

DYNASTY

EPISODE X

AARON SPELLING PRODUCTIONS
in association with
FOX-CAT PRODUCTIONS
10201 West Pico Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90064

D Y N A S T Y

EPISODE X

by

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10201 West Pico Boulevard
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FIRST DRAFT

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D Y N A S T Y

EPISODE X

CAST

BLAKE CARRINGTON

KRYSTLE CARRINGTON

STEVEN CARRINGTON

FALLON CARRINGTON

MATTHEW BLAISDEL

MICHAEL

JOSEPH

CECIL COLBY

JEFF COLBY

ANDREW LAIRD

EMILY LAIRD

TED

BETHANY

VOLKERT

D Y N A S T Y

EPISODE X

SETS

EXTERIORS:

CARRINGTON GROUNDS

STEVEN CARRINGTON BROWNSTONE

ALLEY BEHIND RESTAURANT

SMALL OFFICE BUILDING

REFINERY

REFINERY GATE AREA

INTERIORS:

STEVEN CARRINGTON'S LIVING ROOM

STEVEN CARRINGTON'S KITCHEN
ALCOVE

STEVEN CARRINGTON'S BEDROOM

COLBY'S OFFICE

CARRINGTON BILLIARD ROOM

BLAKE & KRYSTLE'S BEDROOM

FALLON & JEFF'S BEDROOM

CARRINGTON JET

FRENCH RESTAURANT

DINER

VOLKERT'S OFFICE

DYNASTY

Episode X

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. CARRINGTON MANSION - DAY (STOCK) 1
Late afternoon. TO ESTABLISH. Then...

2 EXT. PORTION OF CARRINGTON GROUNDS - ON BLAKE - DAY 2
He stands, alone, near a hedgerow... his face pensive as if he hopes, somehow, to find the answer to his many concerns through staring out over...

3 POV - A PORTION OF THE PROPERTY 3

4 BACK WITH BLAKE 4
He continues standing. Then he reacts to the SOUND OF APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS, turns. WIDEN ANGLE to include MICHAEL... who wears a bandage on his expressionless face. He reaches Blake, stops.

MICHAEL

I hope I'm not bothering you, Mr. Carrington.

BLAKE

No, Michael. I was just taking a walk.

(moment; then)

I hear you've been indisposed these past couple of days. Touch of the flu?

It is clear that Blake is referring not to the flu at all but to Michael's face.

MICHAEL

Among other things. Sir.

BLAKE

Too bad. Well, a couple of aspirin should put you back in shape.

MICHAEL

Among 'other things,' Mr. Carrington, you had me worked over, didn't you?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(on the silence)

You found out I was seeing your daughter and you had me worked over.

Moment again, Blake regarding him... and not admitting to anything:

BLAKE

Did I? Well, if that were the case, one would hope that you learned a valuable lesson. And that in the long run you might even thank me for it.

MICHAEL

Mr. Carrington, I know you come out here to think things over... and I don't want to bother you. I mean I know you're still not out of that overseas trouble...

BLAKE

I will be. That's not your concern.
(then)
What is it?

MICHAEL

I've found out something that may interest you.

BLAKE

Interest me... or upset me?

Small smile from Michael; he wouldn't mind hurting Blake just a little.

MICHAEL

I'd guess both. But then it's not my place to pre-judge, is it?

Blake steps closer to Michael, regards the bruises, turns Michael's face to inspect the job.

BLAKE

Whoever it was had this done to you, I'm not sure he got his money's worth.

Michael smiles. Blake turns away from him... then back to him.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

BLAKE

(continuing)

What tantalizing piece of gossip
do you have for me this morning,
Michael?

MICHAEL

It's about your wife, sir... and
a certain emerald necklace...

He stops. HOLD on them both. Then:

5 EXT. STEVEN'S BROWNSTONE APARTMENT - NIGHT

5

TO ESTABLISH. Same evening.

6 INT. STEVEN'S LIVING ROOM - ON STEVEN - NIGHT

6

as he finishes setting a dinner table. Three places.
Nice china and glassware. A filled salad bowl along-
side a bread basket. Etc. Moment. Then he turns to
someone.

STEVEN

How's dinner coming?

(on no response)

You with me??

7 ANGLE TO INCLUDE FALLON IN KITCHEN ALCOVE

7

-- just off the living room. She stands at the stove,
adding finishing touches to a richly dark concoction
in a pan. Then she begins to ladle it into a tureen
as Steven ENTERS FRAME.

FALLON

(teasing)

You shout at the cook, you may
not get fed.

Steven squints into the pan.

STEVEN

That might not be the worst thing
that could happen. Think it's
too late to send for Mrs. Gunnerson?

FALLON

Are you kidding? Dad would sooner
let you have his wife than his cook.

(CONTINUED)

Steven sticks a mischievous finger into the gravy; licks it.

STEVEN

Hey, that's not bad -- tastes a little like muskrat stew. Or is it... coyote...?

Steven starts to stick his finger back into the gravy...

FALLON

Get your filthy tentacles out of there...

Fallon starts to swing the ladle at his hand... On the backswing she splatters the front of her blouse with gravy.

FALLON

(continuing)

Now look what you made me do.

Steven can't keep from laughing.

FALLON

(continuing)

Don't you laugh at me. Now I've got to go home and change my blouse.

STEVEN

(still laughing)

No you don't. Go take a shirt from my closet. I'll carry this...

(the tureen)

... to the table.

Fallon gives him a mock sour look; moves off. Steven takes pot holder, starts to pick up the tureen.

opens a wardrobe closet, pokes around through Steven's shirts until she finds one she likes, plucks it off its hanger. Starts to turn away... then realizes that something has almost subliminally caught her eye. GO IN CLOSER on Fallon as she reaches into the closet where the merest bit of lacy material is sticking out from under a jacket. She takes the jacket off its hook, lifts out a woman's short half-slip. The look on Fallon's face goes from puzzled... to a sly smile.

has set the tureen on the table; is now lighting some candles. Fallon comes in from the bedroom wearing his shirt which is, of course, much too large for her; buttoning it up with one hand and holding something behind her back with the other. Steven glances over at her.

STEVEN

That's good. 'Fact I even think
it's an improvement.

But Fallon isn't interested in responding to that. The sly smile has not left her lips.

FALLON

Why didn't you tell me you were
seeing a lady?

STEVEN

(off-hand)
Who said I was?

FALLON

(smugly)
The evidence, my dear Watson, the
evidence.

Steven, sensing that she may be on to something, looks over at her. Slowly... tantalizingly... Fallon brings the slip from around her back, holds it up as if for the world to see. Steven flushes.

STEVEN

Give me that.

FALLON

(ignoring the request)
Who is she, Steven -- somebody I
know?

STEVEN

(insists)
I said give me that.

He starts around the table toward her. But Fallon nips away nimbly, keeping the table between her and her brother.

FALLON

Why don't you invite her to join
us for dinner -- I made enough for
four.

(CONTINUED)

Steven stops chasing her around the table; a kind of sadness comes over him.

STEVEN

I'd like to. I can't.

FALLON

Oh-oh. She married?

STEVEN

Fallon, could we get off this?
Please.

Fallon studies his face, realizes that she has taken this thing too far. She holds out the slip. He reaches across the table and takes it.

