

"ARBITRAGE"

Screenplay by
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CLOUDS GIVE WAY TO A:

FALCON 900EX - SOARING THROUGH THE SKIES AT 550MPH

And we push in through one of the porthole windows of the speeding airplane, 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. GAVIN BRIAR (42), stands, smooths his suit, and walks forward, passing an empty conference table and approaching...

ROBERT MILLER (65)

who sits alone in his private area facing the cockpit, scribbling his own red-ink across a stack of CONTRACT DOCUMENTS. We haven't seen his face yet, just his back, but his effortless slouch, graying hair, and all-commanding mannerisms make one thing clear: *Robert's our man.*

GAVIN
(touching his shoulder)
Robert...

Robert turns and looks up at Gavin, just an inch startled.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
Sorry.

ROBERT
(as Gavin sits)
Would you mind terribly pouring
me a coffee?

Gavin straightens obligingly, steps into the galley and pours out a cup. He brings it back.

GAVIN
(sitting)
You're disappointed.

ROBERT
No. We'll get it done.

GAVIN
Are you angry with me?

ROBERT
Quants? Derivatives structures?
What was that?

GAVIN
It makes no sense.

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

GAVIN	ROBERT
To sign.	To sign.
They LAUGH.	

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Instead I fly two thousand miles
for a marketing meeting... And
where was Mayfield? What's this
"emergency" nonsense?

GAVIN
(after a beat)
Have you talked to the auditors?

ROBERT
Why?

GAVIN
Let's say we don't close this week...

ROBERT
(looks down)
Let me get back to my papers.

Gavin shuffles off. The AIRPHONE rings.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Yeah... No, sweetie. We're just
coming in now...
(pressing the AIRSHOW)
About ten minutes...

EXT. TETERBORO AIRFIELD - MOMENTS LATER

The ROAR of thirty million dollars landing near tall grass.

EXT. HANGER - 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.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Robert and Gavin sit as the limo drives off.

An "INCOMING MAIL" FOLDER lies on the counter. Robert flips through it, scanning correspondence until he stops at an ENVELOPE bearing a Soviet flag. It's marked: "PERSONAL AND CONFIDENTIAL."

He opens it. CLOSE ON THE LETTER:

"Respublika Sakha, Siberian Interior Ministry --

Dear Mr. Miller, as previously stated, due to presidential veto we must deny your request for the proceeds transfer of \$412 Million USD from the Sakha Mining Corporation.

Very Truly Yours, Alexei Materov, Deputy Minister."

Robert's face tightens. He folds the letter into his pocket.

GAVIN
Everything alright?

ROBERT
Fine.

They stare ahead into space. Robert opens another FOLDER.

GAVIN
Something's still bothering you.

ROBERT
(marking up a document)
Mayfield.

GAVIN
Maybe he really did have an emergency...

Robert looks up at Gavin disapprovingly, then turns back to his papers.

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The blur of city lights as the limo 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 (60, Robert's wife), BROOKE (36, Robert's daughter), PETER (34, Robert's son), TOM (Brooke's husband), 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 Papa! 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'll spoil them.

ROBERT
(grinning)
So what? You guys turned out all right.

BROOKE
(half-smile)
Exactly.

Robert rounds the table and takes his seat next to Ellen as she discreetly presses a SERVICE BUZZER.

ELLEN
The kids got hungry.

ROBERT
(hugging her)
No problem.

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

ALL
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU, HAPPY
BIRTHDAY TO...

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

ROBERT
Thank you, everyone... Well, what
can I say? I'm standing here, sixty-
five, it's a big number. Big
moment. Okay.
(some smiles from the group)
I've done a lot of things in my
life, worked hard on a lot of
different businesses, but I'll tell
you- as I look around at all these
faces, I know that my best work is
right here in this room... We've got
a great life, and I'm proud of all
of you. That's the best gift your
mother and I could have hoped for.
(he smiles)
Now, contrary to what you may have
heard, I've never been big on
celebrating myself, so tonight I
hope we'll all celebrate together,
and realize how lucky we are to
have each other...

PETER
(calling out)
...and to have sold the company
to Morgan this morning!

They all LAUGH.

ROBERT

(smiles)

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

More group LAUGHTER. He sees Ellen hug Peter across the room.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

But, tonight, at dinner, I've got only
one request: no talk of business.

ELLEN

Oh, here we go!

More LAUGHTER. Robert laughs, too.

ROBERT

I'm aware that may seem uncharacteristic,
but maybe it's taken me sixty-five years
to realize what's finally important --
and it's all of you.

ALL

(as they applaud)

Hear, hear!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

The kids play furiously with their TOYS. Peter talks to Tom.
He's slurring his words, three COCKTAILS in.

PETER

Because they just don't understand.
If you want growth in a down
market, you have to take risks.
Even the Chinese know that now...

TOM

That's why I stick with ships. Somebody
wants something, they need to ship it
here. It may be simple, but...

PETER

(ignoring him)

No, no. I'm not complaining. We're
doing great, actually, best quarter
in the last three years...

(shakes his head)

Listen to me, like you didn't know...

We TRACK over to Robert and Ellen. She's got one of Peter's kids propped up on Robert's lap, playing, drawing a dinosaur in a coloring book. He's pulling on Robert's ear.

ELLEN

...no, your Papa's ear is not part of the drawing... I'm taking you to the museum this weekend, then you'll see what a real dinosaur looks like.

The child tries to color with a piece of zucchini.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

(laughs)

Alexander, what are you doing...?

ROBERT

That's called "thinking outside the box..."
(pats the child on the head)
Kid's an artist...

ELLEN

(coddles the child)

Like his father, right...?

Brooke indicates to Ellen across the table. Ellen nods.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Speaking of which... You need to talk to Brooke.

ROBERT

Oh?

ELLEN

It's about Peter...

Robert nods. He exhales, then stands and crosses to Brooke. She straightens a little.

ROBERT

(nodding to the next room)
Join me for a drink?

INT. STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

A warm, clubby room, kept traditional. Robert pours out two SCOTCHES and brings them to the banquette where Brooke rests with an open FOLDER. He resumes signing papers.

ROBERT

Kids seem good.

Brooke nods, tries to smile.

BROOKE
What, uhh... was that about?

ROBERT
What?

BROOKE
Last time you made a speech like that was
when we lost the Firestone bid.

ROBERT
I just... wanted this night to be for us.
She nods again, unconvinced, then pulls out a MAGAZINE.

BROOKE
You saw this?
He looks closely at it. A "Fortune" cover story:
*"Robert Miller, the Oracle of Gracie Square: Investor profits
in uncertain times by predicting housing crisis."*

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Peter's got a copy pinned up in the
conference room.

ROBERT
(shakes his head)
You know how I feel about that.

BROOKE
You don't need to tell me.

ROBERT
Well stop skirting around it, then.
Brooke looks down and shifts uncomfortably.

BROOKE
I just don't know if they'll keep him on.

ROBERT
Your brother's doing fine. He
brought in what, last quarter,
thirty-five?

BROOKE
These guys don't care about thirty-five
million. They care about liabilities.

Robert's phone VIBRATES. He looks down. On the Caller-ID:
"Julie." He silences it.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Yesterday he showed up with alcohol
on his breath.

ROBERT
(exhales)
You know, Brooke, I'm doing this for
you and your brother. I'm not gonna
run this place forever; I know that.
And it's not about being the richest
man in the cemetery.

BROOKE
Can I ask you something?

ROBERT
What, honey?

BROOKE
You said they didn't sign today.

ROBERT
Yeah?

BROOKE
Well, I mean, we haven't really talked
about it, but... do you want them to?

ROBERT
Do I want them to sign?

BROOKE
Yeah.

ROBERT
Of course.

BROOKE
But why? My whole life you've told
me "work's our cornerstone."

ROBERT
It is.

BROOKE
So what's wrong with how things are? We
make a great return, we give a lot of
money to the charities we believe in...

ROBERT
You know, you're 36 now. I'm 65.
There's a big difference.

BROOKE
Dad, you're not that old.

ROBERT
It catches up fast. And I wouldn't
mind spending some time with you guys
outside the office.

BROOKE
This really doesn't sound like you.

ROBERT
(growing impatient)
Brooke, nobody trusts an independent
fund anymore. We've discussed this.
And you know better than anyone that
at our small size, all the new
accounting regulations are eating
away our profits. Now I'm trying to
build value for you and your brother,
and to do that, we're gonna to have
to merge. Morgan's the way.

Brooke looks to the floor.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
I'm surprised this disappoints you.

BROOKE
"We're long-term builders, not raiders."
Isn't that what you always said...? They
don't think that way.

ROBERT
(playful)
You think maybe now you're the one
that sounds a little pious?

BROOKE
You asked me how I felt.

ROBERT
And you've told me, and I understand.
But you really shouldn't worry.
They've agreed that once I'm gone,
probably within the year, you will
make the decisions... You might find
they're not always so easy. But as
long as you show profits, Morgan'll
leave you alone. We have a culture
here, why should they interfere?
(beat)
Besides if they ever do go ethically
off-track, well... You'll nag them to
death until they jump back on.

She can't help but smile. He leans in and touches her shoulder.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
I've watched you've become a real leader; that's why I put you in charge. So just trust me, alright? By week's end this'll all be wrapped up and... I'll talk to Mayfield. We'll find a solution for your brother.

Brooke nods, trying to accept this.

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
Gotta get it done.

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

ELLEN
Alright, just wake me when you come in, will you?

He kisses her and starts to exit.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
Robert.

ROBERT
What?

ELLEN
The hospital check; they still don't have it.

ROBERT
(nods)
Right, I'm sorry. I'll take care of it at the office.

ELLEN
You know, we committed by the 15th. They're going to announce it on Thursday.

ROBERT
(harder)
I will take care of it.

ELLEN
Okay.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Robert stares out the window at a few hustling MERCHANTS as he passes the low-rises of downtown Broadway.

