENDORS make change. Bag for people buying as many as
a DOZEN MAGAZINES. -- ORIENT TO TINA, arms filled with
MAGAZINES. Another pilgrim at the shrine.

TINA
(to VENDOR)
Do you have the March *Vanity Fair*?

VENDOR
(points a thumb)
Last stack at the end. Past *Mad* Magazine
and *Popular Mechanics*. Makes it easier to
send back.

Tina walks over. The *VANITY FAIR* STACK almost untouched.
Tina grabs a *New York Times* instead.

INT. TINA'S SUBLET - MID-TOWN HIGH RISE - NIGHT

Gloomy, furnished ONE BEDROOM. Clothes strewn. FIND TINA,
undressed to bra & panties. Speaking on a PORTABLE PHONE.

TINA
(into phone)
I'm so sorry I missed you, Harry. I'll
speak quickly so I don't fill up the
machine ...

-- suddenly his VOICE comes on.

HARRY (V.O.)
I'm here, darling! Just rushing off.

INTERCUT: HARRY EVANS - IN HIS KITCHEN

Shirt and tie, no pants. Strong Midlands accent.

HARRY
More meetings with shallow friends in the
vain hope of finding work. And I'm in a
chipper mood today!

Harry is 5'7", slim and boyish. His leonine gray hair and
crystal blue eyes make him sexy to women.

TINA
Darling, I miss you terribly.

Leaning over her *Times*, folded back. INSERT: ANNA WINTOUR
in Bill Cunningham's weekly ON THE STREET feature.

TINA
You won't believe this. Charlie Wintour's
daughter Anna is in the *Times*.

HARRY
The little exhibitionist.

TINA
Why is she in New York? It's like I'm
trapped in a Charlotte Bronte novel. In
Wintour mansion with her family haunting
me from the attic. Wait till I tell
daddy. Or maybe I won't ...

HARRY
(*trying to soothe her*)
You sound knackered, darling.

Tina settles on a sofa. A TV plays CHEERS, sound OFF.

TINA (CONT'D)
I had to go to lunch with Alex Liberman
and his Russian wife Tatiana yesterday.
She looked at my clothes like I was
trying out for the chorus of urchins in
Oliver.

HARRY
I'd wager Liberman was auditioning for
you. He needs you to rescue *Vanity Fair*.

TINA

-- or take the fall. My name will go on the gravestone as the editor who killed *Vanity Fair*. A mass circulation murderer.

Tina, in a torrent of emotion --

TINA

Harry, I go to work everyday. The company pays me well. I just found out I have a twenty-five thousand dollar clothes allowance. I wouldn't even know how to spend it! But then people stop me in the halls. *Si says he loves what I'm doing. No, I hear Si hates it. Yes, No, Yes, No.* I'll bet Anne Boleyn felt like this when Henry VIII looked her way. *I'm sure he loves me. Why else would he put this crown on my head?*

HARRY

Conde Nast held onto its copyright by sneaking the words '*Vanity Fair*' onto every issue of *Vogue* for forty years. Si is not about to give up on it now.

(quickly)

Now I've got to finish dressing, darling.

TINA

You're not dressed? Funny, neither am I.

Stops him cold.

HARRY

What are you wearing my naughty cherub?

TINA

(voice drops)

My bra. Panties.

Harry slumps in the chair. Hand darts BELOW FRAME.

HARRY

God, you've got me harder than Gibraltar. Harder than the Star Sapphire of India. All 563 carats. What do you want me to do with it, my hungry princess?

Bam! Bam! An aggressive KNOCK on the front DOOR.

TINA

Harry, someone is pounding on my door!

Tina hurries to the PEEP HOLE. POV: DOUG JOHNSTON steps back and waves. Dressed up. Doug *grins* at Tina.

DOUG
(*grins*)
Interesting. Going like that?

TINA
Going where?

INT. AREA NIGHTCLUB - 157 HUDSON ST. - NIGHT

The neighborhood barren -- *almost forbidding* -- except for a THRONG spilling into the cobbled street by the ENTRANCE. MUSIC inside *shakes the windows*.

A LINE of LIMOUSINES by the curb. GUESTS entering are a mix of JOURNALISTS, BUSINESSMEN, PR PEOPLE -- and MODELS (*lots and lots of them*).

INT. AREA NIGHTCLUB (CONTINUOUS) - FIND TINA INSIDE

In a shabby suit. Pushing through a human *logjam* down the long VESTIBULE. A large POSTER with the cover of: *BRIGHT LIGHTS, BIG CITY*.

Doug *shouts* into Tina's ear. *She looks miserable*.

DOUG
A Conde Nast editor has to put time in at the big book parties.

TINA
I feel so out of place in crowds, Dougie. Just tell me when I can flee.

DOUG
Oh, and Dominick Dunne is here. Somewhere.

Now she lights up.

TINA
I'll find him. You go enjoy yourself.

DOUG
Watch out for press agents!

TINA
I've handled my share of press agents!

DOUG
Not New York press agents!

STAY ON TINA. Now on her own. MUSIC *throbs* LOUDER as she passes an adjacent DANCE FLOOR. MOB of DANCERS like ONE LIVING organism. Tina hurries past it. -- Her wrist *snagged* by a FEMALE PRESS AGENT (40's). Big hair, short stature. Won't let go.

FEMALE PRESS AGENT

Si promised Senator D'Amato a feature.
Warning. Don't piss off Al D'Amato.

Tina *yanks* her hand free. Pushes on -- a thin MAN IN GLASSES with a heavy NY accent blocks her. SHOUTS in her ear.

MAN IN GLASSES

I'm Ogilvy. Gucci made a deal with Imelda Marcos. They'll buy five pages in April if you write a glowing article about her ... *that's if you make April?*

TINA

Of course, we're making April.

MAN IN GLASSES

(OVER)

... because people are saying you're already down the toilet!

Tina can't get away from this douche fast enough. Jolted and shoved -- suddenly face-to-face with a wide-eyed blonde WOMAN. -- REVERSE. It's TINA, reflected in a MIRROR. She steps back. Almost trips -- A HAND reaches out to steady her. -- PAN UP TO DOMINICK DUNNE (50's, handsome, gray-haired, round-rimmed glasses).

DOMINICK DUNNE

Don't let go till I say it's safe!

DOWN A SET OF STAIRS. Dominick leads Tina through a narrow CORRIDOR. -- INTO A PRIVATE OFFICE. And quiet. Dominick *locks* the door. Tina falls on a *divan* next to Dominick. Dominick *jiggles* a finger in his ear.

DOMINICK DUNNE

I'm afraid I like quiet music.

TINA

I worship at the church of Joni Mitchell.

Dominick *lights* a cigarette.

DOMINICK DUNNE

So. Nice to meet you. You're the reason I came.

TINA

Wonderful. Can I get a cover story by next week.

(when he smiles)

Not a joke. Can I?

DOMINICK DUNNE

Oh. I was going to take some time off.

Slow *exhale* from Dominick. Immeasurable pain in his eyes.

TINA

It was brave of you to write about the murder trial.

DOMINICK DUNNE

I needed to be in court everyday. Penance, I guess. My son, Alex, hated John Sweeney the instant my daughter introduced him to the family. I should've ordered Dominique to stay away from him.

TINA

No one sees the future ...

DOMINICK DUNNE

Sweeney was a foot taller than Dominique but it still took him four minutes to strangle my daughter. The prosecutor made the court room go silent for four minutes.

On his wrist a classic Piaget. Watches the SECOND HAND sweep. Tina is heart-broken for Dominick.

DOMINICK DUNNE

Such a long, long time ... How's Alex Liberman treating you?

TINA

He wants me to put Tom Brokaw on my first cover.

DOMINICK DUNNE

Sex sells.

TINA

I feel like I'm in *Sweeny T*

(she giggles)

Why are you here, Tina?

TINA

Do you mean ... in New York? Oh, well, I guess I'm as ambitious as the next sorry sod.

DOMINICK DUNNE

Are you really? New York ambitious? Slice someone's gut open and chew on a large intestine ambitious? That's who the Newhouses are.

TINA

Nibble on a descending colon, as a pate, washed down by a flute of champagne?

(then)

I could say there's a massive chip on my shoulder. Maybe I need to test myself against the best.

DOMINICK DUNNE

I'll make you a deal: you keep me too busy to brood and I'll write for you. Now let's figure out what to do.

TINA

When I was a little girl my father took me to every Hollywood film. I imagined America was a cowboy, on a horse, in a subway, kissing a blonde. Daddy said no movie producer ever lost money putting a blonde on a poster.

DOMINICK DUNNE

Blondes are a cash crop in Hollywood now. Michelle Pfeiffer, Kim Basinger. I do have a *thing* for that girl from *Splash*, the one who did the back flips in *Blade Runner*.

He stubs out his cigarette.

TINA

Daryl Hannah. What a body. Let's pack in every blonde we can find. Once more into the bleach!

Now we hear a sparkle in her voice.

OUTSIDE AREA NIGHTCLUB - IN THE STREET - LATER

Tina PUSHES through the crowd hanging outside. Sort of nods her head to the *throb-throb* of the MUSIC spilling out. As close to cheery as we've seen her.

Steps into the STREET to hail a TAXI. Several PASS BY. Here comes another TAXI. Light ON. Serves to Tina. She reaches for the door -- INTO FRAME. A HAND touches hers.

ANNA (FROM BEHIND)
Share the cab? I'm headed downtown.

Tina turns -- here's ANNA WINTOUR on towering heels. Dark glasses. Tina recognizes her instantly.

TINA
(*stammers*)
I'm ... uptown. Well, midtown. But that's still ... up, isn't it?