FALLON

You are going to tell Dad though.
I mean... even if you don't tell
him who she is.

STEVEN

(surprised)
Dad...? Why would I tell him?

FALLON

Because you know it would make
him feel better about...
(uneasily)
... everything.

STEVEN

Yeah? What would he do -- take
out an add in the Denver Chronicle:
(gestures)
My son slept with a woman; he's
not a freak after all.

FALLON

C'mon, Steven -- give him a little
credit. It would just make him...

She isn't quite sure. Steven fills it in for her.

STEVEN

Make him what? Love me?

FALLON

(lightly)
Couldn't hurt.

But Steven isn't taking it lightly.

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

Well he should love me, okay? And
not because of who I'm seeing. He
should just...

(struggles with it)

... love me.

FALLON

Do you love him?

Steven doesn't answer immediately. Before he can, the
DOORBELL RINGS. Steven grabs for the diversion, moves
toward the door.

STEVEN

I'll get it.

But Fallon stops him with:

FALLON

Steven.

He stops, turns back.

FALLON

(continuing; insists)

Do you love him?

Steven gives it a beat... then has to confess:

STEVEN

Yeah, I do. As much as you love.

(whispers)

More, maybe.

A silent moment between the two. The DOORBELL breaks
the mood. Steven moves gratefully toward...

as Steven opens it to reveal JEFF standing there, bot-
tle of wine in hand.

STEVEN

Hi, Jeff... come on in.

But Jeff doesn't; just stands there. Then Steven's eyes
follow Jeff's gaze down to the forgotten slip in
Steven's hand.

JEFF

You didn't tell me it was going
to be that kind of a party.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

Jeff laughs, pushes his way into the room. Steven flushes all over again, rolls the slip into a ball as if that will make it disappear...

11 EXT. CARRINGTON MANSION - NIGHT (STOCK)

11

TO ESTABLISH.

12 INT. LIBRARY - ON BLAKE - NIGHT

12

He sits alone in the room, at his desk. The desk is loaded down with cables, typed reports, ledgers, etc. But his mind is not on them. He looks pensive, troubled. There is a KNOCK on the door. He turns quickly.

BLAKE

Who is it?

KRYSTLE (O.S.)

'Mrs. Carrington.'

Blake sits the tense moment. Then he rises.

13 WITH BLAKE

13

He crosses to the door... unlocks it... opens it. We see a smiling KRYSTLE without, holding a covered food tray which she tries to keep from falling as:

KRYSTLE

All right if I come in?

Without waiting for an answer she enters, crosses to the desk. Blake regards her, not without irritation, then closes the door. As he walks to the desk, sits:

BLAKE

I said it... I'm not hungry.

KRYSTLE

You've got to have something, Blake.

Blake doesn't respond. Krystle tries to smile him out of his mood.

KRYSTLE

(continuing)

Hey, am I complaining that I've had to sit in that dining room alone these past couple of days?

(CONTINUED)

He looks at her, the smile, the caring eyes. With what control he can muster, he asks:

BLAKE

Who told you to bring that in here?

KRYSTLE

No one,

BLAKE

We have servants to --

KRYSTLE

(cuts in)

I know. But I like to be with you once in a while. So I cooked up this 'scheme'... in order to see you. You're not going to deny me that, are you?

He continues regarding her... and then:

BLAKE

(timbre easing)

I have deserted you, haven't I?

KRYSTLE

Well, let's just say that I pretend you've gone off to the Orient on a business trip. And that three lovely geishas are taking care of you better than I. Serving you tea. Bathing you. And... doing whatever else geishas do.

(then, more seriously)

Yes, you've been away, Blake. I mean, you've been here... but you've cut yourself off. From the world. From your friends. Me,

As she runs a warm hand through his hair:

BLAKE

I'm very pressured.

KRYSTLE

I know. But it's not healthy.

BLAKE

(defensively)

I feel fine.

(CONTINUED)

KRYSTLE
(honestly)
You don't look fine. Handsome,
yes, always. Fine, no.

She brings her hands down and begins to rub his shoulders as she goes on:

KRYSTLE
(continuing)
Blake -- Wednesday is Cecil Colby's
birthday.

We note that he tenses, even if almost imperceptibly,
on the name.

BLAKE
Is it?

KRYSTLE
It is. And... I thought we should
give him a party.

The tension becomes more perceptible now as:

BLAKE
Why?

KRYSTLE
He's your closest friend. He lent
you money when you needed it,
helped bail you out.

He turns to her, quickly... so that her hands come
down from his shoulders as he says:

BLAKE
(bitterly)
Sure. And why did he do it?

KRYSTLE
Not only because of Fallon and
Jeff.

BLAKE
No... there was also the opportunity
to make me beholden to him. And
for that you think I should give
him a party.

KRYSTLE
(nod)
Yes, I think that would be nice.

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE
For him -- or for me?

KRYSTLE
For... both of you. And for Jeff.
And Fallon. Me. Maybe Andrew and
his wife. The 'family.' All of
us getting together.

A moment, then Blake says:

BLAKE
Forget it.

KRYSTLE
Blake, it's --

BLAKE
(cuts in, sharp)
Forget it, Krystle. I don't need
a damned party. And I wish you'd
leave me alone. Is that clear
enough?

Krystle is puzzled and hurt by his outburst. But still
she manages to ask:

KRYSTLE
Blake... why are you being so
sharp with me?

Another moment, longer. Then Blake looks at her and,
only slightly less sternly, says:

BLAKE
I'm sorry. But I've got some...
things... to work out in my mind.

14 ON KRYSTLE

14

She looks at him... whispers an "all right"... turns,
crosses back to the door.

15 ON BLAKE

15

He watches her go; sinks back into his chair, still
troubled... but pensive.

16 INT. STEVEN'S LIVING ROOM - STEVEN, FALLON, JEFF - 16
NIGHT

seated around the table, halfway through dinner. The mood is quiet. Jeff particularly seems to have something on his mind; picks listlessly at his food. Fallon watches him a beat. Then...

FALLON

Hey... I know what's choking off his appetite...

(Steven)

He's in love.

Steven shoots Fallon a black look which she ignores; continues at Jeff.

FALLON

(continuing)

But what's your excuse?

JEFF

(lying)

Nothing. It's... nothing.

FALLON

Don't give me that. I may have flunked a few other courses at Miss Porter's but I always got a B-plus on my beef bourguignon.

Silence as Fallon waits for an answer. When it is no longer avoidable, Jeff puts down his knife and fork.

JEFF

Okay, you asked -- I'll tell you: it's Louisiana.

FALLON

What about Louisiana?

JEFF

I found out today why I didn't get the transfer there. It seems your father had a little something to do with the decision.

Steven, instantly uncomfortable, tries to divert the discussion by coming around the table with the wine bottle.

STEVEN

More vino, anyone?

(CONTINUED)

But Fallon will not be diverted.

FALLON
Meaning what, Jeff?

JEFF
Blake phoned my uncle. My uncle
listened. And the whole thing was
squelched.

FALLON
... I didn't know that.

JEFF
Didn't you?

FALLON
(as sharply)
No. And suddenly I don't think
this is the time or place to
discuss it.

