

GOLD

by

Patrick Massett & John Zinman

based on a true story

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FADE IN:

EXT. THE JUNGLES OF INDONESIA - DAY

TRIBAL NATIVES race through dense foliage, cutting a path with machetes, leading a patrol of INDONESIAN MILITARY PERSONNEL -- shouted commands and radio chatter.

The tribesmen hack through the perimeter of the brush and the party emerges onto the wide silt bank of a muddy river.

A PACK OF WILD BOARS let out a chorus of squeals and scatter into the brush. Several VULTURES waiting their turn take wing. And there, splayed on the river bank we find --

A BODY.

One of the soldiers approaches. The body is badly decomposed, its face and hands eaten away by the scavengers.

The soldier checks the pockets of the dead man and pulls out a wallet. He checks the ID -- we don't see the identity.

The Soldier speaks into his radio in Indonesian --

SOLDIER
(subtitled)
...We found him.

As the soldiers gather around the body, the tribesmen look on warily, keeping their distance, like some superstitious prohibition is holding them back.

WE PULL UP -- viewing the scene from high above, the sound of CHOPPER BLADES cut the air as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DIMLY LIT ROOM - NIGHT

A RATTAN CEILING FAN moves the humid air. A HAND tosses ice into a crystal low ball, pours a healthy measure of whiskey. DAVID WALSH(40's) takes a long drink.

WALSH
Sure I can't pour you one?

Walsh sits in a club chair opposite PAUL JENNINGS (30's), buttoned down, groomed, un-amused. He has a legal pad in hand, a micro-recorder sits on the coffee table.

JENNINGS
No thanks. I'm working.

WALSH
All the more reason.

JENNINGS
Can we just keep going, please?

Walsh raises his glass in a mock toast. He's got a good gut going, an easy smile and sparkling eyes -- but his face tells the story of a man well-acquainted with his whiskey.

WALSH
Fire away.

Jennings hits play on the recorder.

JENNINGS
How did you meet Michael Guzman?

WALSH
The first time or the second time?

JENNINGS
Just in general, how did you meet?

WALSH
Look, if you want to get a handle on this thing, you're gonna...

JENNINGS
...I just want the truth.

WALSH
The truth? You figure that out, you be sure to fill me in, okay?

Jennings doesn't respond. He just waits.

WALSH (CONT'D)
Pour yourself a goddamn drink. You're making me nervous.

JENNINGS
Mr. Walsh...

WALSH
...January of '93 - I had three properties crap out on me within a six week period.

And we go...

EXT. RENO NEVADA - MORNING

A SUPER READS: RENO, NEVADA - JANUARY 1993.

SHOTS survey the city: A grey winter morning.

-- COWS GRAZING the frozen scrubland on the edge of town.

-- AN ABANDONED MINE high in the rocky foothills.

-- OLD CASINOS and tired neighborhoods.

-- THE POT-HOLED STREETS lined with oily snow and battered cars. Steam rising from every orifice of the city.

We sail over the rugged cityscape of this once great mining town. A chilling wind carries us...

EXT. THE THREE GREENHORNS BAR - MORNING

A watering hole that dates back to the boomtown days. It's seen better times and there are definitely too many cars in the parking lot for this hour of the morning.

WALSH (V.O. NARRATION)

...I was on the balls of my ass,
scrambling. Not exactly uncharted
waters for me, but I was in pretty
deep...

A beat up late 80's Cadillac, El Dorado pulls into the lot, covered in a layer of road grime, its front bumper held on with wire. It lumbers into a spot.

Inside, Walsh stares out, eyes like a Bukowski poem, bracing himself for the day.

INT. THE THREE GREENHORNS BAR - CONTINUOUS

Walsh enters like the cock of the walk, back slapping and waving hellos, a well-liked regular. His suit looks like it might have been slept in...more than once.

The place is faded and frayed, poorly lit and choked with cigarette smoke. A sense of desperate optimism prevails.

Middle-age men in bad suits with bad hair fill the tables and booths, working phone lines and yellow pads. These are bottom-feeder stock promoters -- modern-day prospectors.

Walsh approaches one of the traders, clamping down on his shoulders with both hands, working out the knots. This is BOBBY BURNS(50's), balding, pouring a shot into his coffee.

WALSH
Bobby Burns!

BURNS

Oh yeah, that's the stuff... How ya
doin', Davey?

WALSH

(by way of answering)

Three contractors, a Mexican, an
Italian and a Jew, all drop dead on
the same day....

Smiles from the guys at the surrounding tables. They all lean
in to listen. Walsh clearly loves the attention.

WALSH (CONT'D)

...They get to Heaven and St. Peter
tells them God wants to remodel the
Pearly Gates and they're taking bids.
So the Mexican measures the gates,
does some calculations and submits his
bid - "Five thousand - twenty five
hundred for materials, twenty five
hundred for labor." The Italian sizes
it up and submits his bid - "It's
gonna run ya seven large - thirty five
hundred materials, thirty five for
labor. The Jewish guy, he doesn't
even measure, no calculations, no
nothing. He says, "Ten grand!" St.
Peter doesn't understand, "How did you
come up with that figure?" "Easy,"
the guy says, "Twenty five hundred for
me, twenty five hundred for you - and
we get the Mexican to do it for five!"

Everyone laughs! Walsh beams, punctuating the punch-line with
a slap on Bobby's back.

WALSH (CONT'D)

(after a beat; to Bobby)

So, whatcha working? Anything I
should know about?

BURNS

Telmerek. Their Aukland stake, the
bank called the note. I picked up a
bunch of the debt, I gotta flip it
before the call.

WALSH

Any bites?

BURNS

Nibbles.

WALSH
Keep throwing that line.

A pat on the arm and he's off to the bar where his double shot of Seagrams is being poured by ROY BAKER(60's), sweet face that's seen some miles -- like an old boxer.

ROY
A little eye opener, David?

WALSH
Breakfast of champions, Roy.
Breakfast of champions.

Walsh raises his glass in his signature salute.

WALSH (CONT'D)
(under)
To the mother load.

Walsh pounds the whiskey and we...

CUT TO:

INT. THE THREE GREENHORNS BAR - BOOTH - LATER

Walsh sits at his "desk" -- the corner booth in the back of the bar. Working one of the two phones on the table. He flicks the ash from his smoke into a half-full ashtray.

WALSH
...it's an outstanding opportunity.
The geologic reports are very
encouraging and we're taking a very
aggressive position. We're looking at
yields in the high six figures.
That's right... A prospectus?
(there's no prospectus)
...Of course, I can mail one right
out. I should tell you, though - this
offering is already oversubscribed.
I'm taking out of my own holdings to
cover demand, but hey, we can always
get you in on the next one... I
understand. Look, why don't I give
you a ring this afternoon and we'll
see if there are any parcels left.
Well, if you just give me...

Click. Another one that got away.

WALSH (CONT'D)
(to the dead phone)
You have a pleasant day...

He hangs up the receiver and grabs his drink, a HAND stops it before it reaches his lips.

The hand belongs to KAY ELLIS (30's), the Greenhorns cocktail waitress, very pretty. There's a sweetness and dignity to Kay, but a weariness as well -- she's been through it. She holds her watch out for Walsh to see.

KAY
You watching the time?

WALSH
Oh, Christ.

He slides out of the booth and rises quickly.

KAY
You look like hell, David.

WALSH
Only cause I'm standing next to you,
beautiful.

He gives her a kiss and she smiles in spite of herself.

KAY
You're gonna be late.

Walsh grabs his briefcase and heads...

INT. THE THREE GREENHORNS BAR - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Walsh is striped to his waist, his gut hangs over his belt, giving himself a sink bath, doing his best to clean up. Spray-on deodorant, a gargle of Scope, a little dab of hair groom, an electric shave and a few long squirts if Visine.

He pulls a relatively fresh shirt from his briefcase, snaps the creases out of it and we go --

INT. THE THREE GREENHORNS BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Walsh emerges from the bathroom, tucking in his shirt. He pulls on his jacket and presents himself to Kay.

KAY
(a knowing smile)
Come here.

David steps over and Kay reaches down and zips up his fly.

WALSH
Good?

KAY
Knock 'em dead.

Walsh kisses her, a little squeeze of her ass. He grabs the remains of his drink from the booth and tosses it back.

WALSH
I'll come by for you after.

KAY
No, I'm picking up a shift at the Wal-mart. I'll see you at home.

A flash of guilt that he covers with a smile -- the things she has to do to keep them afloat. Another kiss and we...

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN RENO - MORNING

A crumbling downtown. Ageing uninspired towers -- a modern city, half born and now dying. A passing delivery truck honks as we go...

INT. COLSON & WELLS CAPITOL GROUP - DAY

Walsh sits in the reception of a low rent investment bank. Vinyl covered faux Frank Miller furniture, motivational prints on the walls -- "PINNACLE"; "TEAMWORK"; "EXCELLENCE".

He absently flips through an issue of "Northern Prospector" magazine. He tosses it down on the coffee table and checks his watch, looks up at the receptionist.

WALSH
...Any idea how much longer,
sweetheart?

RECEPTIONIST
Shouldn't be too much longer now, Mr.
Walsh.

Two bankers stride in. They're young, groomed, nice suits. The look on their faces practically screams "Let's get this over with." The senior of the two, LLOYD STANTON(late 20's), extends his hand.

STANTON
Mr. Walsh, I'm Lloyd Stanton. My
colleague Henry Andrews.

Walsh puts on his smile and shakes hands.

WALSH
Good to meet you.

STANTON
Come on back.

They lead Walsh across the TRADING FLOOR -- men with rolled up sleeves work land lines, scanning PCs the size of ovens. A babble of cross-talk -- the feel of a boiler room operation.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stanton and Andrews take seats at one end of the conference table. Walsh stands uncomfortably alone at the other end.

STANTON
Take a seat, Mr. Walsh. What can we do for you?

WALSH
Why don't we wait for Clive?

STANTON
Mr. Colson is tied up in a meeting.

WALSH
Huh... No offense boys, but I was supposed to be meeting with Clive.

STANTON
None taken. But, if you were supposed to be meeting with Clive you'd be meeting with him. You're supposed to be meeting with us. So... What do you got?

That stung. Walsh takes just a moment to recover. He slaps a smile on his face and slides documents across the table.

WALSH
We're developing some very exciting properties that are spot-on for your investor profile - low buy-in with a sizable upside and the beautiful part is they're all only twelve to eighteen months to cash positive.

Stanton and Andrews listen impassively, scanning the docs.

ANDREWS
Manitoba?

WALSH

We picked up an option on a skipped
claim at auction.

ANDREWS

It's a ninety day option.

WALSH

Yes, the window is narrow, but there's
an excellent shale formation that...

STANTON

Natural gas? Environmental impact's
gonna be a bitch. I don't like the
liability. What's next?

He dismissively flips the page, leaving Walsh to quickly shift gears.

WALSH

Eastern Utah. We're sitting on a nice
land-lease opportunity. The
overburden is borax rich so there's an
immediate revenue source, but the real
prize is in the granite under-shelf.
Our studies point to rich chromium and
nickel deposits.

ANDREWS

(re: docs)

There's a pretty long chain of title
on this claim. No payouts. What
makes you think you're gonna be
luckier then all these others?

WALSH

All under capitalized. Never got past
development - none of them.

STANTON

Under capitalized? I'm not sure under
capitalized does your situation
justice.

Walsh swallows down another helping of pride and pushes on.

WALSH

We've hit a down turn, yes, true
enough, but...

STANTON

(cutting him off)

Mr. Walsh, Bre-X Mineral Corporation has a practical value hovering just above zero. Your debt load is untenable and you come to us with raw land - no infrastructure, no fundable assets. We can't underwrite this.

WALSH

I'm talking about a small offering here. If you'll just look at the financials you'll see what I see - which is money!

STANTON

Not our money.

He closes the documents with an air of finality.

STANTON (CONT'D)

We can't help you, Mr. Walsh.

WALSH

These are jackpot, gentlemen! You back away from these - these are career changing opportunities.

STANTON

(rising)

If you'll excuse us.

WALSH

I want to talk to Clive!

Walsh stands, his already red face flushing, every broken capillary showing like battle scars.

WALSH (CONT'D)

My father put Clive Colson on the map. He built this god damn bank!

STANTON

You're not your father, Mr. Walsh.

Like a dagger. Walsh stands stunned by the statement.

STANTON (CONT'D)

Bring us something we can sell and we'll talk.

WALSH

These are good properties.

STANTON
They're crap, Walsh. Played out hand-me-downs. I'd be embarrassed to even talk to my clients about them. Andrews... We're done here.

Stanton slides the documents across the table at Walsh.

STANTON (CONT'D)
Is there anything else?

Walsh gathers up his papers.

WALSH
Yeah. Go fuck yourself. Both of you.

He grabs his bag and walks out with as much dignity as he can muster.

Stanton watches him go. He knows he did his job, he kicked Walsh's ass -- doesn't mean he has to feel good about it... *there but by the grace of God...*

Andrews, on the other hand, is actually smiling, and seriously misreading his boss.

ANDREWS
Not even noon and the guy reeks like a still.

STANTON
Shut the fuck up, Andrews. Jesus.

INT. COLSON & WELLS CAPITOL - RECEPTION DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Walsh heads for the door in a daze.

RECEPTIONIST
Validate your parking, Mr. Walsh?

Walsh waves her off with what will have to pass for a smile. He exits the office and we go...

INT/EXT. WALSH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Walsh closes the door of his car, leans back against his seat, breathing fast and shallow, trembling.

WALSH (V.O. NARRATION)
...That had to be the worst day of my life.

We pull in tight on Walsh's face, panic rising in his eyes...

DISSOLVE TO:

AN AMBER STREAM OF SEAGRAMS splashing over a tumbler of ice.

WALSH (V.O. NARRATION) (CONT'D)
...They were gonna foreclose on my
house, take my car. I was staring
down the barrel of bankruptcy...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL we are...

EXT. RENO NEIGHBORHOOD - EVENING

A street of small tract homes. A nice little neighborhood 40 years ago, now it feels a lot like the people who live here -- tired and in need of attention.

It's getting dark, an icy wind blows through the streets.

INT. WALSH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The place is small -- could be nice if it was kept up. On the counter we see a mess of BILLS, mostly RED NOTICES -- Phone. Heat. Car.

Walsh sits on the edge of his sofa, talking on the phone, pitching for his very life.

A SERIES OF DISSOLVES take us through --

WALSH
(into phone)
...we're looking at yields in the high
six figures... Yes, that's right.
David Walsh. Bre-X mineral
Corporation. I spoke to your wife
last week...

DISSOLVE TO:

A CIGARETTE ground out in a half-full Circus, Circus Casino clown-shaped ash tray. THE FLAME OF A LIGHTER -- the SUCK and CRACKLE as another cigarette glows to life.

WALSH (O.C.) (CONT'D)
...Yes sir, I'm sending it out as we
speak.

Walsh paces now, phone cradled as he pockets his lighter and takes a long pull on his drink.

WALSH (CONT'D)
...I'm so glad I caught you at home...
This is an outstanding opportunity,
the geologic reports are very
encouraging...

DISSOLVE TO:

MORE WHISKEY -- as much spills on the table as makes it into the glass.

WALSH (O.C.) (CONT'D)
...I have to be honest, this offering
is already oversubscribed.

Walsh is now slumped in an armchair. On the coffee table we can see he's made a pretty good dent in the bottle.

WALSH (CONT'D)
...I'm taking out of my personal
holdings to cover demand...Could you
hold on a sec, I've got to take this
call...

He muzzles the phone and reaches for his drink.

WALSH (V.O. NARRATION) (CONT'D)
Bre-X, the company my grandfather
literally scratched out of the side of
a Nevada mountain, that my father
built into a real player.

He drinks with a shaky hand. Steadies, and downs the rest.

WALSH (V.O. NARRATION) (CONT'D)
...It only took me five years to run
it into the ground.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE VIEW OUT THE FRONT WINDOWS -- It's now night. A freezing rain falls. Walsh looks out into the darkness...or, maybe he's just staring at his own reflection.

He's blind drunk, struggling to get his mouth around the words. The fight has gone out of him...

WALSH (CONT'D)
(on phone)
If you could just let me know when a
good time would be for us to sit down,
I'm sure you would see...

But that's as far as he gets. The hum of the dead line. He sets the phone down, leans his head against the cold window and closes his eyes. His breath fogs the glass instantly.

WALSH (V.O. NARRATION) (CONT'D)
At the close that day, Bre-X was
trading at four cents a share - if it
was trading at all....

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DIMLY LIT ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

TIGHT ON: Hands, ice, whiskey. Walsh, refreshes his glass.

WALSH
Rock bottom, as they say - pun
intended.

Cigarette, fire, a deep inhale. Walsh's eyes -- turning his attention back to Jennings.

JENNINGS
That doesn't answer my question, Mr.
Walsh. How was the Indonesian venture
with Guzman initiated?

Walsh lets out a leisurely plume of smoke. He leans back in his chair -- he's in no hurry. If Jennings wants the story, he's gonna have to indulge him for awhile.

WALSH
I'm trying to tell you. Just relax.
I'm getting there.

CUT TO:

INT. WALSH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kay walks into the house, leaving the dripping umbrella outside. She peels off her rain coat and moves into...

INT. WALSH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...where she finds Walsh passed out on the sofa. The bottle of Seagrams sits, mostly drained on the cluttered coffee table.

She empties her tips onto the adjoining kitchen counter and moves over to Walsh, her face a conflict of emotions -- sadness, concern -- she loves him, but that doesn't mask the disgust.

KAY
Come on. Let's get you to bed.

INT. WALSH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kay supports Walsh the best she can as he staggers into the room. She eases him into bed and he looks up at her. And, just for a flash, he's sober as a stone.

WALSH
What am I gonna do, Kay? What am I gonna do?

She runs a comforting hand along his cheek.

KAY
Shhh... Sleep now. We'll think about it tomorrow.

And his eyes ease shut, surrendering. She keeps caressing his cheek, but her eyes are tense with worry... What are they going to do?...

WALSH (V.O. NARRATION)
I must've had a half a gallon of Seagrams in me. More. I should've been dead. But I wasn't. Instead, what happened was I had a dream. I mean, literally. I had a dream.

Kay bends down, kisses his forehead as Walsh whispers...

WALSH (CONT'D)
Indonesia...

And suddenly we are --

EXT. INDONESIAN JUNGLE - DAY

We soar above the Jungle canopy, diving down through the lush foliage, emerging atop a jagged ridge overlooking --

A PRISTINE JUNGLE VALLEY. A shimmering river winds through. Everything is bathed in BRILLIANT GOLDEN LIGHT, breathtaking.

WALSH (V.O.)
I met Mike Guzman seven years earlier. That was the first time. I still had a little money then and Indonesia was booming. I was looking for a way to get in...

EXT. JUNGLE RIVER - DAY

INDONESIA - SEPTEMBER, 1987

A MAN motors up river in a carved out skiff, exchanging pleasantries with the half-naked NATIVES panning for gold along the banks.

He's tanned and muscular, squinting against the light from beneath the brim of a perfectly worn hat. Meet MIKE GUZMAN (late 30's). An Ox-Bridge educated explorer with an appetite for woman and bare-knuckle adventure.

WALSH (V.O.)

...Back then, if you were aiming to put a hole in the ground in Indonesia, you wanted Mike Guzman telling you where to dig.

ON GUZMAN -- wading hip deep in a dark jungle tributary.

WALSH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He's what they call a "river walker."
The real deal - a hands-on Geologist.