Anna smiles, tilts her glasses up.

ANNA
Hello, Tina. Alex said you'd be here.

All moving too fast for Tina.

TINA
Alex ... Liberman?

ANNA
Such a sweetheart. He says he wants me at *Vogue*. If you can keep a secret, he's invited me to the country house. To meet his wife. They say she's a virago. One does what one must. Who knows, we might both be at Conde Nast. Sooner than later. Wouldn't that be amusing? You take the cab. I'll catch another. *Ciao!*

Anna steps back opening the door WIDE for Tina. Tina lowers her head and jumps in. -- IN THE BACK SEAT:

TAXI DRIVER
Where to?

ON TINA, right now, she can't remember a thing --

TINA
Oh God.

FADE OUT.

END ACT FOUR

POSSIBLE END OF 'ONE HOUR' FIRST NIGHT

FADE IN:

ACT FIVE

EXT./INT. SAVOY HOTEL - BALLROOM - NIGHT

'HAPPY BIRTHDAY' BANNER. A BAND plays a very English rendition of horrid *American Pie*. Wealthy YOUNG COUPLES dancing.

CARD: SAVOY HOTEL - LONDON, 1972

AT THE HOTEL BAR. FIND TINA BROWN (19) paper party hat over blonde hair, *snogging* MARTIN AMIS (24, short, blonder than Tina & beautiful as any woman in the room).

Tina realizes a MAN IN A THREE PIECE SUIT is scowling at them. They break for air, *gasping*. The Man grabs his drink and storms off.

TINA

(*faking the Man's voice*)

Who let these yobs into the Savoy!

MARTIN AMIS

(*laughing*)

Don't you know who that was, darling?
Charlie Wintour, from the *Evening Standard*. His daughter Anna is throwing this party.

TINA

Oh, God. Martin. I can't be here.

MARTIN AMIS

(*clueless*)

Anna can afford a couple spongers. Her American grannie croaked -- left her three hundred thousand pounds! Money can't buy happiness -- he lied. Let's drink up their booze.

TINA

I'm going.

MARTIN AMIS

We just got here! I thought this posh party would make a nice piece for you. Tear the heads off these loathsome swanks.

(*spots something O.C.*)

Jesus. Tony Palmer's with John Lennon and Ray Davies. I know Ray. Be right back.

Amis leaves. A BARTENDER comes over.

BARTENDER

Luv?

TINA

Water please. But put some ice in and a lime, you know, so it looks like a gin & tonic. Like this one ...

Points to a gin & tonic he sets down on the bar.

BARTENDER

It's just water. Great minds think alike.

Tina turns -- and here's ANNA (20's). High boots, 'Last Days of Led Zeppelin' attire. ORIENT TO JON BRADSHAW, tall, handsome, American, 12 years older -- smoking, *sips* from a bottle of Johnny Walker. Comes up behind and licks Anna's neck.

JON BRADSHAW

(sings)

Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you. Come up to the room and shag me ...

ANNA

(annoyed)

You smell of cigarettes and whiskey.

JON BRADSHAW

I do! Who's your friend?

Looks at Tina. Anna isn't sure who she is at first --

TINA

Just here for the free drinks. *If I drank.*

JON BRADSHAW

A playmate for you, Anna! Anna doesn't drink, smoke pot, or pop pills. She detests fun.

TINA

Guess I'm no fun either.

-- now Anna places Tina.

ANNA

You're George Brown's daughter. I hope you're not bringing another one of your father's defamation law suits? Though I'm flattered you crashed my birthday.

Tina with a nervous rush of words --

TINA

No, just passing through. You should crash *something* of mine ... I wrote a play. But it's not on anymore. So ...

ANNA

I could crash one of your daddy's films?

Sly smile. Martin Amis is back. Pulling Tina --

MARTIN AMIS

Come meet John Lennon!

(*notices Anna*)

Oh, hello, Anna. Happy, happy and all that. Have you met Tina Brown? You two should be best mates. But not now.
Cheers.

Pulls Tina away. END FLASHBACK.

PUNCH TO MOVIE CLIP: DARYL HANNAH as *PRIS* the Replicant, back-flipping across a MOVIE SCREEN in **BLADE RUNNER** from 1982.

END FILM CLIP ON: TRAPEZE RINGS. Dangling against an azure SKY. We HEAR a lot of *movement* and *chatter* O.S.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Daryl, just pretend you're a little girl back in a school playground.

THROUGH FRAME: Lithe, blonde, athletic DARYL HANNAH (24) in a white micro-one-piece. Jumps up, grips the rings -- Swings her feet through, twists, upside down, arms out.

WIDEN AND REVEAL: EXT. PLAYGROUND - MORNING

A PHOTO SHOOT CREW in winter coats. Daryl exudes health, while most of the crew smokes. ANNIE LEIBOVITZ (30's, glasses, pea coat, jeans) holds her LIGHT METER by Daryl.

ORIENT TO: TINA and DOUG, watching as Leibovitz starts *shooting* Daryl gyrating in the rings.

DOUG

I don't know if she's doing gymnastics, or the *Kama Sutra* -- but this *has* to sell a few issues.

APRIL 1984

VANITY FAIR

\$3.00

**BLONDE
AMBITION**
She's Just
Wild About
Oscars



**Superegos
of Architecture
Vreeland
Remembers—
Keith Richards
Doesn't**

TINA

This gives us three blondes. We should find one more.

DOUG

Do you know Patti Hansen? She's sunshine and sex coated in butterscotch. And if we're lucky her new boyfriend might show up.

TINA

(*clueless*)

Have I heard of him?

BLONDE HAIR WIPES FRAME

Gleaming, golden, lustrous. *Shakes* -- a galaxy of light.

ANNIE LEIBOVITZ (O.C.)

Look up at me, Patti.

PATTI HANSEN (26), head down, looks UP, big grin on her freckled face. Fashion model as healthy cheerleader -- who gives blow jobs in the back seat.

WIDEN AND REVEAL: INT. STUDIO - SOHO - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Patti fussed over by a HAIR STYLIST and a MAKE UP ARTIST. ANNIE LEIBOVITZ hovers with TINA with DOUG. KARMA CHAMELEON by BOY GEORGE *plays* in b.g. on a BOOM BOX

ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

Is this blonde enough for you?

Patti *gazing* up at them.

TINA

Patti, darling, I've staked my future on all things blonde.

PATTI HANSEN

So have I.

Giggles. Upbeat, charming. -- ANGLE. ASSISTANTS hurry Patti, in black chiffon, to -- a WHITE BACK DROP. Annie slips a Hasselblad round her neck. Nikon in hand.

TINA

What if I hire you full time? Leave *Rolling Stone*. You're a lot more than a great rock and roll photographer.

ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

Conde Nast has so many great shooters.
Dick Avedon, Patrick Demarchelier, Helmut
Newton ...

TINA

... who like their women pretty and
compliant. You get inside your subjects.
I'll put your name in the masthead. And
you can name your price.

ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

(why she hesitates)

Is Alex Liberman okay with this?

TINA

Let me worry about Alex. Which I do all
the time.

LOUD *banging* O.C. A glass *breaks*.

TINA

Who the hell is making that noise?

Surprised when Patti responds --

PATTI HANSEN

Um, my boyfriend's here.

All heads turn as -- KEITH RICHARDS (43), vodka bottle
tucked under his arm, steps over his broken GLASS --
right onto the clean, white DROP, smoking a joint.

KEITH RICHARDS

(re: Karma Chameleon)

What the bloody hell is that *godawful*
noise! Cover your ears, darlin'!

He covers Patti's ears. Patti grabs his hand, pulls Keith
off the nice, clean white drop.

PATTI HANSEN

I told you -- you have to behave
yourself.

Keith is corpse white, eyes smudged black with liner. A
vampire awoken too early.

PATTI HANSEN

Keith, have you met Tina Brown?

KEITH RICHARDS

From *Tatler*? La-di-da Oxford girl, ain't
ya?

TOO MUCH MONKEY BUSINESS

Keith Richards, the unrepentant Stone, emerges from a fifteen-year odyssey with a new wife, Patti Hansen, a new life, and a new set of teeth, as PHILIP NORMAN reports

Photographs by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

Even in broad daylight, he manages to look fairly frightening. His skin is corpse-white, as if, in his battles with heroin, all the blood truly had been pumped out of him. His eyes, under the dragged pompadour, are smudges of leering black. His mouth is a grimace, held in suspense like the grin of a skull. He is half-naked in his bare-chested jerkin and cracked jeans tucked into ankle boots, a mangy white silk scarf wound many times around his neck. His gait is unsteady and sidelong, as if he were just arisen from his vampire's casket. And yet, for all the gypsy squalor and reck of suicidal decadence, there is something about Keith Richards strangely and resiliently alive. He seems, within his own ghastly parameters, a happy, even healthy, man.

Staggering across the Stones' backstage enclosure, he bites the cap from a beer bottle. He lurches up against a

member of Bill Wyman's party, throws his dead-white arms around someone else, and says, "Why is everyone making such a fuss about a bunch of middle-aged madmen on tour?" The vampire speaks in the boozey, affectionate tones of some old-time actor-manager.

The Rolling Stones in 1984 are still essentially what they were in 1964—a "two-guitar band" whose mesmeric instrumental effects never came from any tricky, egocentric soloist. It is no accident that the most volatile, insecure—even dangerous—rele among them has always been that of lead guitarist. It killed Brian Jones; it could have killed Mick Taylor, had Taylor not wisely opted for escape. Ronnie Wood survives in the perilous niche due to temperament rather than original talent. For Woody can accept that whatever he plays is no more than a descant. The sound of the Stones is the sound of chords. It is the



TINA

At Oxford they called me a 'coal miner'
because my family worked for a living.

