

FOXCATCHER

Story by

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Screenplay by

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INT. UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN GYM - EARLY MORNING

Darkness. One by one, the mercury vapor lights on the gym ceiling are switched on. As they begin to glow --

INT. UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN GYM - EARLY MORNING

MARK SCHULTZ (27 years old, muscular, 180 lbs., cauliflower ears), tears a length of double-sided tape. He re-tapes the bottom of one of four huge wrestling mats to the gym floor. The gym is large but rundown.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN GYM - EARLY MORNING

Mark carries a human-sized leather WRESTLING DUMMY over his shoulder while dragging another onto the mats. He drops the dummy next to several others. The slap of the leather on the mat echoes in the empty gym.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN WEIGHT ROOM - LATER

QUICK CUTS: Mark stands in front of the wall mirror, CURLING two 50-pound dumbbells -- one arm, then the other, one arm, then the other. Mark LEG PRESSES an enormous amount of weight, lets it down, lifts it again. Mark RIDES the stationary bike on a high setting, fast, sweating profusely.

I/E. BARABOO SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - LATE MORNING

Mark pulls his Ford station wagon into a space in the parking lot of this nondescript, sprawling, 1960s-era suburban brick-facade school. He's freshly showered, wears a short-sleeve dress shirt, tie and slacks. He reaches behind the front seat and pulls out a battered BROWN VINYL BRIEFCASE.

INT. BARABOO SCHOOL/PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - DAY

Mark waits alone in a chair he's much too big for, his brown vinyl briefcase on his lap. A portrait of President Reagan hangs on the painted cinder block wall. A clock ticks.

INT. BARABOO SCHOOL/AUDITORIUM - DAY

Mark's on stage, talking to an audience of fourth, fifth and sixth graders.

MARK

Why do I do it? Why do I wake up every morning and make the commitment? Why do I work harder than I've ever worked in my life? Why push myself to my limits - of pain, of exhaustion - every day? Why do I do it?

The rows of students are open-mouthed -- they have no idea what to make of him.

Mark's not being willfully over-the-top with these kids. This is just what's on his mind. All the time.

MARK

In 13 months I hope to be going to Seoul -- which is a city in Korea. Does anyone know why? Because that's where the Olympic games are.

Mark reaches into the briefcase at his feet and pulls out a RIBBON with a MEDAL dangling from it.

MARK

Does anyone know what this is?

As a couple of kids start to raise their hands --

MARK

Olympic gold medal. I won it three years ago at the '84 Games in L.A. My older brother, Dave Schultz, won one too, just minutes before I did. That's unprecedented - two brothers winning at the same Olympics.

(then)

Would you like me to win another one? Would you like me to win another gold medal - for us, for America? Would you like to see me and my brother both win gold medals? Who here wants to see the two brothers win again?

Silence. A couple of the kids tentatively raise their hands. The rest are completely frozen. If Mark realizes that he's taken it a bit too far, he doesn't show it.

MARK

Well we're going to give it absolutely everything we've got.

INT. BARABOO SCHOOL/PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - DAY

A SCHOOL SECRETARY writes out a check as Mark stands in front of the desk, placing his medal back in his briefcase.

SCHOOL SECRETARY

Twenty... and... no one-hundreds...

She tears off the check and hands it to Mark. He takes the check, and holds out to her a SIGNED 8x10 PHOTO of himself with his arms raised, in a USA WRESTLING SINGLET just after winning his Olympic gold.

MARK

And this is for the trophy case.

SCHOOL SECRETARY

I'm sorry?... For what?

MARK

The trophy case.

(beat)

With the trophies.

SCHOOL SECRETARY

(after a moment)

It's an elementary school.

As Mark holds out the photo, WE HEAR:

FAST FOOD KID (V.O.)

Can I take your order?

INT. ARBY'S - DAY

A long-haired, greasy KID with the very beginnings of a mustache - he looks like he spends an awful lot of his free time listening to Def Leopard - takes Mark's order. Mark looks up at the menu sign.

MARK

I'll have a # 4.

FAST FOOD KID

# 4. Anything to drink?

MARK

No. Can I get extra meat on that?

FAST FOOD KID

65 cents.

MARK

What are you talking about?

FAST FOOD KID

Extra meat costs extra.

MARK

(looking around)

Where's it say that?

FAST FOOD KID

I don't know. I just know I'm supposed to charge extra for extra meat.

MARK

I always get extra meat. Every time I come here.

FAST FOOD KID

Holmes. It's extra for extra meat. They told me. 65 cents.

I/E. MARK'S FORD STATION WAGON/ ARBY'S PARKING LOT - DAY

Mark sits in his car, eating his sandwich -- no enjoyment, just fueling himself. His RADIO plays a commercial.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON

Mark heads straight toward his locker, not acknowledging anyone. The few college athletes who are in the locker room may glance over at him, but they quickly look away.

Mark turns the combination on his locker.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN GYM - AFTERNOON

DAVE SCHULTZ (31, bearded, intelligent, 163 lbs., strong but calm), the Head Coach of U of W wrestling, stands on the WRESTLING MAT in front of the team of 20 or so wrestlers, who sit or kneel. We can sense immediately the reverence and deep respect Dave commands as both one of the country's top wrestlers and one of its great coaches - by virtue of his patience, his drive, his encyclopedic knowledge of the sport.

Mark stands nearby, watching his brother - he's Dave's assistant coach. One of the WRESTLERS is with Dave on the mat - a demonstration partner.

DAVE

Lack of flexibility in attack is what got one or two of you - Frank, Mick - in trouble Thursday. I need you more adaptive. As we're grappling for position here --

Dave and the wrestler turn toward each other, crouching slightly and circling. When Dave demonstrates each move in succession, it's with speed, strength and laser precision --

DAVE

--you're grabbing his arm. You drag him forward. If he comes - depending how far - you've got a front headlock for a pull-down, a run-around, an ankle pick; or you got an arm spin; a hip pull. But --

They're back circling -- Dave grabs the wrestler's arm --

-- if he doesn't come with you, if he pulls back, even slightly --  
 (the wrestler does)  
 then there's your window -- you shoot in for a double-leg, a single-leg, a body-lock with an inside crotch. There are ever-expanding branches of opportunity -- if he does this, then this, this, this, or this -- if he does that, then that, that, that, or that. It's about forcing him to create opportunities for you. It's about knowing how to exploit the opportunities.  
 (he glances over at Mark and smiles slightly)  
 This is of course for us mortals. If you're wrestling Mark Schultz, it's not gonna matter what you do.

The assembled wrestlers glance over at Mark, who's impassive. They know exactly what Dave's talking about.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN GYM/HARPER'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

From the WINDOW in his office wall that looks out onto the gym floor, U of W Athletic Director CRAIG HARPER is watching the wrestling practice. Then he moves back to his desk.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN GYM - LATER

The wrestlers are in pairs, spread out on the mats, drilling some moves. Dave and Mark walk among them, observing and correcting. Dave stops TWO HEAVYWEIGHT WRESTLERS --

DAVE

Hang on. Steve - you got to pivot  
on your elbow. Don't roll him over  
the top of you and expose your-

(calls to his brother)

Hey, Mark -- you mind demonstrating  
this on Terry?

(to wrestler)

Steve, hop up.

Mark walks slowly over. He gets in a seated position under TERRY, who's well over 230 POUNDS. (Mark wrestles at 180.)

DAVE

You see how he's up on his elbow?  
As he lifts and turns him, he's  
gonna stay propped up, on his side,  
not rolling onto his back. Okay,  
Mark, whenever you're --

And Mark, quick as a flash, LIFTS the huge wrestler ass over teakettle, legs in the air, and SLAMS him mercilessly down on the mat. All we hear is a small "Uuuugh" from Terry.

Mark swiftly pins him. Dave turns to Steve --

DAVE

Got it?

INT. UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN GYM/HARPER'S OFFICE - LATER

Harper's at his desk on the phone - we hear the tail end of a conversation.

HARPER (ON PHONE)

...not if his grades --

(beat)

I know we did it for Mikowski, but  
he was worth it.

Mark enters. Behind him, through the plate glass we can see Dave putting the wrestling team through shuttle runs. (Dave will glance over occasionally during this scene to see what's going on.) Harper motions for Mark to sit. Mark does.

HARPER (ON PHONE)

I gotta --

(beat)

I know. I gotta go.

He hangs up, looks at Mark. He comes around the desk.

HARPER

Thanks for coming in.

(sits on edge of desk)

Mark.

(slight pause)

I'm just gonna tell it to you straight. I'm not going to be able to keep paying your salary.

MARK

(after a moment)

What are you talking about?

HARPER

They told me to make cuts across the board - well, except for the moneymakers - football, basketball--

MARK

You're only paying me five thousand dollars --

HARPER

-- I know --

MARK

-- a year --

HARPER

-- I'm sorry. Can't afford it.

MARK

What about Dave?

HARPER

Dave's Head Coach. He's got seniority. He brought you in.

Mark is silent.

HARPER

And listen, I know you've got the Worlds coming up in a couple months --- Seoul Olympics in a year. Dave's your training partner.

(MORE)



HARPER (cont'd)  
If you continue to help out with  
the team, you're more than welcome  
to train here. More than welcome.  
I just can't pay you.

A moment, then Mark stands up and walks toward the door.

HARPER  
Oh, and Mark. I'm gonna need the  
car back.

INT. HALLWAY JANITOR'S CLOSET - DAY

Mark digs through the closet, pulls out a GARBAGE BAG.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN PARKING LOT - DAY

Mark, still in his workout clothes, has the hatch open on the  
station wagon. He's grabbing his things - dirty clothes,  
papers, his briefcase - and stuffing them in the garbage bag.

Dave comes out the gym door and walks toward him.

DAVE  
Hey. What's going on?

MARK  
Ask Harper.

DAVE  
Why?

MARK  
He fired me.

DAVE  
He...? Crap.  
(no response from Mark)  
I'll talk to him.

MARK  
Don't.

DAVE  
Of course I'll --

MARK  
Don't.

Mark slams the hatch door. He puts the bag over his shoulder  
and starts to walk away.

DAVE

Mark. Come back inside. Stick  
around till after practice and I'll  
drive you home.

Mark's still walking away. Without turning around --

MARK

Keys are in the door.

They are, dangling from the hatchback. On Dave, watching his  
brother walk away.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - EVENING

A cheaply built 70s-era structure, where Mark inhabits a "one-  
bedroom" -- basically two small rooms with a cheap  
kitchenette built into the wall of one of them. A small,  
particle-board BOOKCASE houses a little SHRINE of Mark's  
medals -- and PHOTOS of him and Dave.

Mark retrieves his briefcase from inside the garbage bag, and  
extracts his GOLD MEDAL. He replaces it in the PLASTIC  
DISPLAY CASE on the top shelf, next to the photo of him and  
Dave smiling with their gold medals around their necks.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mark dumps a package of TOP RAMEN NOODLES into boiling water.  
And another package. And another.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mark sits on his one metal FOLDING CHAIR, at his table,  
eating his bowl of noodles. Moths tap against the window.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - LATER/NIGHT

Mark, in just boxer shorts, crosses off another day on his  
wall calendar. 427 days to Seoul. He looks around, then  
drops to the floor and starts a monstrous number of push-ups--

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROAD - EARLY MORNING

Mark runs hard past warehouses and auto repair outlets.

EXT. FIELD AND HILL NEXT TO CAR DEMOLITION YARD - MORNING

Mark runs through knee-high weeds dragging a CAR TIRE attached to a rope behind him. He reaches a hill and heads straight up it, dragging the tire all the way --

MARK (V.O.)  
Hello? Coach Teller? This is Mark  
Schultz ...

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - DAY

An ink-stained directory of Northern California Public Schools lies open on the kitchen table.

MARK (ON PHONE)  
I won a gold medal at the '84  
Olympics in freestyle wrestling.  
I'm arranging a clinic in your area  
next weekend, and I wanted to  
invite you and some of your  
wrestlers to join me...

Mark, the phone tucked against his shoulder, slips a BLANK TAPE into a cheap VCR. He slides a HAND-LABELED TAPE into a second VCR, wired to the first. We can read the label: "THE MARK SCHULTZ WRESTLING CLINIC." He starts making a copy.

MARK (ON PHONE)  
That's right, Mark Schultz. I  
wrestle at 180.

On the screen is a montage of highlights from Mark's career: take downs, gut wrenches, pins. He's an animal - powerful, fast, aggressive.

MARK (ON PHONE)  
Dave's my brother ... No, he won't  
be there. Just me.

CUT TO:

MARK (ON PHONE)  
Hi, Coach, my name is Mark  
Schultz...

CUT TO:

MARK (ON PHONE)  
 S-C-H-U-L-T-Z.  
 (beat)  
 Yes. There's a small fee.

CUT TO:

On the screen, Mark wrestles a Turk, Resit Karabajak, in his first round match at the '84 Olympics.

MARK (ON PHONE)  
 A unique, character-building  
 opportunity for young wrestlers...  
 Yes, a small fee...

Mark throws Karabajak to the mat. Pins him. Walks away, arms raised. Crowd cheers. Karabajak's on the mat, hurt.

MARK (ON PHONE)  
 Dave's my brother ...

On screen, Mark does a back flip.

CUT TO:

MARK (ON PHONE)  
 Olympic Champion ...

Mark does a back flip.

MARK (ON PHONE)  
 Dave's my brother ...

CUT TO:

Mark's holds the phone on his lap, just watching himself on the screen, wrestling... winning... match after match...

EXT. MARK'S APARTMENT/OUTSIDE WALKWAY - EVENING

Mark's outside at the second floor railing of this two-story stucco building, looking out over the bleak landscape: a 7-11 across the parking lot, an Auto-Zone.

He watches a CAR pull into the lot below. Dave gets out, looks up toward him.

DAVE  
 Where were you today?

Mark doesn't respond.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

As Dave fills two mismatched glasses with tap water from the faucet, he notices the Public Schools Directory on the table. Mark's on the tattered couch.

DAVE  
You setting up clinics?

MARK  
Talked to some coaches.

Dave comes toward Mark, handing off a water glass, dragging the folding chair over to sit across from him.

DAVE  
I hope you don't have anything  
booked for Saturday.

MARK  
Why not?

DAVE  
I need a favor. I arranged this  
gig months ago but now I can't do  
it. Nancy's got this thing all day  
so I've gotta watch the kids.

A moment as Mark just looks at him.

DAVE  
You free?

MARK  
I'll check.

He goes into the bedroom, looks at the calendar. There's  
NOTHING WRITTEN DOWN for any of the days.

MARK  
You said Saturday or Sunday?

DAVE  
Saturday.

MARK  
Saturday could work.

He comes back in.

DAVE  
Good. Thank you.

Dave looks at the BACK OF HIS HAND, where he's written down a name and phone number in MARKER. He grabs one of Mark's VHS labels and a pen and writes the information.

DAVE

Coach Vinson, Radnor High. I'll  
let him know you'll call tomorrow.

He peels off the label and slaps it on Mark's leg.

DAVE

And Mark. Please come back to the  
gym. You don't have to do anything  
with the team. Just train with me.

Mark's just looking at him, not willing to give in yet.

DAVE

Stay focused on what's important.  
For both of us. Seoul's the goal.

A long beat.

MARK

Seoul's the goal.

As they look at each other,

INT. RADNOR HIGH SCHOOL GYM - DAY

Seven HIGH SCHOOL BOYS plus a couple of PRE-TEENS, all in wrestling gear, sit or kneel on the mat in front of Mark.

MARK

Wrestling's not something I do.  
It's something I am. The minute  
you step on the mat, you express  
exactly who you are. You can't  
hide. You can't pretend you've  
trained harder than you did, you  
want it more than you do. I care  
about this more than I care about  
anything. My brother Dave and me  
both do. If you're serious about  
winning, then you're going to have  
to sacrifice. The difference  
between the number one guy in the  
world and the number four guy is  
paper thin.

(MORE)

MARK (cont'd)

The guy who's gonna win is the guy  
who wants it more, who's willing to  
sacrifice, who makes it the only  
goal, who can take the pain.

He gestures to a table set up near the door, on which is his  
EMPTY BRIEFCASE, and next to it, a stack of TAPES.

MARK

I talk about all this in my  
instructional videotape -- which  
you can purchase at the end of the  
day for a nominal fee.

INT. RADNOR HIGH SCHOOL GYM - LATER

The young wrestlers are on the mats in pairs, wrestling.  
Mark patrols among them, watching --

MARK

Switch.

They switch which wrestler's on top, wrestle again.

MARK

Switch.

I/E. BUS - AFTERNOON

It's raining. Mark rides the bus, his BRIEFCASE on his lap,  
bulging with VIDEOTAPES. He didn't sell any.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET/MADISON - LATER

It's stopped raining. Mark walks down a street of modest  
homes. He turns up the walkway of one of them, mounts the  
steps and rings the bell. No answer. He rings again.

A CAR pulls into the driveway. (We may notice that THIS IS  
THE CAR that Mark gave up.) NANCY SCHULTZ (30, thin,  
attractive, tough - Dave's wife) gets out of the car.

Nancy sees her brother-in-law standing at the front door,  
watching her.

NANCY

Hey, Mark. What's up?

MARK

Nancy. Where's Dave?

NANCY  
Doing something with Alex.  
Bowling, or --

She SHRUGS. She opens the back door and unbuckles her daughter, DANIELLE (3 years old). She lifts her out.

NANCY  
Dani, can you say hi to Uncle Mark?

MARK  
I thought you had a thing today.  
An all day thing.

NANCY  
No --

She shuts the door and comes toward the house.

NANCY  
-- What're you talking about?

MARK  
(a beat, then)  
Where'd you get the car?

NANCY  
They gave it to Dave. We needed a  
second car.

He comes down the steps, passing her and heading out toward the sidewalk.

NANCY  
You need a lift home?

MARK  
(without stopping)  
No. I'm good.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Mark enters, puts down his briefcase, presses play on his ANSWERING MACHINE, goes over to the sink and begins to fill a pot with water to make his dinner.

As Mark stands at the sink, the answering machine plays a series of, not messages, but HANG-UPS -- clicks and DIAL TONES. Mark puts the pot on the stove.



INT. UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN GYM - DAY

Mark exits the locker room in his wrestling gear, passing Craig Harper who's coming the other way.

HARPER

How you doing, Mark?

Mark doesn't acknowledge him, continues toward the MATS. Dave's in his wrestling gear, on the far side of the gym, talking with TWO MIDDLE-AGED MEN in blazers. Mark walks onto the mat, waits for him.

Dave and the two men see Mark, WAVE to him - but Mark pretends not to notice, busying himself loosening his hands, wrists, neck.

Dave walks over toward him.

DAVE

You remember Fred Cole from USA Wrestling.

MARK

You been calling me and hanging up?

DAVE

No.

(adjusts his knee brace)

What do you mean?