--Guzman walking a mountain crest line -- hanging from a rappel line hundreds of feet above the canopy, hacking at a granite face with a rock axe.

WALSH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He had just discovered the largest Copper mine in all of South Asia.
Everyone wanted a piece of him.

INT. INDONESIAN MINING TOWN - BAR - NIGHT

Think the skankiest bar you can imagine, then make it twice as skanky. Topless Indonesian girls dancing on the bar. Five inch pumps and ping pong balls. You get the picture.

Guzman holds court at a corner table. Wildcatters and rogues hang on his every word. Chief among them is David Walsh.

Guzman scoops a handful of sawdust off the floor and scatters it across the table, using his finger to "draw" in the dust. He speaks with intensity and a crisp AUSTRALIAN ACCENT that gives him an unquestioned air of authority.

GUZMAN

(as he illustrates)

You got the Nazca plate off South America, the Pacific plate, Juan de Fuca, North American, South American.

(MORE)

GUZMAN (CONT'D)
You've got trenches, fissures and
fault lines - Aleutian, Marianas,
Tonga - the plates rubbing and
grinding up on each other like a
proper rutting - six trillion kilobars
of pressure, ten thousand degrees
Celsius kicking up geothermic hot
spots all along the Pacific rim... And
it's been going on forever.

He looks up. Taking them all in with a sly smile...

GUZMAN (CONT'D)
Pressure, heat and time - that's
mineralization. And there's no better
cooker than right here.

WALSH (V.O.)
He called it the "Ring of Fire" theory
and he definitely had everyone's
attention. I was too small-time to
really get his ear, but I kept tabs on
him...

(pause)
...And then I had the dream.

GUZMAN
It's how I found the copper, and it's
why I'll find the gold.

CUT TO:

RENO, NEVADA -- 1993:

INT. WALSH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Still drunk, Walsh savagely digs through his desk, riffling
through business cards until he finds it -- MIKE GUZMAN.

WALSH
...Okay, okay...

He moves to a dresser, a JEWELRY BOX sits on top. A quick
glance to the bedroom door, all clear, and he opens the box.

He picks through the sparse collection of items and pulls out
an ANTIQUE PAVE DIAMOND AND GOLD LADIES PENDANT WATCH.

Kay comes in just as Walsh jams the watch into his pocket.

KAY
...I made you some sandwiches, they're
on the counter. Salami and mayo,
that's all we have.

WALSH
(kisses her)
Salami and mayo. My favorite. I'll
call you later.

He pulls on his jacket. Kay watches him with a worried expression. She proceeds gingerly.

KAY
Kind of a rough night... You okay?

WALSH
Never better.

He takes her by the shoulders. He's remarkably convincing.

WALSH (CONT'D)
Everything's gonna be great, Kay.
Don't worry.
(another quick kiss)
I'll see you when I get back.

KAY
What? Get back? David?

WALSH
(as he exits)
I'll be a few days, maybe a week. I'll
call you tonight.

And he's gone. Kay just stands there, mystified, about to go after him when she sees the open jewelry box -- racing over to look inside. Her watch is gone!

KAY
...David! No!

CUT TO:

A GOLD ROLEX sliding off a thick wrist. It's placed on a counter, followed by a diamond pinky ring, sapphire cuff links and Kay's pendant watch. We are --

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

A ROLL OF CASH changes hands. Walsh shoves the bills in his pocket and turns for the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. RENO AIRPORT - DAY

A jet takes off -- roaring into the hazy evening sky.

WALSH (V.O.)
I didn't even think twice. I was on my way.

ICE CUBES IN A PLASTIC CUP -- an Asian FLIGHT ATTENDANT hands Walsh the cup with three mini bottles of whiskey. We are...

INT. INDONESIAN AIRLINES FLIGHT - DAY

Walsh pours his drink and tries to make his big frame comfortable in the cramped seat.

WALSH (V.O.)
22 hours in coach. That'll keep your chiropractor current on his boat payments, but I didn't care...

INT. DIMLY LIT ROOM - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

Walsh sits forward in his seat. This is important and he wants Jennings to understand.

WALSH
...It was like I was being called.
(then)
It was the gold calling. I know that sounds crazy, but if you knew that feeling... If you knew...
(no other way to explain)
If you knew, you'd know...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JAKARTA, INDONESIA - ESTABLISHING - MORNING (1993)

The city sparkles -- it's a collision of tradition and technology; tall towers and shanty towns; soaring wealth and crushing poverty. There's something electric about it.

We find David Walsh walking into one of the finest hotels in the world...

INT. THE SHANGRI-LA HOTEL - NIGHT

Lavish. Everything the name implies. Walsh is on a house phone, a cigarette smolders between his thick fingers.

WALSH
(into phone)
Yeah, Mike, it's David Walsh. I'm in the lobby of the Shangri-la. We must of got our wires crossed about the time.

(MORE)

WALSH (CONT'D)
Look, I have a few other meetings -
I'll try and move things around. Give
me a jingle, okay?

He hangs up, drinks, paces nervously. Impeccably turned out
patrons eye him warily. He clearly does not belong.

He checks his watch -- looks over. Still no Guzman. He drags
on his smoke and ash splashes all over his dark jacket.

WALSH (CONT'D)
Damn it.

He starts to furiously brush it off when he hears...

GUZMAN (O.C.)
David Walsh.

Walsh turns, the ash still clinging to his lapel, and there's
GUZMAN -- tan and tall. Walsh looks even worse in Guzman's
reflected light.

WALSH
Hey, Mike! Thanks for coming. It's
good to see you.

GUZMAN
Didn't expect to hear from you again,
mate.

They shake hands and Guzman notices all the disapproving eyes
on them. Walsh is feeling it too, but...

GUZMAN (CONT'D)
Hey, I know a place nearby, a bit more
low-key, if you like?

WALSH
They pouring here?

Walsh doesn't give a fuck what anyone thinks and Guzman
already likes that about him.

GUZMAN
Let's set 'em up.

INT. SHANGRI-LA HOTEL - BAR - LATER

TWO SCOTCHES, balanced on a tray, navigate the bar, now packed
with Jakarta's international business elite.

WALSH (O.C.)
...Sally tells Jim, I have a
confession.
(MORE)

WALSH (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Due to a childhood ailment my breasts
stopped growing when I was twelve.
Jim says, that's okay, I have a
deformity, too. My penis is the size
of an infant's. So, after some dates,
Sally and Jim end up in the sack.
After a minute Sally screams and jumps
up - "I thought you said your cock was
the size of an infant?!" Jim looks at
her and says "It is - 6 pounds 8
ounces, 14 inches long!"

Walsh laughs, too loud. The Waitress arrives with the drinks
in time to catch the punch line. Guzman takes his drink with
an apologetic smile. He glances at his watch.

GUZMAN
So, David, what are we talking about?

Walsh takes a beat. Puts on that selling smile.

WALSH
Ring of fire, Mike. Ring of fire.

Guzman gives a little laugh, sips his drink.

GUZMAN
You're playing my greatest hits, now.
Fire's gone out of that one.

WALSH
What are you talking about?

GUZMAN
Never panned out.
(a hint of resentment)
My fellow geologists pretty much
thought it was crackpot, but, after my
copper hit, there were plenty of guys
willing to bite - plenty of guys who
wish they hadn't.

Walsh tries not to show his profound disappointment. He takes
a moment, the wheels turning, then...

WALSH
Well, what the hell? You called it
wrong, what are you gonna do?

Guzman shoots a look -- he knows Walsh is trying to get a rise
out of him, but he's too cool to take the bait.

GUZMAN

In this game there is no right or wrong, there's only hits and misses. I missed.

WALSH

So, you still think you're right?

GUZMAN

I don't think I'm right. There's gold here. It's just the getting after it, is all.

Walsh smiles.

WALSH

I'm really happy you said that, Mike. I believe you.

GUZMAN

You believe me? That's awfully nice. I'm so relieved.

WALSH

Hey, don't patronize me. I came a long way to talk to you.

GUZMAN

I'm the geologist who cried gold. Now, you show up, seven years after hearing me rant in a Borneo whore house and you're ready to drill. Forgive me, I certainly didn't mean to patronize.

WALSH

Ring of fire is real. I knew it the minute I heard it - whore house or not. It was like a lightning strike and I never forgot it.

Guzman laughs -- almost mockingly.

WALSH (CONT'D)

Yeah, you go ahead and laugh, it doesn't bother me, I'm used to it. But you have to hear this - I don't just believe, I know.

GUZMAN

You ask any major player and they'll tell you you're dead wrong.

WALSH

Why would I give a flying fuck what any of those pricks think? The big boys don't prospect - they don't have the balls for it. We do the digging and they take the glory.

GUZMAN

(a hint of derision)

Have a lot of time in the field, do you?

WALSH

I was born on the side of a mountain. My father scraped everything he had out of the rocks and he died with dirty finger nails. I intend to do the same.

GUZMAN

No one will back me. You get that? No one.

WALSH

I'll get the money.

GUZMAN

No offense, but you look like you had to rob someone to get here.

WALSH

You just tell me where to dig, I'll make sure the bills are paid.

GUZMAN

Look, I've got a nice thing lined up back home - University post - pension, health, all the comforts.

Walsh cuts him off, leaning across the table.

WALSH

...You know it's out there, Mike. I can see it in your eyes. You walk away from this, you're walking away from who you are.

(doesn't blink)

And you know something else? I don't think this is an accident. I don't think it's an accident that this thing hasn't worked out for you until this moment. My whole life, I've waited for this moment. I know it. I feel it.

(MORE)

WALSH (CONT'D)
And don't give me some bullshit about
a rocking chair job at some dumb ass
school, teaching rich little bastards
how to tap rocks.

Guzman just might be wavering. Walsh won't let him get away.

WALSH (CONT'D)
Mike, this business wrote me off years
ago. And it seems you been running
bad yourself.

(then)
Let's prove 'em wrong. We can prove
them wrong about everything.

Guzman considers. A beat.

WALSH (CONT'D)
Tell me I'm fucking crazy - I'll be on
the next plane.

Walsh waits, sweating, eyes locked with Guzman who is
inscrutable. After a long beat, Guzman rises from the table.

GUZMAN
You're fucking crazy.

He tosses cash on the table. Walsh visibly deflates. Guzman
starts off, stops and looks back.... Then...

GUZMAN (CONT'D)
What are you doing in the morning?

WALSH
Why?

GUZMAN
You got a hat?

WALSH
No.

GUZMAN
Buy one. I'm talking you up river.

WALSH
What river?

GUZMAN
The only river that matters.

They look at each other -- the die is cast. Guzman walks out and as Walsh drains his drink as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUSANG RIVER - PIER - MORNING

A shanty town on the outskirts of the city, just at the edge of unbridled wilderness. Guzman and Walsh are on a flimsy pier, boarding a traditional skiff -- a dug-out log boat outfitted with a small outboard.

Walsh eyes the boat warily from beneath his wide straw hat.

WALSH
Where are we going?

GUZMAN
About seven hours up river.

WALSH
This thing gonna make it?

Guzman just looks at him, "fucking civilians." Then...

GUZMAN
You ever see a pit viper up close?

WALSH
No.

GUZMAN
You want to keep it that way.
(re: the boat)
So let's hope she does.

He steps on board, leaving a nervous Walsh on the dock.

GUZMAN (CONT'D)
Beer's in the cooler. Help yourself.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUSANG RIVER - DAY

The outboard purrs as they motor up river. Walsh takes in the NATIVE TRIBESMAN panning for gold along the sandy bank. It's like they've travelled back in time.

GUZMAN
They've been panning this river for thousands of years - that's how it got it's name, "Busang."

Guzman lets that hang there, like a tease. Walsh bites...

WALSH
Busang?

GUZMAN
"The river of gold."

Walsh can't contain his smile.

WALSH
You gotta be shiting me.

Guzman just smiles back. He gives the outboard some gas and we go...

EXT. JUNGLE - AFTERNOON

THWACK -- a machete cuts through the dense foliage. Guzman is in the lead, clearing the way through the steep terrain. Walsh is winded, drenched in sweat. He mops his brow.

WALSH
Jesus... How long?

GUZMAN
About 40 million years.

Walsh looks at him -- *what the hell's he talking about?*

GUZMAN (CONT'D)
40 million years for all the geology
to cook.

WALSH
I meant...

GUZMAN
I know what you meant. You should
learn this now...out here, you're
either patient or you're dead.
(then)
Stop your whining, follow the trail.
We'll get there.

Walsh looks. If there's a trail, only Guzman can see it.

EXT. JUNGLE - TOP OF THE RIDGE - DUSK

Guzman emerges from the foliage, pulling himself onto a clearing on the top of a ridge. Walsh struggles up after --

Guzman stands on the edge of the ridge line, staring out. Walsh is bent over, sucking for air, drowning in sweat, not even noticing what Guzman is staring at, until...

GUZMAN
Take a look.

Walsh looks out and is instantly spellbound -- it's JUST LIKE HIS DREAM -- GOLDEN LIGHT sparkles over a pristine valley. The BUSANG RIVER cutting through the heart of the jungle.

WALSH
My god - that is pretty.

GUZMAN
There have been a few folks up here tapping over the years...
(pointing)
...but they've all focused on the foothills to the south - there's a basalt overlay which is usually a good sign, but they never found anything.

He points to an area on the opposite side of the valley.

GUZMAN (CONT'D)
What interests me is right there, on the south bank. See the depression in the land - you can just make it out, it's like a giant left a footprint.

He turns to Walsh, like speaking the gospel.

GUZMAN (CONT'D)
Something happened under there.
Something hot and angry. That's where we'll find the tasty bits.

But Walsh is barely listening. He's transfixed.

WALSH
(almost to himself)
It's out there...

GUZMAN
Damn right it is.

And as they stand there, two men together, staring out at their destiny...we...

CUT TO:

EXT. NATIVE VILLAGE - EVENING

Like a wild west mining town -- bars, supply stores, a brothel. A NATIVE VENDOR with a push cart scoops rice into wooden bowls, laying on meat grilled over a propane flame.

Walsh and Guzman collect their bowls and when Walsh goes for his wallet, Guzman stops him, producing a pouch from his pocket. He removes a pinch of GOLD DUST from the pouch, dropping it on a small scale on the vendor's cart.

Weights are adjusted, a little more dust and it's done. Guzman turns to Walsh.

GUZMAN
Coin of the realm.

EXT. NATIVE VILLAGE - EVENING

Walsh and Guzman eat, sitting on crates by the side of what passes for a road.

GUZMAN
The lease on the property's currently held by a Canadian company. They're looking to unload it cheap - they're getting buried on some Kazakh venture.
Up to their eyes I hear.
(then, almost a warning)
Never had the capital to develop the site in the first place.

WALSH
Well, first thing we're gonna do is move some paper.

GUZMAN
Like I told you, none of the big guys are gonna touch us.

WALSH
Then we'll talk to the little guys. I know how to sell this, Mike. I've been waiting my whole life to sell this. How much do we need?

GUZMAN
Seven - seven fifty to start.

Ouch... Walsh takes a beat to re-focus.

WALSH
But how much are we gonna need?

GUZMAN

We gotta nail down a permit, which means lining pockets - this is Indonesia. Corrupt. Violent. And they've got a very special place in their hearts for Westerners.

WALSH

I'll get the money. Whatever it takes.

Walsh is about to wipe his face with his NAPKIN, but has a sudden idea. He pulls out a pen and quickly scribbles something down on it then slides the napkin over to Mike.

GUZMAN

What's this?

WALSH

A contract. Read it. Sign it.

Guzman looks over what Walsh has written on the napkin. They share a look -- a moment. WE DON'T SEE WHAT'S ON THE NAPKIN.

GUZMAN

Fair enough.

WALSH

We got a deal?

Guzman signs and sticks his hand out to Walsh. They shake.

GUZMAN

Deal.

INT. DIMLY LIT ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Walsh is still in the chair, staring out. Then he leans in like he's about to share the secrets of the universe.

WALSH

For the first time in my life, I was selling something I really believed in - I could feel it in my bones. Any real salesman will tell you - if you believe it, you can sell it.

PRE-LAP SOUND:

BOBBY BURNS (V.O.)

Hell yeah it's risky - I'm being straight here. But hey, no risk, no reward, right...

INT. THE THREE GREENHORNS BAR - MORNING

The place is packed -- it's the usual crowd, but everyone's working the phone. The mood is electric.

Bobby Burns is at his table mid-pitch. Around him all the regulars are telling versions of the same story.

BOBBY BURNS

This guy Guzman knows his shit. Yeah, Walsh landed the big fish...

AT THE BAR -- Guzman collects a drink, taking in the chaos of the room, catching snippets of the phone pitches --

"...guy's got a platinum resume... Largest copper strike in history... M.I.T, he's a real brainiac... Right, the 'copper king'... Busang, it means 'river of gold'. No, I'm not fucking kidding, What do you say?... "\$20,000 minimum buy in, but that's only today." Can I put you down?... This is just gettin' rollin', baby. Big time!"

Walsh comes up to Guzman, all smiles -- he loves these guys.

WALSH

What'd I tell you - the best.

GUZMAN

We don't even have the exploration rights. What are they selling?

WALSH

It's never the thing that sells, it's the story. And right now, the story's you. Get used to it, pal.

And as we look over this makeshift trading floor, the SOUND OF KEYS BEING PUNCHED rises above the din of sales chatter -- TAPE PRINTOUT SCROLLING, and we are...

INT. THE THREE GREENHORNS BAR - BACK BOOTH - NIGHT

Bobby Burns furiously enters figures into an ADDING MACHINE. Walsh and Guzman wait anxiously. It's been a long day, everyone's exhausted.

Bobby scrolls the tape, tearing it off with a flourish.

BOBBY BURNS

Two hundred, sixty seven thousand and change.

GUZMAN

Not exactly the number I had in mind.

WALSH
Can you make it work?

GUZMAN
It's enough for the permit and we can sink a few holes. If we work fast and get lucky, who knows...

BOBBY BURNS
All we need is a little good news and we can raise more money.

WALSH
(raising his glass)
Then here's to good news.

Guzman raises his beer with a certain amount of skepticism, but what the fuck, he's in this far. They clink glasses and we go...

INT. WALSH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A suitcase on the bed, Walsh zips it up. He heaves the strap over his shoulder and turns. Kay stands in the doorway.

KAY
I want my watch back, David.

WALSH
Kay, I told you. You're gonna get it back.

KAY
No, I want it now.

WALSH
I'm making a run here, babe. You're part of this. I'm doing this for us.

KAY
David, I don't want to hear it. That watch is the only thing I have left of my mother's. Because my father stole everything else she ever had. You understand?

WALSH
Yeah, I understand. You don't trust me. You talk about our dreams. Our ranch in the mountains, right? Clean air and big views - our little place above it all. That's what I'm doing right now, Kay. This is not a joke. This is real. This is the one.

KAY

I know you've raised a lot of money,
David and I'm happy for you - the
mortgage is paid, the car insurance,
thank you - but I want my mother's
watch back, okay?

WALSH

No...it's not a lot of money, Kay.
Not nearly enough. Barely what we
need to get started.

He kisses her, she pulls away, fighting the tears.

WALSH (CONT'D)

Look at me. Look at me, Kay. I love
you. And I know what the watch means
to you. I just need to know you trust
me. You're with me all the way.

The tears come, she's torn by this.

KAY

David... Okay, okay...I do. I do love
you and I do trust you...

He holds her, kisses her.

WALSH

Okay. I'll see you when I get back. I
won't take long, I promise.

She nods, tears in her eyes -- Walsh heads off, but turns
back.

WALSH (CONT'D)

Okay, here...you can time me.