Keith offers a tobacco-stained grin.

KEITH RICHARDS

I've been called worse things by better
people. Jagger likes to think he's Lord
mucky-muck. S'why I adore New York. And
now I adore you, too!

Tina *twists* her hair with one finger. Makes a decision.

TINA

Hey, Keith, how'd you like to shoot with
Patti?

Major *toke*. *Exhales*. Swaying on his feet. *Forward. Back.*

KEITH RICHARDS

Who'd want to see this mug?

TINA

Me.

Annie slips in a CASSETTE of *TATTOO YOU*. '*Start me Up*'.

KEITH RICHARDS

Thank you, Jesus.

FLASH! JUMP THROUGH SERIES OF SHOTS: KEITH AND PATTI.
Keith in a leopard print jacket. Then a TUXEDO. Patti in
a strapless white gown. *Kisses*. Massively in love.

CLOSE ON TOM BROKAW

His PHOTO *smiling* the mock up WALL. Yanked down. In its
place: blonde DARYL HANNAH, blindfolded, in a Bob Mackie
red-spangled gown. Holding a gold OSCAR in each hand.

The HEADLINE: BLONDE AMBITION. The DATE: APRIL, 1984.

WIDEN: INT. VANITY FAIR - OFFICE - DAY

Tina steps back. *Bites* her nails. INCLUDE RUTH, DOUG and
O'BRASKY. Tense. Still. REVEAL: ALEX LIBERMAN, hands
behind back, *leaning in*, studying the PHOTO intently.

ALEX

(almost a whisper)
Is this meant to evoke bondage?

He finally looks at Tina.

TINA

No, well, a hint. Lady Justice actually, but she's weighing Oscars. Don't think of the cover by itself. Think of it on a smorgasbord of magazines at the newsstand. So readers will notice us, choose us first.

ALEX

Then why not make her topless?

Locks eyes with her.

TINA

You said 'high and low'. Mix it up.

Alex turns back to the MOCK UP. Side-steps along. Making tiny noises/vocalizations. *Taps* a PHOTO. *With pique*.

ALEX

I certainly don't know *this* gentleman.

INSERT: PAUL RUBENS, as *Pee Wee Herman*. Wearing a HEADDRESS of white JOCKEY UNDERPANTS.

TINA

Paul Rubens. Everyone loves *Pee Wee Herman*. Annie Leibovitz did such a wonderful job.

DOUG

(*quickly*)

And Tina came up with a great caption:
'*Jockeying for position.*'

RUTH

Jockey just bought six ad pages from us.
Lots of tighty-whities!

Giggles from everyone.

ALEX

Seems everyone gets the joke but me.

Room suddenly tense.

TINA

I want to make everything more *playful*.



ALEX

I'm all for levity. But this *Pee Wee* is boorish. Don't you think? High and low, *absolument*, but in the right balance.

Now Alex steps to the DARYL HANNAH COVER. Pulls it off -- hands it to Tina.

ALEX

I'm giving you this S&M cover. Indulge me on *Monsieur Pee Wee*.

TINA

I'll adjust it. Thank you, Alex.

But she's peeved -- which pushes her to say --

TINA

Alex, are you hiring someone named Anna Wintour at *Vogue*?

ALEX

Do you know her?

TINA

(*fibs*)

In London. ... A bit.

ALEX

A sophisticated eye. I'm seriously considering hiring her. Wait, do I recall your families are familiar? Imagine! I might have two beautiful young English women to help guide me. *Formidable!*

Alex *kisses* her -- leaves. O'Brasky follows Alex OUT OF THE ROOM.

DOUG

What the hell was that about?

Intently studying Tina's *reaction*.

TINA

Well, by amusing coincidence ... there is a bit of history ...

DOUG

Hold on, if you know who Anna is -- and Anna knows who you are -- then Alex knows you both know. And that will help him control you *both*.

TINA

What hell are you on about?

DOUG

I'm just saying -- many souls have been lost trying to keep *secrets* from Alex Liberman.

TINA

I don't need you spinning webs of palace intrigue. I just need to make sure we all sell my first issue.

CLOSE ON A PRINTING PRESS

Tina's FIRST COVER with DARYL HANNAH blindfolded, rushing through. -- PAN ALONG THE LINE as the MACHINE prints, cuts, collates and seals PAGES.

EXT. CONDE NAST - PRINTING & DISTRIBUTION CENTER - NIGHT

Line of DELIVERY TRUCKS at the LOADING DOCKS. Union WORK CREWS loading MAGAZINES & NEWSPAPERS onto the trucks. FOLLOW ONE TRUCK as it pulls away. (We identify it by the very 1980's TAG of graffiti on its side.)

EXT. HOLLAND TUNNEL - PRE-DAWN

The same tagged DELIVERY TRUCK comes UP from the tunnel, bounces over pot holes. Rounds Canal St. Heads UPTOWN.

EXT. PORT AUTHORITY - NEWSSTAND - DAWN

TEAMSTERS start dropping BUNDLES OF MAGAZINES from the TRUCK. *Boom! Boom!* So heavy they sound like THUNDER. -- VENDORS cut the strings. Start filling the stacks.

DISSOLVE: COMMUTERS FILL FRAME. Many stopping at the newsstand.

PAN TO: TINA, watching off to the side. *Sipping* coffee. -- CLOSER. LOCK ON ONE YOUNG WOMAN at the newsstand. Moving stack to stack. Considering the COVERS. Sees DARYL HANNAH. Suddenly picks up VANITY FAIR.

Tina realizes she's holding her breath. *Waiting, as if this was her only Reader in the whole world.* -- The Young Woman pages through Tina's first ISSUE.

TINA

(*whispers*)

Yes. Go on. You need to read it. Shiny and new. A magazine just like this one lured you to New York. Told you there was a bigger more exciting world out there. Now you're here. But you need a friend. To keep your spirits up. *Vanity Fair* is your friend! Your *best* friend!

The Young Woman reaches in her HANDBAG.

TINA

(*louder*)

Yes! Only three dollars. Take it to work. Show everyone. *Buy the bloody magazine!*

Suddenly, the Young Woman reaches for a much thicker ISSUE of *Vogue*.

TINA

NO!! DON'T YOU DARE!!

HEADS turn to Tina. The Young Woman struts off with *Vogue*. *Tina tosses her coffee in the bin.* PUNCH TO: SOMEONE turning the *Vanity Fair* COVER -- to Dominick Dunne's ARTICLE '*BLONDE AMBITION*'.

WIDEN TO: ANNA, in her BEDROOM. Shaffer asleep in the b.g. Raises her scissors and begins to *snip* the PHOTO.

END ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

ACT SIX

AERIAL OVER: ALEX LIBERMAN COUNTRY HOUSE - LAWN - DAY

A restored FARMHOUSE with extensive SCULPTURE GARDENS.

EXT./INT. DAVID SHAFFER'S MERCEDES SEDAN - DAY (MOVING)

David Shaffer *whistles* as he drives his Mercedes slowly past -- a looming WHITE WELDED-STEEL SCULPTURE. TWO STORIES high. Abstract, massive. Anna lowers her dark glasses. She wears a *teeny*, tight skirt. Bustier & tight leather bolero.

SHAFFER

(*looking out*)

I looked up Liberman. He has work in MOMA. I guess he's a pretty famous artist.

ANNA

When you're famous no one has to look you up.

Anna cradles a BOUQUET of ZINNIAS. Suddenly ill-at-ease.

ANNA

What if Alex thinks I'm just a spoiled dilettante? I've had to deal with that my whole life. David, I won't survive if I come *this* close and fail.

Eyes well up. Shaffer grips her hand.

SHAFFER

Freud said, '*Anything dangerous can be accomplished with great style.*'"

Anna dabs tears. *Smiles.*

ANNA

No, he didn't. But he's right anyway.

INT. ALEX LIBERMAN'S COUNTRY HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - DAY

White everywhere. White walls filled with Alex's abstract PAINTINGS. -- ALEX, elegant in open shirt, cravat, slacks, leads Anna and David inside.

ALEX

(calls)

Tatiana? Anna and David are here!

(subtitled; in Russian)

Are you ready for us?

ANGLE. TATIANA LIBERMAN (60's), tall, imperial, once a legendary beauty. Takes her time crossing the room.

ALEX

Tatiana, this is Anna Wintour and her fiancé, Dr. David Shaffer.

SHAFFER

Thank you for inviting us. I don't get out into the country as much as I like.

But Tatiana's eyes lock on the zinnias.

ANNA

Yes, so lovely to be here.

Anna presents the zinnias. Tatiana doesn't take them.

TATIANA

(subtitled; in Russian)

Who brings cut flowers? How rude. To make a hostess find a vase, fetch water. I'm not her servant girl. *Tina Brown* at least brought me an azalea bush.

ON ANNA, the Russian words all noise -- but it's impossible for her not to hear these words: TINA BROWN. Alex gracefully takes the flowers from Anna.

ALEX

A touch of spring. *Merci.*

(looking for a vase)

Tatiana was the hat designer at Saks for many years. Always partial to flowers
dans les chapeaux!

Tatiana glares openly at Anna's mini-skirt, high heels.

TATIANA

(subtitled; in Russian)

Is she six years old? Who wears spiked heels to the country?

ALEX

Tatiana loves to cook. Who's hungry? I'm famished.

INT. DINING ROOM - AT A TABLE - LATER

Zinnias in a VASE. Light lunch. A huge abstract PAINTING in blue & white looms above them.

ALEX

This one is going in the Whitney. Have you been there?

ANNA

Yes, to the David Hockney. I'd kill to shoot a fashion spread with his work.