Mark doesn't answer, just stands looking at him. For several seconds, they look at each other. Then, slowly at first:

They start to wrestle. We sense immediately their differences. Dave's hunched and not very muscular physique belie his quickness and enormous strength. Mark's defining characteristic is brute force. He's a weight class heavier than Dave, but can NEVER SEEM TO BEAT HIS OLDER BROTHER.

The wrestling becomes intense and violent -- Mark's head slamming into Dave's nose, drawing a flow of BLOOD. This only seems to energize Dave, who's able to slam Mark down to the mat -- dripping blood on him through it all.

VARIOUS SHOTS of the increasingly brutal match, ending with:

Dave rides Mark -- who's on his stomach, flattened and splayed -- grappling for a hold. Mark glances up to SEE:

Craig Harper WATCHING from his office window.

Mark looks away, gritting his teeth, but Dave's gotten his hold. As he TURNS the bigger Mark --

EXT. DAVE'S CAR/OUTSIDE MARK'S APARTMENT - EVENING

The passenger door opens and Mark gets out. Dave calls to him from inside the car:

DAVE  
You sure you won't have dinner at  
the house with me and Nance?

MARK  
Nah.

DAVE  
Same time tomorrow?

MARK  
Sorry about your nose.

DAVE  
No you're not.

He smiles and drives off.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Mark presses PLAY on his answering machine. Hang-ups and DIAL TONES.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mark examines his bruised face in the mirror, wiping away blood -- some of it his, some his brother's.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - LATER

Mark's at the refrigerator, cracking ice cube trays into a plastic 7-11 shopping bag. The PHONE RINGS. He picks up --

MARK (ON PHONE)  
Yah.

A woman's voice is heard -- it sounds like long distance.

JOSEPHINE (ON PHONE)  
May I please speak with Mr. Mark  
Schultz?

MARK (ON PHONE)

It's Mark.

JOSEPHINE (ON PHONE)

I'm sorry to call you at night, but Mr. du Pont was anxious that I get in touch with you.

Beat.

MARK (ON PHONE)

Okay...

JOSEPHINE (ON PHONE)

He asked that you please consider taking a day or two off from your training to come out to Foxcatcher Farms so you men can meet face to face.

MARK (ON PHONE)

Who do you work for again?

JOSEPHINE

John E. du Pont of the du Pont family of Newtown Square, Pennsylvania.

(beat)

You may also know of him in connection with his support of the Villanova wrestling program.

MARK (ON PHONE)

What does he want to talk about?

JOSEPHINE

Mr. Du Pont has asked me to contact you to set up a meeting. He would like you to come to Pennsylvania.

MARK

Uh-huh...?

JOSEPHINE

If I may I'd like to make travel arrangements for you, Mr. Schultz.

Mark's still holding the ice cube tray, standing alone in his dingy kitchen.

INT. JETWAY/AIRPLANE - MORNING

Mark walks down the jetway into the airplane. He holds up his ticket to show the stewardess as he turns to the right. The stewardess touches his arm, stopping him --

STEWARDESS

Excuse me...

(looking at his ticket)

Mr. Schultz. Your seat is this way, sir.

She holds her arm out toward the FRONT of the plane.

INT. AIRPLANE/FIRST CLASS - LATER

After take-off. A stewardess offers Mark a glass of champagne. He shakes his head. The businessman next to him takes a glass. Mark watches as he drinks it down.

INT. PHL AIRPORT/ARRIVAL GATE - DAY

Mark looks around to see if someone's waiting for him. No one seems to be. After several moments, a young man (BRANDON - 20s, post-prep school, jacket and tie) appears next to him.

BRANDON

Mr. Schultz, I'm Brandon. Welcome to Philadelphia.

INT. HELICOPTER (AIRBORNE) - DAY

Mark watches out the clear Plexi as the Pennsylvania countryside spreads out below him. He and Brandon and the pilot (LARRY - 50s, aviator glasses, Air Cavalry patch on his jacket) all wear RADIO MIC HEADSETS.

BRANDON (ON RADIO MIC)

Mr. du Pont would have flown you himself, but he was asked at the last minute for tactical assistance by the Newtown Square Police Department.

Mark has no idea what that means, but nods his head.

BRANDON (ON RADIO MIC)

He should be back at the estate by the time we get there.

Larry BANKS the plane steeply on Mark's side so Mark has an unobstructed view of the ground.

LARRY (ON RADIO MIC)  
Valley Forge below you.

They speed over the historic site -- wide fields, the memorial arch, wood fences, the old stone house.

LARRY (ON RADIO MIC)  
The du Pont family's supplied  
American armed forces with  
gunpowder since the beginning.  
(he rights the chopper,  
heads southeast)  
Foxcatcher in three minutes.

I/E. HELICOPTER (AIRBORNE)/FOXCATCHER ESTATE - MINUTES LATER

A MARE and FOAL run away as the helicopter descends toward the Big House -- a huge Georgian brick home in the middle of 800 acres of fields and woods and outbuildings.

INT. HALLWAY/BIG HOUSE - DAY

Brandon leads Mark down a carpeted hallway.

INT. LIBRARY/BIG HOUSE - DAY

They enter the library - at once grandly elegant and musty.

BRANDON  
Feel free to look around. Mr. du  
Pont will be up shortly.

He shuts the door behind him. Mark's never been in a room like this: oil paintings of du Pont ancestors for the last 200 years, as well as foxhounds, horses, fox hunts. Rows and rows of leather-bound books share wall space with framed maps and many antique (and not so antique) pistols. There are framed PHOTOS of the same man (JOHN DU PONT - 50, tall, thin, beak-nosed, blond-grey hair) with Presidents Ford, Nixon, Reagan... Henry Kissinger.

Mark's still standing, holding his carry-on bag, gazing at the photos, when the door opens and JOHN DU PONT strides in. A police-issue HOLSTER dangles from one hand. He stops and regards Mark.

DU PONT  
You're actually here! In my study.

MARK  
Oh..... yes sir.  
(no idea what to say)  
They told me it was the library.

DU PONT  
It is!

He tosses the holster onto a chair and comes toward Mark, shaking his hand warmly.

DU PONT  
John du Pont.

MARK  
Mark Schultz --

DU PONT  
- I know who you are - I've watched your Olympic victory enough times to know *exactly* who you are, every inch of you -- please, put your bag down, make yourself comfortable, sit, make yourself at home --

(We'll realize about du Pont that he can be voluble and charming -- but the more time you spend with him, the more you see what an effort this is for him -- how essentially uncomfortable he is in his own skin.... Also, he *just might* have snorted a tiny bit of coke before he came in.)

Du Pont continues as they sit --

DU PONT  
-- After you broke the Turk's arm and they disqualified you, handed you the loss - after they put an *extra official* on you - after all that you rack up seven straight wins to take the gold medal. Thrilling. Thrilling! Inspiring.

MARK  
Thank you, sir. I'm proud of that day.

DU PONT  
You should be.  
(he laughs)  
Hell, *I'm* proud of you.

Mark smiles.

DU PONT  
Your parents must be enormously  
proud.

Beat. It's a tough subject for Mark.

MARK  
To be perfectly honest, sir, we  
don't often talk.

Du Pont nods, taking this in.

DU PONT  
I want to tell you how much I  
appreciate your coming out here. I  
know it cuts into your training  
schedule. I imagine that's every  
day for you?

MARK  
Yes sir, it is.

DU PONT  
Training hard?

MARK  
Yes sir.

DU PONT  
And where does that take place?

MARK  
University of Wisconsin.

DU PONT  
And they provide everything you  
need?

Beat. Beat. Then, quietly -

MARK  
Pretty much.

A moment as du Pont watches Mark.

DU PONT  
I'd like to see you win this  
upcoming tournament.

MARK  
Thank you.

DU PONT  
It's a big one, yes?

MARK  
It's the world championship.

DU PONT  
Tell me a little bit about your  
regimen -- how you train every day.

MARK  
Well, I take the mornings on my own  
- strength training, endurance -  
then I meet up with my brother -  
you know Dave Schultz --

DU PONT  
-- Of course --

MARK  
-- I meet up with him at the  
University gym, we work out  
whatever free time we can grab in  
between team practice.

Du Pont nods.

DU PONT  
A lot of other responsibilities.

MARK  
At times. Yes, sir.

After a moment --

DU PONT  
Why do you do it, Mark?

MARK  
Do what, sir?

DU PONT  
All of it. Why do you do it?

Mark looks at him directly.

MARK  
I want to be the best in the world.

Silence, then:

DU PONT  
May I speak frankly?



Mark nods.

DU PONT  
I'm concerned.  
(beat)  
I'm concerned by what I see in this country. Athletes labor to bring honor to America, and we're failing to honor that effort. Failing to honor and support it.

Mark's staring at du Pont intently, touched by this, but not yet ready to reveal too much. Du Pont speaks carefully --

DU PONT  
Am I right to say that you may know *something* of what I'm talking about?

On Mark.

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - DAY

Du Pont walks with Mark across an expanse of grass toward a FIELD HOUSE in the last stages of a renovation.

DU PONT  
No matter how many times I've argued our case, the U.S.O.C. refuses to recognize that training for international competition's a full time job. Why is that? Why is that?

He points to a nearby building as they approach the field house door --

DU PONT  
The pool's not quite ready. But I've renovated the old field house so Olympic wrestlers won't have to scrounge up work just to be able to find a place to train.

He opens the door, and they walk into a beautifully renovated, gleaming GYM.

INT. FOXCATCHER GYM - CONTINUOUS

Four pristine WRESTLING MATS are spread out on the floor. Through a doorway on the far end we can glimpse a WEIGHT ROOM with new nautilus and stationary bikes and free weights.

Several moments as Mark GAPES at his surroundings.

DU PONT

(quietly)

I want you all to have a home.

Mark is speechless. Silence.

DU PONT

Tell me what you're thinking.

MARK

Honestly, sir?

DU PONT

Of course.

MARK

Remember in the semis in LA when I got Tamoka in a standing headlock, spun him to a hip pull and flipped him over my head for a takedown?

DU PONT

Five points -- it put the match in your hands.

MARK

If I'd done it here his feet would have smacked the rafters.

Du Pont's confused. Mark nods toward the ceiling.

MARK

Roof's a little low.

Du Pont looks immediately at the ceiling, then, after a moment, back at Mark. He SMILES.

DU PONT

I'll raise it.

(then)

Come, I want to show you something.

He opens the door for Mark and shows him out, putting his arm on his shoulder as they walk outside.

EXT. VALLEY FORGE - LATE AFTERNOON

VARIOUS SHOTS of the historic site -- the monuments and fences and stone house headquarters. The last shot is of Mark and du Pont standing on a ridge over the vast CEMETERY field. Du Pont's black Ford Mercury is parked nearby.

DU PONT

I wish every American could come here and see this for themselves. See the price of freedom. It's not free at all. I'm gratified my family could play a small part in the history here.

(beat)

The sacrifices of the troops that first long winter remind me of what you athletes go through.

Silence as they look out over the national park.

Then, Du Pont turns to him --

DU PONT

Would you consider telling me the reason you're not in touch with your parents?

MARK

(shrugs)

I guess I think we have to orphan ourselves to do anything worthwhile.

(beat)

Find our own way. Decide what we believe.

Long beat as du Pont looks at Mark.

DU PONT

When did you win your first match?

MARK

I started kind of late -- high school sophomore. I was... well... truthfully, I was... completely lost -- and I got into it 'cause my brother was wrestling. Dave convinced me to give it a try. I never told him this, but I was scared of losing in front of him.

(MORE)

MARK (cont'd)  
So of course my first match I get  
put up against a kid two years  
older. Dave was helping coach from  
my corner.... And at the end, when  
the ref raised my hand, there was  
my brother, running towards me --  
screaming --  
(his face getting flushed)  
-- laughing -- he lifted me up --

Mark stops talking -- trying to stop himself from getting  
CHOKED UP. After a few moments, he speaks, quietly:

MARK  
It's always been his sport. He let  
me inside. I'm lucky to be very  
very good at it.

Du Pont's watching this young man who's just opened up to  
him. We can sense his admiration... and, possibly, a bit of  
his envy -- for Mark's abilities, and for his powerful  
relationship with his brother.

FADE OUT.

INT. GUEST ROOM/BIG HOUSE - NIGHT

Mark's alone in his room, dialing the phone. It rings and we  
hear Dave answer --

DAVE (ON PHONE)  
Hello.  
(Mark doesn't respond)  
Hello.

Mark HANGS UP.

INT. GUEST ROOM/BIG HOUSE - MORNING

Mark wakes up in his huge four-poster bed. (He sleeps ONLY  
ON HIS STOMACH -- we'll find out why later.) This is clearly  
the most beautiful, clean, peaceful room he's ever slept in.

EXT. DOG KENNEL/FOXCATCHER - MORNING

Mark, carrying his bag, walks toward the fenced yard outside  
the dog kennels. Du Pont stand next to a pile of MEAT, in  
front of FIFTY BARKING BLOODHOUNDS. His arm is in the air,  
and the dogs are barking and pushing each other for position,  
but they don't dare come to the meat.

Then, du Pont steps back and LOWERS HIS ARM. The dogs immediately jump at the pile of meat, devouring it.

Du Pont notices Mark watching at the fence. He strides over.

MARK

That's a lot of dogs. They listen to you.

DU PONT

They have to. I pay for their food. How'd you sleep?

MARK

Really good.

DU PONT

I hope you're considering joining me here. I can't think of anyone I'd rather do this with.

MARK

Thank you.

DU PONT

(looking him in the eye)  
Mark. You name your price.

EXT. PHL AIRPORT - ESTABLISHING/DAY

A plane takes off on the runway.

INT. PHL AIRPORT/BATHROOM - DAY

CLOSE UP on Mark's face, looking at himself in the mirror. Studying his own face. Then he erupts in a PRIMAL SCREAM. Pure joy. Affirmation.

EXT. PINE TREE - DAY

HIGH-ANGLE CLOSE UP on the face of a SIX-YEAR OLD BOY, CRYING -- terrified. It's ALEXANDER, Dave's son. He's mid-way up a tall pine tree and scared to go any higher. Dave is a couple of branches above him. He looks down at Alexander, patiently waiting for the boy to stop crying. Finally, ALEX stops.

DAVE

You ready?

Beat. The boy nods. They climb higher.

I/E. TAXI/MADISON/DAVE'S STREET - DAY

Mark rides in the back of a cab toward Dave's house. As he nears, we SEE Nancy tapping a beer keg in the side yard. Things are set up for a BBQ which hasn't started yet. Dave and Alex sit in the TOP OF THE TREE, watching Mark arrive.

EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE - LATER/AFTERNOON

BBQ in progress. Lots of U of W wrestlers and coaches and wives and girlfriends and kids. Dave's at the BBQ, carving a huge roast on a spit with a long CARVING KNIFE. Mark's talking intently, passionately, to his brother.

MARK

*Twenty-five thousand a year. He said name your price and I named the highest price that came into my head - I probably coulda gone higher, but what the hell - I mean we'd get to hand-pick our own team - wrestlers we want to work with --*

DAVE

Who're you gonna train with?

MARK

-- No... I mean... When I say *we*, I mean... you and me... could choose a team. Together. I thought...

DAVE

What does du Pont get out of it?

MARK

What are you talking about? He gets America winning. He gets U.S. wrestlers on a level field with the Russians. He's looking for a way to help us win.

DAVE

(unconvinced)  
Really.

MARK

Dave - this is *it*. This is what we've wanted our whole lives - just to train - you and me - not to have to deal with USA Wrestling, or Harper and his corrupt University athletics - not to have to think about anybody else.

Dave looks at him.

DAVE

I've got a contract here, Mark. I got a good thing going. Nancy's happy, Danielle's happy - Alex likes his school --

The reality starts to hit Mark for the first time that he may be doing this alone, without his older brother.

DAVE

-- The Worlds are sixty days away. Who're you gonna train with?

Beat. Mark is shell-shocked.

MARK

Du Pont's taking his money out of the Villanova program. They'll pull the plug on that. So. Dan Bane could come.

(he shrugs)

I guess Dan Bane.

Dave can see how disappointed Mark is. So he gives him something --

DAVE

It sounds like a good opportunity. I think you could really make something out of it.

MARK

Do you?

DAVE

(nods)

I do. I think you should take it.

MARK

Really.

DAVE  
I'm proud of you.

Mark nods.

MARK  
And, look. A spot's always open  
for you if you decide to come.

DAVE  
(smiles)  
All right.

Long beat. Nancy watches the brothers from across the yard.  
Opening chords of Mellancamp's "PINK HOUSES" starts to PLAY.

I/E. MARK'S APARTMENT - MORNING

"PINK HOUSES" plays. Mark packs his apartment - trashing  
just about everything, tossing it in the dumpster - stuffing  
the few essentials in his new USED CAR - an AMC GREMLIN.

EXT. DRIVING - DAY

"PINK HOUSES" plays. Mark drives across Ohio.

EXT. FILLING STATION - DAY

"PINK HOUSES" plays. Mark gets gas. The attendant - clearly  
a HIGH SCHOOL WRESTLER - is thrilled to shake his hand.

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - DAY

"PINK HOUSES" plays. Mark pulls onto the estate grounds.

EXT. FRONT DOOR/BIG HOUSE - DAY

Music ENDS. Mark rings the doorbell. No answer. He goes to  
ring it again and the door is opened by a UNIFORMED MAID.

MARK  
Hi. I'm Mark Schultz.

Silence. That means nothing to her...

MARK  
I'm here to see John du Pont?



UNIFORMED MAID  
Is Mr. du Pont expecting you?

MARK  
Yeah. Well, no - not today exactly,  
but, yes. This week. Sometime.

UNIFORMED MAID  
Just a moment, please.

MARK  
In the meantime can I use the --  
(she SHUTS the door,  
leaving him outside)  
-- bathroom.

He turns and looks out over the VAST LAWN of the estate. Far off, it's being mowed by a gardener. The maid OPENS the door-

UNIFORMED MAID  
Please.

INT. BIG HOUSE/FOXCATCHER - CONTINUOUS

They walk just a few feet and she gestures toward a door.

MARK  
(confused)  
Is he? He's in there?

UNIFORMED MAID  
The washroom.

INT. ROCOCO WASHROOM/BIG HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Floral wallpaper, gold fixtures and faucet. Mark pisses - mouth open, eyes half shut. He flushes.

He looks at the dish holding a bunch of little pastel horseshoes. Soap? He picks one up, smells it. He washes his hands - monstrous with the tiny soap. He wipes his hands on his pants, avoiding the neatly hung towelettes.

As he opens the door he discovers the Maid waiting for him.

UNIFORMED MAID  
Mr. Beck will see you now.

MARK  
Mr. Beck?