KAY

What?

And he dangles her mother's watch before her eyes. Kay takes
the watch, squeals, jumps into his arms, kissing him wildly.

WALSH

...Okay, okay...Jesus...I have to
catch a plane.

KAY

I love you, David.

PRE-LAP SOUNDS... the call to prayer.

EXT. JAKARTA - DUSK

A towering minaret in the heart of the old city. The calls of the faithful wail over the setting sun...

JAKARTA, JUNE 1994

CUT TO:

INT. JAKARTA - SHANGRI-LA HOTEL - DUSK

David and Guzman get ready for a meeting. Guzman is looking at paper work. Walsh comes out of the bathroom -- the sound of a flushing toilet, tucking in his shirt.

GUZMAN

What's that smell?

WALSH

I just took a shit.

GUZMAN

Are you wearing cologne?

WALSH

Yeah, why, you getting turned on?

GUZMAN

Go wash it off.

WALSH

What? Fuck you.

GUZMAN

Wash it off, now. They're going to be here any minute.

WALSH

It's a little Old Spice?!

GUZMAN

Listen to me! We have one shot at this. He's the Minister of The Interior of Indonesia, if he doesn't like us because of the way we look or the way we smell - we are done. If he really doesn't like us it could be much worse. The cologne is an insult. We don't insult. We don't talk. We listen, we get the deal done and we get the permit. Do not fuck this up David. Now go wash it off.

David stares for a moment - like a humiliated child. He doesn't like it at all. He goes into the bathroom. Slams the door. Off Mike looking very nervous, we...

CUT TO:

INT. SHANGRI-LA HOTEL - SUITE - LATER

A FORMAL DINNING ROOM, super-luxe. WAITERS in waist-coats and ties deferentially clear away the appetizer plates.

Seated at the table is the INDONESIAN MINISTER OF MINING AND FORESTRY, decked out in diplomatic uniform. TWO LARGE ARMED MEN stand behind, flanking him on both sides. SECURITY.

WALSH and GUZMAN sit across from the Minister, looking like a very odd couple -- Walsh in an ill-fitting suit, a sheen of perspiration on his face. Guzman, dressed in white linen and an open collar. Cool as can be.

A STEWARD pours hot liquid into small bowls at each setting. The Minister speaks with a well-mannered Indonesian accent.

MINISTER

...I have reviewed your permit request for the Busang property.

Walsh picks up his bowl and sips his "tea." Guzman clears his throat -- Walsh looks over, "What?..." Guzman gives a subtle shake of the head.

The Minister watches with a superior air. He pointedly washes his hands in his bowl.

WALSH FREEZES. The "tea" is for hand washing not drinking.

MINISTER (CONT'D)

...There was a conspicuous lack of documentation. Surely there are geological reports from previous explorations of this site?

GUZMAN

Yes, excellency. We chose not to include them because there were no conclusive indicators. I could send them, but I thought it best not to waste your time.

During this exchange, Waiters have served GIANT PRAWNS, heads still on and HALVED URCHIN, spiky shell with gooey meat.

Walsh blanches. Guzman gives him a warning look.

WALSH
 (to waiter; what the hell)
 Can I get a fork?

The waiter doesn't move, obviously uncomfortable. He glances to the Minister for guidance.

MINISTER
 (without looking at Walsh)
 These are dishes you eat with your hands, Mr. Walsh.

The Minister expertly cracks the head off a prawn.

MINISTER (CONT'D)
 (still to Guzman)
 And what makes you think you will find what others before could not?

GUZMAN
 I believe, quite simply, sir, that they were looking in the wrong place and ran out of capitol before they could find the right place.

(beat)
 The underlying geology is sound.
 There's gold there, excellency.

A long moment. The Minister gives no outward indication one way or another. Walsh jumps in to fill the silence.

WALSH
 Mike's the best in the business - he's got our plan of attack all laid out.
 If anyone can...

The Minister cuts him off, again without so much as a glance in his direction. Walsh fumes at the snub. Pissed.

MINISTER
 The natural resources of my country are a gift from God - they are the divine inheritance of all my countrymen. As Minister of Mining and Forestry, the stewardship of these resources is a responsibility I take very seriously.

Walsh has had enough of this pompous asshole.

WALSH
 (under)
 Give me a break.

Guzman senses the coming explosion, tries to head it off.

GUZMAN

We understand entirely, sir, and allow me to assure you that Mr. Walsh and I share your...

...Too late.

WALSH

(to a Waiter)

Hey! Who's a guy gotta fuck to get a drink around here?

Walsh definitely has the Minister's attention now.

MINISTER

I am a Muslim, sir. I do not drink.

WALSH

I'm an American. And I do. And last time I checked, I was hosting this little shin-dig...so you might want to throw a question or two in my direction, you know?

MINISTER

Yes, you are American. You may be paying for this meal, but you are a guest in my country, seeking the dispensation of my office.

GUZMAN

Okay, look... David, let's just take a step back here.

WALSH

You're right. And I apologize. I can see I've offended your religious and moral sensibilities.

And with that, he pulls a THICK ENVELOPE from his jacket, sets it down on the table with a THUD.

A long held breath. The Minister stares Walsh down with eyes ablaze. Walsh doesn't blink. Guzman is going to kill him.

WALSH (CONT'D)

You know, now that you mention it, I've been thinking of converting to Islam. I mean, if we don't find any gold at least I'll get the forty virgins, right?

Everyone reacts.

GUZMAN
David - enough!

WALSH
Or maybe I'll go half. Twenty's a
windfall - hell, if they're really
virgins two would probably kill me.

Walsh laughs with a "fuck you" smile. The Minister rises.

MINISTER
We are done here.

He throws down his napkin. Walsh stands fast. The body
guards step forward.

WALSH
Yeah, why don't we cut the bullshit
and get this dance over with?

He shoves the envelope across the table, SPILLING OUT CASH.

The Minister stares at the money, then back at Walsh. He
sweeps from the room -- his entourage follows. The door slams
behind them.

GUZMAN
You fucking idiot.

Guzman grabs the envelope and goes. Walsh is alone, his face
flushed with anger, embarrassment -- he knows he fucked up.
He moves over to the bar, pours a big drink and drains it.

He throws the glass at the wall -- it shatters!

WALSH
FUCK!

Guzman comes back in, hot, moving right to Walsh, and before
Walsh can say a word -- CRACK! Guzman punches him in the
face, driving him against the table. Plates hit the floor.

GUZMAN
You stupid son of a bitch! When are
you going to learn to keep your
fucking mouth shut?!

Walsh shoves Guzman away, ready to fight.

WALSH
That guy was an asshole!

GUZMAN
Yeah? Well that *asshole* has our balls
in a vice.

Guzman moves to the bar, pours a drink, cooling down.

WALSH
You gonna tell me what happened?

Guzman turns back to him, taking his time.

GUZMAN
...He took the money.

A smile spreads across Walsh's face. Guzman doesn't want to give him the victory.

WALSH
Of course he took the money. It's
money.

Guzman just shakes his head.

GUZMAN
You're a lucky bastard, David.
(serious; a warning)
Don't fuck me.

SMASH TO:

EXT. BUSANG VALLEY - DAY

A glorious sunny day, the sky is blue and the river sparkles. We pan down and find -- A small army of NATIVE WORKERS are hard at it. Crude OUT-BUILDINGS under construction.

BUSANG VALLEY - FEBRUARY, 1994

We find WALSH and GUZMAN taking in the activity.

WALSH
It's gonna be great, Mike. It's gonna
be great.

Suddenly, a gentle SUN SHOWER rains down...everything sparkles. It's beautiful, but Guzman doesn't think so...He stares up into the sky, knowingly...

GUZMAN
Monsoon's coming early.

CRACK! A FLASH OF LIGHTING. ROARING THUNDER and we...

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSANG SITE - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY

The sky is black, churning. The RAIN comes down in sheets.

A SERIES OF SHOTS --

-- BEAT UP TRUCKS (Soviet military surplus) roll onto the site. Walsh and Guzman, soaked to the bone, supervise the native workers as they begin to unload.

-- AN OLD DRILLING RIG on a rusty TRAILER is pulled by a team of OXEN. The WHEELS sink in the mud and Guzman shouts orders over the howling wind as Natives drive the Oxen forward.

-- PIPE IS PULLED OFF THE BACK OF ANOTHER TRUCK. In the BACKGROUND, workers are assembling the DRILLING RIG, climbing rain-slick scaffolds, like some ancient devotees constructing a monument to a wrathful God.

-- A BACKHOE DRAGS THE EARTH -- cutting a fresh road through the forest.

-- MAIN TENT -- rain thumps the canvas roof. Guzman stands before a map of the site, pointing out the strategy to Walsh. A FOREMAN and a few other WORKERS listen in.

GUZMAN

We'll start here at the Southeast bank and step out in a semi-circular pattern. That'll be the most efficient use of our money.

(favoring Walsh)

It's like a game of "Battleship." When we get a hit we'll drop holes all around and follow the contour of the vein.

-- A SPINNING DRILL SHAFT rattles the RIG'S framing. The sound is deafening, even in the continuing downpour.

Guzman oversees the FOREMAN and three men as they guide in pipe, pushing the drill deeper and deeper into the earth.

GUZMAN (CONT'D)

(shouting over the din)

That's one hundred feet! Let's keep it coming - we have to get to at least three hundred to get a good look at what's down there!

-- HUNDRED FOOT ROCK CORES are laid out on the ground. We pull back we see ten cores, then twenty, then fifty cores.

-- A DIAMOND TIPPED CIRCULAR SAW cuts the CORES into three foot sections.

-- A ROCK CRUSHER, as the core sections are fed into it. Workers collect the rubble in CANVAS SACKS at the other end.

-- THE SACKS, as they're tied closed with WIRE. HOT WAX is poured over the sacks, imprinted with the BRE-X LOGO -- a TAMPER-PROOF SEAL.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSANG SITE - DAY

A break in the rain. Guzman and Walsh stand ankle deep in mud as the canvas sacks are loaded onto a truck. They look like they've been through a war.

The last sack is loaded and Guzman gives the truck a rap on the side. The truck pulls away, belching smoke. Walsh and Guzman watch it go -- it's carrying their dreams.

WALSH
What do we do now?

GUZMAN
We wait.

EXT. BUSANG SITE - NIGHT

The rain is torrential again. Mud flows down the mountains and into the camp. The river ready to burst. The MAIN TENT looks like it's about to float away.

WALSH (O.S)
Fuck! Fuck!...God damn it!

INT. BUSANG SITE - TENT - CONTINUOUS

Walsh is going over some papers, the cover page reads, "Indo-Karta Laboratories. Assay Report."

WALSH
...These things look worse every time
we get one.

Walsh throws the papers down, but Guzman doesn't respond, he's got his head buried in his maps.

WALSH (CONT'D)
We've put a hundred and twenty holes
in the ground and got shit.

GUZMAN
I'm gonna try something else. I'm
moving further up the seam line.

WALSH
Well you better try it fast.

GUZMAN
Remember what I told you about
patience?

WALSH
Remember what I told you about money?

GUZMAN
You said money wasn't a problem.

WALSH
It's becoming a problem.

Walsh suddenly shudders with a chill. He has to sit down.

GUZMAN
You don't look so good.

WALSH
It's ninety eight degrees out and
pissing down rain. How the fuck am I
supposed to look?

Walsh starts to cough, hacking uncontrollably.

GUZMAN
(a hand to Walsh's head)
You're burning up, mate. That's
nothing to mess with.

WALSH
(forcing himself to stand)
I'm fine.

He moves to Guzman's maps.

WALSH (CONT'D)
Now, show me what's next.

Walsh hacks violently -- off Guzman's concerned look we...

CUT TO:

INT. DIMLY LIT ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

BACK WITH THE INTERVIEW -- Walsh lets out a long plume of
smoke, swirling the ice in his drink.

WALSH

We drilled our holes, assayed the cores and got nothing. Zero. We were nearly busted - out of money, out of time, but, no way I was giving up - I was gonna find a way to keep going if it killed me. I picked up a bad case of malaria. Over a million people a year still die of malaria - bet you didn't know that...and fuck if I wasn't on the list.

EXT. BUSANG SITE - NIGHT (1994)

That fucking rain. WORKERS are assembled under a TARP -- if ever there was a disgruntled mob, this is it. The FOREMAN speaks to his men in their native language.

GUZMAN, hustles through the downpour, protecting a file of paper under his coat. He gives a worried glance to the workers before ducking inside.

INT. BUSANG SITE - MAIN TENT - CONTINUOUS

Walsh is laid out on a camp bed. He's swollen, pale, bloodshot eyes and covered in sweat -- malaria.

GUZMAN

(re: the papers)
I've got the new assay reports.

Walsh manages to sit up. It's an effort to speak, painful.

WALSH

Talk to me.

Walsh starts to cough, like he's hacking up broken glass.

GUZMAN

There nothing to talk about. We're not finding anything.

WALSH

Shit...SHIT!

A beat. What's there to say, except more bad news...

GUZMAN

The workers are leaving, David.

WALSH

No... Okay...okay, look...You gotta talk to them, tell them anything - just buy us some time.

GUZMAN
I've talked to them...and talked.
They're not listening to me.

Guzman gives him a look -- Walsh knows what he's thinking.

WALSH
Look at me, Mike. I can't go out
there.

GUZMAN
It has to be you. This is your show.
You've got to convince them...make
them believe.

Walsh looks at his friend. He loves the belief he sees in
Guzman's eyes and that's enough to get him to his feet.

WALSH
Don't let me die in this jungle.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSANG SITE - OUTSIDE TENT - MOMENTS LATER

Guzman watches as Walsh talks with the workers under the tarp.
We can't hear what they're saying, but it's heated.

After a few moments, Walsh shakes the Foreman's hand. It
could be "You've got a deal." It could be, "Goodbye."

Walsh walks back to Guzman as the workers begin to disperse,
making their way toward the gates. Walsh does his best not to
stumble. He rests his hand on Mike's shoulder like it's just
a friendly gesture -- in truth, he's about to fall down.

He throws a look back to the men. Then to Guzman...

WALSH
(re: the tent)
I don't know if I can make it back in
there on my own.

Guzman leads him inside...

INT. BUSANG SITE - TENT - CONTINUOUS

Walsh collapses on the bed, a shuddering chill wracks his
body.

WALSH
Right now. Buy a water purification
system. A good one. The best one we
can afford - steal one of you have to.

GUZMAN
...Water purification?

WALSH
For the village, their families.
Fresh water and they'll stay.

Guzman looks down at him, a smile coming to his face.

GUZMAN
Brilliant. Fucking brilliant, mate.

Walsh rises, just slightly, but enough to be imploring. A moment of cold clarity, but his eyes are retreating.

WALSH
There's no more money, Mike. If we're gonna make this happen, it has to happen now.

He passes out. Guzman looks down at him. Message received.

CUT TO:

INT. DIMLY LIT ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

WALSH
I spent the next 5 weeks in a malarial haze. Mike kept the work going...and he kept me alive.

A SERIES OF SHOTS: (1994)

-- MUD FLIES as workers wrestle a DRILL into the ground.

-- GUZMAN dabs a delirious WALSH with a cold cloth.

-- HUGE SECTIONS OF CORES are CRUSHED in the SAMPLE SHED.

-- SACKS are sealed with WAX.

-- NATIVE VILLAGE -- pouring rain. GUZMAN buys HERBS from a tribal MEDICINE MAN. He pays with GOLD DUST. He TURNS and sees something that stops him in his tracks --

-- BEAUTIFUL NATIVE WOMAN(20's) gorgeous, primitive, dressed in native clothes, stares at Mike through the rain. There's something secret and magical in her eyes -- sexual. It's like they know each other. They stare for a long moment.

The sound of an IGNITING FLAME...FUMMM! --

-- A BUTANE FLAME -- GUZMAN brews the herbs. He pours it into a mug and forces WALSH to drink. WALSH gags and SPITS IT OUT.

GUZMAN
You want to live? Get it down!

Guzman holds the cup and Walsh chokes down the remedy.

-- AT THE DOCKS -- GUZMAN and WORKERS load more SAMPLE SACKS onto a boat.

-- GUZMAN, covered in dirt and looking near dead, watches the boat heading down river, the sky on fire with the last light of day -- a last shot look in Guzman's eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DIMLY LIT ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

WALSH'S HAND -- a cigarette smolders at the knuckle.

WALSH
Five weeks I was in and out. I should have been dead. Again.
(beat)
When the fever broke I got the news, the workers had stayed.

Stay on his hand as he crushes out his smoke with finality.

INT. BUSANG SITE - MAIN TENT - DAY (1994)

Walsh sits up in bed, sipping more tea, weak but improving.

Guzman opens the flap and steps inside. He's holding a file. MORE ASSAY REPORTS. He looks at Walsh, unreadable.

WALSH
You gonna talk, or what?

GUZMAN
We pulled seventeen more cores.

WALSH
...Assays?

Guzman sits, exhausted, just shakes his head. Tosses the reports in Walsh's lap.

GUZMAN
No good.

WALSH
...shit...

Then, just as Walsh turns back the cover page of the report.

GUZMAN
I would say more in the area of great.

Walsh stops. Looks up -- a beat.

WALSH
Don't fuck around, Mike.

GUZMAN
Eighth of an ounce per ton.

Walsh scans the reports, rising to his feet.

WALSH
Eighth of an ounce per.
(realizing)
...Holy fuck...

Guzman smiles -- Walsh is in shock.

GUZMAN
We've got a strike, David.

Walsh, smiles, laughs, screams!

WALSH
We've got ourselves a gold mine!

GUZMAN
That we do.

WALSH
WE GOT A GOLD MINE!

SMASH TO:

INT. THE THREE GREENHORNS BAR - NIGHT

POP!!! Champagne sprays from the bottle as Walsh moves through the crowd at the bar, filling everyone's glasses.

WALSH (V.O.)
That moment, there's no way I could possibly describe the feeling.

The regulars are all here, sharing in Walsh's victory.

WALSH (V.O. (CONT'D))
It's amazing how a little gold dust can change everything. For better or worse, the ride had begun. And what a fuckin' ride...

INT. THE THREE GREENHORNS BAR - LATER

The place is vibrating! MUSIC OVER. Walsh is with Bobbie Burns and a few other Greenhorns' regulars -- CONRAD (Connie) WRIGHT(40's) and SCOTTIE NEVINS(50's) celebrating at the bar.

WALSH
To the best sales team in the
business, right here!

Connie Wright raises a glass.

WRIGHT
You're a stand up guy, Dave-o.

NEVINS
To sharing the wealth.

They clink glasses and drink deeply --"Sharing the wealth!"

WALSH
It'll be straight commission to start,
but this hook's got meat on it.
There's money out there, so reel it
in.

They throw back the rest of what's in their glasses. Walsh leans over and whispers to Bobby Burns.

WALSH (CONT'D)
This stock's gonna start cooking, you
sell a little here and there. You
hear me? Don't wait. Think rainy
day, Bobby boy.

BOBBY BURNS
I'm with you, Davy - all the way.
Cheers.

They drink -- Kay comes up and pulls Walsh gently by his arm.

KAY
I'm stealing him from you, gentlemen.

Walsh sheepishly walk, the music changes to a slow song...

KAY (CONT'D)
You haven't said more than two words
to me all night so, for your sins,
you're dancing with me.

WALSH
Kay?...

But his protest melts away under her gaze. Instead he kisses her and allows himself to be led to the dance floor. They dance close, Kay's eyes locked on his, a smile on her lips.

WALSH (CONT'D)
So, what do you think?

