

ROTHCHILD

By  
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THERE ARE NO OPENING CREDITS, JUST A

**MAXIMUM SECURITY JAIL CELL - NIGHT**

where, sitting with immaculate posture and great patience, is BECKET ROTHCCHILD (30-ish). Our Hero.

He is tall. He is handsome. And even in his prison jumpsuit, he looks like a scoundrel of aristocratic bearing. Like John Wilkes Booth, born a century-and-a-half late.

Footsteps approach. They belong to FATHER MURPHY, who appears at the bars. Hunched. Brow furrowed.

BUZZZ. The bars open and the priest shuffles inside, pulls out a TAPE RECORDER...

FATHER MURPHY

I asked for a typewriter, but they  
said you might do something  
dramatic with such a heavy object.

Becket looks at him. Takes the tape recorder.

And Father Murphy settles across the room, sweating in his linen cassock. Becket unfurls a crisp handkerchief, offers.

The Priest considers. Takes it. Wipes his brow.

BECKET

Alright then.

(presses record)

July sixteenth, God's great year of  
two-thousand and thirteen. This is  
your hero and faithful narrator,  
Becket Rothchild. Rightful heir to  
the Rothchild fortune. Convicted  
killer of one. Suspected killer  
of...

Father Murphy eyes him. Looks away.

BECKET (CONT'D)

...quite a few. Now it appears I  
have just several hours remaining  
upon this earth, in which to tell  
my story. My true story. Which you  
may have gathered is a tragedy. I  
should add that the good clergyman  
Peter J. Murphy has agreed to bear  
witness to my narrative -- thank  
you, Father -- so with the Lord as  
my witness, let's go.

**EXT. FRONT GATE OF THE ROTHCCHILD FAMILY ESTATE - DAY - 1982**

The gate rises, revealing a MANSION atop a long driveway.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

You'd think this all begins with me. But I suppose like any story worth telling, it begins with a girl.

**INT. / EXT. RAPID SERIES OF SCENES**

-A TEENAGE GIRL pulls back an archery bow. She is MARY ROTHCCHILD.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

My mother. The youngest daughter of the Rothchild family.

-Mary eats lobster at a long dinner table alongside elegant house guests.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

An heiress to the fourth largest industrial fortune in the world.

-She sits in the local multiplex watching a movie with her brothers and sisters. All older, some with children.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

And a human being like any other. Living, breathing, laughing.

-She waterskis. Beautifully happy.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

Now, there's a rumor that money doesn't buy happiness.

**INT. JAIL CELL - SAME AS BEFORE**

BECKET

Dead wrong. Money does buy happiness. We're all adults here, let's move on, yes?

**EXT. PARTY - ROTHCCHILD ESTATE - NIGHT**

The rich and elite mingle together. Mary chats among them.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

Now I'll tell you as I was told myself. It was July fourth. Our good nation's birthday.

In mid-conversation, Mary spots someone across the party: the shaggy BASS PLAYER in the smooth-jazz band.

**INT. MANSION - THE NEXT MORNING**

A MAID waddles up a winding staircase. To a door. She knocks.

**MAID**

Mary? You're missing brunch.

She peeks inside. The room is empty.

**EXT. DIRT ROAD - THAT MOMENT**

A Dodge Pinto sits parked.

**INT. DODGE - THAT MOMENT**

Mary sleeps in the Bass Player's arms. Suddenly she wakes up.

**MARY**

Oh no.

She sits up. Squints in the sunlight.

**MARY (CONT'D)**

Oh no no no no.

**BASS PLAYER**

Is it the cops?

**MARY**

(laughing)

I gotta go, I gotta go.

She gathers her things in a rush, jumps from the car -

**BASS PLAYER**

Wait, your shoes. Here.

She grabs her shoes. Dashes off. But she comes back -- and KISSES the Bass Player like a woman in love -

**INT. MANSION - LATER**

Mary creeps in through the laundry room. She smiles nervously at the house staff as they fold laundry...

**INT. MANSION - MARY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Mary does homework at her desk. Suddenly a radio-controlled HELICOPTER whirs into the room through an open window.

It smacks into the ceiling fan and plummets to her bed. Mary spots a NOTE tethered to the tail fin.

She unfolds the note, which reads: THE DOCK.

**EXT. THE DOCK - MINUTES LATER**

Mary prances down the dock. The Bass Player stands at the end holding a big remote control. He collapses the antennae.

**EXT. WATER = LATER**

They drift in a canoe.

MARY  
What kind of store?

BASS PLAYER  
A music store.

MARY  
Like records?

BASS PLAYER  
No, instruments and electronics,  
and -- I got everything lined up, I  
can't wait. I'll give bass lessons  
to little kids, and...  
(then)  
Come live with me.

He's so genuine. Mary smiles. But she looks away.

**INT. MANSION - MORNING**

A white-haired BUTLER serves Mary eggs Benedict. She eats. Suddenly she pauses.

MARY  
I think I'm lactose intolerant.

A moment. And she PUKES -

**INT. BATHROOM - LATER**

She shakes a pregnancy test. Looks. Her eyes widen.

**INT. MANSION - TROPHY ROOM**

Mary sits alone in this cavernous room. Elk, Zebra, Rhino heads watching from the wall. A fireplace roaring, crackling.

Footsteps approach.

And a MAN sits across from her, his back to us. We can't see his face. But we can see his hand drumming the arm of his armchair -- and good lord, he has only TWO FINGERS.

PATRIARCH

Mary.

MARY

Yes Sir?

PATRIARCH

Let's get rid of it.

His voice black as oil. Mary tries not to cry.

PATRIARCH (CONT'D)

Oh, now. I suppose I sound unreasonable. But understand, all we have is our reputation. It's the bedrock upon which I've built our empire -- brick by brick, stone by stone, for the world to see. I've done that for you, now, Mary.

(then)

And for your brothers and sisters. Do you want them to suffer because of your poor judgement?

MARY

No, Sir -

PATRIARCH

Well, then.

MARY

But don't I...I dunno, don't I have a choice in all this?

PATRIARCH  
You've left yourself only two.

He holds up two fingers. His only two fingers, actually.

PATRIARCH (CONT'D)  
Get rid of the bastard, and remain  
a part of this good and reputable  
family.

(or)

Or be gone. For good. And you know  
I mean it, now, Mary. Man of my  
word. For good.

A moment. And she BURSTS into tears.

**EXT. MANSION - FRONT DRIVEWAY**

Mary bids goodbye to her family. The Butler helps her carry  
suitcases down the fronts steps...

...to the Bass Player and his Dodge Pinto.

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
And so it was, that my mother went  
from being Mary Rothchild of New  
Canaan, Connecticut...

**INT. ROW HOUSE - NEWARK, NEW JERSEY**

Mary decorates as the Bass Player assembles a baby crib.

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
...to being Mary Westburger of  
Newark-on-Passaic, New Jersey.

**INT. HOSPITAL - MARCH, 1983**

Mary is in the throes of labor. The Bass Player watches,  
overjoyed.

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
I was soon born unto the world.

DOCTOR  
It's a healthy boy!  
Congratulations!

**BECKET (V.O.)**

Upon seeing me for the first time, my father, perhaps suffering from a lifetime absorbing low-frequency tones, expired from an undetected aneurism.

The Bass Player keels over and hits the floor.

**INT. DEPARTMENT OF MOTOR VEHICLES - DAY**

Mary clocks in. She looks older.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

So it was. My good mother was left to toil at the Newark Department of Motor Vehicles for the remainder of her days.

**INT. ROW HOUSE - NIGHT**

Mary pulls cream-of-lobster soup from the microwave. Places the bowl in front of:

YOUNG BECKET. He's not yet a scoundrel. Just a kid. Mary sits and stares into nothing like a Vietnam veteran.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

As one might imagine, she began to miss her life of privilege.

**INT. ROW HOUSE - LATER**

Above the piano, Mary hangs a PAINTING of the Rothchild Mansion. She lectures. Becket's eyes widen, hypnotized.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

She was keen to remind me that although she was no longer a Rothchild, I most certainly was. The youngest Rothchild, in fact. Which gave me the strange distinction of being the one who might inherit the entire estate some day, provided I outlive the others.

She flips the painting, revealing an elaborate family tree on the backside, complete with portraits of each member.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

I simply had to wait -- for all of  
them to die. And oh, how I felt  
destiny in my marrow...

**INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY - 1992**

We pass THIRD GRADERS, each dressed as a professional:

**GIRL**

I want to be a doctor.

**BOY**

I wanna be a cop.

**GIRL**

I want to be an artist.

**BECKET**

I'm going to be rich.

**INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY**

Becket and Mary shuffle inside. Becket gazes up at the towering shelves of books.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

Now, one might assume that a  
penniless upbringing makes for an  
uncultured young man. Especially in  
New Jersey.

**INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - READING ROOM - LATER**

Mary reads aloud from GREAT EXPECTATIONS. Becket listens.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

But friends, quite the contrary.  
Because the penniless son of Mary  
Rothchild had nothing but culture.

**INT. ROW HOUSE - DAY**

Mary teaches him piano.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

And art.

**INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY**

Becket orates on stage, dressed as Winston Churchill.

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
And language.

**INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY**

Becket slips into a trim sports coat.

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
Style.

**EXT. ARCHERY RANGE - DAY**

Mary teaches Becket to shoot.

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
And sport.

Becket fires an arrow. It STRIKES the target, a bit off-center. He steadies a new arrow, aims...

But before he can shoot, another arrow STRIKES bull's-eye.

Becket looks and sees a BLONDE GIRL HIS AGE admiring her perfect shot.

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
Which brings me to this lovely  
juncture in our story.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER**

Mary and the Girl's MOTHER chat politely.

Becket and the Young Girl peek at each other from behind their respective moms. She has confidence, this one.

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
Julia.

**EXT. BACK YARD - LATER**

A birthday party for Julia. She unwraps one sparkling, expensive gift after the next.

She gets to Becket's. Unwraps it. Finds a plate of cookies. There's murmuring and laughter from the kids and parents.

Becket sinks down, tries to hide. Julia eyes him curiously through the crowd, takes a bite from a cookie.

**EXT. BACK YARD - LATER**

They walk to a swing set.

JULIA

Why do you talk like that?

BECKET

Like what exactly.

JULIA

Like that.

BECKET

Are you going to make fun of me like everyone else?

JULIA

No.

BECKET

Thank you.

(then)

I'm going to be rich, you know. I'm going to inherit a fortune someday.

She looks at him. Sizing him up.

JULIA

Will you buy me a big house with all your money?

BECKET

Okay.

JULIA

Think you can push me in that swing?

(jumps in a swing)

C'mon gimme a push, let's go.

Becket pushes her. Watches her swing through the air in slow motion, her ponytail eclipsing the sun.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

Strange how many emotions a child discovers at once. How many did I find that day? One, love.

**EXT. BACK YARD - LATER**

Julia chats with a well-manicured YOUNG BOY with wavy hair. He looks like a miniature politician. She holds his hand. Becket watches from afar.

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
Two, jealousy.

**INT. CAR - LATER**

We pull away from Julia's house -- and from Julia, who waves on the front steps. Smiling in cool confidence.

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
And three, I'm unsure what to call it. I think there might be a word in Portuguese.

**INT. RECITAL HALL - NIGHT**

Becket plays piano for a small crowd. He spots Julia.

**LATER**

He shuffles into the audience and sits beside her.

BECKET  
(whispering)  
I think I played it too fast.

JULIA  
Better than too slow.

BECKET  
Thank you -

PIANO TEACHER  
Next we have Lyle Archdale.

LYLE sits at the piano. The kid from before, the miniature politician. He rips into Claude Debussy's CLAIRE DE LUNE.

Suddenly the power cuts off. The whole room goes black.

PIANO TEACHER (CONT'D)  
It's okay everyone. Keep playing!

Lyle continues playing in the dark. Becket feels something -- Julia's hand. She holds his hand.

And she KISSES HIM. Claire de Lune in the background. Becket is in heaven.

Suddenly The LIGHTS GO BACK UP. The kiss is over. Lyle finishes the piece -- and Julia stands up and applauds like nothing happened.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

Isn't there an expression? A proper secret never sees light, or something along those lines?

The applause carries into the

**INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY**

where Becket, now eighteen and very much a grown adult, gazes off into space. Remembering.

SUBTITLE: Nine years hence.

A DOCTOR shuffles up, removes his mask. Looks at Becket.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER**

Mary lies in bed. Dying.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

Well. Some secrets you can't keep in the dark so neatly.

Becket sits on the edge of her bed. Holds her hand.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

The doctors had a fancy name for her illness. But I tell you this: My dear mother had a broken heart.

**INT. HOSPITAL OFFICE - LATER**

A DOCTOR lectures Becket. We hear words like *HMO, coverage*.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

Now, it's a terrible thing, to be poor and sick. We had but one option.

**EXT. FRONT GATE - ROTHSCHILD ESTATE - LATE AFTERNOON**

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
Ask for help.

The front gate is open. The Mansion looming atop the drive.

Suddenly a BUS pulls up, breathes air. Pulls away, revealing Becket and Mary. She's in a wheelchair.

He pushes her to a BUZZER. She presses it. And pretty soon someone hobbles from up the drive: the Butler.

He slows. Gazes at Mary. Presses a button... and the gate LOWERS gradually. Shutting them out. He hobbles off.

A moment. And Mary pulls out a pair of shears, slices off a lock of her hair. Hands it to Becket.

And she cries. Becket's face going hot. A new look washing over him.

**EXT. PUBLIC CEMETERY - NEWARK, NEW JERSEY**

Funeral. Barely anyone in attendance. He watches her pine box being lowered into the dirt. Rubs her lock of hair like a rabbit's foot...

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
My friends. It was at this juncture  
that I began to develop something  
of a distaste for my relatives.

He looks up and sees Julia and Lyle in attendance. She's grown into an unfairly beautiful woman, unattainable to all.

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
So it was, that I inherited my  
mother's personal fortune of three  
thousand dollars -- and her unpaid  
medical balance of one hundred and  
fifty thousand dollars. Luckily I  
stumbled upon a government program  
designed for young men without a  
ways or means to pay for their  
educations.

**EXT. IRAQ - DAY**

Oil fields burn in the distance. Suddenly two Humvees ROAR into view, racing toward the fires.

SUBTITLE: Khafji, Iraq, February 4, 2003.

## INT. HUMVEE - THAT MOMENT

Private First Class Becket Rothchild rides shotgun. Everyone YELLS over the rumble:

MASTER SERGEANT  
(at the wheel)  
Big ass oil derrick, northwest  
corridor! That's our destination!

BECKET  
(passenger seat)  
I suggest we make a slight left in  
two hundred meters!

MASTER SERGEANT  
Rothchild what the fuck, just say left!

SPECIALIST  
(backseat)  
This is shit, man! I know where  
we're going! Saddam rigged it!

MASTER SERGEANT

BECKET  
Left in one one-hundred fifty  
meters!

Suddenly: a DIRTY MERCEDES wheels up alongside them. Looks like trouble.

MASTER SERGEANT  
Who's this asshole?

A FIGHTER rises from the sunroof with an RPG. He FIRES -- KAMOOM! The Humvee in front of them EXPLODES -

They swerve around the flaming wreckage.

MASTER SERGEANT (CONT'D)  
(into radio)  
Infantry column under fire! I got  
eyes on an RPG, copy! Rothchild  
where the fuck do we go?!

BECKET  
(looking at map)  
Northwest, Master Sergeant!

They ACCELERATE across the oil fields, through plumes of solid black smoke. Becket looks back -- and sees the Mercedes burst through the haze behind them. A desert car chase.

MASTER SERGEANT  
Specialist, get on that fifty! Now!