ALEX

Hockney is an interesting regional painter. Though California is a bit obvious, isn't it?

ANNA

Everything beautiful seems obvious.

Anna assumes Tatiana doesn't understand.

TATIANA

(subtitled: in Russian)

An idea from a greeting card.

David cuts into a brick of cheese. Offers the KNIFE to Tatiana.

SHAFFER

Here you are, Tatiana.

Tatiana immediately turns her head -- spits on the floor.
Anna and David dumbfounded.

ALEX

(quickly)

Tatiana clings to our Slavic superstitions. It's bad luck to offer a knife directly to anyone.

David sets the knife down.

DAVID

I'm so sorry.

But Alex *laughs*, takes Tatiana's hand.

ALEX

It's our Russian mysticism. We dabble in Gurdjieff and Ouspensky. It gives us the illusion of being in control.

ANNA

Isn't it time for you to control me?

Kittenish. Alex laughs.

ALEX

Yes, *Vogue* needs new blood. Grace Mirabella is ... suburban. Lacks vision. She doesn't know how to use the power that *Vogue* gives her. What if we brought you over as a consultant to Grace?

ANNA

You made Tina Brown an editor.

Alex off-guard. Alex marks her jealousy. *Provokes Anna.*

ALEX

An enormous talent! Si thinks Tina will save *Vanity Fair*. And she's a very good writer.

ANNA

New York Magazine is offering me a very big promotion and a raise.

Fabricated.

ALEX

Let me speak to Si. I think we can work something out. But go slow. Grace Mirabella can be a ferocious enemy.

ANNA

Then I'll rely on you to protect me.

Flirting. Tatiana picks up the knife. Stabs the cheese.

OUTSIDE THE COUNTRY HOUSE - LATER

FIND ALEX waving as Anna and Shaffer drive away -- Tatiana appears with a glass of MILK.

TATIANA

(in RUSSIAN; subtitled)

Your ulcer hurts because you drank too much. To impress her.

ALEX

(in RUSSIAN; subtitled)

I'm fine, my love ...

But accepts a PILL from her. Drinks it with the milk.

TATIANA

(*in RUSSIAN; subtitled*)

Your Tina Brown is smart but thinks too much. *But this one?* Uneducated, yet confident. From her, we must worry.

ALEX

(*in RUSSIAN; subtitled*)

She'll realize that I'm closer to Si than his father. *Many come, many go.* But I always remain.

Tatiana kisses him.

INT. VOGUE - GRACE MIRABELLA'S OFFICE - DAY

Grace at her desk. *Flipping* through THE BOOK -- a MOCK UP issue of Vogue. She looks up --

ALEX is on the other side of her desk.

GRACE MIRABELLA

(*startled*)

Alex, I didn't know you were coming down?

He sits down.

ALEX

You know me. I float around the floors. Help wherever I can. ... The new issue feels a bit *cautious*.

GRACE MIRABELLA

(*immediately defensive*)

We're up thirty ad pages.

ALEX

Render unto Caesar, *bien sur*, but have we rendered unto the Lord?

Alex makes a point of *glaring* at Grace's sensible, comfortable flat SHOES.

ALEX

Si is hiring a fresh pair of eyes to help you!

GRACE MIRABELLA

What are you talking about, Alex? I don't need help.

ALEX

A young English girl from *New York Magazine*. She's very clever. Anna Wintour.

Grace *jolted*.

GRACE MIRABELLA

No. Not *that thing* in dark glasses.

ALEX

We negotiated a very exciting title for her in the masthead. Anna will be *Vogue's* 'Creative Director'.

GRACE MIRABELLA

I won't have her.

Alex *laughs* -- his way of dismissing her.

ALEX

The deal is done, Grace.

Waits for Grace to process.

GRACE MIRABELLA

Then give me something.

ALEX

As in ...

GRACE MIRABELLA

A seat on the Conde Nast Board. Not one woman at a company that depends on women to make its money.

ALEX

Oh, *ma chere*, stocks and bonds, *je ne comprend pas!* Wall Street is not my bailiwick. Talk to Si. You never go upstairs!

Grace is quiet. Too intimidated by Si.

GRACE MIRABELLA

What good would it do? Alex, don't I deserve some compensation for this?

Alex rises.

ALEX

You're the editor of *Vogue*. What better compensation is there?

EXT. WINTOUR HOUSE - KENSINGTON - ENGLAND - NIGHT

Tudor MANSION. Lights glow behind lead-paned windows.

CARD: CHARLES WINTOUR HOUSE - KENSINGTON, ENGLAND

INT. STUDY - WINTOUR HOUSE - NIGHT

CHARLES WINTOUR (70's) vest and tie, sips whiskey in a wing chair while speaking on the phone.

CHARLES WINTOUR
Your mother doesn't speak to me, Anna, so
how I could I hear your news?

His voice unemotional, disinterested. We see his younger wife AUDREY (50's) through an ARCHWAY.

INTERCUT: ANNA. In her BEDROOM. A lightness in her voice we've rarely heard.

ANNA
(into phone)
It's my dream come true, daddy. I'm going
to be working at *Vogue*! Alex Liberman
agreed to my terms! I haven't even told
David yet!

PULL BACK. On her BED stacks of old *Vogues*. PAGES torn out and catalogued in worn FILES. A lifetime of getting ready for this ...

And the response -- SILENCE. PUSH IN ON ANNA as she waits for her father to respond.

ANNA
(softly)
Daddy?

Wintour *sips* his drink. Finally --

CHARLES WINTOUR
That's a high stakes game, isn't it? Do
you think you're up to it?

ANNA
They think so. Si Newhouse created the
position just for me.

CHARLES WINTOUR
Your title?

Almost accusatory.

ANNA

Well, we went back and forth, but we finally invented a new title. But my name will be on the mast head. I am going to be *Vogue's* first 'Creative Director'.

CHARLES WINTOUR

What the bloody hell does that mean? Sounds like a fake title. Like *Gilbert and Sullivan* royalty.

*Chuck*le, mean-spirited.

ANNA

I'll be able to work in any area I want. Try out all the things I've had in my head since I was a little girl.

Starting to fray.

CHARLES WINTOUR

If that's what you believe.

ON ANNA, if she says one more word she'll cry.

FLASHBACK: INT. MASTER BEDROOM - WINTOUR HOUSE - DAY

ANNA, 14, dumps SHOPPING BAGS by her mother, NONNIE WINTOUR (30), tucked in bed. Depressed, *staring off*.

NONNIE

What's all this, Anna?

Nonnie is American. Educated. And *broken*.

ANNA

A new wardrobe. Get up. Try them on.

NONNIE

Oh, Anna ...

ANNA

I said, up, up, up.

Nonnie *slips* out of bed. Starts looking through hippie-inflected clothing: bright colors, geometric shapes.

NONNIE

Do you think they're right for me, sweetheart?

Anna, high boots, shearling vest, swinging London *couture*, goes to Nonnie's CLOSET.

Hurls hangers of CLOTHES on the floor. Anna -- so angry at her father -- *lashes* out at her mother

ANNA

I'm throwing away these hideous old things. *Burning* them. Daddy wouldn't be sleeping with other women if you made yourself more attractive!

ORIENT TO CHARLES WINTOUR (40's) eavesdropping at the bedroom DOOR.

CHARLES WINTOUR

You're wasting your time. Your mother is a sensible dresser, Anna. Don't bother her with your Carnaby Street costumes. I'm off to London for the weekend.

(*re: clothes on the bed*)

Can you take them back?

END FLASHBACK: ANNA, in her bed.

ANNA

I just thought you'd be happy for me.

CHARLES WINTOUR

Your sister Nora is off to Africa with her human rights foolishness. She can muddle through because no one gives a good God damn about starving Africans. But you've stepped into the spotlight. Climbed the mountain. Well, you'll see. The higher you go, the steeper the fall. Just try your best.

Click! HOLD ON ANNA, covers her face with her hands and *sobs*. He still gets to her. Then simply STOPS. *Done with it*. Finds her POLAROID. Jumps to the MIRROR. *Flash!* -- FREEZE IMAGE -- a woman who won't break for him anymore.

END ACT SIX

FADE IN:

ACT SEVEN

INT. CONDE NAST - LOBBY - DAY

This time it's TINA staring UP at the DIRECTORY. INSERT:
VOGUE MAGAZINE. **ANNA WINTOUR** - CREATIVE DIRECTOR.

Tina blocks people getting onto the elevator. Lets herself be swept on --

PAN ACROSS FRONT COVERS: VANITY FAIR

MAY. JUNE. JULY. 1984. All weirdly abstract. Anonymous MODELS in strange poses. A WOMAN HOLDING A GYMNAST'S HOOP. A MODEL WITH ARMS IN A QUESTION MARK. *Inscrutable.*

WIDEN: INT. VANITY FAIR - MOCK UP ROOM - DAY

Tina tugs at her hair (*her nervous tic*). Doug and Ruth. All exhausted. FOCUSES on the 'QUESTION MARK' JULY COVER.

TINA

Alex changes the design and layout behind my back. This 'question mark'? Is it a secret Masonic symbol or something?

DOUG

Alex's paintings are big on circles. I think he charges by the diameter. Or is it the circumference?

Smirk.

TINA

I'd never publish a cover without a face readers recognize. Alex is dragging us back to the arty-farty nonsense *Vanity Fair* was doing before I came. *Why can't I make the bloody magazine I want to make?*

DOUG

Can I get back to you?

TINA

Doug, have you ever heard the title 'Creative Director' used at *Vogue*? What's it mean?

DOUG

It means Grace Mirabella is fighting for
her life.

But the PHONE *rings*. Doug grabs the line.