As Steven sits, lifts his glass, takes a sip of the
wine, uncomfortably... Jeff says to Fallon:

JEFF
We can discuss it only in the
'privacy' of Blake Carrington's
house, that it? No. Scratch
that. We can't even discuss it
there! Because we can't upset
Blake Carrington, who might be
listening through the walls!

He stops. Fallon stares back at him.

STEVEN
(mollifying)
Jeff, there are lots of ways in
which my father can be intrusive.
Squelching deals. Even discussions.
But --

FALLON
(interrupts)
Steven, stay out of it!

As Fallon turns from Steven to face Jeff, an iciness
comes over her that threatens to chill the very food on
the table.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

FALLON

(continuing)

And as far as you're concerned,
Jeff... if you're not man enough
to stand up to my father... or
your uncle... for God's sake
don't come crying to me about it.

17 ANGLE - STEVEN

17

embarrassed, tries to look away.

18 ANGLE - JEFF

18

humiliated and trying with little success not to show
it, PUSH IN TIGHT on him. Then...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

19 EXT. DENVER OFFICE BUILDING - DAY (STOCK) 19

20 INT. COLBY'S OFFICE - ON COLBY - DAY 20

As he speaks, WIDEN ANGLE to include a still-upset Jeff.

COLBY

(immediately)

I need you in this end of the operation. Here. In Denver. Isn't that reason enough?

Jeff begins now to show flashes of uncharacteristic anger.

JEFF

No, it's not enough. Blake Carrington leaned on you and all you said was: 'Fine -- who gives a damn what Jeff wants?' You didn't give me or my life a minute's thought.

Colby remains easy; refuses to be ruffled by his not very intimidating nephew.

COLBY

Oh? Were you there? Did you hear the conversation?

Jeff doesn't answer directly. Instead...

JEFF

I wanted that job in Louisiana, Cecil. Doesn't that count for anything?

COLBY

And Blake is a father -- doesn't that count for anything? He is concerned about his daughter. He's anxious to see that her marriage with you has time to... jell.

JEFF

How is it going to jell if we have to keep on living in that house?

(CONTINUED)

COLBY

At the moment there happens to be more at stake than your comfort, Jeff.

The conversation has taken a turn that Jeff did not expect. He looks questioningly at Colby.

JEFF

Oh...?

COLBY

I didn't want to get into this... but... all right... here it is: Blake is beginning to show signs of buckling. The hunters have finally tracked down the lion. They've wounded him. He's in pain; his friends have deserted him. And... I'd say he needs his daughter with him right now. Don't you agree?

Jeff seems less sympathetic than Colby might have wished.

JEFF

Yes, I guess so... if he's in that much trouble...

COLBY

Naturally Fallon cares about her father, but... the girl loves you. Why else would she have married you?

JEFF

Sometimes I wonder why she did.

weighing for a beat whether it is advisable to pursue this line. Elects instead to bring the discussion to a close.

COLBY

I'll tell you what: you do this thing for me... you stick it out at Blake's for now... and the next out of state job that opens up... we'll talk about it.

22 FAVORING JEFF

22

has not taken the bait; his thoughts are back on the earlier part of the conversation.

COLBY

Well... isn't that fair?

23 THE TWO

23

as Jeff gives Colby a look that reflects something approaching dislike.

JEFF

(evenly)

Certainly, Cecil. You're nothing if not fair.

And Colby studies his nephew as if considering whether the boy has somehow grown beyond his control.

24 EXT. CARRINGTON MANSION - DAY (STOCK)

24

TO ESTABLISH. Then PUSH IN on a downstairs window toward the rear of the house...

25 INT. CARRINGTON BILLIARD ROOM - ON BLAKE - DAY

25

He stands alongside the table... upset... poised to shoot. He does.

26 SHOT - THE TABLE

26

as the break ball hits the racked balls, furiously. They fly around the table. The cue ball scratches.

27 ANGLE TO INCLUDE JOSEPH

27

who, we see, is playing pool with Blake. He plucks the cue ball out of its pocket. He regards it. And even with some superiority:

JOSEPH

Scratched. -- Losing your touch, Mr. Carrington?

Without waiting for an answer, Joseph sets the cue ball at the opposite end of the table. Then, and to show that he means business, no matter who the competitor is, he takes off his jacket and he rolls up his sleeves.

28 ON JOSEPH

28

He makes a shot... a good one, very good. Followed by another. And another. Then, he misses.

29 ON BLAKE

29

His turn,.. he takes a shot. A bad one.

JOSEPH

Your mind doesn't seem to be on your game today, Mr. Carrington.

BLAKE

You're right, Joseph. It's not.

30 SHOTS

30

The game continuing, with Blake musing as he plays now.

BLAKE

I seem to find myself surrounded by people I cannot trust...

JOSEPH

I hope I never give you any reason to question my loyalty.

BLAKE

No, not you, Joseph, but... others.

(beat)

Funny, isn't it, how the people you trust the most will do you in. They will cut you the closest. That was the thing that Julius Caesar had to learn.

JOSEPH

(small smile)

He learned a little too late to do anything about it, wouldn't you say?

BLAKE

Perhaps I should profit from Caesar's experience.

PUSH IN on him, thinking, as he lines up the next shot.

31 ON DOOR

31

It opens. Krystle, carrying some shopping items, enters. She crosses towards Blake, Joseph watching as --

32 BLAKE

32

Not turning, but as if sensing it's Krystle, says:

BLAKE

Krystle... I've been thinking about what you said last night. And I've changed my mind. We should have the party for Cecil after all. I want you to make the arrangements. His favorite restaurant. The Chambiges. You've heard him talk about it.

On which last word he turns and looks at her as:

KRYSTLE

Yes. It's a little 'far.' But I think that's terrific.

And she is obviously delighted at the prospect. Then:

BLAKE

I'd like you to do something else for me. That evening I want you to wear the emerald necklace I gave you.

33 ON KRYSTLE

33

The smile going...

34 ON BLAKE

34

regarding her, gauging her reaction.

BLAKE

Will you do that for me?

35 BACK TO SCENE

35

Krystle nods, turns, exits. Blake and Joseph get back to their game.

36 SHOTS

36

The game continuing... with Blake, and playing with furious intensity again, beginning to win now. Better shots. Better. Better. Until:

37 ON BLAKE AND JOSEPH

37

The game ends. Blake turns to Joseph.

BLAKE
Five dollars, Joseph. Get it up.

JOSEPH
Considering the difference in our incomes, that doesn't seem very sportsmanlike to me.

BLAKE
That's an old line, Joseph. And it's not going to work. Besides, I need the money. So... get it up.

As Joseph reaches into his pocket for a small wad of bills:

BLAKE
(continuing)
And, Joseph, you'd do us both a favor if you worked a little on your game.

JOSEPH
You seem to have turned yours around,

PUSH IN on Blake who muses, more to himself than to Joseph...

BLAKE
We'll see, Joseph, we'll see...

DISSOLVE TO:

38 INT, BLAKE AND KRYSTLE'S BEDROOM - KRYSTLE - DAY

38

Late afternoon. Krystle, dressed for dinner, stands in front of her dressing table mirror, weighing something that is clearly troublesome. Makes her decision ... brings a strand of pearls up to her throat, begins to fasten them behind her neck. Now a hand reaches INTO the SHOT, places itself over Krystle's two hands. As she turns, PULL BACK to include Blake, dressed for the evening, and smiling if not altogether pleasantly.