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

The cab arrives at a LOFT BUILDING. Robert exits, paying the DRIVER through the door. Then he walks by a large frosted-glass window, approaching a private entrance.

INT. LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

JULIE CÔTE (33) 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 Phillip Chabrol*," as she downs the last of a WHITE WINE.

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.

ROBERT
Hi.

She doesn't answer. He walks down the long hall and comes up behind her, running his arms across her stomach.

JULIE
Don't.

ROBERT
Come on...

JULIE
I'm working.

ROBERT
(stroking her)
Please...

JULIE
I said I'm working. I've gotta
prepare for tomorrow.
(sharp)
You remember tomorrow, right?

ROBERT
(like a child)
But... It's my birthday...

JULIE
(standing)
I said don't!

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

ROBERT
What's wrong?

JULIE
It's eleven o'clock.

ROBERT
I'm sorry, baby. We had some bad
weather. Had to land in White Plains.

JULIE
You couldn't pick up the phone?

ROBERT
I had a meeting right after we
landed, and then...

JULIE
You had a three-hour dinner with
the family.

Silence.

JULIE (CONT'D)
They're second to business. I'm second to them. I'm actually about ninth.

ROBERT
Can't we just have a nice time?

JULIE
Can't you just admit it? Do you have to be such a fucking liar?

ROBERT
Yes. I had dinner with my children.
(her face falling a little)
But that doesn't mean...

JULIE
Oh, just shut up.

They stare at each other as she drags off the cigarette, then stubs it out.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Here, I made this for you.

She opens a dish revealing a BIRTHDAY CAKE. He stares at it.

ROBERT
You made that?... I didn't know you could bake. That's very nice...

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. MILLER CAPITAL - THE NEXT DAY

We track through a Spartanly-furnished trading office. PEOPLE at COMPUTERS making phone calls. CLOCKS showing different time zones. We pick up Brooke as she approaches an accountant, BEN (52), in a corridor office.

INT. MILLER CAPITAL - ACCOUNTANT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Brooke hands Ben a printout: the "OLD HILL FUND" report.

BROOKE
(pointing at four numbers)
This is what I'm talking about.

BEN
I don't understand.

BROOKE
No, I don't understand, and I've asked you three times. How am I supposed to close out the year?

BEN
What is it you want to know?

BROOKE
Look, where is this four hundred twelve million from Old Hill? It's there, then Jan to November it's not there, then magically it shows up this month?

BEN
I don't have that entry.

BROOKE
These are your books.

BEN
I mean that account. It's controlled by the outside auditor.

BROOKE
But you prepare the reconciliation statements, don't you? I mean, you signed off on this.

BEN
Brooke, this is six months old.

BROOKE
Because it's old it doesn't need to be right?

BEN
(exasperated)
We reconcile at the end of the fiscal year. It's just a timing difference. That's why God created suspense accounts.

Brooke stares at him, entirely unsatisfied.

BEN (CONT'D)
(sighs)
Your father signed these reports himself. Maybe you should ask him about them.

INT. GREENBERG & COMPANY - OFFICE HALL - ACROSS TOWN

Robert enters the palatial quarters, decorated with ornate 18th century furniture, a stark contrast to his more functional empire. He approaches a striking British RECEPTIONIST.

ROBERT

Robert Miller for Jeffrey Greenberg.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, he's expecting you, Mr.
Miller. Will you follow me, please?

Robert trails her 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 (55), handsome and charming.

RECEPTIONIST

Will you be needing any coffee, sir?

ROBERT

I'm fine, thank you.

JEFFREY

All good, Diane.

She exits. Robert sits. A moment of silence.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

So?

ROBERT

I'm here.

JEFFREY

Yes, you are, but guess what's not?

ROBERT

Jeffrey, I told you...

JEFFREY

Yes, yes, the contract, you're "working on it." And while you're working on it, I'll 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 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

Do I need to remind you that you're my partner in this? You knew damn well why I wanted you to buy those shares.

JEFFREY

(erratic again)

Is that a threat? Are you fucking crazy?

ROBERT

(shakes head)

No...

Jeffrey stands, begins pacing.

JEFFREY

...because 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

...Calm down, Jeffrey...

JEFFREY

I didn't get you into this mess!
Remember when you asked me if it was a good idea to divert half your liquid assets into a fucking diamond mine? What did I tell you?

ROBERT

(stands)

Are we done here?

JEFFREY

(apoplectic)

How long do you really expect me to float you?

ROBERT

(exploding)

I DON'T CONTROL JP FUCKING MORGAN! I'm trying to get it done! And I'm wasting time here while I could be figuring it out!

JEFFREY

Well then go figure it out. You've got until Friday. That's it.

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.

The limo drives away. Robert turns on the TELEVISION.

BLOOMBERG 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 tonight at the Four Seasons. We'll get it straight with Mayfield then.

ROBERT
(calming a little)
Good. I'll be back at three.

GAVIN (O.S.)
Did you forget the interview?

ROBERT
What interview?

GAVIN (O.S.)
CNBC. You're doing Bartiromo in an hour.

ROBERT
Oh, Jesus... Why are we doing that?

GAVIN (O.S.)
To create speculation?...
(no response)
It was your idea, remember?...

Robert just disconnects and holds the phone in his hands.

INT. ROBERT'S BEDROOM - LATER

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

ROBERT
You don't think it looks too... brash?

ELLEN
It's the third one you've tried.

She finishes tying it. He looks in the mirror.

ROBERT
I look old.

Ellen picks up a make-up TRAY.

ELLEN
Let me just...
(powdering one of his age spots)
There. Now you look regal.
(off his nod)
Tell me... What is it?

ROBERT
I just want this over with.

ELLEN
But it's done, isn't it?

ROBERT
They haven't signed the papers.

ELLEN
I thought that's why you flew down there.

ROBERT
So did I, but for some reason they
gave me a stall. I didn't get any
sleep on the plane and...
(rubbing his eyes)
God, Ellen... I'm so tired...

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

ROBERT
What plan is that?

ELLEN
"Sell the confidence, sell the man."

ROBERT
(laughs)
Words of another era...

ELLEN
Well, maybe we should go back there.

ROBERT
(far off)
I'd like that.

He straightens his jacket and starts heading out.

ELLEN
Mary called from Mt. Sinai. She said
they still haven't received the check...

ROBERT
I know. I'm taking care of it.

ELLEN
The gala's Thursday. I thought we
discussed this?

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

ELLEN
It's only two million.

ROBERT
(a beat)
Remember when we used to eat a full
dinner at that place off Flatbush for
two dollars?

ELLEN
I don't remember you being so
sentimental there, unless you were
tap dancing around an obligation.

ROBERT
Ellen...

She smiles, kisses his forehead.

ELLEN
Go do well.

INT. ROBERT'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Robert sits on a sofa across from MARIA BARTIROMO and a CAMERA CREW, mid-interview. Gavin watches on a nearby MONITOR.

MARIA

...but how do you do it, Robert? Your fund's returned 11% for the past nine years, even in the downturn, and it's been estimated that your personal shares in the company will go up nearly \$120 Million this year alone.

ROBERT

Well, we've done all right. Luckily, we've been able to stay risk-neutral, even in a year like this.

MARIA

But you took a huge bet on this housing crisis. Why?

ROBERT

I saw that the underlying options were overvalued, and I didn't think people's houses would keep tripling in value every decade, even with the Treasury printing money at a quarter point.

MARIA

That seems like a bigger risk than you would normally take. Isn't it against your hedged-neutral strategy?

ROBERT

Yes, it was an uncommon position. But these are uncommon times. You know, Maria, I was born in 1945. My father welded steel for the Navy. My mother worked at the VA. 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

You know, with the exception of 2008, we've had pretty much peace and prosperity in this country for the last twenty-five years. That's the anomaly.

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Now I don't want to sound like a doomsayer, but when I was a kid, I loved to read history, and my favorite teacher, Mr. Stein, said that world events always revolve around five things:
(extending his fingers one-by-one)
M-O-N-E-Y.

MARIA

(laughing)
Was this freshman econ?

ROBERT

This was Brooklyn Econ, fifth-grade.
(smiles, off her laugh)
And he was quite right, because what he was really saying was that even though money's the reward we compete for, it's the competition that's our nature. And as I learned later, that competition can make even the best of us manic, so it's not surprising that we see asset bubbles. But when reality sets in -- they have to pop.

MARIA

You were a teacher yourself, weren't you?

ROBERT

My Greenwich Village days. Now you're really gonna make me feel old.

MARIA

(smiles)
Let me shift for a minute to regulation. Some are saying that in the wake of Madoff-style collapses we need more transparency. Now your fund is private; the decisions and trades you make are secret. It's basically all up to you. Do you think we need more regulation?

ROBERT

Well, I think it's important to let the manager go where the strategy takes him, but essentially, we all agree to a "charter" -- a core philosophy of what we will and won't do with our investors money -- and we follow it. We manage a lot of capital for universities and pension funds, so safeguarding it is a responsibility I take very seriously. Madoff is a unique case.

MARIA
What's your take on him?

ROBERT
Sociopathic, criminal. I don't know.
I don't want to speculate, really.

The cameraman gives Maria a hand signal.

MARIA
We're almost out of time, but let's do
one last question: there's been a wave
of consolidation recently. Will your
fund remain independent, or will we see
you merge with one of the larger
institutions? There've been rumors...

ROBERT
(smiling)
Maria, there are always rumors. And
of course I can't comment.

MARIA
(smiles back)
Fair enough. But where do you see
your own role in the next five years?

ROBERT
You know... I'll always love markets, and
I'll always want to work with them; I
wouldn't know what else to do with myself.

The lights go off. Robert starts unclipping his microphone.

MARIA
It was a great interview. Thanks.

ROBERT
You're a great interviewer.

MARIA
You're selling, aren't you?

ROBERT
(after a beat)
Maria, gimme a break.

