

"ARBITRAGE"

Screenplay by
Nicholas Jarecki

BLACK.

Over CREDITS we HEAR:

MARIA (O.S.)
...but you took a huge bet on the
housing crisis in the middle of the
biggest boom anybody'd ever seen. Why?

ROBERT (O.S.)
I'm a child of the 50's. My father
welded steel for the Navy. And my
mother worked at the VA.

INT. ROBERT'S MANSION - DAY

As the conversation continues we see:

1. A MAID clean an expansive living room, waxing a mahogany table.
2. A BUTLER open sliding doors to an empty grand sitting room.
3. An overhead shot as a SERVANT carries packages up a long winding staircase.

ROBERT
They lived through the Depression,
Pearl Harbor, and the Bomb. And they
didn't think bad things might
happen; they knew they would happen.

MARIA
Is that what's happening now?

ROBERT
When I was a kid my favorite
teacher was Mr. James. Mr. James
said that world events always
revolve around five things:
(extending his fingers one-
by-one)

INT. ROBERT'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

And right on cue, we see for the first time -- ROBERT MILLER (60) -- sitting on a sofa across from MARIA BARTIROMO and a CAMERA CREW, mid-interview. ELLEN MILLER (58) watches on a nearby MONITOR.

ROBERT
M-O-N-E-Y.

MARIA
(laughing)
Was this freshman econ?

ROBERT
This was fifth-grade econ.
(smiles, off her laugh)
But this is something we've seen
over and over again, time and time
again, that competition for this--
limited amount of dollars out
there, can make even the best of us
manic. So it's not surprising that
we see these asset bubbles, but
when reality sets in of course,
they burst.

CUT TO BLACK.

"ARBITRAGE"

CLOUDS GIVE WAY TO A:

FALCON 900EX - SOARING THROUGH THE SKIES AT 550MPH

And we push tighter into the plane, cutting into the engine,
as we hear a sonic boom and focus inside, revealing...

INT. FALCON

A sleek, slate-gray cabin, divided into three seating areas.

At the back of the plane, five AIDES DE CAMP chatter in hushed
tones, pouring over a sea of red-inked paper.

In the galley, GAVIN BRIAR (42), pours a coffee. He brings it
back to

ROBERT

who sits alone in his private area facing the cockpit,
scribbling his own red-ink across a stack of CONTRACT
DOCUMENTS. His effortless slouch, silver hair, and all-
commanding mannerisms make one thing clear: *Robert's our man.*

GAVIN
(handing him the coffee)
Here you go...

Robert sips it.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
(sitting)
You're disappointed.

ROBERT
Quants? Derivatives structures?
What was that about?

GAVIN
It makes no sense.

ROBERT
That's what you said last week.
Why'd we go down there?

GAVIN
To sign.

ROBERT
And did we sign?

GAVIN
No.

ROBERT
No. We did not. Instead I fly two
thousand miles for a marketing
meeting... And where was Mayfield?
What was this "emergency"? What was
that about?

GAVIN
(after a beat)
Did you speak to the auditors?

ROBERT
Why?

GAVIN
What if... we don't don't close this
week...

We push into a close-up of Robert, as he contemplates what
this would mean.

EXT. WESTCHESTER AIRFIELD - MOMENTS LATER

The ROAR of thirty million dollars landing near tall grass.

EXT. HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Robert walks down the passenger steps onto the tarmac,
followed by Gavin and the aides.

They approach a waiting MERCEDES MAYBACH. The aides hand file BOXES and BRIEFCASES to the Hispanic driver, RAMON, who loads them into the trunk.

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The blur of city lights as the limo passes over bridges and towards the city and Park Avenue and finally approaches

EXT. GRACIE SQUARE - ROBERT'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

An enormous turn-of-the-last-century Stanford-White-designed red-brick MANSION- two already-giant townhouses combined. Robert and Gavin exit the limo and head inside.

INT. ROBERT'S MANSION - ENTRY HALL - CONTINUOUS

It's our first glimpse of Robert's home, and it doesn't disappoint. It's an 1850's Tudor given a full once-over, maintaining period details but updated with a Modernist flair. It actually works.

A SERVANT takes Robert's briefcase from him as he enters, handing him three small PRESENTS which he puts under his arm.

We HEAR sounds of a DINNER PARTY complete with CHILDREN laughing. Hold on Robert's face- some mixture of excitement and anticipation.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A party in progress, dinner already served.

Seated around a large square table are: ELLEN (58, Robert's wife), BROOKE (28, Robert's daughter), PETER (31, Robert's son), TOM (Brooke's boyfriend), ANNE (Peter's wife), and THREE GRANDCHILDREN.

Ellen's playing with one of the kids. She sees Robert.

ELLEN
(lighting up)
Look, your grandfather's here!

The kids clamor for Robert's attention. He moves around the table, hugging them all.

ROBERT
Hi, guys!

GRANDCHILD

Hi Grampi! What did you bring us?

Robert hands out the presents, and the kids unwrap them in a frenzy. He continues making the rounds until he finally gets to Brooke and Peter, seated next to each other.

They embrace, but we notice clear restraint, a marked contrast to his behavior towards their kids.

BROOKE

It's your birthday, Dad, not theirs.
You're spoiling them rotten.

ROBERT

(grinning)
It's my job! It's my job. You guys
turned out fine!

BROOKE

(half-smile)
Debatable.

ROBERT

(to Peter, as they hug and
smile)
How you doin', son? Good?

Robert rounds the table and takes his seat next to Ellen as she discreetly waves to the SERVANTS.

ELLEN

We had to eat. The kids were
starving...

ROBERT

(hugging her, happy)
No, no that's okay. Where's my
drink, is this mine, here?

Another SERVANT enters with a CAKE flickering birthday candles. Everyone notices and starts CLAPPING.

ALL

HEY! HAPPY BIRTHDAY! YAY!

Robert smiles. They finish cheering, then CLINK glasses for a toast.

ROBERT

Thank you, thank you, thank you all
very much, it's such a surprise, I
didn't even know it was my birthday!

Everyone laughs a little.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

What did Mark Twain say about? He said-- old age... is clearly a case of mind over matter. If you don't mind, it doesn't matter.

(more laughter)

I've done a lot of things in my life, worked very hard, but being here, looking around-- at all these shining, radiant faces, I know that my best work is right here in this room, right now... I'm deeply proud of all of you. That's the best gift your mother and I could have hoped for,

(kisses Ellen)

so, thank you...

PETER

(calling out)

...and to have sold the company to Standard this morning!

They all LAUGH.

ROBERT

(smiles)

That, too, Peter, but-- no business tonight-- no business!

ELLEN

Oh, here we go!

More group LAUGHTER.

ROBERT

Although your one-track mind assures me you've got not only your mother's genes, but you've got mine, too!

More LAUGHTER. Robert laughs, too. He sees Ellen hug Peter across the room.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Now, I'm aware that may seem uncharacteristic, but maybe it's taken me sixty years to realize what's truly important -- and it's you guys so thank you all very much.

ALL

(as they applaud)

Hear, hear!

INT. STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

A warm, clubby room, kept traditional. Robert pours out two SCOTCHES.

ROBERT
Kids are wild.

BROOKE
(laughing)
I don't know about me as a mom.

ROBERT
No, no no, you should have-- I want
more "you's" around.

Robert brings the drinks to the banquette where Brooke rests with an open FOLDER. He resumes signing papers.

BROOKE
(laughs)
It's all about you, isn't it.
(points)
Four... and nineteen.

ROBERT
Yeah, yeah yeah...

Brooke nods, tries to smile.

BROOKE
So what was that all about?

ROBERT
What?

BROOKE
The last time you made a speech like that
we lost the Firestone bid.

ROBERT
(laughs)
Yeah, well... I just... wanted it
to be about the family tonight.

She nods again, unconvinced, then pulls out a MAGAZINE.

BROOKE
You see this?

He looks closely at it. A "Forbes" cover story:

*"Robert Miller, the Oracle of Gracie Square: Investor profits
in uncertain times by predicting housing crisis."*

ROBERT
(shakes his head)
Yeah... Oy. You know how I feel
about that. Trash can.

BROOKE
Peter's got a copy pinned up in the
conference room.

ROBERT
(sits back, takes a drink)
Well, you gonna keep skirting around it?

Brooke leans back and stares at him.

BROOKE
Why sell our company? We make a
great return, we give money to the
causes we believe in...

ROBERT
My darling, you are still in your 20's.
I am 60. That's a big difference in
point of view.

BROOKE
Dad, you're not that old.

ROBERT
(laughs)
It catches up alright. And maybe
there's some other things I'd like to
do. Maybe I would like to spend a
little more time with you guys...
outside the office.

Brooke shoots him a look.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
(growing impatient)
What?

Staring at him, then

BROOKE
(laughs)
I'm just trying to imagine what we
would do.

INT. ENTRY HALL - LATER

Ellen is supervising the yawning children as the party winds
down. She sees Robert put on his OVERCOAT.

ELLEN
Where are you going?

ROBERT
Office.

ELLEN
Now?

ROBERT
Yeah I gotta finish up that thing.

She holds a beat, then approaches and straightens his collar.

ELLEN
(smiles)
But, I haven't given you your
birthday present yet...

ROBERT
(smiling back)
I'll be back as soon as I can.

He kisses her and starts to exit. She stares as he walks out.
Hold on her.

EXT. LOWER BROADWAY - NIGHT

A TAXI stops in front of a large frosted-glass apartment
entrance. Robert exits, paying the DRIVER through the window.

ROBERT
(into his phone)
Yeah, Gavin, it's me, uhh... When
you get this -- I want you to call
Chris Vogler at Fremaut, tell him I
need to see him right away, okay?

INT. LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

JULIE CÔTE (32) sits at the head of a marble table in the
exquisite space. It's the modern mirror of Robert's mansion,
the lines carried through fully this time. And Julie is the
modern woman: sleek, fit, and flowing, even at home.

She's intently focused, handwriting personal notes onto a stack
of INVITATIONS for the "*Julie Côte Gallery - Paintings by Victor
Rodriguez - April 10th*" as she downs the last of a WHITE WINE.
She's got a seating chart out that she's working on.

The INTERCOM RINGS. Julie heads over, sees Robert's face on
the VIDEO MONITOR. *She holds a beat.*

EXT. LOFT APARTMENT - SAME

Robert waits in the cold, staring into the camera as Julie watches him from inside the loft, not moving.

After a second, the door BUZZES open.

INT. JULIE'S LOFT - SAME

Robert enters. Julie is already back at the table, writing. She's arranging 4 POLAROIDs of different paintings on a wall, along with a SEATING CHART. He walks down the long hall.

He comes up behind her, running his arms across her stomach.

JULIE
(standing in frustration)
Okay...

She crosses to the open kitchen and pours out more wine, lights a cigarette. Robert trails.

ROBERT
Alright, I'm sorry. I'm sorry I'm late. I'm always late-- you know that-- and I'm sorry. And I'm always saying I'm sorry about being late.
(crosses to her)
It doesn't mean I wouldn't rather be here with you.

They stare at each other as she drags off the cigarette, then stubs it out. He gestures to the dining table.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
The show's gonna be beautiful.

JULIE
(finally--)
You gonna be there?

ROBERT
(slight beat, then definitive)
I will be there.

She stares, still in the moment. Then she heads to the fridge and slides out a homemade BIRTHDAY CAKE. He stares at it.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Oh wow, that's great.

JULIE
I made this for you.

ROBERT
You made this? This is amazing. One
candle, thank you very...

She reaches for the cake, grabbing a piece of it with her
hand and... SMEARS IT ONTO HIS FACE.

The tension breaks, and they LAUGH. He grabs her and they
kiss furiously, pulling at each other's clothes as she pushes
him backwards into the bedroom and they begin to make love.

INT. GREENBERG & COMPANY - OFFICE HALL - THE NEXT DAY

Robert enters the palatial quarters, decorated with ornate
18th century furniture. As we'll see soon, it's a stark
contrast to his functional empire. He follows a striking
British RECEPTIONIST down a long hallway passing a massive
glass conference room. They arrive at

INT. GREENBERG'S OFFICE - SAME

The receptionist escorts Robert in. Standing to greet him is
JEFFREY GREENBERG (53), handsome and charming.

JEFFREY
Thank you, Diane.

She exits. Robert sits. A moment of silence.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)
So?

ROBERT
I'm here.

JEFFREY
Guess what's not?

ROBERT
Jeffrey, I told you, I'm...

JEFFREY
"...working on it," yeah. Well, while
you're doing that, lemme tell you what's
not working...

ROBERT
(leaning forward)
Jeffrey...

JEFFREY

(louder)

...what's not working is my four hundred twelve million dollars that's sitting in your account so you can pass your audit, the four hundred twelve million that you needed, you said, for two weeks, and which has been languishing now for (looks down at paper) thirty-two days, while it could be elsewhere invested, earning an actual return, instead of couching the absurd lie that you're spinning.