BLAKE
I asked you to wear the emerald necklace.

(CONTINUED)

KRYSTLE

I thought the pearls would look
better with this dress.

BLAKE

They might...

He steps to the open wall safe, removes a jewelry box,
opens it, takes out the emerald necklace.

BLAKE

(continuing)
... but I'd like to see the
emeralds on you one last time.

KRYSTLE

(tensing)
Blake... I don't understand.

He runs a loving hand across her cheek, then begins to
fasten the necklace around her neck.

BLAKE

You've always said that if there
were any way you could help me,
you would do it.

KRYSTLE

Of course I would, but...

He stops her with a gentle finger on her lips.

BLAKE

You know my creditors are biting
at my heels. The money I can get
for this necklace might just hold
them off for a bit. And... I
thank you for that.

He gives her a light kiss. Then he EXITS FRAME. HOLD
on Krystle, then:

39 INT. FALLON'S AND JEFF'S BEDROOM - FALLON & JEFF - DAY 39

She sits at her dressing table, making up. Jeff, just
out of the shower, regards her; then he crosses to her
... reaches for her... and lifts her from the chair.

FALLON

What are you doing, Jeff? Come
on, get dressed.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

I happen to be the fastest dresser
in the Rockies. And we have a good
half hour.

He puts his arms around her, is about to kiss her.

FALLON

I've got my makeup on.

JEFF

You can fix your makeup.

FALLON

Jeff, we're going to a party. A
party for your uncle. And --

JEFF

And he wouldn't mind. Believe me.
In fact, I think he'd even prefer
it if we stayed here and...
(euphemistically)
... you know...

He begins to kiss her. She stops it with:

FALLON

Jeff. Please. I don't want to
disappoint anybody. Including
myself. It's an important night.
And we're expected to be there.

On which she gives him a coy little tweak, and begins
to walk back to the dressing table. Jeff watches her,
and then he asks:

JEFF

An important night. Who for? My
uncle? Your father?

FALLON

Let's not start that again. I
thought you were doing to take
that up directly with them.

JEFF

I have. At least with one of them.

FALLON

And the other?

JEFF

I'll get to that. Meanwhile, you
tell me something, Fallon.

(CONTINUED)

He comes close to her. And there is a hard edge to Jeff unexpected in him.

JEFF
(continuing)
Why did you marry me?

Fallon, sensing his seriousness, tries to kid her way out of it.

FALLON
I could have done worse; you're pretty good-looking.

But Jeff will not be deflected.

JEFF
So are a lot of guys.

FALLON
You're rich,

JEFF
Not so rich as you.

FALLON
(shrugs)
What can I tell you -- you're kind to orphans.

JEFF
I asked you a question -- why did you marry me?

Fallon is growing increasingly nervous, and less able to cover it.

FALLON
Will you please stop being dumb and get your clothes on.

She tries to step away. But he catches her, turns her back, And not too gently, either.

JEFF
You don't have the nerve to tell me, do you?

Fallon, brimming with contempt, snaps back at him.

FALLON
Don't I?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FALLON (CONT'D)

Okay, you want to know, Charlie -- here it is: I married you because I made a deal with the devil and I wish to God I hadn't.

JEFF

What kind of deal?

But Fallon is already sorry she said it.

FALLON

Nothing. Forget it.

And she tries to turn away. But she has gone too far this time. Nor is there any turning back for Jeff. He grabs her by the wrists with barely controlled fury.

JEFF

(whispered intensity)

What kind of deal?

FALLON

Let go of me.

JEFF

What... kind... of... deal?

FALLON

(through clenched
teeth)

You disgust me; you really do.

Jeff shoves her up against the wall, hurting her now, waiting... waiting for an answer. Fallon's response, when it comes, grows more out of hatred than out of pain.

FALLON

(continuing; poisonously)

I married you... because your uncle promised to bail out my father if I did.

Silence. Jeff stares at Fallon in disbelief. Slowly he turns her loose; turns away from her. Fallon looks after him, frightened now, not so much of Jeff but by what she has done.

leans against the wall, staring off as if somehow trying to fathom what has been told him.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

Fallon comes up to him cautiously, trying to smile, trying to minimize what she has done.

FALLON

Hey... Jeff... c'mon. You know it's not true. I just... made that up because you got me mad. I just... made the whole thing up.

Jeff turns to her, and the inscrutable look on his face causes her smile to fade. A long, unpredictable moment in which it is not clear what Jeff will do. Then he turns and moves toward his clothes on the bed.

FALLON

(continuing; nervously)
What are you going to do?

JEFF

(coldly)
I'm going to get dressed. We have a party to go to.

SMASH CUT TO:

41 EXT. CARRINGTON JET - DAY (STOCK) 41

taking off from the airstrip. Then...

42 INT. CARRINGTON JET - ON BETHANY - DAY 42

B.G. SOUND OF CHATTER. F.G., ON this lovely-looking young woman. She stands smiling, as if regarding the scene, taking it in. Unlike the other women present, gowned, she wears a cocktail dress. Not nearly so expensive... and without expensive jewelry. Still there is something quietly elegant about her.

43 HER POV - CABIN OF JET 43

Present are Colby, who stands at the bar pouring a drink. Jeff, who stands nearby, holding a drink and regarding Bethany. Fallon, who talks to ANDREW LAIRD, but whose eyes are darting from Colby to Jeff Laird to Bethany. Krystle, who wears the emerald necklace, and Blake.

44 BACK TO BETHANY

44

She smiles prettily as Colby brings a drink over to her.

BETHANY

Thank you, Cecil.

COLBY

You're most welcome, my dear.

And it is clear that Colby is more than a little taken with Bethany. Blake is just passing and Colby hooks him with:

COLBY

(continuing)

Blake... step over here a moment, will you...

Blake comes over. Colby puts a proprietary arm around Bethany.

COLBY

(continuing)

Bethany had a question she wanted to ask you. Go ahead, Bethany -- ask him.

BETHANY

Well... I was telling Cecil how much I like your plane... but I was wondering: How many miles do you get to the gallon?

Clearly, Colby thinks that is the most adorable thing he has ever heard...

45 FAVORING FALLON

45

as she stares off across the cabin at Bethany who has captured the amused attention of both Colby and Blake. There is the glint of incipient loathing in Fallon's eyes as Jeff slips up unseen behind her and says softly...

JEFF

Got to hand it to old Cecil -- he does have an eye for class, doesn't he?

Fallon turns her look of contempt on Jeff who pretends not to have detected it and continues pleasantly...

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

JEFF
 (continuing)
 Seems to have charmed Blake, too,
 hasn't she?
 (and for good
 measure...)
 Pretty girl, wouldn't you say?

Before Fallon can find the venom to respond, Jeff moves nimbly away. MOVE with him as he passes Krystle, standing with such troubled concentration that she is not even aware of Jeff's presence.

JEFF
 (continuing)
 May I get you something from the
 bar, Krystle?

Krystle doesn't respond. Not out of rudeness, but because, fixated as she is, she hasn't heard him. Instead, she moves off across the cabin. As Jeff looks after her, EMILY LAIRD comes up beside him.