INT. STAN BECK'S OFFICE/BIG HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Mark is led into a large third floor office with a big desk, wood filing cabinets, LAW BOOKS lining the bookshelves. STAN BECK (mid-forties, no-nonsense, suit and tie) rises from behind the desk as Mark enters.

STAN BECK  
Come on in, sit down.

MARK  
Thank you.

STAN BECK  
Thank you, Rosie.

UNIFORMED MAID  
You're welcome, Mr. Beck.

She exits, closing the door behind her.

STAN BECK  
Okay. Okay. So Mark -- it's Mark  
*Schultz*, correct?

MARK  
Yes.

STAN BECK  
(opens a folder, writing)  
S-C-H-U-L-T-Z?

MARK  
That's right.

STAN BECK  
Mark -- I manage affairs for Mr. du  
Pont. Look after his interests.  
If you have a problem, you come to  
me. If Mr. Du Pont has a problem,  
I'll come to you. Okay?

MARK  
Yes sir.

STAN BECK  
Let's talk about what you're doing  
here. I'd like to make sure we all  
understand each other. Does that  
sound like a good policy to you?

MARK  
Absolutely.

STAN BECK  
Good. Me too. First thing I can tell you is that Mr. du Pont is very happy he can help you with your goals.

Mark nods.

STAN BECK  
But I want to make sure you're aware of what's expected. It's not a free ride. In exchange for the guest house, the more than substantial salary, the privilege of training Foxcatcher Farms, Mr. du Pont expects results. Understood?

MARK  
Of course.

STAN BECK  
I'm sure you can appreciate that.

MARK  
Of course.

STAN BECK  
That goes for every wrestler.

MARK  
I've actually got suggestions for about half the roster.

STAN BECK  
What about the other half?

Beat. Beat.

MARK  
I've been making phone calls.

Beat.

STAN BECK  
All right. Now.

Stan takes out a form, writes in it as Mark answers.

STAN BECK  
Your age?

MARK  
Twenty-seven.

STAN BECK  
Education?

MARK  
Oklahoma University.

STAN BECK  
Undergraduate?

MARK  
Yes.

STAN BECK  
You graduated?

MARK  
Yes.

STAN BECK  
Do you own any property?

MARK  
No.

STAN BECK  
Are your parents still married?

MARK  
(sore subject)  
No.

STAN BECK  
How old were you when they  
separated?

MARK  
Two.

STAN BECK  
Have you ever been involved in a  
lawsuit?

MARK  
No.

The DOOR OPENS and John du Pont pokes his head in.

Mark STANDS, relieved to see him finally --

MARK  
Mr. Du Pont.

Du Pont stays in the doorway. He waves slightly.

DU PONT  
They told me you'd arrived.

MARK  
Yes sir, I drove straight down.

It's a little odd that du Pont doesn't enter -- he seems almost nervous.

DU PONT  
They're going to set you up in a guest house.

MARK  
Yes sir.

Silence for several moments.

DU PONT  
All right.

MARK  
All right. Thank you, sir.

And du Pont's gone, closing the door behind him. Beat.

STAN BECK  
Shall we finish this?

Beck gestures to the chair. Mark sits.

STAN BECK  
Have you ever been accused of a crime?

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - AFTERNOON

Brandon walks silently with Mark. They've come far, across the huge side yard - the Big House looks small behind them. Some distance away, we can see HORSE STABLES that let out onto a huge fenced track with a grass infield. Stable hands are putting several horses through their paces.

BRANDON

(re the horses)

-- They're Mrs. du Pont's. Many  
are worth over a million dollars.  
We all just keep our distance.

They enter the WOODS. Just inside the trees is THE CHALET --  
a European style wooden guest house that is now Mark's home.

MARK

I didn't realize he was married.

STAN BECK

Mr. du Pont? He's not. Mrs. du  
Pont's his mother.

INT. THE CHALET - AFTERNOON

Brandon lets Mark in the door, turns on the lights in the  
living room, in the kitchen, goes to the bedroom. It's a  
lovely guest house, decorated like a ski chalet.

Brandon walks back from the bedroom, holding KEYS out to Mark-

BRANDON

Utilities are paid for - gas,  
electric, water - all paid. The  
refrigerator's stocked for now, but  
in the future you're responsible  
for feeding yourself. Unless of  
course you get invited to the Big  
House for dinner.

Mark, still standing in the entry-way, accepts the keys.

BRANDON

Someone will bring your car around.  
Anything else you need?

MARK

I don't think so.

Brandon leaves. Mark stands still, looking at his new home.

INT. THE CHALET - NIGHT

Mark (in shorts and a tank top) finishes unpacking his things  
and taping up the PHOTOS of himself and Dave. For several  
moments, he surveys the place. He notices some of its  
oddities -- like the POLAR BEAR SKIN RUG (with the HEAD ON)  
which is draped over the sofa.

He's STARTLED by a KNOCK on the living room window. It's John du Pont, who points toward the front door.

EXT. PORCH/THE CHALET - CONTINUOUS/NIGHT

Mark opens the door to John - standing on the little porch, looking far more relaxed than he did this afternoon. He's wearing a sweatsuit, is holding a BOOK and a SMALL BOX. Mark's greatly relieved to see him.

MARK

Mr. du Pont, thanks for stopping -

Du Pont holds up a finger. Then, quietly -

DU PONT

You hear that?

Mark listens, shakes his head. Du Pont holds up his finger again -- and then we HEAR it: a faint HOOTING from the woods.

DU PONT

Barred owl --

He hands Mark the small box he's holding. Inside is a very small set of BINOCULARS.

DU PONT

When you spot one, you'll see with each hoot there's a white flash in his collar. His throat swells, and he reveals to you the lighter feathers he normally keeps hidden underneath.

He hands Mark the BOOK: "South Pacific Birds" by John Eleuthere du Pont.

DU PONT

It's from about ten years back, but I thought you might find it interesting.

MARK

You wrote this?

DU PONT

I did.

Mark seems genuinely touched and impressed.

MARK

Thank you. Do you want to come in?

DU PONT

No no --

MARK

-- The fridge is full - you probably know better than I do what's in there --

DU PONT

-- No. You need your rest.

Du Pont hold up his own set of binoculars.

DU PONT

-- I had a wonderful night a few years back when I spotted all eight Northeast species. Right here on the farm.

(then)

You need to get started bright and early. What do we have - two months to the Worlds?

MARK

54 days.

DU PONT

54 days.

MARK

(he nods)

I've got a lot to do.

Du Pont reaches out and puts his hand on Mark's shoulder.

DU PONT

You'll do it.

(beat)

We'll do it.

On the two men standing in the porch light. PRELAP the sound of POUNDING FEET, getting louder and louder --

INT. FOXCATCHER GYM - DAY

CLOSE ON: Wrestling shoes running FAST in place on the gym mat. There are SIX SETS of feet in a wide circle --



(Several weeks have passed.... TEAM FOXCATCHER is beginning to come together. ALSO: we may notice -- the gym ceiling is actually higher.)

MARK

Drop!

All six wrestlers, Mark included, drop to the mats for ten fast push-ups and sit-ups.

The wrestlers are: ROBERTO GARCIA, aka "GECKO" (21 years old, 105 pounds, Latino, as fast a talker as he is a wrestler); JIM ZEREGA - "JIMMY Z" (24, 114 lbs., blond Midwesterner); MATT POPPER (24, 149 lbs., East coast working class); BRUCE SPRINGER (27, also 149 lbs., half Asian); MARK SCHULTZ (180 lbs.); and DAN BANE (30, 198 lbs., strong and low-key, intelligent, from the West, like Mark.)

The wrestlers jump up -- run in place incredibly fast.

MARK

Drop --

JUMP CUT TO:

Garcia and Zerega are sprinting to the end of the mats and back. They're doing relay shuttles, each pair racing each other, then the next pair.

Popper and Springer have just run (probably for the twentieth time) - they're BENT OVER, sucking wind by the wall.

At some point during this DU PONT WALKS IN. He wears a sweatsuit, has a whistle around his neck. He hovers a slight distance away, observing, seeming to want to be noticed.

Mark and Dan take off, racing, as Garcia BEATS Zerega --

GARCIA

Latino Sandanista! Once again!  
(turns to Zerega)  
Get used to it, my honky Contra...

As Dan and Mark race back, Dan does notice du Pont --

DAN

Hey Coach.

Du Pont becomes at once an odd combination of a kid invited to join in and the actual boss and benefactor of this team.

DU PONT

Dan Bane. How's that hamstring?

DAN  
Coming back. It's coming back.

DU PONT  
Good. Good to hear.

A couple of the other wrestlers call out greetings to du Pont. He edges closer. Mark walks up to him.

MARK  
You need me for something?

DU PONT  
No no. Later. Please. Continue.

Mark nods and turns back.

MARK  
Pair up. On the mat. Up and down.  
Popper, Springer, let's go.

Springer's dragging a bit, clearly wiped out.

GARCIA  
Spring Roll - you gotta lay off the  
pork flied lice.

SPRINGER  
(exhausted)  
Suck me, Gecko.  
(then, as he comes onto  
the mat)  
And I'm fucking Filipino, dickhead.

The six wrestlers are paired and spread out on the mats - each pair in the up-down position.

MARK  
Go!

They all go to it -- the top wrestler trying to get a hold secure enough to turn the other -- and the down wrestler splayed on the mat, fending him off.

Du Pont hovers nearby, watching intently. We can sense his fascination - his admiration for these wrestlers. His entrancement. Also, his jealousy - how desperately he'd love to be part of this brotherhood of athletes.

He CLAPS, like a coach would. He SAYS - awkwardly, and not loudly enough:

DU PONT

Good.

(claps again)

Good.

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - LATE AFTERNOON

Mark, freshly showered, walks across the yard from the gym to the Big House. There are SEVERAL WORKMEN hammering in place new siding under the field house eaves to cover the gap where the roof was raised.

INT. DU PONT'S OFFICE/BIG HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Du Pont's pouring himself a scotch and soda at the built-in wall bar. Mark's in the SITTING AREA of this large office, which gives the unmistakable impression of having been inspired by the Oval Office. (We should sense that this is not the first of these meetings.)

DU PONT

I can't get you anything at all?

MARK

No, thank you. I'm good.

DU PONT

In training. Excellent.

He comes over and sits. He's immediately hushed and serious.

DU PONT

Talk to me about Roberto Garcia.

Beat.

MARK

Gecko? Great wrestler. What do you want to know?

Du Pont sits there nodding. He's mulling something.

DU PONT

Just a sense. Keep your eye on him.  
Let me know of anything suspicious.

MARK

(no idea what that means)  
All right.

DU PONT  
Anything at all.

MARK  
I will.

Du Pont stands and goes over to a carved WOODEN EAGLE on top of one of the desk.

DU PONT  
You see the artistry, the care, the craftsmanship that went into making this great American symbol? You see the face hidden among the feathers?

Mark looks.

DU PONT  
Right here.

Mark looks. He doesn't see it. But he NODS anyway.

DU PONT  
I want to exert the same care in crafting a world-class wrestling team here at Foxcatcher.

Mark nods.

DU PONT  
How we doing with Dave Schultz?

MARK  
How do you mean?

DU PONT  
You were going to speak to him again. When's he coming?

MARK  
(he never called Dave)  
Right. Look. Dave's... he's got a good situation going up in Madison. He's... he doesn't want to uproot. The family. Just at the moment.  
(beat)  
At the present time.

DU PONT  
He is a *world class* competitor - a *world class coach* - we are building a *world class team*.  
(MORE)

DU PONT (cont'd)  
He belongs here. Tell me what I  
have to offer him.

MARK  
John. Dave can't be bought.

Silence. Du Pont's clearly not happy with this answer. He seems to make a decision to shift gears -- his tone turns bright and positive-

DU PONT  
Let me ask your opinion --

He goes to the desk, where there are several large DRAWINGS of a proposed Foxcatcher logo: a RED FOX running. In some, the fox runs one way, in some the other. Mark approaches.

DU PONT  
What do you think? Right to left,  
or left to right?

Silence as Mark examines the designs intently. Then, finally-

MARK  
Right to left.

Du Pont looks at him, then back at the drawings. On the two of them -- studying, contemplating...

EXT. WOODS/FOXCATCHER - EARLY MORNING

Mark RUNS hard through the woods - pushing himself - jumping fallen branches, sprinting up hills. He reaches the edge of the woods and stops, bent over, breathing heavily.

He HEARS something: Across the field, PRIZE HORSES are being led out of the stables onto the grounds of the estate. He WATCHES, catching his breath.

A few wrestlers (Zerega, Popper and Dan Bane) emerge from the woods behind Mark, running: "Hey" "Wassup", etc. between them. Then Dan Bane leaves the other two.

DAN  
I'll catch up with you all later.

Zerega and Popper jog off. Dan comes to stand next to Mark, who has taken his little pair of BINOCULARS from the pocket of his sweats and is looking through them. After a moment, he hands Dan the binoculars. Dan looks through them.

MARK

I'm pretty sure that's John's  
mother.

BINOCULARS POV: A VERY OLD WOMAN stands in front of her wheelchair, with the help of an attendant. When the horses reach her, she TOUCHES THEM LOVINGLY, tenderly stroking their faces, feeding them treats from her hands. She's completely at home with these animals, as they are with her.

INT. MARK'S OFFICE/FOXCATCHER GYM - LATE AFTERNOON

Mark's the only one in the gym. He's in his office, opening several cardboard boxes which have been delivered. Inside are TEAM FOXCATCHER uniforms and sweats with the new LOGO on them. Brandon knocks on the open door, enters.

BRANDON

Want to make sure you're all set  
for tonight --

MARK

I'm good --

BRANDON

You've got the right clothes,  
everything you need --

MARK

I'm good.

BRANDON

Okay then.  
(starts to leave, then:)  
And Mark. He loves it when you  
call him coach.

EXT. SHERATON PARK RIDGE HOTEL AND CONFERENCE CENTER - NIGHT

A suburban corporate resort hotel. A large banner over the entrance reads: FIRST ANNUAL CITIZENS-POLICE LEAGUE BANQUET.

POLICE CHIEF DESOTA (V.O.)

... We had no idea the kind of  
support we were set to receive when  
he founded CPL a year ago...

## INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

An odd mix of local police in dress uniforms and detectives in cheap dark suits - all with their wives, decked out in ball gowns and fake diamonds... and some wealthy local businessmen with their bored spouses. They've been mixed together at 20 or 30 round dining tables.

On the dais: a long table facing the audience with the 10 or 15 members of the CPL board - police chiefs, a business man or two, and John du Pont, next to his guest, Mark Schultz.

Both John and Mark wear dark suits and ties. Mark also wears his Olympic GOLD MEDAL around his neck.

Newtown Square Police Chief Desota is at the microphone -

POLICE CHIEF DESOTA (CONT'D)

... Now we've got the gear we need - bulletproof vests, night-vision goggles - all that kinda outfit. He also built a sweetheart of a firing range out at his estate. If any of you been out there to see it, you probably also noticed he happens to be a damn good shot...

Some knowing chuckles from the cops in the audience. Du Pont beams, loving it. Desota holds up a PLAQUE --

POLICE CHIEF DESOTA

... John E. du Pont, the Citizens-Police League is proud to give you our first annual Golden Pistol Award, and present you with your Honorary Newtown Police Badge. Welcome to the force.

Du Pont comes to the podium, shaking Chief Desota's hand, smiling broadly. He turns to the crowd, speaks into the mic -

DU PONT

I'm so honored to be given this... in particular, this badge. To be considered one of you brave men is thrilling. I humbly accept. I've devoted my life to facilitating the achievement of the best in our country. Most recently, I founded Team Foxcatcher to train a neglected class of patriot-athletes: our Olympic wrestlers.

(MORE)

DU PONT (cont'd)  
 I'm proud to coach men like gold  
 medalist Mark Schultz -- Mark would  
 you please stand --

Mark stands uncomfortably, receives scattered APPLAUSE. He  
 leans over to the microphone, speaks into it -

MARK  
 Thank you, Coach.

Du Pont beams, puts his arm around Mark.

Mark leans in again toward the microphone --

MARK  
 Seriously... He's been like a  
 father to me these past couple  
 months.

Du Pont could not be more gratified --

DU PONT  
 The Olympic gold medal Mark wears  
 around his neck is tarnished.  
 Tarnished by the unpatriotic acts  
 of the Carter administration, which  
 caused the entire Eastern Bloc to  
 boycott the '84 Games in Los  
 Angeles. Mark will have an  
 opportunity in a few weeks to shine  
 up that medal. To prove his worth  
 in front of the entire world. I'll  
 be there in France with him.  
 Gentlemen of law enforcement, you  
 are our true heroes. You and  
 patriot-athletes like Mark Schultz.  
 I salute you.

He SALUTES. As the applause starts --

INT. WRESTLING ARENA/CLERMONT-FERRAND, FRANCE - DAY

Dave Schultz SLAMS his opponent to the mat. He's in TEAM USA  
 uniform, and he's dominating.

Mark's off to the side, watching his brother wrestle. But  
 whether he's fascinated, jealous, rooting -- we can't tell.



INT. WRESTLING ARENA/CLERMONT-FERRAND - LATER/DAY

Mark wrestles like an animal - aggressive, forceful and fast. Dave's in Mark's corner, coaching - focussed and intense, shouting instruction and encouragement.

On John du Pont, watching from the stands,

FRENCH OFFICIAL (V.O.)  
Soixante-quatorze kilos.

INT. WEIGH-IN ROOM - DAY

FRENCH OFFICIAL  
Seventy-four kilos.

A Russian, ADLAN VARAEV, steps onto a low balance scale. Several OFFICIALS check the beam, which dances a moment, then hovers in equilibrium.

FRENCH OFFICIAL  
Bon.

Varaev steps off. Dave steps on. The official holds the beam, lets it go. The pointer hovers in the middle.

FRENCH OFFICIAL  
Bon.

Dave steps off, makes a joke in Russian. Varaev smiles. They walk away together speaking Russian and laughing.

FRENCH OFFICIAL  
Quatre-vingt-deux kilos. Eighty-two kilos.

ALEXANDER NANEV, a Bulgarian, steps on the scale. The official adjusts the slider weight, lets the beam go. It hangs in equilibrium.

FRENCH OFFICIAL  
Bon.

Nanev steps off. Mark steps on, face somber. The official lets the beam go. The Bulgarian watches.

FRENCH OFFICIAL  
C'est bon.

Mark steps off, glaring at Nanev, then walks away.

INT. DAVE'S HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Loud. The TV is on. A few Team USA WRESTLERS watch the French Sports TV wrap-up of the day's matches. Danielle JUMPS on the bed near the window, with Nancy watching her.

DANIELLE  
One... deux... quatre!

Nancy laughs. Dave wrestles with Alexander on the other bed -

DAVE  
...Fireman's carry... to a half-  
nelson... to a chicken wing...  
Wait! A chicken wing?