EXT. FOUR SEASONS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

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

INT. FOUR SEASONS RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

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.

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

ROBERT
(smiling)
They're not too caustic, are they?

BARNES
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's very sorry he couldn't be here; he
was delayed in Austin.
(MORE)

AIMES (CONT'D)

But he did ask me to convey how committed we are to finding our way together.

BARNES

That's right. In fact, 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. Julie calls again. Robert silences it again. Then he gets a text: "945pm - *FUCK YOU.*"

AIMES

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

ROBERT

(rising)

Gentleman, something's just come up. I can leave you in my family's capable hands?

AIMES

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

Robert shakes Aimes' hand and starts to head out. Brooke rises.

BROOKE

(indicating)

Dad...

They move off to the side.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Did you get my message?

ROBERT

No, I've been out. What's up?

BROOKE

We need to sit down. 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 twelve tomorrow
and we'll look at it. And Brooke?

BROOKE
Yeah.

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

BROOKE
I'm on it.

EXT. FOUR SEASONS RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Robert dashes to the limo, dialing Julie. No answer.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

He enters and closes the door, ringing her again.

ROBERT
(to the driver)
27th between 11th and 12th.

EXT. JULIE CÔTE GALLERY - A LITTLE LATER

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

INT. GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

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

ROBERT
How're they doing?

ASSISTANT
I'm afraid not so great, Mr.
Miller. Just two sales.

Robert pauses a moment, then pulls out an "ALCOA INVESTMENTS"
checkbook, writes out a check for \$46,000.

ROBERT
I'll take
(pointing)
those three... But tell her a
collector bought them, okay?

ASSISTANT
(taking the check)
Alright.

He scans the party further. No Julie.

INT. GALLERY - OFFICE IN BACK - CONTINUOUS

We pick up on Julie bumping two rails of COCAINE.

She's dressed in a form-fitting "YSL" SUIT, 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 straightens, pulls her hair back and exits, entering the main gallery...

INT. GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

Where she quickly sees Robert searching for her through the throngs of PEOPLE. 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 heads off to talk to a group of PATRONS.

Robert takes a last look, then recedes.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

As Robert enters, already on the phone.

GAVIN (O.S.)
...they said they have every
intention of signing tomorrow.

ROBERT
(nodding to himself)
How were the kids?

GAVIN (O.S.)
Great. Brooke was great. I have a
good feeling about this.

ROBERT
I'm glad you're so sensitive.

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...

INT. SERVICE KITCHEN

And sits at the counter, staring at the LETTER again from the Russian consulate. He refills a glass of SCOTCH, downs it.

EXT. JULIE'S LOFT - NIGHT

We pick up on a TAXI as Robert exits, fully-suited, in front of the building. He approaches and sees a bunch of PEOPLE inside through the frosted-glass window.

He heads to the back entrance and uses his own key to go inside.

INT. JULIE'S LOFT - CONTINUOUS

Julie's a touch worn from the evening, but she's still composed. She sits with five guests including her gallery assistant, TWO WOMEN, and TWO GUYS who look like painters. One of them does a line of COCAINE off an "Art in America" magazine as the other keeps talking.

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

INT. JULIE'S LOFT - BEDROOM

Robert watches Julie through a crack in the doorway. He picks up her CORDLESS and calls her. We INTERCUT.

JULIE
(confused by the Caller-ID)
Who's this?

ROBERT
It's me.

JULIE
What do you want?

ROBERT
I'm here.

JULIE
Where?

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 shirt.

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
Julie...

JULIE
Those were my friends. You know
what a friend is?

ROBERT
They're drug addicts.

JULIE
Oh, don't you fucking dare
patronize me...

ROBERT
Julie...

JULIE
One night! One damn night in a
month I told you was important to
me, and you can't be there...

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'm here now.

JULIE
No, you're here when it's convenient
for you to be here. That's not love.
Love means YOU FUCKING SHOW UP! But
you're never gonna understand that...

ROBERT
Come on, Julie...

JULIE
Why did you buy those paintings tonight?

ROBERT
Because I love you.

Her face falls, slightly.

JULIE
I told you, I just wanted you to help
me get started. If I'm gonna fail then
let me fail.

ROBERT
Julie, you're not gonna fail. And you
know I don't throw away money, but
sometimes, to grow a business, you've
gotta project a certain image.

JULIE
So it's just a big lie?

ROBERT

It's not a lie. The market's terrible right now- for everyone. That's why you need to show sales, because if you can stay strong when things are bad, then you become a leader. People say "Whoa, how'd she do that?" And then when things get better, they'll remember and come to you.

JULIE

(calming a little)

Fine, that makes some sense, but...

(exhales)

I just don't know where this is going...
You're never gonna leave her...

She drifts off, tearing... Robert comes closer.

ROBERT

(touching her face)

Julie... I can't lose you now. I need you. Just give me a chance. Soon we're gonna have all the time in the world.

JULIE

Why should I believe you?

ROBERT

Because you can see it. Look...

She does. He starts to stroke her forearm.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

You're all I'm hanging on to. I would give up everything for you if I could. I really would. I just...
can't right now...

JULIE

(pulling away)

Well, when?!

He stares at her a second. Thinks. Decides.

ROBERT

Now.

JULIE

What?

ROBERT

Tonight, now.

JULIE
What are you talking...?

ROBERT
Come away with me. I wanna take you
somewhere...

JULIE
...Where?...

ROBERT
Let's go to my house in Greenwich.

She's processing this. It's weird, but...

JULIE
What about your meetings?

ROBERT
(quick)
We'll come back in the morning. But we
can wake up together in my bed with
the sun and the lake and forget about
everything for a night. Just you and
me. Let's just get in your car and go.

JULIE
(stares, then)
You're crazy, you know that?

EXT. HIGHWAY - DEAD OF NIGHT

A MERCEDES 180SEL driving the interstate towards Connecticut.
Cole Porter plays. 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, the Porter 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...

*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 off the road and CRASHES into a telephone post.*

Smoke billows from the darkness, the spinning headlights
illuminating the ghastly scene.

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.

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'd like to make that 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
Jimmy... Listen to me very closely...

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

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 sleeping 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. And nobody knows you're here, right?

JIMMY
Yeah.

ROBERT
Does somebody know 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 up using my father's name, ask
me to come out here to...

ROBERT
...what do you want, Jimmy? Ten
thousand? Twenty? Is that enough?

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

JIMMY
You talk to me like that you can get
the fuck out and walk.

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
Are 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, just drive.

JIMMY

You're bleeding inside.

ROBERT

I just... have to get home... I'll deal with it in a few hours.

JIMMY

What if you don't make it that long?

ROBERT

Then I don't make it.

EXT. THIRD AVENUE - NIGHT

The SUV pulls to a stop a few blocks from Robert's house. He exits.

JIMMY

(through the window)

Call and let me know it's okay.

ROBERT

Better we don't talk for a while.

JIMMY

So what then, you 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

Alright, man. Take care of that.

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

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 GOWER (46) 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. Gower gets out of the car.

GOWER

You gotta be fucking kidding me.

MILLS

Captain says it's on our side of the line.

GOWER

We've been having this argument twenty years. They can't handle one drunk motorist kills herself?

MILLS

I'm not so sure...

GOWER

Whaddya mean?

MILLS

She wasn't the driver.

Gower nods, his interest piqued.

GOWER

Let's roadblock lane-to-lane and do a five-mile canvass. Every gas station, metro area, the works.

(off his nod)

And Mills...

MILLS

Yeah?

GOWER

Call Verizon, pull the luds off all the local payphones.

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

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jimmy enters his small tenement. The living room is empty save for a sofa and some moving BOXES. He heads to the

BEDROOM

Awake and smoking a cigarette is REINA (23, Hispanic). Jimmy starts to undress, coughs, then opens a window.

JIMMY
You're gonna choke in here.

REINA
Where'd you go?

JIMMY
I told you, I had to...

REINA
"...run an errand." Yeah.

Jimmy pauses, takes off his pants.

REINA (CONT'D)
I heard you on the phone. You went to meet Robert.

JIMMY
So?

REINA
So why's he calling in the middle of the night? What's he got you doing for two and a half hours?

JIMMY
Leave it be, Rei.

Jimmy gets into bed, turns out the light. Reina waits a beat, then reaches over and turns it back on.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Reina...

REINA
Jimmy, what's going on?

JIMMY
I said leave it be.

REINA
You wanna end up like your father?

Jimmy gets up, taking the comforter with him.

JIMMY
I can't hear this again.

Reina stands, crosses to him.

REINA
(softening, holds him)
Come on, baby. Hold on...

JIMMY
(shaking her off)
What?

REINA
I'm just... worried, that's all.

JIMMY
There's nothing to worry about.

REINA
You can tell me if there is.

JIMMY
(hugging her)
Everything's gonna be fine. We're
going on Friday. Everything's the
same. I promise you. Okay?

She nods. They kiss.

INT. ROBERT'S MANSION - NIGHT

Robert enters the basement. He walks into a security monitoring room. We see a street view of cameras outside the door he just entered. He pulls TAPES 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 tapes into the incinerator, pouring LIGHTER FLUID on top of them and striking a match. He sets the items on fire and closes the hopper.

RAMON
Do you need anything, sir?
Something to eat?

Startled, he looks over to see his live-in houseman standing in the dark.

ROBERT
I'm fine, Ramon. Go back to bed.

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
What?

ELLEN
The ice cream...

ROBERT
(pained, shifting his body)
Yes...

ELLEN
You know you're not supposed to eat that with the Lipitor...
(dreaming)
Did you ask Peter about his chores?

ROBERT
Ellen...

ELLEN
What?

ROBERT
Do you love me?

ELLEN
Of course...

She rolls over. Hold on Robert's face.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. PRIVATE HOME - STUDY - EARLY MORNING

DR. SOBEL (50s) finishes taping up Robert's bruised stomach. Other than the ribs, the only visible damage is a slight cut on Robert's forehead.