EMILY
 (kidding)
 Do you think I have anything to
 worry about?

Jeff looks from Emily over to...

46 JEFF'S POV - KRYSTLE AND LAIRD

46

Krystle has come up beside him, leans close to speak to him in a way that suggests she does not want anyone to overhear.

47 BACK TO JEFF AND EMILY

47

Though he is speaking to Emily, Jeff doesn't take his eyes off Krystle.

JEFF
 I don't know... but our hostess
 sure seems worried about something.

48 CLOSE - KRYSTLE AND LAIRD

48

and the look on his face suggests that Krystle has just asked him something that has made him uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

LAIRD

Perhaps this is something that you
and I ought to discuss in the
privacy of my office, Krystle.
If you were to drop by tomorrow
morning, say around ten...

Krystle shakes her head, whispers urgently...

KRYSTLE

It can't wait until then.

LAIRD

(cautiously)

All right... how much money do
you need?

Krystle, becoming increasingly nervous, looks around,
satisfies herself that everyone on the plane is en-
gaged in his own conversation. Still, she doesn't
want to be too specific.

KRYSTLE

A lot.

LAIRD

That doesn't tell me...

KRYSTLE

(interrupts)

Andrew, I signed papers. I'm Vice-
President of several of Blake's
corporations. Aren't I entitled
to a salary?

LAIRD

Yes. You get an honorarium -- a
dollar a year.

KRYSTLE

A letter of credit then; some way
of getting a loan in my own name.

LAIRD

Without Blake's knowing, you mean?

Krystle looks over at...

engaged in easy conversation.

50 BACK TO LAIRD AND KRYSTLE

50

LAIRD

Don't worry -- I'm not going to say anything. But... please, Krystle, don't put me in a position where I have to find out why you need this money; I don't want to know. And please... for both our sakes... don't ever test my loyalty to Blake.

Laird moves off. HOLD a moment on Krystle, distressed. Then...

51 COLBY, BETHANY AND BLAKE

51

laughing at something fetching that Bethany has just said and in answer to which Blake offers:

BLAKE

Come on, I'll show you the cabin of this flying motel room and you'll see what I mean.

However, before Bethany will follow Blake, she turns dutifully to Colby.

BETHANY

Do you mind, Cecil?

COLBY

Of course not. Just don't let him tell you he's run out of gas and wants to park.

Blake and Bethany move off toward the cabin. As Colby stands looking after her appreciatively, Fallon eases up beside him, indicates Bethany.

FALLON

Very nice, Cecil. Little birthday present for yourself?

COLBY

That's finally your charm, isn't it, Fallon -- you always manage to find something nice to say about everybody.

FALLON

(innocent)

True.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FALLON (CONT'D)

You take Miss Bethany now: the innocence of Marie Osmond; the eyes of Grace Kelly; the smile of Goldie Hawn...

(considers, then)

Does rather look like she was put together out of spare parts, doesn't it?

COLBY

Why does it pain you so much to think that something decent and meaningful might have come into my life?

Fallon looks at Colby, reads his seriousness and, for a moment, she turns unguarded and vulnerable.

FALLON

More meaningful than me?

COLBY

No, Fallon, not more than you. But... she's a kind and a loving girl. Despite the disparity in our ages, I believe she cares for me in a very special way. And I...

If Colby is about to say "love her," he can't quite. Still, this is, in turn, a more vulnerable Cecil Colby than we have seen. And Fallon responds to that with gentleness.

FALLON

You make it sound like a wedding invitation.

COLBY

If it were... could you find it in your heart to R.S.V.P... gracefully?

Fallon weighs it a moment, then nods and takes his hand. PULL BACK to include Jeff, f.g., watching them across the cabin. And not lovingly. HOLD on Jeff. Then...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

52 EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT (STOCK) 52

53 INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT - NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT 53

Not Brenner's. Not Antoine's. Rather, a small and simple white-walled bistro. Popular, witness the few tables filled with "common" types who eat and at the same time regard --

54 CENTER TABLE 54

We see Blake, Krystle, Colby, Fallon, Laird and Emily seated. Dinner has been eaten and Blake is drinking heavily. Andrew and Emily Laird try to have a good time through what has turned into a rather glum occasion. Krystle, still tense, is even more uncomfortable here, realizing that some of the "common" types at the other tables are laughing at the haute overdressed spectacle of which she is a part.

55 CLOSE - COLBY 55

looking troubled, even sullen. Now he glances over at the source of his irritation and CAMERA FOLLOWS his gaze to see Jeff and Bethany dancing together to the MUSIC of a JUKEBOX on the restaurant's small dance floor. And PUSH IN on them. There is an unmistakable, almost frenetic sensuality about the way they are dancing, Bethany with her shoes off. Also, they are both very close to drunk -- laughing, clowning and enjoying each other immensely. Now a waiter comes up to them, carrying a tray with two drinks on it. Jeff plucks off the drinks, hands one to Bethany, ostentatiously drops a twenty dollar bill on the tray and waves the waiter away.

56 ANOTHER ANGLE 56

as Jeff and Bethany manage to drink and dance at the same time, managing to splash only part of their booze onto the dance floor.

57 FAVORING BLAKE 57

looks with annoyance from Jeff and Bethany across the room to Fallon, who is sitting beside him.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

BLAKE
(quiet irritation)
Can't you do something about that?

FALLON
Why me?

BLAKE
Because he's your husband.

FALLON
You picked him out for me. If you
don't like the way he behaves, you
tell him. Or better yet, have him
beaten up -- that's the way you
seem to handle the men in my life.

Blake glances over at Jeff again.

BLAKE
(mutters)
At the moment, that doesn't seem
like such an altogether bad idea.

As Blake reaches for his glass...

58 FAVORING KRYSTLE

58

glances down at her dinner plate with the food virtu-
ally untouched. A WAITER leans in, asks...

WAITER
Are you done, ma'am?

Krystle nods. As the Waiter removes the dish, Krystle
looks over at...

59 LAIRD

59

whose eye is caught by Krystle's. He gives her a
small, disconsolate shrug. Then, with relief, allows
his attention to be caught by the CLINKING of a knife
against a glass.

60 THE TABLE

60

as Blake stands, glass in hand, forcing a plastic
smile onto his face.

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE

(calls)

Jeff... Bethany... will you join
us? I believe it's time to toast
Cecil on his birthday.

Blake turns to Colby and there is a barely perceptible
grudging edge to his voice.

BLAKE

(continuing)

To you, Cecil. You've been a good
friend. And more. I don't think
it's any secret at this table that
you helped me out of some small...
difficulty... recently.

JEFF (O.S.)

(interrupting)

And all it cost you was your
daughter.

With the stunned response at the table, PULL BACK to
include Jeff supporting Bethany who is so drunk now
she would likely fall down if he didn't have an arm
around her waist.

JEFF

(continuing)

But that's not a very large price
to pay for survival, is it, Blake?

COLBY

(furious)

You sit down, Jeff, before you make
a bigger fool of yourself than you
already have.

JEFF

(unpleased)

I'd love to, Uncle, but I can't.
You know me -- dancing feet; soul
of a gypsy.

Which strikes a chord in Bethany and she slips back
into the present, unmindful of the tension at the table.