DOUG

(*into phone*)

Yeah?

(*listens*)

Can you ask him not to hang himself till
Tina gets there?

PUNCH: CLOSE ON TINA

Talking gently TO a *closed* CURTAIN.

TINA

No, this won't be scary at all, luv. My
staff just dragged me to see a film
called *Nightmare on Elm Street*. I shall
never sleep again. Won't you come out?
You know you can trust me.

WIDEN: EXT. PHOTO SHOOT - LOFT - SOHO - DAY

Tina by a makeshift dressing room. -- ANNIE LEIBOVITZ
gestures to her CREW to *stay silent, don't move*.

BOY GEORGE (O.C.)

(*from BEHIND CURTAIN*)

I can't trust anyone. *I'm so all alone*.

Weepy. Annie gestures to Tina, *Don't stop speaking*.

TINA

You're not alone, darling. You're part of
a grand English tradition. They called it
the 'Aesthetic Movement' at Oxford. Oscar
Wilde was its champion. Let Life imitate
Art. Beauty above all. '*To drift with
every passion till my soul is a lute on
which the winds of life will play!*' -- I
think I remembered it right.

Beat. -- CURTAIN *yanked open*. BOY GEORGE in dripping
mascara, hand-painted smock, black hat, dreadlocks.

BOY GEORGE

Close enough.

(*then*)

(MORE)



BOY GEORGE (CONT'D)

They put poor, lovely, courageous Oscar
in jail and hounded him till he died in
the gutter.

Eyes tear up again.

TINA

Then let's endure for Oscar. Show them we
refuse to bow to their bourgeois rules.

BOY GEORGE

You must make me very, very beautiful.

TINA

Damn right, we will.

MUSIC CUE: Do You Really Want To Hurt Me

FLASH THROUGH A SERIES OF PORTRAITS. BOY GEORGE, posing
for ANNIE. END ON a defiant pose, head thrown back,
imperial. A shot Oscar Wilde would adore.

INT. ANNA'S OFFICE - VOGUE - DAY

A two-room SUITE. Anna at her custom DESK (soon to be
called the *Wintour Table* -- *ebonized mahogany & cold
steel; no drawers*). Anna sets POLAROIDs into a clean, new
BOOK. A stack of CUT OUT IMAGES and paste beside.

ORIENT TO DOOR. ALEX pops in. Anna accepts kisses from
Alex. He sits.

ALEX

(re: desk)

It's brilliantly 'modern'. I told Si,
'Anna Wintour has an instinct for art!'

ANNA

Others here have instincts more bovine.

ALEX

I warned you -- it will take time to
blend in.

ANNA

Alex, I've given Grace twenty fabulous
ideas. Storyboards, locations,
photographers. First she accepts them --
then she kills them behind my back. She
doesn't tell me about meetings.

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

I have to beg the staff to find out. And then she cuts me off if I offer an opinion.

Alex takes her hand.

ALEX

I want you involved. Tell her I said so when you get to the mansion.

Anna has *no clue*. OFF her look --

ALEX

Grace is shooting Linda Evangelista for Ralph Lauren at his new estate.

(*checks his watch*)

I think they're just about to leave. Didn't she tell you?

Ersatz shock. *Provocateur*.

EXT. CONDE NAST - 350 MADISON AVE. - MORNING

THREE MERCEDES SEDANS parked in a row curbside. A DRIVER holds the door for GRACE MIRABELLA. She slides in --

BACK SEAT. INCLUDE JADE HOBSON (30's, FASHION EDITOR) and MIKE GREENBERGER, (20's, MARKETING). Door closes.

GRACE MIRABELLA

(*to Driver*)

Can we go?

DRIVER

(*in the REARVIEW*)

... one more coming.

ANGLE. THROUGH THE WINDOW. ANNA, high heels, mini-skirt.

GRACE MIRABELLA

(*jolted*)

I didn't invite her. Christ, she's like a fucking cockroach. Someone get rid of her.

No one moves. They watch Anna pass their sedan -- *Slips* INSIDE the LAST SEDAN.

GRACE MIRABELLA

Do *not* let her speak to Ralph.

IN THE LAST SEDAN. BACK SEAT. ANNA startles POLLY MELLEN and ANDRE LEON TALLEY (pleated gold pants, black velvet vest with ruby brooch).

POLLY MELLEN

Grace said you were too busy to come.

ANNA

I made time to help you.

EXT. SAW MILL PARKWAY - WESTCHESTER, NY - DAY

The caravan of MERCEDES speeds north to Westchester. --
IN LAST SEDAN. Anna staring at ANDRE LEON.

ANNA

What exactly is your job at *Vogue*, Andre Leon Talley?

POLLY MELLEN

Ray helps us connect with the world. He knows everyone in New York and everyone knows him.

ANDRE LEON

Right now I'm helping out with the '*Must List*'. Si is very *big* on that. Advertisers who buy ad pages *must* get articles written about them. Grace despises the idea.

But Anna doesn't.

ANNA

Why? *Vogue* is fashion and fashion is selling clothes. We want designers to spend money on us. Then we can lead them to the light.

Andre Leon *laughs*.

ANDRE LEON

And how do we do that, madame?

ANNA

By becoming the light ourselves.

Beat -- and they *laugh* together.

EXT. RALPH LAUREN ESTATE - MANOR HOUSE - DAY

Slate and stone. Heavy Norman architecture. -- ORIENT TO INCLUDE: the caravan of THREE MERCEDES. -- IN THE LAST CAR. POLLY MELLEN looks out at the house.

POLLY MELLEN

What a magnificent mansion.

ANDRE LEON

Ralph is starting a home collection.
Furniture, linens, *everything marvellous*.
The house is seventeen thousand square
feet. On two-hundred and fifty acres.

ANNA

(*sly smile*)

In England this is called a 'guest
cottage.'

WIDE SHOT - POLO FIELD - RALPH LAUREN ESTATE - MORNING

FOUR RIDERS on PONIES (MALE MODELS) in POLO SHIRTS charge
after a white ball *skipping* across damp grass. Several
FEMALE MODELS featuring LINDA EVANGELISTA pace the
sidelines *cheering*.

ORIENT TO INCLUDE: RALPH LAUREN (40's, slim, short) with
his lithe, blonde wife RICKY (20's, pretty as a model).
In matching Polo shirts and jeans. Grace there to
'handle' Ralph.

RALPH LAUREN

How does it look?

GRACE MIRABELLA

Very exciting. Masculine!

POLLY MELLEN

It's gorgeous, Ralph. Dynamic!

RALPH LAUREN

I think so. You think so?

Ralph always insecure. Hands in pockets; out of pockets. -
- ANGLE. A SHOOT CREW with long lens cameras. And
acclaimed French PHOTOGRAPHER, PATRICK DEMARCHELIER (42).

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

(*strong French accent*)

Back to one! Do it again!

CLOSER ON LINDA EVANGELISTA (19), tall and exotic. Her unusual features *blowing up* the rules for a Supermodel. Sits in a director's chair. MAKE UP people touch her up. - ANNA beside her. Watching with Andre Leon.

ANNA

This is all so ... *tedious*.

LOUD enough so Ralph turns to her --

RALPH

(*horrified*)

Is it?

ANDRE LEON

(*sees Grace turn as well*)

Unleash the dogs of war!

GRACE MIRABELLA

(*to ANNA*)

No one asked your opinion.

RALPH

(*obsessed now*)

What did you mean? You're English. You've seen English boys play polo?

ANNA

You don't want 'English' boys, Ralph.

RALPH

I don't?

ANNA

No, Ralph, you want it to look the way you imagine the English. The English are dowdy and boring with terrible teeth. Ralph Lauren's 'English' should look like American movie stars who play them. Elegant, tough -- and here's the key. They like sex.

Anna pulls LINDA out of her chair.

ANNA

(*yanking her by the hand*)

Come with me, love.

ON THE POLO FIELD - LATER

Ralph watches Anna place LINDA and the other YOUNG FEMALE MODELS by a POLO HORSE.

ANNA

Just mingle, my lovelies. Lean into each other. Legs, arms, bodies.

Anna confidently hands reins to LINDA EVANGELISTA.

ANNA

Hold these, darling. Then look at this boy like you're about to stick your tongue down his throat.

GRACE MIRABELLA

(*confronting Anna*)

This is not your shoot, Anna.

Ignores Grace. *Flirting with Ralph. He lights up.*

ANNA

Rip a hole in his pants. Smear a bit of mud around. Make it dirty. *Make it sexy.* That's what Polo is. That's what *Ralph Lauren* is selling.

RALPH LAUREN

Yes, I am.

ANNA

Andre Leon Talley will write a big feature story about your new home collection. Right next to your dirty, sexy ad.

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

Merveilleuse. We'll shoot an extra day.

LINDA EVANGELISTA

You'd better call my agent.

ANNA

Can't you give us a free day as a favor for *Vogue*?

LINDA EVANGELISTA

I don't even *get out of bed* for less than ten thousand dollars.

The PHOTOGRAPHY CREW into a frenzy. Moving STILL CAMERAS on tripods, long lenses. -- Grace faces Anna.

GRACE MIRABELLA

(*threatening*)

Alex might have fabricated a position for you. But once he yanks down your panties, he'll move on to the next girl.

(MORE)

GRACE MIRABELLA (CONT'D)

I'm the editor of *Vogue*. *I promise*, you
won't be here much longer.

She walks away. Jade Hobson and Polly Mellen hurry after.
STAY WITH ANDRE LEON AND ANNA.

ANDRE LEON

Rimbaud said, '*Great art starts by
lighting a fuse.*'

ANNA

Boom.