SPECIALIST  
(climbing up)  
I just wanted to travel, man!

## EXT. ATOP THE HUMVEE

The Specialist mans the fifty caliber machine gun. SHOOOOOM -- An RPG zings past his helmet.

SPECIALIST  
(firing)  
AAAAAAA !

He lights up the Mercedes. Pops tires, shatters glass. Oh shit -- a SECOND MERCEDES bursts into view -

**INT. HUMVEE - THAT MOMENT**

The second Mercedes zooms up alongside them. Fighters lean from the windows with AK-47s.

MASTER SERGEANT BECKET  
Un - be - fucking - lievable! That's unfortunate!

The Master Sergeant whips out his handgun, fires at the car.

MASTER SERGEANT  
Are we close or what?!

BECKET  
That's it right there, Master  
Sergeant!

Becket points to their destination: a MASSIVE OIL DERRICK a few hundred meters in the distance -

POP! The Master Sergeant just got shot in the head. He slumps forward -- just as the Specialist tumbles down, SHOT UP.

SPECIALIST  
I'm gone, man -

BECKET  
Hold on please, Specialist!

Becket ducks down and steers from the passenger seat.

**EXT. OIL DERRICK - THAT MOMENT**

The Humvee and Mercedes race toward us like a mirage. Suddenly we BOOM DOWN to reveal: A LAND MINE.

**INT. HUMVEE - THAT MOMENT**

SPECIALIST  
We gotta stop this shit -

BECKET  
It appears his weight is on the accelerator -

SPECIALIST  
We're heading for a minefield, the place is rigged I'm telling you -

The speedometer reads 80 MPH. They rocket past the Mercedes.

BECKET  
Again, hold on please Specialist!

Becket shoves the Master Sergeant from the door. Climbs into the drivers seat.

And SLAMS on the brakes. SKIDS to a curving stop in front of the derrick. Sand kicking through the air.

BECKET (CONT'D)  
(into radio)  
Checkpoint.

**EXT. OIL DERRICK - SAME**

Becket kicks open the door. Throws a FLAIR onto the sand. Florescent pink smoke billows into the desert wind.

He drags his bleeding comrade from the Humvee. Suddenly he sees the Mercedes zooming up, closer every second.

He pulls his handgun in desperation. Fires single shots:

POP! The Mercedes draws closer.

POP!

Closer.

POP!

KABOOM! The car hits a land mine. It tumbles end-over-end before SLIDING to a halt just inches from his feet.

The dust settles. Becket exhales. All things quiet. Suddenly the CHUG CHUG CHUG of rotors. Becket looks up.

And a HELICOPTER emerges from the pink smoke overhead like a hallucination. And there, written on the side in bold white lettering, is this: ROTHCCHILD.

Becket stares.

The helicopter lands. MERCENARIES jump out, followed by a MAN IN A SUIT who has no earthly business in a war zone.

Becket staggers to his feet, broken glass falling from his face. He limps toward the Man In A Suit. Stops.

They look at each other. A few Mercenaries gather around, detecting tension.

MAN IN SUIT  
Thank you, soldier.

BECKET  
For what, sir?

MAN IN SUIT  
Securing the road to our new  
property.

Becket's face goes hot. Something repressed boiling over. He removes a glove from his hand. And GLOVE SLAPS the Man.

The Mercenaries break into confused laughter. Becket looks around, humiliated. Then without warning:

He pulls his gun and SHOOTS the Man in the foot. A moment of utter disbelief all around...

MAN IN SUIT (CONT'D)  
aaaaaAAAAAAA WHAT THE FUCK!

The Mercenaries break into action and chase Becket...

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
Now don't get me wrong. My first  
act of unprovoked violence against  
the Rothchild family did give me a  
thrill. But oh, at such cost.

**INT. COURTROOM - TWO WEEKS LATER**

The Man sits at the prosecution table. His foot in a cast.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

Because the victim I chose was the  
CFO of foreign operations.

Becket stands at attention as the court martial hands down a sentence.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

There I was. Convicted of a federal  
offense. No chance for an  
education, an insurmountable debt,  
and an unforgivable haircut.

The gavel comes down. We hear a SLAM -- but it's a

**INT. JAIL CELL**

where Becket just got slammed behind bars.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

And so it was, that I would serve  
my time, and settle into a life of  
thankless labor.

MATCH CUT TO:

**EXT. THE GAP - LOWER MANHATTAN - TWO YEARS LATER**

SLAM. Becket lifts the security gate. Unlocks the entrance.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

Albeit with Dignity.

**INT. THE GAP - LATER**

He works at the Gap. Folding khakis. Place empty.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

Always dignity.

**INT. TRAIN - LATE NIGHT**

He rides home, flanked by slumbering homeless people. Rain  
pouring outside.

**INT. ROW HOUSE - NEWARK - NIGHT**

Dingier than last time. Water drips from the ceiling into a strategically placed pot on the floor.

Becket steps inside, slumps in an armchair. Looks at the dusty painting above the piano -- the MANSION.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

I began to keep track of their fates, and my future wealth.

He unfolds a newspaper. Reads the obituaries.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

Some days, the paper brought good news.

Becket stands, flips the painting -- and crosses a name from the family tree. One down. Albeit an unimportant one.

**INT. ROW HOUSE - MONTHS LATER**

Even dingier. More water drips into more pots. Becket steps through the front door, opens a newspaper.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

But most days, the paper brought no news at all. And I could only wait. And wait.

**INT. THE GAP - DAY**

**BECKET (V.O.)**

And then came Monday.

Becket is busy folding polo shirts when he spots a GIRL across the store, perusing scarves. And not just any girl.

Julia. Becket freezes. Turns his back and hides. But:

BECKET

No.

He turns around and stands tall with pride. Julia sees him. After a moment of disbelief, she strolls over.

JULIA

Really?

BECKET

It appears so.

An awkward silence.

JULIA

What's the headset for? I always  
wondered about that.

BECKET

A secret device, actually. I can  
hear people's thoughts.

JULIA

Oh yeah? What's she thinking?

Julia points to a MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN holding up a striped blouse to her body.

BECKET

She's realizing that horizontal  
stripes emphasize width.

JULIA

What about him?

She points to a mannequin. Wait, that's a person. Hovering near the register, perfectly still. Clearly up to something.

BECKET

That's my manager, Darryl, and I  
can assure you he is incapable of  
abstract thought.

JULIA

And what about me.

Becket shifts around, straightens his outfit.

BECKET

Uh, to be honest I rather not say  
aloud -

She laughs.

BECKET (CONT'D)

Ah, good. I've still got it.  
(gathering himself)  
I haven't seen you in ages. We  
should, um. Catch up. Properly.

She smiles. But looks away. And it's now that Becket notices the giant, disgusting RING on her finger -

JULIA

Oh that sounds great but the timing  
is sort of, y'know -

BECKET  
Sure sure sure -

JULIA  
But it's nice seeing you. I'm glad  
you're still...like this.

BECKET  
Like what.

JULIA  
Like you.

Becket stands there holding polo shirts. Julia leaves.  
But she stops.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
Hey I thought you were gonna  
inherit the, uh. "Rothchild Family  
Fortune."

BECKET  
Someday. I just have to wait.

She smiles. That icy, confident smile.

JULIA  
Well. Call me when you've killed  
them all.

A joke. But one look at Becket, and you can tell he is struck  
by the idea. Julia glides outside...

...where she joins LYLE, who sits on a silver moped. She  
whispers in his ear. Lyle spies into the Gap, sees Becket...

BECKET (V.O.)  
I was taken by a realization. There  
are two breeds of people in this  
life.

Lyle and Julia MOTOR away. Becket peers across the store. At  
the miserable employees toiling away like cattle.

BECKET (V.O.)  
Those who play by the rules and  
work hard...

He notices something -- DARRYL (The Manager) discreetly  
sliding cash from the register. Stuffing it in his khakis.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

...and those who seem to know  
better.

**INT. TRAIN - NIGHT**

Becket rides home. Crack heads babble on either side of him.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

I had chosen to work, and wait for  
my fortune to arrive. And here I  
was. Still a peasant.

**INT. ROW HOUSE - NIGHT**

The place sounds like a fountain from all the leaks. Becket  
Slumps in the armchair, picks up the obituaries.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

Good God, what had I expected?

He drops the newspaper in the trash can.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

Great wealth has never been awarded  
to those who work an honest living.  
No, wealth is taken by bloody  
force.

He pulls something from his pocket: his mother's LOCK OF  
HAIR. His face suddenly hot. Eyes watering. That old feeling  
boiling over.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

And for the sake of my mother.

Becket's gaze shifts to the painting across the room. He  
grabs his old ARCHERY BOW, aims...

**BECKET (V.O.)**

I would damn well take it.

He FIRES an arrow.

And, in a movie full of pianos and harpsichords, bloodthirsty  
HEAVY METAL rips to life as

**OPENING TITLES APPEAR.**

We follow the arrow as it RIPS through the painting. RIPS  
through the wall behind it. And BLASTS like a missile down  
the street and:

-through a living room, SHATTERING wine glasses on a mantle.  
 -through a luxury car, EXPLODING through the windows.  
 -through a opulent bedroom, GRAZING a couple having sex.  
 -through bank, BURSTING through a stack of hundreds.

**INT. ROW HOUSE - BACK TO SCENE**

The music cuts. The arrow sticks from the painting, where it really lodged.

Becket lowers the bow. Looks at it like a foreign object. What did he just commit to?

**LATER**

He yanks the arrow from the painting, flips it. Examines the family tree on the backside. Rain drumming the roof.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

There were nine Rothschilds remaining. From youngest to eldest, they were as follows:

CLOSE on each portrait:

**BECKET (V.O.)**

Cousin Taylor.  
 (frat boy)  
 Cousin Noah.  
 (hipster)  
 Uncle Steven.  
 (Minister)  
 Twins Beverly and Blair.  
 (reality TV-stars)  
 Aunt Cassandra.  
 (trash)  
 Uncle Warren  
 (business man)  
 Great Uncle McArthur.  
 (Military)  
 And my grandfather. The great old patriarch. Whitelaw.

Shadow obscures Whitelaw's face. His mangled hand hidden between the buttons of his shirt like Napoleon.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

Them gone, I'd inherit seventeen billion dollars. Doing off with them would be a tough nut to crack.

Suddenly a BIG CHUNK of the ceiling falls and BREAKS into a dozen wet pieces across the floor. Becket stares. Gazes up at his dingy, piss pathetic surroundings.

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
But crack it I would try.

**EXT. WALL STREET - GOLDMAN SACHS - DAY**

Closing time. Men in fancy suits pour through the revolving doors. Bringing up the rear is TAYLOR ROTHSCHILD (20s).

Built like a swimmer. Wind-blown hair. Taylor jabbers with his buddies as he passes:

BECKET, who just happens to be reading a Russian-language newspaper nearby. He wears sunglasses and smokes.

Becket lowers the newspaper.

**EXT. STREET CORNER - LATER**

Taylor climbs in a limousine. SWISH PAN TO: Becket, who catches a cab right behind him.

**INT. BECKET'S CAB - DRIVING**

He rides. Expressionless behind those sunglasses.

**INT. TAYLOR'S LIMO - DRIVING**

Taylor barks on the phone, nursing a beer.

TAYLOR  
How much time could you possibly  
need to get ready?  
(then)  
Well I'm almost there, I'm -  
(then)  
Are you talking to me or your  
dumbass friends?

**INT. BECKET'S CAB**

Becket sees the limo park in front of an apartment.

BECKET  
(to Driver)  
Stop right here.

He watches a PRETTY GIRL sashay to Taylor's limo and open the door. But instead of getting inside she just YELLS at him...

...and SLAMS the door. Taylor leans from the window and hurls the beer bottle at her feet. It SHATTERS.

PRETTY GIRL  
Oh my God! OH MY GOD! You are an  
ANIMAL!

**EXT. BRO BAR - 84TH AND LEXINGTON - NIGHT**

The limo pulls up. Taylor stumbles out. He pushes his way into the bar...

A cab pulls up not a second later. And Becket climbs out casually. Flicks his cigarette.

**INT. BRO BAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Becket sits at the bar, incognito. He watches:

Taylor commiserate with his buddies. We hear snippets of their conversation:

TAYLOR  
I called her a butterface.

FRIEND  
That's cold, man.

TAYLOR  
Maybe so. But I mean -- I told her, I said honey, your face is on my cock so much I forgot what it looks like anyway HAHAHAHAHAHA!

They all laugh together.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
(pulling out his wallet)  
Goddamn, I got a picture of the back of the chick's head in my wallet bro HAHAHAHAHA!

**INT. BRO BAR - LATER**

Taylor sings karaoke, piss drunk. He belts out *Ants Marching* by the Dave Matthews Band.

TAYLOR  
WE ALL DO IT THE SAAAAAAAAME! WE ALL  
DO IT THE SAAAAAAAAAME WAAAAAAAAYY  
BUM! BUM BUM BUM!

Becket watches.

**EXT. BRO BAR - END OF THE NIGHT**

Taylor stumbles out of the bar. His buddies take off.

TAYLOR  
Fuck you assholes! Get a room!

FRIEND  
See you tomorrow man -

TAYLOR  
I'll see your mom tomorrow!

Taylor staggers down the sidewalk. Finds himself alone under the streetlights. He straightens up, rubs his eyes.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
Fuckin'...hang on.

He stuffs a cigarette in his mouth. Searches his coat for a lighter. No luck. Suddenly he spots a shadowy FIGURE.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
Lookin' shifty as hell, man.  
(then)  
Shit. Yo homeboy, you got a  
lighter?

Becket steps into the light. Strikes a match.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
Matches! Matches, priceless.

Becket lights the cigarette. And suddenly -- his HAND trembles.

Taylor notices. He looks at Becket. Becket looks back. A long, odd, quiet moment.

And Taylor raises his eyebrows like *check out this fuckin' weirdo*. He steps away, hails a cab.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
That was intense. See you...never  
again.

He SLAMS the door and the cab pulls away.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

There's a learning curve to  
everything. And it appeared murder  
would be no different.

**INT. ROW HOUSE - LATER**

Becket steps through the front door and removes an ANTIQUE PISTOL from his coat pocket. Places it on the mantle.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

Yes, your humble narrator was  
filled with fear and apprehension.  
Because let's get down to brass  
tacks: what the devil was I doing.

**INT. BEDROOM - LATER**

He buttons up his pajamas. Lies in bed.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

Even if I did it -- by God -- would  
I collapse in regret? Turn myself  
in?

**INT. THE GAP - THE NEXT DAY**

Becket hunches over, folds khakis.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

I needed a push over the edge. A  
kick in the britches.

Suddenly he FREEZES. Because Darryl is standing inches away.  
Perfectly still like an assassin. Becket peers up.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

It would soon arrive with force.

**INT. THE GAP - BACK OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

**DARRYL**

You're fired. For stealing cash out  
of the downstairs register. Over  
the course of several weeks.  
Discreetly.

They sit across from each other. Darryl looks even more like an android up close, eyes dead like a shark.

BECKET

Darryl you're mistaken. I think you know who's the thief.

DARRYL

It wasn't me.

BECKET

It certainly was.

DARRYL

No it wasn't -

BECKET

And now you're pegging this on me because you have to hold someone accountable, and I have a criminal record, am I correct?

Darryl expressionless. And:

DARRYL

You're fired. For stealing cash out of the downstairs -

BECKET

Oh GOD'S sake -

**INT. THE GAP - MOMENTS LATER**

Becket marches past happy customers. WHIPS off his headset.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

Friends, I tell you this: there is nothing more invigorating than the moment you find yourself with nothing to lose.

He passes the register. And STOPS. Has an idea.

**EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN - MOMENTS LATER**

Among the masses, Becket walks with steam. Gaining momentum. He's counting a thick WAD OF CASH.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

The air is crisp. The sunshine sweet.

He stops and takes in a sight: WALL STREET.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

And the possibilities limitless. I  
was a new Becket.

**INT. CLOTHING STORE - LATER**

He makes his way past isles of button-downs and slacks. To a  
STYLISH MALE EMPLOYEE holding an espresso.

BECKET

Hi.

**EXT. 5TH AVENUE - LATER**

Becket strides down the sidewalk, wearing a brand new linen  
suit and Kashmir scarf.

Suddenly he spots something in a store window: a SILVER  
MOPED. Just like Lyle's.

**EXT. UPSTATE NEW YORK - DAY**

He ROCKETS through the countryside on his new moped.  
Apparently he sprang for the helmet / goggles / gloves combo.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

Now bear in mind that to penetrate  
the world of the rich, I would need  
to appear rich myself. It was an  
anthropological study, if you will.  
And I would go all the way --- up  
the river, into the tribe, into  
that great heart of darkness.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - UPSTATE NEW YORK - AFTERNOON**

Becket skids to a stop.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

I had but one last item on my list.

He removes his goggles and looks up -- at an immense SPORTING  
GOODS STORE.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

And it would be a doozy.

**INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - MOMENTS LATER**

A MAN moseys down the isle. It takes us a moment to realize it's Becket. In disguise. Wearing glasses and a cabbie hat.

He grabs an aluminum baseball bat. Tests the feel.

OLD EMPLOYEE  
Can I help you out with something?

His name tag reads HARVEY.

BECKET  
Oh. Yes, I'm looking for...  
(puts down the bat)  
...hunting supplies.

HARVEY  
What are you hunting?

BECKET  
Rich people.

HARVEY  
Rich p -  
(chuckles)  
Well, can't blame you there.

**INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - GUN COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER**

He hands Becket a rifle with a scope. A ruthless thing.

HARVEY  
Browning K-Seventeen. It'll drop a buck from, oh, mile- and-a-half.

BECKET  
Right, do you perhaps have something a bit less, uh. Severe?

Harvey unhooks a small rifle from the rack, hands it over.

HARVEY  
Classic Remington twenty-two. Easy to load, easy to clean...

But Becket spots something atop the highest shelf: A BOW. And not a clunky old heap like the one he has. But a sleek, supple, sinuous piece of coiled tension. Harvey notices.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

(quietly)

'Course, a better man than myself  
once said that a true sportsman?  
Well. He hunts with a bow.

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - SUNSET**

Becket rides. Scarf flapping. And on his back: The BOW. He looks like Michael Caine in *Alfie*, if *Alfie* went postal.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

Was I happy? Perhaps happiness is the wrong term. What I felt was a rush of blood, a tingling in my extremities. Only one thing was certain...

He passes a sign: WELCOME TO EAST HAMPTON.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

...I had work to do.

SMASH TO:

TAYLOR ROTCHILD LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY IN EXTREME CLOSE UP.

He wears sunglasses and a radio headset. Because he's piloting a

**INT. PRIVATE HELICOPTER - DAY**

somewhere over Long Island Sound. He sits next to his buddy, Brett. Both guys laughing their faces off.

BRETT

I can't believe...you have...a fucking helicopter bro!

TAYLOR

I know! It's so...ridiculous...holy shit.

(flipping switches)  
Alright, let's get this party started.

**EXT. HELICOPTER - THAT MOMENT**

A powerful set of SPEAKERS have been rigged on either side of the chopper.

Suddenly -- MUSIC plays. And even for those unfamiliar with classical music or *Apocalypse Now*, it sounds familiar:

WAGNER'S RIDE OF THE VALKYRIES.

**INT. HELICOPTER - THAT MOMENT**

BRETT

Is that music?

TAYLOR

I like to play Wagner. Scares the natives, you're gonna love it.  
Alpha alpha zulu...

**EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - THAT MOMENT**

Mexican migrant workers labor quietly. Suddenly they look up and hear -- as if emanating from the Gods -- WAGNER.

**EXT. OCEAN - THAT MOMENT**

The helicopter ROARS toward us, just feet above the whitecaps. Wagner BOOMING impossibly loud.

**INT. HELICOPTER - THAT MOMENT**

Taylor yells over the din of rotors and classical music:

TAYLOR

Here we go! These bastards wanna build a bigger beach house than mine? Oh hell no! Let'm have it!

They ROCKET over the beach, over the treetops, right over the Workers. Wagner BLASTING across the countryside.

Brett grabs a BOX OF CHAMPAIGN BOTTLES, THROWS them down at the Workers one by one -

**EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - SAME**

The first bottle EXPLODES across a stack of cement blocks. Another SHATTERS onto pickup truck. Workers SCREAM, RUN.

**INT. HELICOPTER - SAME**

BRETT  
RUN, CHARLIE!

**EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - SAME**

Workers SPRINT for cover -- but a rain of EXPLODING CHAMPAIGN BOTTLES sends them tumbling into a swimming pool -

**INT. HELICOPTER - SAME**

TAYLOR  
I love the smell of Champaign in the morning. Alright, let's light up this shit hole and go party.

Brett lights a FIREWORK with his cigar...

**EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - MOMENTS LATER**

Fireworks BLAST into the site, leaving tracers of smoke in the air. A FIRE breaks out. Paint cans EXPLODE -

**EXT. BACK LAWN - ROTCHILD SUMMER HOME - THAT MOMENT**

A party. Girls in the pool. Guys wearing Ray-Bans and loafers. Prince Harry might be there, just a guess.

Then -- faintly -- the sound of WAGNER in the distance. Everyone stops, looks around...

...and the helicopter THUNDERS past the house. Wagner BOOMING. Everyone watches in shock and awe.

The old Butler pulls a cord -- inflating a CRASH PAD. The thing stunt men fall into when they jump off a building.

**INT. HELICOPTER - THAT MOMENT**

Brett takes the controls. Hovers the chopper over the party.

Taylor steps to the door and raises his arms like Jesus. Wagner BLASTING. Party going insane down below.

He releases a huge wad of CASH into the air. Everyone GASPS as the dollar bills flutter down...

...and he LEAPS from the helicopter and lands

**EXT. ON THE CRASHPAD - CONTINUOUS**

just in time to bathe in a RAIN OF HIS OWN MONEY. It showers him like the rose petals in *American Beauty*.

Taylor eases to his feet, covered in hundreds. A cigar in his mouth. Two BEAUTIFUL GIRLS greet him.

TAYLOR  
Who wants to take an Ambien and  
drive a hovercraft?

**EXT. STREET - EAST HAMPTON - DAY**

Empty. Suddenly we hear a distant BUZZING. Like a go-kart.

It's a moped. Becket appears on the horizon.

**CLOSER**

He rides. An anxious look in his eye.

He passes a parked Ferrari. And a Lotus. Pretty soon he's navigating through a maze of fancy cars -

**EXT. ROTCHCHILD FAMILY SUMMER HOME - MOMENTS LATER**

He strolls toward the gate. Bow wrapped in a beach towel. Two beefy GUARDS stand duty. One holds a VIP list on a clipboard.

GUARD  
What's the name.

BECKET  
Rothchild.

GUARD  
(dubious)  
Uh huh. Got a first name?

Becket thinks. Too risky. He reaches into his breast pocket -

BECKET  
Alright. Name your price,  
gentlemen.

GUARD  
Five hundred bucks.

Becket pauses.

BECKET

A cool twenty-five, how's it suit  
you.

**EXT. SUMMER HOME - SIDE YARD - MOMENTS LATER**

The BOW is tossed over the fence. And Becket CLAMBERS into view, covered in leaves and dirt. He TUMBLES into a bush -

**INT. SUMMER HOME - MOMENTS LATER**

Becket steps through an open door -

A MIDGET in a bathing suit FLIES at him. Becket JUMPS aside -

FRAT BOY (O.S.)  
MIDGET SLIP'N SLIDE!

He looks up -- and sees a bunch of FRAT BOYS throwing midgets down a slip'n slide, indoors.

Becket glides through the party. Bodies everywhere. A girl in a kiddie pool filled with Cristal. Someone revving a crotch rocket in the kitchen.

He glances around for Taylor. Nothing. He toes to a window, peers outside.

BECKET'S POV: throngs of people on the back lawn. The helicopter resting on the grass.

And there's Taylor. He brandishes a golf club. Reaches into his khakis, pulls out a tee. Bends over, sets the tee -

- between the clenched teeth of the Midget in a Bathing Suit.

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - MOMENTS LATER**

Becket jogs up the staircase. Pads down the hall. Cracks a door. Sees the BUTLER dozing off in an armchair.

BECKET  
Excuse me -

The Butler snaps awake -

BUTLER  
Can I help you, Sir.

BECKET  
Just looking for a quiet room,  
actually.

The Butler rises on creaky knees...

BUTLER  
I'll leave you be, then.

He goes to leave. But pauses in the doorway. Peers at Becket.

BUTLER (CONT'D)  
Have we met someplace?

BECKET  
Perhaps in a previous life, my  
friend.

The Butler mystified. He lumbers away. And Becket swings

**INSIDE THE BEDROOM**

and SHUTS the door. LOCKS it. UNFURLS the bow nervously. Steps to the window, pulls back an arrow. Aims.

IN HIS SIGHTS: Taylor staggers through the crowd. Drunk. Tough to shoot. Suddenly he moves into the open -

But a SHAPE bounces into view, blocks the shot. Becket pulls away from the sight, sees a TOPLESS GIRL bouncing on a trampoline. He aims again -

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK on the door.

FRAT BOY (O.S.)  
Yo! Hurry up in there!

IN HIS SIGHTS: Taylor stumbles into the open again. Becket takes a deep breath and SHOOTS -

**EXT. BACK YARD - THAT MOMENT**

Taylor bends over to plant a golf tee. The arrow ZINGS over his back. He stands up, oblivious.

**INT. BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT**

IN HIS SIGHTS: Becket searches for the arrow. He sees it -- stuck into a clipboard. Which is held by -

One of the GUARDS. The guy squints at the arrow. Peers up toward the window -

Becket DUCKS away. KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

FRAT BOY (O.S.)  
I'm gonna kick down this door!

Becket rises, peeks through the window. See the Guard marching toward the house, muttering into his walkie-talkie.

Becket spots something else: Taylor getting away, loping toward a BOATHOUSE.

**INT. HALL - SECONDS LATER**

Becket plows past the FRAT BOY and his GIRLFRIEND. Carries the bow, bundled in the beach towel.

Rounds a corner -- and sees BOTH GUARDS marching up the stairs toward him. Becket wheels around.

Sees a PARTIER pass by. Snatches the Princeton baseball hat from his head, slips it on, shuffles down the stairs...

...right past the Guards. The first doesn't look twice. But the second STOPS. Squints at Becket shuffling away...

**EXT. BACK LAWN - SECONDS LATER**

Becket pushes through the crowd. Glances over his shoulder - The GUARD is on his heels. Shoving aside Ivy League dandies, two at a time.

Becket BREAKS THROUGH the party, follows Taylor as he staggers into the boathouse...

**INT. BOATHOUSE - THAT MOMENT**

Brett revs a PRIVATE HOVERCRAFT in the shallow water.

BRETT  
Sharper Image Catalogue what  
whaaaaat.

TAYLOR  
Let's do this.

Taylor climbs aboard. The hovercraft WHIRS to life, BLOWS into the open water...

...just as Becket dashes into the building. Too late. But he spots a JET-SKI bobbing in the water nearby -

The GUARD plows through the door, a few steps behind. Becket LEAPS on the Jet-ski, FIRES the engine -

The Guard splashes into the shallow water, lunges for him just as Becket hits the gas and ROCKETS onto the

**EXT. OPEN WATER - CONTINUOUS**

full throttle. Wind and salt in the air.

Becket follows the hovercraft. Loses sight of it around a CONTAINER SHIP...

...he weaves around the massive vessel...

...and sees the hovercraft sputter to a halt a short distance ahead. Becket slows.

Sees Brett puke into the ocean. Taylor yells at him, throws a beer bottle. Their voices echoing across the water.

Becket unfurls the bow from the towel. Hands shaking. This is it. This is his chance. There are no witnesses -

SPLASH. He just dropped the bow. Into the ocean. It sinks. Becket stares in disbelief.

TAYLOR  
(in the distance)  
Hey! Hey bro! C'mere!

**MOMENTS LATER**

Becket motors alongside the hovercraft. A panicked look on his face. He has no plan. He awkwardly climbs

**ABOARD THE VESSEL**

and sees Taylor on his back, mumbling nonsense. Brett face-down on the deck, out cold.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
Retard put regular unleaded in my  
hoverboat...hoverboats take diesel,  
retard! Hey bro go to the house,  
call Baywatch.

Becket glances around for an idea. Something. Anything. He spots an anchor.

BECKET  
Just allow me to drop anchor, will  
you? So you don't drift astray.

TAYLOR  
Whatever...just hurry up...

Becket circles the chain around Taylor's foot. DROPS anchor into the ocean. The long chain WHIZZES over the gunwale...

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
Pour me some...champaign, bro...

Becket pours a glass of champaign. Taylor sits up, rubs his eyes. Looks Becket square in the face. Recognizes him.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
Wait. You. Who are you?

BECKET  
I'm Becket.

SNAP. Taylor is SUCKED overboard and SPLASH. Gone instantly.

Becket sits there. Holding champagne.

He toes to the gunwale, peeks over. Nothing. Just water. He glances at Brett. Guy is dead to the world.

Becket climbs aboard the jet-ski. FIRES the engine. And it's only now he looks down at his HAND:

It's trembling again. Becket breathes. Eases on the gas...

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
Was that it? Was it that easy?

**LATER**

He ROCKETS across the water. Sun setting, the world peaceful.

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
Strange. But yes. And if the experience gave you a peculiar thrill...

**INT. JAIL CELL - BACK TO PRESENT**

BECKET  
(into tape recorder)  
...then I suppose you and I have something in common.

Father Murphy leans forward, engrossed. He catches himself. Tries to look reverent again.

BECKET (CONT'D)  
(into tape recorder)  
Anyway. Can you believe I attended  
the funeral? Keep your enemies  
closer, as it goes...

**EXT. ROTHCCHILD FAMILY MAUSOLEUM - DAY**

A traditional funeral. Pallbearers lurch forward, the casket on their shoulders. And standing unnoticed, just a face in the crowd:

Becket. He spies the attendees. Mostly friends and classmates of Taylor. And at the center -- an empty CHAIR, reserved for someone important. Too important to attend, apparently.

Becket spots a Rothchild: UNCLE WARREN. A face on the family tree. A leathery old salt. Stands alone looking defeated.

Becket feels a wave of empathy, despite himself.

**AFTER THE CEREMONY**

Becket tows to Warren.

BECKET  
I'm sorry for the loss of your son,  
Mr. Rothchild.

Warren gathers himself. Looks around.

WARREN  
Thanks.  
(and)  
Not sure I, uh. Know your name,  
son.

BECKET  
Becket. I'm your nephew, I'm Mary's  
only child.

Warren stunned.

WARREN  
Bullshit.

**INT. TAVERN - NIGHT**

Becket sits with Warren. The old man is pissed on Scotch.

WARREN

They might've thrown you two out -- but they should'a done me the same favor, the dirty -- they hate me, y'know. Because I spend money on real investments. I put a few bucks into solar panels, they went ballistic.

BECKET

I'm sure Taylor appreciated your values.

Warren whips off his glasses, rubs his eyes.

BECKET (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Sir -

WARREN

Don't be. You know who killed'm?  
Huh?

(a moment)

Me.

BECKET

I can assure you, that's not the case.