BETHANY

(brightly)

Hey, Cecil, your nephew is really
some terrific dancer, you know
that?

(CONTINUED)

With the embarrassed quiet, it begins to occur to Bethany that she may be out of line.

BETHANY

(continuing; giggles)

I'm interrupting something, right?
I'm sorry...

She manages to find her lips with her forefinger and quiet herself like a naughty but unrepentant child.

JEFF

That's all right, honey. Nobody minds. By the way... have you met these folks? I mean really met them?

Jeff starts moving Bethany unsteadily along the table. Around the room, other conversations have stopped as the customers watch with fascination what is going on at Blake's table. While Blake and his party wait with stony silence for Jeff to play out his game...

JEFF

(continuing)

Cecil Colby you know, of course.
Been called an unprincipled conglomerateur.

BETHANY

(dimly)

What's that?

JEFF

Never mind. He's kind of proud of it anyway. And you know pride goeth before destruction.

(confidentially)

Actually, he's a white slaver. Buys and sells people. So you look out for him.

Jeff points to Laird.

JEFF

(continuing)

That fella there -- Andrew Laird. Gone a little thick around the middle but would you believe he was once one of the most brilliant criminal attorneys in the Rocky Mountain states?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (3)

60

JEFF (CONT'D)

Gave up his career to shuffle papers
for Blake Carrington. At a
scandalous salary, of course. But
then who am I to judge Andy Laird...

61 FAVORING FALLON

61

glowers at Jeff as he continues for her benefit now...

JEFF

... when I've been bought for a
spoiled little girl's monkey-on-a-
string. And it didn't even cost
the price of a new polo pony.

62 BACK TO JEFF

62

moves Bethany closer to Blake, confides to her...

JEFF

Blake Carrington I never did like
very much. As a kid, he scared the
hell out of me. And I sure wasn't
real anxious to have him for a
father-in-law. But I've got to
confess -- tonight I feel a little
sorry for him. Because he's been
bought, too, just like the rest of
us. Or sold, depending on your
point of view.

BLAKE

(evenly)

Are you done, Jeff?

JEFF

Not quite.

(to Bethany)

The one I think we really ought to
drink to, though, is Krystle. She
married into this emerald-studded
300 of ours without any preparation
at all. And who knows what price
she's gonna have to pay for that.

Jeff finds two half-empty glasses on the table, hands
one to Bethany...

63 FAVORING KRYSTLE

63

as Jeff raises his glass to her.

JEFF

To you, Krystle. Good luck, kid --
you're gonna need it.

Krystle, looking mortified, stares at Jeff a beat.
Then pushes away from the table and heads toward a
door at the back of the restaurant.

64 BACK TO JEFF

64

who drinks from the glass, sets it down.

JEFF

I'm done now. If there is anyone
I haven't offended, please excuse
me but I've promised this young
lady the next dance.

As he moves Bethany back toward the jukebox...

65 CLOSE - BLAKE

65

leans over to Fallon.

BLAKE

Go make sure Krystle's all right.
Apologize for your husband.

FALLON

She's your wife -- why don't you...

BLAKE

(through clenched
teeth)

I said go.

A defiant beat. Then Fallon gets up, starts toward
the rear of the restaurant.

66 JEFF AND BETHANY

66

dancing again.

67 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND RESTAURANT - KRYSTLE - NIGHT

67

standing there alone, trembling. Fallon comes up be-
side her,

(CONTINUED)

FALLON

He's drunk, Krystle, he didn't mean half the things he said in there.

KRYSTLE

It's not Jeff.

FALLON

What is it then?

Krystle doesn't answer. A beat. Then Fallon's eye goes to the emerald necklace.

FALLON

(continuing)

It's the necklace, isn't it?

KRYSTLE

(off guard)

You know about that...?

FALLON

That you hocked the real one...
gave the money to Matthew Blaisdel.
Yeah, I know.

KRYSTLE

I lent Matthew the money.

FALLON

That's a fine distinction I don't
think my father will make.

Krystle suddenly realizes what Fallon is saying and she is frightened of it.

KRYSTLE

Does Blake know too?

FALLON

I don't know. Maybe. Probably.

Beat. And then for the first time since we've known Fallon, she finds herself showing some vulnerability towards this woman whom she basically loathes.

FALLON

(continuing)

I hocked a watch once that Daddy
gave me. Very expensive. In Brazil.
For a soccer player. We'd gone
through all of my cash.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FALLON (CONT'D)

That last night he told me how much he worshipped me, how he was going to miss me. Then he asked me for money... for the two weeks we'd spent together. So I hocked the watch. -- Happens to the best and worst of us... and even those of us somewhere in between.

She smiles a little. Krystle tries to smile back.
Then:

FALLON

(continuing)

Once... just this once... I really wish I could help you.

There is the barest hint of cynicism in Krystle's response.

KRYSTLE

Do you?

FALLON

You remember the night I overheard you and Matthew saying that you still loved each other?

Krystle nods uneasily.

FALLON

(continuing)

I never told my father about that. And I never will.

(beat)

Would you like to know why?

Krystle's look says that she would.

FALLON

(continuing)

I guess you might say that there's a certain... honor... among us thieves... no matter what we may think of one another. So -- if that's any help to you... fine. But about the necklace... I'm afraid you're on your own.

And Fallon starts back into the restaurant.

68 INT. RESTAURANT - JEFF AND BETHANY - NIGHT

68

Simultaneous moment. They are still dancing... but Bethany looks very woozy now. She stops suddenly. Jeff guides her to a chair at an empty table. She slumps down, face on the table, passed out.

69 ON FALLON

69

crossing the room toward Blake. As she reaches the table, Jeff comes up to her, catches her by the arm, announces...

JEFF

If you all will excuse us, my wife and I will take a cab back to the plane. We'll wait for you there.

Fallon tries to wrench herself free of Jeff,

FALLON

Let go of me. I'm not going anyplace with you.

Blake starts to stand in Fallon's defense...

JEFF

Do you want her back, Blake? Or shall I take her?

It hangs there a moment between them. Then...

BLAKE

You go with your husband, Fallon.

Fallon flashes an angry look at her father, pulls free of Jeff and starts for the front door.

70 ON COLBY

70

sitting stoically. Jeff, passing, leans close to him.

JEFF

Better go pick up your lady, Uncle -- I think she's passed out.

And Jeff moves off after Fallon. Colby looks over at:

71 COLBY'S POV - BETHANY

71

sleeping peacefully at the table where Jeff left her.

72 FAVORING BLAKE

72

back down in his chair. He looks around the table much as might a general surveying the carnage of a lost battlefield. Picks up his glass. And -- with a small, wry smile that he has managed to find someplace -- raises it to Colby.

BLAKE

Happy birthday, Cecil.

Colby finds a similarly philosophical smile and raises his glass to Blake...

73 EXT. SMALL OFFICE BUILDING - ON MATTHEW - DAY

73

As, dressed in work clothes, he appears from the building. He begins to walk... but stopped by a uniformed Michael who ENTERS FRAME.

MICHAEL

Mr. Blaisdel --

MATTHEW

What is it, Michael?

MICHAEL

My boss wants to see you.

He turns, Matthew follows his gaze.

74 POV - THE LIMO

74

parked at the curb.