ROBERT

What do you want me to say?

JEFFREY

That you're gonna get a signature from Mayfield, and that my hostage money and my fee are going to be sent to me promptly, say... by tomorrow?

A beat.

ROBERT

I am solving the problem. I am getting you your money and your fee. You will have them very shortly.

JEFFREY

When?

ROBERT

As soon as they sign the contract.

JEFFREY

(beat)

You know, I'm not the one with the liability, pal. I just made a loan. You're looking at jail for a thousand years for fraudulent conveyance and...

ROBERT

...Stop it! You don't have to talk to me like that!...

JEFFREY

I didn't get you into this mess!

ROBERT

You were a friend of mine!...

JEFFREY

...remember when you asked me if it was a good idea to divert half your liquid assets into a fucking copper mine? What did I tell you?

ROBERT

(stands, heading to door
with coat)

Are we done here? I think we're done here.

Jeffrey stares at him contemplatively for a moment, then appears to reach some sort of conclusion.

JEFFREY

(matter-of-fact)

Friday morning I take my money back.

ROBERT

(shakes head)

You can't do that...

JEFFREY

...the fuck I can't, it's in an escrow bill with one-day call rights...

ROBERT

...I need the money there until they sign, Jeffrey. What if they check again?

JEFFREY

That's really not my problem, is it?

ROBERT

(stares, fumes)

Not your fuckin problem...

EXT. STREET - MADISON AVENUE

Off Robert as he storms the pavement.

INT. ROBERT'S LIMO - CONTINUOUS

And enters his waiting limousine, SLAMMING the door.

ROBERT

(to Ramon)

Let's go.

They drive off. Robert turns on the TELEVISION.

CNBC ANNOUNCER

The DOW continues its uptick this morning on new housing starts to rise 132 points. Asian markets fared less well, especially in Russia, where further nationalization plans caused foreign investment to sputter, leading to various...

Close on Robert, trying hard to contain his building rage.

His phone VIBRATES a TEXT, from Julie: *"See you at 8!"* He stares at it, breathes in deeply.

The CARPHONE rings: "Gavin."

ROBERT

(barks)

What?

GAVIN (O.S.)

Seven-thirty tonight at the Four Seasons. We'll get it straight with Mayfield then.

ROBERT

(calming a little)

Good. Very good.

INT. ROBERT'S BEDROOM - LATER

Ellen stands tying Robert's TIE in front of a dressing mirror.

ROBERT

Is this too blue?

ELLEN

It's the third one you've tried.

She finishes tying it. He looks in the mirror.

ROBERT

Ay, yay yay. I look old.

ELLEN

You look regal, and wise, and granted a little worried. What is going on? Are you afraid of this meeting?

ROBERT

They haven't signed the papers.

ELLEN

I thought that's why you flew down there.

ROBERT
(rubbing his eyes)
So did I, but for some reason
they're stalling. I didn't get any
sleep on the plane and...

ELLEN
Now come on. It will all work out.
Just follow the plan.

ROBERT
What plan is that?

ELLEN
"Confidence equals contract."

ROBERT
(laughs)
You sound like a fortune cookie.

ELLEN
They're your words, actually.

ROBERT
Then you married an idiot.

ELLEN
(beat)
Okay, but I was thinking, idiot,
that, after the deal is done, which
it definitely will be, why don't we
just take off? Pete's in the best
place he's ever been, your daughter
is always as brilliant, right? So,
I wanna have some fun. I wanna have
fun with you!

He stares at her softly, but stays silent.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
Let's go to Ravello- the house there.
We haven't been there forever..

ROBERT
(growing uncomfortable)
There hasn't been time.

ELLEN
We have to make time. We go for a
year. Let's take a year and get fat
and have fun and go on an adventure. I
mean-- seriously-- how much money do
we need?. Do you wanna be the richest
guy in the cemetery?

He straightens his jacket, laughs.

ROBERT

I don't wanna be in the cemetery!

ELLEN

Oh, by the way, Mary called from St. Victor's Hospital, again, she said they still haven't gotten the check yet...

ROBERT

I'm taking care of it.

ELLEN

The gala is Friday. Should I be selling my ring? What's going on?

ROBERT

I've had to move some things around for the merger.

ELLEN

It's only two million.

ROBERT

(walks up to her, laughs)
Only two million?

ELLEN

(smiles)
Yeah!

ROBERT

You remember-- Riccio's? Full meals... two bucks... all you can eat... three bucks...

ELLEN

I do remember. But I do not remember you being so sentimental unless you were trying to change the subject.

A KNOCK at the door.

ROBERT

(as he heads out, smiling)
I don't know what you're talking about...

Ellen slaps his behind.

INT. MAYBACH - NIGHT

Robert and Gavin ride, both shuffling papers.

INT. FOUR SEASONS RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Robert trails Gavin up the stairs as he types out a TEXT MESSAGE to Julie: *"Wrapping up mtg- be there soon."*

The MAITRE'D spots Robert and greets him as he approaches.

MAITRE'D
Mr. Miller, good to see you, sir.
Your party has already arrived.

He leads Robert and Gavin into the

INT. POOL ROOM

Where we see Brooke and Peter seated with a group of EXECUTIVES including AIMES (45), and BARNES (43).

Displeasure immediately registers on Robert's face.

ROBERT
(sotto, to Gavin)
Where the hell is Mayfield?

Gavin shakes his head. They approach the table.

BARNES
(as they sit)
Mr. Miller, thank you for coming.
We were just getting acquainted
with Brooke and Peter here.

ROBERT
(smiling)
I hope they didn't beat you up
too much.

AIMES
They've been terrific.

PETER
Dad, we've been talking about operations.
Tim thinks once we consolidate we can save
about fifty percent on our back-office.

Robert phone VIBRATES. It's "Julie" calling. He silences it.

ROBERT
I'd love to hear about that, but...
(a beat)
I had thought Mr. Mayfield planned to
join us tonight.

AIMES
(nods)
Jim should be here in twenty minutes; he
suggested we get right into details.

BARNES
I was just telling Brooke: now that
we can market your quants' track
records, we have access to a host of
new capital that...

Robert drifts as the suits prattle on.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POOL ROOM - LATER

The execs are still chattering. Robert is sweating. Julie
calls again. Robert silences it again. Then he gets a text:
"9:40pm - *FUCK YOU.*"

BARNES
...assuming we shed debt through some
small liquidations, I'd say...

ROBERT
I'm sorry, gentlemen, we've been here
nearly two hours now. Where is Mr.
Mayfield?

AIMES
He just texted me. He's very sorry,
but he's been detained.

ROBERT
Detained where?

Silence.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
(rising)
Alright, I think I can leave you with
my family?

BARNES
Of course. Again, Mr. Miller, a privilege.

ROBERT
Yeah, yeah yeah.

Robert refuses Aimes' hand and heads out. Brooke rises.

BROOKE
(indicating)
Dad...

They move off to the side.

GAVIN
(to Aimes)
This is the bullshit way you try to
close a deal?

AIMES
Port? Would you like to have some port?

INT. FOUR SEASONS RESTAURANT - MOVING

As Brooke catches up with her father in the hallway.

BROOKE
Did you get my message?

ROBERT
No. What's up?

BROOKE
We need to sit down.

ROBERT
What is it?

BROOKE
I don't want to talk about it here.

ROBERT
(sharp)
Brooke--

BROOKE
I found some strange entries in the
"Old Hill" books.

ROBERT
What kind of entries?

BROOKE
I'm not sure yet, but there's
definitely something off.

ROBERT
Alright, come by about eleven
tomorrow and we'll look at it then.
And Brooke?

BROOKE
Yeah.

ROBERT
See if you can find out what
happened to Mayfield.

26 She nods, as Robert dashes down the hall.

26

EXT. JULIE CÔTE GALLERY - A LITTLE LATER

Robert exits his MAYBACH in front of a big scene in progress:
trendy FOLKS overflowing into the street, cameras FLASHING...

INT. GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

The space is cavernous, modern luxe -- a Liagre design with
thirty-foot columns and slab granite. The ART COLLECTION on
display is indeed beautiful- photo-realist paintings -- and
each one tells a strange story.

Robert enters and scans the room. No Julie. He approaches the
gallery ASSISTANT.

ROBERT
How're they doing?

ASSISTANT
Great. Everyone loves them.

ROBERT
Yeah, but how are they doing?

ASSISTANT
So-so.

He scans the party further. No Julie.

ROBERT
Where's Julie?

ASSISTANT
She's in the back.

INT. GALLERY - OFFICE IN BACK - CONTINUOUS

We pick up on Julie bumping two rails of COCAINE.

She's dressed in a burnt red, form-fitting Lanvin dress, hair coiffed, perfectly made-up-- if we didn't suspect anything, we'd think she was the precise image of New York art-world success.

Julie pulls her hair back and straightens, enters the main gallery...

INT. GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

Where she quickly sees Robert searching for her through the crowd. She stops dead, considers going back into the office...

But she stands firm. Robert finds her eyes. He stares at her.

She stares back, with a simple look that says, plainly:
"Go away."

She turns and heads off to talk to a group of PATRONS, including the painter VICTOR. One of the group is a DASHING YOUNG MAN- is he flirting with her?

Robert approaches, staring at the young man, then at Julie. She's all smiles, but she doesn't immediately introduce him. He stands there, until--

ROBERT
Hey, Julie.

JULIE
Oh...
(to the group)
This is Robert Miller, one of our collectors. This Katrina Stanton, and Alex Stanton and their daughter Ava, who is a talented young artist.

Robert shakes hands with the group, exchanging pleasantries, especially kind to young AVA (15).

ROBERT
Oh, really? Painter?

AVA
Drawings.

Julie begins to walk off, disappearing into the crowd.

ROBERT
(looking around)
Yeah, that's great.
(as he notices Julie leave, to the group)
(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I like the size of the paintings, I wanna talk to you about them in a second.

Robert trails Julie, moving up to her quickly. He reaches out to touch her and she spins towards him violent, definitive.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

What? Why are you doing this?

JULIE

Go -- away.

Julie heads back to the buyers.

Dismayed, Robert takes a last glance, then recedes out towards the entry desk.

He approaches the gallery assistant he was talking to earlier and picks up the buy sheet at the desk, marking some pieces.

ROBERT

I will take
(pointing)
those two. And the Rubik's cube on
the back wall.

ASSISTANT

(pointing to list)
Right there, number seven.

ROBERT

Don't tell her it was me.
(off her nod)
I mean it.

ASSISTANT

You got it.

Robert walks out and hails his driver.

INT. ROBERT'S BEDROOM - LATER

Off Robert, in bed with Ellen who is asleep. He gets up and stumbles to the bathroom, puts on a robe.

INT. PRIVATE ELEVATOR

He approaches the basement level carrying a folder of papers...

INT. SERVICE KITCHEN

And sits at the counter, staring at a REPORT of some kind. He refills a glass of SCOTCH, downs it.

INT. JULIE'S LOFT - NIGHT

Julie's a touch worn from the evening, but she's still composed. She sits with five guests including her gallery assistant, the HANDSOME YOUNG MAN from earlier, TWO WOMEN, and TWO GUYS who look like painters. One does a line of COCAINE off a "Fantom" magazine.

PAINTER

...fucking Dalwood wouldn't know a Van Gogh from a Van Eyck. And they call it a "State of Contemporism..."

Julie's phone RINGS. She looks at the Caller-ID, (which shows her home line calling) confused.

JULIE

(into phone)

Who's this?

ROBERT (O.S.)

It's me.

JULIE

What do you want?

ROBERT (O.S.)

I'm here.

JULIE

Where?

INT. JULIE'S LOFT - BEDROOM

Robert watches Julie through a crack in the doorway. He's on her CORDLESS phone. We INTERCUT.

ROBERT

I'm in your bedroom. Can you get those people out of here?

JULIE

Are you serious?

ROBERT

Look down the hall. Do you see me?

JULIE
(looking)
I see you.

ROBERT
Okay, so I'm serious.

She hangs up and begins to clear out the guests.

Robert sits, unbuttoning his collar.

INT. JULIE'S LOFT - LIVING ROOM

The guests finally leave. Julie heads to the bedroom...

INT. JULIE'S LOFT - BEDROOM

And finds Robert sitting, looking a little too comfortable.

JULIE
You just come in and out whenever
you want?

ROBERT
I thought we should talk...

JULIE
(laughs, then in a rage)
One damn night in a month I told
you was important to me, et tu es
meme pas capable d'etre la...

ROBERT
...I was working, do you
understand? I'm under enormous
pressure, I have obligations...

JULIE
...I don't want to hear about your
obligations. If you cared -- YOU
WOULD HAVE BEEN THERE!

ROBERT
I was there! I was there! I was
late, but I was there. And I'm
here now.