He starts to gobble up Alex's arm, who SHRIEKS in delight.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DAVE'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Du Pont and Mark are outside the door. Mark holds a VIDEOTAPE. He KNOCKS. Knocks again. We HEAR Nancy's voice yell from inside: "It's open!" Mark opens the door.

INT. DAVE'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's noisy and chaotic. The wrestlers glance over, offer cursory greetings: "Hey, Mark," "What's up"...

Mark's focussed on Dave, who wrestles with Alex -

MARK  
Dave.

DAVE  
-- a scrambled-egg!... a feather-  
pluck!...

Dave's plucking Alex and Alex is cracking up.

MARK  
Dave.

DAVE  
Oh, hey, Mark --

MARK  
Come meet Mr. du Pont.

Dave sweeps up Alex and throws him over his shoulder, carrying him to the door. He SHAKES du Pont's HAND.

DAVE  
Hi. Dave Schultz.

DU PONT  
John du Pont. It's a pleasure to meet you in person finally.

DAVE  
This is Alex, that's my wife,  
Nancy, our daughter Danielle.  
(to Nancy)  
Hey, Nance. John du Pont.

Nancy waves from over near the window -

NANCY  
Hey.

DU PONT  
Hello.

DAVE  
Come on in. Can I get you a drink -

DU PONT  
No no.

DAVE  
You sure -- ?

DU PONT  
Thank you. No. I need to be getting back. I'll see you both tomorrow.

And he's GONE. Dave shrugs.

DAVE  
Well, I know what I need.

MARK  
What?

DAVE  
Chicken drumstick!

Alex SQUEALS. He throws Alex on the bed and jumps on him. Mark heads for the TV across the room. Pops in his tape.

MARK

Dave, check out this tape I have on  
Nanev --

DAVE

(still wrestling)  
Yeah --

MARK

I want to show you this ankle pick--

DAVE

Cue it up.

As the tape cues up, Mark glances at Nancy.

MARK

Too difficult to come say hello to  
Mr. du Pont?

NANCY

I said hello.

Mark just shakes his head. She lights a CIGARETTE.

NANCY

I'm watching my kid.

MARK

Can you not do that in here?

NANCY

Do what?

MARK

Smoking.

NANCY

Smoke?

MARK

I wrestle tomorrow.

NANCY

It's my room, Mark. You don't have  
to be here.

MARK

I'm trying to get some advice from  
my brother, get ready for the  
finals -- you start smoking?

NANCY

So get out. Go to your own room.

MARK

Your *kids* are in here --

She BLOWS SMOKE at him.

MARK

What the hell is that?

DAVE

Mark. Calm down.

MARK

I'm not the one frigging smoking.

DAVE

The window's open. Relax. Show me what you want me to look at.

Mark looks around the room. At Alexander giggling on the bed, at Danielle bouncing, Nancy smoking. It's all too much. He pulls out the videotape and WALKS OUT the door.

INT. ARENA/CLERMONT-FERRAND - DAY

VARIOUS SHOTS: Final matches in progress, intense and brutal.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SAME TIME

Mark sits, alone, head in his hands.

INT. ARENA/CLERMONT-FERRAND - SAME TIME

Faces in the crowd watching; strained faces of the wrestlers.

Mark Schultz and Alexander Nanev's names are put up on the board. FINALS à 82 KILOS...

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SAME TIME

Du Pont enters. Mark's alone on a corner bench, frozen, head in his hands. Silence.

DU PONT

(gently)

I think you're up.

Silence. Mark doesn't move. Du Pont goes over to him, lays his hand on his shoulder.

DU PONT

Mark.

Mark's body starts to shake. Du Pont speaks quietly, gently -

DU PONT

Mark. I've watched you these past two months. You could not have trained harder. You could not have prepared yourself more thoroughly. It's going to be hard, but you could not be more ready for this day.

MARK

I don't want to let you down.

This is surely the first time anyone has said anything like this to John.

DU PONT

You couldn't possibly.

INT. ARENA/CLERMONT-FERRAND - MOMENTS LATER

THE CAMERA'S TIGHT ON Mark, leading him, as he exits the locker room into the arena. Mark walks directly onto the mat, straight to the center, faces off with Nanev. THE CAMERA stays tight on Mark looking directly at Nanev, as the ref checks each of them.

WHISTLE. The match begins. Intense and rough. Neither able to gain an edge. Dave coaches from Mark's corner.

CUT TO:

In between periods. Mark sits as Dave FANS him with a towel, shouting strategy - instructing - focussed. Du Pont watches this from the stands.

CUT TO:

Mark and Nanev wrestle the final seconds -- Mark ahead by a point. Nanev tries desperately to turn Mark, to gain any advantage. The whistle blows.

The ref takes each of their hands. He RAISES Mark's. He turns them around, raises Mark's hand again.

Mark does a BACK FLIP. He trots over to the opposing coach, shakes his hand. He trots to his corner where Dave - beaming, his arms open wide - embraces him. Mark hugs his brother quickly, then turns to LOOK OUT into the stands.

He SPOTS du Pont, who's coming down the steps toward the platform. Mark walks toward him. The enormity of what he's just accomplished STARTS TO HIT Mark. His face is red. He reaches du Pont, and from a step below him, THROWS HIS ARMS around him, clings to him. Mark starts to SOB.

Du Pont holds him as he looks out toward the wrestling mat, where Dave watches.

INT. ARENA/CLERMONT-FERRAND - LATER

The "Star-Spangled" Banner plays as the US flag is raised. Du Pont watches Mark receive his GOLD MEDAL.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TROPHY ROOM/BIG HOUSE - NIGHT

The beginning "AAAAAH's" of David Bowie's "LET'S DANCE" blast from the stereo. Team Foxcatcher wrestlers are huddled in a circle in the Trophy Room -- shouting the "AAAAAAAH's" along with the thin white duke. Each one holds a BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE and is shaking it up as they sing.

When the chords kick in, they POP THEIR CORKS -- SPRAYING champagne on each other, shouting and laughing wildly. Then they all CHUG the rest of their bottles. Du Pont is dancing around outside the circle, doing his best Euro-electronica moves, and drinking from his bottle (and it's not his first). The wrestlers DANCE. When du Pont finishes his bottle --

DU PONT  
Let's clear it out!

He gestures toward the OPEN center section of the enormous TROPHY CASE -- the entirety of which is filled with horse-jumping and fox-hunting medals, ribbons and plaques.

Some of the wrestlers start taking down what's in there. A few of the others open more liquor...

DU PONT  
Oh, yes!

SPRINGER  
You sure about this?

DU PONT

Mother's idea of sport is riding a horse that's chasing a dog that's chasing a fox. I don't share her affection for horseflesh --

The center case is cleared out.

DU PONT

Put 'em up, boys!

They hang their wrestling medals, place in wrestling trophies and other awards -- leaving the TOP FEW HOOKS EMPTY.

WRESTLERS

(chanting together)

Mark! Mark! Mark! Mark!...

Mark hangs his OLYMPIC and WORLD CUP GOLDS on the top hooks.

WRESTLERS

U.S.A! U.S.A! U.S.A!...

Du Pont raises his bottle to Mark --

DU PONT

You've brought honor to Team Foxcatcher.

He starts to walk toward him.

DU PONT

You've brought honor to --

He SLIPS on the wet floor and his feet fly up in front of him, landing him FLAT ON HIS BACK.

SILENCE. Du Pont's lying there, shaking -- is he crying? No one knows what exactly to do. Dan Bane approaches him.

DAN

You all right, Coach?

Du Pont starts LAUGHING out loud. Hugely relieved, Dan holds his hand out to him to help him up.

Du Pont takes Dan's hand and promptly pulls him to the ground... and... JUMPS on his back -- WRESTLING with him. The wrestlers, including Mark, go crazy, CHEERING him on.

Dan lets du Pont get the best of him... lets du Pont PIN him.



The wrestlers are cheering madly as du Pont stands with his arms raised. He makes as if he's about to do a back flip (like Mark), then sits and does a clumsy backwards somersault. Wild cheers.

DU PONT  
More drinks!

He's on his knees, fists in the air, head thrown back --  
TOTALLY EXULTANT...

PRELAP sound of a GUNSHOT -

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - NEXT MORNING

VARIOUS SHOTS: The AMERICAN FLAG is being raised; the horses tended to; a hawk soars above the trees.

CAMERA picks up three wrestlers running off their hangovers -- Zerega, Popper and Springer. They pick up speed as the camera stays with them. WE HEAR more gunshots as they run through the grounds -- the SHOTS get louder and louder.

The wrestlers run somewhat near the FIRING RANGE, where several members of the NEWTOWN POLICE DEPARTMENT, in uniform, are SHOOTING target practice with DU PONT.

Du Pont wears a "Team Foxcatcher" zip SWEATJACKET - with his honorary POLICE BADGE pinned to one breast. On the other breast are sewn the words: "Head Coach", and JOHN "EAGLE" DU PONT. He's about to SHOOT when the wrestlers pass by --

WRESTLERS  
Duuuuupont! Johnny D! Bossman!...

Du Pont, still holding his pistol, turns to watch them run past. His expression seems oddly, entirely blank.

INT. FOXCATCHER GYM/WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

A few wrestlers lift weights -- the others are hanging out, resting, talking. Du Pont wanders in, his target practice PISTOL dangling from the crook of his arm. A few guys notice him, greet him CASUALLY, go back to what they were doing.

DU PONT  
321 days to Seoul, gentlemen. 321  
days. Let's get to work.

He gestures for Mark to join him.

DU PONT  
 Champ. Come walk with me.

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - DAY

CLOSE ON: a CHECK for \$10,000.00 made out to Mark Schultz.

MARK (O.S.)  
 You don't have to do this.

PULL BACK to see Mark and John, still cradling the pistol, walking across the huge lawn. Mark is holding the check.

DU PONT  
 Consider it a guarantee that you don't need to concern yourself with anything but winning at the Olympics. You deserve it.

MARK  
 (quietly, genuine)  
 Thank you, sir.

DU PONT  
 Please. Call me John. I think we know each other well enough. Or Coach. Whichever you prefer. Coach. Or John. Coach is good.

Mark nods, folds the check, puts it in his shorts pocket. Du Pont puts his hand on Mark's shoulder.

DU PONT  
 I want to start involving you in more of the marketing around here. Of Team Foxcatcher. Of the Foxcatcher name.

MARK  
 (flattered)  
 Of course.

DU PONT  
 We've got to sell this thing.  
 (silence as they walk)  
 So how're we doing with Dave?  
 (no response)  
 You spoke to him again at the Worlds --

MARK

I know. Yes. I did.

(beat)

It's not gonna happen. He's been offered a contract extension at Wisconsin, Team USA wants him to train Olympic wrestlers next summer... He... it's not gonna happen.

Du Pont's not pleased with this answer. They walk in SILENCE for several moments.

DU PONT

It's probably best. Dave intimidates you. You don't believe you can ever do better than your older brother. A glass ceiling. Impossible for you to break through.

Du Pont quickens his pace and changes the subject.

DU PONT

So, what do you know about Masters League wrestling tournaments?

MARK

Uh... well... not all that mu --

DU PONT

-- Because I'm thinking of entering one.

Mark jogs after him to catch up...

MARK

Okay...

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: VIDEOTAPE image of Mark at the 1984 Olympics, his hand being raised by the ref... Mark raises both hands in the air, glances slightly down, then out at the crowd...

The image FREEZES, is rewound, plays again. At the moment Mark raises his arms and GLANCES DOWN, the image FREEZES.

PHOTOGRAPHER (O.C.)

(Austrian accent)

Dis is de von.

INT. DINING ROOM/BIG HOUSE - CONTINUOUS/DAY

The furniture has been pushed to the walls in the huge formal dining room, and a large WHITE SCRIM has been erected at one end. A FASHION PHOTOGRAPHER who could double as a member of the band Devo, stands at a video monitor with du Pont.

PHOTOGRAPHER

He vears de singlet viz de name of  
de Foxcatcher -

DU PONT

- and the gold medal -

PHOTOGRAPHER

- and, of course, de golden medal.  
And much oil.

Mark emerges from a dressing area wearing his FOXCATCHER SINGLET and Olympic gold. He walks to his spot in front of the scrim.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Much of de oil. Please. Much oil.  
It is defining de musculature.

Two assistants slather baby oil on Mark's arms and chest and legs as the photographer SHOWS Mark the pose on the monitor.

PHOTOGRAPHER

You are vinning de golden medal.  
You are raising de arms for de  
triumph, yet are also having  
humility.

Du Pont is hanging back, but staring intensely at Mark. Mark looks over to him.

MARK

You good with this?

DU PONT

It's wonderful. It's exactly what  
I needed from you.

The photographer takes his place behind the camera as the assistants finish with the baby oil and clear away.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Goot! Now. Mark Schultz. You are  
vinning de golden medal!

Mark raises his arms and glances down. FLASH. FLASH.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Goot! And again!

MONTAGE: LIFE AT FOXCATCHER -- SEVERAL MONTHS PASS

VARIOUS SCENES: of wrestling practice; a team dinner - the finished, FRAMED POSTER OF MARK, oiled up in the Foxcatcher singlet, hangs on the wall; Mark and John walking the grounds talking intensely - John's arm around Mark's shoulders; horses being groomed.

The montage ends with: a HELICOPTER descends past BARREN, LATE FALL TREES toward the Foxcatcher lawn.

EXT. FOXCATCHER LAWN - TWILIGHT

Mark and John, wearing TUXEDOS, board the helicopter. It's cold out.

INT. HELICOPTER (AIRBORNE) - EVENING

Mark and John are flown southwest toward Washington DC by Larry the pilot. Mark's looking at the darkening landscape.

DU PONT  
Beautiful country isn't it? We  
have a lot to be grateful for.

Mark smiles. Du Pont removes a folded piece of paper from his jacket pocket, hands it to Mark.

DU PONT  
Brandon prepared some remarks.

Mark takes the paper and reads it over. He looks NERVOUS.

DU PONT  
Don't be nervous. You'll do great.

Mark's not so sure. Then he HEARS a SNIFF. He looks over at du Pont: he's got what looks like a COCAINE BULLET in one nostril. Du Pont inhales, then OFFERS the bullet to Mark. Mark's frozen--

DU PONT  
You've never done this?  
(Mark shakes his head)  
(MORE)

DU PONT (cont'd)  
 It helps put everything in  
 perspective. Trust me.  
 (then)  
 This event is going to be a lot  
 more tolerable with a little  
 assistance.  
 (beat)  
 Mark. Trust me.

Mark takes the coke bullet, examines it for several moments,  
 then holds it to one nostril. He INHALES.

DU PONT  
 You brought the medals?

Mark nods.

DU PONT  
 Good.

EXT. HELICOPTER (AIRBORNE) - NIGHT/ESTABLISHING

The helicopter nears the LIT UP city of WASHINGTON D.C.

INT. HILTON HOTEL, DC/COCKTAIL AREA - NIGHT

LARGE SIGN on an EASEL by the entrance reads: "CITIZENS'  
 DEFENSE OF PATRIOTS FUND - 1st ANNUAL GALA AND AUCTION".

Loads of tuxedoed Republicans and their wives or mistresses  
 mill about. Small talk, hearty laughter, awarding of defense  
 contracts, gallons of martinis.

John du Pont is being chatted up by a couple of GOP  
 Congressman - hopeful he'll kick in for their re-election  
 funds. Du Pont is vibrant and engaged. Mark stands next to  
 him, ram-rod straight and frozen -- except for incessantly  
 CHEWING the inside of his lip and RUNNING HIS TONGUE over his  
 gums. He wears both his Olympic and World Cup GOLD MEDALS.

GOP CONGRESSMAN #1  
 (looks an awful lot like a  
 younger Dick Cheney)  
 Admiral Poindexter wishes he could  
 have been here, but sincerely  
 thanks you for sponsoring this  
 evening.

DU PONT  
 Oh, I just want to help. I see  
 myself as an aide to ignored  
 patriots.

GOP CONGRESSMAN #2  
 (bears a startling  
 resemblance to Tom Ridge)  
 Hopefully not just ignored ones.  
 Hopefully elected ones too!

They all LAUGH. Except Mark, who's too busy chewing his lip.

INT. HILTON HOTEL, DC/COCKTAIL AREA - LATER/NIGHT

Du Pont's talking to several blue-haired women. Mark stands at attention by his side.

DU PONT  
 ... Lately I've been helping  
 patriots like this young man - gold  
 medal wrestler, Mark Schultz.

He puts his hand on Mark's shoulder, who just stands there, bug-eyed. Pause.

BLUE HAired WOMAN  
 Is that different from the boxing?

INT. HILTON HOTEL, DC/COCKTAIL AREA - LATER/NIGHT

A few middle-aged MEN stand with Du Pont and Mark. One of them is examining Mark's Olympic Gold.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
 Yup - that's the one the commies  
 didn't come to.

INT. HILTON HOTEL, DC/HALLWAY - LATER

Du Pont and Mark huddle in a nook of an empty hallway. We can HEAR the party. Each SNORTS another bump.

DU PONT  
 How you holding up?

MARK  
 Great sir. I feel great.

DU PONT  
 Good. You're going to do great.

MARK

Do you think it would be okay if I  
had a beer? I think it would calm  
me down for the speech.

DU PONT

(taking another bump)  
Yeah.

MARK (V.O.)

... respected ornithologist,  
philatelist, conchologist --

INT. HILTON HOTEL, DC/BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

Mark's on stage, at the podium, READING from his Brandon-  
prepared remarks with - shall we say - some *vigor*...

MARK

-- world explorer, author,  
philanthropist, and former  
pentathlete. And I'm proud to  
announce that he'll make his return  
to competitive sports in the over-  
50 category at the Masters' League  
du Pont Wrestling Invitational in  
Phoenix this March.

Scattered applause, though no one has any idea what he's  
talking about. Du Pont watches approvingly from the wings.

MARK

It is with great honor that I  
introduce my mentor, my coach, my  
friend - the Golden, uh...  
Eagle of America - John du Pont...

Applause as du Pont strides onstage.

INT. THE CHALET - LATE MORNING

Mark wakes up, face down on his bed, opens his eyes. He  
squints from the bright sunlight, from his pounding headache.

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - LATE MORNING

Mark walks, bleary-eyed, toward the gym. He opens the door.



INT. FOXCATCHER GYM - CONTINUOUS

Mark enters. There's no one inside though someone has left a boombox playing FOREIGNER. The place is in DISARRAY - free weights not replaced, sweaty towels on the floor. He surveys the mess for a moment, then walks out.

INT. FOXCATCHER POOL HOUSE - SAME TIME

CAMERA pans over the TILED MOSAIC WALL of the newly finished pool house, which depicts John du Pont in each of the five pentathlon sports: fencing, running, shooting, swimming and horse-jumping.