75 BACK WITH MATTHEW AND MICHAEL

75

MOVE WITH THEM as they approach the limo. Michael opens the rear door. Matthew looks in. And reacts with surprise to see...

76 FALLON

76

Alone. She smiles.

FALLON

Hello, Matthew. Get in.

MATTHEW

I'm pretty busy, Fallon.

(CONTINUED)

FALLON

And Krystle's gotten herself into a rather un-pretty mess. Because of you.

Matthew regards her, then gets in. Michael closes the door, goes to the front seat, gets in, begins to drive. During this:

MATTHEW

What kind of mess?

Fallon touches a button, closing the window between them and Michael.

FALLON

The necklace.

Matthew looks at her, awaiting some kind of explanation.

FALLON

(continuing)

You going to tell me you don't know how she got the money to lend you?

MATTHEW

Would you believe me if I said I didn't know?

Fallon studies him a moment; decides that he is telling the truth.

FALLON

Krystle hocked an emerald necklace my father gave her. Had a fake one made to wear in its place. But I think my father knows about it... and, knowing my father, I think he intends to do something about it.

MATTHEW

(concerned)

Like what?

FALLON

I don't know. But it won't be pleasant.

(beat)

I want to help her, Matthew.

(CONTINUED)

MATTHEW

(surprised)

You? -- Why?

FALLON

(lying outrageously)

I guess deep down... under this
sometimes glacial exterior... I
really am a hopeless romantic.
And Krystle is a woman in love...
in love with you, Matthew.

MATTHEW

(cynically)

And you don't want to see the path
of 'true love' thorned with icicles.

FALLON

Something like that.

MATTHEW

Fallon, we don't know each other
very well. But right now I know
this. You're about as convincing
as a rattlesnake who's been taught
to purr -- What the hell do you
really want?

Fallon smiles, acknowledging that Matthew is her match.

FALLON

Okay... cards on the table. I
want you to do all of us a damned
favor -- take Krystle off of my
father's hands and out of his house.
For his sake. And even hers.

MATTHEW

And yours?

FALLON

(beat; then nods)

And mine.

MATTHEW

(indicating Michael)

Tell your driver I want to get out.

FALLON

I'll have him take you back. After
we talk.

Matthew reaches, presses the intercom button.

(CONTINUED)

MATTHEW

Michael, pull over.

The car stops. Matthew is about to get out.

FALLON

All right. But you haven't told me what you intend to do about this. Or is the line: I have a family, I have responsibilities?

MATTHEW

You said it. So maybe that's the line.

FALLON

... It's strange. Bizarre. I mean, you obviously don't believe in divorce. But adultery, that's just fine.

She and Matthew exchange a look. Matthew turns, gets out.

77 CLOSER - FALLON AND MICHAEL

77

He drives off, signals with his free hand. Fallon touches the button again. The partition window comes down.

MICHAEL

Doesn't it bother you?

FALLON

Doesn't what bother me?

MICHAEL

That I might tell your father what just went on back there between you and Blaisdel. I mean, you sure tried.

FALLON

Oh? Do you read lips too, Michael?

MICHAEL

Comes with the job.

FALLON

With the help of the rearview mirror. Of course.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

FALLON (CONT'D)

Well, I think if you'd look into that mirror, at your once nicely-chiseled face, you'll still see a few bruises... from the last time you made my father unhappy.

Michael smiles.

MICHAEL

The way I hear it, you nearly got a few yourself last night, from your husband... before you went flying off to Lou-is-iana.

And Fallon does not smile as, once more, she closes the partition between them...

78 EXT. CARRINGTON MANSION - NIGHT (STOCK)

78

79 INT. LIBRARY - BLAKE AND KRYSTLE - NIGHT

79

She sits reading, but not really. Blake is at the bar, standing a bit unsteadily as he searches his stock and then lifts a bottle.

BLAKE

This was sent to me by Vince Harrison. Kentucky. Thirty years old. Served at the White House.

KRYSTLE

... Blake, don't open it.

Blake turns, looks at her.

BLAKE

You make it sound like murder. Don't shoot! Don't kill! -- Darling, it's only a bottle.

KRYSTLE

You've had enough.

BLAKE

Have I...? And you're worried about it.

KRYSTLE

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

Blake continues looking at her -- meanwhile opening the bottle. He turns away only long enough to pour himself another drink, take a swallow. Then:

BLAKE

Are you really, Krystle? Do you really care?

KRYSTLE

(exploding)

Yes, of course I care!

(and building)

Just like I care about everything that's been happening to you these past few weeks. I care about my husband who drinks too much. I care about the way he's begun to treat people. I care about my husband who has his chauffeur beaten up!

Stops. Blake smiles, strangely. Then he says:

BLAKE

Oh? And what is it you suppose you know about that?

KRYSTLE

I was there, Blake. I saw it.

BLAKE

(smile going)

I told you once how I was going to run my family and this household in my own way, and never to question my methods.

KRYSTLE

I'm your wife!

BLAKE

Then next time, if you don't want to know about things, don't bring them up.

He takes a step away from the bar. Krystle crosses to him.

KRYSTLE

Blake. You need to get to bed. Let me take you upstairs...

BLAKE

'Help' me upstairs?

(CONTINUED)

KRYSTLE

Let's go... together...

He stares at her, and then he asks her:

BLAKE

Do you love me, Krystle?

KRYSTLE

Yes... of course I do.

BLAKE

More than any other man you've ever known...? Even after last night?

KRYSTLE

Yes...

He sets down the bottle.

BLAKE

Then show me... show me how much you love me... now.

KRYSTLE

Blake...

BLAKE

Show me.

Tentatively... and with obvious misgivings... Krystle reaches out for him, starts to put her arms around him. Blake lets it happen for a moment. Then disengages himself abruptly, picks up the bottle and starts out of the library. Leaving Krystle to stand there, wretched and alone.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

80 EXT. REFINERY - DAY 80
TO ESTABLISH.

81 EXT. REFINERY - ON STEVEN - DAY 81
Working. (NOTE: We'll consult our Technical Advisor
re what he might be doing.) A beat of this, then a
WORKER approaches him.

WORKER
Carrington. Friend of yours is
here to see you. Over by Gate A.

STEVEN
(thinking Claudia)
Woman?

WORKER
Guy.

He goes off. Steven stands the moment, wondering.
Then:

82 EXT. GATE AREA - REFINERY - DAY 82
Steven ENTERS FRAME, looks around, stops on sight of
someone.

83 POV - TED 83
who stands, smiling, near b.g.

84 WITH STEVEN 84
He continues standing the surprised moment. Then he
approaches Ted, reaches him, stops. Ted extends his
hand. They shake hands.

TED
Hello, Steven.

STEVEN
(tentatively)
Ted. Good to see you... You here
on business?

(CONTINUED)

TED

(shakes head)

I took a leave of absence. Boswell said I looked peaked, could use a few weeks away from New York. And off salary.

He smiles again... and then the smile going.

TED

(continuing)

I'm here to see you, Steven... To be near you... I need to be, Steven.

Pause.

STEVEN

Things have changed, Ted.

TED

... Have they?

STEVEN

I'm beginning to get my life together... with somebody else.

(pause)

A woman.

(pause)

You don't believe me.

TED

Why wouldn't I believe you?