KAY
I think you're a better dancer than you're letting on.

What the hell, he gives her a little turn -- she laughs in surprise and Walsh pulls her in tight, cheek to cheek.

WALSH
None of this means anything without you. You know that, right?

KAY
I love you, too, David.

A sweet moment of connection. He kisses her -- a great kiss. But the moment is short lived. They're interrupted by Bobbie Burns who has someone to introduce to Walsh.

BURNS
David, this is Walt Kealer, he publishes that investor magazine, The Gold Digger, I told you about.

WALSH
Right. Good to know you, Walt.

KEALER
I reach half a million subscribers. Double that with my newsletter. They'd love to know what you got cooking in Busang. You got a minute, I'll buy you a drink.

That's new -- someone buying him a drink. He turns to Kay --

WALSH
Baby, I'm gonna owe you that dance. You know I'm good for it.

He leaves Kay with kiss on the cheek. Kay watches, resigned to the moment as David throws his arm around Kealer, steering him to the bar. Off Kay, ...where is this all going...?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE THREE GREENHORNS BAR - WALSH'S BOOTH - MORNING

The aftermath. The juke box plays an old Hank Williams tune. The bar is trashed, half-filled glasses, over-flowing ashtrays, the smell of booze and stale smoke.

Walsh has the place to himself. He's in the same clothes from last night, working the phones as he sips his breakfast.

WALSH
(into phone)
...we've gone from 4 to 23 cents on
the one assay result. Since then
we've pulled two more cores that
confirm our findings. This thing is
going - get in before the news gets
better. When have I steered you
wrong, Frankie?

(pause; laughs)
You're a bastard to bring that one up!
I'll put you down for five thousand -
trust me, you'll be thanking me.

His other phone rings.

WALSH (CONT'D)
I gotta jump.

He looks up as the front door opens. Kay comes in wearing her waitress uniform. He picks up his other phone.

WALSH (CONT'D)
Hey, Lou, let me try you right back.

He hangs up, greeting Kay with a smile.

WALSH (CONT'D)
Hey Baby.

KAY
You didn't come home.

WALSH
We wrapped it up around four, I
figured I'd stick around and catch the
market opening in New York.

KAY
You've got to sleep.

Walsh pulls her into the booth next to him.

WALSH
(arm around her shoulder)
I want you to picture the greenest
meadow you can imagine - blue skies
and a fresh mountain breeze. Now
take a big deep breath, Kay... Are you
there?

KAY
(like she's praying)
...I'm there.

WALSH
When we're really there, I'll sleep.
Okay?

A kiss, which she reluctantly accepts -- he's been drinking
and smoking all night and he looks like the walking dead.

KAY
I brought you some clean clothes.

Walsh looks puzzled for a beat, then he checks his watch.

WALSH
Right, gotta go!

INT. THE THREE GREENHORNS BAR - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Walsh does his sink bath routine again. The snap of a clean
shirt and a shot of Binacca takes us --

INT. COLSON & WELLS CAPITOL GROUP - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The scene of Walsh's earlier humiliation now takes on a
decidedly different tone.

Walsh is at one end of the table. CLIVE COLSON(70's) is seated
opposite, flanked by Anderson and Stanton who don't look
nearly as cocky as they did before.

CLIVE
David, your father and I started out
together in this business. Hell, he
put me in the business - but I don't
have to tell you that.

WALSH
Dad always spoke well of you, Clive.

CLIVE
Makes me glad to hear so.
(beat)
(MORE)

CLIVE (CONT'D)
David, I'd like to underwrite a private placement of Bre-X stock. I believe we can raise between two and three million dollars based on your current assay results.

That's a lot of money. Walsh nods, not giving anything away.

WALSH
Capital's definitely top of the agenda right now.

CLIVE
There's a lot of sharks in the water you're suddenly swimming in. We've got history - you know me and I hope you know you can trust me.

(pause)
I only wish you brought this to me sooner, David - I could have helped you with the start up.

Walsh locks eyes with Stanton -- a deer in the headlights -- is he gonna rat him out? Walsh drains his coffee, slides the mug across the table to Stanton.

WALSH
Top that off for me, will you?

Stanton rises and exits with Walsh's mug. We follow him --

INT. COLSON & WELLS CAPITOL GROUP - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Stanton walks like a condemned man to the kitchenette. In the background he can hear laughter coming from the conference room. He pours the coffee and heads back.

INT. COLSON & WELLS CAPITOL GROUP - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONT.

Stanton comes back in to find the group on their feet, Walsh shaking hands with Clive Colson.

CLIVE
Stanton. Mr. Walsh has agreed to give us his business. On one condition.

Stanton blanches. Here it comes. Walsh is stone faced.

WALSH
I want you to personally handle my account. I need you to be available to me 24/7/365.

Stanton is speechless for just a moment, but finds his voice.

STANTON
Absolutely. Yes. Thank you.

Clive slaps the stunned Stanton on the shoulder.

CLIVE
Congratulations. Seems you made quite an impression.

A look between Walsh and Stanton -- a look of understanding. Stanton is grateful, but also knows that Walsh owns him.

WALSH
It's gonna be a wild-ass ride. You ready for that?

STANTON
Yes, sir.

WALSH
Then what the fuck are we standing here for? Let's make some money.

SMASH TO:

-- A STOCK TICKER -- Bre-x at \$.86....\$1.25...

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

-- WESTERN PROSPECTOR MAGAZINE -- the cover story: "Bre-X strikes Gold in Shangri-la!"

-- AT BUSANG -- the noise is staggering as Guzman supervises more core drilling. We PAN the site -- more PERMANENT STRUCTURES, fewer tents.

-- RADIO STATION -- Walsh is interviewed by a FINANCIAL SHOW HOST, touting the continued success...

WALSH (CONT'D)
...Our assays are providing an clear picture of the ore structure and we now feel confident that we're looking at reserves in the 3 to 5 million ounce range...

-- THE ASSAY LAB -- a Bre-X sack is cut open, the crushed rock core sample is poured onto an industrial scale.

-- THE THREE GREENHORNS -- David, Bobbie and the guys work the phones. Kay swaps out David's Seagrams for coffee. As soon as she moves off, he pulls out a flask and tops off, never missing a beat of his pitch.

-- STOCK TICKER -- Bre-X climbs...\$2.75...\$3.10....\$4.87...

-- VIEW THROUGH A MICROSCOPE -- and there it is, scattered among the base rock -- GOLD! Just flecks of it, but there's something preternatural about the way it glitters, and at this magnification, it is mesmerizing.

CUT TO:

INT. DIMLY LIT ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Walsh leans back into the shadows. He rubs his eyes as Jennings changes tape on his micro-recorder.

WALSH

We had new estimates coming in every few weeks - it was like every time we stuck a drill in the ground the news just kept getting better.

EXT. BUSANG SITE - DAY (1994)

A DRILL BIT -- bites into the Earth. We ride it down, grinding through fifty million years of geologic history.

A PHONE RINGING PLAYS OVER --

GUZMAN (V.O.)

David. You check the last report?

WALSH (V.O.)

I'm looking at it now...

(beat)

...Holy shit ...HOLY SHIT!

There is laughter on the line as THE DRILL'S DESCENT STOPS and begins to retract back toward the surface.

GUZMAN (V.O.)

Holy shit is right, my friend.

WALSH (V.O.)

Whooooow!!!

-- A PRESS RELEASE -- creeping out of a fax machine: "OUR GEOLOGIC TEAM HEADED BY SENIOR GEOLOGIST MIKE GUZMAN NOW ESTIMATES BUSANG TO YIELD IN EXCESS OF 10 MILLION OUNCES."

-- A COMPUTER SCREEN -- Bre-X's financials displayed in GRAPHS and CHARTS. Bre-X's share price is listed at \$6.26.

We pull back to reveal we are in --

INT. J.P. MORGAN CHASE - TRADING FLOOR - DAY

A young banker, FRANK BIANCCINI(30's) scans the info on his screen. He hits print and strides across the trading floor.

He barely breaks stride as he passes the PRINTER, grabbing the freshly printed documents and we go --

INT. J.P. MORGAN CHASE - CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

50th. Floor. Breathtaking Manhattan views. We are Suddenly a long, long way from Reno.

Bianccini stands before his boss, HOLLIS DRESHER(60's), impeccable in a hand tailored suit, as Dresher looks over the newly printed documents.

BIANCCINI

I want them. I'm gonna make them huge.

Dresher takes a moment before look up from the documents.

DRESHER

Bring them in. Let's have a look.

CUT TO:

INT. THE THREE GREENHORNS BAR - DAY

Walsh is at his booth with Bobbie, Connie and Stanton -- the Bre-x version of a board meeting.

STANTON

We're about fifty percent subscribed.
We want to allocate thirty of the
remaining fifty for you guys to
unload.

(handing out papers)
I've targeted some solid leads you can
hit up.

WALSH

Hold that thought - I gotta bleed the
beast.

Walsh heads to the bathroom. As soon as he's gone, the phone rings. The guys all look up at Kay, delivering a fresh round. She knows the drill -- they hand her the phone.

KAY

Good morning, Bre-X Mineral
Corporation.

Kay's face registers nervous excitement.

KAY (CONT'D)
Please hold.

She covers the mouth piece, calling toward the bathroom.

KAY (CONT'D)
David!
(no answer)
David! You have to take this.

Walsh emerges from the head, zipping up his fly.

WALSH
Can't a guy take a leak?

Kay's expression tells him it's serious. He takes the phone.

WALSH (CONT'D)
This is David Walsh.

INTERCUT:

INT. J.P. MORGAN CHASE - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME TIME

Bianccini, looking over the sparkling skyline.

BIANCCINI
Mr. Walsh. This is Frank Bianccini,
J.P. Morgan Chase.

WALSH
No shit?

SMASH TO:

NEW YORK CITY seen from the window of a First Class seat.

INT. AIRLINER - FIRST CLASS - DAY

Walsh sips his free booze, taking in the awesome view. Kay is at his side, looking a little overwhelmed in her new dress -- trying to look ready for the big city. He feels her looking at him. He turns and meets her eyes -- this is big for them. Maybe too big...

He slips her hand in hers -- a reassuring squeeze and we go --

INT. AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM - LATER

Mike Guzman is chatting up a hot Asian FLIGHT ATTENDANT. She writes her number on a card and gives it to him.

She leaves him with a kiss on the cheek and Guzman turns to see Walsh and Kay approaching. Walsh greets him with a knowing smile. His eyes follow the flight attendant.

WALSH
Looks like you had a good flight.

GUZMAN
First class on someone else's dime?
Yeah, I had a great flight. Nice
suit.

Walsh holds up a sleeve -- hemmed with a safety pin.

WALSH
Picked it up on the way to the
airport.

They laugh. Guzman is put together as always and there's a flicker of recognition between them -- even in his best suit, Walsh doesn't look anywhere near ready for prime time. Kay picks up on this.

KAY
You both look great. You're gonna be
great.

Just then a voice turns them around.

DRIVER (O.S.)
Mr. Walsh? Mr. Guzman?

A uniformed driver, holding a sign with "Walsh / Guzman" written on it. Walsh, Guzman and Kay exchange little smiles.

WALSH
Yeah, I could definitely get used to
this.

EXT. OFFICE TOWER - DAY

A limousine pulls to the curb and the Driver comes around to let Walsh and Guzman out. Walsh leans back into the car.

WALSH
Do some shopping. Anything you want.
I'll see you back at the hotel. Have
fun.

KAY
Good luck, David.

A kiss and Walsh closes the door. He and Guzman turn and stare up at the office tower -- wow. A look between them. A deep breath and we go...

INT. J.P. MORGAN CHASE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Walsh and Guzman at the table with Bianccini, Dresher and the other BOSSES and, in this rarefied air, even Guzman looks a bit overwhelmed. Walsh is out of his depth, mid-pitch...

WALSH

We've got a private placement in play right now that's fifty percent subscribed - off our current assay estimates. The numbers keep coming in good - and they will - the sky's the limit on this thing.

An awkward beat. Bianccini steps up, he's sophisticated, confident.

BIANCCINI

You don't need to sell us, Mr. Walsh. We've already done the math. We want to take you to the big leagues. To do that we need the big money guys on board - the hedge funds and the mutual fund managers, big pension administrators. These guys aren't going to be impressed with a song and dance.

Okay, that was a little harsh. But, Walsh doesn't even blush at the obvious implication.

BIANCCINI (CONT'D)

...They want to see a serious businessman with a serious plan to turn your promising lab results in a volatile market, in a volatile country into something they can stake their reputations on.

WALSH

That's not gonna be a...

BIANCCINI

(cutting him off)

...The problem we have is that you, neither of you, have ever taken a gold find - or any other find, for that matter - all the way to production.

Suddenly Walsh is beginning to feel a little pushed.

WALSH
Wait a minute...

BIANCCINI
All I'm suggesting is we need to be smart about how we present this.

WALSH
And when's the last time you set one of your Gucci loafers down in a goddamn hole?

Frank fires back, calm, in control.

BIANCCINI
I've run one of the biggest minerals departments on Wall Street for the last six years, Mr. Walsh.

WALSH
You ever even seen a real rock? And I don't mean the kind you shove up your nose!

Bianccini smiles. Unflappable. Dresher steps up.

DRESHER
Okay, let's pull it back a notch, gentleman.

Everyone takes a beat. The tension in the room is thick. And then from other end of the table, Mike Guzman begins to speak...

GUZMAN
There's something about gold you can't explain with words.

All turn to Guzman.

GUZMAN (CONT'D)
You've got to get the taste of it on your tongue - the feel of it, gritty and electric between your fingers - and when you do, it's like a drug. You're hooked.

He's got their attention -- Guzman is mesmerizing.

GUZMAN (CONT'D)
David and me, we're prospectors. Wildcatters. We roll up our sleeves, we slog around in the mud and we dig.
(MORE)

GUZMAN (CONT'D)
 Come hell or high water, and believe
 me we've seen plenty of both, we get
 it done.

The room sees Guzman look at Walsh. A declaration of
 friendship. And faith. An endorsement.

GUZMAN (CONT'D)
 Put together your hedge fund boys,
 whoever you need. We'll take them
 into the bush, up the river to Busang.
 They'll see what they need to see.

Looks all around, landing on Bianccini... That's just too damn
 intriguing an offer to pass on. Off his look, we go...

INT. DIMLY LIT ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Jennings, jacket off, sleeves rolled up, pushes for clarity.

JENNINGS
 So, it was Guzman who proposed the
 Junket to Busang...?

Walsh drains his drink. Rattles the ice in the empty glass.
 Slowly sets it on the table -- like moving a chess piece.

WALSH
 It was a genius move. Wish I had
 thought of it. Let's face it, I don't
 exactly cut the right figure in a Wall
 street boardroom. They didn't like my
 suit or the smell of my whiskey in
 their hallowed halls -- but they could
 sure smell money. With that one move,
 Mike shifted the balance of power.
 They were coming to our house -- and
 that was a whole new ball game.

INT. JAKARTA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY (1994)

Walsh leads a group of BANKERS out of the terminal. Three
 we'll get to know, BINKERT and JACKSON (30's), OWENS(40).
 These are men set free from the concrete jungle, ready for a
 taste of the real thing. They all pull wheeled carry-ons,
 some dressed in the latest in safari-wear from Ralph Lauren.

They're met by Mike Guzman, in full bush gear -- two-day
 scruff -- looking like something out of a David Lean film.
 Suddenly the bankers' outfits look foolishly ersatz.

WALSH
 Gentlemen, I'd like to introduce your
 guide, Mike Guzman.

GUZMAN

Anyone who wants to turn back should
do it now -- this is your last chance.

They all look at him -- *is he fucking kidding?*...

WALSH

He's messin' with you, come on.

Guzman smiles. A few of the Bankers sigh, some aren't sure.

GUZMAN

Welcome to Indonesia, boys.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSANG RIVER - DAY

Guzman pilots a skiff up river. It's one of those perfect tropical day -- a balmy breeze, glorious sunshine and billowing clouds hanging in an impossibly blue sky.

Walsh gives the Bankers the tour -- as they pass a group of tribesmen panning the river.

WALSH

...These guys have been panning this river for five thousand years. That's how it got it's name...

He shoots a look to Guzman, making the Bankers wait for it...

GUZMAN

..."Busang." It means, the river of gold.

OWENS

(skeptical)

...That's not real?

The group looks on in amazement.

WALSH

Would I lie to you?

A smile between Walsh and Guzman -- this is the show and they're loving it.

EXT. BUSANG SITE - DAY

-- A BULLDOZER CLEARS A SECTION OF JUNGLE -- a crew works a DRILL RIG. Guzman shouts over the din, machete in his hand.

GUZMAN

...When we get a hit, we step out our drilling in a radiating pattern and keep going until we come up with a definitive picture of what's down there -- this way we can map out the underlying geology, the dimensions of the vein, how long, how wide, what shape is it.

BINKERT

And how deep can it go?

GUZMAN

Let me show you.

INT. BUSANG SITE - CORE SHED - DAY

Guzman leads the group into the CORE SHED. Throughout the building, lying in wooden cradles, are the CORE SAMPLES -- 100 foot long cylinders of rock and earth.

GUZMAN

Our typical drill depth is between 3 and 5 hundred feet. We pull out our core samples in 100 foot segments - 6 inches in diameter packed solid with rock and soil.

He moves to a massive work bench covered with crushed rock.

GUZMAN (CONT'D)

The cores are delivered here where they're prepared for shipping to the assay lab.

BINKERT

...Assay?

WALSH

That's the metallurgic analysis of the samples that makes guys like me rich and guys like you richer.

OWENS

(dubious of the process)

...The "assaying" isn't done here on site?

WALSH

Keep your shirt on, we'll get to that.

GUZMAN
This building is guarded 24/7 and kept
under lock and key.

He pulls the chain around his neck from his shirt showing --

GUZMAN (CONT'D)
This is the key.

With that he hoists up a diamond blade CIRCULAR SAW and it hums to life. He brings the blade down on the rock, OBLITERATING the rock, and our hearing, as it cuts a 3 foot section of core. Again, he shouts over the noise --

GUZMAN (CONT'D)
The cores are cut into sections and
then crushed!

He heaves the cut section into a CRUSHER which AUTOMATICALLY ACTIVATES the mechanism -- adding insult to aural injury.

GUZMAN (CONT'D)
The pulverized cores are then bagged
and sealed!

He produces a wax-sealed canvas sack as example, heaving it on the ground -- it lands with a THUD at the Bankers' feet.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSANG RIVER - DOCKS - DAY

Workers under ARMED GUARD load a small speedboat with, ID NUMBERED BRE-X MINERAL CORPORATION SACKS.

GUZMAN
The samples are sent down river to independent labs in Kalamantan. Again, under guard the whole way. If the seal is broken or damaged in any way, the lab, by law, has to discard the entire sample.

(a little smile)
Keeps everyone honest.

Walsh turns to Owens -- "...got it now?"

GUZMAN (CONT'D)
The bottom line - every safeguard has been put in place to assure the security of the process.

The Bankers nod, impressed. But that's not really what they came all this way for. They're not quiet sold.

WALSH

It all sounds great, right? Diamond tip saw blades, rock crushers and core samples ripped from the guts of the earth...

(beat)

...but that's not what you came to see. Am I wrong?

JACKSON

No, you're not.

Walsh and Guzman exchange a knowing look.

GUZMAN

You boys want to see some gold?

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSANG RIVER - TRIBUTARY - AFTERNOON

Late afternoon sun filters through the deep canopy. This could be Eden. A few of the Bankers, knee deep in the water, pan the rocky bottom.