SOBEL

You need to come to the office for an MRI.

ROBERT

I can't now.

SOBEL

Can you lie down for the day?

ROBERT

No. Are we done?

SOBEL

Robert -- you've got internal bleeding
and two broken ribs. You need to heal.

Robert stands, hiding a wince, and picks up a Percocet BOTTLE.

SOBEL (CONT'D)

No more than two every six hours.

INT. PRIVATE HOME - ENTRY HALL - CONTINUOUS

As Robert exits, he passes a pile of newspapers. He picks up a Post, thumbs through it. On page five:

*A headline splashed with an awful PICTURE from the accident:
"French Art Beauty Killed in Fiery Crash."*

SERVANT

(passing by)

Do you need anything else, sir?

ROBERT

No, thank you.

He puts the paper under his arm and exits.

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

SID FELDER (68) sits next to Robert, the Post by his side.

SID

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

ROBERT

And if it was proved the person had alcohol in his system...

SID

Fleeing the scene creates a legal presumption that the driver was under the influence.

ROBERT

So such a person...

SID

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

ROBERT

What about fingerprints, DNA?

SID

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

ROBERT

Cell phone records?

SID

Did this person make any calls from the area?

ROBERT

No.

SID

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

ROBERT

Don't the phones have GPS now? What if they checked the cell towers?

SID

Legally that's all very shaky right now. To pull those records they'd need heavy probable cause.

ROBERT

Which would be?

SID

Again, something that linked the two people together that night.

(MORE)

SID (CONT'D)

Some concrete evidence that contradicted a statement given to the police. Or another witness who comes forward.

ROBERT

So what would you advise such a person to do?

SID

To confess immediately.

ROBERT

Failing which?

SID

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.

SID (CONT'D)

Robert...

ROBERT

What?

SID

They're going to come to you.

ROBERT

I know.

SID

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

ROBERT

(after a beat)

What happens if the deal with Morgan doesn't close, and I have to tell my investors about our real losses?

SID

Nothing good.

ROBERT

And you said that depending on how the Justice Department decides to prosecute me, a fraud conviction might get me, uh... twenty years?

SID

I did.

ROBERT

Then what choice do I really have?

EXT. DELOITTE ACCOUNTING HEADQUARTERS - LATER

We follow CHRIS VOGLER (55) 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'm aware. I gave testimony to the committee.
(zeroing in)
You know this.

CHRIS

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

ROBERT

That's impossible.

CHRIS

Don't worry. I put the team on different books and left "Old Hill" for myself.
(smiles)
I'm happy to say that I cleared it.

ROBERT

The audit's cleared?

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

ROBERT
You're leaving this week?

CHRIS
It's a five-year clock.

ROBERT
(exacerbated)
Why?

CHRIS
To prevent exactly what we're doing.
But honestly, there's nothing left
to worry about.

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
Where?

GAVIN (O.S.)
Sherry Netherland. Checked in an hour ago.

ROBERT
He called?

GAVIN (O.S.)
No, I have a friend on the executive committee who said he's holding all the meetings in his room...
(no response)
Maybe he's getting settled.

ROBERT
You think we're dealing with a fucking idiot?

GAVIN (O.S.)
(beat)
I spoke to legal. They said Morgan 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!

He hangs up.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
(to the driver)
The office.

The car speeds off.

INT. ROBERT'S OFFICE - LATER

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

BROOKE
I just can't reconcile it...

ROBERT
Reconcile what?

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

ROBERT
Of course I'm listening. 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. Somebody made a computer error.

ROBERT
Okay, well, I'll look into it.

BROOKE
I'm not so sure it's innocent.

ROBERT
What do you mean?

BROOKE
(pointing at the sheet)
There are five accounts here that I circled. Up until last year they're perfectly normal. Then, all of a sudden, about four hundred million goes out from them without any notation.
(circling a column)
But the accounts don't go to zero; they get funded with a credit balance.
(points to another column)
Three months ago, money leaves these accounts at eight and half percent interest, even though they're empty. Then last month the money's returned and their value goes back up.
(she puts the sheet down)
It doesn't feel right that all these accounts live the same life. I mean, maybe somebody's playing games, skimming a little of it?

INT. ROBERT'S OFFICE RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

Gower arrives at the office. CINDY (30s, Black) greets him.

CINDY
May I help you?

GOWER
Yes, I'm Detective Michael Gower. I
was hoping to see Mr. Miller.

CINDY
Is he expecting you?

GOWER
I'm afraid not.

CINDY
May I ask what this is regarding?

GOWER
It's a police matter.

CINDY
One moment, please.

INT. ROBERT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

ROBERT
That's ridiculous. That can't be right.

BROOKE
I know, that's why...

ROBERT
Look, I'll look at it, okay? Just
don't mention anything right now.
We don't want to scare anyone. The
audit just cleared this morning.

BROOKE
Oh, good. I didn't know that. Okay.

The Intercom RINGS.

ROBERT
(into phone)
What?

CINDY (O.S.)
There's a detective Gower 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.

INT. ROBERT'S OFFICE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

As Brooke exits, she and Gower cross paths. She eyes him...
He doesn't look familiar. Brooke arrives at Cindy's desk.

BROOKE
Who was that?

CINDY
Detective Gower, I think he said?

BROOKE
Detective?

CINDY
NYPD.

BROOKE
What did he want?

CINDY
He didn't say.

Off Brooke, curious.

INT. ROBERT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Robert steels himself, then walks to the door and opens it, ushering Gower inside.

GOWER
Mr. Miller, thanks for seeing me.
Sorry I didn't call.

ROBERT
No problem. Would you like some coffee?

GOWER
I'm fine.
(sits)
What happened to your head?

ROBERT
What?

GOWER
That looks like a nasty cut. Does
it hurt?

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

GOWER
Uh-huh.

ROBERT
So what can I do for you detective?

GOWER
Well, I'm here about Ms. Julie Côte.

ROBERT
Yes? Is she alright?

GOWER
I'm afraid Ms. Côte was killed last night.

ROBERT
Oh. Oh, my, that's... terrible.
What happened?

GOWER
Well, actually it was a car accident.

ROBERT
My God.

GOWER

Yes, well, you see, I'm here, sir,
because we haven't located the driver.

ROBERT

The driver?

GOWER

See we think, we don't really know
much at this point, but she was in
the passenger seat, and we believe
there was another person driving.
Now we don't know if he's dead, or
hurt...

ROBERT

What usually happens in these cases?

GOWER

Often the driver goes for help, but
his injuries cause him to die on
the way. We're searching the area
right now.

ROBERT

This is just... awful.

GOWER

Can you tell me what the nature of
your relationship was with her?

ROBERT

How do you mean?

GOWER

You were an investor in her gallery?

ROBERT

Yes.

GOWER

How did you meet?

ROBERT

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

GOWER

Do you know who introduced you?

ROBERT

I'm afraid I don't remember.

GOWER

When was the last time you saw her?

ROBERT
Last night, at her opening.

Gower shifts, edging forward.

GOWER
Do you recall seeing anyone strange there?

ROBERT
How do you mean?

GOWER
Someone out of the ordinary. Maybe
an ex-boyfriend, someone she
might've taken a trip with? Perhaps
a Frenchman...?

ROBERT
We... didn't discuss those things.

GOWER
She was just an employee.

ROBERT
Not an employee. I was an investor.

GOWER
What made you invest?

ROBERT
She had a great eye. She found me
(points)
those Calder prints, the ones on the
wall there. They appreciated quickly,
and on the strength of that I agreed
to fund some of the gallery.

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

ROBERT
Why would I mind?

GOWER
It's in your company's name. Your
permission would speed things along.

ROBERT
Of course. You've got it.

GOWER
Mr. Miller, is there anything else
that you think might be relevant
that you could help us with?

ROBERT

I can't really think of anything... But
I can see something's troubling you.

GOWER

Well, it's just... Why would you
lease an apartment for Ms. Côte? Is
that something you do for many of
your employees?

ROBERT

No, but she had recently moved from Paris
if I remember, and she needed a place
where she could entertain clients.

GOWER

So you leased her this apartment.

ROBERT

Our holding group did. You seem
confused by this...

GOWER

I don't mean to be indelicate...

ROBERT

Please...

GOWER

From what we've been able to gather,
Ms. Côte wasn't exactly an art star.
I mean, she worked for a few dealers
in Paris, but...

ROBERT

But why would I invest in her gallery
and help her find a place to live?

Gower cocks his head.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I make investments in people I
believe in. Nothing's a sure bet,
but I thought Julie would do well,
so I backed her, and she did. That's
much of the sum of my business.

GOWER

(nods)

Well, it looks like it's served you
well. I won't take up any more of
your time.

(handing him a paper)

Would you mind signing this consent
form for the search?

ROBERT
Not at all.

GOWER
Good day.

Gower heads out.

We hold on Robert as he thinks a moment, then DIALS the phone.

INT. ELLEN'S OFFICE - DAY

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

Ellen sits across her desk from SUSAN (30s), going over the guest list for the hospital event.

ELLEN
What about the Gaffneys?

SUSAN
Confirmed for a table. But you know how they are...

ELLEN
You mean the stiff mummy club?
(off Susan's laugh)
Yeah, they're charter members. We got their check, though?

INT. ELLEN'S OFFICE - OUTER SUITE - CONTINUOUS

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

MAE
(into phone)
Ellen Miller's office... May I say what this is regarding...? One moment, please.

INT. ELLEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ellen's standing, cradling the phone and packing her handbag. Susan continues reviewing the list.

ELLEN
(into phone)
I'll get you a tour...
(MORE)

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Yes, we're there once a week, all my kids did summers there, it would be great for Sarah, you really get involved, you know, it's not just writing a check...

Mae enters.

MAE

(softly)

There's a Detective Gower on the line.

Ellen holds up her hand, buying a moment.

ELLEN

(into phone)

Of course... We'll see you Thursday. And we appreciate it... Nice to talk to you, too.