JULIE
No, no, no. You're here when it's
convenient for you to be here.
C'est pas ca l'amour. Love means
YOU FUCKING SHOW UP!

She walks off into the

LIVING ROOM

Robert follows her. They stand at a great distance as she downs a red wine.

ROBERT

I'm sorry.

JULIE

Why did you buy those paintings?

ROBERT

Because I liked them.

Her face falls slightly, but she keeps her grace -- and her anger.

JULIE

Okay, thank you for helping me get started. But if I'm gonna fail-- then let me fail!

ROBERT

Julie, you're not gonna fail. Why would you fail?

He crosses towards her.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

You know, I'm not the kinda guy who wants to throw money away but if you wanna start a business, you have to project a certain image.

JULIE

What image?

ROBERT

Success.

He sits down next to her.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

The market's a disaster right now; nobody's moving anything. That's why you gotta show sales. People look at you then and they say "Whoah, how'd she do that?" -- and that's what they remember. Always.

She stares at him, laughs a little in devastation, then...

JULIE
(quietly)
You're never gonna leave her.

Hold on Robert's face as he stares at her, silently.

CUT TO:

BEDROOM

Julie is on the bed, holding herself, crying.

Robert comes up next to her, hugs her.

ROBERT
Come away with me. Let's just take
your car and go...

JULIE
...Where?...

ROBERT
There's a place upstate. Very
beautiful, on the water. We can
wake up there together- just you
and me. I'd like that.

She's keeps crying, but...

JULIE
Me, too.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DEAD OF NIGHT

A MERCEDES 450 SEL driving the interstate towards
Connecticut. Billie Holiday sings her 1959 "Just One More
Chance." We hold on a two-shot through the windshield: Julie
rests her head on Robert's shoulder.

And the camera moves closer into Robert's face, Julie snuggled
next to him, Billie's music lulling the moment into
tranquility, and finally, just finally, Robert has a moment's
respite, as he slowly closes his heavy eyelids, nodding off
into a trance of desperately needed sleep until...

A SCRAPING METALLIC NOISE jolts us back to

EXT. HIGHWAY

*Reality -- as the car drifts into the CENTER MEDIAN where
the tire catches on a small metal SCRAP and BLOWS OUT,
flipping the car over and over until it CAREENS to a halt.*

INT. CAR

Robert's eyes flutter open as he comes to, groggy. He's badly injured, but breathing. He starts to feel his body. Movement returns...

He looks over at Julie.

It is instantly obvious she is dead: she's been nearly decapitated, a deep gash ripping through her neck.

Shock, followed quickly by panic.

We hear a DRIPPING sound. A gas leak...

Robert reaches into his pocket and dials 911... He looks at the phone just before pressing "Send"... and hangs up.

He tries to open the door. It's stuck. He KICKS at it. It opens.

EXT. TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

He drags himself out of the car. Stands. Smoke is still rising from the smashed hood. He pulls up his shirt. A DEEP BRUISE: a broken rib from the steering column. He winces.

He takes a few steps forward, moving around to the passenger side. He looks again at Julie. Horrific. He reaches out to touch her, then stops.

Hold on his face. He sinks to his knees, putting his head in his bloody hands. He SCREAMS.

Then he rises, and begins hiking to the side of the road.

EXT. FIELDS - DEAD OF NIGHT

Robert walks and walks through tall grass.

In the distance behind him, A MASSIVE EXPLOSION lights up the sky in a fireball as the gas tank finally catches, incinerating the car and its contents.

INT. GAS STATION BATHROOM

Robert cleans himself up in the sink, applying soap and water to his cut stomach, scrubbing frantically, He takes all the paper towels and puts them in his pocket.

EXT. GAS STATION - LATER

Robert picks up a PAYPHONE by the bathrooms, cradling it to his ear with his sleeve and dialing with his other finger through his shirt fiber.

ROBERT
(into phone)
Yes, I wanna make it collect...

OPERATOR
Your name, sir?

ROBERT
Lawrence Grant.

RINGING, then...

JIMMY (O.S.)
Who the fuck is this?

ROBERT
Jimmy, it's me.

JIMMY (O.S.)
Robert?

ROBERT
I want you to listen to me very
closely...

EXT. CAR WRECKAGE SITE

POLICE CARS flash lights. An EMT unloads Julie's charred CORPSE into a BODY BAG. INVESTIGATORS sift through rubble.

DET. MICHAEL BRYER (43) sits in a TAN SEDAN, drinking a cup of deli coffee. Barely awake, he stares out the window at a bunch of STATE TROOPERS arguing with his partner, MILLS.

MILLS breaks away from the uniforms and approaches, shaking his head. Bryer gets out of the car.

BRYER
You gotta be fucking kidding me.

MILLS
Catching detective wants us to rule
before he calls it.

BRYER
We've been having the same fuckin'
argument for twenty years.
(MORE)

BRYER (CONT'D)
They can't handle one drunk
motorist kills herself?

MILLS
I'm not so sure about this...

Bryer heads over to the car, his interest piqued.

Mills shines his flashlight towards the passenger side.

MILLS (CONT'D)
Car roll had multiple impacts, but
she was here
(points)
and her feet
(points)
were down there.

Bryer immediately sees what he means-- dented metal, even in the burnt door.

BRYER
... So who kicked out the door?

Bryer bends his head down to the car's passenger side, looking off into the distance of the path Robert took just moments before.

EXT. GAS STATION

About twenty yards down the road, a BLACK SUV hums, waiting. Robert opens the passenger door and gets in.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Inside is JIMMY GRANT (23), Black.

ROBERT
Let's go.

They start to drive. Jimmy looks over at Robert; he's pretty banged up.

JIMMY
You gonna tell me what this is?

ROBERT
It's better you don't ask.

JIMMY
So all you're sayin' is, you need a ride somewhere.

ROBERT
That's correct.

JIMMY
Because I want to be very clear
about this: you called me to give
you a ride. I'm giving you a ride.

ROBERT
No, you're not. We're not here.

JIMMY
Oh, no? Then where the fuck are we?

ROBERT
We're both asleep right now. At
home. Which is where you left your
phone, right?

JIMMY
Right.

ROBERT
Because if anyone checks...

JIMMY
Why is anyone gonna check?

ROBERT
They're not, as long as we're not here.
Anybody know you're here?

JIMMY
No.

ROBERT
Somebody knows you're here?

JIMMY
No!

ROBERT
But somebody knows-- you're not there.

JIMMY
Well, my girl...

ROBERT
Oh, Jesus, Jimmy...

JIMMY
Man, you call up two am, what the
fuck you want? She asked me where I
was going.

ROBERT
What'd you say?

JIMMY
I told her I had to run out a minute.

A beat.

ROBERT
Do you trust her?

JIMMY
Is this the kinda shit you used to
do to my dad?

ROBERT
Do you trust her?

JIMMY
Yes, I fucking trust her!

ROBERT
Good. So you're at home, and I'm at
home. My wife gets up at five am for
Pilates -- I will be there next to
her, where I've been all night. And
you'll do the same with yours.

Jimmy exhales a long sigh.

JIMMY
This is some pretty fucked up shit.

ROBERT
Jimmy...

JIMMY
No, man, come on, I don't hear from
you since the fuckin' funeral, you
call me up out of the blue, using
my father's name, ask me...

ROBERT
...what do you want, you want
money? I will give you five
thousand dollars! I will give you
ten thousand dollars! I'll give you
whatever you fuckin'...

Jimmy swerves the car to the side of the road and stops.

JIMMY

You wanna talk to me like that you
can get the fuck outta my car and
you can walk! You want that?! You
wanna fuckin' walk home?!

ROBERT

(after a beat)

Listen... I'm sorry. I'm not
myself. I need your help.

Jimmy waits a moment, then re-enters the road.

Robert winces in pain.

JIMMY

You alright?

Robert is holding his side. He pulls up his shirt. Jimmy sees
the awful purple bruise from the steering column.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Jesus, man! We gotta get you to a hospital.

ROBERT

No, I just... have to get home...
I'll deal with it in a couple of
hours.

JIMMY

What if you don't make it a couple
of hours?

ROBERT

Then I don't make it.

EXT. THIRD AVENUE - NIGHT

The SUV stops a few blocks from Robert's house.

JIMMY

(through the window)

Call me, alright, and let me know
it's okay.

ROBERT

(as he exits)

Better we don't talk for a while.

JIMMY

(can't believe it--

through the window)

So what you get in a bind and just
call up the only nigger you know?

Robert looks at Jimmy, eyes tearing.

ROBERT

I'm sorry, Jimmy. I really am. Just go home.

JIMMY

Yeah, alright, man. Take care of that.

Jimmy's car drives off. Robert hobbles up the block.

INT. ROBERT'S MANSION - NIGHT

Robert enters the basement. He runs into a security monitoring room. We see a street view of cameras outside the door he just entered. He pulls DISCS out of VIDEO RECORDERS.

INT. ROBERT'S MANSION - SERVICE KITCHEN

Robert stands in front of a bin marked INCINERATOR. He is wearing a new T-SHIRT and SLACKS.

He places all of his bloodied clothes and the video discs into the incinerator, pouring LIGHTER FLUID on top of them. Staring at the clothes, he notices one cuff link is missing.

He strikes a match, setting the items on fire and closes the hopper.

As he exits the burning area--

SERVANT

Everything okay, sir?

Robert turns, startled.

ROBERT

I'm fine, Glen. Go back to bed.

The servant shuffles off.

INT. ROBERT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Robert quietly undresses, leaving on the white UNDERSHIRT. He presses at his rib, winces again. Then he gets into bed and stares at the ceiling.

ELLEN

(half-asleep)

Where did you go?

ROBERT

What?

ELLEN

(dreamy)

I woke up for a minute, you weren't here...

ROBERT

I just went to... eat some ice cream.

ELLEN

Was it good?

ROBERT

(pained, shifting his body)

Yes...

ELLEN

Good. Don't forget to take your Lipitor in the morning...

ROBERT

Ellen...

ELLEN

What?

ROBERT

Do you still love me?

ELLEN

Of course I do...

She rolls over. Hold on Robert's face.

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

SYD FELDER (64) sits next to Robert.

SYD

Hypothetically, the situation you're describing would be involuntary manslaughter.

ROBERT

And such a person...

SYD

...would be in a lot of trouble, especially if that person was closing a merger with a large public bank where any publicity or arrest could delay or derail the transaction.

(MORE)

SYD (CONT'D)

But that's only if there was some evidence that could link him to the crime.

ROBERT

Fingerprints, DNA?

SYD

Very hard to collect after an explosion. The real world's different from television.

ROBERT

What about cell phone records?

SYD

Did this person make any calls from the area?

ROBERT

Not from a cell phone, no.

SYD

Then they won't be able to place him there.

ROBERT

What would you advise such a person to do?

SYD

To confess immediately.

ROBERT

Failing which?

SYD

To put as much distance between himself and the event as possible, if possible. But let me tell you something, and I'm speaking to you as a friend now: there are about fifty things that person wouldn't have thought of. And the more time that passes, the more lies that are told, the worse it gets for him.

Robert stands.

SYD (CONT'D)

(French accent)

Robert...

ROBERT

Yeah.

SYD

They're going to come to you.

ROBERT

I know.

SYD

An accident's not the worst trouble. If we talk to them now we can probably work it out.

ROBERT

You tell me what happens if the Standard deal does not close, and I gotta tell my investors about our real losses?

SYD

Nothing good.

ROBERT

And what'd you say about the Justice Department? Depending on what they decide to arrest me on-- fraud conviction gets me twenty years?

SYD

I did.

ROBERT

(laughs in pain)

What choice do I really have?

EXT. FREMAUT ACCOUNTING HEADQUARTERS - LATER

We follow CHRIS VOGLER (52) through the busy lobby out to the street. He crosses Park Avenue and gets into Robert's limo.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Robert opens the Percocet bottle, downs four PILLS.

Chris enters and sits. Robert mimes a question.

CHRIS

You're aware Congress plans to extend the audit requirements for private funds.

ROBERT

Of course I am aware. I gave testimony to the committee.

(zeroing in)

You know this.

CHRIS

Well, Standard wants to prepare for it now. So I was asked to go through every one of your trading books and reconfirm their assets.

ROBERT

No. Absolutely not. That's impossible.

CHRIS

Don't worry. I put the team on different books and I left "Old Hill" for myself.

(smiles)

Anyway, I'm here to tell you-- I cleared it.

ROBERT

The audit's cleared?

CHRIS

The report will be issued today. Actually, I'm calling it my "swan song."

ROBERT

You're leaving?

CHRIS

Yeah, on Friday, it's a five-year clock.

ROBERT

(exacerbated)

And why?

CHRIS

Uhh.. To prevent exactly what we're doing. But honestly, there's nothing left to worry about. It's -- great.

The carphone RINGS.

ROBERT

(to Chris)

Get out.