(pause)

But that doesn't mean I can't stick around for a while.

(then)

I hear you have an apartment.

(on the nod)

Where?

STEVEN

Kensington Street...

TED

The whole street? Or our old kind of place?

Steven finds himself smiling back a little as he says:

STEVEN

Our old kind. Walk-up. Dumbwaiter. Name it.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED; (2)

84

TED

Well... if you were to give me the address, and a key... by the time you get home, I'd see that there was a feast waiting -- pizza and red wine... What do you say? My first day here. Unless there's no such animal as Western hospitality.
 (on the silence)
 Or unless she's living with you...

STEVEN

(moment)

No. She isn't. She's married and --

Stops. Once more a pause... as Steven regards Ted and the small but sensuously dazzling smile. HOLD, then:

85 INT. DINER - ON MATTHEW - DAY

85

He sits, alone, over a cup of coffee... then looks up as Krystle enters from without. She sees him, crosses, sits alongside him. (NOTE: Throughout the following scene we'll hear CLAPS OF B.G. THUNDER from time to time.)

MATTHEW

Thank you for coming.

He regards her, then reaches into his jacket pocket, retrieves a fat envelope. He hands it to Krystle. As she takes it:

KRYSTLE

What's this?

Matthew says nothing, watches as she opens it.

86 POV - INSIDE THE ENVELOPE

86

A stack of crisp bills.

87 BACK TO SCENE

87

KRYSTLE

(looking up)

Where'd you get it, Matthew?

MATTHEW

The well came in, remember?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Suddenly it's not so hard to get a loan from the bank.

(then)

You'll never know how much it helped. And I thank you for that.

KRYSTLE

(as genuinely)

You'll never know how much this is helping me.

Matthew turns to a waitress who approaches.

MATTHEW

Two more coffees, please. Black for the lady.

The waitress nods, goes off. PUSH IN CLOSER on Matthew and Krystle. He regards her again. Then:

MATTHEW

(continuing)

It's still a beautiful smile. But you're forcing it...

KRYSTLE

Not the part of it that's seeing you...

MATTHEW

What about the part that's thinking other thoughts?

KRYSTLE

Other thoughts... are one thought. Blake. I'm worried for him.

MATTHEW

I hear he's been drinking. It's not easy when a whole empire's on the brink of possible collapse...

KRYSTLE

He's drinking a lot. He's acting erratic... He's beginning to frighten me.

MATTHEW

(moment)

You could leave him.

KRYSTLE

No...

(CONTINUED)

MATTHEW

Why not?

KRYSTLE

Because... maybe... I feel partly responsible. Because... maybe...

(with difficulty)

... I haven't been a very good wife. Haven't... loved him enough... or well enough.

On which Matthew now does what he's wanted to do from the moment she walked in. He reaches across the table, takes her hand in his, gently.

MATTHEW

You aren't responsible for the way he treats people. Blake Carrington didn't get where he is by being a nice guy.

(then)

You could leave him. It happens. There's got to be another life out there for you. Away from him.

Krystle says nothing to that. As she removes his hands from hers:

KRYSTLE

Matthew, I'm not a kid anymore. I had one bad marriage, I have a shaky one now. And I'm not so terrific in the love affair department either, am I?... Back in high school I went steady for six whole months. And that is turning into some kind of a record for me.

(then)

No, Matthew. This time I'm going to make it work if it kills me.

The waitress returns with the two cups of coffee... deposits them... leaves. Matthew watches as Krystle lifts her cup... and as she sips... her look of determination mixed with one of terrible uncertainty...

88 INT. STEVEN'S LIVING ROOM - STEVEN AND TED - NIGHT

88

The RAIN slashes against the windows. A fire throws a glow into the otherwise dimly-lit room.

(CONTINUED)

In silhouette, seated facing one another in front of the fireplace: Steven and Ted. They face one another, both of their pairs of legs up on the coffee table in front of them. They both hold glasses of red wine. They are in the middle of a game which they've obviously both played often before... and which obviously is at least a part of their rapport as friends, rather than the lovers they once were.

STEVEN

(ending beat)

Well, come on... got another one for me?

TED

Give me a second.

(thinks)

Okay. Rain.

STEVEN

Rain.

(thinks)

'I know John will go, though he was sure it would rain cats and dogs.' -- Got you?

TED

Think you do?

STEVEN

Maybe... Yeah, I think I finally do.

TED

(and easily)

Johathan Swift. 'Polite Conversation.'

STEVEN

(smile)

Not bad.

TED

Damn good. I mean you're Princeton. I'm only Northwestern.

They both laugh a little. Then:

TED

(continuing)

Okay. Give me a category. -- Category? Category?

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN
(thinks)
Fire.

TED
Fire... Fire...
(thinks)
'It is the burnt child who most
dreads the fire.'

STEVEN
(quickly)
Ben Jonson, 'The Devil Is An Ass.'

TED
Not bad.

STEVEN
Not bad at all.
(sips)
One more round?

TED
(nods)
Me. Something about me.

Steven shifts in his chair a bit. Moment, then:

STEVEN
Your name is Ted...

Stops. Ted nods.

TED
That's what they've been calling
me. Ted. Theodore. Theo.
Dealer's choice.

They regard one another. Then Steven says:

STEVEN
Surname: Dinard... Dinard is a
lovely little seaport town on
the coast of Brittany.

TED
We were there together. You
thought it was lovely. I found
it a little scruffy... Anyway,
go on.

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

(moment, then)

'Dans un village de la cote emeraude
et azure... va a bicyclette une
demoisella si chaste, si pure.'

(on Ted's silence)

I don't think you're going to get
that one. Poet's a French girl.
Still at the Sorbonne. Name:
Mireille Simone.

Stops again. Ted continues regarding him.

TED

That was about a virgin riding her
bike along the coast, Steven...
That wasn't about me, Steven.

Steven says nothing. Pause. Long. Then:

TED

(continuing)

Steven... Can I -- Ted or Theodore
or Theo Dinard -- stay here tonight
... with you tonight? Steven...?

Another pause. As long. Then Steven answers, as if
even despite himself:

STEVEN

(a whisper)

Yes...

And we HOLD on them, the two silhouettes, unmoving...
and then:

89 INT. VOLKERT'S OFFICE - FAVOR VOLKERT - NIGHT

89

He watches as Krystle enters... rising, bowing slightly... and saying in his slight accent:

VOLKERT

Mrs. Carrington. I'm sorry to
have kept you waiting.

KRYSTLE

(nods, opens purse)

I've brought the money... to get
back my necklace.

VOLKERT

The necklace?

(CONTINUED)

KRYSTLE

Yes.

VOLKERT

Mrs. Carrington. Forgive me. But
I never expected you to come back
for it.

KRYSTLE

(tensing)
... What does that mean?

VOLKERT

I have sold it.

KRYSTLE

(barely)
What? Who to?

VOLKERT

(slight beat)
A South American gentleman. Just
a few days ago. I'm really quite
sorry. If you'd read our contract
carefully...

90 TIGHT ON KRYSTLE

90

And the huge shock at this news. Silence, except for
the RAIN which POUNDS, hard, against the window near
her. HOLD, then:

FADE OUT.

THE END

Barbara's
Place

(WE SATISFY)
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