END ACT SEVEN

FADE IN:

ACT EIGHT

CLOSE ON A BATH TUB of MILK. Steam rising up. O.C. a weird, piercing Little Girl's VOICE *jolts* us.

LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
Ready or not, here I come!

WIDEN AND REVEAL: INT. LOFT - PHOTO SHOOT - DAY

FIND TINA AND ANNIE LEIBOVITZ as -- *Charging* to the TUB -- WHOOP! GOLDBERG (29)-- *squeal* rising as she drops her bathrobe. Perfectly naked. Jumps into the tub. *Splash!* Showers everyone with milk.

CLOSER. Whoopi goes UNDER. -- Then, surfaces. Hands and face starkly black against the white milk.

WHOOP! GOLDBERG (CONT'D)
(*giggles*)
Who's stupid idea was this?

ANNIE LEIBOVITZ
Yours.

Flash! Annie starts shooting. FREEZE PHOTO --

INT. VANITY FAIR - MOCK UP WALL - VANITY FAIR - DAY

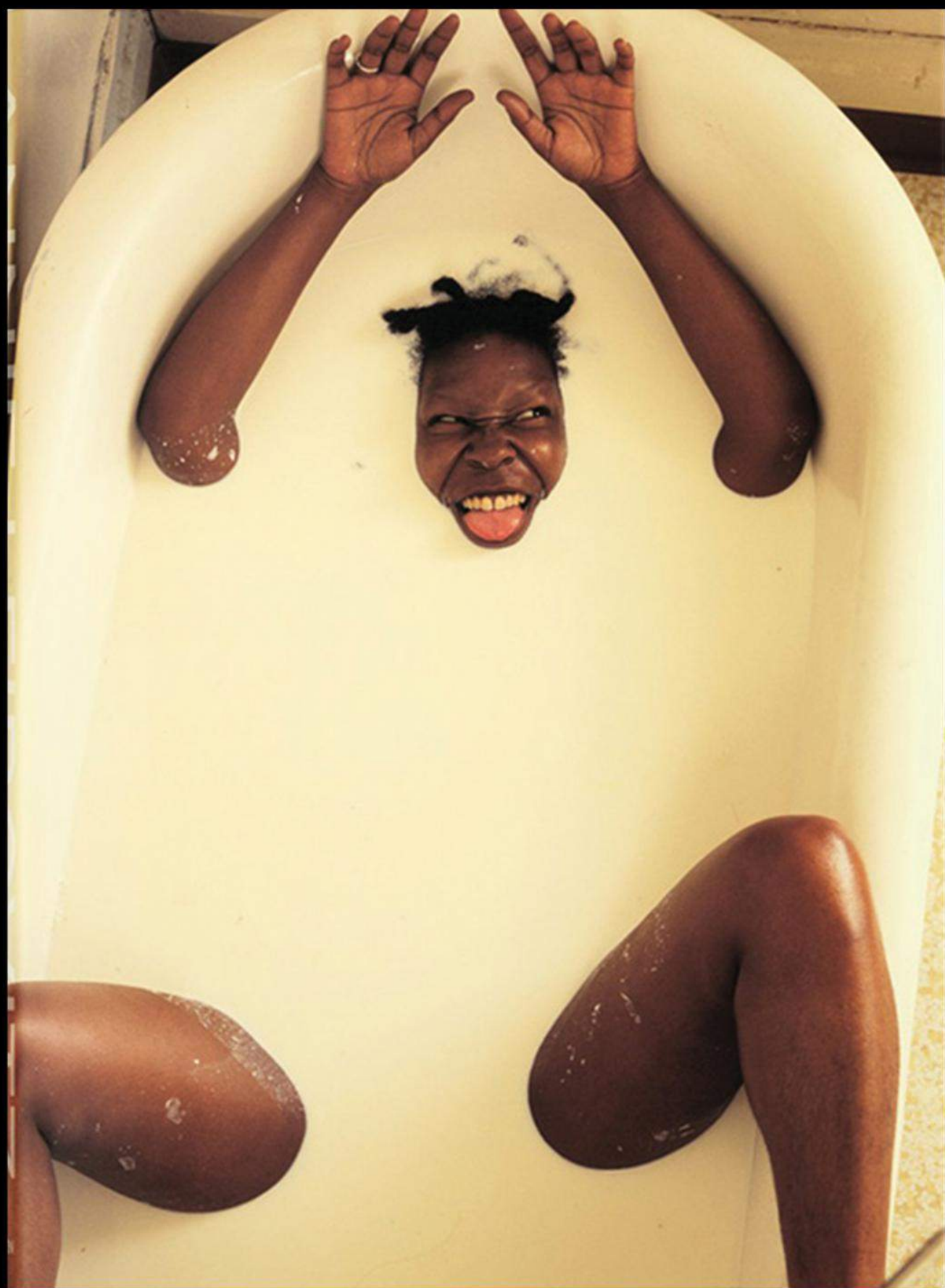
ALEX just stares at the SAME PHOTO of Whoopi in the tub. TINA and ANNIE LEIBOVITZ wait. Finally --

ALEX
Qu'est-ce que c'est?

TINA
Whoopi Goldberg. The whole city is talking about '*The Spook Show*'. The *Times* called her a cross between Lily Tomlin and Richard Pryor.

ALEX
(*sighs*)
Have we abandoned all sophistication?

TINA
I'm already printing a hefty chunk of Norman Mailer's new book. Which most readers will skip over.



Alex *annoyed*. Yanks the PHOTO down.

ALEX

Let me play around with the layout.

TINA

Would you? Thank you so much, Alex.

Playing dutiful. He leaves without offering kisses.

TINA

Fuckfuckfuckfuck. So sorry, Annie. Maybe I'm in a losing battle.

ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

People notice what you're doing.

TINA

Then why don't they buy my magazine?

INT. *VOGUE* - DOWN THE HALLWAY - DAY

ANDRE LEON, mauve cape, emerald pants, green *chapeau*, with ANNA, in a white mini-skirt. He has a copy of *Vanity Fair*. INSERT: WHOOP! GOLDBERG, bath tub shot.

ANDRE LEON

I adore Whoopi. She reminds me of my grandmother. Also a very smart, very strong woman. She cleaned toilets at Duke University. But she never left the house in work clothes. She woke up one hour early to put herself together. I loved watching her. Of course, she changed at the school to her uniform. But *there and back* -- she was *elegante*!

ANNA

Tina stuffs celebrities into her magazine, doesn't she?

ANDRE LEON

Yes, and I wish *Vogue* would catch up.

Anna takes Andre Leon's giant hand in her slender hand.

ANNA

We're going to be very good friends, Andre Leon Talley.

ANDRE LEON

Which means from now on call me 'Ray'.

Anna checks her wristwatch.

ANNA
Do you have lunch plans, Ray?

ANDRE LEON
I'm always famished.

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

Anna and Andre Leon crunched in the crowd. Anna's head on a swivel. Checking out everyone.

ANNA
Don't you love being in a crowd?

ANDRE LEON
With proper hygiene.

Notices her smile. Anna tilts her head to -- THREE YOUNG WOMEN, self-created in a swirl of textures and colors.

ANNA
(*whispers*)
Wonderful. There's our future.

ANDRE LEON
Where exactly are we going for lunch?

ANNA
To my wedding.

INT. BROWNSTONE - GREENWICH VILLAGE - DAY

Wood floors, English antiques mixed with simple American pieces. FIND ANDRE LEON at the back of a small group (about 20 GUESTS).

TO ANNA AND DAVID. Hand-in-hand in front of a JUDGE (50's, dark suit with *boutonniere*). Anna in a white skirt. White rose in her black bob. Shaffer in a sport coat. Shaffer's TWO YOUNG SONS stand by them as they *kiss* -- and the Guests *applaud*. Shaffer turns to his guests.

SHAFFER
I know some of you haven't been this far downtown in years. Or ever! But Anna and I are thrilled you've journeyed *so far* to help us start our new life.

Pulls Anna closer to him. Then Anna pulls Shaffer's YOUNG SONS closer. -- Andre Leon surprised by this very sweet maternal gesture.

SHAFFER

You all know Anna loves beautiful things.
That's why she dressed me today. ...

Giggles. Andre Leon watches Anna fall uncommonly quiet, not in charge.

SHAFFER

But don't be fooled. Anna never measures beauty by price or exclusivity. She's taught me that beauty is an emanation of love. And love is what Anna celebrates. Love is what she demands. And love is what I offer her, for the rest of our lives together.

Applause. -- ORIENT TO: CHARLES WINTOUR with AUDREY (his second wife). He steps up and takes charge of the event.

CHARLES WINTOUR

And now ladies and gentlemen, join us for lunch and drinks. And when you've all had enough wine to damage your critical faculties, then and only then I'll make my own speech.

To *applause* -- Charles Wintour tucks Anna hand in his arm, leads her to the adjacent room. Anna quickly *leans* to Andre Leon.

ANNA

(*whispered*)

Escort my mother.

Andre Leo notices -- ACROSS THE ROOM. NONNIE WINTOUR, alone. Lost. He walks over to Nonnie.

ANDRE LEON

I'm usually very shy at parties where I don't know anyone. So you'd be doing me a great favor if you'd watch over me.

Offers his arm to her.

NONNIE

I'd like that.

Andre Leon leads Nonnie. -- TO ANNA, watching. *Smiles.*



AT THE DOOR - LATER. Andre Leon leaving. In a MIRROR sets his *chapeau* just so. Here's Anna.

ANDRE LEON

You have my undying devotion for sharing your wedding day with me.

Sincere. Leans down to *hug* her.

ANNA

Thank you, Ray, darling. And now I expect you to support me when I replace Grace at *Vogue*.