Chris exits.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

(into phone)

What?

GAVIN (O.S.)

How was it?

ROBERT

What?

GAVIN (O.S.)

The show.

ROBERT

What the fuck are you talking about?

GAVIN (O.S.)

The show, Julie's show?

ROBERT

Oh... Oh, it was fine...

A beat as Robert rubs his eyes.

GAVIN (O.S.)

Mayfield's here.

ROBERT

He's here? Where?

GAVIN (O.S.)

Sherry Netherland. Checked in about an hour ago.

ROBERT

He called?

GAVIN (O.S.)

No, Brooke has a friend on the executive committee who said he's taking meetings in his room...

(no response)

Maybe he's settling in.

ROBERT

You think we're dealing with a fucking idiot?

GAVIN (O.S.)

(beat)

I spoke to legal. They said Standard will sign once they get the audit report.

ROBERT

That's being issued now.

GAVIN (O.S.)

How do you know that?

ROBERT

Never mind that, just find out why Mayfield hasn't called us.

GAVIN (O.S.)
How am I...?

ROBERT
Do I have to do every Goddamn thing
myself? JUST FIND OUT! WILL YOU
PLEASE...? THANK YOU!

He hangs up and exhales deeply.

INT. MILLER CAPITAL - LATER

We track through a Spartanly-furnished trading office: high-design with lacquer and muted mahogany. PEOPLE at COMPUTERS make phone calls. CLOCKS show different time zones.

INT. ROBERT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Brooke sits across from Robert. They're reviewing papers.

BROOKE
I cannot reconcile it...

ROBERT
Reconcile what?

BROOKE
The "Old Hill" Fund. Dad, are you
listening to me?

ROBERT
Of course I'm listening.
(sits forward)
Okay, those trades are in the special
book. They don't get audited on the
same balance sheet.

BROOKE
Yeah, but look at the sheet! It
can't be right. There's a four
hundred million dollar hole here. I
mean that can't be right.

INT. ROBERT'S OFFICE RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

Det. Bryer enters the glass doors and badges the
RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST
May I help you?

BRYER
Detective Bryer. I was hoping to
see Mr. Miller.

CINDY
Is he expecting you?

BRYER
Possibly.

INT. ROBERT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

BROOKE
...the way that this sheet reads, half
of the fund's assets are missing.

ROBERT
(laughs)
That's ridiculous. That can't be right.

BROOKE
I know, it's ridiculous, and yet...

ROBERT
Okay, I'll look into it. I promise
you I'll look into it.

The Intercom handset RINGS.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Yeah.

CINDY (O.S.)
There's a detective Bryer here to
see you?

ROBERT
(stiffens, then into phone)
Give me two minutes, then send him in...

BROOKE
Everything alright?

ROBERT
Yes, my other meeting just got here
early. We'll have to pick this up later.

BROOKE
Okay. And Mom wants to know about
the hospital check?

ROBERT
Brooke, we'll pick it up later, alright?

BROOKE

Okay.

Brooke exits. Robert steels himself.

CINDY (O.S.)

Detective Bryer, hi, I'm Cindy, Mr. Miller's personal assistant, right this way.

INT. ROBERT'S OFFICE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

As Brooke exits, she and Bryer cross paths. She eyes him... He doesn't look familiar. Off Brooke, curious.

INT. ROBERT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Robert leads Bryer towards two sofas where they sit opposite each other.

ROBERT

Yeah, I'm sorry to keep you waiting. You can sit there. We just heard about it. Really terrible.

BRYER

Okay, so you were an investor in her gallery?

ROBERT

Correct.

BRYER

How'd you meet her?

ROBERT

Through... I think it was a charity function. My wife and I have a foundation.

BRYER

Uh-huh. When'd you last see her?

ROBERT

Last night, at the gallery.

BRYER

Did you stay till the doors closed?

ROBERT

No, I think I left about ten.

BRYER

Where'd you go?

ROBERT

Home.

BRYER

You go straight home?

ROBERT

Yeah.

BRYER

You stay home?

ROBERT

Yeah.

BRYER

(smiles)

Your wife home?

ROBERT

(smiles back)

Yes.

Bryer shifts, edging forward.

BRYER

Okay. Okay, so now, back to the gallery. Did you see her with anyone?

ROBERT

See her with anyone-- what do you mean?

BRYER

You know like a boyfriend, someone she might've left with?

ROBERT

Not that I noticed. No. No, no.

BRYER

Reason I ask, is, that we haven't located the driver.

ROBERT

The driver?

BRYER

Yeah, someone else was driving.

(beat)

Sometimes, the driver, will go for help-- and he'll die tryin', you know...

ROBERT
This is awful. This is truly awful.

BRYER
We're searching the area right now.
So no boyfriend that you know of?

ROBERT
Actually we didn't talk about
personal matters.

BRYER
She was just an employee, right?

ROBERT
Well not an employee. I was an investor.

BRYER
Why'd you invest?

ROBERT
Why did I invest?

BRYER
Yeah, why'd you invest?

ROBERT
She had a great eye. She found me
(points)
those Bryce Marden's there. They
went up in value very quickly, and
on the basis of that I agreed to
fund some of the gallery.

BRYER
(after a beat)
Would you mind if we searched
her apartment?

ROBERT
Why would I mind?

BRYER
It's in your company's name.

ROBERT
Oh, right. Yeah. Of course. Sure,
go ahead.

BRYER
Now, Mr. Miller...

ROBERT
Mmm-hmm?

BRYER

Why would you lease an apartment for Ms. Côte? Is that something you normally do for your employees?

ROBERT

Actually I said that she wasn't an employee, but-- I think she'd just come over from Paris if I remember, and she needed a place to entertain buyers.

BRYER

So you leased her this apartment.

ROBERT

It was through our holding company. You seem a little confused by all this...

BRYER

(laughs)

I am. But I'll get there. Gimme time.

ROBERT

Alright.

BRYER

Now, I don't mean to be indelicate...

ROBERT

But you're going to be indelicate...

BRYER

Well, from what I've been able to gather, she wasn't exactly an art star. I mean, she worked for a couple a dealers in Paris, but...

ROBERT

Oh, okay, I get it, so why would I invest in her and help her find a place?

BRYER

Something like that, yeah.

ROBERT

It's very simple, detective. I invest in people I believe in. I thought she'd do well, so I backed her, she did. It's is simple as that.

BRYER
(nods, stands as Robert
stands)
Well that seems to make sense.
(beat)
So we're all good with the
apartment, then?

ROBERT
Sure.

BRYER
Thanks.

Robert shows him to the door. Bryer turns back.

BRYER (CONT'D)
What happened to your head?

ROBERT
What?

BRYER
That's a nasty cut; I've been
looking at that for the last five
minutes. Does it hurt you?

ROBERT
(touching the cut)
Oh, no, I just hit it on the
medicine cabinet.

BRYER
Last night?

ROBERT
This morning.

BRYER
Hate when that happens.

ROBERT
Yeah. Me, too.

BRYER
Well, thanks for the chat.

ROBERT
No problem.

Bryer heads out.

We hold on Robert as he closes the door and winces in pain.

INT. ELLEN'S OFFICE - OUTER SUITE - DAY

A serene khaki suite with high-post windows and white upholstered furniture. On the walls are gala posters from various charity events.

MAE (30s) sits at a reception desk typing. The phone RINGS.

MAE
(into phone)
Ellen Miller's office...

INT. ELLEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ellen's standing, cradling the phone and packing her handbag. Across her desk, SUSAN (30s) reviews the guest list for the hospital event.

ELLEN
(into phone)
And it, it transformed them, seriously.

MAE
(softly)
There's a Detective Bryer in the lobby.

Ellen holds up her hand, buying a moment.

ELLEN
(into phone)
And thanks again for your
generosity. Alright, we'll see you
then. Thank you, bye.
(hanging up, to Mae)
I'm sorry, what?

MAE
Detective Bryer.

ELLEN
What does he want?

MAE
I don't know.

Ellen smooths her suit and puts her bag over her shoulder.

ELLEN
(heading to the door)
Well, I'm late so-- I just can't
deal with it right now.

MAE
Okay, what about these?

ELLEN

Send them a thank you note, Zappos has been so generous-- Thanks, bye guys.

EXT. ELLEN'S OFFICE

Ellen exits the building, passes the doorman and then Bryer, who is waiting in his car outside the multi-unit townhouse where she keeps her office.

She doesn't notice him as she passes and enters a TOWNCAR. She's about half-way into the car when he approaches.

BRYER

(calling after her)
Mrs. Miller?

ELLEN

(startled)
Yes?

BRYER

(shows his badge)
Detective Bryer.

ELLEN

Did you just call my office?

BRYER

Yeah, I was hoping to talk to you.

ELLEN

Well, I don't have time right now, sorry..

BRYER

(turning on the charm)
Just take a couple a seconds. It's about your husband.

ELLEN

Well, fine, but, make an appointment.

She closes the door and rides away. Bryer smiles in frustration, walks back to his car.

INT. TOWNCAR - DAY

Off Ellen's face as she tries to keep it together, shaking.

INT. JULIE'S LOFT - DAY

A FORENSICS TEAM sweeps the apartment, collecting fingerprints, rug samples, etc.

Mills supervises from the side. Bryer approaches.

MILLS

How'd it go?

BRYER

Well, the wife blew me off-- which was interesting. And he didn't admit to the affair, but then he wouldn't, would he?

MILLS

Why didn't you pick him up?

BRYER

He's a very rich man. What happened with the pay phones?

Mills pulls out a SHEET from Verizon.

MILLS

Got about fifteen calls in a three-mile. Two of 'em look a little strange: got an incoming-- that's probably a local drug deal...

BRYER

And the one we care about?

MILLS

Collect call. About a minute and a half. Made from the Chevron station on West Lake Road.

BRYER

Who'd he call?

MILLS

Cellphone in Harlem. Still waiting on the address.

BRYER

(thinks, gets up and paces)

So, you're at the crash site. Alright, and... you make it outta the car. Now... You're smart enough not to use your own cellphone. So you get to the pay phone...

(MORE)

BRYER (CONT'D)
and you're a billionaire, right?
You're a billionaire-- so whaddya
do...?

(Mills shrugs for the
punchline)
You call someone in Harlem?

INT. MILLER CAPITAL - OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY

Robert is heading down the hall towards the elevators. Gavin
jogs up to him.

GAVIN
(out of breath)
Robert, I just heard about Julie...
I'm so sorry. Her Gallery called.
Her mom's flying in today.

ROBERT
(managing a nod)
Her Mom...? Service here?

GAVIN
Tomorrow at nine am.

ROBERT
Well we should pick up the expenses
for that. Whatever she wants.
You'll take care of that
personally, for me?

GAVIN
(nodding)
Of course... Are you okay?

ROBERT
You reach Mayfield?

The ELEVATOR arrives and Robert gets in.

GAVIN
Not yet, but we'll get him...
(stares)
Robert, I...

ROBERT
Thanks. Appreciate your concern.

Gavin's still staring as the doors close.

EXT. CONVENT AVENUE - JIMMY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

PEDESTRIANS hurry by this busy stretch of Upper Manhattan.

INT. UNDERCOVER CAR - SAME

Bryer and Mills wait. Jimmy approaches.

MILLS
Let's flash him.

They drive up on the sidewalk, blocking Jimmy's path, and Mills exits the car.

EXT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

MILLS
Mr. Grant?

JIMMY
Yes?

MILLS
NYPD Homicide, would you mind
stepping into the car?

JIMMY
What's this about?

BRYER
(through the window)
Just get in the car, Jimmy.

JIMMY
Am I under arrest?

BRYER
(through the window)
You wanna be?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Jimmy sits across the table from Mills and Bryer. They show him PHOTOS of Julie's burned body at the crash site.

BRYER
So let's do this again.

JIMMY
Man, for what? My answers ain't
gonna change.

BRYER
You were asleep.

JIMMY
Right.

BRYER
And your phone rings.

JIMMY
Right.

BRYER
And it's a wrong number.

Jimmy doesn't answer.

BRYER (CONT'D)
Why do you accept the charges on a
collect call from a wrong number?

JIMMY
I don't think I wanna answer any
more questions.

BRYER
And you stay on the phone a minute and
a half on a wrong number? What the
fuck do you talk about, area codes?

JIMMY
I want to talk to my lawyer.

MILLS
Listen, kid, we know you went out
there. We ID'd your photo with your
neighbor who saw you getting into
your truck ten minutes after this
call was made.

JIMMY
Well if you got all that, what the
fuck you need me for, officer?

BRYER
I don't think you understand the
gravity of the situation here,
Jimmy. This is a homicide.

JIMMY
Lawyer.

INT. SYD'S LIMO - DAY

Robert rides with Syd. He reviews a DOCUMENT entitled
"MAPLE LANE TRUST - James L. Grant - Beneficiary."