WARREN

I wasn't there when he was a kid, I was a deadbeat. Full a'bullshit, what everybody said. Selfish, and...I offered him a job at my firm? Just to make up for lost time? Know what he told me?

BECKET

No, Sir -

WARREN

Nothing. Never called me back. Got a job selling sub-prime -- those guys are gonna put the country in the damn dirt, mark my -- and Taylor, he was a good kid. He was. And then he went off the handle, with the cars and prescription -- I'm surprised he didn't have an accident sooner.

(then)

It was me. I killed him.

Warren calms down. Looks at Becket. Smiles.

WARREN (CONT'D)  
Jesus. You look just like her.

BECKET  
Like who, Sir?

WARREN  
Your mother.  
(then)  
Anyway. Whaddya do, Becket.

BECKET  
Oh. You could say I'm between jobs  
at the moment.

Warren looks at him.

**INT. WARREN ROTHSCHILD INVESTMENTS - NIGHT**

Warren shuffles inside, flips on the lights -- revealing an exquisite oak-lined lobby. Becket follows.

WARREN  
Looked like a dustpan when I got  
here. Used to be Con Ed, back  
before Laguardia was in office...

Becket peruses the lines of leather-bound books, marble  
counter tops. He's in heaven.

WARREN (CONT'D)  
Conscious capitalism, mainly. The  
bottom line ain't everything,  
dammit. 'Course I can't say that  
too loud...

Becket eyes a leather chair. Touches the shiny surface.

WARREN (CONT'D)  
Too polite, just like your mother.  
Take a seat for Chrissake.

Becket sits.

WARREN (CONT'D)  
Listen. We got an opening in the  
mail room. It ain't much, but --  
shit. I like you, Becket. You  
remind me of somebody I miss like  
hell. And I could sure use an  
honest face around here.

He holds out his hand. Becket is thunderstruck. Feeling a mixture of things. He stands. Gives a firm handshake.

BECKET  
Thank you, Sir -

WARREN  
Don't mention it.

BECKET (V.O.)  
And so it was...

**INT. BUSTLING MAIL ROOM - DAY**

Becket pushes a mail cart, dodging employees.

BECKET (V.O.)  
...that I put a man to death -- and received a corporate check. I was not the first.

**INT. CUBICLE - DAY**

Becket works the phones. Juggling three calls at once.

BECKET (V.O.)  
I began to learn the language.  
*Collateral. Dividend. Deduction, and Kicker.*

**INT. BOARD ROOM - DAY**

Warren and a handful of EXECUTIVES volley ideas at a long table. Becket toes into the room, pushing a lunch cart.

BECKET (V.O.)  
*Bailing. Bootstrapping. Closure and Clawback.*

**EXT. WALL STREET BAR - NIGHT**

The Executives talk shit and drink liquor. Becket re-fills their shot glasses, eavesdrops.

BECKET (V.O.)  
*Lying. Cheating. Tailing and Trickery.*

## INT. ROW HOUSE - NIGHT

Becket steps through the door, a long package under his arm.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

My friends. I learned as much as I could. After all, I needed the knowledge...

He opens the package: A BRAND NEW ARCHERY BOW.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

...I'd soon have an empire to run.

CUT TO:

## A YOUTUBE VIDEO

of a HIPSTER (late 20s) addressing the camera in a voice so detached that we think, for a moment, he may be unconscious and talking in his sleep:

NOAH

Konnichiwa. I'm Noah Rothchild. I'm a photographer, musician, and farmer.

The video cuts to a GIRL covered in chocolate and wearing a Cherokee headdress. A camera FLASHES.

NOAH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You've probably seen my photographs. If you haven't, I guess you're not that into culture, which is like, fine. Either way, I really need your help raising five-hundred dollars.

## INT. ROW HOUSE - SAME

Becket watches the video. Eats ramen noodles with chopsticks.

NOAH (O.S.)

To make a donation to my next photographic series, just click below...

**BECKET (V.O.)**

A sick world, my friends -- when the rich beg the poor for penny.

**INT. PHOTOGRAPHY SHOW - WILLIAMSBURG, BROOKLYN - NIGHT**

CLOSE on a leather TRIPOD CASE.

PULL OUT to reveal the case is carried by Becket. In costume. Hair combed smartly to the side.

Place is packed with mustached locals. Becket peers around, spots Noah nursing a PBR and texting.

Becket meanders over, casually pulls out a vintage camera, loads film. Noah pauses texting.

NOAH

Is that an old Leica Zero?

Becket looks around like he's caught off guard.

BECKET

Oh. Yes.

NOAH

An original?

Becket peers at him. And lights up.

BECKET

You're Noah Rothchild.

NOAH

Yeah.

BECKET

I'm just -- apologies, I admire  
your work.

Noah turns red. Plays it cool.

NOAH

Yeah y'know I try not come around  
too much on Fridays, I don't wanna  
make a big scene -

BECKET

Of course, of course -

**EXT. SIDEWALK - WILLIAMSBURG - NIGHT**

He makes friendly, hands out American Spirits to Noah and a handful of HIPSTER PALS. They shuffle along together.

NOAH

So do you develop?

BECKET

Develop?

NOAH

Your photographs -

BECKET

Oh. No, I don't have a darkroom.

NOAH

Nobody develops anymore, it's shit.  
I mean no offense, if you don't  
have a dark room I sorta get it,  
but...hang on.

Noah hands a HOMELESS PERSON a HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL. The guy's eyes widen -

FLASH! Noah takes a Polaroid of his stunned expression. Grabs back the hundred, hands the guy the still-developing photo.

BECKET

So -- do you have a darkroom?

NOAH

(after a moment)

Yeah, it's shit.

**INT. NOAH'S LOFT APARTMENT - LATER**

Noah SLIDES open an industrial door, revealing:

A massive WAREHOUSE SPACE. Tastefully restored to shabby-chic perfection. The East River rolling beyond the windows.

The Hipsters sink into the furniture, texting, not looking at each other. Becket follows. Leans his case against the sofa.

HIPSTER GIRL

I want pizza and I want to dance.

HIPSTER GUY

I want you to crawl back into that  
phone booth where you lost your  
virginity and die.

HIPSTER GUY 2

Does that French place in Fort  
Green take EBT cards?

NOAH

Are you asking if you can order  
foie gras with my food stamps?  
Because the answer is still yes.

Hipster Guy unscrews Becket's tripod case...

HIPSTER GUY

Whaddya got in here, a big dildo?

BECKET

(pulling away the case)  
Sorry -- that's a delicate piece of  
machinery -

EVERYONE TOGETHER

OOOHHH / TOUCHY -

NOAH

Is that the original tripod?

BECKET

It is.

NOAH

Dude lemme see.

Becket sits there. He puts down his PBR.

BECKET

Pleasure. Do you have roof access?

**EXT. ROOF - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT**

Noah and Becket emerge from a door. Becket carrying the case. Only a few floors up, but the view is staggering. Manhattan sparkling on the water.

And across the roof: a SHACK. A stand-alone structure.

NOAH

(motions to it)

That's my darkroom, that's where  
the magic happens.

(re: New York)

Look at this shit dump. Why do  
assholes keep moving here? I'm  
gonna piss on this place.

He scuffles toward the edge of the building. Becket hangs back, unscrews the tripod case...

NOAH (CONT'D)  
Place is worse than Austin six  
years ago. Berlin is the new spot,  
man, the scene is real over  
there...

He pees off the edge of the building, oblivious, as Becket  
slides the ARCHERY BOW from the tripod case...

NOAH (CONT'D)  
...chicks are a little hairy though  
I heard. I dunno.

Becket steadies an arrow, aims at Noah's back -

FOOTSTEPS. Coming up the stairs. Becket eyes the cracked  
door. Sees the shadow of someone approaching.

He quickly aims again and SHOOTS -

Someone pushes open the door and THWACK! The arrow sticks  
into it. Intercepted.

Becket instantly swings down the bow, slides it into the case  
-- just as a GIRL steps onto the roof. Her figure in shadows.

GIRL  
(re: arrow)  
The hell was that sound?

Her voice low. Calm. Becket watches from the dark.

NOAH  
I thought you weren't gonna be home  
until late -

GIRL  
Good to see you too, babe.

She kisses him.

GIRL (CONT'D)  
What are you doing up here?

NOAH  
Beckham was gonna set up his, uh -  
(motions to Becket)  
- this guy right here, I met him at  
the show tonight.

She looks. Steps into the light -

Stunning. In a dressed-down sort of way. Her big, almond-  
shaped eyes glowing beneath her bangs. City glimmering.

RUTH

I'm Ruth.

BECKET

(after a moment)

Becket.

RUTH

(to Noah)

His name is Becket, not Beckham!

I'm so hungry I could eat at  
Arby's, let's get dinner.

She prances downstairs. Noah and Becket follow...

BECKET (V.O.)

Oh friends. It was at this juncture  
that things grew complex.

He SHUTS the door behind them -- and it's now we see that the arrow plunged directly into a big GRAFFITI HEART.

**INT. NOAH'S LOFT APARTMENT - LATER**

Becket, Noah, and Ruth eat takeout. Becket trying not to stare.

RUTH

(to Becket)

You work in finance? You're like  
the most polite person ever to work  
in finance.

BECKET

I'm only a beginner. And it's not  
all thievery and dirty tricks,  
money can change the world when it  
falls into the right hands -

RUTH

Wait -- sorry -- why do you talk  
like that?

Becket looks around. Confused. Noah texting, oblivious.

BECKET

I'm sorry?

RUTH

You sound like Orson Wells, nobody  
ever brought that up? How did this -

(laughing)

(MORE)

RUTH (CONT'D)  
- wait are you from past? Are you  
like Quantum Leap?

Becket RED.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
Oh God I'm sorry, I'm a jerk, I'm  
the one you should laugh at -

BECKET  
You're the one at whom I should  
laugh.

RUTH  
OH! Touche my friend, touche!

BECKET  
So what is it, uh. That you do.  
Besides accuse random strangers of  
illicit time travel.

RUTH  
I'm an English teacher.

BECKET  
Tell me you're joking -

RUTH  
(cracking up)  
No, man. Nope.

She laughs with food in her mouth.

BECKET  
And what books do you teach?

RUTH  
It's my first year, but I will  
teach Dickens, Conrad -

BECKET  
Tell me -- A Tale of Two Cities, or  
Great Expectations?

RUTH  
(mouth full)  
David Copperfield.

BECKET  
So I assume you're aware that the  
title of the book is not *David*  
*Copperfield*, it's actually -

RUTH  
*The Personal History, Adventures,  
Experience and Observation -*

BECKET  
*- of David Copperfield the Younger  
of Blunderstone Rookery -*

RUTH BECKET  
*- Which He Never Meant to Publish on Any Account.* *- Which He Never Meant to Publish on Any Account.*

They stop eating. Look at each other. Noah pauses texting.  
Silence.

NOAH  
For the record, I don't know which one of you is gayer.

He gets up, kisses Ruth on the forehead, marches away...

NOAH (CONT'D)  
I'm gotta do some work in the dark room, babe.

RUTH  
Don't run away! Oh no you're running away again, stay here -

NOAH (O.S.)  
Blah blah blah, later on, Becker.

Noah marches upstairs. It's quiet.

RUTH  
He goes up there every night at midnight. Locks himself in his... little shack.

BECKET  
Oh.

**INT. NOAH'S LOFT APARTMENT - DOORWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Ruth SLIDES open the door. Becket steps outside.

RUTH  
Well it was nice, uh. Hearing you put sentences together -

BECKET  
I'm humbled by your appreciation.

Silence.

RUTH

Do you -- do you wanna come back  
for dinner on Thursday -

BECKET

Oh I'd love to.

RUTH

Okay.

BECKET

Okay.

More silence.

RUTH

Bye!

BECKET

Bye!

She SLIDES the door shut -

**EXT. WILLIAMSBURG, BROOKLYN - LATE NIGHT**

Becket walks. The city dancing to a secret tune. Streetlights  
blinking in time. Traffic honking on key.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

It had been so many years, since  
I'd felt that feeling. That old  
thump in the chest, and burn in the  
blood.

**EXT. TRAIN - LATER**

Becket rides. Smiling mindlessly. Crack heads slumber on  
either side -- but this time their snores are like violins.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

And I knew not how / But I'd find a  
way / To make beautiful Ruth / A  
single woman a'gain.

**INT. WARREN ROTCHILD INVESTMENTS - HALLWAY - DAY**

BUSTLING. Becket trails Warren through the halls.

WARREN

Bullshit housing market. Got the whole place tilted.

BECKET

I know, Sir -

WARREN

These clowns wanna raise interest rates. But if you do that -

BECKET

Housing prices increase -

WARREN

Oh and here we go.

Warren points to GEORGE W. BUSH on TV.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Two wars we can't afford. If somebody would just make a projected foreclosure rate, maybe -

BECKET

Two-point-two. For next year.

(then)

That's a national average. Seven-point-three in Nevada.

Warren stops.

WARREN

You put that together?

BECKET

Yes, Sir.

Warren raises his eyebrows. Keeps marching. Becket follows.

WARREN

Goddamn time bomb.

A moment. And Becket's EYES WIDEN...

**INT. PARKING LOT - DAY**

A TARP. Suddenly it gets WHIPPED away, revealing DYNAMITE. Harvey (the guy from the sporting goods store) says:

HARVEY

(quietly)

Basic military-grade.

(MORE)

HARVEY (CONT'D)

Ammonium nitrate, much more stable  
than the old stuff. Blows away  
clean, don't leave a scrap.

He's talking to BECKET. Who wears a hard-hat. Coated in soot.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

So what kind of, uh...mining are  
you doing exactly?

**INT. ROW HOUSE - NIGHT**

Becket arranges three sticks of dynamite on the kitchen counter. Measures a long WICK.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

On the surface, an absurd plan. But  
hours earlier I had made the  
titillating discovery...

**INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - HOURS EARLIER**

He reads a chemistry book.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

...that the active ammonium  
compound in dynamite is also an  
active ingredient in photochemical  
dark room bath. In fact, all it  
would take for an enterprising  
young photographer to blow himself  
unto the heavens...

**EXT. EAST RIVER - DAY**

SMOKESTACKS billow smoke into the air.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

...is a generous waft of sulfur.  
Say, from the TransCanada Power  
Plant in Queens.

**EXT. NOAH'S LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT**

As Becket knocks on the door, we BOOM DOWN and -- magically --  
the bottom of his pant leg glows translucent for a moment,  
revealing the DYNAMITE lashed to his calf.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

What it all means, my friends -- is  
that such a blast would appear to  
be an accident. After all...

Ruth slides open the door. Noah behind her, looking sour.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

...you can't deny chemistry.

**INT. NOAH'S LOFT APARTMENT - LATER**

A gaggle of hipsters and pseudo-intellectuals sit around the dinner table, laughing into their wine glasses. Becket and Ruth trying not to eye each other.

**BEARDED GUY**

San Francisco is overrated.

**RUTH**

It's an amazing place for kids.

**BEARDED GUY**

Ew, who cares about kids?

**RUTH**

I do. I grew up in Berkeley, and it  
was -- we had a yard, and a dog -

**BEARDED GUY**

So you want kids?

But before she can answer, Noah BRISTLES.

**BEARDED GUY (CONT'D)**

Whooaaaa! Touchy subject...

**RUTH**

Yeah I do. Some day.

**BEARDED GUY**

(re: Noah)

But not this guy.

**NOAH**

I don't "hate" kids. It's  
just...wait I totally hate kids.