As the camera reaches the horse-jumping panel, we SEE Garcia is drawing an ENORMOUS PENIS onto the horse with a magic marker. Zerega, Popper and Springer are cracking up.

GARCIA  
(imitating du Pont)  
In certain ways I do share my  
mother's affection for horseflesh.

The guys fall all over each other. We see that Mark has entered at the far end.

MARK  
What the hell is going on?

They stop immediately and turn to him.

GARCIA  
Oh. Hey. Mark. We're just  
screwing around.  
(re: the magic marker)  
It comes off.

MARK  
So take it off.

Garcia looks around for something to wipe it off with.

MARK  
Now.

Garcia takes off his shirt, dips it in the pool, and starts wiping the wall clean.

MARK  
Then go clean up the goddamn gym.

Mark walks out.

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - ESTABLISHING/LATE AFTERNOON

Some time has passed. Lights are on in the windows of the Field House Gym.

INT. FOXCATCHER GYM - LATE AFTERNOON

On the mat, Dan Bane has Mark in a hold from behind. He and Mark are demonstrating a move for du Pont. Du Pont stands next to them as Mark narrates his escape and reversal.

Bane stands up and du Pont gets on the mat with Mark. Mark holds him from behind.

MARK

Ready? Go.

Du Pont clumsily attempts the escape. Mark is incredibly gentle with him, even tender, easing him through the moves.

MARK

Okay. Let's try it again.

The other guys are finished for the day - hang out, stretch. We should get the sense that THIS IS NOT THE FIRST OF THESE LESSONS - they're used to it and don't pay it much attention.

INT. THE CHALET - NIGHT

Mark's in shorts - no shirt - on the phone. He's sipping a beer, walking around the living room --

MARK (ON PHONE)

Yeah. I'm good. Yeah.

He listens. We don't yet hear the person on the other end.

MARK (ON PHONE)

Yeah. All good.

INTERCUT with Dave in the U. of W. gym office, looking out over a wrestling team night practice.

DAVE (ON PHONE)

You working hard?

MARK (ON PHONE)  
That's the whole point, bro. We  
rake in the big bucks and we don't  
have to work hard --

DAVE (ON PHONE)  
I meant your training.

Beat.

MARK (ON PHONE)  
Oh. Yeah. No - I'm kind of giving  
myself a bit of a break right now.  
I'll ramp up again as the trials  
come closer.

DAVE (ON PHONE)  
(a moment, then:)  
All right.

There a KNOCK on Mark's window. Mark looks over and sees du  
Pont standing outside, an eager look on his face. He beckons  
to Mark and moves TWO FINGERS as if cutting his own hair.

DAVE (ON PHONE)  
How close?

MARK  
(to du Pont)  
Just a sec...

DAVE (ON PHONE)  
What's that?

MARK (ON PHONE)  
No - I wasn't... Listen, I gotta  
run...

DAVE (ON PHONE)  
What're you doing?

MARK (ON PHONE)  
I gotta run.

Beat.

DAVE (ON PHONE)  
All right. Call me soon --

MARK (ON PHONE)  
-- I will --

DAVE (ON PHONE)  
 -- You're a tough man to track  
 down. Call me --

MARK (ON PHONE)  
 -- I will -- I gotta roll.

As Mark HANGS UP, Bowie's "China Girl" starts to PLAY.

EXT. VERANDA/BIG HOUSE - NIGHT

Mark crops du Pont's hair with an ELECTRIC CLIPPER. "China Girl" PLAYS through outdoor speakers. Du Pont's drunk enough that his defenses are down.

It's unseasonably warm out and Mark's in shorts and flip flops. A vanity table is on the veranda with a mirror. There's a bowl of WHITE POWDER on the table. Both men are drinking from bottles of champagne.

MARK  
 Looking good --

No reply. Du Pont appears melancholic.

MARK  
 -- Looking tough.

Mark finishes buzzing and he's looking at du Pont's crew cut in the mirror.

MARK  
 I think you're ready.  
 (beat)  
 We just need some more talc.

They both reach over to the bowl of "talc", rub some on their gums -- then they each then snort a line.

MARK  
 Yah! I think you're ready.

DU PONT  
 I appreciate this...

MARK  
 You've done the training, you  
 learned the moves. You're ready to  
 rumble.

DU PONT  
 No. Mark. I appreciate this.

A moment, then:

MARK

It's nothing.

DU PONT

When I was fourteen, my best friend was Clifford Holt, our gardener's son. Then I found out Mother had been paying him for years to look out for me.

Mark doesn't know what to say -- though he does sense that du Pont is opening up to him.

MARK

We all have our demons.

DU PONT

(totally sincere)

It's good to know you and I have come to this without any of that nonsense. Financial nonsense.

Beat. Mark is actually touched. He opens up himself.

MARK

When I'm flying to a tournament I'm so goddamn scared I actually hope the plane goes down. I know I'm gonna push myself harder than I ever have - I know it's gonna be more painful - and I'm sitting there just wishing the plane crashes. I swear.

(then)

But that's what it's about: conquer your demons. You gotta conquer your demons.

Du Pont stands up. Expressionless, he disappears through the sliding glass doors into the house. After a moment, Mark turns to LOOK OUT over the dark grounds of Foxcatcher. Peaceful.

Then Mark practically jumps out of his skin as a MACHINE GUN FIRES several rounds behind him. When he turns around, there's du Pont, a determined look on his face, pointing a semi-automatic MACHINE GUN out into the rolling landscape.

DU PONT

Got to conquer your demons.

He FIRES again, a short burst of bullets into the dark.

MARK

Yah! Conquer your demons, baby!  
Kill them!

Du Pont fires again.

MARK

Yeahhhhh!!!!

Du Pont ceases fire and looks out. He begins lowering the gun when it accidentally goes off, firing a few bullets into the wood deck -- though he doesn't seem to notice.

DU PONT

They're all dead.

INT. LEAR JET - DAY

SILENCE, save for the steady HUM of flight inside the cabin.

Du Pont's gazing out the window of this private jet; he's got his game face on, but he's clearly terrified of the upcoming match. Mark sits next to him, on the aisle. Mark WATCHES the FLIGHT ATTENDANT bend over in the galley, reaching for something. She stands, then glances back at Mark, SMILES.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Mark's fucking the flight attendant on the hotel bed, pounding away. They've clearly been going like this for a while. After several more thrusts, she stops him.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Lemme climb on top, baby.

(Mark just looks at her)

Switch with me. Lie back. Lemme do the work.

MARK

I never lie on my back.

Beat.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

What? Why?

MARK

Too much like getting pinned. I  
don't want to get used to it. I  
don't lie on my back.

They just look at each other. LONG BEAT. Then Mark starts  
to THRUST away again --

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - MORNING

Mark's waiting for his eggs. A few other people are  
scattered around the restaurant. Mark watches a middle-aged,  
STRINGY-HAIRED MAN get his food delivered to him. The waiter  
walks away and the MAN just looks at his food. Then, the man  
SQUAWKS, very much like a bird. Mark's looking at him, not  
sure how to react. The man starts to eat.

INT. PHOENIX ARENA - DAY

In between periods at the du Pont Masters Open. Very few  
people watch from the bleachers. Mark FANS an exhausted du  
Pont with a white towel. Du Pont's in his Foxcatcher  
singlet, SLUMPED in his chair. Large posters of the oiled-up  
Mark are on the walls.

MARK

When he gives you the slightest  
opening, you gotta shoot in on him.  
Shoot! Be aggressive. Show him  
who's boss.

Du Pont nods wearily. He can barely move. The REF whistles  
the start of the third period.

CUT TO:

The final minute of the match. It's CLEARLY RIGGED. The  
OTHER WRESTLER is trying to let the exhausted du Pont get the  
best of him. Mark watches.

The REF blows the end of match whistle. The wrestlers stand,  
du Pont struggling to his feet. The ref takes each of their  
hands, and raises.... du Pont's. He's "won".

Du Pont limps off the mat. It's clear he knows that Mark  
understands the pathetic absurdity of this match. But he  
raises his eyebrows at Mark, puts on a proud face -

DU PONT

Not bad for an old man.

Mark nods, conjures up a smile.

EXT. FOXCACHER LAWN - EVENING/ESTABLISHING

The helicopter is on the lawn, its blades slowing, shutting down.

DU PONT (V.O.)  
I've rearranged some of the horse  
ribbons, Mother...

INT. JEAN DU PONT'S ROOMS/FOXCATCHER - EVENING

Du Pont is seated in front of his mother, Jean du Pont, next to a third floor window in her room. She's in a wheelchair, oxygen tubes in her nose, but ALERT, IMPERIOUS.

DU PONT  
... Some of the older prizes in the  
trophy case. To make room for Team  
Foxcatcher medals.  
(beat)  
For wrestling awards.

Silence. Jean just looks at her son, not reacting.

DU PONT  
Including this, Mother. Ha. Which  
I've actually just won.

He takes his WINNER'S PLAQUE out of a duffel bag, trying to be casual, but seeming all the more like an eager 9 year-old. He holds it out for her. She doesn't take it, but leans forward slightly to read what's inscribed on it: "FIRST PLACE, OVER-50, DU PONT MASTER'S INVITATIONAL: JOHN 'EAGLE' DU PONT." She sits back.

JEAN  
Which ribbons?

DU PONT  
I'm sorry?

JEAN  
Which ribbons did you move?

DU PONT  
Just some of the older ones. From  
the case.  
(silence)  
From one of the cases.



Silence.

JEAN  
I'll have a look later to see  
exactly what you've done.

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - NEXT MORNING/ESTABLISHING

On the vast lawn, the gardener drives his mower.

INT. FOXCATCHER GYM - LATE MORNING

Du Pont, in Foxcatcher sweats, walks in. The gym is EMPTY.

INT. GARCIA AND ZEREGA'S BUNGALOW/FOXCATCHER - LATE MORNING

Mark and the team are watching a VIDEOTAPE Garcia has gotten of an early ULTIMATE FIGHTING MATCH. It's an American street fighter versus a huge Brazilian Jujutsu expert. The match is brutal and bloody and the wrestlers watching are CLEARLY INTO IT. Mark is lying on the couch - attentive, but quiet.

There's KNOCKING at the door, but the guys don't notice it. Much LOUDER KNOCKING. Garcia opens the door. It's du Pont.

GARCIA  
Hey! Coach D! -- what's going on  
with --

DU PONT  
-- Where's Mark --?

GARCIA  
-- He's --

DU PONT  
-- I want to see him.

Du Pont STRIDES in past Garcia - Mark RISES to greet him - and Dan has the presence of mind to PAUSE the video.

MARK  
Hi, John --

DU PONT  
-- I go by the gym - it's 11 a.m. -  
and no one's in there. No one's in  
there. In the gym.

MARK

Yeah, no, exactly -- We've got an intense workout scheduled this afternoon. A real intense one. So we're taking the morning to --

DU PONT

-- Who exactly is in charge around here?

MARK

... Well, I mean, I --

DU PONT

-- Where do we stand on Dave?

Beat.

MARK

On what?

DU PONT

David Schultz. He's your brother. When is he coming to Foxcatcher?

Beat. Then, Mark LAUGHS, glancing briefly at the other guys.

MARK

Listen, John, seriously, I don't know how many times I have to tell--

Du Pont SLAPS Mark. HARD. VERY HARD, across the face.

SILENCE. NO ONE MOVES.

Mark could destroy du Pont. He doesn't seem to even consider it. He just stands there, like a chastened schoolboy, his face reddening. Du Pont WALKS OUT. No one speaks. Then:

GARCIA

You got bitch-slapped.

Mark turns to Garcia.

GARCIA

Oh shit.

Garcia runs into the other room.

Mark heads out the door, onto the porch. He sees du Pont pulling away in his black Ford Mercury, down the dirt road, under the trees.

INT. BATHROOM/THE CHALET - DAY

Mark stands at the sink STARING at his reflection as the mirror fogs over from the RUNNING SHOWER. One side of Mark's face is red where du Pont slapped him.

JUMP CUT TO:

Mark's in the shower, aggressively washing.

JUMP CUT TO:

Mark SHAVES.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM/THE CHALET - DAY

Mark sits on the edge of his bed. He's neatly dressed, his wet hair brushed. He doesn't move.

EXT. FOXCACHER LAWN - DAY

Mark walks across the vast lawn toward the Big House.

INT. OFFICE ENTRANCE/BIG HOUSE - DAY

Mark enters the Big House through the rear office entrance. He walks toward the SECRETARY'S desk.

MARK

I need to see Mr. Du Pont.

SECRETARY

Hi, Mark. How are you today?

Mark nods, not really responding. As she speaks to him, she discretely PRESSES A BUTTON on the underside of the desk.

SECRETARY

That's good. I'm sorry to say that you may have to wait on your request though, since--

MARK

Yah. I can't do that --

Stan Beck comes down the stairs from the suite of offices.

STAN BECK  
Hi, Mark. How are things?

MARK  
They're fine. I need to talk to John.

STAN BECK  
Mr. Du Pont's not available right now.

MARK  
Stan, listen... Something happened - there was a... misunderstanding - I need to talk to him.

STAN BECK  
I get that. But Mr. du Pont's away for the afternoon on business. I'll tell him you came by.  
(Beat. Mark doesn't move)  
You're going to have to do this later.

Mark's frozen still, not knowing what to do, where to go.

STAN BECK  
And, Mark. Don't forget --  
(Mark looks at him)  
You're one of the guests at dinner tomorrow night.

Stan walks away. On Mark. PRELAP of a PHONE RINGING.

INT. KITCHEN/THE CHALET - NEXT EVENING

Mark's tying his tie in the reflection of the microwave door. Phone is RINGING. He picks it up, keeps tying the tie.

MARK (ON PHONE)  
Yah.

DAVE'S VOICE (OVER PHONE)  
You psyched to see me?

Mark's got no idea what he's talking about, but plays along.

MARK (ON PHONE)  
Always.

INTERCUT with Dave in his kitchen at home. Nancy's feeding the kids, lots of activity and noise.

DAVE (ON PHONE)  
'Cause I'm psyched to see you, bro.

Mark's slides the tie knot up to his collar.

MARK (ON PHONE)  
You plan early.

DAVE (ON PHONE)  
So, shoot me - I'm excited. It's  
only a week from now, anyway.

MARK (ON PHONE)  
Dave, trials aren't till June. I  
don't know what you're smoking  
lately --

DAVE (ON PHONE)  
I'm coming out next week.

MARK (ON PHONE)  
(confused)  
Coming where?

DAVE (ON PHONE)  
To Foxcatcher.

In their kitchen, Nancy looks over at Dave, confused.

DAVE (ON PHONE)  
To coach. Didn't John tell you?

In his kitchen, Mark's mind is racing.

MARK (ON PHONE)  
Right, no, yeah... he mentioned  
something... I've been so busy,  
training and... and whatnot...

He fades out.

DAVE (ON PHONE)  
He finally made me an offer I  
couldn't refuse.

Mark's not able to speak. Not moving a muscle.

DAVE (ON PHONE)  
So get your ass in shape, my  
brother. 'Cause next weekend I'm  
coming to kick it.

INT. PARLOR ROOM/BIG HOUSE - NIGHT

A FINGER jabs at a military photograph of an M-113 ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER (APC).

DU PONT (O.C.)

*That's the one! That's the one I need!*

We're in a small library with a WET BAR, just off the main DINING ROOM. Du Pont stands with STEVE GRAHAM (40, chubby GOP fundraiser), looking at a set of PHOTOS.

Mark stands alone by the bar, wearing his GOLD MEDAL. He sips a DIET COKE, looking for a chance to speak privately with du Pont.

STEVE

In that case, the Grand Old Party wants to help find you one.

Graham calls over to the 3-star GENERAL in full dress uniform who's chewing on a cigar and drinking gin with Stan Beck.

STEVE

General, any of these models available?

GENERAL

Which? We might have a couple of those left on the lot.

(to du Pont)

You gonna need financing?

Everyone laughs. Du Pont smiles.

DU PONT

What I need is the gun turret. Don't send me one without that .50 caliber mounted on top.

The BUTLER enters from the dining room.

GENERAL

I don't know there, John. Civilians don't usually get machine guns.

STEVE

General - sir - John du Pont is hardly your usual civilian.

BUTLER

Mr. du Pont, sir. Dinner is served.

They all start moving toward the DINING ROOM.

GENERAL

(grumbling)

Well... I'll see what I can do.

Mark sidles up next to du Pont, speaks in a LOW VOICE -

MARK

May I have a quick word with you, sir?

DU PONT

Dinnertime, Mark. Dinnertime.

Stan Beck swoops in, puts his arm around Mark, leading him to the far side of the table.

STAN BECK

Come sit next to me.

INT. DINING ROOM/BIG HOUSE - LATER/NIGHT

The waiters are clearing the dinner plates. A lot of wine has been drunk, not least of all by Du Pont.

DU PONT

Operation Urgent Fury sent a message loud and clear: America's back. Not just in Grenada, not just in Central America.

GENERAL

You got that right, my friend. Vietnam's behind us. No more slinking around with our tail between our legs, apologizing for being who we are.

STEVE

I'll bet it made old Fidel sit up and take notice.

GENERAL

You're darn right it did.

Mark's hardly eaten any of his food.

WAITER  
Have you finished, sir?

MARK  
Oh, yes. It was good. I'm just  
trying to cut weight.

DU PONT  
(re. Mark)  
He's got to replace that worthless  
hunk of medal around his neck with  
some real gold.  
(beat)  
He and his brother.

Everyone's a bit embarrassed by this unprovoked remark.

DU PONT  
When the best wrestlers in the  
world aren't even there to fight  
you for it - what's it mean to win?

Steve tries to change the subject -

STEVE  
How's your mother, John?  
(to the General)  
Have you met Mrs. du Pont, General?  
A lovely woman.

DU PONT  
(to Steve)  
Sorry to disappoint, but she's  
still hanging in there. No cash  
from the will to grab onto just yet-

STEVE  
-- I wasn't --

DU PONT  
-- Speaking of cash, do you all  
realize I had to shell out 75,000  
greenbacks to get Dave Schultz to  
come coach this program? But it's  
worth it. It's worth it. I was  
calling him for months before I  
even spoke to this one.  
(gestures to Mark)  
Dave's the one who gave me his  
phone number.

ABSOLUTE SILENCE. Finally broken by --



WAITER  
Would anyone like some coffee?

INT. BEDROOM/THE CHALET - THAT NIGHT/LATE

Mark awakens with a start to the sound of someone KNOCKING at the front door. He looks at the clock. It's 3 a.m.

I/E. FRONT DOOR/THE CHALET - NIGHT

Mark opens the door to find du Pont standing there, in his SWEATS. He clearly hasn't been to bed. And it's clearly an artificial stimulant that's been keeping him awake.

DU PONT  
New moves. Wrestling moves. To try out. Need to try them out.