(hanging up, to Mae)

I'm sorry, who?

MAE

Detective Gower.

ELLEN

Did he say what he wanted?

MAE

No.

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

ELLEN

Well, I can't talk to him now; I'm late for the Warrens.

(heading to the door)

Tell him I'll get back to him as soon as I can.

(off her nod)

Thanks, guys!

INT. ELLEN'S OFFICE - OUTER SUITE - CONTINUOUS

As she hits the exterior room, her smile quickly fades. She walks ahead, steely.

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.

ROBERT
(managing a nod)
You saw the Post?

GAVIN
What...? No- her mother just called
from the airport.

ROBERT
Is there a service here?

GAVIN
Tomorrow at nine.

ROBERT
We'll cover all the expenses.
Anything she wants.

He puts his hand on Gavin's shoulder.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
I want you to take care of it, personally.

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

ROBERT
I'm fine. Did you reach Mayfield?

The ELEVATOR arrives and Robert gets in.

GAVIN
Nothing yet, but we'll get him...
(stares)
Robert, I...

ROBERT
(genuine)
Thank you for your concern.

Gavin's still staring as the doors close.

INT. JULIE'S LOFT - DAY

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

Gower supervises from the side. Mills approaches.

MILLS

How'd it go?

GOWER

He didn't admit the affair, but of course he couldn't.

MILLS

Why didn't you pick him up?

GOWER

He's a very rich man.

MILLS

Do I detect a little pussyness?

GOWER

What happened with the pay phones?

Mills pulls out a SHEET from Verizon.

MILLS

Fifteen calls in a three-mile between one and four AM. Most were to trucking companies, but two look strange: an incoming that's probably a local drug deal...

GOWER

And the one we care about?

MILLS

A collect call. One and a half minutes. Made from the Chevron station on West Lake Road.

GOWER

Who'd he call?

MILLS

A prepaid cellphone in the Bronx. Still waiting on the address.

GOWER

(thinks)

You're at the crash site. You're drunk... You hobble off the road... You're smart enough not to use your own cellphone. So you get to the pay phone... and you're a billionaire, but... you call someone in the Bronx?

Mills' cellphone RINGS.

MILLS
 (into phone)
 Hello...? Okay... 425 North Convent.
 (hangs up)

GOWER
 Let's go.

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...? Hey... No, I dunno. You should ask Mom... Look, I'm just going through some statements... I know it's... So, how much did you book last quarter?... No, I'm not... No, Peter, I'm 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)
 Yeah... *Thirty-five* million. For your whole group, right?... It wasn't sixty-eight?... Of course it's a big number... No, I'm not... Oh, Jesus, Pete... Yeah, Goodbye.

Brooke taps the keyboard and a PRINTER starts spitting out pages. Suddenly, Ben, the accountant we met earlier, appears.

BEN
 What the fuck are you doing?

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 me.

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?

BROOKE
Why don't you tell me?

BEN
(after a beat)
You're not really that dumb, are you?

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

PEDESTRIANS hurriedly pass by this busy stretch of the Bronx near Grand Concourse.

INT. UNDERCOVER CAR - SAME

Gower and Mills wait. Jimmy approaches. They get out.

EXT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

MILLS
Mr. Grant?

JIMMY
Yes?

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

JIMMY
What's this about?

GOWER
Let's talk about that at the station.

JIMMY
Am I under arrest?

MILLS
Do you wanna be?

Jimmy thinks for a minute.

GOWER
(softening)
Just take a ride with us.

JIMMY
Alright.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

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

GOWER
Let's go over it again.

JIMMY
Man we been over it.

GOWER
You were asleep.

JIMMY
Right.

GOWER
And your phone rings.

JIMMY
Right.

GOWER
And it's a wrong number.

Jimmy doesn't answer.

GOWER (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.

GOWER
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 picture with a
neighbor who saw you getting into
your truck ten minutes after this
call was made.

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

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

JIMMY
Lawyer.

INT. SID'S LIMO - DAY

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

ROBERT
What about statute of frauds?

SID
It's a trust. All you're doing is
making Jimmy a beneficiary.

ROBERT
They can't claim conspiracy?

SID
It's just an agreement to pay him
certain monies at certain times,
which you of course made some years
ago according to this filing date.

Robert nods, then signs the document, closing the folder.

ROBERT
You're gonna sign him out?

SID
I called in Earl Monroe.

ROBERT
Who?

SID
Civil rights attorney. You remember
Crown Heights?

ROBERT
Why aren't you handling it yourself?

SID
I'd prefer not to draw all the dots
for them. Earl's a great firewall.

ROBERT
He's the best?

SID
He's the best above 96th Street.
And he's not cheap.

Robert slumps back, staring out the window.

ROBERT
You've gotta get Jimmy out of this.

SID
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?

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

Robert's silent.

SID (CONT'D)
(trying to be upbeat)
Of course the state would have to
prove that he lied to them...

INT. BOND RELEASE AREA - DAY

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

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

Jimmy ignores him and exits with Earl.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy and Earl approach the waiting limo. At the door, they
shake hands.

EARL
I'll call you tomorrow with any news.
Don't worry. And don't say anything else.

Jimmy nods and enters the limo as Earl walks off.

INT. SID'S LIMO - CONTINUOUS

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
Jimmy...

JIMMY
You got your own son for this. Why
the hell'd you call me?

ROBERT
He would have fucked it up.

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

SID
This isn't productive.

JIMMY
Oh, okay. So tell me then, Sid,
what the fuck happens now?

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

ROBERT
It's just suspicion.

JIMMY
Motherfucker, I'm Black!

ROBERT
I'm aware of that.

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

SID
(BUZZING the driver)
Gentlemen, I can't be party to this
conversation, so this is where I
get out...

EXT. STREET

Sid steps out of the limo and watches as it rolls away up lower Park Avenue.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Back in mid-conversation.

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...? Folks
rely on me to get by.

Jimmy chews on this, dissatisfied.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Listen... the police are grasping
at straws. Now I want to talk to
you, because I was able to move
some things around...

(handing Jimmy the folder)
and I've set up a trust for you
with \$2 Million dollars. All you
have to do is...

JIMMY

(grabbing him hard)
Are you fucking serious? You wanna
hold that over me?!

ROBERT

WHAT ELSE IS THERE?!

Jimmy releases Robert and calms down. They ride a while in
silence. Then Jimmy rises and taps on the limo's partition.

JIMMY
(to the driver)
Yo, yo man, pull the car over.

ROBERT
What are you gonna do?

JIMMY
I look like a fucking snitch to you?

ROBERT
(after a beat)
Thank you, Jimmy.

JIMMY
Oh, man, fuck you. You better take
a look in the mirror, pal.

Jimmy exits. Robert stares ahead into space. The phone RINGS.

ROBERT
(agitated)
What?

CINDY (O.S.)
I've got Chris Vogler from Deloitte,
you asked me to interrupt you.

ROBERT
Put him through...
(he hears Chris come on)
Chris...

CHRIS (O.S.)
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!

INT. POLICE IMPOUND LOT - DAY

Forensic TECHNICIANS tear apart Julie's Mercedes. They comb the seat panels, use fluorescent imaging SCANNERS, spray LUMINOL. The car is a burnt wreck from the explosion.

Gower supervises from the side. One of the TECHS approaches.

TECH
Mike...

GOWER
Yeah.

TECH
Take a look.

He holds up an EVIDENCE BAG containing a Tiffany CUFF LINK in the shape of a horseshoe.

GOWER
That's it?
(beat)
What about prints, anything?

TECH
Come on, Mike. Fucking thing's
burnt to a crisp.

INT. POLICE OFFICE - LATER

Gower reviews papers with Mills and his supervisor, FLORES.

FLORES
...cause you don't have anything.

MILLS
(pointing to the papers)
Right there! Eight months of phone
calls, text messages...

FLORES
That just proves they were fucking.

MILLS
It proves he lied to Mike, doesn't it?

GOWER
(dejected)
He didn't lie. He was... evasive.

FLORES

Which would make perfect sense if you were having an affair. Plus he's got an alibi.

MILLS

We didn't hear back from his wife.

FLORES

(shakes head)

You don't need to. She's gonna corroborate it...

MILLS

Look- he was at the gallery. He was fucking the girl. He was sponsoring her Goddamn H1B visa! She had sent him an angry text that night...

FLORES

That's all very nice, but it doesn't mean anything unless you can put him at the scene.

GOWER

What about the cuff link?

FLORES

They make forty thousand of those a year. You're the one just told me that.

GOWER

So what, then, he just gets away with it?

They sit in silence a moment.

FLORES

What about this kid you picked up? What do you know about him?

MILLS

We're still waiting on his sheet from Centre street.

FLORES

(staring at him, slowly)

You think maybe you should go the fuck down there?

INT. DELOITTE - VOGLER'S OFFICE HALLWAY - LATER

Robert is arguing with 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's 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! Everything's fine! We confirmed the money, it's all straight and done.

ROBERT
(beyond confused)
Then... why?

CHRIS
They told me to hold it.

ROBERT
Who told you?

CHRIS
Mayfield.

Robert thinks... and starts LAUGHING.

ROBERT
They're negotiating. They just want
to get a better price!

EXT. DELOITTE - DAY

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

INT. LIMO - DAY

Robert DIALS his cell.

HOTEL OPERATOR (O.S.)
Sherry Netherland.

ROBERT
James Mayfield, please.

HOTEL OPERATOR (O.S.)
Who may I say is calling?

ROBERT
Robert Miller.

HOTEL OPERATOR (O.S.)
One moment, sir...

We hear RINGING...

MAYFIELD (O.S.)
Mr. Miller.

ROBERT
I think it's time we had a talk.

MAYFIELD (O.S.)
Can you meet me at my hotel first
thing tomorrow?

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jimmy and Reina sit at the kitchen table, the TRUST DOCUMENT
with the \$2 Million offer in front of them.