Everyone LAUGHS.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
I don't mind like, Japanese kids.  
Like the ones who work hard and  
don't complain. But -

RUTH  
He's just posturing for effect -

NOAH  
I totally had this Aunt. She was  
sorta famous in our family, because  
she was a whore and got pregnant in  
high-school. And her life sucked  
after that, and I think she got  
AIDS or something. And now her kid  
is running around, probably living  
off welfare and shooting heroin  
into his foot -

BIG LAUGHTER. Becket watches. Dumbstruck.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
- all because she was a retard and  
had a kid. Y'know what I mean? It's  
like -- wow, you deserve to die of  
AIDS you dumb hooker.

The laughter PEEKS, dies down. Ruth shakes her head.

RUTH  
What about you, Becket. Do you want  
kids?

He puts down his fork.

BECKET  
Would you mind if I step away for a  
moment?

**INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

He eases to the bathroom door. Opens and closes it, making a SOUND.

Peeks down the hall, to the dinner party. Sees everyone chatting. None the wiser.

**EXT. ROOF - SECONDS LATER**

He creeps onto the roof. Rolls up his pant leg, revealing the dynamite and wick taped to his calf -

He sees MOVEMENT on the roof across the way. He FREEZES.

A moment.

And a flock of PIGEONS bursts into the air, flies away -

**INT. DARK ROOM - SECONDS LATER**

Becket slips inside, flips the LIGHT. Everything bathed red.

Photos hang from a clothesline. Each looks like an American Apparel advert. Half-naked girls in bathtubs.

Becket pours fresh chemicals into the bath pans.

Plants the dynamite beneath the table. Circles the WICK around the concrete floor with precision. It's long.

Becket LIGHTS IT. Clicks a stopwatch, times the flame as it travels down the wick...

Checks the current hour: 11:45 pm.

**INT. NOAH'S LOFT APARTMENT - THAT MOMENT**

Everyone's LAUGHING about something. It dies down.

BEARDED GUY

Wait -- where's, uh...the hell is his name?

HIPSTER GIRL

He went to the bathroom like, awhile ago...

RUTH

I'll check.

She rises, but:

NOAH

Lemme do it.

**INT. HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER**

Noah eases down the hall, whistling. He arrives at the bathroom door. Knocks.

NOAH

You jerkin' it in there dude?

No answer.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
Hey Bagel, make a sound if you're  
alive.

Nothing. Noah Reaches for the knob, opens the door -  
Empty.

**EXT. ROOF - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT**

Noah emerges from the stairwell. Pokes around the rooftop.  
He eyes the darkroom.

**INT. DARK ROOM - THAT MOMENT**

Becket is wrapping up when he hears something. FOOTSTEPS. He  
peeks through the cracked door -  
Sees Noah making his way over.

**EXT. ROOF - THAT MOMENT**

Noah shuffles toward the dark room. Takes a drag of his  
cigarette. Grabs the door handle -

Becket bursts through -- and FREEZES. Wind blowing.

BECKET  
Oh. You've caught me.

A beat.

NOAH  
Caught you doing what.

Becket clears his throat. And pulls out a PHOTO. A front-lit  
picture of a girl sitting on a toilet, eating a hamburger.

BECKET  
Was hoping you might be so kind as  
to, uh. Well you know.

Noah exhales. Pulls a pen from his breast pocket and signs  
the photograph...

**INT. NOAH'S LOFT APARTMENT - DOORWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Everyone readies to go.

Becket reaches for his blazer on the coat rack. And for some reason, he thinks better. Leaves it. Nobody notices.

He hugs Ruth. Awkward. They downplay their attraction.

RUTH  
Great seeing you again -

BECKET  
You as well, good luck with  
Copperfield -

**EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

Becket drops the photo in a garbage can. Checks his pocket watch: 11:59. He stops, turns around. Waits.

And -- RUTH appears amongst the pedestrians, holding his blazer.

RUTH  
If I didn't know any better I'd say  
you're trying to get me alone -

Becket pulls her in close -- AND KISSES HER.

She goes limp like a rag doll. And after a moment, kisses back. The world going quiet.

The kiss ends.

BECKET  
I was thinking you and I could take  
a long walk and leave this rubbish  
behind, how about it.

RUTH  
Wow...  
(then)  
I gotta...think. About some things.

Becket examines her face.

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
Wealth may be taken by force...

A church bell STRIKES MIDNIGHT. Deep, resonant.

BECKET (V.O.)  
...but love is earned.

INT. JAIL CELL - PRESENT

BECKET  
(into tape recorder)  
So I resolved to be a gentlemen, as  
my good mother raised me to be, and  
give her time to -

Father Murphy is leaning forward again like he's constipated.

BECKET (CONT'D)  
- okay, look. Is everything  
alright?

FATHER MURPHY  
I'm fine, but -

BECKET  
If you need to use the facility  
there's no shame in it.

FATHER MURPHY  
Did it ignite?

BECKET  
I'm assuming you're referring to  
the dynamite and not our love  
affair, then -

FATHER MURPHY  
Sorry, yes.

Becket clears his throat. Looks a bit irritated.

BECKET  
(into tape recorder)  
Now for those of us more taken by  
death and destruction than true  
love, it was a minute or two later  
when -

EXT. STREET - WILLIAMSBURG - BACK TO SCENE

KABOOM! An explosion. Everyone on the street ducks  
instinctively and glances toward the sound -

Everyone except Becket, who stops at a flower vendor.

BECKET

Hi there, do you have sympathy  
lilies?

**EXT. ROTHCCHILD FAMILY MAUSOLEUM - DAY**

Funeral. Rainy. Becket stands unnoticed. Eyeing the same empty CHAIR from before, rain collecting on the seat.

He spots Ruth through the crowd. She's not devastated, exactly. But mournful. Confused.

BECKET (V.O.)

I deemed she would love again. It would only take time.

**LATER - SAME**

Ruth shuffles to her beat-up Honda Civic. Sees WHITE LILIES resting on her windshield.

BECKET (V.O.)

And respect.

**ACROSS THE CEMETERY - SAME**

Becket plods along -- when a BLACK LIMO pulls up. Warren pokes out his head.

WARREN

Two in a row. I just don't know  
what the hell.

(then)

Climb in, I got news.

**INT. SMALL OFFICE - WARREN ROTHCCHILD INVESTMENTS - DAY**

POP! Warren opens a bottle of champagne. A small crowd of jealous employees watch as:

WARREN

Ladies, gentlemen, assholes -- meet  
Becket. Youngest junior accounts  
executive we've ever had.

Everyone CLAPS. Becket bows his head -- modest.

BECKET

Thank you, Sir -

WARREN

Kid. I wish there were more bastards like you. Most people are just full'a bullshit. Anyway, back to work, he's got a client already, been waitin' fifteen minutes.

Everyone files out. Becket left alone. Unsure what to do with himself. He sits, gazes through the rainy window at the skyscrapers. Monoliths of power. His face reflected back.

Suddenly ANOTHER FACE appears in the reflection:

JULIA

Tell me something.

Becket goes stiff. He swivels around, sees her wearing a cocktail dress. Somehow holding a glass of champagne already.

JULIA (CONT'D)

How does one go from Wal-Mart to Wall Street in a year? Is there an internship for the underprivileged I'm unaware of?

A moment.

BECKET

Tell me something. How does one decide to wear that dress so early in the week? Is there an Indian casino nearby I'm unaware of?

JULIA

It's five-thirty, am I fisherman?

BECKET

Wish I could ask you to stay, but I have a client.

JULIA

I am your client. I need a loan.

Becket leans back.

BECKET

Oh, no.

JULIA

Oh, yes. My husband had a...misadventure, of sorts, maybe you heard about it.

BECKET  
I'm dying to.

JULIA  
Time shares.

She rolls her eyes.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
Anyway. It appears I arrived on a  
good day for you.

BECKET  
Well.  
(then)  
I need to see his portfolio, and  
run some preliminary numbers...

She's getting up. Sitting on the edge of his desk.

BECKET (CONT'D)  
...do a...background check...

JULIA  
Oh God, that sounds so official,  
doesn't it.

Her golden hair falling over her collarbones. She KNOCKS his  
wooden desktop.

BECKET  
What did you have in mind?

JULIA  
Something under the table.

Becket opens his mouth. Nothing comes out.

Julia waits...

JULIA (CONT'D)  
Still such a gentleman.

She RISES, moves to the door, but:

JULIA (CONT'D)  
Just one thing, though. Sort of  
eating away at me. Have you heard  
about the Rothschilds?

Becket sits there.

BECKET  
What do you mean.

JULIA  
Taylor, Noah. I wonder who's next?  
If I were you, I might be nervous.

She smiles that icy smile.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
I'll tell my husband he should  
expect to hear from you. Until  
then...  
(beat)  
...I'm sure you'll make a killing.

And she slinks away and joins LYLE in the hall. His head hung  
low like a scorned child.

BECKET (V.O.)  
My friends. Was it a ruse? Or did  
she have me by the tail?

**INT. WARREN ROTCHILD INVESTMENTS - MAIL ROOM - LATER**

Becket weaves through the swarms of employees, searching for  
something. He carries a freshly pressed SUIT on a hanger.

BECKET (V.O.)  
Either way, let's face it. My style  
of murder thus far had very little  
style at all. I had been sloppy.

He finds an INTERN pushing a mail cart. An intern who looks a  
good deal like Becket. Similar features, posture.

BECKET  
Excuse me -- how tall are you?

**EXT. STREET - LOWER MANHATTAN - MORNING**

The same Intern wears the SUIT. He stops at a HOT DOG CART on  
the Southwest corner of Broadway and Canal.

INTERN  
Can I get a...Polish  
sausage...green peppers...

BOOM UP to reveal: A SECURITY CAMERA on a nearby wall,  
capturing the transaction from behind.

And, gradually, we hear the sound of WILD APPLAUSE as we -

CUT TO:

**A DIMLY LIT STAGE.**

A voice from the dark says:

MAN'S VOICE  
It hurts.

AUDIENCE (O.S.)  
HOW MUCH DOES IT HURT?

MAN'S VOICE  
I said it HURTS.

AUDIENCE (O.S.)  
HOW MUCH DOES IT HURT?!

Suddenly a MAN slides on his knees into the spotlight like Pete Townsend. He wears a headset microphone.

STEVEN ROTHCHILD  
Jesus loves you so much it hurts  
SOOOOO FREEEAAKING BAAAAAAAAD!

**INT. AUDITORIUM - STEVEN ROTHCHILD MEGA-CHURCH - THAT MOMENT**

A rabid audience goes ape shit. Easily two thousand people. Steven rises, roves the stage. Blond hair cascading over his shoulders. A cross between Billy Graham and David Lee Roth.

STEVEN  
A stake through this hand, a stake  
through that hand -- nine inches of  
iron and oh it hurts, doesn't it.

AUDIENCE  
HOW MUCH DOES IT HURT?!

Steven smiles. Changes gears, almost whispers:

STEVEN  
Look at me, up here. I can -- look  
out now, I can go here, there...

He prances around the stage.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
...I got free will. I'm Steven  
Rothchild, here I go, POW, ZING...  
(then)  
But free -- what is that? It's a  
test, isn't it.

AUDIENCE  
YES!

STEVEN  
You gotta make the right DECISIONS,  
don't you.

AUDIENCE  
YES!

He strikes a MATCH. Holds it high. Lets it burn. A few moments, and the audience goes quiet.

STEVEN  
Tykes, who's ever burnt themselves by accident, touched the stove by accident, lemme see some little hands in the air...

Little kids raise their hands. Their eyes wide.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Free will. You can make the right call. But -- you can make the wrong call, too, hey what happens then?

The audience doesn't have a canned response for that one. They murmur as the flame flickers closer to his fingers.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Gimme an answer now, what happens?

Disorganized shouting. The flame reaches him. BURNS HIM.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Don't let me burn! What happens?

AUDIENCE  
YOU GO TO HELL / YOU GET PUNISHED /  
YOU SUFFER -

STEVEN  
WHAT HAPPENS?!

AUDIENCE  
YOU GO TO HELL -

STEVEN  
I. SAID. WHAT. HAPPENS.

AUDIENCE  
HELL!

Steven THROWS down the match. STOMPS it out.

STEVEN

It hurts to go to Hell and that's  
what it'll feel like, if you buck  
the opportunities God gives you,  
it'll feel like burning.

(then)

Forever.

The audience shell-shocked. A few kids cry.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Scary stuff. I know. But we need  
not be afraid. No no no, we're the  
lucky ones.

(then)

We've got him.

Steven points to a massive CRUCIFIX on the back wall, looming  
behind the audience. Everyone turns their heads...

...everyone except BECKET, who sits in the middle of the  
crowd. Facing dead ahead.

**INT. HALLWAY - STEVEN ROTCHILD MEGA-CHURCH - LATER**

Becket sits patiently. Suddenly a heavy door opens and:

JUNIOR MINISTER

The Minister will have you, now.

**INT. STEVEN ROTCHILD'S PRIVATE CHAMBER - SECONDS LATER**

Becket tods down a dark hall. Sees a big office looming  
ahead. A massive desk. A neon cross hung high.

STEVEN (O.S.)

Harry, I want those Nigerians  
reading Javascript by Thursday.

Steven paces around, nursing a protein shake in a blender.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

(into headset)

Am I exploiting them? Harry they  
were eating kangaroos two weeks  
ago, gimme a break. I gotta go.

He whips off his headset and pounds out a few PUSHUPS.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

WOOOO! I tell you I get SO, RILED,  
UP on Sunday mornings...

He catches his breath. Shakes Becket's hand.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Steven Rothchild.

BECKET  
Becket -

STEVEN  
Take a seat, take a seat.

They sit. Steven leans back, puts up one foot on his desk.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
So. Sock it to me.

BECKET  
Sorry -- just quickly -- what's  
that right there?

He points to a PHOTO on the back wall. Steven swivels around.  
And Becket whips out a VILE and squirts POISON in his shake.

STEVEN  
(re: photo)  
Bible giveaway trip to Somalia.  
Didn't go so great. Turns out they  
needed a hot meal more than the  
Good Book. 'Course we couldn't just  
Google "Somalia" back in nineteen-  
ninety-eight, so who knew.

He swivels back around, unsheathes an IRON CROSS. Sharp.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
But check this out. Gift from the  
Queen of Botswana. We did the same  
mission over there, and guess what.

Steven rises, sits on the edge of his desk.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
They gave me an award. Funny. You  
never know how stuff's gonna pan  
out, huh.

He looks down. Sees Becket's HAND trembling.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Becket. I know we just met. But can  
I ask you something?

BECKET  
I don't see why not.

STEVEN  
What kind of poison are you using?

A moment.

And SLAM! Steven IMPALES Becket's hand with the cross. Becket stunned at first, then he SCREAMS -

Steven RIPS out the cross, KICKS Becket to the floor. STEPS on his hand. Becket GASPS.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
You assassins all looked the same  
in the beginning -

BECKET  
Sir allow me to explain -

STEVEN  
But now it's like affirmative  
action or something. What cartel do  
you work for? The Rodrigo Brothers?  
How'd they get a gringo?

BECKET  
I don't know anything about -

He LEANS on the hand. Becket HOWLS. Steven presses an intercom on his desk.

STEVEN  
(into intercom)  
Peter. Paul. We got us a Judas.

**INT. BASEMENT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Becket THROWN on the floor.

Steven and two BEEFY YOUTH MINISTERS follow. One of them cranks music on the stereo -- CREED.

CREED  
When dreaming, I guuuuuided to  
anooother world -

Becket tries to crawl away, but the Youth Ministers GRAB him, STRAP him to a chair.

They leave and SLAM the door -- revealing a painting of JESUS on the back, his eyes staring solemnly -

STEVEN

(opening a cabinet)

I saw you out there this morning,  
not turning your eyes unto the  
lord, and I thought...

He grabs something: a JUG OF GASOLINE.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

...free will is such a trip, isn't  
it?