MARK  
Oh, uh --

DU PONT  
In the gym.

Beat. Mark forces the cobwebs from his head.

MARK  
Yeah, of course. Just... just give me a minute.

INT. FOXCATCHER GYM - NIGHT

Mark and du Pont are down on the wrestling mat. Du Pont on top. He's both weirdly aggressive with Mark - trying to get him in various holds - and also, in the bizarre way he's pressing against Mark, quasi-sexual. Mark is BLANK-FACED. Just waiting for it to end.

FADE OUT.

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - DAY

WIDE SHOT of the Foxcatcher estate. In the sky, off in the distance, a HELICOPTER begins to come into view.

We start to HEAR the rotors, getting louder and louder.

EXT. FOXCATCHER LAWN - DAY

The helicopter has LANDED, the rotors still WHIRRING LOUDLY.  
(Because of the sound of the helicopter, we won't hear  
dialogue in the following sequence.)

DAVE and NANCY and the kids descend from the helicopter,  
GREETED warmly by the wrestling team. MARK IS ABSENT.

Du Pont emerges from the Big House, trailed by Brandon. WE  
SEE du Pont notice what a warm reception Dave gets from the  
team. He comes down the steps, greets Dave and the family.

Brandon and the team escort Nancy and the kids toward their  
new home. Du Pont and Dave ascend the Big House steps  
together. Du Pont puts his arm around Dave's shoulder.

CLOSE ON: Mark, who's at the very far end of the lawn, just  
inside the ring of trees, WATCHING du Pont and Dave walk  
together into the Big House.

MARK'S POV: Far away, the Big House front door CLOSSES.

I/E. FRONT DOOR/THE CHALET - EARLY EVENING

The door OPENS. Mark has opened it from the inside, and he's  
looking out at... Dave, on his porch. Long beat.

DAVE

Hey.

MARK

Hey, Dave.

Beat.

DAVE

How you doing?

MARK

Good. I'm good.

DAVE

I hadn't seen you yet. I just  
wanted to make sure everything's  
okay.

MARK

Yeah. I'm just concentrating.  
Trials are in 80 days.

DAVE  
 (after a moment)  
 Okay, man. You know, Nancy and the  
 kids are here.

MARK  
 How they doing?

DAVE  
 Good. You should stop in, say hi.

MARK  
 I will.  
 (beat)  
 I will.

As the brothers stand in the doorway looking at each other,  
 PRELAP: the sound of a GUNSHOT.

EXT. FOXCATCHER WOODS - DAY

A deer STAGGERS. It's been hit by a rifle shot. It  
 stumbles, starts to move away.

REVERSE onto Dave, holding his RIFLE. He's hunting with Bane  
 and TWO WRESTLERS we don't recognize (recruited by him in the  
 few weeks he's been there.) Dave FIRES his rifle again.

EXT. BACKYARD/DAVE AND NANCY'S HOUSE/FOXCATCHER - DAY

The deer CARCASS hangs from a large tree. Dave is SKINNING  
 it with a long knife. His son, Alexander, sits on the picnic  
 table next to him, watching. A BOOMBOX plays TOM WAITS' "All  
 the Right Bullets".

EXT. BACKYARD/DAVE AND NANCY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Kids are running around, the (now dozen or so) wrestlers and  
 their families are gathered around the picnic table, the keg,  
 the roasting deer on the SPIT over the fire.

Du Pont is there, at the picnic table. Mark is there, but  
 stays very much ON THE PERIPHERY of the group. Dave's  
 holding court at the picnic table - in front of a huge  
 platter of venison steaks --

DAVE  
 There's this big match between an  
 American and a Russian.  
 (MORE)

DAVE (cont'd)

The Russian is a monster, never lost, kills everybody with this hold he calls *The Pretzel*. So the American coach tells his wrestler, "Listen, whatever you do don't let this guy get you in *The Pretzel* or you're dead." Well... sure enough, first thing, the Russian gets him in *The Pretzel*.

There are smiles and some laughs around the table.

DAVE

The coach buries his head in his hands because he know's it's all over. Suddenly, he hears a scream. The crowd roars. When he looks up the Russian is flying through the air - he lands on his back, the American jumps on him. Pins him. Boom. The match is over.

Du Pont is studying Dave intently, fascinated by the hold he has on people - the attention he gets.

DAVE

"Nobody's ever gotten out of *The Pretzel*," the coach says afterward, "How'd you do it?" "Well, Coach, I was just about to give up when I opened my eyes and there was this big hairy pair of balls right in front of my face. I had nothing to lose, so with my last ounce of strength I craned my neck out and bit those babies as hard as I could."

(laughter)

The coach says, "And that did the trick?"

(a whisper)

"Coach, you'd be surprised how motivated you get when you bite your own balls."

Everyone CRACKS UP. Du Pont smiles widely. He STANDS and RAISES his beer cup.

DU PONT

To Dave Schultz. Dave, you've expanded our team - you're expanding our minds - but, at the same time, you've brought us all together.

Everyone raises their cups: "To Dave" "Cheers, Dave", etc.  
Dave looks at du Pont.

DAVE  
Well, thank you Coach. I believe  
in what you're doing here.

And du Pont does love it when you call him coach.

INT. FOXCATCHER GYM - DAY

The dozen wrestlers are spread out on the mats in pairs,  
wrestling. Dave walks among them, calling out instruction.

Mark's off against the wall, putting on weightlifting gloves.

Du Pont, in sweats and a whistle, shadows Dave.

DAVE  
Drive with your legs. Drive!

Du Pont calls out --

DU PONT  
No mercy!

Dave looks at him and laughs, puts his arm around him.

DAVE  
(to the wrestlers)  
You heard the Coach. No mercy!  
Give it to him, Gecko!

Du Pont is thrilled to be validated. Mark walks off into the  
weight room.

INT. WEIGHT ROOM/FOXCATCHER GYM - CONTINUOUS

Mark sits on the LEG-PRESS, proceeds to press an enormous  
amount of weight, repeatedly -- straining, pushing himself.

Du Pont wanders into the weight room. Mark tries to ignore  
him, continues to press the huge stack of weights. Du Pont  
stands watching, until Mark's finished his set. Mark stares  
straight ahead, catching his breath.

DU PONT  
You've got more in you than that.

Mark turns his gaze to du Pont. Stares. Unmoving. SILENCE. Du Pont walks over to him, leans in close, puts his hand on his shoulder.

DU PONT  
I may need another haircut pretty soon there, Mark.

He PATS Mark's shoulder, straightens up.

DU PONT  
You're doing great there, Mark.  
Doing great. Conquer your demons --

Du Pont walks out, back into the wrestling room, where we can HEAR him clapping, calling out encouragement.

On Mark, barely breathing, staring straight ahead.

FRED COLE(V.O.)  
We'd been trying for some time to get Dave Schultz to come out to Colorado Springs, coach for USA Wrestling...

INT. DU PONT'S OFFICE/BIG HOUSE - DAY

FRED COLE, USA Wrestling's President, accompanied by TWO OTHER OFFICIALS (FRANK MORSE and BILL DUVA - Co-Executive Directors) are in the sitting area of du Pont's office, on wing-backed chairs, facing the couch. They wear business suits. A PHOTOGRAPHER stands off to the side, waiting.

FRED COLE  
...Instead, he ended up here.

WE NOW SEE du Pont: he SITS, slumped in one corner of the couch, wearing sweats. A PISTOL is in the crook of one arm, a DRINK is on the side table. Stan Beck stands nearby.

FRED COLE  
Having now seen your facility, your beautiful estate.... I'm thinking of moving here too.

Laughs all around. Du Pont smiles.

FRED COLE  
Mr. du Pont, we're so thankful for the financial support you're giving us.

(MORE)

FRED COLE (cont'd)  
 But I'm also here to ask if we  
 could find some way to work out an  
 arrangement where we could borrow  
 Dave from time to time as the  
 Olympics approach. To come to  
 Colorado, run some practices with  
 the rest of our team.

Du Pont sips his scotch.

DU PONT  
 We represent two fronts in the war  
 against Soviet aggression. You in  
 the west, and us here in the east.  
 But we need to commit to being one  
 army. One leadership. Then,  
 sharing one of my top generals may  
 helps us win that war.

The USA officials are a bit baffled by this speech.

STAN BECK  
 If I may - I think Mr. Du Pont is  
 expressing an important point.  
 He's willing to commit significant  
 financial resources to USA  
 Wrestling - in addition to the  
 services of his top coach.  
 (then)  
 I'd like to suggest that Mr. du  
 Pont has earned the right to be  
 named to the official roster of  
 Olympic wrestling coaches at Seoul.

The USA officials glance at each other.

STAN BECK  
 I'd also like to make a personal  
 suggestion?

FRED COLE  
 Please.

STAN BECK  
 That you seriously consider Mr. du  
 Pont for your "Man of the Year"  
 awards banquet this summer.

Silence. Before the officials can respond.

CUT TO:

INT. DU PONT'S OFFICE/BIG HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Du Pont, Cole, Morse and Duva are all posed holding a LARGE CARDBOARD CHECK in the amount of \$400,000 made out to USA WRESTLING and signed by du Pont.

The Photographer snaps photos. FLASH. FLASH.

In the moments after, they're all standing around a bit uncomfortably. Stan Beck comes forward and to hand over the ACTUAL CHECK

FRED COLE, MORSE AND DUVA  
Thank you so much.... This is  
wonderful... Incredibly generous.

EXT. FOXCATCHER WOODS - DAY

Mark RUNS - alone, pushing himself, sprinting - through the woods, jumping rocks and fallen tree trunks.

INT. FOXCATCHER GYM - SAME TIME

The wrestlers train on the mats. Du Pont patrols the perimeter, REPEATEDLY LOOKING TOWARD the doorway.

Du Pont SEES someone entering and immediately begins acting coach-like, SHOUTING instruction, CLAPPING encouragement.

WE NOW SEE who has entered: Mrs. Jean du Pont. She's WHEELED in by an attendant; another wheels the oxygen tank to which she's attached. They park themselves by the wall.

INTERCUT: Mark SPRINTS through the woods, breathing hard.

BACK IN THE GYM: The wrestlers start to notice Jean, begin to stop their activity. Du Pont BLOWS HIS WHISTLE too loudly -

DU PONT  
And.... break! Gentlemen, well  
done! Listen up, team. Listen up.

Several wrestlers GLANCE toward Dave to check his reaction to this coaching moment by du Pont. Dave NODS his head in du Pont's direction. They give him their attention.

DU PONT  
A number of you will be travelling -  
with me - to the Olympic Trials in  
Pensacola next week.  
(MORE)



DU PONT (cont'd)  
 From the moment you leave these  
 hallowed training grounds, you will  
 be in competition. There's no  
 lying in a fight. Who you think  
 you are in the moments leading up  
 to a fight, and who you are when  
 the fight begins - the truth will  
 become abundantly clear.

Jean du Pont watches her son, the truth of this situation  
 abundantly clear to her.

DU PONT  
 Raul Garcia, come up here for a  
 moment.

No one moves. He gestures at Garcia.

DU PONT  
 Raul. Gecko. Come.

As Garcia gets to his feet, he mumbles to Springer --

GARCIA  
 My fucking name is Roberto.

Springer smiles. Garcia stands. He's clearly the SMALLEST  
 WRESTLER in the room. He approaches du Pont.

INTERCUT: Mark sprinting through the woods.

BACK IN THE GYM:

DU PONT  
 Muchas gracias, compadre.  
 (gestures to the mat)  
 Por favor.

Garcia gets in the down position. Du Pont kneels next to  
 him, his arms hovering over him, not yet grabbing on.

DU PONT  
 The period begins *before* the  
 whistle blows, when the other  
 wrestler *feels* you above him, *feels*  
 your purpose.

Jean watches her son, not betraying any emotion.

DU PONT  
 Then... the whistle blows!

Du Pont grabs onto Garcia.

Immediately, Garcia FLIPS du Pont over, SLAMS him onto the mat, and PINS him.

Garcia lets go. TOTAL SILENCE. Most of the wrestlers are too STUNNED to know what to do. Du Pont slowly rises to his feet, clearly hurt, but not wanting to show it.

DU PONT  
Excellent work, young man.  
Excellent.

He hobbles slowly out the door.

ON: his mother, stoic -- sadly watching her son go,

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WRESTLING ARENA/PENSACOLA - DAY

Dave wrestles. He's having trouble with a younger wrestler.

Mark paces on the perimeter of the EIGHT MATS, trying to concentrate on his upcoming match. He keeps glancing over at his struggling brother.

CUT TO:

Du Pont clumsily FANS Dave with a towel in between periods, "coaching him", giving him "advice". Mark notices that du Pont IS BEING FILMED BY A CAMERA CREW.

CUT TO:

End of Dave's match. Mark watches the ref raise the other wrestlers hand. Mark's stunned, devastated.

ANNOUNCER (OVER P.A.)  
That's the second - and final -  
loss for David Schultz.

Dave graciously HUGS the other wrestler. ON MARK, watching,

INT. WRESTLING ARENA/PENSACOLA - LATER/DAY

Mark's on the mat, battling a college wrestler, Rico Chipparelli. Mark's struggling. We see a vulnerability we haven't seen before - something lost or disoriented. Dave shouts from the corner.

DAVE  
Get after him, Mark! Shoot low!...

It's not working.

Du Pont, BEING FILMED, claps, calls out instruction -

DU PONT  
Need to get after him, there, Mark.

CUT TO:

In between periods, Mark sits in the chair in his corner while Dave gets in his face, coaching. But all Mark can pay attention to is du Pont clumsily FANNING him with a towel.

DAVE  
He's vulnerable to the left. He leaves his entire left side open. You gotta *get after* that fucker! Now or never...

CUT TO:

Mark's back out on the mat. It's not working. Mark gets PINNED. The wrestlers stand. The ref holds both of their hands, RAISES Chipparelli's arm. He turns them around, raises Chipparelli's arm again.

Mark walks off the mat. Dave tries to console him.

DAVE  
Double elimination, buddy. You'll get it back.

Du Pont calls out, conscious of his camera crew -

DU PONT  
Next time, Mark. A good effort.

Mark walks right past them, right off the mats. We TRAIL him, staying with him as he walks right out the arena door.

EXT. PARKING LOT/WRESTLING ARENA - CONTINUOUS

Mark walks out the door and along the side of the building. He turns down a side entrance ramp for delivery trucks leading down to an underground garage.

I/E. DELIVERY TUNNEL/WRESTLING ARENA - CONTINUOUS

Mark's alone here. He starts to CRY. He BANGS his head against the cement wall, smashing it repeatedly, crying, screaming. He punches himself. Punishment for losing.

INT. MARK'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Mark, still in his wrestling clothes, sits on the edge of his bed in front of a ROOM SERVICE CART loaded with food. He gorges himself on fried chicken, sandwiches, french fries.

INT. MARK'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Mark's on his knees in front of the room MINI-BAR, having discovered the chocolates - Kit-Kat's, M&Ms. TV's on, the place is a wreck. A KNOCK at the door. LOUDER KNOCKING. Mark goes to the door, looks through the peephole. His POV:

DAVE

Mark. Open up - I know you're in there.

Mark walks away from the door.

DAVE

Mark!

Dave POUNDS - hard - seriously rattling the doorframe.

DAVE

I'm gonna kick it in if you don't open it. Mark!

Mark doesn't move. Dave starts to KICK IN the door - once, twice - it might break. Mark goes to the door and opens it. SILENCE as the brothers stand there looking at each other.

DAVE

What's going on with you? You've got a match in a few hours.

(beat)

What happened to your face?

Mark walks away, sits on the bed. Dave comes in, surveys the room - dishes on the room-service cart, open mini-bar.

DAVE

Jesus, Mark, tell me you didn't eat all this.

(no answer)

What're you doing? You got to weigh in before every match.

Mark shrugs.

MARK

I'm done.

DAVE

What are you talking about?

MARK

It's over. I'm done. You lost. I lost. It's over.

Dave walks over to Mark, and CUFFS him, hard, on the side of the head.

DAVE

Look at me. Look at me! You have a chance to do what no wrestler's done since 1904. Not one. If you think I'm gonna let you throw away a chance to win back-to-back Olympic golds you're fucking crazy.

Dave CUFFS him again, harder.

DAVE

Do you know what I'd give to have the extra years you've got? Do you?! To not have to move toward coaching full time? To have one more shot?

He CUFFS him again.

DAVE

*I'm done, Mark. I've lost a step. You haven't. I will kick the shit out of you, and I will personally throw you out on that mat to make sure you take what's yours -- what we've been training for since high school. And I will be on your ass every day from here to South Korea.*

Mark is silent, his face reddening. Staring straight ahead.

DAVE

(quiet now)

I'm with you, Mark. You're not in this alone.

Silence. Then, Mark stands and the CAMERA follows him into the bathroom. As he sticks his fingers down his throat and leans over the toilet bowl to throw up,

INT. WEIGH-IN ROOM - DAY

Mark steps on the scale. Dave watches. The balance shoots up, making a metallic clank.

DAVE  
(under his breath)  
Shit.

The official MOVES the slide weight up from 82 KILOS to...

OFFICAL  
87 kilos.

DAVE  
How long does he have to make  
weight?

The offical looks up at a clock on the wall.

OFFICAL  
Weigh-in period ends at 3:30.

Dave nods. Grabs Mark.

DAVE  
C'mon, fat boy, you got 90 minutes  
to cut 12 pounds.

INT. WORK-OUT ROOM - DAY

Mark PEDALS furiously on a STATIONARY BIKE, wearing five layers of sweats and fleeces with PLASTICS on top. We can see how much Mark is perspiring by the POOLS OF SWEAT which are collecting up his arms.

Dave eggs him on as he shoves TINY PIECES of ICE up Mark's nose to keep him from overheating.

Du Pont walks in the far side, clapping, calling out -

DU PONT  
Here you are. I've been looking  
all over for you --

Dave immediately trots over to du Pont, heading him off.

We SEE their conversation from Mark's POV (we won't hear it):  
Dave explaining something to him.

Du Pont resists at first, but Dave is very gentle with him, clearly laying the burden of this on fragile Mark and making du Pont feel like a hero if he agrees. Finally, du Pont NODS and WALKS OUT.

Dave turns back toward Mark and Mark puts his head down and PEDALS even harder.

INT. WEIGH IN ROOM - DAY

C/U on the CLOCK: 3:29PM.

The weigh-in official CLOSES his log book. Dave and Mark BURST into the room.

DAVE  
Wait! Wait! We're here...  
(to Mark)  
Get 'em off.

The official looks at them, OPENS his log book. Dave helps Mark peel off his sweats. Soaked, they hit the floor with a smack. Mark, in his singlet, gets on the scale.

He's 30 GRAMS OVERWEIGHT (5 ounces). He steps off, and Dave helps PEEL his singlet off. He gets back on the scale naked. The official slides the weight bar...