Robert signs the document, closing the folder.

ROBERT
You're gonna sign him out?

SYD
I called in Earl Monroe.

ROBERT
The basketball player?

SYD
Civil rights attorney. You remember
Crown Heights?

ROBERT
He's the best?

SYD
He's the best above 96th Street- and
that doesn't make him any cheaper.

Robert slumps back, staring out the window.

ROBERT
You've gotta get Jimmy out of this.

SYD
It might not be that easy. If he
doesn't cooperate they're likely to
indict him on obstruction.

ROBERT
What would he be looking at?

SYD
Hard to say. With his prior... Five
years, maybe ten.

Robert's silent.

INT. BOND RELEASE AREA - DAY

Jimmy stands at the counter as EARL MONROE (50s, Black) signs
papers. Bryer waits.

BRYER
(to Jimmy)
This is not going to go away.

Jimmy ignores him and exits with Earl.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy and Earl exit the building.

EARL

I'll call you tomorrow if there's any news. Don't worry about anything. And don't talk to anyone else. You take care.

Jimmy nods and walks up the street towards Syd's limo in the distance.

INT. SYD'S LIMO - CONTINUOUS

ROBERT

Come on, get in.

Jimmy enters. The limo drives off.

JIMMY

All you said was you wanted a fucking ride! You didn't tell me you killed that girl!

ROBERT

Jimmy...

JIMMY

I'm trying to put my life back together. Okay, I appreciate you helped us, but now you're pushing it too far.

ROBERT

It's gonna be okay.

JIMMY

Like it was your ass sitting in there? Like you know a fucking thing about how it's gonna be?

ROBERT

We've got you the best criminal lawyer--

JIMMY

--Don't you got your own son for this? Why the hell you didn't call him?

ROBERT

Cause he woulda fucked it up, okay?

JIMMY

Well I'm sorry your son's a fuckin' idiot, but that ain't my fault.

SYD

This isn't productive.

JIMMY

Oh, okay. So tell us then, Syd,
what happens now?

SYD

We meet with Earl and we go from
there. I understand that right now
they don't have enough to charge
you with anything.

ROBERT

Your under suspicion.

JIMMY

Under suspicion? Motherfucker, I'm Black!

ROBERT

I am aware of that.

JIMMY

And what exactly would you like me
to do about it?

SYD

(BUZZING the driver)

Gentlemen, my driver will take you
where you wanna go, but I cannot be
a party to this conversation, so
this is where I get out...

EXT. STREET

Syd steps out of the limo and watches as it rolls away up
Tenth Avenue.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

JIMMY

Why couldn't you have just stayed?

ROBERT

I couldn't.

JIMMY

Why not?

ROBERT

Because I have responsibilities.
And if I stayed there, a lot of
people would've been hurt.

JIMMY

Somebody was hurt.

ROBERT

Other people, Jimmy. I've got business troubles, you understand...? People rely on me.

Jimmy chews on this, dissatisfied.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Listen... I want to talk to you a second. Come here. I wanna show you something.

Jimmy slides over to sit next to Robert.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Now, you know, your father asked me to look after you.

JIMMY

Yeah.

ROBERT

Yeah, I know I messed up, alright? I'm sorry. But I do want to help you, you know that.

(handing Jimmy the folder)

So I've been able to set up a situation for you.

JIMMY

What's that?

ROBERT

It's a trust. In your name, assets of \$2 Million dollars. Take a look at that.

JIMMY

(astounded)

Are you serious? You think money's gonna fix this?

ROBERT

What else is there?

Jimmy laughs, then rises and knocks on the limo's partition.

JIMMY

(to the driver)

Yo, yo man, pull over.

ROBERT

(stares at him)

What are you gonna do?

JIMMY

I look like a fucking snitch to you?

ROBERT

I don't know, Jimmy. I don't know.
Are you?

Jimmy laughs in disgust, begins to open the door.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Wait, wait, wait. Sorry. Just--
read it. Just take it home and read
it. It's not gonna hurt you.

Jimmy grabs the document and gets out. Robert stares ahead
into space. His CELLPHONE RINGS.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

(agitated)
What?

CINDY (O.S.)

I've got Chris Vogler from Fremaut
accounting, you asked me to
interrupt you.

ROBERT

Yeah, put him through...
(he hears Chris come on)
Chris...

CHRIS (O.S.)

Robert, I've run into some problems.
We're doing a "non-recommend."

ROBERT

(bewildered)
What...?

CHRIS (O.S.)

They got compliance involved. I'm sorry.

ROBERT

Chris...

CHRIS (O.S.)

I've gotta go.

ROBERT

Chris? CHRIS! Goddamnit, Chris!

INT. MILLER CAPITAL - ACCOUNTANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Brooke sits alone in the accountant's office we saw earlier. She reviews SPREADSHEETS on his COMPUTER and compares them with PRINTOUTS from a FILE CABINET that she has broken open.

Numbers from the screen reflect across her reading glasses as she stares in disbelief. She DIALS a number.

BROOKE
(into phone)
Peter...? I'm looking at some
statements right now... How much
did you book last quarter?... No,
I'm not... No, Peter, I'm really
just asking you...

She's looking at an entry on the screen:

"Miller Capital Management - PETER MILLER GROUP - \$68.3MM"

BROOKE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
*Thirty-five million. For your
entire group, right?... It wasn't
sixty-eight?... Of course it's a
big number... No, I'm not... Oh,
Peter I'll talk to you later .*

Brooke taps the keyboard and a PRINTER spits out pages. Suddenly, BEN (40s), an accountant we saw earlier, appears.

BEN
What are you doing in my office?

Brooke bolts up, startled. She collects the papers she printed.

BEN (CONT'D)
Hello?

BROOKE
(holding up pages)
Can you explain these?

BEN
Explain what?

BROOKE
Old Hill. All the numbers you've falsified.

BEN
(beat)
You don't know what you're saying.

Brooke nods, heads to the door. Ben put his arm on her shoulder to stop her.

BROOKE
Get out of my way.

BEN
Brooke...

BROOKE
You're hurting my arm.

BEN
Can't you just leave it alone?

She stares at him. He drops his arm. She exits and turns.

BROOKE
You're fired, Ben.

BEN
You can't fire me.

BROOKE
I just did.

BEN
Who do you think asked me to make those changes?

She stares, then approaches him.

83 BROOKE
 You tell me.

83

INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Bryer and Mills sit with Flores as he stares at a SHEET.

MILLS
He was doing a little dealing a while back, but it looks like he stopped.

FLORES
Any family?

BRYER
Nah, they're all dead.

FLORES
(reading)
So he's a good student, magnet school, whatever.
(MORE)

FLORES (CONT'D)

Then his mom dies and he gets
popped for gun possession. Even so,
how come he got probation?

BRYER

Well, he had an excellent lawyer.

FLORES

(reading closer)

How the fuck does this kid afford
Felder and Chausse...?

Mills drops another FOLDER on the table.

BRYER

We pulled his parents' tax returns.
Guess where his father worked for
twenty years?

FLORES

(reading)

Miller Capital?

(reading)

He was the fucking driver?!

(laughs)

Wow, this guy's good...

He puts down the sheet and leans back.

FLORES (CONT'D)

Where are you at with the kid?

MILLS

So far he won't budge.

FLORES

Well he's a convicted felon. Go get
a warrant, put him in front of a
grand jury. Let's see how long he
holds out when he realizes he's
looking at ten years off the prior.

INT. FREMAUT - VOGLER'S OFFICE HALLWAY - LATER

Robert storms the hallway, passing a waiting SECRETARY.

SECRETARY

I'm sorry, Mr. Miller, as I
explained from downstairs, he's on
a call right now, and he said...

He brushes past her.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)
Mr. Miller!

INT. VOGLER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Robert enters, locking the door behind him. Chris bolts up.

CHRIS
What the fuck...?

ROBERT
Tell me what is going on.

Robert comes closer. Chris is freaking out.

CHRIS
I can't.

ROBERT
Tell me what's going on!

CHRIS
I can't!

Robert GRABS Chris by the collar.

ROBERT
Why not?!

CHRIS
It's not me!

ROBERT
What do you mean it's not...?

CHRIS
THE AUDIT PASSED!

ROBERT
(slackening his grip)
The audit passed? What do you mean
the audit passed?

CHRIS
It passed! It passed a week ago!
Like I said. Everything's fine! We
confirmed the money, it's all
straight and done.

ROBERT
(beyond confused)
Then... why did you tell me that
it didn't?

CHRIS
Because they asked me to hold it.

ROBERT
They? Who's they?
(thrashes him again)
Who is they?!

CHRIS
Mayfield.

ROBERT
(to himself)
Mayfield?

Robert thinks... and starts LAUGHING. Chris looks at him strangely as he walks out.

CHRIS
What?

ROBERT
They're negotiating. He wants a better price.

EXT. FREMAUT - DAY

Robert exits the building with what looks to be, for the first time in the film, a real smile.

He walks towards his limo, DIALS his cell.

ROBERT
(into phone)
Sherry Netherland...? Yes, James Mayfield, please...
(as he enters his car)
Mr. Mayfield... I think it's time we had a talk.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALL - AFTERNOON

Bryer walks with DEFERLITO (48), who rifles through a FOLDER.

DEFERLITO
...cause it's not gonna hold.

BRYER
The warrant doesn't need to hold. It just needs to scare him into giving up Miller.

DEFERLITO

What is it, Mike, you're stalled-
out mid-career so you're reaching
for a high-note? Who gives a fuck?

BRYER

This is about Judge Rittenband, isn't
it? It's cause he's running again?

DEFERLITO

You wanna cost the Judge his seat on a
profiling claim? Against Earl Monroe?

BRYER

(switching tacks)

I'm getting a piece of new evidence
that'll seal it a hundred percent.

DEFERLITO

Good, then come back when you got it.

BRYER

I'll have it before you go in the
jury room... Look, Ray. We like
this kid. I don't wanna lose him.
Think about it: if we flip him, you
get Robert Miller. What's that
worth to Rittenband, and to you for
that matter...?

(hard)

Twenty years, Ray. Twenty fucking
years, we watch these guys- they
out-lawyer us, they out-buy us. I'm
fucking sick of it. Where's the
consequence? The guy did it. He
does not get to walk just cause
he's on CNBC.

Deferlito stops, stares, then signs the ARREST WARRANT.

DEFERLITO

You better not fuck me.

He walks off. Bryer holds a beat, then pulls out his CELL.

BRYER

(into phone)

Yeah... I need a serious fuckin'
favor...

INT. ROBERT'S OFFICE CORRIDOR - LATER

Robert enters, moving much slower. As he approaches Cindy, he sees a worried look on her face.

CINDY
Brooke's waiting for you...

ROBERT
Did we have a meeting?

CINDY
No, but she looked upset.

INT. ROBERT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Robert enters. Brooke's at the window in a chair. It's clear that she has been crying.

ROBERT
(approaching her)
Sweetie, you okay? What's wrong?

Brooke holds out her hands. She has two copies of the "Old Hill Fund" balance sheets.

Robert stands there a moment, staring at her.

EXT. 5TH AVENUE - AFTERNOON

We see Brooke and Robert from overhead like little dots as they cross 5th Avenue towards Central Park.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

They walk solemnly towards a park bench in front of a lake. Robert sits, motions to Brooke.

ROBERT
You wanna sit?

BROOKE
I'll stand.
(as he sits)
Didn't you think I'd find out?

ROBERT
I did.

BROOKE
Then why didn't you tell me?

ROBERT

Because I hoped you wouldn't.

BROOKE

Oh, come on. You tell me the truth now -- or I am done.

ROBERT

I made a bad bet.

BROOKE

No, you committed fraud.

ROBERT

That's a dangerous word, Brooke.

BROOKE

What would you prefer? That you cheated? That you stole money from people who trusted you? That you lied? That you lied right to my face? Why?

ROBERT

Because we were going broke!
Everything was finished. We'd have nothing.

BROOKE

How. How does that happen?

ROBERT

You remember Alexanderov? Well he came to see me one day last year. He said "Robert, we've got a great opportunity- there's a copper mine, it's in Russia, it's under-exploited- there's billions under the ground, and to get it out, all we need is a couple hundred million, you put in a hundred, we'll put in a hundred- we'll triple it all in six months." So, I go check it out. And the geological survey's right, friendly government. And to lock it in, you hedge it, right? Sell the copper ahead on the commodities exchange and it all works, it's fine, and you're making a fortune.

(beat, then real fast)

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)

But then there's something I hadn't accounted for-- variation margin-- and that friendly Russian government all of a sudden not so friendly anymore and they're blocking the export of the copper so I gotta make it up, I gotta put the cash in to cover the hedge. But I'm not worried about it because it's still springing money, there's so much money coming out of the ground you can't believe. You can't stop it. And, yes, I'm the oracle, I've done housing, I've arb'd credit swaps, I have done it all, and yes, again, I know it's outside the charter, but it is FUCKING MINTING MONEY! IT'S A LICENSE TO PRINT MONEY! FOR EVERYBODY! FOREVER! IT IS GOD!...