BINKERT

Son of a bitch. No one's gonna believe this shit.

Owens swats at a bug the size of a golf ball. He looks more annoyed than impressed.

OWENS

So, what do you think?

BINKERT

Not sure. What about you?

OWENS

Guzman seems to know what he's talking about but, I don't know...

BINKERT

Seeing is believing, right?

Off Owens, considering this, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK OF THE RIVER - LATER

Guzman tends a fire in a little clearing just off the water. He reaches right into the flames, pulling out ROLLED BANANA LEAVES, charred by the flame.

Several of the Bankers watch as he lays the rolled leaves on a makeshift woven palm frond tray.

GUZMAN
...Anyone hungry?

They've had a long day. Hot, tired, ready for some food. Guzman hands out the rolled leaves to the guys -- they open the steamed banana leaves and their faces say it all --

JACKSON
Is that a fucking spider?

GUZMAN
Tarantula.

Some of the Bankers freak, drop their food. A few laugh.

JACKSON
Oh my God.

GUZMAN
Come on, give it a try - just like
crab meat.

He rips off a leg and sucks back the juice. Jackson gets brave, decides to give it a try.

JACKSON
It won't make me hallucinate or
anything will it?

GUZMAN
Never know. You might get lucky.

Owens, still working the river with Binkert, calls out!

OWENS
Hey, come here -- check it out!

Guzman leads the group out into the water to Owens. Walsh gestures to the pan.

WALSH
Looks like it might be the stuff.

Guzman holds the pan of mud up to the light -- glimmers of gold are seen in the fading sun.

WALSH (CONT'D)
What do you think?

GUZMAN
Give me a minute.

The Bankers all watch, rapt -- Guzman takes the pan and moves back to the river bank, dumps the mud into a waiting SLURRY. He takes a bucket of river water and starts pouring the water SLOWLY over the mud. Then, right before their very eyes...

GUZMAN (CONT'D)
Keep your eye's peeled, boys....

Like magic...

-- a GOLD NUGGET appears! About the size of a robin's egg. Guzman holds it up into the light -- it sparkles and shines.

GUZMAN (CONT'D)
A few more like that and you can pave
Wall Street.

The Bankers are fucking speechless. Walsh looks at the converted Owens...

WALSH
Pay dirt.

CUT TO:

INT. DIMLY LIT ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

WALSH
Now, I really don't know if that was just a stroke of luck or an amazing piece of showmanship - or both. But when Mike pulled that nugget out, we had 'em.

EXT. JUNGLE MINING TOWN - EVENING (1994)

As the party trudges through this muddy shanty town, Guzman pulls up alongside Owens and Binkert.

GUZMAN
Hey, Owens.

Guzman tosses Owens the golden nugget. He fumbles it around in his hands before he catches it.

GUZMAN (CONT'D)
Give that to your lady and she'll love you forever.

OWENS
I'll do that.

Guzman moves on. Walsh passes by --

WALSH
Seeing is believe, right boys?

Owens and Binkert share a look -- *did he hear them? How?* As they stare at Walsh, puzzled, maybe even impressed, Walsh just keeps walking, a knowing smile on his face.

WALSH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...Hook, line and sinker. Fuckin'
beautiful.

CUT TO:

INT. JUNGLE MINING TOWN - BAR - NIGHT

NAKED INDONESIAN GIRLS dance to bad 80's rock. It's Walsh, Guzman and the Bankers -- everyone is getting really loaded.

GUZMAN
...it's called a convex dome - it's
what every geologist dreams of finding
and that's what I think we've got at
Busang.

Walsh jumps in, putting it in layman's terms.

WALSH
Basically, it's a volcano that's
collapsed in on itself, forming an
inverted shell...
(cupping his hands)
...or a bowl full of all the stuff
we're looking for.

BINKERT
How much "stuff" you think we're
talking about?

They turn to Guzman. He finishes his drink, taking his time.

GUZMAN
Our current assays point to a deposit
of anywhere from 10 to 35 million
ounces. When we find the dome - and
we will find it - I wouldn't be
surprised if we prove 80 to 100
million ounces.

Jackson still has the presence of mind to do some calculations on his PDA calculator. He looks at the number.

JACKSON
...Is that right?

He re-does the calculations. They all wait. He looks again.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
You're talking over 30 billion
dollars.

They all freeze. Even Walsh pauses before raising his glass.

WALSH
May we all be in heaven an hour before
the IRS knows we're dead.

They laugh and right on cue, out come the girls. Hot. Asian. Two for each banker. As one of the girls runs her fingers through Jackson's hair, her breasts pressing against his face, he turns to Owens...

JACKSON
The business trips are going to be
outstanding.

OWENS
Hell of a write off.

Walsh watches, as the magic takes hold -- he turns to Guzman.

WALSH
Not a bad day.

GUZMAN
Nice little piece of luck, right?

Guzman smiles. He almost, but doesn't quite, wink. And as the party rages we go...

EXT. RENO, NEVADA - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

A bitter cold winter night. A single car drives by, freezing air blowing out of the tail pipe and we go...

INT. WALSH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Things are looking better -- same house, but there are improvements in progress. Carpenter's tools lay around. New appliances wait in the corners ready to be installed.

Kay is awakened from a sound sleep by the RINGING PHONE.

KAY
Hello.

WALSH (V.O.)
Kay... How are you, baby?

Kay glances at the clock 3:47 AM. That and Walsh's slurred speech alarm her -- she sits up.

KAY
David, what's wrong?

INTERCUT:

INT. SHANGRI-LA HOTEL - SUITE - SAME TIME

WALSH on the BALCONY of his Shangra-la hotel room. Twenty floors up. Shirtless, drunk and still drinking hard.

WALSH
Nothing's wrong, baby. Everything is A-all-fucking okay.

KAY
I wish you wouldn't call me when you're so drunk, David. It makes me worry about you.

WALSH
I'm not drunk, Kay. I'm celebrating.

KAY
Do you know what time it is here?

WALSH
Yeah, it's probably pretty early.

Walsh stares out at the city, his eyes wet with tears, slurring his words. He wobbles close to the rail.

WALSH (CONT'D)
They're all in, Kay. This is everything we've been waiting for.

KAY
Oh, David, that's fantastic - I knew you would do it.

WALSH
Meet me in New York. I'm leaving tomorrow. I'll send you some checkers.

KAY
Okay, I think you mean a ticket and that's fine. What's going on?

WALSH
Just come, okay?

KAY

There's so much going on with the house. And we're spending way too much money.

WALSH

Just sell it.

KAY

What? No. It's going to be so nice. I just ordered some pretty tile for the bathroom and...

WALSH

...Sell it Kay. Sell it and let's start looking on the mountain.

Walsh slips a little and almost goes over the railing backward, again dangerously close --

WALSH (CONT'D)

Find us the land with the meadow and a lake and the peace and quiet -- you know what the fuck I'm talking about. Someplace beautiful?

This hits Kay -- this is what she's been dreaming of.

KAY

Are you sure?

WALSH

Am I sure about what? That I love you? Fuck yes, I'm sure.

Kay smiles, like she's about to cry. Walsh leans WAY BACK on the rail, another fraction and this guy's going off a thirtieth floor balcony.

WALSH (CONT'D)

Just pack a bag!

KAY

Okay. I'll be there.

ON KAY -- a long beat. Silence on Walsh's end of the line.

KAY (CONT'D)

David? Are you there?

ON THE RAIL -- NO WALSH! JUST A COLD WIND. IS HE GONE? We pull back and see --

-- Walsh, stretched out on a lounge chair, his eyes closed, his drink falls from his hand. CRASH! SHATTERING ON THE DECK. Walsh doesn't move. Kay can hear the crash!

KAY (CONT'D)
Oh my god! DAVID!

Then, after another long beat, Kay hears...*SNOOORRRE!* A little smiles comes over her face.

KAY (CONT'D)
David...

Off Kay, as Walsh snores away, we go...

INT. SHANGRI-LA HOTEL - LOBBY BAR - DAY

Back in civilization, the bankers are scrubbed clean. They're gathered around Walsh at the bar, bloody Mary's all around. A liveried BELL BOY approaches with their bags.

BELL BOY
Gentlemen, your cars are ready.

Owen raises his glass. A final toast.

OWENS

To all that glitters.

WALSH
To Bre-X.

They all clink glasses. Down their drinks and begin gathering their bags. Owens shakes Walsh's hand.

OWENS
We'll see you in New York.

WALSH
You know you will.

As they head for the exit, Binkert looks at Walsh.

BINKERT
What about Guzman? He's not missing the show, is he?

WALSH
Someone's got to mind the fort. He'll be back at the site, soon as he takes care of the bar tab.

Walsh laughs and as MUSIC COMES UP, we...

CUT TO:

INT. JUNGLE VILLAGE - HOUSE - DAWN

A golden light streams in through a batik-shaded window. Guzman is in bed with THE BEAUTIFUL NATIVE GIRL -- she's the same girl he saw that rainy day in the village. A wholesome, exotic beauty...

She lies comfortably in his arms, he kisses her. She smiles as Mike whispers something that makes her smile. Like he just told her a secret. They seem happy, like they could be together forever. And maybe they will. As the music builds.

PRELAP --

BIANCCINI (V.O.)
...JP Morgan Chase, in association
with Colson and Wells, LLC, are proud
to announce the initial public
offering of Class-A common stock...

SMASH TO:

INT. J.P. MORGAN CHASE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Bianccini is holding the "Wall Street Journal," reading the full page "Tombstone" ad to Dresher and room full of associates and enthralled board members.

BIANCCINI
...and the official listing of Bre-X
Minerals Corporation on the New York
Stock Exchange.

He holds the paper up with a triumphant smile. The boardroom ERUPTS!

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. REGIS HOTEL - NIGHT

A town car pulls up. A DOORMAN opens the door for Kay.

DOORMAN
Welcome to the St. Regis, Ma'am.

KAY
Thank you.

She stares up at the grand hotel, a little star-struck...

INT. ST. REGIS HOTEL - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Kay is at the reception desk. A CLERK assists her.

CLERK

Ah...yes. Mr. Walsh left a key for
you, Ms. Ellis.
(hands her a room key)
You can go right up.

INT. ST. REGIS HOTEL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Kay walks up to Walsh's door. She straightens herself and knocks, no answer. She knocks again -- then she remembers her key. She opens the door and moves...

INT. ST. REGIS HOTEL - WALSH'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

KAY

David?

She slowly walks down the suite's hall entry, a little nervous about what she might find.

KAY (CONT'D)
David are you here?

She rounds a corner that opens into the main room of the suite -- and there, sitting in the middle of the room in a beautiful chair, is David Walsh.

New suit, nice cigar, he looks fantastic. It's like he's there to show Kay how he's improved himself.

WALSH
Hello, Kay.

KAY
(smile)
David!

WALSH
I wanted to surprise you.

Kay can't believe what she sees. The place is decked out in vases -- packed with hundreds of YELLOW ROSES.

KAY
Oh my god... What is all this?

He gets up and moves to her.

WALSH

I wanted to see you smile, Kay. I wanted you to see that this broken down old prospector still has a little sugar left in him.

David helps her off with her coat.

KAY

I don't know what to say. You look so handsome.

He holds his hands up to show her.

WALSH

I had my nails done.

KAY

(she laughs)
Come here.

WALSH

Where?

KAY

Here. Right over here.

He moves over, she takes his hand. She kisses him. A great kiss.

KAY (CONT'D)

I think success looks very good on you, Mr Walsh.

WALSH

Well, I think your clothes on the floor would look even better.

She smiles, he kisses her. As they start to make love we begin to hear, noise, shouting, laughter, energy...

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE - HALLWAY - MORNING

Walsh and Kay, dressed up, hold hands, smiling, laughing, walking fast, like ROCK STARS on their way to the stage.

Behind them, Bianccini and OTHERS are hurriedly escorted down the hall by NYSE OFFICIALS. As they walk, we begin to hear more NOISE AND SHOUTING, getting louder, it's like some wild sporting event is happening right above them --

They start up a set of stairs -- we follow them as they emerge...

INT. NYSE - TRADING FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

...on the raised PLATFORM overlooking the trading floor -- the place is packed, crackling with energy!

Walsh, surrounded by the bankers is led to the front of the platform, his arm around a beaming Kay as HE RINGS THE OPENING BELL!...DING!DING!DING!DING!

WALSH
I'm ringing the bell, baby! I'm
ringing the bell!

Kay laughs, giddy. They stand there smiling, basking in the raucous applause rising up around them as we...

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

-- A STOCK TICKER -- BRE-X IS OFF TO THE RACES -- \$28.00...
\$35.00...

-- THE CNBC CRAWL -- \$67.00... On the monitor behind the anchor, the Bre-X logo with the heading: "Bre-X On The Move."

-- THE TRADING FLOOR -- as purchase slips fall to the floor like confetti. We GO TIGHT ON ONE OF THE SLIPS as it slowly drift in air -- "BUY: BRX @ \$110.00"

WALSH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
In a single trading day we went from 23 bucks to over 110. It was unbelievable...

APPLAUSE takes us...

INT. PER SE RESTAURANT - NEW YORK - NIGHT

Walsh, Kay, Bianccini's crew and the BANKERS from the junket sit at a large table in a private dining room. Laughter and applause as champagne cascades down a flute pyramid.

A team of waiters swoop in and pass out the perfectly filled flutes. Bianccini leads the toast --

BIANCCINI
To a very good day. For all of us.
To David Walsh -- and to Mike Guzman,
wherever he may roam.

"Here, here." Walsh makes a show of downing his glass in one gulp, holding it to a waiter for a refill.

WALSH
Fill 'er up and keep it flowing.

JACKSON is back to crunching numbers on his PDA CALCULATOR.

BANKER
David, try this on for size. As of the closing bell this is what you're worth on paper - you and Mike, both.

He slides the calculator across to Walsh. We don't see the number, we just see his reaction -- EVERYTHING GOES SLOW, then...SILENT...Like he just slipped into a dream.

WALSH (V.O.)
...And just like that, I was richer than God.

He takes in the moment... Then, Kay kisses him and THE SCENE ERUPTS. The spell broken -- we're back to real time.

KAY
Oh my God, David!

But Walsh's eyes are now on the MODEL/DATE of the one of the Bankers sitting across the table. Her eyes are locked on Walsh like a money-seeking missile. He slides the calculator back to Jackson, commenting to Jackson's wife.

WALSH
He sleep with that thing, or what?

JACKSON'S WIFE
He sets it on vibrate and we're both happy.

Everyone laughs. Walsh glances at the MODEL. Her eyes are still right there. We can see David's deep breath -- this is gonna be trouble. Don't think Kay doesn't notice.

TIME DISSOLVES:

MONTAGE SEQUENCE --

INT. PER SE RESTAURANT - LATER

MUSIC up -- everything plays in and out of the music, snippets of conversation, jumbled and blurred, through the haze and laughter of too much booze.

-- PLATES ARE CLEARED -- another course of outrageously delicious food is served.

-- DRINKS ARE POURED -- and downed.

-- WALSH -- a sheen of sweat on his forehead, into one his classic bad jokes, all eyes on him, especially the Model's.

WALSH

...he's a little guy, like 5'3'' or so, 130 pounds and he's got those real little tiny running shorts on and when he stands up we all notice he's got what looks like a giant python living in there...

Walsh points to his crotch. They all laugh.

WALSH (CONT'D)

And he's leaning in towards me to make sure I see it. And EVERYBODY sees it!

Everyone laughs again.

WALSH (CONT'D)

Then some lady across the pool - and I swear this really happened- she screams out, "My God look at that guy's cock!"

The place erupts!!!

WALSH (CONT'D)

Hell, you can't blame him. If I owned that thing I'd be walking around with it on a leash!

And he brings the house down! The model, laughing, reaches across the table and clutches his arm.

-- KAY finishes her wine. Her glass is re-filled.

-- WALSH crushes out a smoke, a waiter replaces the ashtray as David lights another. The model catches his eye, holding out a hand. He gives her a smoke...

RACHEL

I'm Rachel. It's a pleasure to meet you, David.

...and lights it. Their eyes connect.

UNDER THE TABLE -- A SEXY SLING-BACK PUMP on a slender manicured foot -- we watch as, slowly, the pump slides from the foot and falls to the floor.

KAY stands, leans over Walsh, extending her hand to Rachel.

KAY
Hello, I'm Kay.

RACHEL
Hello, Kay.

WALSH
This is Kay, say hello to Rachel.

KAY
I just did, David.

An awkward beat.

KAY (CONT'D)
(back to Walsh)
I'm going to the bathroom - and then I want to go.

Kay moves off. UNDER THE TABLE, Rachel slides her foot under the cuff of Walsh's pants leg. Off his expression, we...

CUT TO:

INT. PER SE RESTAURANT - WOMAN'S RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kay dabs her face with water, trying to keep it together. She re-applies a little makeup, feeling in way over her head.

Two upper west side WOMEN walk in and move right past her. They don't say a word -- they don't have to. The looks, the body language says it all -- Kay just does not belong here.

She looks at herself in the mirror -- tries to put on a brave face and we go...

EXT. PER SE RESTAURANT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Kay moves down the hall, about to turn the corner when she hears familiar voices coming from the bar.

VOICE (O.S.)
...The guy's a fucking buffoon. Tell me why I'm not taking my profits and getting out now?

Kay peers around the corner -- it's Frank Bianccini. He's talking to one of the Bankers, ERIC HOLDER (40's). They're standing at the bar. Kay stays out of site, listening.

BIANCCINI

Look, we know, he's a joke - but he happens to be a very lucky joke. That doesn't mean we're gonna let him run a multi-billion dollar company, but you're gonna have to sit tight, alright?

ERIC

He's out, that's a guarantee?

BIANCCINI

No-brainer from day one.

ERIC

You give me your word?

BIANCCINI

I'm gonna screw you on this? I lose your fund that's half my business.

Eric likes the flattery. He pokes Bianccini's chest in a mock threat that barely masks the real threat he's conveying.

ERIC

Don't forget it.

BIANCCINI

(smiling)

Fuck you.

With an arm around Eric's shoulder, Bianccini leads him back to the table. KAY WAITS A BEAT -- then follows at a distance.

INT. PER SE RESTAURANT - DINNING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Kay approaches the table she stops short. The flirting is heating up. The model catches sight of Kay and makes a show of disengaging. Walsh turns, smiling sheepishly.

Kay walks up, picks up her bag.

KAY

(to a Waiter)

My coat please.

WALSH

...come on, babe, one more drink.

KAY
Stay if you want. I'm going.

Kay holds his gaze a beat, then heads for the door....

CUT TO:

INT. ST. REGIS HOTEL - NEW YORK - NIGHT

Kay walks in -- Walsh does his best to keep up with her.

KAY (cont'd)
...I don't want to talk about it!

DAVID
I wasn't doing anything!

KAY
I was sitting right next to you!

DAVID
Are you serious? That girl? She's a
gold digger, you don't think I see
that?!

KAY
I don't want to talk about it.

DAVID
Okay - well maybe I should have just
fucked her right there on the table!
At least I'd have gotten something out
of it, right? A little flirtation and
you're off the handle?!

KAY
You think that's what's bothering me?
Really? You're too drunk to get it up
anyway.

DAVID
(hurt)
Jesus, Kay?...

KAY
(cutting him off; pissed)
It's not the flirting, David - it's
the whole thing. How you're being...
You've got your head so far up your
ass you can't see what a fool they're
making of you.

WALSH
(stung)
What the hell does that mean?!

KAY
They don't like you, David! They
don't want you - to them you're just a
hole in the ground full of their
money.