3 GRAMS OVER. Dave grabs Mark.

DAVE  
Come here.

He grabs his wallet from his sweats pocket and pulls out a CREDIT CARD, dropping the wallet on the floor. Dave SQUEEGEES the sweat off Mark's naked body with the card. Scraping him down.

He helps Mark back on the scale. The pointer bobs, finally reaches equilibrium.

OFFICIAL  
82 kilos.

DAVE  
Thank god.

Dave breaths huge sigh of relief. Mark looks practically COMATOSE. Dave helps him off the scale, walks him over to a bench, sits him down. He grabs a GATORADE from nearby table and hold it out to Mark, who looks like he might pass out.

DAVE  
Mark. Drink.

Mark just sits there. Not taking the drink immediately.

DAVE  
Mark...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WRESTLING ARENA/PENSACOLA - DAY

Mark SLAMS his opponent, Mike Sheets, to the mat. He's like an animal, dominating, aggressive.

Dave coaches from Mark's corner.

Du Pont watches FROM THE STANDS, being filmed by his crew.

INT. WRESTLING ARENA/PENSACOLA - DAY

A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS OF MARK'S MATCHES: Mark dominating, turning his opponents, taking them down...

THEN: The END WHISTLE of Mark's final match. The wrestlers stand and the referee RAISES MARK'S ARM...

DAVE  
YAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

Dave's EXULTANT - leaping and screaming onto the mat - he grabs his brother in a BEAR HUG and LIFTS him off the mat. Pure joy.

Du Pont watches from the stands, raises his fist in victory, putting on a good show for the camera crew. But he's clearly SHUT OUT from the vision of Dave joyfully carrying his exhausted, victorious brother around the mat.

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE/THE CHALET - AFTERNOON

Dismal, grey, drizzling. Dave's Subaru station wagon pulls up outside Mark's house. Nancy's driving, with Dave next to her. Mark gets out of the back seat with his duffel bag.

MARK  
Thanks, guys.

Dave rolls down his window.



DAVE  
Dinner's around 6:30, but come over  
anytime before then.

MARK  
I will.

They drive off, and Mark walks into the house.

INT. THE CHALET - CONTINUOUS

Mark enters. There are THREE MEMBERS of the wrestling team  
(Springer and two new guys) lounging around the living room,  
watching TV, very much at home. They look over and see Mark -

SPRINGER  
Hey, Mark. Congrats, buddy...

Mark's a little baffled as to why they're in his house.

MARK  
Hey. What's... what's going on?

Springer's immediately sheepish.

SPRINGER  
They didn't tell you?

MARK  
Tell me what?

SPRINGER  
They've been switching some of us  
around. Sam and Paul here are new -  
we got moved in here, and they put  
you in... uh, what's it called...?

OTHER WRESTLER  
... Dairy House.

SPRINGER  
... Right... The Dairy House.

MARK  
Where's the hell is that?

Springer and the other guys all shrug. They have no idea.

MARK  
Where's my stuff?

SPRINGER  
They moved it. I think probably to  
the Dairy House.

INT. BIG HOUSE/FOXCATCHER - AFTERNOON

Mark walks in the back entrance.

SECRETARY  
Hello, Mark Schultz. Congrat --

He walks right by her and up the stairs.

SECRETARY  
Mark. Mark. Stan!

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE STAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Stan Beck comes out of his office and greets Mark at the top  
of the stairs.

STAN BECK  
Mark. Welcome home.

MARK  
He just kicked me out of my house.

STAN BECK  
Calm down --

MARK  
Where is he?

STAN BECK  
-- You've been given a nice quiet  
place to live. We're expanding the  
team and we needed the space --

MARK  
Where is he?

STAN BECK  
And you can use the peace and quiet  
to decide how serious you are about  
being here - how comfortable you  
are being coached by Mr. du Pont.

Brandon comes out of his office to stand behind Stan.

MARK  
Who's this coming from?

STAN BECK  
This is the decision. It's done.

MARK  
I want to talk to John.

STAN BECK  
John's mother died this morning.  
(beat)  
Now's not a good time.

Silence. Then -

STAN BECK  
Brandon can take you out to your  
new place.

I/E. BRANDON'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

C/U on Mark being driven in Brandon's car to the new house.

EXT. DAIRY HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Brandon is unlocking the front door. Mark asks quietly:

MARK  
How did she die?

BRANDON  
They said her heart just stopped  
working.

INT. DAIRY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS/LATE AFTERNOON

They enter. It's modest, small, gloomy. Mark's belongings  
are piled up in the living room. He stands there in silence.

BRANDON  
It's just a couple months till  
Seoul.

Bob Dylan's "All the Tired Horses" STARTS TO PLAY.

EXT. FOXCATCHER STABLES - LATE AFTERNOON

The doors to the stables are wide open.

INT. STABLES - LATE AFTERNOON

"All the Tired Horses" PLAYS. There is no other sound. With the exception of the song the scene is MOS.

Du Pont goes from stall to stall, throwing open the gates. The horses peer out, spooked, confused, wild-eyed. He waves them out, slapping them as they go. John follows, waving his arms, shouting, forcing the horses outside.

EXT. STABLES - LATE AFTERNOON

"All the Tired Horses" PLAYS. The horses CHARGE OUT of the stables and onto the estate. John follows them out, waving at them drunkenly, falling, getting up, falling again.

FADE OUT.

INT. FOXCATCHER GYM - MORNING

It's several days later. A dozen wrestlers work out in PAIRS on the mats. Dave and Mark work out together, intensely - doing TAKE-DOWN DRILLS. Mark executes, they stand, Dave murmurs instruction to him, he does the drill again.

Stan Beck walks in the door, accompanied by THREE SECURITY AGENTS (former Secret Service men who now work for a private security firm.) They stand near the entrance talking quietly, Stan Beck pointing out individual wrestlers. One of the AGENTS takes notes.

Mark is DISTRACTED. He can't help but look over at them.

DAVE

Mark. Focus. Look at me.

(Mark looks at him)

Focus on me.

Mark nods.

STAN BECK

Dave. Would you come here for a minute?

Dave walks over to them. We WATCH the ensuing conversation from MARK'S POV (we can't hear what they're saying): Stan asks Dave several questions to which Dave seems to be answering "Yes."

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - SEVERAL DAYS LATER/MORNING

An ARMED SECURITY DETAIL patrols the roof of the Big House, as if it's a foreign consulate.

Several HORSES roam the grounds freely, feeding on shrubs, the flower garden, walking into the woods.

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE/WOODS - MORNING

Dave and Mark RUN hard along a path through the woods, racing each other, neck and neck. All of a sudden, they're brought up short as a plainclothes SECURITY GUARD comes toward them out of the woods, his hands up --

PLAINCLOTHES SECURITY GUARD  
Gentlemen! Gentlemen. Please turn  
around and go back the way you  
came.

MARK  
What's going on?

PLAINCLOTHES SECURITY GUARD  
Please turn around and go back the  
way you came.

Behind the guard, they can see a SECURITY DETAIL fanned out in the woods, combing the ground with metal detectors.

PLAINCLOTHES SECURITY GUARD  
We'll let you know when this area  
is open. Please turn around and go  
back the way you came.

DAVE  
Mark, come.

Dave and Mark turn around and walk back up the path.

MARK  
What the hell was that?

DAVE  
What difference does it make?

MARK  
Are you kidding me? What do they  
expect to find? Who's gonna go  
after this guy?

DAVE

Mark. He's an insecure man. He feels a need for security.

MARK

Who's he afraid of?

DAVE

Why does he bother you so much? What happened between you two?

MARK

What are you talking about? Nothing happened. What are you talking about? I'm trying to train here, trying to concentrate, there's all these distractions, you're going away for week --

DAVE

-- Five days --

MARK

-- I'm trying to train here.

They come out of the woods just outside Dave's house.

DAVE

I give the speech, I coach a couple wrestlers at the training center, two or three days, then I'm back.

Through the windows we can SEE the kids running around.

DAVE

You're gonna be fine. Just keep you're head down, do your work.

MARK

(re the family)

They going with you?

The kids spill out onto the porch, shouting for their Dad.

DAVE

Yup.

They jump all over Dave. Nancy comes out onto the porch.

NANCY

Hey, Mark, how's it going?

MARK  
 (barely acknowledging her)  
 Nance.

Alex and Danielle drag Dave toward the house --

ALEX AND DANIELLE  
 Come, Daddy... Come!...

DAVE  
 (as he goes)  
 Head down, little brother. Focus.  
 Seoul is the goal.

As Mark watches him go inside. We HEAR:

DAVE (V.O.)  
 ... this man has single-handedly  
 saved amateur wrestling in America.

INT. CROWNE PLAZA HOTEL BALLROOM/COLORADO SPRINGS - NIGHT

USA Wrestling's "Man of the Year" award banquet. Dave is at the podium, introducing du Pont, speaking without notes, and doing a good job of it. Dave is loved by this crowd.

The CAMERA stays mostly with du Pont, who watches from the wings, flanked by the THREE SECURITY AGENTS. Du Pont seems ill-at-ease, as if something in him has shifted.

Dave's speech is being FILMED by du Pont's documentary crew.

DAVE  
 He's had an enormous impact on the  
 band of wrestlers he brought to his  
 farm in Pennsylvania...  
 (smiles slyly)  
 He's had somewhat less of an  
 enormous impact on those he's  
 actually wrestled...

LAUGHS from the audience. Du Pont takes his cue from the audience reaction and chuckles as well. Dave looks over at him and smiles from the stage.

DAVE  
 But that's not his job. His job is  
 leader of this band of brothers.  
 Head Coach of Team Foxcatcher.  
 (back out to audience)  
 (MORE)

DAVE (cont'd)

My brother Mark has been known to say that you have to orphan yourself to accomplish greatness. I think what he means is that you have to determine for yourself what your goals are, what your beliefs are, and go after them. What I'm certain of is that we're hugely lucky John du Pont's personal belief system includes the value of amateur athletics. This orphan sport of wrestling has found a home at Foxcatcher Farms. Ladies and gentlemen, USA Wrestling's Man of the Year, John "The Golden Eagle of America" du Pont.

Du Pont walks out on stage to big applause from the assembled guests and a BEAR HUG from Dave Schultz. Du Pont speaks into the microphone:

DU PONT

Thank you USA Wrestling. Thank you Dave Schultz. It's an honor to coach Team Foxcatcher. We're on the road to victory at Seoul and for years to come...

FOXCATCHER ESTATE - DAY/ESTABLISHING

VARIOUS SHOTS: Security teams patrol the grounds; patrol the Big House roof; workers construct a GUARD BOOTH at the driveway entrance; a CHAIN LINK FENCE is being erected around the entire perimeter of the estate.

DOCUMENTARY DIRECTOR (V.O.)

We're rolling...

FOXCATCHER GYM - DAY

The camera crew is shooting du Pont giving "instruction" to wrestlers in the gym. Du Pont, in Foxcatcher sweats, stands with Mark on one of the mats, looking at the DOCUMENTARY DIRECTOR for his cue.

DU PONT

Good...?

DOCUMENTARY DIRECTOR

Yes, we're good. We're rolling.

Du Pont turns to face Mark, who's barely keeping calm.



DU PONT

We need to work on the lateral drop  
- the side throw. Mark, if your  
opponent allows you enough space  
for an under hook, this creates a  
big opportunity for you to exploit.

He starts to clumsily demonstrate on Mark, who grits his  
teeth, just wanting to get this over as soon as possible.

DU PONT

From the under hook, pivot sideways  
while pulling down on his arm.  
Kneel between his legs and take him  
to the mat.

Mark lets him take him down. As they stand up -

DU PONT

If you're going to wrestle like  
that then you better hope your  
plane crashes on the way to Seoul!

He LAUGHS. No one else gets it. Mark just stares at him.

DOCUMENTARY DIRECTOR

Sir, uh... we're going to need to  
take that again. Um --

DU PONT

-- When I demonstrate a new move  
you damn well better be ready to  
record it! What in hell am I  
paying you for?

DOCUMENTARY DIRECTOR

Yes, no... you're absolutely right,  
sir... it's just...

He point toward du Pont's stomach, where a PISTOL protrudes  
rather obviously from his WAISTBAND.

DU PONT

Ah. Hold this, please.

He hands the pistol to the ASSISTANT CAMERAMAN, then turns to  
Mark, beginning the instruction again --

DU PONT

We need to work on the lateral  
drop.

(MORE)

DU PONT (cont'd)  
 Mark, if your opponent allows you  
 enough space for an under hook,  
 this creates a big opportunity for  
 you to exploit.

INT. DU PONT'S OFFICE/BIG HOUSE - DAY

Du Pont is speaking directly into the CAMERA. He wears his Foxcatcher sweat jacket with HEAD COACH and JOHN 'Eagle' du PONT" stitched onto it.

DU PONT  
 Our challenge... as coaches... and  
 leaders... of athletes everywhere --

From a WIDER ANGLE, we see that he's being FILMED for the documentary. He speaks haltingly, with effort, trying to seem authoritative.

DU PONT  
 ... indeed our obligation. And  
 responsibility. Is first - and  
 foremost, to build winners in life.  
 To build men who will - be prepared  
 for life... Who will understand -  
 and exemplify the character traits -  
 of good citizenship on - and off -  
 the field of competition.

He's finished. Silence.

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - DAY

A DELIVERY CORPORAL directs the off-loading of an M-113 APC, an armored personnel carrier, from the back of a wide-load army trailer. Du Pont watches.

CORPORAL  
 There you go, sir. Five tons of  
 fun.

The CORPORAL stands beside him, then watches du Pont climb atop the APC.

DU PONT  
 Where's the machine gun?

CORPORAL  
 I'm sorry?

DU PONT

The .50 caliber machine gun that's supposed to be mounted up here.

The Corporal pages through the sheets of his delivery order.

CORPORAL

I don't know, Mr. Du Pont. Uh...

DU PONT

It goes right here. Right *here*.

CORPORAL

Let me make a note, and I'll look into it. I'll see what I can do.

INT. HALLWAY/BIG HOUSE - NIGHT

C/U on Mark. He stands alone in a hallway of the Big House. CAMERA stays on him for several seconds. Then --

Brandon emerges from du Pont's office.

BRANDON

You can come in, Mark.

Mark walks into the office. Brandon remains in the hallway.

INT. DU PONT'S OFFICE/BIG HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mark enters. A plainclothes SECURITY GUARD shuts the door behind him, then stands like a sentry by the doorway.

Across the long office, at his desk, is John du Pont, writing something in a large book, signing his name. A half-drunk tumbler of SCOTCH sits on the desk next to him.

MARK

It's a wonder they didn't frisk me on the way in.

Du Pont raises his eyes to look at Mark. He TEARS the CHECK he was writing from the book, slides it across the desk. Mark take the long walk over to the other side of the desk, REACHES for the check. It's for TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS. He picks it up.

DU PONT

You and I are more similar than you think.

(MORE)

DU PONT (cont'd)  
Your brother wrestles because he  
loves it, and he wrestles to win.  
You wrestle to be seen as a winner.

He takes a sip of his drink.

DU PONT  
So we'll go to Korea and you'll  
make us both winners.

Mark turns and walks out.

EXT. BACKYARD/DAVE'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Mark sits with Dave at the backyard picnic table. Throughout the scene, Dave PACKS GUNPOWDER into bullets for his hunting rifle. (No comment is made about this, it's just something he's doing.) On Dave's forehead, in MAGIC MARKER, is written the word "KIDS".

MARK  
Let's just leave. With me on the  
Olympic team we could get a  
coaching gig together in a second.

DAVE  
Mark --

MARK  
-- He corrupts everything. He  
attaches himself to other people's  
glory, he doesn't do anything  
himself, doesn't believe anything --  
(then)  
He's weakening me.

DAVE  
You let him weaken you.

MARK  
Really. You get fingerprinted  
today?

Dave shrugs.

DAVE  
He doesn't bother me the way he  
bothers you. It's your choice to  
make him powerful.

Mark looks away, incredibly disappointed by Dave's reaction.

DAVE

Just stick it out through Seoul.  
I'll make sure you're taken care of  
after that. I'll talk to him.  
I'll talk to Stan. Whether you  
decide to stay or go, you'll be  
taken care of.

Beat.

MARK

You're not actually thinking of  
staying after this summer?

DAVE

The schools are great, the kids  
have eight hundred acres to run  
around in... he's paying me a ton  
of money. It's not so bad.

Mark's at a loss for words. Just when he'd reconnected with  
his brother, it seems they're destined to be separated again.

DAVE

Focus on what's important...

MARK

Don't say it.

Silence. Dave packs his bullets.

MARK

What's on your forehead?

DAVE

What?

MARK

It says *kids*.

DAVE

It's to remind me to pick up the  
kids from school.

MARK

What does that mean? When will you  
see your own forehead?

DAVE

I don't have to. You just told me.

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - DAY

Drizzling. Du Pont sits in the M-113 APC, his torso sticks out the top. He TURNS IT ON, the engine roaring to life.

INT. FOXCATCHER GYM - SAME TIME

Dave is being interviewed for the documentary. He stands in the gym, in his workout clothes, in front of the camera crew. Some of the wrestlers work out behind him.

DAVE

My name's Dave Schultz. I've been named Main Coach and head of recruiting here at Foxcatcher under Head Coach John Dupont. Coach Dupont wants excellence, he expects excellence, and we intend to give it to him...

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - SAME TIME

Du Pont drives the APC over a little ridge and starts down a long slope toward the POND.

INT. FOXCATCHER GYM - SAME TIME

DAVE

John's commitment to this sport is complete. His work ethic...

And now, Dave, who's been so good at playing along, takes it too far even for himself. As he says the next bit, he stumbles over his words, looks down, obviously uncomfortable -

DAVE

- We... we consider John one of us. One of - uh - the athletes.

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - SAME TIME

Du Pont drives the APC down the slope, into the POND. He continues driving as the tank goes lower and lower in the water -- the water covers the entire vehicle, then his torso, his neck, his head. And he's gone. Completely submerged.

Beat. Beat. The surface of the water is still. Beat.

Du Pont BREAKS the surface, taking a breath. He looks around, then swims slowly to shore. The tank remains on the bottom of the pond.

INT. STAN BECK'S OFFICE/BIG HOUSE - DAY

Dave and Mark sit across a conference table from Stan and du Pont. Dave is firm and clear, but entirely diplomatic. Du Pont looks dishevelled, he won't meet anyone's gaze.

DAVE

I will commit to remaining at  
Foxcatcher so long as John wants me  
here, but only if my brother is  
taken care of.

STAN BECK

What does that mean?

DAVE

So long as I'm here, Mark will  
continue to be paid.

STAN BECK

Paid what?

DAVE

His full salary.

STAN BECK

You want him paid even if he leaves  
the farm? What if he quits?