BROOKE

Until...

ROBERT

Until it's not... The money's trapped. You can't get it out. Probably never will.

(beat)

It's like a plane crash. It just happens.

BROOKE

Well it does not just happen.

ROBERT

Not just happen, honey you are so naive sometimes. It HAPPENS. And like every father I pray that it doesn't HAPPEN to you, which, thanks to me, it probably won't happen to you...

BROOKE

Thanks to you, we may all be arrested.

ROBERT

Nobody's getting arrested. That's why I borrowed the money from Jeffrey. Plug the hole, I put it there for a month, they see the books are fine, I transfer the company, I pay back Jeffrey-- with interest!-- make all of our investors whole, and what's left we keep. At least we get to keep the house.

BROOKE
Everybody wins?

ROBERT
Yes.

BROOKE
If the company sells. If I lie for you.

ROBERT
You don't have to lie. You didn't
know about it.

BROOKE
(incredulous)
I'm the Chief Investment Officer of
this company. What do you think
they'll say at the depositions?
"She didn't know?" They'll take away
my brokerage license- failure to
supervise you -- my name in every
paper and blog while I visit your ass
in jail!

ROBERT
What did you want me to do? Did you
want me to let our investors go
bankrupt? Is that what you wanted?
For people to get really hurt?

BROOKE
What... gives you the audacity to
think you can make those decisions?

ROBERT
(stands)
Because it's my job!

BROOKE
No, it's illegal. It's illegal. And
I am your partner.

ROBERT
You are not my partner! You work for me!
(off her bewildered stare)
That's right. You work for me!
(sits)
Everybody works for me!

They pass a moment in silence. He looks at her destroyed
expression.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Brooke. Brooke. Come here. Please?
Please. Just, just come here. Just
for a second and sit down.

She sits.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
(deep sigh)
There's something I wanna tell you.
And whatever you decide I won't
blame you...
(she turns to look at him)
I'm on my own path. It's up to you
to move with it or against it. But
I'm the patriarch; that's my role.
And I have to play it.

BROOKE
(stares a while, then)
For a moment I thought you were
gonna say you were sorry.

She walks off.

Hold on Robert alone in the park.

ROBERT
(sotto)
I'm sorry.

EXT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Jimmy approaches the building. Bryer exits his sedan and
walks over to him.

JIMMY
(seeing Bryer)
Oh, man, what?

BRYER
Jimmy, take a ride with me.

JIMMY
Where? Back to the station?

BRYER
No man, just get in the car.

JIMMY
What if I say no?

BRYER

I'm not threatening you. I'm just asking you -- take a ride with me.

Jimmy considers, gets into Bryer's car.

INT. SEDAN - DRIVING

They drive a while in silence.

JIMMY

Alright, man, what?

BRYER

Look, it's pretty fuckin' simple. I know you went to pick him up.

JIMMY

This is what you wanna talk about? I told you I ain't makin' no more statements.

BRYER

And I know why.

JIMMY

Somebody cares?

BRYER

Take a look at this.

(hands him a case folder)

I've got his phone calls, I got his text messages. I've got the relationship with the girl. And they were fucking, by the way.

(beat)

And then I've got you. I've got the time log from the pay phone. I've a got a fucking tollbooth photograph of you driving your car through the Triborough.

Jimmy thumbs through the FOLDER. There's no tollbooth PHOTO.

JIMMY

Where you got that...? That's bullshit, cause I didn't do it. That's impossible.

BRYER

Really?

Jimmy's silent.

BRYER (CONT'D)

You lied to me. You lied to the police. You obstructed justice.

JIMMY

Talk to Earl, Detective.

BRYER

Fuck Earl! You see this?

(holds up the grand jury docket)

This means that tomorrow, grand jury hears your case in court. And tomorrow in court I'm gonna ask for a felony obstruction indictment, and with with your prior, you are going to prison for fifteen fucking years... You might get out in ten. You'll be what then? Thirty-three, with no job, no girl, no life.

Bryer pulls the car over.

BRYER (CONT'D)

Look: I know you think Miller's your friend.

JIMMY

Who's Miller?

BRYER

I know about your father.

JIMMY

(beat, then hard)

You don't know a Goddamn thing about my father.

BRYER

I know Miller paid his bills while he was dying. I know he got Syd Felder to get you out of trouble on your gun charge. That doesn't add up to this.

JIMMY

You done?

BRYER

Okay, he's driving, he crashes- he runs away- who does he call? Calls you. Why do you think that is?

(short beat)

(MORE)

BRYER (CONT'D)

'Cause you're disposable- you're the one person he could call that just doesn't fuckin' matter. You're a- you're a throwaway. You're just another part of his transaction.

JIMMY

(tries to open the locked door)
Will you open the door?

BRYER

So what, what? You're his new nigger now?

Jimmy grabs at the door violently. It's locked.

JIMMY

Open-- OPEN THE FUCKING DOOR!

BRYER

You didn't kill that girl. He did.

JIMMY

(containing his rage)
Will you -- open -- the door?

BRYER

He's using you. I know it - you know it. Do the right thing. Now get outta my fuckin' car.

Bryer unlocks the door. Jimmy exits and walks up the block.

INT. ROBERT'S OFFICE - LATER THAT NIGHT

It's nearly empty. Ramon, the limo driver, plays Solitaire at a COMPUTER. Robert sits with Syd in the next room.

SYD

He's gonna walk.

ROBERT

You're certain?

SYD

Courts aren't for certainty, but he says he was at home, why shouldn't he be? A phone call doesn't make him a liar.

(off Robert's nod)

But what's baffling to me, though, despite your sentimental history together, is why you would put your family's future in this kid's hands.

ROBERT
(beat)
He's not like us.

SYD
Is that a good thing?

ROBERT
(laughs, plays with his
scotch glass)
I don't know.

Robert stands and collects PAPERS into his BRIEFCASE.

SYD
How's Ellen?

ROBERT
She's good. Fine.
(stops packing, looks up)
Why?

SYD
I heard something...

ROBERT
Yes...?

SYD
She met with Gil Deuchman.

ROBERT
The estate lawyer?

SYD
Yeah. Has she mentioned anything?

ROBERT
Not to me.

They sit in silence.

INT. CRIMINAL COURT - FELONY INDICTMENTS - THE NEXT DAY

We see Jimmy in the witness box before 23 GRAND JURORS. The prosecutor, DeFerlito, asks questions. Earl Monroe sits next to Jimmy.

DEFERLITO
That was the early morning of April 11th.

JIMMY
Yes.

DEFERLITO
You received a phone call?

JIMMY
Yes.

DEFERLITO
Who called you?

Jimmy stares at DeFerlito.

JIMMY
It was a wrong number.

DEFERLITO
That's a lie, isn't it, Mr. Grant?

JIMMY
No.

DEFERLITO
You stayed on the phone one-and-a-half minutes... Mr. Grant, isn't it the case that you know exactly who called you and exactly why? Why are you lying to this court?

JIMMY
I'm not lying.

DeFerlito turns and walks back to the prosecutor's table. He picks up a PHOTOGRAPH and hands it to a CLERK.

DEFERLITO
I'm going to introduce into evidence People's A. This is a toll booth photograph taken in the northbound ninth lane of the Triborough bridge. Mr. Grant, directing your attention to the photograph, would you please read the date and time stamp indicated on the lower right hand corner?

Jimmy stares at the photograph in disbelief.

JIMMY
This is crazy.

EARL
(whispers in Jimmy's ear)
You're gonna have to answer that.

DEFERLITO
Mr. Grant, please answer the question.

JIMMY

April 11th, two thirty-three am.

DEFERLITO

Mr. Grant, directing your attention to the same photograph, would you please read the license plate number of the vehicle passing through the toll?

JIMMY

D D G five five four two.

DEFERLITO

(handing in another sheet)

This is People's B, a printout from the Department of Motor Vehicles plate registry... Mr. Grant, directing your attention to that printout, are those numbers on the toll photograph the same ones that are on your own license plate?

Jimmy's still staring at the picture. Earl watches, concerned.

DEFERLITO (CONT'D)

Mr. Grant?

JIMMY

Yes.

DEFERLITO

Yes, the numbers are the same?

JIMMY

Yes.

DEFERLITO

How do you explain that?

JIMMY

I can't.

DEFERLITO

But that is your car in this photograph, isn't it?

JIMMY

No.

DEFERLITO

No, that is not your car?

(off his silence)

Answer the question, Mr. Grant.

JIMMY

This is not my car in this picture.
I don't know how you all did that,
but this is not my car.

DEFERLITO

You expect this grand jury to
believe that that is not your car
when there is a printout from the
department of motor vehicles...

EARL

That's asked and answered, Mr. Deferlito.

DEFERLITO

Mr. Monroe, you are aware that you're
not permitted to go on record.

INT. GRAND JURY COURT HALL - LATER

Jimmy bursts out of the courtroom doors trailed by Earl.

EARL

Jimmy. Jimmy-- what was that?

JIMMY

They're lying!

EARL

Okay, now here's what...

Before Earl can finish responding, Bryer exits and walks over
to them.

BRYER

I can halt the decision.

EARL

We need a minute, Detective.

BRYER

What about you, Jimmy? You need a minute?

Jimmy doesn't answer. Bryer sits down next to them.

BRYER (CONT'D)

Cause if you do we could...

JIMMY

You can get the fuck outta my face.
How 'bout that?.

BRYER

So you wanna keep playing games? Or
you ready to tell me something?

EARL

Detective, I need to talk to my client.
Now if you would just please...

JIMMY

How you- How you all just gonna lie
like that? Huh? How you all just
gonna lie?!

BRYER

We didn't lie. You lied.

JIMMY

That wasn't my car.

EARL

...Jimmy, don't say anything else.

BRYER

Sure it wasn't. And it was a
telemarketer called you from the pay
phone? He stopped at the Chevron to
make a late night sale?

JIMMY

That picture was some bullshit...

EARL

...Jimmy, stop! Detective, what's
going on?

BRYER

Well, tell him. Go ahead, Jimmy.
Tell him. See how the boss'll like
this one.

Earl stares at Jimmy, waiting. The bell RINGS.

BRYER (CONT'D)

Last chance.

Jimmy's silent. Bryer shakes his head and walks off.

EARL

(rising, to Jimmy)
Wait here.

Bryer and Earl enter the courtroom.

CLOSE ON:

Jimmy, as he stares out the 11th floor window towards Brooklyn. In the distance, the Woolworth building.

INT. FRANK CAMPBELL FUNERAL HOME - DAY

About thirty people in a room too big for them. At the front are tasteful flower BOUQUETS surrounding Julie's CASKET.

Robert enters and spots some of the people from the art opening, including Julie's gallery assistant. She looks at him quietly, then quickly looks away.

There is no organized service; people are just walking up to the casket and saying prayers. Robert takes his place and holds a moment at the casket.

The gallery assistant comes up behind him.

ASSISTANT

Mr. Miller. I would like to introduce you to Julie's mom, Sandrine.

A beautiful woman in her 50's, SANDRINE, sits crying. Robert approaches as she stands.

ROBERT

I am so, so sorry.

SANDRINE

(nods, then)

I just wanted to thank you for what you did for my daughter.

ROBERT

(shaking his head softly)

No...

SANDRINE

You believed in her, and you gave her a chance. She was happy. I know she was happy.

ROBERT

It's just...

(emotional)

not fair, is it?

Sandrine starts to tear. Robert moves in and HUGS her, hard.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

(whispers)

This shouldn't have happened.

Hold on Sandrine's face, in pain.

INT. ROBERT'S MANSION - GYM - MORNING

Close on Brooke's legs, running on a treadmill. Ellen exercises on a STAIRMASTER next to her. We hear the sound of Ellen's small talk begin to fade in.

ELLEN

...she's rail thin. She's a blond.
I would not have known who she was
if she hadn't come up and
introduced herself to me. She
looked totally different... and...

(notices Brooke increasing
the machine's resistance)

You're going straight to level six
don't you think you better pace
yourself a little bit?

BROOKE

(fakes a smile)

I'm good. I wanna run.

ELLEN

Everything okay with you and Tom?

BROOKE

We're fine.

ELLEN

Are you worried about the deal closing?

BROOKE

(strides faster)

No.

ELLEN

You want me to guess?

(no response)

Brookie, come on, don't be silly,
tell me what's...

Brooke stabs "Stop" on the machine, quickly cooling down.

BROOKE

(heading to pick up her
belongings)

You know, I can't stay for
breakfast I have to just... I have
to get in to work, I don't know
what I was thinking.

ELLEN

(a beat)

Did you uh, finish the deal with
the hospital?

BROOKE

No.