PUNCH: TV SCREEN FILLS FRAME. LIZ SMITH - WNBC

LIZ SMITH (ON SCREEN)

... and Billy Joel has proposed to his Uptown gal Christie Brinkley. Look for the California girl and height-challenged Long Island boy to tie the knot next year. ...

FOOTAGE plays: BILLY JOEL *dancing* with CHRISTIE BRINKLEY (awkwardly) in their MTV VIDEO for *Uptown Girl* ...

LIZ SMITH (ON SCREEN)

You heard it here first. It looks like the last stand at the Alamo, as we say in Texas, for *Vanity Fair* editor Tina Brown.

NEW FOOTAGE: Various shots of TINA BROWN, looking mostly uncomfortable with SI and ALEX LIBERMAN.

LIZ SMITH

Though wags say Si and Tina are 'extremely close' even her Coke bottle curves might not distract Si Newhouse enough to save the magazine.

TINA (O.C.)

Oh, piss off, Lizzie ...

SOUND shuts OFF suddenly --

PULL BACK AND REVEAL: INT. TINA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Doug and Ruth embarrassed for Tina, at her desk. Everyone *exhausted*. Sandwiches and Cokes. Crumpled papers.

TINA

Dougie, am I really a bloody Coke bottle? The truth.

DOUG

Well, not in the sense of 'New Coke' -- more 'Classic Coke.'

Doug gets her to smile. Doesn't last long.

TINA

Liz Smith didn't just come up with that little item by herself. Someone gave it to her. Alex? Si?

RUTH

This is just the Liz Smith gossip factory spreading rumors. Don't be upset.

TINA

Research says we're up 7% for July, that's really good, right? He can't fire me now?

DOUG

You need to make Si send out a press release saying how happy he is with you.

TINA

Alex warned me Si is uncomfortable one on one. Alex says I should always use him as my go-between.

Tina hears herself say those words.

TINA

I should just crawl back to London a failure. Let the mob tear me apart.

DOUG

They can pick you up at Heathrow in a tumbrel.

Tina giggles, twists her blonde hair round a finger.

TINA

It feels like I'm trying to save my head from the chopping block.

DOUG

'Shoved onto the subway tracks' is the New York metaphor.

RUTH

'Feet in concrete and tossed into the East River'?

TINA

I need to sneak something provocative
past Alex Liberman for the next cover
Someone *everybody* loves.

Ruth changes the CHANNEL. -- ON SCREEN: ALEXIS CARRINGTON
Busty brunette bitch-Goddess of *DYNASTY*. Played by JOAN
COLLINS, the English actress. Suddenly *slapped* by KRYSTAL
CARRINGTON. Played by stolid American blonde LINDA EVANS.

DOUG

There's your life lesson. Someone always
has it worse.

TINA

My father made a movie with Joan Collins.

DOUG

Americans love to hate her.

ON TV. JOAN COLLINS gets in LINDA EVANS' face.

ALEXIS/JOAN COLLINS (ON
TV)

I was the reason you suffered a
miscarriage! So if I were you, Krystal
Carrington, I'd be very careful about
getting back in the saddle!

TO TINA, *thrilled*.

TINA

What a bitch!

WIDE SHOT - PARIS - DAY

A warm, violet dawn -- EIFFEL TOWER in the distance.

CARD: FASHION WEEK. PARIS, SEPTEMBER, 1984

INT. HOTEL BANQUET HALL - ON STAGE - DAY

TWENTY MODELS accompany KARL LAGERFELD (40's, signature
pony-tail, dark glasses) at the end of his show.

CARD: LAGERFELD READY-TO-WEAR SHOW - CHANEL

FIND ANDRE LEON making notes. *Not sure if he loves it.* --
On the front row: GRACE, POLLY and JADE *applaud* politely.
Several PHOTOGRAPHERS take pictures. Grace can't help but
look around the audience.

GRACE
 (to Polly)
 Where's Anna?

POLLY MELLEN
 You told her not to get in your way.

Grace leans back. Pleased Anna isn't there.

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - LATER

Grace, Polly and Jade walking down the plush corridor.

GRACE
 It was rude of Karl not to wait around.
 He needs our reactions. And I intend to
 tell him.

Andre Leon towers over them.

ANDRE LEON
 His Ready-to-wear is not ready to wear!

POLLY MELLEN
 None of them listen anymore.

JADE HOBSON
 Designers get more money from licensing
 their names than making their clothes.

GRACE
 They still need *Vogue* --

Grace reacts to the SUITE DOOR OPEN -- Steps inside.

IN THE HOTEL SUITE (CONTINUOUS)

ANNA with KARL LAGERFELD at a coffee table. PHOTOS,
 POLAROIDs, PAPERS spread out. -- A TALL MODEL (17,
 skeleton-skinny) in panties and heels. Blank face. A
 living mannequin for Karl. He *slips* a DRESS over her
 head. *Pins* it up with pins from his wrist-strap cushion.

KARL LAGERFELD
 I can raise the waist, *tiny, tiny* bit,
 like this? Keep the hips in a straight
 line? Yes?

German tones mangle English vowels. REVEAL ANNA, she
turns the Model to the side.

ANNA

Higher. Taper from the shoulder. Make it younger.

-- as GRACE, POLLY, JADE and ANDRE LEON enter.

GRACE

Karl. *I told you to talk to me after the show.*

KARL LAGERFELD

I've been working with Anna.

Innocently. Grace looks like she'll explode.

GRACE

You don't work with Anna. It doesn't matter what Anna thinks.

ANNA

It does to Karl.

Unflappable. Grace loses control.

GRACE

I'm calling Si if you don't leave now.

ANNA

(calm)

I'm not finished yet.

Anna turns away from Grace to a stunned Lagerfeld.

ANNA

And I didn't love the cut of your blazers. Let's take a look?

Andre Leon can't handle the tension. Goes to a food buffet in the corner. *Starts eating quickly.*

ANDRE LEON

And I've been so good on this trip.

END ACT EIGHT

FADE IN:

ACT NINE

EST. SHOT - OVER LOS ANGELES - DAY

Palm trees and traffic. MUSIC CUE: the *profoundly* tacky
THEME MUSIC for *DYNASTY* plays. Leading us TO --

CARD: LOS ANGELES

INT. TRAILER - STUDIO LOT - DAY

TINA watches JOAN COLLINS with her ASSISTANT strip out of
an iconic 'Alexis' gown.

JOAN COLLINS

People confuse me with 'Alexis' all the
time. *I get bags of mail* addressed to
Alexis. Some envelopes just read: '*The
Bitch*', *Los Angeles, California* -- and
they *still* deliver it to me!

(*laughs*)

Which is why you've come see me, inn't,
my little Tina.

Tweaks Tina's nose like a little girl.

TINA

Yes, ma'am.

JOAN COLLINS

Did I tell you I'm good friends with
Dudley and Luisa Moore? You *shtupped*
Dudley when you were both at Oxford,
didn't you?

Tina *laughs*.

TINA

My staff is teaching me you can say
horrible things about people in America,
if you say it in Yiddish.

Joan now naked. Her Assistant holds her robe open. Joan
slips in. *Sits*.

JOAN COLLINS

When do I need to shoot this cover?

The Assistant sets down a plate with an artichoke. Joan
dips the leaves in lemon and oil as she talks.

VANITY FAIR



DECEMBER 1984

\$2.00

SHE RHYMES WITH RICH

What Makes
Alexis Go On
and On?

WE NOMINATE
A HOT NEW
HALL OF FAME

THE FAUSTUS
COMPLEX
What Haunted
Dick and Liz

THE EDITOR
WHO BREAKS
HEARTS
AND EGOS

Plus:
MURIEL SPARK
WILLIAM STYRON
MIMI SHERATON

JOAN COLLINS

TINA
It has to be next week.

JOAN COLLINS
That soon? Are you in trouble,
sweetheart?

TINA
No. ... Yes. I can't get an honest
answer.

Joan takes it to heart.

JOAN COLLINS
Your father was such a nice old boy. And
a very good producer. We did some
charming little films together. He knew
how to show off my assets -- I was tight
as a drum back then.

TINA
You still are.

Then.

JOAN COLLINS
Just tell me when and where. Can you
survive till then?

TINA
I hope I can survive long enough to get
cross town to The Tonight Show.

EXT./INT. SUNSET BLVD. - A LIMOUSINE - DAY

TRAFFIC stopped. Tina in back. The primitive car PHONE
rings.

LIMO DRIVER
(*turns*)
Just lift the receiver, ma'am.

TINA
(*into phone*)
Yes?

INTERCUT: VANITY FAIR - OFFICE - EVENING

DOUG JOHNSTON watching a TV set.

DOUG
Tina? I'm putting you on speaker.

Doug punches a SPEAKER PHONE. WIDEN TO INCLUDE: RICHARD SHORTAWAY, smoking a cigar.

DOUG
I'm here with Dick Shortaway, Vice-
President of Conde Nast. He's a fan.

DICK SHORTAWAY
I am.

CLOSER ON TINA, *fighting panic*.

TINA
Please tell me this is a happy call.

Lightness doesn't register.

DICK SHORTAWAY
Si is in negotiations to buy *The New Yorker*.

TINA
(*trying to take it in*)
If Si buys *The New Yorker*, why would he
need *Vanity Fair*?

DICK SHORTAWAY
You need to ask Si that question.
Quickly.

Tina stares out at the silly PALM TREES.

TINA
I'll chicken out.

DICK SHORTAWAY
Be in his office tomorrow at 5 AM
precisely. He's in a pensive mood when he
first gets in. Si Newhouse doesn't stay
pensive very long. Tell Si you want to
change publishers. Doug here is your guy.
But get the red eye tonight. And Tina, *do*
not cry. Si's smart enough to know he's
being manipulated. Pisses him off. Okay?
Be calm. Reasonable.