WALSH
Why can't you just let me have this,
Kay? My whole life I've been waiting
for this exact day and you can't even
give me this!

KAY
You want me to be blind, David? I
won't do that! You can't even see
what's happening!

WALSH
How the hell do you know what I see?
Why can't you believe in me - just
once?

KAY
I've spent years believing in you!

WALSH
(with venom)
That's a load of crap, Kay! You've
patted me on the back and whispered
the encouraging words - but you've
never believed in me. Not ever.

This lands like a thunder clap. Silence. Then...

KAY
(barely audible)
That's not true...

WALSH
You can't even look at me.

There's a long beat. A truth has been spoken that they can't
retreat from.

WALSH (CONT'D) (cont'd)
God! Did it ever occur to you that
maybe I know what I'm doing? Did it
even occur to you?
(MORE)

WALSH (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 I'm not the sad drunk guy in the
 corner booth you've got to fix - and
 roll your eyes with your long-
 suffering sighs...

(mocking)
*"Oh, whatever's going to become of
 poor drunk David?!" I'M NOT A LOSER,
 KAY!*

KAY
 ...David...

WALSH KAY
 I did this. This is who I am! I don't think that's all I'm
 You want to keep living in worth!
 shit? That's 'cause that's
 all you think you're worth!...

WALSH
 ...But don't you tell me I'm not good
 enough. God damn it, don't you tell
 me that!

Kay's eyes brim with tears.

KAY
 I love you, David. But they're gonna
 break your heart.

A beat. Walsh goes, suddenly, ice cold.

WALSH
 Well no one said you have to stick
 around to watch.

...And the tears spill over and run down Kay's cheeks. She
 silently turns and walks out.

Walsh wheels around, SCREAMING at the door, kicking over a
 room service tray!

WALSH (CONT'D)
 FUCK YOU, KAY! GO! FUCK YOU!

He picks up a chair heaves it across the room -- vases and
 yellow roses shatter and go flying all over the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. HELICOPTER - FLYING - DUSK

The beaches of the south shore glow pink as the CHASE
 CORPORATE CHOPPER races away from the setting sun.

In VOICE OVER, the interview continues --

WALSH (V.O.)
Looking back, saying what I said to
Kay was maybe the meanest thing I ever
said to anyone. It felt like a tree
had landed on me. Like I was buried
alive under the full weight of the
earth.

(beat, then...)
But, of course, she was right...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DIMLY LIT ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

JENNINGS
Did you?

WALSH
Did I what?

JENNINGS
Know what you were doing?

Walsh just stares at him, a wry smile.

WALSH
Isn't that what you're here to find
out?

Jennings takes a breath.

JENNINGS
So, Kay did what? Went back to Reno?

WALSH
You know how they smelt gold? 1,971
degrees Fahrenheit. Fire is what
makes things strong. I've been in the
fire, Jennings.

JENNINGS
So, you let her go?

Walsh takes a deep pull on his whiskey. The pain is clear in
his bloodshot eyes, but he puts on that smile, trying,
unsuccessfully to cover.

WALSH
For one, you didn't see the girl.
(beat)
(MORE)

WALSH (CONT'D)
I was on the mountaintop. Hell if I
wasn't gonna enjoy the view.

Walsh give an empty smile as the chopper arcs in low, setting down on a vast lawn just beyond the dunes.

EXT. STAGGERING HAMPTON'S ESTATE - NIGHT (1994)

This place would make Gatsby blush -- lit up like a ship at sea. The thumping music invites us...

INT. ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

A party in full swing. Walsh is led around by Bianccini, who makes introductions to the HEAVY HITTERS in attendance.

HEAVY HITTER
...So how's it feel, Mr. Walsh?

WALSH
How's what feel?

HEAVY HITTER
To be a rock star?

WALSH
Feels like I should be banging
groupies, not chatting up bankers.

Walsh laughs, slapping the guy's shoulder and moving on. Bianccini and the Hitter exchange a dismissive look before Bianccini follows after David.

BIANCCINI
David, come on. You gotta be nice to
these guys. If this is gonna work
we're gonna need them.

WALSH
I'm gonna make these rich fucks a lot
richer, Frank. So, I'm thinking I've
got a little leeway here, alright?

Bianccini nods, backing off. Walsh heads off into the party. The HEAVY HITTER steps up to Bianccini.

HEAVY HITTER
Really? That's Walsh?

BIANCCINI
Try and look past the personality. Let
the numbers do the talking.
(significantly)
(MORE)

BIANCCINI (CONT'D)
He's not going to be a problem. Trust
me.

HEAVY HITTER
(message received)
Hope he enjoys the ride.

EXT. ESTATE - PARTY - POOLSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Walsh moves to the bar. People at the pool -- not exactly the kind of party where people actually get into the water.

EXT. ESTATE - POOLSIDE BAR - NIGHT

The BARTENDER is about to take Walsh's order, but a voice from behind Walsh beats him to the punch.

VOICE
Double Seagrams on the rocks.

Walsh turns. It's RACHEL, the model from the restaurant. She smiles. The Bartender reacts to the call liquor.

BARTENDER
I have a nice selection of single malts, sir, if you'd prefer?

WALSH
You heard the lady, and the rocks are optional.

The Bartender looks at Rachel for her order.

RACHEL
The same, thank you.

WALSH
You sure you want to do that? I mean, you don't have to impress me.

RACHEL
I was hoping I'd find you here. How have you been, David?

WALSH
I feel like a million bucks only a few hundred times better.

They both laugh, you can just see it in his eyes -- "My god, what a piece of ass..."

WALSH (CONT'D)
...Hey, you want to get wet?

EXT. ESTATE - HOT TUB - LATER

Walsh and Rachel are in the hot tub, naked, laughing. She writhes around him, ready to steal his soul. Folks stand off enjoying the show.

WALSH

...And she says, where the hell are you going? And he says, I'm going to Las Vegas with you. I want to see how you live on 800 dollars a year!

As they laugh, a VOICE cuts into the revelry.

MUNK (V.O.)

David Walsh?

Walsh disengages from Rachel's tentacle-like limbs and looks up at PETER MUNK(50's). One look at this guy and you know he's the man -- shock of silver, polished, a slight English accent.

MUNK (CONT'D)

I'm Peter Munk, Barrick Gold. Seems I've caught you at a bit of a disadvantage, Mr. Walsh.

Walsh doesn't skip a beat. He stands, steps out of the tub, completely naked, his gut and all hanging out for all to see.

WALSH

I don't know about that.

Walsh extends his dripping hand, which Munk, unflappable, accepts with a smile.

WALSH (CONT'D)

Good to meet you. This is Rachel.

MUNK

It's a pleasure, Rachel.

David throws on a towel... sticks a stub in his mouth.

WALSH

Mr. Munk controls more gold than anyone else on the planet.

MUNK

With the possible exception of Mr. Walsh.

Walsh throws a wink at Rachel.

WALSH
So, I guess you're in the tub with the right guy.

Rachel giggles, splashes him. Walsh takes a moment, lighting his smoke. He looks over at a very patient Munk.

WALSH (CONT'D)
So, this is how it happens?

MUNK
This is how.

SMASH TO:

INT. ST. REGIS HOTEL - WALSH'S SUITE - NIGHT

Walsh has Rachel on all fours in a plush King size bed, balling her brains out from behind.

RACHEL
Yes. Fuck me David! Yes! Yes! Yes!!!

Walsh reaches over -- never missing a stoke, and picks up his drink. He drains the glass and tosses it on the floor and goes at it harder. As the sex gets more intense we...

PRELAP --

WALSH (V.O.)
Have you lost your fucking minds?!

SMASH TO:

INT. J.P. MORGAN CHASE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Munk and his lawyers are seated at one end. Walsh's bankers at the other including Dresher and Owens. No one is speaking, they listen to the rant coming from the next room.

WALSH (O.S.)
This isn't a deal, it's a goddamn rape!

INT. J.P. MORGAN CHASE - ANTEROOM - CONTINUOUS

Walsh paces like an animal. His personal banker, Stanton, looks on, shocked. Bianccini tries to talk him down.

BIANCCINI
David, just listen to me.

WALSH

This is mine! I found it, me and Mike. We were the ones up to our asses in shit and mud and this motherfucker offers a minority partnership?! FUCK YOU!

Bianccini stays cool, always reasonable. Maddenly so....

BIANCCINI

David, it's a tremendous amount of money. You've done a great thing, a historic thing. But Munk has the resources and the expertise to bring this home. It's time for you to sit back and enjoy your success.

WALSH

Yeah, and maybe it's time for you to sit back and fuck yourself!

Stanton steps up for Walsh.

STANTON

Frank, this deal is shit and you know it! Come on?!

WALSH

(to Stanton, still pacing)
See, keep your friends close and your enemies closer - you fuck, Frank! You FUCKING PUNK ASS FUCK!

Bianccini has had enough. He goes icy calm.

BIANCCINI

I'm sorry you feel that way, David, but this is the reality of your situation. You don't have a choice here, so sign the fucking deal and stop wasting my time!

This seems to stun Walsh, but for once, he doesn't respond right away. He pulls a cigarette, pats himself for a light.

WALSH

Anyone got a light?

Stanton gets up and lights Walsh's smoke. Walsh takes a long drag and looks at Frank, as cool as December.

WALSH (CONT'D)

I want you to listen to me, Frank, very carefully. Fuck you.

(MORE)

WALSH (CONT'D)
Now you tell that motherfucker he
works for David Walsh. Or he can go
fuck himself, too.

INT. J.P. MORGAN CHASE - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The air has been sucked out of the room. Munk simply turns to one of his attorneys.

MUNK
We're going to need to make some calls.

Off Monk, if ever there was someone you didn't want as an enemy, we...

CUT TO:

INT. DIMLY LIT ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Jennings listens, watching as Walsh paces, swirling the ice in his drink.

WALSH
There's the good - and there's the fucked. I didn't quite know it yet, but we were good and fucked.

CUT TO:

EXT. RENO, NEVADA - BRE-X HEADQUARTERS - DAY (1994)

A three story building in a manicured corporate park. A CRANE carefully lowers the GOLDEN LETTERS of the BRE-X logo into place on the building's facade.

A brand new silver Cadillac Seville pulls into a prime spot. David Walsh gets out of the car and we go --

INT. BRE-X HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

The chaos of a recent move-in -- lots of busy employees. The elevators open and Walsh strides in. He's met almost immediately by Bobby Burns and a few others.

BURNS
Where the hell have you been?! I've been calling you - Mike's been trying to reach you all morning. Something's going on, David. What's happening?

Walsh sees the panic in everybody's eyes. Not good.

WALSH
I don't know. Get Mike on the phone.
Now. Let's go!

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSANG SITE - SAME TIME

CHAOS AT BUSANG! GUZMAN walks through the site as --

ARMED INDONESIAN SOLDIERS herd Bre-x WORKERS out the gate like frightened cattle, forcing them into the back of trucks.

Mike is caught up in a wave of workers as they're pushed out of the gate. Guzman speaks on a 90's vintage Sat phone.

GUZMAN
(into phone)
David! They're locking us out!

INTER-CUT:

INT. BRE-X HEADQUARTERS - WALSH'S OFFICE - SAME

Walsh stands at his desk, smoking.

WALSH
What? What are you talking about?

GUZMAN
They're taking over. The military's here - the Minister revoked our exploration permits.

A terrifying realization begins to dawn on Walsh.

GUZMAN (CONT'D)
What happened at your meeting with Munk?

WALSH
(defensive)
They were trying to push us out, Mike.

GUZMAN
David, what happened?!

WALSH
They can't revoke our permit! They can't just steal it away from us!

Guzman is livid, screaming as he's herded onto a truck.

GUZMAN

Of course they can! I told you from the beginning - Suharto can do whatever he wants!

David paces, he knows this could be the end.

WALSH

Oh, god... Oh, my god.

The truck drives off -- Guzman watches as the dream slowly starts to disappear into the distance.

GUZMAN

You knew who you were dealing with. These are killers - Peter Munk the worst among them.

(beat)

Jesus... What have you done, David?

Walsh seems to physically crumble -- he buries his face in his hand. Completely at a loss.

WALSH

I'm sorry, Mike. Oh God, I'm sorry.

INT. DIMLY LIT ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Walsh looks up at Jennings -- it's not easy telling someone what a fuck-up you are. He's embarrassed, the pain of the moment, the booze, the miles, all fresh on his face.

WALSH

It turns out that, in addition to long-standing business ties to Suharto, Barrick Gold has on its board a former Prime Minister of Canada and an ex-president of the United States by the name of George Herbert Walker Bush. All Peter Munk had to do was pick up the phone and I was on the pavement.

Jennings takes a thoughtful moment. Then...

JENNINGS

This is troubling to me.

WALSH

Yeah - you ought to see it from my end.

JENNINGS

You had to know, at least have some idea, and yet you fought to maintain control of the site against the advice of your bankers, against common sense business practice. Why didn't you take the deal? Why was maintaining control so important?

WALSH

If I took that deal they would have paid me off. Cut me out.

INTERVIEWER

You would have made more money than anyone could spend in three life times. Generational wealth.

Anger churns up from somewhere deep inside Walsh.

WALSH

Busang would become a Barrick mine and Peter Munk's Midas touch continues. And David Walsh? He's a fucking footnote - the lucky bastard who fell down drunk and found himself in a pile of money.

(beat)

Busang was mine. There was no way I was just gonna let them take it. At least that's what I thought.

(the pain again)

I just didn't see Suharto coming.

CUT TO:

INT. WALSH'S HOUSE - RENO - DAY (1994)

Walsh walks into his house, like he's in shock. He stands there, taking in his world -- the remodel work on the house still unfinished. The emptiness of the place is oppressive.

He pulls a book of matches from the Vegas clown ash tray, sitting there like an artifact from a different life. He lights a smoke, pulls a bottle of Seagrams from a cupboard.

INT. WALSH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Walsh stands at the closet, hoping beyond hope, and he opens the door -- It's like an empty casket. In case he didn't realize it, he does in this moment -- Kay is gone. Maybe the only person in the world who loved him, understood him, is really gone.

Her clothes, nick-knacks, everything that was hers that made this little house a home. Gone. David stares out, he slumps down to the floor and his eyes well with tears.

PRELAP --

REPORTER

...Major news on Wall Street. Bre-X corporation stock was off nearly fifty points at the opening bell this morning on news of the Suharto government's revocation of Bre-x's exploration rights...

INT. THE THREE GREENHORNS BAR - MORNING

Walsh sits alone, unsteadily, at the bar. He watches the CNBC MARKET REPORT. Roy watches Walsh with concern as he pours the last shot from a bottle of Seagrams.

CNBC

There is talk of a deal in place for Peter Munk and Barrick Gold to take over Bre-X's holdings. President and CEO David Walsh has not commented publicly on the news which is making an already shaky trading floor even more unstable.

Walsh drinks. Roy picks up the remote, about to flip...

WALSH

(slurred; belligerent)

Leave it!

(re: the empty bottle)

I'm gonna need another.

ROY

You need to go home, David.

WALSH

Yeah...Okay, Roy. Make it one to go, then.

ROY

I'm sorry. I'll call you a cab.

Walsh just looks at Roy. By the look on his face, this could go bad. But a smile comes to Walsh's face as he slides off the stool, wobbles on his feet. It's not a friendly smile.

WALSH
Piece of advice, Roy - and you should take my word on this. You ain't the only game in town.

And as he sways for the door, Roy watching him sadly, we...

PRE-LAP --

STANTON (V.O.)
...I'm telling anyone who'll listen - we have legal remedies. There will be a settlement...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BRE-X HEADQUARTERS - AFTERNOON

The late afternoon sun sets the gold BRE-X sign aglow.

STANTON (V.O.)
None of which I really believe by the way...

INT. BRE-X HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Burns and Connie, are listening to Stanton's report. Guzman paces.

STANTON
I stemmed the bleeding for now, but the bottom's gonna fall out if we don't come up with something.

GUZMAN
What about New York, Bianccini, the bankers. What do they say?

STANTON
As far as they're concerned, this just means they get to sell the deal all over again. They make money coming and going, they don't care.

GUZMAN
That's just beautiful.

Just then, Scottie Nevins enters.

NEVINS
I just talked to Roy at the Greenhorn. David was there all night - pretty rough.

(MORE)

NEVINS (CONT'D)
Roy said he left about 6 this morning.
I swung by the house - he's not there.

GUZMAN
We have to find him. There's still one more card we might be able to play.
(off their questioning
looks)
Suharto's son - he's wanted in on this from the beginning. He may be able to help.

STANTON
You think there may be a way to flank this whole thing?

GUZMAN
More like a full frontal assault, but we have to find David now.

CUT TO:

SEQUENCE -

Guzman, Burns and Stanton -- fan out across the city -- each checking the BARS; seedy CASINOS and STRIP JOINTS of RENO.

The SEQUENCE takes us from AFTERNOON to NIGHT and ends with the NEON Gomorrah of downtown.

WALSH (V.O.)
Yeah!...Yeah, baby...yeah!

INT. STRIP CLUB / BAR - NIGHT

A barely standing, shirtless Walsh struggles in the arms of a BOUNCER as he's led from this shit hole of a bar.

EXT. STRIP CLUB / BAR - CONTINUOUS

As Walsh is thrown outside, he takes a lame swing at the bouncer who just looks at him with a measure of pity.

BOUNCER
Go home. Sleep it off.

Walsh makes like he's going to reply, but can't find the words. He staggers off down the sidewalk.

Up ahead, he sees a BANK OF PAY PHONES A glint of focus seems to come to his eyes and we go...

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kay is asleep on a fold-out sofa bed in a crappy studio apartment. She's awakened by the RINGING PHONE.

INTER-CUT WITH:

WALSH AT THE PAY PHONE --

KAY'S ANSWERING MACHINE (V.O.)
*This is Kay, I can't take your call
right now. Leave a message and I'll
call you back. Bye.*

ON KAY -- silence on the line. Then, "click."

WALSH -- he hangs up. He has to steady himself as he fishes out more coins. He dials.

ON KAY -- the phone rings again. This time she turns on the bedside lamp, sitting up listening.

WALSH (V.O.)
Kay, it's me. Are you there? If
you're there will you pick up?

Hearing his voice hurts, but she's not picking up.

Walsh is barely able to hold his head up, slogging through his words.

WALSH (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Okay...guess you're not home, then. I
was just calling to...I just wanted to
hear your voice. I screwed up, Kay,
the whole thing, I screwed it up...
You were right - I'm just not good
enough. I never have been...I just
thought, maybe I could fake it, you
know?...

The line goes silent. Kay looks stricken, but she fights the urge to pick up.

Walsh leans his forehead against the phone -- drifted off for a second. He comes too with a start.

WALSH (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Kay? It's me.
(beat)
Okay, I'm gonna stop calling now. So
you better get used to it. I'm not
calling any more, Kay.

Then... She quickly picks up just as Walsh hangs up.

KAY
David?

Too late. Walsh staggers a few paces and tries to light a cigarette. He's too fucked up to light up. He throws it away and turns back to the phone, searches around for change. There's no change. He so drunk he talks anyway...

WALSH (cont'd)
Listen, please pick up. Please, Kay.
Please, pick up the phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. RENO NEVADA - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

The city crawls to life. Cars on the freeways. Pedestrians crowd the sidewalks.

PRELAP --

GUZMAN (V.O.)
David! David! Get up, David!

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Walsh is passed out by the pay phones, shirtless, covered in his own vomit and piss. Guzman and Bobby Byrns try to rouse him.