JIMMY
We got money saved. With the
Virginia spot, we could...

REINA
Jim- this is a different world. We
could do whatever we want! Think
about what you could accomplish
with this. What our kids could
accomplish...

JIMMY
We don't have kids.

REINA
But if we did- think about it, that's
all I'm saying. They'd have what his
kids have. All the things we didn't. I
mean they could do anything.

JIMMY
I could go to jail.

REINA
You said they can't prove it, right?

JIMMY
(beat)
You don't feel the slightest bit
fucked up about this?

REINA
Baby- you didn't know what happened
when he called you, okay? You didn't
do anything wrong. So it's a bad
situation, sure. I'm just saying...
Why don't we turn it around?

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Gower's on the phone at his desk.

GOWER
(into phone)
Yes, I understand that Mr. Tong,
but it would really help if... The
VID-E-O TAPE... At the gas station,
yes... Hang, on, Mr. Tong, I can't
understand what you're say... You
taped over it...?

Mills approaches, carrying a FOLDER.

MILLS
Mike...

Gower looks up at him. Mills points to the folder and smiles.

INT. POLICE OFFICE - DAY

Gower 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?

GOWER
They're all dead.

FLORES
(reading)
Says he got popped for gun possession.
How come he got probation?

GOWER
He had an excellent lawyer.

FLORES
(reading closer)
How the fuck does this kid afford
Sid Felder...?

Gower hand Flores another FOLDER.

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

FLORES
(reading)
Miller Capital?
(reading)
(MORE)

FLORES (CONT'D)
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 him you can move against. He's
a convicted felon. Go get a
warrant, put him in front of a
grand jury, charge him with
obstruction. Let's see how long he
holds out when he realizes he's
looking at ten years off the prior.

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. It's clear that Brooke has been crying.

ROBERT
Sweetie, are you alright? What's wrong?

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

Robert stands at the door a moment, collecting himself.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Why don't we take a walk outside...

INT. ELEVATOR

Brooke follows Robert inside as they ride in silence. Robert stares alternately at the floor and mirrored walls in which he sees a distorted reflection.

Brooke struggles to keep her mascara from running.

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

They head in silence down the street towards Gracie Park.

EXT. GRACIE PARK - CONTINUOUS

They arrive at the door. Robert inserts his key.

INT. GRACIE PARK - CONTINUOUS

They walk solemnly towards a park bench. Robert sits, motions to Brooke.

BROOKE
I'll stand.

ROBERT
Brooke...

BROOKE
How could you?

ROBERT
How could I what?...

BROOKE
Oh, no, no we're definitely not playing that game. Because if you lie to me now -- I will never speak to you again.

ROBERT
So you know.

BROOKE
Of course I know. 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

Dad, what the hell did you do?

ROBERT

Now wait just a Goddamn minute.
What do you think we're doing up
there? We're just placeholders.
There's no magic. We barely beat
the stock market!

BROOKE

What does that have to do with
anything? Why did you commit fraud?

ROBERT

Because we're fucking broke!
Everything's gone. We have nothing.

BROOKE

How... does that happen?

ROBERT

Brooke -- you don't understand.
Somebody comes along, "Hey, put your
money here, there's this mine, it's in
Russia, all we need is a hundred
million, you'll triple it in six
months." So you check it out, you fly
down there. The geological survey- it
all fits. And no, technically it's not
within the fund charter, but neither
was the fucking crash, so you say,
alright, I've been in this business
thirty years, I know a thing or two.
And then a hundred million becomes two
hundred, and two hundred becomes four
hundred, but it's springing money, the
well is leaking money, there's so much
oil flowing through the ground that
it's all you can do to grab it with
your hands and shuffle it into the
pail. You can't stop collecting it.
And you're the oracle, you've done
housing, you've done credit swaps, you
arb'd Brazilian spot gold and you rode
the silver wave, and yes, again, you
know it's outside the charter, but you
ARE FUCKING MINTING MONEY! IT'S A
LICENSE TO PRINT MONEY! IT'S GOD!...

BROOKE

Until...

He takes a deep breath.

ROBERT

Until it misses... And the money's trapped. And all the cliches about yourself you worried were true, one day, you realize, they are. So you become that thing. You made your bed. There's no way to predict it. It's like a plane crash. It just happens.

BROOKE

Nothing just happens.

ROBERT

Brooke, you're young, but not young enough to be that thick. It HAPPENS. And you better pray one day it doesn't HAPPEN to you, which, thanks to me, it probably won't...

BROOKE

And everybody thought you were so smart...

ROBERT

...and they wanted to buy the company, so, fine, let them buy it. I borrowed the money from Jeffrey to plug the hole, I put it there for a month, they see it all looks right, we hand the company over, I send Jeffrey his money back, make right our investors, and okay, we'll have to make due with what's left. At least we get to keep the house.

BROOKE

Everybody wins, right?

ROBERT

You wanted me to let our investors go bankrupt?

BROOKE

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

ROBERT

It's my job.

BROOKE

No, it's illegal. And I'm your partner. I put my whole life into this. Didn't you think you needed to discuss this with me?

ROBERT

And what would you have said if I had?
Would you have really been willing to
do what was needed?
(off her silence)
You see, I can't afford to be that naive.

BROOKE

(shakes her head, half-laughs)
I should have seen it faster... I'm
so stupid.

ROBERT

(trying the begging hand)
Brooke, it's not too late. The
charter's got broad language. I put
"Preferred Bill Trading" in there.
They're three words. Who knows what
they mean? As long as the
consulting firms don't know we're
riding them...

BROOKE

I know! And you've done it to US!
All those years, you said you were
working, you were building som...

ROBERT

...I was building...

BROOKE

ROBERT- YOUR NAME IS OURS! Don't
you know what you've done to us?

They pass a moment in silence.

ROBERT

What do you plan to do?

BROOKE

(after a beat)
I don't know...

ROBERT

(deep sigh)
I'm going to tell you something
now. And I don't know if it will
mean anything to you, in many ways,
I don't expect it will, and I
wouldn't blame you for anything you
decide, not that it would matter.
But here it goes: I'm on my own
path. It's up to you to move with
it or against it.

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)
But I'm the patriarch; that's my
role. And I have to play it.

BROOKE
You know... you've been buying
people cheap my whole life... I
just never thought you'd get so
cheap with yourself.

She walks off.

Hold on Robert alone in the park.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALL - AFTERNOON

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

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

GOWER
It 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?

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

DEFERLITO
You wanna cost him his seat on a
profiling claim? Against Earl Monroe?

GOWER
(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.

GOWER
Ray, I'll have it before you go in the
jury room... Now, look, we're hot on
this kid and I don't wanna lose him.
Think about it: if we flip him, you
get Robert Miller. What's that worth
to Rittenband, and you...?

(hard)

(MORE)

GOWER (CONT'D)

Twenty years we watch these guys out-lawyer us, out-buy us. I'm fucking sick of it. The guy did it. He gets a walk cause he's on CNBC?

Deferlito stops, stares, then signs the ARREST WARRANT.

DEFERLITO

You better not fuck me.

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

GOWER

(into phone)

Yeah... Who's our guy at the toll authority?

EXT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Gower waits alone in his sedan. Jimmy approaches the building. Gower exits his car and walks over to him.

JIMMY

(seeing Gower)

Oh, man, what?

GOWER

Take a ride with me.

JIMMY

Back to the station?

GOWER

No, man, just a ride.

JIMMY

What if I say no?

GOWER

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

Jimmy considers, gets into Gower's car.

INT. SEDAN - DRIVING

They drive a while in silence.

JIMMY

Alright, man, what?

GOWER

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' any statements.

GOWER

And I know why.

JIMMY

Somebody cares?

GOWER

Listen: I am not playing around with you. I know how to do that. And you've been on the other side of this stuff before, so you know how I would do that. Take a look at this case folder.

(hands it to him)

I've got his phone calls, text messages. I've got the relationship. I got the testimony of her friends, family. They were fucking. They were lovers.

(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?

GOWER

It's coming.

JIMMY

That's impossible, cause I didn't do it.

GOWER

You think a jury will believe that?

Jimmy's silent.

GOWER (CONT'D)

You gave me a statement that you were home in bed. You lied to me. You lied to the police. You obstructed justice.

JIMMY

Talk to Earl.

GOWER

Fuck Earl! You see this?

(holds up the arrest warrant)

(MORE)

GOWER (CONT'D)

This means tomorrow you come to court. And tomorrow in court I'm gonna ask for a felony obstruction indictment, and with this evidence, I'm gonna get one. And then we're gonna prosecute and win the case, and 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? That's what you want?

Jimmy just sits there.

GOWER (CONT'D)

I know you think Robert's your friend.

JIMMY

Who's Robert?

GOWER

I know about your father.

JIMMY

(beat, then hard)

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

GOWER

I know Robert paid his bills while he was dying. I know he got Sid Felder to get you out of trouble on your gun charge. And I got a pretty good guess who's paying Earl Monroe's bills. But all that doesn't add up to this.

JIMMY

Pull the car over.

GOWER

So what, you're his new nigger now?

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

JIMMY

OPEN THE FUCKING DOOR!

GOWER

(slows the car)

Kid, I really am trying to help you. You didn't kill that girl. He did. You know she has a mother? Her mother's mourning her right now.

(MORE)

GOWER (CONT'D)
She's a Catholic. And because he
cut off her head, she can't even
have an open-casket funeral.

JIMMY
Will you open the door?

Gower unlocks it. As Jimmy gets out, Gower touches his arm.

GOWER
You're a bright kid. You got your
whole life waiting for you. Don't
let him use you like this. Do the
right thing.

Jimmy turns 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 Sid in the next room.

SID
He's gonna walk.

ROBERT
You're certain?

SID
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 you should really be asking
yourself, case or no, is: will he scare?

ROBERT
(beat)
He's not like us.

SID
Is that a good thing?