BECKET

Sir -- we're related -- wait -

SPLASH! Steven douses Becket in gasoline. It gets everywhere.

STEVEN

Here's whassup -- you can choose  
the honorable path, and go to  
heaven, or...

He lights a MATCH.

BECKET

OH GOD please Sir, just -

STEVEN

Wait wait wait.

(then)

I love this part.

Creed PEEKS. Steven closes his eyes and gets into it:

STEVEN / CREED

Can you take, meeee higherrrr, DA  
DA DA DA DA!

BECKET

I CHOSE WRONGLY! I REPENT! MERCY!

Steven keeps singing, fist-pumping to the music. Suddenly  
Becket spots something:

A pool of gasoline collected on his sleeve. And in a moment  
of desperation he LEANS forward, SLURPS the gas, SPITS -

Steven opens his eyes just in time to see a spray of gasoline  
fly through the air and pass through the match -

- and ENGULF HIM IN FLAMES.

Steven SQUEALS like a dying animal. HITS the floor, ROLLS.  
But the floor is covered in gas, too -

Becket pushes back as FLAMES lick toward him across the concrete. The chair catches fire. Becket hobbles to a wall, SMASHES the chair against the cement blocks, SMASHES again -

The Youth Ministers burst through the door, but jump back when they see the room roaring with fire and Becket flailing around with a burning chair on his back -

He SMASHES the chair. BREAKS free. SHATTERS a high window with a flaming chair leg, CLIMBS through -

**EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER**

Pouring rain. Becket RUNS like mad. Gripping his hand. Clothes tattered and burnt.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

There I was. Risen from the fire like a Phoenix. It was then, my friends, that I felt a divine presence watching over me...

**INT. MEGA-CHURCH - BASEMENT ROOM - THAT MOMENT**

CLOSE on the painting of Jesus. His solemn eyes watching Steven incinerate.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

...as if I had been put upon this great earth by some higher power, to do away with this rotten lot, this family of slime and filth and the top one-percent that shat them into existence.

**INT. JAIL CELL - PRESENT**

**BECKET**

(into tape recorder)

I had chosen the honorable path. So it was.

He pauses for a moment. Locks down at his HAND.

And now we see: a SCAR. Long and raised.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

Summer was coming. And wouldn't you know...

## EXT. ROTHSCHILD FAMILY MAUSOLEUM - DAY

BECKET (V.O.)  
...the sun would come out.

Funeral. Raining. Right next to Warren -- Becket, his hand in a bandage. Still keeping a low profile. He looks like an employee, along for the ride. Suddenly he spots:

RUTH. His heart jumps as they make eye contact. And right then, the rain trickles to a stop.

## LATER - SAME

They stroll together. Sun peeking from behind clouds.

BECKET  
Didn't expect to see you here, I'd have worn my better loafers.

RUTH  
What are you doing here?

BECKET  
My boss's brother. Steven. And you?

RUTH  
He was Noah's favorite uncle.

Quiet.

BECKET  
You've been stalking me, that's quite alright -

RUTH  
I -- yup, big time -- oh no, what happened to your hand?

BECKET  
You could call it an act of God.  
(then)  
Bit of a story -- look, can I take you to dinner? What are your feelings about lobster?

RUTH  
Wanna just cook something?

BECKET  
I would but my apartment is a bit lacking in basic aesthetic charm.

RUTH

Oh I don't care, Jesus, I live in  
Flatbush.

BECKET

How's eight, then.

She smiles. Looks around.

RUTH

I'll be knocking.

**INT. ROW HOUSE - EVENING**

Becket bustles through the door, arms filled with groceries. He plops them on the counter. Humming to himself.

Puts on a record. Looks up, sees the Painting. Flips it, revealing the family tree...

He grabs a marker, crosses out STEVEN. And now we see that Taylor, Noah, and Steven have each been crossed out -

JULIA

Well that's not suspicious or anything -

BECKET

GOD -

He JUMPS. Julia sits reclined on the couch, sipping wine.

JULIA

So. We had an agreement -- and you flaked out.

Becket gathers himself.

BECKET

One, we never had an agreement. You simply showed up begging for alms -- two, how did you get a key to my apartment?

JULIA

I'm a beautiful woman, I get whatever I want. Look...

She puts down her wine, rises.

JULIA (CONT'D)

...I'm having a real. Tough. Time,  
Becket.

She gets close. Softly:

JULIA (CONT'D)  
To be honest, we're flat broke.  
And to be more honest, I don't feel  
much desire for my husband these  
days. Y'know he used to have such a  
swagger in his step...

Their faces inches apart.

BECKET  
Oh, no.

JULIA  
Yes, tell me, I've always felt  
there was something unconsummated  
between us, do you ever feel like  
that?

Becket looks down. Sees the curvature of her breasts.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
I know you killed them.

BECKET  
I did no such thing -

JULIA  
I have proof, give us the money -

BECKET  
Sure you do, show me -

JULIA  
That would sour things between us,  
wouldn't it.

BECKET  
Hypothetically, yes -

JULIA  
Well I don't like it sour, Becket,  
I like it sweet.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK on the front door. Ruth.

Julia looks, sees the groceries on the counter. The record  
playing. Her expression changes.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
(must be date night)  
Oh...

And Becket GRABS her. SHUTTLES her to a window.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
What -- now hold on -

Becket SLIDES open the window, corrals her onto the fire escape. The girl stunned. Becket can't believe he's resisting her either. KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

BECKET  
Julia.  
(then)  
Truly sorry.

And he SHUTS the window -

**EXT. ROW HOUSE - SECONDS LATER**

Becket bursts from the front door, flustered. Ruth stands there, holding a bottle of wine and a baguette -

BECKET  
Apologies. Bit of a culinary disaster happening -

RUTH  
Don't -- hey don't worry about it.

BECKET  
Do you like Chinese?

**EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - SECONDS LATER**

Julia struggles to descend the fire escape in her heels when she spots Becket and Ruth speeding away on his moped.

BECKET (V.O.)  
I don't know what drives men to greater acts of barbarism, money or love. One thing was certain, however...

Julia's eyes narrow.

BECKET (V.O.)  
...I had made a new enemy. And it would only be a matter of time.

**INT. SHITTY CHINESE RESTAURANT - NEWARK - LATER**

They LAUGH about something. So easy together.

RUTH

These students, oh my God.

BECKET

Tell me about them.

RUTH

Entitled. They all think they deserve something for just showing up, it's nuts.

Becket slows his chewing. Pokes his food.

BECKET

Well. We all feel we're worth something, I suppose.

RUTH

I love'm though. I don't even know why, it must be my fatal fl -- alright, whaddyou got in there?

She points to his hand in his pocket.

BECKET

Oh.

Becket pulls out Mary's lock of hair. He's been thumbing it mindlessly. He looks uncomfortable.

BECKET (CONT'D)

A keepsake. My mother.

(embarrassed)

Bit creepy, I'm well aware.

A moment. And Ruth pulls a locket from around her neck and opens it: An old photo of a DAPPER MAN. Hair slicked aside.

RUTH

There's my old dad. Rest his soul.

Becket hesitates. Examines the photo, smiles.

BECKET

A gentlemen.

**EXT. STREET - LATER - NIGHT**

Becket and Ruth stroll together beneath the street lamps. Engrossed in conversation.

**INT. PASTRY SHOP - LATER**

They eat cake. Becket using a knife and fork.

**INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - LATER - NIGHT**

They search for something together. Ruth finds: A TINY WOODEN JEWELRY BOX. Shows it to Becket.

**EXT. WATERFRONT - LATER - NIGHT**

She opens the box for Becket -- and he places Mary's lock of hair inside. Closes it. Now it has a special home.

And they sit together, the Passaic shimmering, fog horns echoing in the heat.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

I had love, and a promising career.  
Surely I would quit fussing about  
with the systematic killing of  
Rothchilds, yes?

**INT. PARKING GARAGE - WALL STREET - MORNING**

He parks his moped. Suddenly a shiny new ALFA ROMEO pulls in beside him. Becket stares.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

Well.

**INT. ALFA ROMEO DEALERSHIP - MANHATTAN - DAY**

A SALESMAN leads him to a sleek, new coupe.

**BECKET**

Do you have leasing options?

**EXT. WEST SIDE HIGHWAY - LATER**

He ROARS through traffic in his new coupe.

**RADIO HOST**

- and now economic forecasters are saying this housing bump could become a full-on crisis. Just what we need, right? And oh -- have you heard about the Rothchilds?

(MORE)

RADIO HOST (CONT'D)  
This family -- crazy loaded -- and  
three of the heirs have died within  
a year. All accidents. How you like  
that?

Becket smiles, SMASHES the accelerator.

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
Yes, I wanted the fortune. I needed  
the fortune. Which reminds me --  
have I told you about the fortune?

**INT. / EXT. SERIES**

-The MANSION

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
There was the manor, of course.

-The BEACH HOUSE

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
The Captain's Quarters.

-A HIGH-RISE on Madison

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
The Big Man on Mad.

-ANOTHER HIGH-RISE on Lexington

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
The Little Man on Lex.

-A PARISIAN TOWN HOME on the Seine

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
L'Homme on Rive Gauche.

-WHIP PAN across the river to ANOTHER TOWN HOME

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
La Femme on Rive Droite.

-THATCH HUTS on stilts over blue water

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
The Happy Baboons.

Suddenly a massive YACHT pulls up.

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
And the Rothchild.

After a moment, A SEAPLANE lands in the foreground.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

Not to be confused with the other  
Rothchild.

-A dozen safety deposit boxes in a dozen different banks are  
SLAMMED shut by BANKERS of various nationalities and races.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

And I would divulge more, but  
really, let's get on with it.

**INT. ROW HOUSE - NIGHT**

Becket steps through the door. Water leaking into pots.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

No, I would continue. Besides...

He FLIPS the painting, revealing the family tree.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

...I was making progress.

CUT TO:

**INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - DAY**

Becket dressed like a highway worker. He talks to Harvey.

**HARVEY**

So -- you want a portable  
generator?

**INT. BOILER ROOM**

Becket wheels a portable GENERATOR across the concrete. Plugs  
it into a circuit board on the wall...

**EXT. SIDEWALK - CENTRAL PARK WEST - DAY**

CASSANDRA ROTHCHILD marches along, wearing a fox fur coat and  
an ascot. Smoking a cigarette.

**CASSANDRA**

(into phone)

Brooklyn? The fashion show is in  
Brooklyn? Do I sound like I want  
West Nile Virus? Don't be absurd.

**INT. HAIR SALON - LATER**

She bustles inside. Sees the pretty, dark-skinned BLACK GIRL behind the counter. Cassandra blows smoke in her face.

BLACK GIRL

Um. Sorry, we don't allow smoking,  
Miss Rothchild.

CASSANDRA

Tell me -- do lightening bugs  
follow you around in the daytime?

BLACK GIRL

No.

CASSANDRA

Uh-huh. Just Child Protective  
Services?

**LATER**

A SALON ASSISTANT lowers a drying hood over her head, clicks the metal contraption into place -

Wait, the Assistant is Becket. He secures a leather strap beneath her chin.

AUNTIE CASSANDRA

The hell is that for?

BECKET

Just a new safety measure I'm  
afraid -

AUNTIE CASSANDRA

Well.

(lighting a cigarette)  
Just as long as I can light up.

**INT. BOILER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Becket marches in, CRANKS the generator to life, FLIPS a big switch on the wall...

The light bulbs overhead SIZZLE and DIM.

**EXT. ROTHCHILD FAMILY MAUSOLEUM - DAY**

Funeral.

**INT. ROW HOUSE**

Becket crosses out her NAME from the family tree. Five left.

**INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - DAY**

HARVEY

Kevlar?

**INT. ROW HOUSE - NIGHT**

Becket RIPS open a box of synthetic fiber. Kevlar.

**LATER**

He sews a thick layer of Kevlar into the lining of a fur coat. Or something that looks like a fur coat.

CUT TO:

**THE CROSS HAIRS OF A RIFLE** sweeping across a forest. They arrive on a baby deer. BANG! The deer staggers.

**EXT. HUNTING STAND - THAT MOMENT**

MCARTHUR ROTCHILD lies in the combat position like a Marine sniper. Bandana around his head. Dragging a disposable razor across his dry cheek.

Suddenly he spots a BEAR lumbering in the distance. He squints in disbelief. Stiffens up, AIMS -

**EXT. WOODS - LATER**

McArthur approaches the dead bear. Kicks it. Drags the razor across his face. Puts up a camera, sets a timer, poses...

And behind him, the "bear" rustles alive. Rises. McArthur senses something, turns around -

And sees the bear stand up on two legs and pull out an ANTIQUE PISTOL. McArthur presses the razor so hard against his cheek it BREAKS.

MCARTHUR

Clever.

**EXT. ROTHSCHILD FAMILY MAUSOLEUM - DAY**

Funeral -

**INT. ROW HOUSE**

Becket crosses out another NAME. Four left.

**INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE**

HARVEY

(exhausted)

Now, machetes I can get you. But a dozen fake passports -- that ain't even *sporting* goods.

**AS SEEN ON A REALITY TV SHOW:**

Platinum twins BEVERLY and BLAIR ROTHSCHILD sashay around their high-end Fifth Avenue boutique.

BEVERLY

People think our lives are so easy -

BLAIR

I mean we LOVE what we do -

BEVERLY

But we run a business. That's the reality. We own like, factories in China.

BLAIR

It's non. Stop. Work.

**INT. / EXT. SERIES**

-AT JFK, Becket checks in.

AIRLINE REPRESENTATIVE

Final destination?

BECKET

Beijing.

-IN CHINA, a jet lands, a massive sun setting.

-AT BEIJING AIRPORT, Becket catches a taxi.

-IN A SWEAT SHOP, Becket passes rows of skinny workers stitching high heels. He approaches a MANAGER.

BECKET (CONT'D)  
Duoshao qian?

SUBTITLE: How much for them?

-ON A JUMBO JET, Becket sits with the WORKERS on all sides.

## INT. DAY SPA - DAY

Beverly and Blair get massages.

BEVERLY  
I'm so happy I bleached my asshole.

BLAIR  
I'm so happy I botoxed my armpits.

BEVERLY  
Oh it looks really, really good -

BLAIR  
Oh my God, thank you.

The OLD ASIAN MASSEUSES look at each other. Nod.

MASSEUSE  
We'll be back. Stay here please.

They leave -- and the LIGHTS cut off. Pitch black.

BEVERLY BLAIR  
Oh what the fuck - This is bullshit -

Suddenly the sound of two-dozen BARE FEET shuffling into the room. A dead-bolt LOCKING. The LIGHTS cut back on -

Beverly and Blair are surrounded by a horde of bone-thin SWEATSHOP WORKERS wielding machetes.

## EXT. DAY SPA - LOWER MANHATTAN - THAT MOMENT

Muffled SHRIEKING from the Spa. New Yorkers on the sidewalk ignoring it. Among them is Becket, strolling casually...

...he makes his way across the street, toward Warren  
Rothchild Investments...

**INT. BECKET'S OFFICE - LATER**

Becket on the phone behind his desk, leaning back. He's grown comfortable with his job.

BECKET  
(into phone)  
Cancel my four-o'clock, would you?  
I've got something to -  
(smiling)  
No, you're killing me!

**INT. EMPTY TWO-BEDROOM APARTMENT - MIDTOWN - DAY**

A REALTOR leads Becket and Ruth through this beautiful, vacant space.

RUTH  
Is that -- oh my God, a hot tub...

REALTOR  
You ever lived somewhere with a doorman?

BECKET  
I've barely lived somewhere with a door.

REALTOR  
Changes your life, not even jokin' around. And this, here, hang on...

He WHIPS open the curtains, revealing MANHATTAN standing tall and proud.