WALSH'S POV -- fast and blurry, coming out of his stupor, as Guzman and Byrns try to pull him to his feet. Passing PEDESTRIANS gawk in disgust.

PEDESTRIAN
...Disgusting. Get that bum out here.

Guzman jumps up -- gets in the guy's face.

GUZMAN
You got one second before I shove your head up your ass and roll you down the street.

The guy hurries off. Guzman goes back to Walsh.

GUZMAN (CONT'D)
I got you, mate.

A stunned look, the sun in his eyes, the sickness of booze. All this on Walsh's face takes us...

INT. WALSH'S HOUSE - MORNING

The door opens, Guzman and Byrns help Walsh inside.

GUZMAN
(to Byrns)
I got him from here. Thanks.

CUT TO:

INT. WALSH'S HOUSE / BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A JET OF WATER -- Walsh lets out a SCREAM as Guzman shoves him under the blast of COLD WATER. Guzman pulls the shower curtain closed for emphasis.

GUZMAN
Use the soap, David!

And as he exits the bathroom, we...

CUT TO:

INT. WALSH'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

A STREAM OF COFFEE pours from the maker into the pot. It's only about half-full, but Guzman loses patience and pulls the pot away. Coffee sizzles on the hot plate.

He pours out a mug full and we go...

INT. WALSH'S HOUSE / BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The shower is still running. Guzman enters with the coffee.

GUZMAN
How you doing in there?

No answer. Guzman pulls back the curtain to find Walsh sitting on the shower floor, out cold. Guzman shuts off the water. Shoves him awake with the toe of his boot.

GUZMAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Wake up.
(nothing...)
Wake the fuck up.

A big kick. Walsh opens his eyes, looks up at Guzman with some returning clarity. Guzman holds out the mug of coffee.

GUZMAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Here, get this down.

Walsh recoils. Coffee's not what he needs. Guzman puts the coffee down and has a seat on the toilet. A LONG BEAT as the two men just sit there. Looking at each other.

WALSH
Kay won't talk to me.

GUZMAN
Smart woman.

WALSH
I'm sorry, Mike.

GUZMAN
Yeah, you said that. So how about you pull your shit together now? We're getting on a plane this afternoon.

WALSH
It's over.

GUZMAN
Like hell it is. We lose control of the site now, everything we've set up, all our work - it's gone. We're fucked. With nothing. Are you clear on that picture, mate?

WALSH
What do you want me to do? We lost!
I lost! I'm sorry!

GUZMAN
Quit your apologizing and get off your ass. WALSH
(overlapping)
I can't...

GUZMAN
...and fight!

WALSH
I can't! I'm not that guy! Kay was right! Everybody was...

Walsh looks up like a wounded child. Guzman takes a breath.

GUZMAN
You don't think I know what people say about you? That you're a drunk? A fat piece of shit?

WALSH
There's that.

GUZMAN

Tasteless. Out of his league. Teller
of bad jokes. A fucking side show.

WALSH

Alright. Okay, I get the picture.

GUZMAN

They think you're a fool, David. And
if you just sit here feeling sorry for
yourself doing nothing, well, then
everything they say about you is going
to be true.

Beat. It's the moment of truth for David Walsh.

GUZMAN (CONT'D)

When we started this thing, we were
going to prove them all wrong,
remember?

(then...)

I don't think you're a fool, David.

Walsh looks at Mike -- his friend.

WALSH

You're my friend aren't you?

GUZMAN

No, I'm not. You just got me to sign
that goddamn napkin.

They don't exactly laugh, but there's a smile. Guzman picks
up the coffee mug.

GUZMAN (CONT'D)

Now drink your coffee.

WALSH

You know, people used to believe that
if you got bit by a rabid dog, if you
ate a hair of the dog that bit you -
the rabies would go away.

Guzman reaches into his pocket and pulls out a flask. He
tilts a generous pour into the coffee mug.

WALSH (CONT'D)

You are my friend.

They look at each other -- they're together in this. David
takes another long drink as we go...

INT. DIMLY LIT ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

WALSH

It seems Suharto had a son, his youngest, Hutomo - "Tommy." Bit of a fuck-up - a real problem for the old man. I guess you could say, I could relate.

PRE-LAP:

THE ROAR OF A JET PLANE -- and we're ON THE RUNWAY as an AIR INDONESIA JET lifts into the air right above us...

...the soaring PLANE blots out the view in a furious blur of motion, taking us...

EXT. JAKARTA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY (1994)

Walsh and Guzman emerge from the terminal building into the glare of the tropical sun.

WALSH (V.O.)

Suharto had been trying get Tommy set up for years, but everything Tommy touched turned to shit. Mike had some mutual friends from back in the day - we figured if we could bring Tommy on board as a partner, maybe he could get daddy to change his mind and swing things back our way.

The hand their bags to a driver and as they duck into the waiting car, we...

PRELAP:

WALSH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So, this guy walks into a Cadillac dealership, okay?...

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTATE - MORNING

A massive estate. Perfectly manicured Asian gardens. Breathtaking plantation-style mansion.

Suharto's son, "Tommy," Walsh and Guzman sit in the garden pavilion, aides on the perimeter. Tommy looks every bit the royal child -- impeccable suit, skin that glows. He listens impassively to Walsh, in full form, nailing the joke...

WALSH

...Salesman says, excuse me sir, are you thinking about buying a Cadillac and the guys says no, I'm definitely buying a Cadillac. I'm thinking about pussy!

Walsh laughs! Tommy looks at Guzman and then back at Walsh who's still laughing. Guzman drops his head as we wait...

A long beat. Tommy stares at Walsh. Then...

TOMMY

Cadillac is a pussy magnet.

Tommy smiles, then laughs. They all start to laugh. Guzman can't believe it.

WALSH

You like Cadillacs?

TOMMY

'62 El Dorado. Finest car ever made.
Is it too early for a drink?

Off Walsh, are you kidding? This might just work. And we...

CUT TO:

INT. J.P. MORGAN CHASE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Big views over Manhattan on a stormy Monday morning. The office seems dead -- Bianccini walks down a long hallway.

INT. J.P. MORGAN CHASE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bianccini steps into his office where he finds Dresher waiting for him.

BIANCCINI

Oh... Hollis, what's going on?

DRESHER

You haven't heard.

BIANCCINI

Just got in.

DRESHER

Walsh cut a deal.

BIANCCINI
(a shiver of panic)
A deal? With who? What are you
talking about?

DRESHER
Suharto -- the government.

BIANCCINI
What?

DRESHER
Bre-X retains 15 percent of the find --
the other 85 goes to the company of
Suharto's choosing -- which just so
happens to be owned by his son. Walsh
cut us off at the knees.

BIANCCINI
(stunned)
Walsh? What about Munk? Have you
talked to him?

BOSS
He's gone. He can't compete at that
number. Deal's over, Frank.
(beat)
Walsh and Guzman are now the only
outside partners in the biggest gold
strike in history. And we represent
exactly none of it.

BIANCCINI
Holy shit. 15 percent. What a
fucking terrible deal!

A beat, Dresher just stares.

DRESHER
Is it? Is it terrible? Or is it just
smart.
(dumb ass)
We put a lot into this. You
understand. A lot of big players.

Bianccini knows now he's looking at the executioner.

BIANCCINI
I'll talk to the investors. I can
explain...

DRESHER
I already did, Frank.

BIANCCINI
Walsh won't last. They're gonna need us.

DRESHER
You're gonna be fine, Frank. You'll land on your feet.

A long beat. Dresher turns and starts out the door. We stay on Bianccini, stunned, in total shock. The sound of a chorus of voices rises, and we...

SMASH TO:

INT. THE THREE GREENHORNS BAR - NIGHT

Walsh, Bobby Burns and the boys celebrate, singing along drunkenly to some great rock song. Booze and music and lots of cigarettes and more booze! Just like old times!

A TV is on above the bar. Someone turns up the volume, drawing everyone's attention.

CNBC
...In our top money news, a story that is being compared to David toppling Goliath. David Walsh, that is...

The crowd at the Greenhorn goes nuts!

CNBC (CONT'D)
...Bre-X Mineral Corporation has secured a deal with the Suharto government to retain control of their strike in Indonesia, fending off a hostile takeover by Barrick Gold. With Bre-X shares soaring on the news, insiders are calling the deal a shrewd and unprecedented move on the part of Bre-X CEO, David Walsh.

The cheers from the Greenhorn crowd drown out the TV.

ON WALSH -- draining a whiskey, center of attention, smiling in triumph. Everyone laughs and dances as the music comes back up. Stanton walks up to Walsh and pulls him aside.

STANTON
Hey, David. Got a minute?

Walsh looks at Stanton. Whatever it is, it looks serious.

WALSH
Sure. Let's go someplace quiet.

David drains another drink and they head into...

INT. THE THREE GREENHORNS BAR - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Walsh washes his face, looks into the mirror at Stanton as he dries off with a paper towel.

WALSH
So, what's up?

STANTON
I just got a call.

Walsh freezes.

WALSH
Is it Kay?

STANTON
No. It's not. I haven't heard from Kay, David. I'm sorry.

WALSH
Well, what is it, then? Spill it.

Stanton enjoys the moment. Giving away nothing. Then...

STANTON
The National Association of Prospectors would like to honor you with a Golden Pick Axe.

ON WALSH -- he looks at Stanton, stunned. Stanton smiles warmly. He knows how important this is to Walsh.

STANTON (CONT'D)
You've been voted, by your peers, as "Prospector of The Year."

Walsh stares out in shock. There, in the bathroom of the Three Greenhorns, on a cold night in Reno Nevada and without the love of his life, David Walsh has finally been accepted.

WALSH
Prospector of The Year. Really?

STANTON
(beeming)
Yes, sir.

Walsh leans against the wall -- he lowers his head. Then, he starts to cry. It's all too much.

STANTON (CONT'D)
Congratulations, David. You are officially the best miner in the world.

We go tight on Walsh's eyes, flooded with emotion.

WALSH
Thank you...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DIMLY LIT ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Walsh's eyes -- we track over and we see what he's staring at - - A STATUE. THE GOLDEN PICK AXE AWARD on a wooden base.

JENNINGS (O.S.)
Mr. Walsh?...

A long beat. Walsh wipes his eyes...

JENNINGS (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

Walsh doesn't answer right away. Then...

WALSH
The money. Top stock of the year.
None of it meant a damn thing.
"Prospector of The Year" - that was
the big one. The one my father always
wanted. But I got it. I was the best.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS - DAY (1994)

A brand new, tricked out 4x4 powers up a mountain road in the Sierras, emerging into a beautiful high meadow.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RANCH - DAY

Walsh and a REAL ESTATE AGENT(30's), dressed like a drug store cowboy, look over a sweet old RANCH HOUSE.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They check out the KITCHEN -- beautiful, rustic, everything Kay would love. We follow Walsh as he opens the curtain in the LIVING ROOM, opening to a massive bay window.

Walsh looks out -- A BREATHTAKING VIEW of the mountains, a sparkling lake rests in the middle of a waving meadow.

Walsh smiles as he thinks about Kay.

WALSH
Yeah... She's gonna love it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE - DAY

Majestic. Wealth, Power, Beauty. A perfect day.

INT. WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL - BALLROOM - DAY

Hotel STAFF set up the ballroom for a gala event. There is a podium on a dais. Tables with white cloths and gleaming silver. Floral centerpieces are being arranged.

Outside the room a worker puts up the letters on a brass-stand SIGN BOARD:

"National Association of Prospectors
Annual Convention"

CUT TO:

EXT. WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL - ROOF TOP - NIGHT

A marvelous view, like the whole world sparkles for David Walsh. He stands, looking out, drinking it all in. The door opens behind him. It's Guzman, dressed to the nines.

GUZMAN
Top of the world.

Walsh turns to look at him as he approaches.

WALSH
You know you clean up pretty good.

GUZMAN
Wish I could say the same for you.

They laugh, but Guzman's manner is serious. Walsh sees it.

GUZMAN (CONT'D)
David. I got a call from Busang.

Walsh look back out over the city.

WALSH
Okay.

GUZMAN
There seems to be a problem at the site. I'm flying out tonight.

And now Walsh turns to Guzman. There's a look between them -- we don't know what it means, but it's clearly significant.

WALSH
Okay.

A beat. There's a definite tension here.

GUZMAN
Hell of ride, huh?

WALSH
I got no regrets.

That gets a smile from both men...but there's a sadness here.

WALSH (CONT'D)
Thanks for saving my life.

GUZMAN
Thanks for making your life worth saving.

A very knowing look. Their reactions are strange. Not alarmed by the news of "problems at the site," but calm, resigned.

They part with a handshake that has the feel of finality.

WALSH
I'll see ya, Mike.

GUZMAN
Yeah. I'll see ya.

Guzman turns, walking back across the roof. Walsh watches him go. Unreadable. And we...

CUT TO:

INT. WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Walsh moves across the lobby to the front desk. The DESK ATTENDANT hands him an envelope. Walsh slips him a tip.

Walsh turns from the desk, opening the envelope. He reads the note. Stops dead, the color draining from his face.

WALSH
 (a whisper)
 Kay.

He drops the message and strides for the front doors.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - DINER - NIGHT

Walsh runs down the sidewalk. Across the street he sees "Spiro's 49th. Street Diner."

Through the diner's plate glass window, Walsh can see KAY sitting alone at one of the tables. The sight of her nearly stops his heart.

He takes a step forward but he suddenly stops. He can't face her, not with what he has to do. He swallows and fights back the emotion and lets his mind prevail.

Instead of walking into the diner, he moves across the street to a PAY PHONE. He can still see her as he feeds a coin into the phone...

WE GO TIGHTER ON THE DINER'S WINDOW -- The SOUND of a phone ringing on the line.

INFORMATION OPERATOR (V.O.)
 Information. What listing, please?

WALSH (V.O.)
 New York City, on Lexington Avenue -
 Spiro's 49th. Street diner.

Through the window, we see a Waitress approach Kay. She says something and gestures for Kay to follow. She leads her to the CASHIER where Kay is handed a phone receiver.

Walsh watches Kay's every move through the window, listens to every word as if it will be the last time they ever speak.

KAY
 (over phone)
 Hello?

WALSH
 Kay.

KAY
 (lighting up)
 David? Where are you?

He sees the excitement in her eyes. Every word he says is like torture.

WALSH
What do you want, Kay?

KAY
(confused)
I don't want anything. I just wanted to see you. You've been calling and...

WALSH
I'm pretty busy right now.

KAY
I talked to Bobby. He told me you were going to receive a Golden Pick Axe and I wanted to tell you how happy I am for you, that's all, I didn't mean to bother you, David.

A long beat.

WALSH
Is that it?

KAY
...I miss you.

This is killing Walsh. He takes a long breath, then...

WALSH
...I miss you, too. But it's better this way - for both of us... I can't be with you, Kay.

KAY
No. David, why? I don't understand.

Walsh fights back the emotion.

WALSH
I've got to go.

KAY
David!

WALSH
Listen to me, Kay. Please... I want you to be happy, I really do. I want you to know that. But you've got to move on.

KAY
You don't mean that. I know you don't.

WALSH
Go home, Kay. Live your life. I'm
sorry.

ON WALSH, watching Kay through the glass as she begins to cry. There are tears in his eyes. He can barely get the words out...

DAVID
Goodbye, Kay.

He hangs up -- Kay falls into her hands and sobs. Walsh watches her as she heads for the door. Someone bangs into her and she almost falls. She makes it out onto the crowded street.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - CONTINUOUS

As Kay waits for a taxi -- you can clearly see the last fragments of David Walsh's heart are now broken. He looks at her, knowing full well, he may never see her again.

PRE-LAP:

The sound of HELICOPTER ROTORS, growing louder. Deafening...

SMASH TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - PRE DAWN

A helicopter chops at the morning air -- flying in low over the lush jungle as the sun is about to rise.

CUT TO:

INT. WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL - SUITE - NIGHT

David gets dressed in a tux. Ties his tie. Snaps on some cuff links. Drains a whiskey.

EXT. JAKARTA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

An Indonesian Air Jet sits on the Tarmac. Guzman emerges from the plane and walks down the gangway stairs. Waiting for him at the bottom are ARMED INDONESIAN SOLDIERS.

OFFICER
(subtitles)
This way Mr. Guzman.

As Guzman is escorted away, we...

CUT TO:

INT. WALDORF-ASTERIA - BALLROOM - NIGHT

People arrive for the award ceremony in the massive ballroom. Lots of press, the gathering of the industry elite.

CUT TO:

EXT. INDONESIAN AIRPORT - DAY

Guzman is led across a tarmac to a HELICOPTER. His only luggage is a twelve pack of beer. He smiles at one of the guards.

CUT TO:

INT. WALDORF-ASTORIA - BALLROOM - NIGHT

An MC is at the podium.

MC

And now, it is my pleasure to introduce to you, the winner of the 1994 Golden Pick Axe award - the "Prospector of the Year" - Mr. David Walsh!

Walsh rises from his table and makes his way to the dais, showered with applause and FLASHING cameras!

He waves to the crowd as they rise to their feet. This is Walsh's moment. It's everything he's always wanted.

WALSH

Thank you. Thank you very much.

CUT TO:

INT. CHOPPER - SKY ABOVE THE JUNGLE - DAY

Guzman sits alone in the hold of the chopper. A PILOT and another SOLDIER sit up front, both armed.

The chopper flies, skimming the canopy, finding the Busang river far below. The chopper arcs in, following the river's course, heading up river into the heart of the jungle.

Guzman stares out, taking in the breathtaking beauty, like a man going home. He cracks a beer and takes a long swig.

INT. WALDORF-ASTORIA - BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

Walsh is at the podium, spinning his legend...

WALSH (V.O.)

I had a dream...I mean, literally, I had a dream. I woke up and all I could think about, all I could see, was Indonesia. It was like it was calling me...

INT. HELICOPTER - FLYING - CONTINUOUS

Guzman in the back of the chopper. He drains his beer and tosses the can. A glance up at the soldiers up front. An involuntary breath...and a smile creeps onto his face.

INT. WALDORF-ASTORIA - BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

SUPER SLOW MO -- FLASH, FLASH, FLASH! Cameras, reporters. David walks the center aisle, drowned in flashing light and glorious adoration. Everyone reacting out to shake his hand.

INT. HELICOPTER - FLYING - CONTINUOUS

(STILL SUPER SLOW MO)

Guzman undoes his seat belt and walks over to the open hatch door of the chopper. He looks down at the river as it passes below... It's like he's looking into a dream...

Then without a word...

ON WALSH -- FLASH! FLASH! And out of the burst of light --

SILENCE.

OVER THE BUSANG RIVER -- FLASH!

In total silence -- Michael Guzman jumps from the flying helicopter, sailing without a parachute toward the water below!

ON WALSH -- FLASH! He walks out the front door of the Waldorf-Astoria, through more of the adoring crowd.

ON THE PILOT -- as he turns and looks back and sees the EMPTY SEAT in the hold. Nothing but wind and empty beer cans.

He looks out the OPEN SIDE HATCH. MIKE GUZMAN IS GONE!

FLASH!

THE FACE OF DAVID WALSH -- as he steps off the sidewalk and into the back of a stretch limo. The door closes and he disappears behind the darkened glass.

The final CAMERA FLASH and the last CHOP OF THE BLADE takes us to...

BLACK OUT:

SILENCE. Then...

PRE-LAP SOUND: Shouted commands and radio chatter.

FADE IN:

EXT. THE JUNGLES OF INDONESIA - DAY

TRIBAL NATIVES race through dense foliage, cutting a path with machetes, leading a patrol of INDONESIAN MILITARY.