ELLEN

Did he write the check?

BROOKE

No.

Ellen stops her machine.

ELLEN

Why not?

BROOKE

Issues related to the closing.

ELLEN

We don't lie to each other, Brooke.

BROOKE

I'm not lying to you. It's complicated; you wouldn't understand.

Ellen crosses closer to Brooke blocking her exit.

ELLEN

(a beat)

Uh, I know that a policeman showed up at the office? Do you know what that's about?

BROOKE

I honestly have no idea.

ELLEN

What about your father's head- where he cut his head and the pain that he's hiding in his stomach and, now

(starts to tear)

For some reason that's way to complicated for me to understand, there's no money for a routine gift? Does that seem a little strange to you?

BROOKE

Of course it's strange.

ELLEN

So tell me what's happening.

BROOKE

(a beat)

What do you want me to say? He's my dad. I have to trust him.

ELLEN

No. You have to do what's right for you. Not him, not me, not anyone. This is your life.

Ellen grabs Brooke and hugs her hard. Brooke hugs back, kissing her mother on the cheek, tearing.

BROOKE

(whispers)

I love you.

(heading out)

I gotta go.

Hold on Ellen alone as Brooke exits.

ELLEN

(sotto)

Fuck.

INT. SHERRY NETHERLAND HOTEL - RESTAURANT - DAY

JAMES MAYFIELD (50s) waits alone at a table. Robert enters. They shake hands, then sit.

ROBERT

You keep sending people to my office to "do business."

MAYFIELD

They're just getting acquainted.

ROBERT

With the intricacies of my operation so that you can... not buy it?

(to a waitress as he sits)

Just coffee, please.

MAYFIELD

You remember what it was like on our side of the fence. Everything just moves... a little slower. Plus this whole audit mess doesn't help. You know, clearing that all up...

ROBERT

Fuck you.

MAYFIELD

Excuse me...?

ROBERT

FUCK - YOU. I'm the Oracle of
Gracie Square. You came to me. I
did not come to you.

MAYFIELD

Robert, I think we're getting off
on the wrong foot...

ROBERT

No, no, no. Forget it, forget it...
Forget the deal. I don't even care
about the deal. No, I run a
comfortable -- excuse me -- I run a
THRIVING business, that has returned
year-to-date 15.4% percent to our
investors, or approximately \$583
Million dollars from a trading
operation that you don't have and
that we both know that you need, or
else you never would've called me in
the first place. You on the other
hand, you've taken a salary of
(sotto from the waitress
pouring his coffee)
18 Million?

(returns to volume)

And what have you delivered? A
falling stock price of negative 14
dollars? Is that what it is? You've
also lost approximately... THREE AND
A HALF BILLION FOR YOUR INVESTORS-
TELL ME -- WHY - THE FUCK - DO I -
NEED YOU?

MAYFIELD

Let's just calm down...

ROBERT

...so we issue a press release today,
say there is no deal, never was a
deal. You're not gonna be buying Old
Hill, you're not gonna be buying
Quantum- you're not gonna be buying
anything; You? You're just a browser.
Now, me? I'll continue to enjoy my
earnings, and while I SOAR on princely
wings, to my next winning enterprise,
your stock drops another couple bucks
on yet another - failed - acquisition
- attempt. Bodes well for your tenure,
doesn't it?

MAYFIELD
Your price is too high.

Robert stands.

ROBERT
You have a nice day, James.

MAYFIELD
(quickly)
Four hundred.

ROBERT
Five-fifty.

MAYFIELD
Four-fifty.

ROBERT
Five twenty-five. That's it. Yes or no?
(short beat)
And if it's no, send any further
communication right to my trash can.

MAYFIELD
(extending his hand)
It's a deal.

ROBERT
(grasping it)
One other thing -- six months and I'm
gonna be gone. I'm outta here. My
daughter's gonna take it over. You
know her, you trust her.

MAYFIELD
Alright.

ROBERT
And you're gonna have to make my
son a VP.

MAYFIELD
(laughs)
Robert...

ROBERT
No, no. He doesn't have to do
anything, he just gets the salary,
he gets the office. Both of 'em on
five-year employment contracts, and
my lawyers draft them. Yes or no?

MAYFIELD
Yes.

Robert pulls out a pen and jots down the deal points they have just outlined onto the paper menu.

MAYFIELD (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

ROBERT
I'm writing the deal.

MAYFIELD
Are you serious?

ROBERT
(ripping off the tablecloth)
I'm serious. I'm very serious. Sign it.

Mayfield thinks a moment, then reaches over and signs the menu. Robert does the same and then folds it into his pocket.

MAYFIELD
I'll send over a draft of the press release.

As Robert stands to go, he clutches his bruised rib.

MAYFIELD (CONT'D)
Are you all right?

ROBERT
I'm fine... Before I go -- how much would you have paid...?

MAYFIELD
Six hundred. And you would've taken...?

ROBERT
Four seventy-five.

MAYFIELD
So we made a good deal.

ROBERT
(as he heads away)
Yeah.

Robert turns back to the table.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Actually, I lied. I would've taken four.

Mayfield shrugs and returns to his paper. Robert walks out of the restaurant, beaming.

INT. MILLER CAPITAL - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Peter, Gavin, and many of the various STAFF we have met are gathered around a long conference table. Robert stands at the front of the room.

ROBERT

...Anyway I will be seeing most of you at the gala tomorrow night. But as the sale's official as of this afternoon, you are now free to talk about it. Any questions?

PETER

(jovial)

Will we get new business cards?

ROBERT

(nods)

Yes, everyone but you.

(heading out)

Alright, it's a great day. Your hard work made it happen

They all clap as Gavin and Robert exit the room.

GAVIN

(sotto)

So how'd you make Mayfield come around?

ROBERT

I met his price. I just took it out of your share.

GAVIN

Robert?

ROBERT

Yeah.

GAVIN

Good work.

ROBERT

Well, thank you. Now go get me that fucking hospital check.

Gavin walks off. Robert's cell RINGS.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yeah.

SYD (O.S.)

It's not good...

EXT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Robert heads through a dark service entrance towards a buzzer, then down a long hallway.

ROBERT (PRE-LAP)
Hello.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT

Reina, Jimmy's girlfriend (24, Hispanic) stands at the door with Robert and Jimmy. She turns and heads to the bedroom.

Jimmy heads to the kitchen.

JIMMY
You want something to drink?

ROBERT
What you got?

JIMMY
Not much.

ROBERT
You got any milk?

JIMMY
No.

ROBERT
I'll take a water.

Jimmy starts running the tap. Robert notices the moving BOXES.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

JIMMY
What?

ROBERT
The boxes.

JIMMY
I was planning on Virginia, but it looks like I'm not going anymore.

Jimmy returns with the water. Robert take a drink.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
You waiting for me to say something?

ROBERT

I told you not to take the toll.

JIMMY

Yes, you did.

ROBERT

I said "Listen to what I have to tell you and follow my directions, listen to me closely, do the following just like I say."

JIMMY

Yes. You said all that.

ROBERT

But you took the toll anyway.

JIMMY

No, I did not.

ROBERT

Come on, Jimmy, don't fucking lie to me...

JIMMY

I'm not lying! I took ninety-five all the Goddamn way there. I did what you said: I didn't stop. I didn't take the Triborough. I followed all your fucking instructions.

ROBERT

So where'd they get the photograph from?

JIMMY

You tell me.

ROBERT

So, you're saying... it's a fake?

JIMMY

How'd you get so fuckin' rich again?

ROBERT

Don't be such a wiseass...

JIMMY

Hey, this is my fuckin' life, man! Earl's telling me it could be ten years? Ten fucking years! How much are ten years worth, Robert?

(off his silence)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Look man, I told you, I ain't no fuckin snitch, but this is bad. This is real bad. Reina and I got a whole plan we're about to make happen next week!

ROBERT

(as Jimmy sits)

What plan?

JIMMY

I got money saved up; I'm buying a business.

ROBERT

What business?

JIMMY

I bought an Applebee's.

ROBERT

What's an Applebee's?

JIMMY

It's a fucking restaurant, man, it's a chain restaurant.

ROBERT

You bought an Applebee's in Virginia?

JIMMY

Is this really what you came here to talk about? What are you gonna do?

ROBERT

(sits)

It's not really that simple, Jimmy. I'm in a situation now.

JIMMY

What situation?

ROBERT

I told you... right now, if I were to speak, a lot of people would get hurt. Jobs, families. A lot of innocent people. Do you think you can understand that?

JIMMY

Yeah but what about me? What about my situation?

(off his silence)

They showed me pictures, man; that's fucked up what you did.

ROBERT

(sotto)

It was an accident.

JIMMY

And yeah, I know, all the people counting on you, whatever, but -- you told me Earl was gonna make this right. Now you know I care about you, all the things you did for us, and for my father, but Earl said they're offering me a deal, no charges at all. I walk away. They just want to know who I went to pick up.

(beat)

Why are you putting me in this position, man? Why are you putting me in this situation?

ROBERT

(leans forward)

Can you just hang tight? Just a little longer?

JIMMY

Alright, man, but Earl said the deal's on the table for twenty-four hours. After that, they're filing the case, and Earl says we're gonna lose.

ROBERT

(nods, stands)

Alright I hear you. I'll be back with you as soon as I can. Just hang with me a little bit.

Jimmy nods. Robert walks out. Reina crosses back into the living room as he approaches the door and exits.

REINA

You gotta give him up.

JIMMY

You said take the money.

REINA

That was to keep quiet, not to go away.

(beat)

What's he offering you now?

JIMMY

What can he offer me?

Reina crosses to Jimmy and hugs him as he starts to cry, then wipes away his tears.

INT. ROBERT'S LIMO - NIGHT

The limo drives down Fifth Avenue. Robert's on the phone.

SYD (O.S.)

We went to the toll authority. They said they gave the tape to the cops. I've requested our investigator go examine it at the evidence room, but honestly what's the point?

ROBERT

He says he didn't take the toll.

SYD (O.S.)

And you believe him?

ROBERT

(after a beat)

Does Standard have clawback?

SYD (O.S.)

What? What do you mean?

ROBERT

Let's just say I decide to go in...

SYD (O.S.)

Have you lost your mind?

ROBERT

No, just listen, listen to me. If I were to surrender, now, could they roll back the deal?

SYD (O.S.)

(after a beat)

No, what's done is done. There's no intent to defraud. You haven't warranted any behavior. So it's just money.

ROBERT

Four years, you think?

SYD (O.S.)

At this point- I dunno, they're not gonna make it easy.... I really suggest you think about this.

ROBERT
(beat)
Call the DA, get it started.

Robert hangs up. He stares out the window at Central Park.

INT. ROBERT'S MANSION - NIGHT

He enters the foyer and ascends the steps to his bedroom.

INT. ROBERT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

No Ellen. He looks at his watch: "8:34PM."

He moves over towards the bed and dials the tableside PHONE.

ROBERT
(into phone)
Yeah, Glen. Did Mrs. Miller say where
she was going tonight...? Aha... No,
I'm sure... I'll try her cell.

He clicks off and DIALS another number, hears Ellen's voice
mail come on the line, and hangs up.

He exhales and lies down on the bed in his clothes, staring
at the ceiling. He lies motionless a moment.

And then he sits up, thinks, and shakes his head.

He quickly picks up the phone, stabbing at the keys.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Syd...? Yeah- Did you make that call
to the DA yet...? Thank God. No, no,
no. No. Listen to me, call Earl, tell
him to get his car, tell him to meet
us at my house in twenty minutes...
And, Syd...? Bring a notary.

EXT. TRIBOROUGH BRIDGE - NIGHT

A steady stream of CARS passes through the toll. We follow a
BLUE LEXUS as it approaches the far right lane.

INT. LEXUS - SAME

Earl Monroe pays the TOLL CLERK through the window, getting a
RECEIPT. Then he pulls his car to the side of the road, parking
at a BUILDING labelled "Port Authority - Administration."

He opens a LAPTOP on the passenger seat, typing numbers from the toll receipt into a little box on the screen. A portable PRINTER spits out pages. Earl stamps them with a NOTARY.

INT. TOLL AUTHORITY - NIGHT

Earl waits at the front desk of the drab government office. BRENT, a balding man in his 30's, approaches.

BRENT

Hi I'm Brent Owens, the night supervisor. How can I help you?

EARL

(handing him some papers)
Hello, Brent. I'm Earl Monroe. I'm executing a criminal evidence request. I need to get a look at one of your lane tapes.

Brent looks over the papers, confused.

BRENT

I don't understand. This says you want to look at a tape made ten minutes ago...?

INT. ROBERT'S LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Robert and Syd stare ahead, silently. Syd tries to say something.

ROBERT

(holding up his hand)
Wait. Wait. Just wait.

121 Syd slumps back. They keep staring at nothing.

121

A RAPPING noise on the window startles Syd, who rolls it down, sees Earl, and opens the door.