REALTOR (CONT'D)  
Boom.

**LATER**

POP! Becket opens champagne. Pours a glass, hands it to Ruth. Pours one for himself -- and spills it.

BECKET  
Oh, look at me -  
  
RUTH  
(drinking)  
Jesus -- that's too sweet.

BECKET  
Don't care for champagne?

RUTH  
Oh I'll get into it.

**EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT**

Becket slides open the door. Steps out, gazes at the view. Gathers himself. Ruth follows -

RUTH  
Oh Christ, no way -

BECKET  
It's lovely, trust me.

He takes her hand. Eases her onto the balcony. Wind blowing. Car horns echoing far below. The city glittering all around.

RUTH  
Insane. It's all just -- insane.

She turns -

There's Becket on one knee holding a RING.

She freezes. And for once, Becket has no words. Just:

BECKET  
Would you?

Ruth takes the ring. Trembling. Tries it on.

RUTH  
Okay. I mean yes, yes -

They KISS, EMBRACE. A long moment. Overwhelmed.

BECKET  
So do you like the view, then.

RUTH  
It's absurd -

BECKET  
Fairly certain we can see New Jersey if we lean out a bit -

RUTH  
Hey.  
(then)  
I loved you poor.  
(MORE)

RUTH (CONT'D)  
I'm happy for you and you've worked  
so hard and this is totally -- I  
don't even know -- but it's all  
just stuff. And I love you high or  
low, up or down.

They look at each other. Traffic singing. The future ringing  
in their ears.

BECKET  
Hungry?

RUTH  
Starving.

BECKET  
Lobster?

CUT TO:

A LID LIFTED FROM A PLATE, REVEALING LOBSTER. But it's not in  
a fancy restaurant, it's in a

**INT. JAIL CELL - THAT MOMENT**

where Becket is receiving his last meal. He tucks a napkin  
into his collar. Arranges the cutlery just so.

And sits there. No one to share with. No one except a priest.

BECKET  
Would you like some?

FATHER MURPHY  
I don't care much for seafood.

Becket squints at him. Eats.

BECKET  
(chewing)  
Tell me, do you know much Chaucer?  
Geoffrey Chaucer? You being a  
learned man of the cloth?

FATHER MURPHY  
I know some, yes.

BECKET  
Seems there's a verse, something  
like *For you with the strongest,*  
uh...

FATHER MURPHY

*For you with the strongest grip on  
gold / The wind blows soon you'll  
see, and cold.*

**INT. BECKET'S APARTMENT - MORNING**

He rushes around, adjusting his shirt cuffs. Ruth emerges from the bathroom, brushing her teeth.

RUTH

Hey -- I want you to come to my work party next Friday. Meet my people. We're renting out a back room at that tapas place on Lex and fortieth, gonna be fun.

BECKET

Next -- yes alright -

RUTH

Hey. Hey.

She kisses his cheek, toothbrush still in mouth.

**INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - DAY - BACK TO STORY**

Becket marches past the DOORMAN. Tips his hat.

DOORMAN

That's a badass suit, now boy -

BECKET

New suit, new day.

**INT. ALFA ROMEO - DRIVING - LATER**

Becket ROARS through traffic. Shifting gears.

**INT. PARKING GARAGE - WALL STREET - LATER**

He SKIDS to a halt. Steps out, leather shoes shining.

**EXT. WALL STREET - LATER**

He marches along. And without even noticing, he passes a small but gathering crowd of PROTESTORS. Bull horns. Signs.

SUBTITLE: September 15, 2008.

**INT. WARREN ROTCHILD INVESTMENTS - LOBBY - SAME**

Becket marches across the marble floor -- and is intercepted by a MAN IN A DARK SUIT. And a WOMAN dressed the same.

WOMAN  
Becket Rothchild?

A moment.

BECKET  
Yes?

WOMAN  
Megan Pinfield, FBI. This is my partner Brad Matthews. Can we have a word with you in private?

Becket looks at them.

BECKET  
Oh.  
(then)  
Yes -- sorry, I was about to fetch some tea, would you like some?

**INT. BECKET'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

They all sit, holding tea cups.

PINFIELD  
...and right after Cassandra, there was McArthur, found near his deer stand. Although his body was fairly well decomposed by the time -

BECKET  
Yes I'm well aware. What's this about?

PINFIELD  
Is it true you're a Rothchild? The youngest?

BECKET  
Far as I know, yes.

PINFIELD  
And you're an heir to the estate -

BECKET

Oh no. No, not to my knowledge. My mother was ousted from the family, sort of a long story. I was raised in New Jersey.

MATTHEWS

(Jersey accent)

What part a' Jersey?

BECKET

Newark.

Matthews squints in disbelief. Pinfield shuffles a few papers, hands a FILE to Becket...

PINFIELD

Well congratulations, you're an heir.

Becket stares at the file. And slowly, his eyebrows raise. He feigns surprise like a professional.

PINFIELD (CONT'D)

Two more family members die, you're one of the richest men alive.

Quiet.

BECKET

I'm a suspect.

No answer.

BECKET (CONT'D)

What -- okay. Okay, what can I do.

PINFIELD

Can you answer a question for us -

BECKET

Please. Anything.

PINFIELD

Where were you on the morning of April tenth. Sunday.

BECKET

April tenth.

CUT TO:

ON GRAINY VIDEO the Intern buys a hot dog on Broadway and Canal. From this distance -- he looks just like Becket. The tape is being watched by Pinfield and Matthews in the

**INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - THAT MOMENT**

MATTHEWS

Fuckin' kidding me, he remembers when and where he bought a hot dog. Is that him?

PINFIELD

I dunno.  
(then)  
Follow'm.

**INT. WARREN ROTCHCHILD INVESTMENTS - BOARDROOM - DAY**

A big meeting. Tense. Becket sits amongst the brass, trying to pay attention. But his cool is clearly rattled.

EXECUTIVE

Lehman Brothers is going today, guarantee it, seconds away -

EXECUTIVE 2

We dump whatever we can cut loose before the markets catch wind -

WARREN

Fuck you, I'm not doin' it. I spent thirty-five years earning the trust of these shareholders, I'm not throwin'm to the sharks in one afternoon.

EXECUTIVE 2

Why are we debating? Everyone on the board's here, let's take a vote. Raise your hand if we sell.

One by one, hands RAISE. Warren watches. Light going from his eyes. And Suddenly, from the street down below: CHANTING.

Everyone pauses. And peeks through the windows -- at the PROTESTORS in the street.

PROTESTORS

BULL-SHIT! BULL-SHIT! BULL-SHIT!

**INT. BECKET'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Becket bustles around when Warren lumbers into the office, sinks into a chair. Fisting a Scotch. Staring into nothing.

BECKET

(shuffling papers)

Well we can panic like animals, or we can re-group. I still have the accounts with Vienna, we could -

WARREN

Becket. I gotta let you go.

Becket pauses.

WARREN (CONT'D)

You can stay through the end of the week.

Becket without words. Gut-punched. The CHANTING still emanating from outside. And Warren chokes up. A grown man in suspenders, crying.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Awe fuck. Let's get drunk.

**EXT. WALL STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

They step outside -- protest BOOMING. They push through...

PROTESTOR

Yeah go take a break! You deserve it assholes!

Warren taking it hard. Suddenly he weaves, looses his bearings a little. Drops his briefcase.

WARREN

Goddamn...hang on...

BECKET

Sir are you alright -

Warren grabs his chest and FALLS to one knee.

BECKET (CONT'D)

Sir! Hold on, hold on -

**INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - LATER**

Becket sits. Waits. Alone.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

He toes inside, sees Warren strapped to machines. His skin grey, bloodless. Breathing labored.

Becket eases into a chair. Eyes quickly wet.

WARREN

Not gonna...mince words...

(then)

...you wanna chase that rabbit down the hole, that money rabbit, hey alright go ahead...but here I am, sixty-eight years old, so many people I've known in my life... and you're the only one here.

(and)

Run. Get outta...grab that person you love...and...

(and)

...or shit, go ahead. Be like me. Huh?

Warren forces a smile. Tubes running from his nose. Becket can barely look. He takes Warren's hand.

**EXT. ROTHCCHILD FAMILY MAUSOLEUM - DAY**

Funeral. Just Becket and a handful of EXECUTIVES poking their phones.

Becket watches the coffin lowered into the dirt. He fights off a burning emotion. Something deep, repressed. But he swallows it.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

Winter was coming. And my friends -- how suddenly the spoils of my efforts were upon me. Could you believe?

(then)

There was but one Rothchild left.

**INT. ROTHCCHILD MANSION - TROPHY ROOM - 1983**

A scene from the beginning. The one where Mary is given an ultimatum by the Patriarch:

WHITE LAW

...brick by brick, stone by stone, for the world to see. I've done that for you, now, Mary...

ANGLE ON Whitelaw. His face in shadows, just barely. Fire light dancing on his dim features.

**EXT. TICKET COUNTER - DAY**

A MAN buys tickets for something. It's Becket, wearing a mustache and mesh baseball cap.

BECKET

One for the two-o'clock, please.

**EXT. ROTHCCHILD MANOR GROUNDS - LATER**

A WALKING TOUR strolls past. Becket brings up the rear.

BECKET (V.O.)

It pained me to see my rightful home as a lowly riff raff.

**EXT. ROTHCCHILD MANOR GROUNDS - JAPANESE GARDEN - LATER**

The GUIDE drones on about flowers. But Becket is busy eyeing the massive stone WALL bordering the place.

BECKET (V.O.)

Yet I needed to know -- could the property be breached?

**EXT. MANSION - LATER**

They approach a set of big, oak DOORS. Becket examines them.

GUIDE

...one of my favorite questions:  
*Does anyone still live here?* Yes -- Whitelaw Rothchild does, in fact, still call the manor home, although he rarely leaves the North Wing -- which lies beyond these doors and, sadly, beyond the limits of this tour. Thanks so much -

**EXT. MANOR GROUNDS - LATER**

Becket lumbers atop a hill. Gazes at the Mansion in the hazy distance. A hulking fortress of stone, oak.

BECKET (V.O.)  
Whitelaw. Impenetrable.  
(then)  
How did I do it.

**INT. BECKET'S OFFICE - DAY**

He writes a letter.

BECKET (V.O.)  
Friends, the truth is so despicably  
pedestrian I hesitate to tell.

**INT. ROTCHILD MANSION - NIGHT**

BEHIND WHITELAW as he sits at his desk, reading a book. His mangled hand turning pages.

Suddenly the old BUTLER approaches in the distance. Heels clicking on the marble hall. He arrives, holds up a LETTER.

WHITE LAW  
From whom.

**INT. BECKET'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY**

BEHIND BECKET as he packs up items from atop his desk. Scar visible on the back of his hand.

Suddenly the INTERN approaches in the distance. Pushing the mail cart down the hall. He arrives, holds up a LETTER.

BECKET  
From whom.

**SECONDS LATER**

Becket RIPS open the letter. Reads. And his eyes widen.

BECKET (V.O.)  
I simply wrote the old man a  
letter, asking if he'd like to meet  
his grandson. And lo and behold --  
he wrote back, and cordially  
invited me to a -

## INT. HALLWAY - LATER

BECKET  
 (on phone)  
 - dinner party at the manor  
 tonight. In two hours. He  
 apparently has a spot unfilled.

Becket paces down the hall. Ruffled.

## INT. EMPTY CLASSROOM - QUEENS - THAT MOMENT

Ruth grades papers.

RUTH  
 (into phone)  
 Jesus. Do you actually wanna meet  
 the guy?

BECKET  
 I suppose part of me does.

RUTH (O.S.)  
 Wait -- my work party is tonight,  
 remember? At the tapas place on  
 Lex?

## BECKET

BECKET  
 I -- yes right, could I arrive  
 late? Perhaps after ten?

Becket marches toward his office...

RUTH (O.S.)  
 No later than ten, seriously.

He swings into his office -- and HALTS. Because someone is  
 sitting behind his desk.

RUTH (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 It's really important to me.

BECKET  
 Ruth. Apologies. I have someone  
 here, can I call you back?

## RUTH

A moment.

RUTH

Yeah of course. I love you -

BECKET (O.S.)

I love you too.

**BECKET**

He hangs up. Peers at Julia sitting there. Her long legs crossed. She wears a big pair of sunglasses. Smokes.

She plops a MANILA ENVELOPE on his desk.

JULIA

Open it.

Becket eyes her. And opens it. Slides out a thin stack of glossy PHOTOGRAPHS -

OF HIM. From afar. Him entering Noah's darkroom with dynamite. Him running from Steve's church with burns. Him loading an antique pistol in the woods -

JULIA (CONT'D)

Where can I ash?

Becket breathes through his nose. Steadies himself.

BECKET

You can't smoke in my office.

(then)

You can't smoke anywhere in Manhattan, it's quite known.

He SHUTS the door -

JULIA

Taylor drowned. He went to Princeton on a swimming scholarship -- and he drowned. Oh I became more than a bit suspicious right then.

Becket LOCKS the door, SHUTS the window, UNPLUGS the phone -

JULIA (CONT'D)

So I had a little helper follow you. Seems you almost caught him in Brooklyn, remember? On the rooftop? You saw something, but thought it was just a flock of pigeons, yes -

He POUNDS the desk -- she JUMPS -

BECKET

If I was a man of less moral fiber  
I might tell you where to shove  
these photographs.

JULIA

If you were a man of less moral  
fiber, God help us all.

BECKET

Who knows.

JULIA

Why would I tell you that? I'm  
blackmailing you, Jesus Christ.

BECKET

What, then.

She clears her throat. Flips through a little notebook.

JULIA

Oh yes. Three million dollars, by  
today -

BECKET

Impossible.

JULIA

You still have a company checkbook,  
yes? You still have access to the  
accounts, yes? Liquidate the bla  
bla bla and do whatever it is you  
have to do -

BECKET

I can't do it -

JULIA

- and deliver the checks to my  
husband. He's across town in his  
office right now, waiting for you.

She clicks her watch. Sets a timer.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Thirty minutes. Any longer than  
that, and she'll get a package  
immediately. One just like this.

Julia taps the manila envelope. Rises, slinks to the door...

BECKET

Who will get a package?

JULIA

Your little girlfriend, who do you think.

Becket looks down. Sees his hand trembling.

JULIA

My courier's on the way. Public High School Forty-Nine in Bayside, Queens, yes? I imagine discovering that your groom-to-be dabbles in casual homicide might really put a damper on the weekend.

She opens the door to leave -- but stops. Her curvy figure silhouetted in the light.

JULIA

And for what it's worth, I was hoping we might consummate a different arrangement. Something a bit more fun.

(then)

But you blew it, Becket.

And she SHUTS the door -

**INT. HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER**

Becket MARCHES at full tilt, ducks into the Intern Office -

BECKET

Brian. Call Fritzer in Vienna, tell'm we can sell P and G, he can name his price.

INTERN

Wait -- can I do that?

BECKET

NOW.

**EXT. WALL STREET - THAT MOMENT**

The Alfa Romeo ROARS from the parking garage, skids into traffic. Horns honking.

It zooms right past an unmarked Crown Vic. And in the driver seat: AGENT MATTHEWS. He pulls away from the curb, follows...

MATTHEWS  
(into radio)  
Heading north on Wall.

**INT. ALFA ROMEO - DRIVING - MOMENTS LATER**

Becket careens through the Flat Iron District. Around traffic. Gripping the wheel. He veers into a

**INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - CONTINUOUS**

Where he SKIDS to a stop, tosses the keys to the VALET -

**INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY - SECONDS LATER**

He marches past the front desk...

SECURITY  
Sir. Excuse me, Sir!