The tribesman hack through the perimeter and emerges onto the wide silt bank of the river. A PACK OF BOARS let out a chorus of squeals. VULTURES wait their turn take. And there, splayed on the river bank we find --

A BODY.

The body is badly decomposed, it's face and hands eaten away by the scavengers. The soldier checks the pockets and pulls out a wallet. He checks the ID --

This time we see the picture on the ID, and the name -- MICHAEL GUZMAN.

SOLDIER
(subtitled)
...We found him.

IN THE BRUSH, across the river -- watching, unseen, we find --

-- THE BEAUTIFUL NATIVE GIRL. Her long hair blowing over her unreadable eyes. As she turns and disappears back into the wild we...

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - PRE-DAWN

Walsh is naked in bed, sound asleep. The remains of what must have been a hell of a party, litters the room.

The phone starts to ring -- David doesn't move. The warm body next to him, slowly leans over and picks up.

GOLD DIGGER
Hello.

She listens for a second and hands the phone to David.

GOLD DIGGER (CONT'D)
David, it sounds like it's important.

Walsh sits up on the side of the bed, he looks like a wreck, runs his hands through his hair as he takes the phone.

WALSH
This is Walsh.

Walsh waits a second -- listening. He reaches over and grabs a leftover drink, takes a swing as he listens.

WALSH (CONT'D)
A helicopter? ...What?

He listens -- totally still. A long tense beat -- then...

WALSH (CONT'D)
What do you mean... No gold?...

SMASH TO:

EXT. BRE-X BUILDING - AFTERNOON

It's a mob scene outsides the building. As Walsh pulls up in his car, the crowd converges on him. He can barely get his car door open.

He squeezes out and pushes through the furious crowd --

WALSH (CONT'D)
Please, calm down - I don't know
anymore than you do right now!

...but nobody's hearing him -- people shout out: "You fucking thief!"; "I'm gonna kill you!", "Where's our money?!", etc...

WALSH (CONT'D)
I will get to the bottom of this! I
promise!

Suddenly a FIST comes out of nowhere -- WHAM -- right across Walsh's face! It staggers him. The crowd lets out a roar of approval -- this is getting real ugly, real fast.

A PAIR OF HANDS grab Walsh. He turns, panic in his eyes -- but it's Connie Wright. Bobby Burns is with him. They pull Walsh through the mob to the building's entrance.

CONNIE
Fucking shit storm, David.

WALSH
(still dazed)
I know... I know...

They fight the last few feet to the door and as they force their way inside, we follow them...

INT. BRE-X HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

They're out of breath, adrenaline pumping. Walsh turns to face his friends haunted expressions...

WALSH
What happened? How did this happen?

BOBBY BURNS
Suharto's nephew - Tommy. He hired an independent assayer - they couldn't reproduce Mike's findings.

Walsh just looks on like this makes no sense at all.

CONNIE
There's no gold, David. There never was.

WALSH
(all he can manage)
No... How's that even possible?

CUT TO:

SEQUENCE OF SCENES --

CNN NEWS CENTER -- A TALK SHOW HOST interviews Binkert (one of the bankers from the junket) who's doing everything he can to put on a good face.

A GRAPHIC behind the desk depicts the BRE-X logo the word "FRAUD" stamped across it in red letters.

TALK SHOW HOST
A deception of this magnitude... I mean, how did everyone miss this?

BINKERT
That is what we're trying to find out. There was clearly a gap in the...

TALK SHOW HOST
(jumping in)
Is David Walsh to blame for, what
would you call this, a disaster?

BINKERT
A disaster may be putting it mildly.
Catastrophe.

NBC NEWS -- A professorial looking geology expert explains to
the NEWS ANCHOR...

EXPERT
It's called "salting" and it literally
means, when someone salts a sample of
rock - like you'd add salt to a steak -
sprinkling in gold dust to make it
seem like the sample is rich in the
precious metal. It's quite possibly
the oldest trick in the book.

NEWS ANCHOR
"Oldest trick in the book." And yet
major mining corporations, investment
banks, independent auditors...everyone
was fooled.

EXPERT
(cowed)
...Yes. We were all fooled.

TIGHT ON:

A MAGNIFIED IMAGE -- Two GOLD SAMPLES, side by side. The one
on the LEFT has smoothly rounded edges; the one on the RIGHT
is angular and jagged.

GEOLOGIST (V.O.)
The image on the left is the type of
gold found in the Bre-x samples.
This is river gold - notice how the
edges are rounded, worn smooth by the
action of the water. Like ocean
glass.

WE PULL BACK to --

A FINANCIAL SHOW -- The geologist is seated across from a Jim
Cramer-type financial host.

GEOLOGIST (CONT'D)
...What we should have found is flake gold - the sample on the right - pulled directly from the rock, rough edged and angular.

The host is nearly apoplectic --

HOST
That seems like a pretty big freakin' detail to overlook!

GEOLOGIST
Yes. It's a big detail. You have to understand - everything else about the Bre-x samples was right - the ratio of gold to base rock, the distribution patterns. This was a professional job done with enormous care and expertise.

HOST
But the gold was wrong! It's right there - that's what you're saying, right?!

GEOLOGIST
Sometimes the obvious is the first casualty of exuberance.

HOST
(can't argue)
Amen to that, brother...

CUT TO:

INT. BRE-X HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

The guys are hard at work, going over financial documents. Walsh sits at the center of it all. Bobby Burns approaches Walsh -- he looks like a ghost.

BOBBY BURNS
David...The New York Stock Exchange just suspended trading. They're taking Bre-x off the board.

They both know what this means -- Bre-x is done, finished. Walsh sinks back in his chair. The news seems to take whatever air he's got left out of him.

A long silent moment -- there's nothing more to say, but Bobby just stands there. He looks in shock, like he's had his soul ripped out. Walsh looks up at him...

WALSH
You sold some, right? Put something away?

Bobby hesitates before answering...

BOBBY BURNS
Yeah...

...and it's clear he didn't sell a damn thing.

WALSH
Bobby?...

Bobby can't meet David's eyes.

WALSH (CONT'D)
Fuck, Bobby! I told you to sell some.

BOBBY BURNS
I thought it was just going to keep getting better.

WALSH
Christ...

Walsh is genuinely distressed. And then Bobby looks up -- his eyes are damp, on the verge of crying. He can barely speak...

BOBBY BURNS
...Did you know, David?

It's like a blow to the heart...

WALSH
Did I know what? That Mike Guzman. My partner, was gonna jump out of a fucking helicopter and leave me in a pile? Did I know? I can't believe you would ask me that!

Bobby looks absolutely crushed.

WALSH (CONT'D)
I'll take care of you, Bobby.

Bobby's expression hardens -- fists clenched like he's gonna punch Walsh.

BOBBY BURNS
I don't want you to take care of me! I want you to leave me the fuck alone!

Bobby walks away, a busted man. Stanton looks across to Walsh from his desk.

STANTON
Friends close, enemies closer, right
David?

WALSH
What the fuck is that supposed to
mean?!

But before this can escalate, Connie rushes in carrying a sheath of PAPERS.

CONNIE
David...

Walsh turns to him. One look at Connie's face and he knows this is big.

WALSH
What?

CONNIE
I don't even know how to say this to
you, man.

He dumps the papers on Walsh's desk.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
Just look.

Walsh reads. It doesn't take him long to understand.

WALSH
Mother...FUCKER!

Connie answers Stanton's questioning look.

CONNIE
Guzman was dumping stock - the last
seven months. He's got a shell
company set up in the Philippines.

STANTON
How much?

CONNIE
One fifty - one seventy five, best I
can tell. Didn't file a goddamn thing
- it's all off the books.

STANTON
Son of a bitch... What do we do?

Walsh looks up -- isn't that the question of the fucking hour?
And off the three of them, staggered, we...

CUT TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE / RENO - DAY

Walsh in an FBI agent's office, being swallowed up by an overstuffed sofa -- he looks, suddenly, very small.
Vulnerable.

AGENT BOOTH(40s) stands opposite, leaning against his desk.
A younger AGENT sits in a side chair, taking notes.

Walsh is smoking, dragging on his smoke with an edge of desperation.

WALSH

...Why does someone embezzle one hundred and seventy five million dollars and then take a header out of a chopper? It doesn't make any sense?

BOOTH

You're saying Mike Guzman is alive?
He staged his own death?

WALSH

Mike was fifteen years in that jungle - he knows that river like the back of his hand, knows the local tribes, speaks the language. If anyone could pull this off, Mike's the guy.

BOOTH

They found the body...

WALSH

They found a body. It's Indonesia, bodies are cheaper than a pack of smokes. I mean, come on, wild boars eating away the hands and face? That's a little convenient, don't you think?

BOOTH

There was an autopsy, Mr. Walsh. He's been positively ID'd.

WALSH

By who? The guy's got a hundred seventy five mil in his pocket. You don't think he can buy whatever autopsy result he wants?

Booth is listening, but definitely not convinced.

WALSH (CONT'D)
Look, Mike Guzman took everything from
me. I can't just let him get away
with it.

Booth considers. Then...

BOOTH
I'll contact our embassy in Jakarta.
We'll take a look at the autopsy
results.

WALSH
That autopsy was bought and paid for!
I'm telling you...
(pause)
I want you to do your own autopsy.
You're building a case, right?
Against me. So you have the legal
right, jurisdiction or whatever...I
just want the truth out there. I want
people to know I didn't do this.
That's all I'm asking for. The truth.

BOOTH
I'm going to look into this. That
much I can promise you.

And off Walsh, that much he will take, we...

CUT TO:

INT. NBC NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT

Sitting with ROGER MUDD is PETER MUNK, chairman of Barrick Gold. Munk looks clean as a the driven snow, dripping with self-righteous confidence. He's busy re-writing history.

MUNK
We suspected there were problems early
on, which is why we decided not to
pursue the joint venture Bre-X offered
us. We got as many of our investors
out of Bre-x as fast as possible.

An insert PHOTO of David Walsh and Mike Guzman appears in the corner of the screen.

ROGER MUDD
A lot of people made money on this. It
was good for a lot of investors. You
made a lot of money.

(MORE)

ROGER MUDD (CONT'D)
I mean before the walls came tumbling
down. Is that correct?

Munk doesn't want to talk about that.

MUNK
...But a lot of people didn't get out,
Roger.

ROGER MUDD
And how much money was lost in the Bre-
x fraud? That we know of.

MUNK
It was a lot of money.

ROGER MUDD
Do you have a number?

MUNK
Billions. Investors lost billions of
dollars.

They let that land.

ROGER MUDD
David Walsh has consistently
maintained his innocence, claiming he
didn't know, that he was duped along
with everyone else. Given that, I was
wondering what you make of this.

He picks up a copy of NEWSWEEK MAGAZINE -- David Walsh on the
cover. Mudd read the caption out loud:

MUDD
"David Walsh - Fool or Mastermind?"
...Care to comment?

Off Munk, maybe for the first time, he's at a loss...

MUNK
It's a damn good question.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAPPY MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The place is a dump -- pizza boxes, fast food wrappers and
empty bottles of Seagrams litter every surface.

We find Walsh sitting up in bed, fully clothed, shoes off,
watching Munk on the TV.

A KNOCK on the door startles him. He's clearly on edge.

He mutes the TV and goes to the door, peering out the closed curtains before checking the peep hole. He undoes the chain, turns the dead bolt and opens the door.

AGENT BOOTH is standing there. He peers inside.

BOOTH
Nice digs.

WALSH
There was a thing at my house. There have been some threats, I'm keeping a bit of a low profile these days.

BOOTH
Can we talk?

WALSH
Yeah.
(then...)
Do I need a lawyer?

BOOTH
Not for this conversation, but I assume you've got one?

WALSH
I've got lawyers crawling out of every orifice. What do you know?

EXT. MOTEL - EXTERIOR WALKWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Walsh and Booth stand smoking, bathed in the oscillating wash of the motel's neon sign.

BOOTH
We've contacted Interpol. We're putting out an APB on Mike Guzman.

WALSH
He's alive...

BOOTH
We don't know anything for sure... But there are irregularities.

WALSH
Okay...

BOOTH

The Indonesian government has sealed the autopsy results. They won't let us have them.

WALSH

What?! That is complete bullshit!
You see what I'm saying?!

BOOTH

As for doing our own autopsy that's not gonna happen...

(off Walsh's look)

They cremated the body. There's nothing we can do.

Walsh slumps back against the wall.

WALSH

So, that's it. Where does that leave me?

BOOTH

You've got a story to tell? I suggest you start telling it.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRE-X HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Walsh stands on the steps in front of the building, a hundred MICROPHONES and CAMERAS in his face. NEWS VANS jam the sidewalk. A mob of PROTESTORS are held at bay by POLICE.

WALSH

(like he's reading a script)

Mike Guzman was my friend and partner and he betrayed me. I had no knowledge of the deception he perpetrated but, as CEO of this company, it was my job to know. I take full responsibility for my failure in this regard and I apologize sincerely to those who have lost their investment. I want it to be known that I did not, nor will I, profit from this situation beyond the salary I received as CEO. Every share of stock I owned was kept in the company - I never sold a single share of Bre-x stock. No one lost more money on this than me.

(beat)

That's all I have to say at this time.

The assembled reporters shout out a flurry of questions, but Walsh just turns and heads...

INT. BRE-X HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Walsh enters, shoulders slumped, tears in his eyes. A defeated man. He is greeted by nods of approval, some handshakes, from the assembled employees. Bobby Burns is conspicuously absent.

And then Walsh sees AGENT BOOTH, who steps to him with an air of regret.

BOOTH

I'm sorry Mr. Walsh, but I have to inform you... Don't leave the State - don't even leave the city. You understand what I'm telling you?

Off Walsh, the writing on the fucking wall, we go...

INT. THREE GREENHORNS - EVENING

Walsh moves to the end of the bar where Roy is setting up for the night rush -- he grabs a bottle of Seagrams at Walsh's approach and pours.

Walsh waves him off.

WALSH

I'm good, Roy. Thanks, though.

He slides a MANILA envelope across the bar to Roy.

WALSH (CONT'D)

Can you do me a favor? Get this to Kay for me?

ROY

I'll try.

David turns -- he takes in the Three Greenhorns for what seems like the last time...because it is. He turns back -- second thoughts -- takes the poured drink and downs it.

WALSH

(as explanation)

For the road. Be good, Roy.

And, with that, he walks out the door. The SOUND OF JET NOISE, takes us...

EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - NIGHT

A TAXI pulls up beside a waiting private jet. Walsh gets out of the cab. Pulling a single small carry-on behind him, he boards the plane.

MUSIC COMES UP -- WE TIME DISSOLVE TO...

THE PLANE RACING DOWN THE RUNWAY. As it takes flight, climbing, climbing...we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN RANCH ROAD - DAY

A beat up ford Escort snakes it's way up a dirt mountain road.

The Escort Pulls up to the RANCH HOUSE. Kay and the REAL ESTATE AGENT get out. In Kay's hands she holds the MANILA ENVELOPE -- A PROPERTY DEED. She looks around...

KAY
Is it really mine?

AGENT
It's all paid for. In your name.

INT. RANCE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Kay walks into the living room. It's beautiful. Kay looks over and stops in her tracks, her breath taken from her --

ON THE COFFEE TABLE is vase of YELLOW ROSES. An ENVELOPE rests against the vase -- "KAY" hand-written across it.

Kay picks up the envelope and opens it. She reads the LETTER inside, her face hard to read, is she going to laugh or cry?

With tears in her eyes, she goes to the big bay window and opens the curtains...

MATCH CUT:

-- PLANTATION SHUTTERS opening to reveal...

A PERFECT, TROPICAL BEACH. We are...

INT. DIMLY LIT ROOM -- MORNING

Walsh has just opened the THE PLANTATION SHUTTERS --

We now see that the interview has been taking place inside a beautiful beach villa.

SUPER OVER --

NASSAU, BAHAMAS -- JUNE, 1997

Walsh stares out over paradise, fresh drink in hand.

WALSH

You want the truth? The truth becomes insignificant when everyone's getting rich. All anyone had to do was look. Just open their eyes. But no one looked, because no one wanted to know. Including me.

(beat)

You got the Rolling Stones playing in your living room, you want to be the one pulling the plug?

(then...)

It's greed. Greed is the only truth there is, and greed is blind.

JENNINGS

Still doesn't answer the question.

WALSH

Then change the question. Because, I just gave you the answer.

A long beat. Jennings and Walsh -- eyes locked. There's nothing more to say...

Jennings turns back to his micro-recorder.

JENNINGS

End of deposition, 6:45 AM, Seventeen, June, Nineteen ninety seven, conducted by Paul K. Jennings - Hudgins, Kaller and Mallone, LLC.

He hits 'stop' and begins packing up his things.

WALSH

I hope you got what you needed.

Jennings looks up at him -- Walsh knows damn well Jennings got nothing at all.

JENNINGS

Is he alive? Guzman? You really think he's alive?

WALSH
 If I were a betting man - and I think
 you know I am - I'd put my money on
 Mike Guzman every time.

Jennings' look says it all -- "*now you're just fucking with me...*" Jennings snaps his briefcase shut and rises.

JENNINGS
 Thanks for your time. We'll be in
 touch if we need anything more.

WALSH
 You know where to find me.

There's a hint of sadness in this -- Walsh isn't going anywhere and he knows it. Jennings moves to the door. He opens it but stops and turns back to Walsh.

JENNINGS
 Just one more question...off the record - my own curiosity... If you didn't sell any stock, how did you buy this place?

Walsh responds deadpan.

WALSH
 Who says I bought it?

A beat between them -- something communicated -- what, exactly, Jennings can't be sure.

JENNINGS
 Well, it's a beautiful island.
 Interesting thing about the Bahamas -
 no extradition treaty with the U.S.
 for white collar crimes. But you probably know all about that.

WALSH
 Have a safe trip home.

Jennings takes one last look at Walsh, surrounded by luxury but looking very much alone. He leaves with a slight nod and, as he pulls the door closed behind him, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BAHAMAS - BEACH - AFTERNOON

Walsh stands on the beach just beyond the breaks -- staring out at the endless sea.

Just the sound of the water, and the sorrow of isolation. He pulls something from his shirt pocket and looks at it --

THE NAPKIN -- the one he and Guzman signed in the jungle -- the agreement. He stares down at it a long beat. And we get a look at it as well. It reads, quite simply:

"50-50"
What ever it takes...

Two faded signatures at the bottom seal the deal -- David Walsh and Mike Guzman.

Walsh thinks for a moment -- an ironic look in his eyes. He crumples up the napkin and tosses it into the surf.

And as it bobs away, consumed by the sea, Walsh turns. A drag on his smoke, a sip of Whiskey and he looks down the beach --

What he sees, wrapped in the early morning mist -- THE FIGURE OF A WOMAN walking toward him. Is it Kay or someone else? Is she real or just a dream in Walsh's mind, in his broken heart?

He smiles as he stares at the woman. And if you look close enough, it's there, in his eyes... The truth...

FADE OUT:

MUSIC UP AND ROCKIN' -- Something like "*Street Fighting Man.*"

SUPER OVER --

David Walsh never returned to the United States. He lived out his days in quiet luxury in the Bahamas with assets estimated in excess of 80 million dollars.

No one has ever been able to prove where his money came from. No charges have ever been brought against him stemming from the Bre-X fraud.

The mystery of Michael Guzman's death or disappearance has never been resolved. To this day, the results of his autopsy remain sealed. If he is alive, he got away with a fortune.

The Bre-X scandal still stands as the largest investment fraud in history...

THE END