DAVE

Whether or not he chooses to stay.  
That's right.

Stan's incredulous. He glances over at du Pont, but his boss doesn't make eye contact. Stan turns back to Dave.

STAN BECK

You're making quite an assumption  
about the high value of your  
presence here.

DAVE

You're welcome to test the theory.  
We can see how many wrestlers stay  
if I decide to go.

Beat. Stan turns to Mark.

STAN BECK  
You're that determined to leave?

DAVE  
He'd like the option.

Stan leans over to du Pont and WHISPERS in his ear. It goes on for several seconds. Finally, du Pont nods very slightly.

STAN BECK  
Mr. Du Pont would be prepared to accept the terms of this proposal, but only in the event that you accept the following stipulation.

DAVE  
What's that?

STAN BECK  
That John du Pont, Head Coach of Team Foxcatcher, be seated in Mark's corner throughout the Olympic Games.

Long beat. Dave turns to look at Mark.

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM/DAIRY HOUSE - NIGHT

Mark sleeps on his stomach, on top of the covers, wearing pajama pants, no shirt. Moonlight streams through the window. He OPENS his eyes. He stands up, WALKS out of the room and out the front door.

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - NIGHT

VARIOUS SHOTS of Mark walking, wearing just his pajama pants, through the woods, along the dirt road, across the field near DAVE'S HOUSE.

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

C/U SHOTS of: a PHOTO of Dave and Alexander; Alexander's TOYS on the shelves of his room; Alexander SLEEPING in his bed.

I/E. DAVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CAMERA FOLLOWS Mark as he walks in the unlocked front door, up the stairs, down the hall toward Alexander's room.



INT. ALEXANDER'S ROOM/DAVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mark walks into the room and toward Alexander's bed. Alex WAKES UP with a start - confused, and then terrified to see his uncle walking toward his bed.

ALEX

Uncle Mark...?! Uncle Mark...?!

Alex scrambles from the bed as Mark comes toward him and then climbs into the bed, settling under the covers. Alex runs, terrified, from the room. Mark CLOSES his eyes and sleeps.

CAMERA stays on Mark, sleeping, as WE HEAR Alex waking up his Mom and Dad, and then their footsteps coming down the hall.

Dave enters holding Alex in his arms, with Nancy behind him.

DAVE

Mark.

(beat)

Mark.

Mark doesn't stir. Dave hands Alex to Nancy and goes over to his brother, asleep in his son's bed. He touches him gently.

DAVE

Mark, wake up, buddy.

Mark opens his eyes and looks at Dave. He's utterly disoriented.

MARK

Dave...?

Mark looks over at Nancy holding Alex. LONG BEAT, then:

MARK

Where am I?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SEOUL, SOUTH KOREA - ESTABLISHING/DAY

A SERIES of QUICK SHOTS of the Seoul MARKETPLACE; COMMUTERS spilling off the subway; Korean SIGNS, FLAGS, BANNERS...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. OLYMPIC STADIUM/HALLWAY/SEOUL - DAY

C/U on Mark, in his wrestling gear, looking disoriented, unfocused. He's in the hall right outside the locker room, just steps away from the WRESTLING ARENA. Dave's in his face - talking to him INTENSELY over the sounds of the crowd inside -

DAVE

This is *your moment* to prove  
yourself - *your moment* to step out  
alone, away from everyone, into the  
spotlight. This has nothing to do  
with me, nothing to do with John...

Du Pont hovers a few feet behind Dave, being filmed by his CAMERA CREW. Mark's eyes keep glancing over at him.

DAVE

... nothing to do with anyone but  
you. This is *you*, Mark. It's *you*.  
Focus and take what's yours!

INT. OLYMPIC STADIUM/SEOUL - MINUTES LATER

Mark stands in his corner on the edge of the mat, flanked by Dave and du Pont.

ANNOUNCER

From the United States of America,  
at 82 kilos... Mark Schultz.

Mark walks onto the mat. LOUD CHANTS of "U.S.A... U.S.A... U.S.A..." spill from the sizeable American contingent in the stands... waving flags and shouting.

Mark faces his Bulgarian opponent in the center of the mat as each are checked by the REFEREE. As Mark is patted down, he glances over at his corner: du Pont is talking into Dave's ear, and Dave HAS HIS ARM AROUND du Pont's shoulders, listening. The camera crew films them.

REFEREE

Wrestle!

Mark's immediately taken down.

INT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - MINUTES LATER

Mark is GASPING for air, sitting in his chair in the corner. Dave rubs his muscles while yelling at him, in his face --

DAVE

This is now, Mark! Now or never!  
This is what we trained for for  
fifteen years!

But Mark can only focus on du Pont, clumsily fanning him with the white towel -- not actually cooling him down, even accidentally hitting him with it. The camera crew films.

INT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - MINUTES LATER

Mark wrestles, struggling -- eyes lost, mouth open, gasping. The drive, the poetry, it's all gone.

REFEREE blows the whistle. The match is over. The wrestlers stand. The Referee RAISES THE BULGARIAN'S hand. Mark looks at du Pont, STARING at him. Dave hangs his head.

The Ref turns the wrestlers around and raises the Bulgarian's hand, again. Du Pont watches the small Bulgarian contingent in the crowd going wild - cheering, dancing, waving the Bulgarian flag.

I/E. DRIVING - DAY

C/U on Mark. He's driving. We don't know where he is, where he's driving. CAMERA stays close on him for some time. He signals to make a right turn.

EXT. DRIVEWAY/FOXCATCHER ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Mark turns a RYDER VAN onto the Foxcatcher estate. He stops at the GUARDHOUSE, in front of the mechanical arm which blocks his way. The guard slides open the guardhouse window.

GUARD

Name?

On Mark, looking at him.

EXT. DAIRY HOUSE/FOXCATCHER - DAY

Mark throws his stuff through the open back doors of the van. He walks inside the house, past a pile of stuff he's leaving in a heap on the porch. CAMERA stays outside. He comes out with another armful, throws it in the van, slams the doors.

EXT. DIRT ROAD/FOXCATCHER - DAY

Mark drives toward the Big House. A LONG-HAIRED HORSE watches from the trees as the van drives past.

EXT. BIG HOUSE/FOXCATCHER - DAY

Mark walks up the front steps, two at a time. He's left the van RUNNING at the foot of the steps, the driver's door open.

He knocks on the front door. The maid opens it.

MAID

Hello, Mr. Schultz --

Mark WALKS RIGHT PAST her and heads for the staircase.

MAID

Mr. Schultz... Mr. Schultz,  
please... Mr. Beck!

INT. BIG HOUSE/FOXCATCHER - CONTINUOUS

Mark heads up the stairs and down the long second floor hall toward the trophy room. Stan Beck emerges at the far end of the hallway, from the back of the house.

STAN BECK

Mark. Mark, stop, there's nothing  
for you here.

Mark, without a word, shoves him out of the way, heads into the trophy room --

INT. TROPHY ROOM/BIG HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mark heads for the CENTER SECTION of the trophy case, with all the wrestling trophies and medals. He KICKS IN THE GLASS, shattering it. He grabs his medals -- his Olympic and World Cup golds.

He heads back out the way he came, then stops. He turns to the FRAMED POSTER of himself, oiled up, in the Foxcatcher singlet. He had signed this poster: "To John 'Eagle' du Pont, my coach and mentor, now and forever - Mark Schultz."

He walks over to it and PUNCHES IT, several times, smashing the glass and tearing the poster.

INT. HALLWAY/BIG HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Mark's coming back down the hallway, toward the staircase. As he gets to the top of the stairs, he sees THREE PLAINCLOTHES SECURITY GUARDS running up the steps their hands inside their jackets on their holstered GUNS.

SECURITY #1  
Don't move! Mark, don't move!

They stop in the middle of the staircase. Mark's stopped at the top.

MARK  
Back the fuck off.

He holds out his medals in his bleeding hand.

MARK  
I just took what's mine.  
(beat)  
Back off.

EXT. BIG HOUSE/FOXCATCHER - MINUTES LATER

POV from THIRD FLOOR WINDOW OF THE BIG HOUSE: Mark gets in his van and pulls away. THREE BLACK SECURITY SEDANS follow.

REVERSE SHOT: We see who's POV this is: John du Pont, watching from his third floor window.

DU PONT'S POV: Mark's Ryder van, followed by the security sedans, drives toward DAVE'S HOUSE, on the very far side of the vast front lawn.

DU PONT'S POV: Far off, Mark's van arrives at his brother's house. Mark gets out of van. The security cars form a semi-circle between his van and the Big House, and the Guards get out of their cars and stand next to them. Dave comes out on the porch and walks toward Mark.

EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

CAMERA is in the scene now, as Dave and Mark approach, stopping a few feet away from each other. Long beat.

Dave gestures at Mark's bloody hand.

DAVE  
Who'd you kill?

MARK  
Nobody. Just myself.

Dave smiles.

DAVE  
Everything's gonna be fine.

Mark's just looking at him. He doesn't believe it.

DAVE  
I've got you taken care of. As  
long as I'm here.

MARK  
You should be leaving with me.

DAVE  
(shrugs and smiles)  
I may never leave.

Nancy comes onto the porch.

NANCY  
Hey, Mark.  
(nods toward the guards)  
Got your friends with you?

MARK  
(very quietly)  
Hi, Nance.

The kids, Danielle and Alex, come out onto the porch.

NANCY  
Dani, Alex, can you say goodbye to  
Uncle Mark.

The kids wave.

ALEXANDER  
Bye, Uncle Mark.

Mark nods. Goes to his van, gets in. Dave follows -- talks  
to him through the open passenger window.

DAVE  
I'll always be here for you. Call  
whenever you need me.

Mark starts the ignition.

DAVE  
Drive safe, buddy. Let us know  
when you get there.

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

DU PONT'S POV: Far off, Mark drives toward the front gate, followed by the three security sedans. The sedans stop at the guard house as Mark drives past it... and off the estate.

REVERSE: Du Pont, in the window, closes the curtains.

FADE OUT.

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - DAY

Birds sit in the BARE BRANCHES of an oak tree; THREE HORSES, long-haired and un-groomed, paw at the snowy ground, looking for grass to eat; the American FLAG hangs limply on the flagpole.

INT. BIG HOUSE/FOXCATCHER - DAY

A SERIES OF SHOTS: The EMPTY ROOMS of the Foxcatcher Big House. Former grandeur, now devoid of life, dusty.

OVER the last of these shots, WE START TO HEAR a DEEP, OVERLY DRAMATIC VOICE coming from a TV:

VIDEO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
... He's coached national and world  
champions with his unique  
combination of inspiration and  
patience...

C/U of a TV SCREEN:

On it, a SERIES OF IMAGES: Mark Schultz winning matches (one of the images is the one that became the Foxcatcher poster); Dave winning; Dan Bane winning.....

THEN, on screen, is the scene of du Pont "teaching" Mark a wrestling move:

DU PONT  
From the under hook, pivot sideways  
while pulling down on his arm.  
Kneel between his legs and take him  
to the mat.

Mark lets du Pont take him down, though it's abundantly apparent how much Mark is gritting his teeth through this.

INT. LARGE EMPTY ROOM/BIG HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We SEE where we are: a huge empty room - probably once used for grand dances. In one corner: du Pont and the Documentary Director sit on two chairs in front of a TV hooked up to a VCR. The Director is screening "The John du Pont Story" for his boss.

Du Pont has a PISTOL once again tucked in his waistband.

ON THE VIDEO:

A SHOT OF: Dave presenting the "Man of the Year" award:

DAVE

My brother Mark has been known to say that you have to orphan yourself to accomplish greatness.... This orphan sport of wrestling has found a home at Foxcatcher Farms.

A SHOT OF: Mark winning the Olympic Trials and Dave HUGGING and LIFTING his brother into the air.

A SHOT OF: du Pont watching this from the stands and raising his fist in the air.

A SHOT OF: Dave talking to the camera in the Foxcatcher gym:

DAVE

John's commitment to this sport is complete. His work ethic...

And now, Dave, who's been so good at playing along, takes it too far even for himself. As he says the next bit, he stumbles over his words, looks down, obviously uncomfortable -

DAVE

- We... we consider John one of us. One of - uh - the athletes.

A SHOT OF: du Pont talking to the camera, haltingly - trying so hard to be authoritative, inspirational:

DU PONT

Our challenge... as coaches... and leaders... of athletes everywhere...

(MORE)



DU PONT (cont'd)  
indeed our obligation. And  
responsibility. Is first - and  
foremost to build winners in life.  
To build men who will - be prepared  
for life.

A SHOT of a GOLDEN EAGLE sitting on a tree branch, then  
flying away.

VIDEO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
The symbol of America is the Golden  
Eagle...

A SHOT of du Pont climbing into the pilot seat of his  
helicopter. He puts on his headset.

VIDEO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
John du Pont *is* that Golden Eagle.

Du Pont takes off in the helicopter and flies away. Over  
this shot, the end title comes up:  
"THE GOLDEN EAGLE OF AMERICA - THE JOHN DU PONT STORY."

THE TAPE ENDS. The TV screen goes to static snow.

SILENCE as du Pont sits there, the Director next to him.

Finally, du Pont stands and starts for the door.

DU PONT  
Good.

The Director follows him.

DOCUMENTARY DIRECTOR  
We've bought several time slots  
next week on local station WPHI --

DU PONT  
(still moving)  
Good.

DOCUMENTARY DIRECTOR  
(still following)  
-- several late night slots, of  
course, but there was also an open  
afternoon half-hour, directly after  
"The Edge of Night." That should  
be a good one.

Du Pont continues right out the door, down the hallway, not  
even turning to face him.

DU PONT

Excellent.

The Director stops at the door. He calls out to du Pont --

DOCUMENTARY DIRECTOR

I'll let you know what the  
viewership numbers are as soon as I  
have them.

EXT. BIG HOUSE - DAY

Du Pont walks out a SIDE DOOR of the Big House, followed by a PLAINCLOTHES SECURITY GUARD. As he walks toward the front of the house, he calls out to some WORKMEN who are up on ladders cleaning the roof gutters.

DU PONT

(pointing)

I think that one's particularly  
clogged.

The head WORKMAN looks down at him and waves.

WORKMAN

We're heading that way, Mr. du  
Pont.

DU PONT

Excellent.

He continues toward his car - the BLACK MERCURY - goes to the driver's side. Then, something catches his eye in a nearby tree -- he points it out the Security Guard:

DU PONT

Northern Cardinal. Look at that.

SECURITY GUARD

Yes, sir.

DU PONT

They never leave home, no matter  
how cold it gets.

SECURITY GUARD

Yes, sir.

They get in the car and du Pont turns on the ignition. Before he shifts into gear, he removes the PISTOL from his waistband and places it on the middle seat. He pulls out.

## I/E. DU PONT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Du Pont drives on the dirt road that edges the trees which ring the enormous front lawn. The trees are bare, a bit snowy. It's peaceful and very pretty. The car is approaching Dave's House.

## EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Du Pont's car pulls up outside Dave's House. Dave's Subaru is parked in the yard out front, and Dave lies half-in-half-out the driver's side door, working on the FUSE BOX under the steering column.

Dave rises out of the car to see who's pulled up. The word "KIDS" is written on his forehead, and as we see when he WAVES to du Pont, also on the PALM of his hand.

DAVE

Hey, Coach.

Dave takes a step toward du Pont's car. Du Pont just looks at him through his open driver's window.

DAVE

What's up, John?

Du Pont picks up his PISTOL from the seat.

SECURITY GUARD

Whoa, whoa, whoa....

Du Pont POINTS the pistol at Dave.

DU PONT

You got a problem with me?

DAVE

John --

Dave holds out his hand --

Du Pont SHOOTS Dave. The bullet goes through Dave's hand, smashing into his chest, throwing him to the ground.

The Security Guard scrambles out the car door and ducks behind the passenger side fender.

Dave tries to crawl away. Du Pont gets out of his car and walks toward him.

NANCY  
Dave!.... David!...

Nancy has run out onto the porch and is screaming for her husband. Du Pont POINTS the pistol at her. She RUNS inside.

Du Pont walks over to Dave, still crawling away. He SHOOTs Dave in the back. Then he SHOOTs him in the back of the head.

He stands over Dave, watching him bleed out onto the snowy ground.

FADE OUT.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN FIELD HOUSE ARENA - DAY

Open on a large projected video montage of images of Dave's life; Dave smiling broadly; playing with his kids; wrestling; Dave with Nancy.... Included are MANY IMAGES of Mark and Dave, from childhood on. The video ends.

We're in the old U. of W. Sports arena. Three thousand people pack the stands.

PHILIP SCHULTZ, Mark and Dave's father, is at the podium, on stage, the huge screen behind him.

PHILIP  
I'd like to introduce my second  
son, David's younger brother, Mark  
Schultz.

Mark's in the front row of the audience. He somehow manages to get to his feet and walk toward the stage. He carries a single SHEET OF PAPER.

On stage, Mark and Philip briefly, uncomfortably, hug. Mark puts his piece of paper on the podium and faces the crowd. Silence. He's doing his best to keep it together. He takes a deep breath. Satisfied that he can speak, he begins --

MARK  
Dave was my brother --

He starts to sob. It's open and uncontrolled and innocent and child-like.

MARK  
He never hurt me with a lie.  
(long pause as he cries)  
(MORE)

MARK (cont'd)

He was my best friend, my teacher,  
my coach. His words were so  
powerful he could cut to the heart  
of the truth in all things. Dave  
became strong by working to  
overcome the weakness he suffered  
as a child. He taught me how to  
fight, how to be honest, how stand  
up for myself and be a man.

(sobs, then)

He was the most honest person I'll  
ever know.

FADE OUT.

INT. MAKESHIFT LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Mark, his HEAD SHAVED, sits in a chair too small for him.  
He's in front of a painted cinder block wall. He wears only  
shorts, no shirt. A CLOCK ticks on the wall behind him.

After several moments, we START TO HEAR crowd-pumping MUSIC  
in the background. LOUDER. LOUDER...

INT. ULTIMATE FIGHTING CHAMPIONSHIP ARENA - NIGHT

Mark walks out of the tunnel into the ARENA. HUGE SOUND -  
loud, crowd-pumping music. Strobe lights. Mark's bare-  
chested - no shirt. He looks straight ahead as he walks.  
There's something missing behind his eyes.

INT. THE CAGE/UFC ARENA - NIGHT

Mark fights a Japanese martial artist. Mark's destroying him  
in a brutal, uninhibited display of aggression. He's gotten  
his opponent on the mat and he's on top of him, pounding his  
bloody face repeatedly.

The REF stops the fight. Mark stands.

He's completely still, except for his heavy breathing. The  
other man's blood is on him. The crowd goes wild, CHANTING,  
SCREAMING -- "U.S.A.... U.S.A.... U.S.A.... U.S.A...."

SCREEN GOES BLACK.