Earl climbs inside, removing a FOLIO from his breast pocket as he talks.

EARL

Okay, they won't release tapes without a court order, but they did give me a print out, the same kind they used at Jimmy's indictment.

Earl reaches inside the folio and removes the PHOTOGRAPH he got from the toll authority. He lays it on the counter.

It's from a toll camera, showing his car and license plate.

ROBERT
(to Earl)
The Lexus- that's your car, your plate?

Earl nods.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
(to Syd)
You got Jimmy's?

Syd lays the PHOTOGRAPH we saw earlier of Jimmy's car going through the toll onto the counter next to the one Earl has just placed there.

Robert picks up a high-end MAGNIFYING GLASS and leans over to look at the two photos.

CLOSE-UP:

He scans the photograph of Earl's car, moving slowly through it left-to-right.

Then he scans the photograph of Jimmy's car, passing left-to-right until --

He passes back by the license plate area and stops --

The lines around the license plate of Jimmy's car are all slightly-pixelated.

He switches back to the plate on Earl's car. The lines are fine. Back to Jimmy's. Pixelated.

Robert puts down the magnifier, straightens, and smiles.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch.

Earl's dark laugh cackles across the soundtrack as we

CUT TO:

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - THE NEXT DAY

Earl sits across from DA Deferlito and Bryer. JUDGE RITTENBAND reviews both TOLL PHOTOS with a MAGNIFYING GLASS.

RITTENBAND
Well they look a little different to me, too... Is there a reason you haven't allowed Mr. Monroe's investigator to conduct his own analysis?

DEFERLITO
We've had some issues regarding
chain-of-custody...

RITTENBAND
...You don't have them anymore.
You're to meet him with the evidence
in the next hour.

DEFERLITO
I'm afraid that's not possible.

A beat.

RITTENBAND
Where's the tape?
(another beat)
Am I not speaking loud enough?

BRYER
Your honor...

RITTENBAND
Yes?

DEFERLITO
It seems there's been...

RITTENBAND
...Let him tell me.

BRYER
We don't know where it is.

RITTENBAND
Come again?

BRYER
It's not in the evidence locker.

RITTENBAND
Where is it?

BRYER
We don't know.

Silence. Rittenband leans forward.

RITTENBAND
I'll ask you one last time,
detective. Where is the tape?

BRYER
(after a beat)
We lost it.

RITTENBAND

Hmmm... In light of these developments, and I would think you should be very happy to hear this, with Mr. Monroe's approval I'm going to offer Mr. Deferlito the opportunity to voluntarily dismiss the indictment to save us all a bunch of embarrassment.

DEFERLITO

I don't feel comfortable with that, your honor.

RITTENBAND

Further I'm going to put all charges against Mr. Grant under seal.

(Bryer starts heading to the door)

This case is dismissed with prejudice and it is not to be refiled. HOLD ON, Detective.

(Bryer stops.)

If you have another suspect in the automobile death then you are to present him, but Mr. Grant is free from any further inquiry in this matter. This is over. Do I have your understanding?

EARL

Thank you.

Deferlito gets up angrily, huffs past Bryer.

RITTENBAND

Close the door, detective, please...

Bryer closes it. The judge holds up the toll photos.

RITTENBAND (CONT'D)

(beat)

You finessed these, didn't you...?

BRYER

I'm sorry?

RITTENBAND

...You finessed it. I know it, and you know it.

No response.

RITTENBAND (CONT'D)

I know who you're after. I saw all the evidence, not just the toll photo. You gotta get him the right way.

BRYER

Oh, okay.

(approaches the judge)

So let me get this straight: What you're telling me is I'm supposed to sit around with my thumb up my ass and my fingers crossed hoping that one of these fucking days, somewhere down the line, one of these rich assholes is gonna say the wrong thing LOUD enough so that we can't choose to ignore it anymore?

RITTENBAND

(beat)

Get the fuck outta of my office.

BRYER

Yes, your honor.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Mills waits on a nearby bench, watching as Bryer exits the chambers dialing his phone. DeFerlito walks up to Bryer, and grabs him. Bryer breaks free, aggressively, phone to his ear. Mills approaches. Bryer waves him away.

BRYER

(on the phone)

Well when do you expect her...? When do you expect her? Okay, well so I don't have to call a ninth time, will you take down what I'm sayin', word for word...? Okay, you got a pencil? You ready? Okay, here goes: "Mrs. Miller- Exactly how fuckin' stupid do you really think I am?"

EXT. OUTDOOR COFFEE SHOP - AFTERNOON

Robert and Jimmy sit. Jimmy looks at the TRUST DOCUMENT.

ROBERT

You didn't hurt anybody. You helped a lot of people.

JIMMY
And this piece of paper makes
everything okay?

ROBERT
No, it makes it easier.

JIMMY
(beat)
You worried I'm gonna say something?

ROBERT
No.

Jimmy keeps staring at the document.

JIMMY
Robert, look: you asked me to come
meet you and I'm here, but I came
because I wanted to get something
straight between us: we're even.

ROBERT
Okay, we're even. But just for the
record though, what you did...
(picks up the trust document)
Was way beyond the money.

JIMMY
(laughs)
Nothing's beyond money for you.

ROBERT
(laughs back)
Thanks a lot.

JIMMY
(pointing to the document)
And if I take this, then what does
that say about me?

He thinks a moment, then folds the document and puts it in
his pocket.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Fuck it. I'm gonna take your money
and do something good with it.

Hold on Jimmy.

INT. ROBERT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ellen is dressed in a full BALL GOWN. She sits at on the sofa
finishing a drink.

Robert enters and begins changing into a TUXEDO.

ROBERT
Hey, sweetie. What time you wanna
get there...? I don't wanna get
there too soon...

She doesn't say anything. He waits a moment, then...

ROBERT (CONT'D)
(tying his tie)
You okay? What is it?

ELLEN
You spoke to Brooke?

He slows... Something's brewing.

ROBERT
Did she tell you that?

ELLEN
No. She didn't have to.

ROBERT
Yeah, I explained to Brooke that...

ELLEN
...you explained, did you?
(a beat)
Did you tell her everything?

ROBERT
Yes.

ELLEN
Everything?
(off his silence)
Lift up your shirt.

ROBERT
What?

ELLEN
Lift up -- your shirt.

He doesn't move.

She stands and heads towards him. Then she hits him with a a
NEWSPAPER, right at his broken rib.

He winces a little, then looks down at the floor.

It's the Post article chronicling Julie's death.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
Did you tell her about that?

ROBERT
(long beat)
Ellen I don't know what you think
you know...

ELLEN
Oh, don't treat me like an idiot.
You've been sneaking off to see her for
months. You don't think I know that?

ROBERT
What do you think you know?

ELLEN
I never cared, really, about your
secretaries, your- gallerists,
whores, whatever you wanna call them.
I cared about our home. And now you
have brought this to our door.

ROBERT
I did what was necessary.

ELLEN
No you did what was necessary for
you, Robert, for your interests.

ROBERT
For my interests?

ELLEN
Yes.

ROBERT
Everything I do is for us, for this
family, and now you're gonna tell
me how to run my business.

ELLEN
This isn't about your business,
this is our life! Where do you
think we're going tonight? Why do
you think I've even tolerated this
for so long?

ROBERT
(he's had enough)
What you've tolerated? Wow!

ELLEN
I'm glad you find that funny.

ROBERT

What about me? What about the complaints? The unhappiness? The drinking? The shopping? The trainers? Everything! But yes, the charities, the wonderful sainted charities, you know, all the wonderful works that you do. How do you think I've paid for them?

ELLEN

I didn't ask you because I didn't want you to lie.

ROBERT

(walks off)

It's cause you didn't want to give 'em up!

ELLEN

But I thought that we had an understanding. And you broke that understanding when you brought Brooke into it.

ROBERT

No, I kept her out.

ELLEN

When you made Brooke complicit-- when you risked her future-- and I'm done.

She opens a FOLDER revealing some legal documents, slides them toward him.

ROBERT

What is this?

ELLEN

Read it.

He crosses to the bed and puts on his glasses. We see the title: "*SEPARATION AGREEMENT*" and hold on him reading for a few brief seconds until...

ROBERT

"All ownership and voting rights transfer to the Miller Charitable Foundation, to be administered by Brooke Miller?" Did you really expect me to sign this thing?

ELLEN

You're not following.

ROBERT
Apparently not, no. No.

ELLEN
(like talking to a child)
Okay, uhm, the police have been
trying to talk me. I assume they
want to know where you were that
night. And you know what? I'm not
gonna lie for you anymore. Not
unless you sign that.

A beat.

ROBERT
Yeah, this leaves me with nothing.

ELLEN
I think you'll find a way to
manage. I'm sure you have all kinds
of things offshore for a rainy day.

ROBERT
(shakes head)
This is fuckin' crazy.

ELLEN
(fast)
No, if you sign, then I'll tell your
lie. I'll say you were at home with
me that night, all night, together,
here, and you'll be free and clear.
And the people who need our money
will get it. That's my price.

ROBERT
You're out of your mind. I am not
signing that. I will not sign that!

ELLEN
Well then... I'll have to tell them
that you came home at four-thirty
bruised and bleeding...

ROBERT
(laughs)
That's fucking ridiculous! What...
(crosses close to her)
Are you trying to blackmail me?

ELLEN
I think we call it negotiating.

ROBERT

You're not gonna win that one.
There's no fucking way.

ELLEN

You know what, it'll cause just
enough trouble- the kind of trouble
that you don't want-- In fact,
according to my lawyer

ROBERT

(paces)
Fucking lawyer...

ELLEN

It's enough to give them probable
cause and then they can subpoena
your cell phone, GPS, DNA,

ROBERT

Fuck the DNA! I'm sick of this!

ELLEN

And whatever else they can think of.
So really Robert what you have is a
choice: you can spend the next three
years in court and in the tabloids
or-- you can be at your business.

ROBERT

(shakes head)
You won't do it. You won't do this.
You won't do it to the kids.

ELLEN

Just try me.

He stares at her, trying to make it work, but he can't.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

(finally cries)
You broke -- our little girl's heart.

ROBERT

It's how it all works, Ellen. You
know that.

ELLEN

I do, but she didn't.

ROBERT

She'll be better for it. The world is cold.

ELLEN
(turns and heads out)
Then you're gonna need a warm coat.

We hold on Robert's face. PRE-LAP Bill Evans' "My Foolish Heart."

INT. MAYFIELD'S LIMO - NIGHT

The car rides up Madison Avenue. Mayfield marks up a bunch of memos in a leather-bound folder. An aide we met earlier, JOHN AIMES, sits nearby.

AIMES
There's just one more thing... And
I hate to mention it now, but I
just received it...

MAYFIELD
Speak, John.

Aimes opens a FOLDER, handing it to Mayfield.

AIMES
I had Stern Marling run a secondary
audit on the Miller financials.

We catch a glimpse of the top sheet as Mayfield reads:

"STERN MARLING CONFIDENTIAL AUDIT - MILLER CAPITAL - We have reviewed the records you submitted and have found no way to legitimately substantiate a recent capital transfer of \$412 Million..."

We hold on Mayfield's face as he tries hard to conceal the spreading realization.

MAYFIELD
Who authorized this?

AIMES
I did.

MAYFIELD
(after a beat)
And what did you conclude?

AIMES
It's in front of you.

MAYFIELD
(laughs)
I didn't ask you what the paper said,
John. I asked you what you thought.

AIMES
(after a beat, carefully)
Well... what do you think?

MAYFIELD
I think... I think... that I don't
see anything wrong here.

Mayfield closes the folder and places it with the rest of his papers. Aimes nods.

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL

They arrive at the Plaza Hotel and exit the car

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT

We see throngs of the wealthy ascend the steps leading up to the opulent hall. Lining the walls are plaques for:
"Mt. Sinai Hospital - Miller Oncology Center."

INT. GRAND BALLROOM - LATER

Seated at one of the many round tables are Robert, Ellen, Peter, Gavin, Syd, Jeffrey, and a few spouses and attendants. Chamber MUSIC plays while everyone eats dinner.

We focus in on Robert as he stares intently out into the room, his eyes a mixture of ferocity and resignation. In the distance, we hear a SPEAKER'S voice fade in. It's Brooke.

BROOKE
...and to receive this prestigious
award, I invite now to the stage
the man who led this generous
effort, and whose financial trading
firm, Miller Capital, has just this
morning been acquired by Standard
Bank and Trust, a dedicated
businessman, family man, scholar,
philanthropist and all-around
humanitarian, a man I am lucky to
call -- my mentor, my friend -- and
my father -- Mr. Robert Miller...

Robert stands against deafening APPLAUSE as he makes his way to the stage and, in one continuous shot, gives Brooke a hug, takes the podium, opens his notes, and begins to talk.

FADE TO BLACK.