Robert takes off his READING GLASSES, rubs his eyes. Then he
stands and starts collecting PAPERS into his BRIEFCASE.

SID (CONT'D)
How's Ellen?

ROBERT
The same...
(stops packing, looks up)
Why?

SID
I heard a rumor...

ROBERT
Yes...?

SID
She met with Gil Deutchman.

ROBERT
The estate lawyer?

SID
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. Gower watches from the back, seated across the aisle from Earl Monroe.

DEFERLITO
That was the night of December twelfth.

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, would you read the date and time stamp indicated on the lower right hand corner?

Jimmy stares at the photograph in disbelief.

JIMMY

This is crazy.

DEFERLITO

Mr. Grant, please answer the question.

JIMMY

December 12th, one forty-three am.

DEFERLITO

Would you 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, 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.

INT. GRAND JURY COURT HALL - LATER

Jimmy exits the courtroom and approaches Earl, taking a seat
next to him on the bench.

EARL

What was that?

JIMMY

Some real bullshit.

Before Earl can respond, Gower exits and walks over to them.

GOWER

I can halt the decision.

EARL

We need a minute, Detective.

GOWER

What about you, Jimmy? You need a minute?

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

GOWER (CONT'D)

Cause if you do we could...

JIMMY

Man, just shut the fuck up.

GOWER

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

EARL

Detective, I need to talk to my client. Now will you please...

JIMMY

How the fuck you all lie like that?

GOWER

We didn't lie. You lied.

JIMMY

That wasn't my car.

EARL

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

GOWER

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

JIMMY

You know that picture's bullshit...

EARL

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

GOWER

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

Earl stares at Jimmy, waiting. The bell RINGS.

GOWER (CONT'D)

Last chance.

Jimmy's silent. Gower shakes his head.

EARL

(rising, to Jimmy)
Wait here.

Gower 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 in a short line, following them.

A beautiful woman in her 50's, SANDRINE, walks up next to him.

SANDRINE
Mr. Miller?

ROBERT
(turning)
Yes?

SANDRINE
I'm Sandrine Côte, Julie's mother.

He stops, falters a little, then hardens.

ROBERT
It's nice to finally meet you, Ms.
Côte. I'm sorry for your loss.

SANDRINE
(nods, then)
I just wanted to thank you for
everything 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)

She was a shining star. She could've
done anything she wanted.

(beat)

This shouldn't have happened.

She pulls back a little. Robert nods, smiles a pained smile.

SANDRINE

I think I have to go lie down now
for a while.

ROBERT

How long will you stay in town?

SANDRINE

Just till tomorrow. I'm taking her
home... With all these beautiful
flowers you gave us.

ROBERT

Call me if you need anything.

She nods and exits. Hold on Robert, staring at the casket. He
touches it, softly, holds his hand there a moment. Then he
turns and walks outside.

EXT. FRANK CAMPBELL FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Robert waits for his limo.

In the distance, he spots Mills and Gower sitting inside
their SEDAN, watching him. Robert and Gower lock eyes.

Gower gets out of his car.

Robert offers a slight nod. Gower doesn't respond.

Robert's limo arrives. He enters it and drives off.

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 getting acquainted.

ROBERT

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

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...

ROBERT

Fuck you.

MAYFIELD

Excuse me...?

ROBERT

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

MAYFIELD

Robert, I...

ROBERT

No. Forget it, forget it... 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 \$273 Million, from a trading operation that you don't have and that we both know that you need, or else you never would've called. You on the other hand, have taken a salary of 18 Million, and delivered a falling share prices of what, what, minus fourteen dollars? And therein having lost your investors roughly... THREE AND A HALF BILLION - TELL ME -- WHY - THE FUCK - DO I - NEED YOU?

MAYFIELD

Let's just calm...

ROBERT

...so we issue a press release today, say there is no deal, never was, quell all the rumors. You won't be buying Old Hill, Quantum- you won't be buying anything.

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)
I'll continue to earn my returns,
and while I sail into my twilight
years, your stock drops a 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
Have a good day.

MAYFIELD
(quickly)
Four hundred.

ROBERT
Five-fifty.

MAYFIELD
Four-fifty.

ROBERT
Five twenty-five. That's it. Yes or no?
(short beat)
Say no and any further communication
goes to my wastebasket.

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

ROBERT
(grasping it)
One more thing -- six months and I'm
out. My daughter's gonna run it. You
know her, you trust her.

MAYFIELD
Alright.

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

MAYFIELD
Robert...

ROBERT
He doesn't have to do anything, he
just gets the salary and the
office.

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)
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 TABLECLOTH.

MAYFIELD (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

ROBERT
Writing the deal.

MAYFIELD
Are you serious?

ROBERT
(ripping off the tablecloth)
Sign it.

Mayfield thinks a moment, then reaches over and signs the table
cloth. 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 -- you
would've paid...?

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

ROBERT
Four seventy-five.

MAYFIELD
So we made a good deal.

ROBERT
That's a nice moniker for you.

INT. ROBERT'S MANSION - GYM - MORNING

Ellen exercises on a STAIRMASTER. Brooke enters and joins her
on a nearby ELLIPTICAL.

ELLEN
(working up a good sweat)
Hi, sweetheart.

BROOKE
Hi.

Brooke rides the machine hard.

ELLEN
(noticing, smiling)
You're on level six?

BROOKE
(breathing heavy already)
Yeah...

ELLEN
Maybe you should pace yourself.

Brooke fakes a smile, ignoring her, and rides harder.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
Honey, what is it?

BROOKE
Nothing.

ELLEN
Is it the deal?

BROOKE
(strides faster)
No.

ELLEN
You want me to guess?
(no response)
You're being silly.

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

BROOKE
(heading to the door)
I just thought I'd say good
morning. Sorry to bother you.

ELLEN
(a beat)
Did you handle the hospital?

BROOKE
No.

ELLEN

He didn't sign the check?

BROOKE

No.

ELLEN

Brooke, what's going on?

BROOKE

I don't know if we're going to be able to deliver the check.

ELLEN

Why not?

BROOKE

There are some issues related to the closing.

ELLEN

We don't lie to each other.

BROOKE

I'm not lying to you.

ELLEN

(a beat)

I heard a policeman showed up at the office? What's that about?

BROOKE

I honestly don't know.

ELLEN

Your father's walking around with a cut on his face, hiding some pain in his stomach. He hasn't slept all week. Now there's no money for a routine gift. This doesn't strike you as strange?

BROOKE

Of course it does.

ELLEN

What do you have to say about it?

BROOKE

(a beat)

He's my father. I have to trust him, don't I?

She turns and heads to the door.

ELLEN

You have to do what's best for your
life. Not his, not mine, not anyone
else's. Your life.

Brooke stops, pauses without turning, then continues out.

INT. MILLER CAPITAL - FRONT OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

We track with Brooke through the main trading room. Tons of
PEOPLE buzzing around. She slowly surveys the scene.

An ASSISTANT approaches.

ASSISTANT

I printed the account log you asked for.

Brooke puts on her reading glasses.

BROOKE

Where?

ASSISTANT

Eating your desk.

BROOKE

(manages a smile)

Thanks.

INT. MILLER CAPITAL - BROOKE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Brooke sits at her desk staring down at the giant ream of
"Old Hill Fund" DOT MATRIX PRINTOUTS in front of her.

She uses her COMPUTER to log into an ACCOUNTING program,
inputting a password and bringing up the "Old Hill Fund."

Tons of numbers on the screen. She moves her mouse and clicks
a button marked: "APPROVE." A dialog box pops back up:

"You have marked this account approved."

Brooke stands and lifts the ream of paper off her desk,
throwing it into the wastebasket. Then she turns her body to
the glass wall and stares out at the skyline.

INT. ROBERT'S OFFICE - LATER

Robert works at his desk.

SECRETARY
(over intercom)
Will Simon from Citibank on A.

ROBERT
(into phone)
Will, what's up?

SIMON (O.S.)
I just wanted to let you know that you received a wire transfer of \$525 Million this morning from JP Morgan. We placed it into the "Old Hill Fund," per your instructions.

ROBERT
Excellent.

SIMON (O.S.)
We also honored a redemption request. \$462 million credited back to Greenberg and Associates.

ROBERT
(beat)
Thank you, Will.

He hangs up, then turns to his computer and composes an email:

"To Jeffrey Greenberg:

'And he saith unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?' Thanks for always being a supreme ass. Goodbye."

Robert stands and dials the INTERCOM.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Assemble the Executive Committee.

INT. MILLER CAPITAL - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Brooke, 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
...many of you I'll see at the gala tomorrow. But as the sale's official as of this afternoon, you are now free to discuss it. Any further questions?

PETER
(jovial)
Will we get new business cards?

ROBERT
(nods)
Everyone but you.

They all stand and shuffle out. Gavin holds back with Robert.

GAVIN
(sotto)
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
I'm glad I meet with your approbation.
Now go and fetch me the hospital check.

Gavin walks off. Robert's cell RINGS.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hello?

SID (O.S.)
It's not good...

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Jimmy sits on the sofa watching "Wheel of Fortune." Reina
cooks dinner. The INTERCOM BUZZES. She walks over to it.

REINA
(over intercom)
Hello?

EXT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Robert leans into the entrance INTERCOM.

ROBERT
I'm looking for Jimmy.

REINA (O.S.)
Who's this?

ROBERT
It's Robert.

A pause. The door BUZZES open.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT

Jimmy answers the door. Robert enters in silence. Reina crosses and heads to the bedroom.

Jimmy gestures to the table. Robert sits, not saying anything. 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.

JIMMY
No, I did not.

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

JIMMY
I'm not! 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 picture?

JIMMY
You tell me.

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

JIMMY
How'd you get so rich again?

ROBERT
Jimmy...

JIMMY
Hey, Jimmy nothing. This is my life, man! Earl's telling me it could be ten years. Ten fucking years! How much are ten years worth?