TINA
Not a single tear.

DOUG
And don't tell Alex Liberman you're
coming back tonight.

EXT./INT. AIRPLANE - FIRST CLASS - WINDOW SEAT - NIGHT

Red eye. Most PASSENGERS asleep. ON TINA, wide-awake by the WINDOW. Searches in the seat pocket for a magazine. What she finds: *Vogue, Vogue, GQ, and Vogue.* -- *Leans back.* BELOW: the LIGHTS of NEW YORK coming into view --

The ELDERLY WOMAN next to her, uses her black sable like a blanket, leans to look.

ELDERLY WOMAN IN SABLE

(*softly*)

Beautiful, isn't it?

TINA

(*realizing she's quite moved*)

Yes, it is.

ELDERLY WOMAN IN SABLE

Even after all these years, it still surprises me coming back to New York. I couldn't live anywhere else.

PUSH IN ON TINA, understanding she couldn't either.

EXT. CONDE NAST BUILDING - MADISON AVE. - 5 AM

Tina jumps from a TAXI. Soft morning light. Streets so still she can hear her heels on the pavement.

INT. CONDE NAST BUILDING - 35TH FLOOR - 5 AM

Tina steps off the ELEVATOR. OFFICES dark. Tina runs down the HALLWAY. *Deep breaths.* Settles herself.

INT. SI NEWHOUSE'S OFFICE - DAY

TINA through DOUBLE DOORS. No one at the RECEPTION DESK. Pushes open the mahogany DOORS to Si's office.

INT. SI'S OFFICE (CONTINUOUS)

Si standing over a long table with SPREAD SHEETS. Socks, no shoes. V-neck tennis sweater. Turns at the sound --

SI

(*genuinely surprised*)

Tina?

TINA

You're not being fair.

-- and Tina *erupts* into tears. *Sobs* too hard to speak. *Hates that she's crying in front of Si.* ON SI, deeply uncomfortable. Looks down at his socks, waits.

Tina slides into a chair. Si hands her a mahogany encased box of tissues. Tina blows her nose.

Si goes behind his desk to his big leather chair. Knows he should say *something*. -- Nothing. Tina, in a rush --

TINA

I'm working round the clock to get this right, Si. My husband Harry hardly hears from me. We delayed his coming across just so I can work round the clock.

Si swivels his chair back and forth. *Says nothing.*

TINA

My father used to say a film is a mess in the planning, a mess in production, a mess in the editing room. And then -- somehow it comes together. I have an idea of what we should be. But, please, can I just have an honest-to-God chance to do it?

SI

Okay.

Oh. Tina processes.

TINA

I want to bring over my own people. Plan my own articles. Shoot my own damn covers.

SI

Okay.

Tina still off-balance from his agreeing with her.

TINA

How much time will you give me?

SI

Not long.

TINA

You're buying *The New Yorker*?

SI

I like magazines. Just pay attention to *Vanity Fair*.

TINA

And I want Doug Johnston to be my publisher.

SI

Yes.

TINA

Is that a promise?

SI

Learn to take 'Yes' for an answer, Tina.

Tina suddenly drained. Can't move.

SI

You ever see *West Side Story*?

Huh?

TINA

Yes. I so wanted to be Natalie Wood.

Now Si opens up.

SI

There are young people in New York today who don't even realize that '*West Side*' means this West Side. Columbus, Amsterdam, all the neighborhoods filling up with new buildings, nice families. Streets that a few years ago were all junkies and gangs. Now they're chic. My father liked to think he had a tight control over his business. Me, I don't think so. I think this city is alive. Changing right before our eyes. We need to keep changing, too, to keep up. If we don't, all this goes away. I'm not afraid of trying something new, Tina. You want to keep *Vanity Fair* alive? Don't be afraid. Not of New York. Not of me. Do what you want. And we'll see what happens.

(*then*)

You can go now.

Tina stands. Si isn't looking as she leaves.

INT. HENRI BENDEL - 5TH AVE. - DAY

Anna runs riot through the RACKS. Piling clothes she likes in the arms of Andre Leon, off on one of his blazing gossip soliloquies.

ANDRE LEON

How can all these people just say Andy Kaufman isn't dead? How can it be just a prank? I am not a fool. Let the poor man rest in peace ...

ANNA

Ray.

Shows him a velvet SKIRT.

ANDRE LEON

You look stunning. Anna, you've got a fortune in clothing here. More than most people make in a year. What in the world is going on young lady?

ANNA

I can't tell you. Not yet. But I just got a call from Alex. Si wants me to come to lunch. At his townhouse.

Even Andre Leon is stunned.

ANDRE LEON

My God. You are a shooting star across the firmament!

ANNA

(*euphoric*)

And you'll you by my side.

Up on tippy-toes to kiss his cheek.

EXT. SI NEWHOUSE TOWNHOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Anna and Alex and Si finish lunch in a room with a Picasso and a Pollack. Anna is dressed to seduce. Si *nods* -- and TWO MAIDS clear the table. Si waits till they're gone. Looks at Anna.

SI

I called you here, Anna, because you've become so valuable to us. But Alex says *Harper's Bazaar* is going to make you an offer. *Harpers* is always raiding our talent. We don't want to lose you.

ANNA

Si, I never want to leave Conde Nast.

This is it. Alex and Si look at each other -- *smile.*

ALEX

You tell her.

SI

You tell her.

ALEX

C'est moi. Si thinks it's time for you to have your name at the top of the masthead.

Anna *beams*, triumphant. Immediately overcome. More emotional than we've ever seen her.

ANNA

Thank you ... *both* ...

ALEX

He wants you to take over as editor of *British Vogue*.

EVEN CLOSER ON Anna, not sure she heard right.

ANNA

British Vogue? ... Wait.

(*then*)

You're sending me back to London?

ALEX

As Editor-in-Chief! Isn't that wonderful?

Anna challenges Si directly.

ANNA

But I deserve Grace's job!

SI

One day. Not yet. Show me what you can do in London. If it works out, we can bring you back eventually. Think it over. But that's my decision.

Si gets up and leaves. OFF ANNA --

EXT. ON THE STREET - IN A MOMENT

Alex opens the door to a TOWN CAR. Anna stunned silent.

ALEX

I fought *fervently* for you, *ma chere*. Si simply wouldn't listen. And now I'll fight to bring you back.

Anna accepts Continental *kisses* from him. Alex smiles.
The Lord Chamberlain always controls the King. Even in
 her agony and anger Anna knows she needs him --

ANNA

I treasure your guidance, Alex.

Alex gets in. The Town Car leaves ANNA alone. *Devastated.*

INT. *VOGUE* - GRACE'S OFFICE - DAY

Polly Mellen *pops!* a champagne bottle. Filling flutes on
 a table. The mood euphoric. Someone turns on a BOOM BOX:
She Works Hard For The Money by Donna Summer. A few STAFF
 start to dance (Disco-style).

Polly hands Grace Mirabella a flute of bubbly.

GRACE MIRABELLA

In Roman days, enemies of the Emperor
 would either cut their wrists open in the
 bath, or face a lifetime in exile. While
 I'd prefer the former, this ain't too
 shabby!

Clink! Grace drains the flute. -- ALEX LIBERMAN enters.
 Grabs champagne. Continental *kisses* for Grace --

ALEX

Didn't I promise I'd protect you? ...
 We're not as close as we used be, Grace.
 Those were wonderful days -- after I took
Vogue from Diana Vreeland and gave it to
 you ...

GRACE

I thought Si promoted me?

Alex takes her hand.

ALEX

You know how Conde Nast works, *ma chere*.
 Si will be watching closely. The Wintour
 girl can still make mischief. Rely on me.

GRACE

I won't end up like Diana Vreeland -- or
 Margaret Case. And to Hell with Anna
 Wintour.

Alex *clinks!* glasses with Grace. -- ORIENT TO INCLUDE:
 ANDRE LEON TALLEY, watching Alex and Grace. *Displeased.*
 Swallows a cookie whole -- and leaves.

EXT. PORT AUTHORITY - NEWSSTAND - NIGHT

FIND TINA, wandering through another large & lively CROWD. Almost afraid at what she'll find. Pushes past PEOPLE buying MAGAZINES to get to the STACKS.

TINA

Pardon me ... so sorry ... if I can just get by ...

CLOSE ON the stack of VANITY FAIR issues with JOAN COLLINS on the COVER. Right next to VOGUE which is all but sold out. VANITY FAIR mostly untouched. HOLD ON TINA.

TINA (V.O.)

I don't know why -- but at that moment I kept thinking the only person in the world who can possibly understand what I'm feeling right now is -- Anna Wintour.

PUNCH TO: EXT. HEATHROW - MAIN TERMINAL - DAY

Slate gray, gloomy as night. And rain -- here, there, and everywhere it seems. A fierce, slanting downpour.

CARD: LONDON - HEATHROW AIRPORT - JANUARY, 1985

ORIENT TO ANNA, dark glasses, as always. Lowers her Hermes umbrella. Dips into a black LONDON CAB.

IN THE BACK (MOVING)

Anna tries to shake rain from her coat. Her high heels are soaked. -- NEW ANGLE. Anna's DARK GLASSES noticed by the CABBIE in his REARVIEW MIRROR.

LONDON CABBIE

(into REARVIEW)

Won't need those here, luv! Been raining so long no one in London would even recognize the sun!

HOLD ON ANNA, staring out at the rain through dark glasses as the cab disappears in traffic.

FADE OUT.

END ACT NINE

END NIGHT 1