ROBERT

Don't make me answer that.

JIMMY

Look man, I told you, I ain't a fuckin' snitch, but this is really bad. Reina and I got a whole plan we're about to make happen next week!

ROBERT

What plan?

JIMMY

I got money saved; 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

It's not that simple, Jimmy. I have people depending on me.

JIMMY

Yeah, me!

ROBERT

No, I mean, 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. Can you try to understand that?

JIMMY

And what about me? What about my situation?

(off his silence)

They showed me pictures, man;
that's fucked up what you did. 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, I owe you, okay, but man--
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?

ROBERT

(standing)

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)

I hear you. I'll be back with you
as soon as I can. Just hang on.

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

REINA

You have to 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?

INT. ROBERT'S LIMO - NIGHT

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

SID (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 what's the point?

ROBERT
He says he didn't take the toll.

SID (O.S.)
And you believe him?

ROBERT
(after a beat)
Does Morgan have clawback?

SID (O.S.)
I don't take your meaning?

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

SID (O.S.)
Have you lost your mind?

ROBERT
No, just listen. If I were to surrender now, could they undo the sale?

SID (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?

SID (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: "11:30PM."

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

ROBERT
(into phone)
Yes. 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)
Sid...? Yeah- call Earl, tell him
to get his car and meet us at my
house in twenty minutes... And,
Sid...? Bring a notary.

EXT. TRIBOROUGH BRIDGE - NIGHT

A steady stream of rain-soaked 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
I'm Brent Owens, the night
supervisor. How can I help you?

EARL
(handing him some papers)
Hello, Brent. I'm executing a criminal
evidence subpoena. 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 Sid stare ahead, silently. Sid tries to say something.

ROBERT
(holding up his hand)
Just wait.

Sid slumps back. They keep staring at nothing.

EXT. TRIBOROUGH BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Robert's limo idles by the side of the road, hazards
flashing. Earl jogs up to it, trying to keep dry.

INT. ROBERT'S LIMO - CONTINUOUS

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

Earl climbs inside, removing a dripping-wet PLASTIC BAG from
his breast pocket as he talks.

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

Earl reaches inside the bag 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 Sid)
Where's Jimmy's?

Sid 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.

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - THE NEXT DAY

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

RITTENBAND
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-title...

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?

GOWER
Your honor...

RITTENBAND
Yes?

DEFERLITO
It seems there's been...

RITTENBAND
...Let him tell me.

GOWER
We can't find it.

RITTENBAND
Come again?

GOWER
It's not in the evidence locker.

RITTENBAND
Where is it?

GOWER
We don't know.

Silence. Rittenband gets up, paces.

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

GOWER
(after a beat)
We lost it.

RITTENBAND
(sits)
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. The case
is dismissed with prejudice and it is
not to be refiled. If you have another
suspect in the automobile death then go
ahead and present them, but Mr. Grant
is free from any further inquiry in
this matter. This is over. Do I have
your understanding?

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - EXIT HALL

Everyone is filing out. As Gower hits the door, Judge
Rittenband grabs his arm.

RITTENBAND

Hang on a second...

GOWER

Yes, your honor?

RITTENBAND

(beat)

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

GOWER

I'm sorry?

RITTENBAND

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

GOWER

...Judge...

RITTENBAND

(puts his hand on Gower's
arm, leans in)

Don't finesse it. I know who you're
after. And I saw all the evidence,
not just the toll pictures. But you
gotta get him the right way.

GOWER

(beat)

We don't have anything.

RITTENBAND

Hey... Time is on your side. Just
hang in. Maybe you'll get lucky.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Mills waits on a nearby bench, watching as Gower exits the chambers, confused. DeFerlito walks up to Gower, yells at him, then walks off. Mills approaches.

MILLS

What happened?

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Jimmy takes a last look around his near-empty one-bedroom, a GYM BAG slung over his shoulder. He pulls out his cell and DIALS, closing the front door behind him.

JIMMY

(into phone)

Rei...? Yeah, I'll be by in a little.

EXT. BENCH OUTSIDE COFFEE SHOP ON IRVING - 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 now this makes it all okay?

ROBERT

No, it just makes it easier.

JIMMY

(beat)

You worried I'm gonna say something?

ROBERT

No.

Jimmy keeps staring at the document.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

So... Why Applebee's?

JIMMY

Rei's cousin works in the foreclosure
office down there, and he's smart.

ROBERT
How much did they owe?

JIMMY
40k.

ROBERT
And you bought it for that?

JIMMY
Yup.

ROBERT
Where'd you get 40k?
(no answer)
You dealing again?

JIMMY
You're asking me that like, what,
outta parental concern or some shit?

A beat.

ROBERT
You've grown up a lot since we first
met. I'm sorry I wasn't around for more
of it. I'm sorry about a lot of things.

JIMMY
Oh, save it, man. You asked me to
come down here, so I came, not to
get your "thanks" and your
"sorries" but cause I wanted to get
something straight between us, and
that's this: we're even.

ROBERT
No. What you did was beyond money.

JIMMY
Nothing's beyond money for you.
(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.

They stand and shake hands.

INT. ROBERT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ellen is dressed in a full BALL GOWN. She sits at a table finishing her MAKE-UP.

Robert enters and begins changing into a TUXEDO.

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

ROBERT
(tying his tie)
What?

She ignores him.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
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.

He stops tying his tie, approaches Ellen.

ROBERT
Ellen...

ELLEN
Oh, don't.

ROBERT
What?

ELLEN
Just don't.

He slumps against the wall, waiting for the barrage to start. And then it comes.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
No, you don't have to worry, our daughter didn't tell me your little secret.

ROBERT
I explained to Brooke that...

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

ROBERT
Yes.

ELLEN
Everything?

ROBERT
Yes.

ELLEN
You're such a liar. You're such a
fucking liar you even look me in
the eyes when you lie to me.

ROBERT
Ellen...

ELLEN
You told her everything?! Lift up
your shirt.

He just stands there.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
LIFT UP YOUR SHIRT!

He does. She sees the deep bruise from the accident. And then she picks up a NEWSPAPER from her make-up table and throws it at his broken rib.

He winces, clutching his side, 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, no, no, no, no. We're not gonna do
that. That is over between us. Over.

ROBERT
I never lied to you.

ELLEN

I know you weren't here. You've been sneaking off to see her for months. You don't think I know that?

He tries to grab her.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Get your hands off me!

She's so forceful he immediately does.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

That privilege ended when you brought this into our home. I never cared about your secretaries, your-gallerists, whores, whatever you call them. I cared about our home. And you brought this to our door.

ROBERT

I did what was necessary.

ELLEN

What you did was take us all to the edge, and for what exactly?

ROBERT

Now you're gonna tell me how to run my business.

ELLEN

Your business? These are OUR things. Where do you think we're going tonight? Why do you think I've even tolerated this?

ROBERT

And why have I? Your endless hair treatments and exercise regimens, oh, and let's not forget, our sainted charities! Look at all your good works. How do you think I've paid for them?

ELLEN

I didn't ask questions so you didn't have to lie. But there was something we understood...

ROBERT

...I did this to protect us!

ELLEN

...and you broke that understanding when you brought Brooke into it. When you made her complicit and risked her future. I'm surprised you didn't ask her to help you get rid of your whore, too. You probably had someone else for that.

ROBERT

Don't say that to me, Ellen.

ELLEN

I can say whatever I like. And you know why I can say whatever I like? Because you -- are a dishonest man. I've tolerated it for a long time, (pointing at the newspaper) but that girl's dead, and you put us at risk for her. Our company's diseased, and you forced our daughter's hand in it. Those aren't indiscretions to feed your need for conquest. They go far beyond that. They are things I will not tolerate.

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

ELLEN (CONT'D)

And because it's over. Why don't you read those?

He does. 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 expect me to sign this?

ELLEN

You don't follow.

ROBERT

Apparently not.

ELLEN

(like talking to a child)
The police have called me. I assume they want to know where you were that night. And you know what? I'm not gonna lie for you anymore.

(MORE)

ELLEN (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna risk myself for you anymore. Not unless you sign that.

A beat.

ROBERT

You're leaving me with nothing.

ELLEN

I think you'll manage on that. That and whatever you put away offshore for a storm.

ROBERT

(shakes head)

This is insane.

ELLEN

If you sign, then I'll tell your lie. I'll say you were at home with me that night, all night. I'll become your accomplice, and you'll be free and clear. And our money will go to people who need it. That's my price.

ROBERT

You're out of your mind. I'm not going to sign this.

ELLEN

Oh you'll sign it, because if you don't - I'll tell them you came home at five thirty bleeding and bruised.

ROBERT

(laughs)

That's ridiculous!

ELLEN

So what? It's enough to make trouble- the kind you don't want. In fact, Deuchman says it's enough for probable cause to subpoena your cell phone, GPS, DNA, whatever else they can think of. Now do you want to spend the next three years in court or at your desk?

ROBERT

(shakes head)

You won't do it. You won't do it to the kids.

ELLEN
You just try me.

ROBERT
Ellen--

ELLEN
And I know now you'll try to negotiate. You'll try to threaten me. You'll try to charm me. You might even try to beg, but at the end, you'll make due with this arrangement because you know that it's how it has to be.
(slight pause)
Then we'll wait a while until things settle. You can take the guest room. After that, you'll take your things, and you'll go.

A beat.

ROBERT
Does it have to end like this?

ELLEN
You broke her heart.

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

ELLEN
I do, but she didn't.

ROBERT
She's better for it. The world's cold.

ELLEN
(finishes dressing)
Then you're gonna need a warm coat.

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 Peat Marwick run a secondary
audit on the Miller financials.

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

*"KPMG 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
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.

They arrive at the Pierre Hotel and exit the car.

INT. PIERRE 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, Mayfield, Aimes, 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 JP Morgan, a dedicated businessman, family man, scholar, philanthropist and all-around humanitarian, a man I'm pleased 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.