...and into an open elevator, the doors closing -

**INT. UPPER FLOOR - SECONDS LATER**

DING! The doors open. Becket BARRELS down the hall. Checks his watch. 5:59. Unsure exactly where to go...

**INT. LYLE'S OFFICE - THAT MOMENT**

A massive place. Sparsely decorated. Modern art stretching across the walls, worth fortunes.

Lyle slouches behind his desk, drinking Bourbon. Shouldering a phone. Eyes bloodshot. He watches the clock -- 6:00.

LYLE  
(into phone)  
Well. He's not here, honey -

Becket BURSTS into the office -

BECKET  
Is that her? Hand it over.

He SNATCHES the phone -

BECKET (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I'm here. And I've got your checks,  
you sociopathic, conniving wench.

**INT. SALON - THAT MOMENT**

Julia sits back, enjoying a pedicure.

JULIA

(into phone)

Good Lord Becket. This could have  
been anyone.

BECKET (O.S.)

Call off the delivery.

JULIA

Oh -- just write the checks first,  
will you? I want to be positive we -

**BECKET**

He HANGS UP. Pulls out checks, paperwork. Splays them across  
the desk. Grabs a pen without asking, writes.

Suddenly -- he hears sniffling. He looks up, sees Lyle  
crying.

Becket notices a sharp LETTER OPENER within reaching  
distance. He discreetly slides it away, keeps writing.

BECKET

You're about to be a millionaire,  
Lyle. Put on a happy face.

LYLE

Don't know what you're talking  
about...she's...

Becket ignores him. Writes.

LYLE (CONT'D)

...she bankrupted us. With her time  
shares...and now...she's gonna take  
it all and leave anyway -

BECKET

Breathe deep, now -

LYLE  
She hates me...y'know...and...  
(then)  
She loves you.

Becket peers up.

LYLE (CONT'D)  
(disgusted)  
You.

A moment. Becket unsure what to say. And he keeps writing.  
Lyle takes a big breath.

LYLE (CONT'D)  
Really coming up in the world, huh.  
Gonna get all that free money.

BECKET  
I'll send you a fruit cake.

Quiet.

LYLE  
Little bastard.

Becket ignores him.

LYLE (CONT'D)  
Just a little beggar bastard from  
Newark.

Becket SLAPS him. Lyle recoils, stunned. Never been hit.

BECKET  
Apologies. Now take these checks,  
deposit them after midnight -

Lyle JUMPS UP, grabs the LETTER OPENER.

BECKET (CONT'D)  
Put that down, I have a dinner  
party to attend -

LYLE  
C'mere you fucking peasant.

He JABS -- Becket JUMPS back -- Lyle JABS again -

Becket grabs his arm, wrestles away the weapon, THROWS Lyle  
to the floor -

And the guy BURSTS INTO TEARS. On his knees. Becket tosses  
the letter opener on the rug, opens the door to leave -

LYLE (CONT'D)  
...I'm sorry, I just -

BECKET  
Good. Now be sorry alone.

And he SLAMS the door -

**INT. ALFA ROMEO - DRIVING - LATER**

Becket rips down the highway. Fresh raindrops smacking the windshield.

BECKET (V.O.)  
And just that quickly -- I'd committed a clumsy theft. I was only consoled by the notion that I'd be a billionaire within the week -- provided I kill Whitelaw -- and perhaps I could pay off the divested parties before they demanded my punishment.

In his rear-view: the CROWN VIC.

Becket swivels around, squints at the car. Drives on. And as the sky grows dark with clouds, he passes a sign:

WELCOME TO CONNECTICUT.

**INT. ALFA ROMEO - DRIVING - NIGHT**

Storm pounding the roof.

Becket pulls to the mansion front gate -- and it RISES. He motors up the drive. Headlights in the rain.

**EXT. ROUNDABOUT - SECONDS LATER**

He climbs from the car, holds a briefcase over his head. Peers to the north wing entrance. Sees two torches burning on either side of the oak doors -- and between them: a PERSON.

BECKET  
Hello!

No answer. Becket jogs through the rain, up the steps -- to the old BUTLER who stands between the torches.

BECKET (CONT'D)  
Am I in the correct place?

Without word, the Butler OPENS the doors -- revealing a deep HALL. Marble floors. Gas lamps flickering. Becket steps

**INT. INSIDE THE MANSION - CONTINUOUS**

and the doors SHUT behind him. All things quiet.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

In my haste, I had utterly forgotten to devise a plan of any sort.

Down the hall: WHITELAW approaches. Gliding through pools of light like an apparition. And in a moment, we see clearly:

He's Becket. An ancient, silver Becket. And in a voice like oil bubbling deep from the earth:

**WHITELAW**

On account of the storm, it seems my friends couldn't be with us tonight. But I just couldn't turn you down.

They peer at each other. Both stunned by the resemblance. Even the same injured hand.

**WHITELAW (CONT'D)**

Whitelaw.

**BECKET**

Becket.

And:

**WHITELAW**

How do you feel about lobster.

A SILVER LID IS LIFTED, REVEALING LOBSTER -

**INT. DINING ROOM - THAT MOMENT**

They eat at either end of a long, oak table. The old Butler standing in a corner, heavy and still as a grandfather clock.

Becket peers around for an idea. Something. Anything. A knife, a big vase -

**WHITELAW**

(eating)

Quiet, yes.

BECKET  
I'd say peaceful, Sir.

WHITE LAW  
Peaceful.  
(then)  
Would you humor an old man? May I  
tell you a story?

BECKET  
Oh certainly.

Whitelaw chews his lobster. Smiles a little.

WHITE LAW  
Nineteen forty-nine. I worked  
aboard a dredger boat in the bowels  
of Louisiana. Dragging the river,  
right down to her bones, yes. One  
day the water turned black. I knew  
what it was. I called on my uncle --  
he had money, and I requested a  
loan. To purchase the rights, yes.  
To drill. He said he'd consider it.  
Two days later I went back to the  
river -- know what I discovered?

BECKET  
No, Sir.

WHITE LAW  
My dear uncle, surveying water with  
an oil crew. He'd gone and bought  
the rights for himself, okay.

(chewing)  
That evening I found him in a cat  
house in Vermilion with his pants  
around his ankles -- I pressed a  
blade right here...

(points to his neck)  
...told him I'd carve my initials  
into his jugular if he didn't sign  
those rights to me. And he did.  
Right then and there.

He sips wine. Takes a moment. Becket growing uneasy.

WHITE LAW (CONT'D)  
It was easy, that one. He didn't  
fight back. But some did.

He raises his crippled hand.

WHITE LAW (CONT'D)

Man from the Federal Board of  
Petroleum. It was hard, yes.  
Filthy. But rising up in the world  
is a filthy job. Few have the gut  
for it.

Becket can't help but smile a little. Whitelaw sees it -

WHITE LAW (CONT'D)

Suppose you think me a selfish  
brute, yes.

BECKET

Well no, Sir -

WHITE LAW

Rich and out of touch. But hear  
this. The lobster you're eating was  
fished from the ocean from a  
trawling vessel, which is an  
expensive piece of work. The local  
fisherman likely couldn't afford it  
-- he took out a loan, yes. From a  
bank. Which is a place that  
accumulates money. Which is nothing  
but a pile of cold, flimsy paper,  
whose fragile value rests entirely  
upon the prosperity of men like  
myself, men whose quarterly profits  
determine the net worth of nations,  
men who ensure there's money to be  
lent at all. So call me greedy. But  
remember, we need the rich. They're  
the ones who've done the dirty work  
-- so you don't have to.

(then)

Are you finished?

BECKET

Finished?

WHITE LAW

With your dinner -

BECKET

Oh. Yes, it was delicious, thank  
you.

Whitelaw balls up his napkin. Throws it on his plate.

WHITE LAW

Come with me. I'll give you a  
chance to see something.

## INT. TROPHY ROOM - LATER

He leads Becket into this familiar place. Animal heads on the wall. Fireplace burning eternally. Becket sees a CLOCK. 8:30.

Whitelaw grabs a hunting cap, slips it on.

WHITE LAW

How do I look.

BECKET

Quite authentic, I'd say -

WHITE LAW

Ah good.

He lumbers to a wall covered in antique weapons. Bows, arrows. Without word, he unhooks an old SHOTGUN -

Becket glances to the doorway. Only one way out -- and the Butler is quickly CLOSING the doors behind them -

WHITE LAW (CONT'D)

(re: shotgun)

Perazzi double. A fowling piece,  
yes, my grandfather's...

He CRACKS open the breach, removes old cartridges.

WHITE LAW (CONT'D)

Oak stock. No cracks, no weak  
points...

He opens a drawer. Pulls out a fresh cartridge. Slides it into the barrel, SHUTS the breach. Stands in front of a roaring fire with a loaded shotgun.

WHITE LAW (CONT'D)

The sights are straight as arrows,  
would you like to see?

BECKET

I -- yes, alright.

Whitelaw HANDS OVER the shotgun. Gently. Never takes his eyes off Becket. Curious about something.

WHITE LAW

Go on. Draw a bead on something,  
whatever strikes your fancy.

Becket shifts around. Raises the shotgun, aims at the wall -

WHITE LAW (CONT'D)  
Try this, here.

Whitelaw slips the hunting cap from his head. Places it over his heart.

WHITE LAW (CONT'D)  
Right here.

Becket hesitates. Takes a breath. And AIMS at Whitelaw's beating heart.

He squints into the sights. Zeroes in on the old man's EYES. Ancient. Wrinkled. *But just like his. Exactly like his.*

Becket keeps aiming. Finger tapping the trigger. Fire ROARING. Rain THUNDERING. Clock TICKING.

And his HAND trembles. And he lowers the gun -

BECKET  
Oh. I have to get back.

WHITE LAW  
Back where.

BECKET  
Home.

WHITE LAW  
You're nearly there.

No answer. And Whitelaw steps forward, gently removes the shotgun from his hands. Never loses eye contact.

WHITE LAW (CONT'D)  
Well.  
(and)  
Better go quickly, then.

A moment.

And Becket backs away. To the door. Watching Whitelaw recede. An old man gripping a shotgun in front of a roaring fire -

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Becket marches down the hall. Getting the fuck out of there. He glances over his shoulder, sees nothing. No Whitelaw.

He rounds a corner -- and another -- but wait. *Where is he?* Place is a labyrinth. He doubles back.

Breaks into a jog. Heels echoing on the marble. Breathing heavy. *Better go quickly?*

He spots a door. PUSHES into a

**INT. DARK BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

and LOCKS it behind him. Keeps the lights off. There's a window -- he tries to PUSH it open -

**EXT. MANSION - SAME**

Becket struggles with the window. Just a spec in the massive stone facade of the mansion. Wind and rain whipping down.

**INT. BATHROOM - SAME**

Suddenly -- FOOTSTEPS approach from down the hall. Becket goes still. Watches the light beneath the door...

...and a SHADOW passes...

A few moments. And the footsteps recede. Gone. Becket toes to the door. UNBOLTS the lock, silently. Pushes it open -

KABOOM! Buckshot SPRAYS into his shoulder. Becket rockets back, through glass, into a shower -

Whitelaw steps into the bathroom, over broken glass. Becket squirms backward on bloody palms as Whitelaw COCKS the gun -

Becket grabs a shard of glass and PLUNGES it into his thigh. Whitelaw HOWLS. And Becket SLIPS past him, STAGGERS down the

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

and now it's fucking on. He staggers at full bore. Blood pumping from his shoulder with each breath. Eyes WIDE.

**INT. BATHROOM - THAT MOMENT**

Whitelaw YANKS the shard from his leg. Blood SPATTERING across his clothes, face.

WHITELAW  
GO ON AND RUN, NOW!

**INT. HALLWAY - THAT MOMENT**

Becket staggers -

WHITELAW (O.S.)  
DOORS ARE LOCKED FROM THE OUTSIDE,  
HE MADE GOOD AND SURE OF IT!

Becket stumbles to a glass door, wrestles the handle -

JESUS the Butler is right there, just beyond the glass, face wet with rain -

Becket backs away, turns a corner -

KABOOM! Whitelaw fires wildly. Misses. Becket RUNS. Whitelaw CHASING. He opens the breach, reloads.

WHITELAW (CONT'D)  
Little BASTARD! Filthy little  
ABORTION! I'll FLUSH you out! Like  
your WHORE MOTHER should have!

Becket hyperventilating. He is going to die. There is no way out -

WHITELAW (CONT'D)  
NO WAY OUT, YOU KNOW! GO ON AND  
TIRE YOURSELF! COME TO MY HOUSE TO  
KILL ME, YOU BEST HAVE DONE IT!

Becket BURSTS through a doorway and into the -

**INT. TROPHY ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

NO! Right back where he started. He SHUTS the doors -

KABOOM! The doors VIBRATE from the impact of buckshot. Becket stumbles back as Whitelaw BURSTS into the room -

Becket OVERTURNS a table just as KABOOM! Buckshot peppers the table top -

Whitelaw reloads. Things suddenly quiet. The air dense with smoke, powder.

Becket glances around, sees: an old BOW on the wall. And ARROWS. He grabs the bow, pulls back an arrow just as Whitelaw SHUTS the breach -

Becket SHOOTS him. In the chest. Whitelaw jolts back. Gathers his balance, looks down.

Clears his throat -- and BREAKS OFF the arrow like William Wallis -

Becket SNATCHES another arrow, PULLS IT BACK just as Whitelaw raises the shotgun and now it's a DUEL -

CLOSE ON WHITELAW as his face goes limp.

PULL BACK to reveal an arrow lodged straight through his neck.

Whitelaw drops the shotgun. Gurgles. His airway filling. Thick jugular blood SPRAYING into the air.

He sinks to his knees in front of the fireplace. Animal heads watching from all sides. Fire light dancing on their waxy eyes, teeth snarling.

Becket lowers the bow. Still shaking. And amidst the adrenalin, he realizes something:

He's gone and done it.

BEETHOVEN'S 7th SYMPHONY, 2nd MOVEMENT hums to life as -

**BECKET (V.O.)**

Oh friends. Believe this. My final murder was not a murder at all, but a legitimate act of self-defense.

BEETHOVEN CONTINUES as -

**INT. MANSION - LATER**

POLICE tape off the trophy room. A few COPS talk to Becket as an EMT bandages his shoulder.

COP

And you have no idea why he might've wanted to kill you?

BECKET

Gentlemen. I don't.

(then)

Look -- this sounds ludicrous, but I promised my fiance I'd join her tonight, and I'm already late. I'm perfectly willing to make a recorded statement tomorrow if you'd like, but -

EMT

What -- Sir you need to go directly  
to the emergency room.

BECKET

I will -- right afterward. But  
please, it's important.

The cops look at each other. They can't hold him. BEETHOVEN  
CONTINUES as -

**INT. TAPAS RESTAURANT - LEX AND FORTIETH - NIGHT**

He hustles from the rain -- into the crowded restaurant. Arm  
and shoulder bandaged under his coat.

He shoots into a back room -- where a TOAST is underway.  
Glasses in the air. He spots RUTH, makes his way over...

RUTH

(whispering)

Jesus I was worried -

She notices his bandages.

RUTH (CONT'D)

What -- OH MY GOD BECKET -

BECKET

Ruth listen for a moment -

RUTH

What happened? What -

BECKET

I'm fine. I'm okay.

They look at each other. Beethoven growing LOUDER. HEAVIER.

BECKET (CONT'D)

I have some peculiar news.

BEECHOVEN BLASTS INTO HIGH GEAR AS WE

CUT TO:

**INT. MANSION - GREAT HALL - DAY**

Becket stands atop a staircase in full regalia. Shoulder and  
arm in a sling. Cameras FLASHING. A party APPLAUDING below.

He holds out his hand -- and someone takes it: RUTH. She's overwhelmed. Becket looks into her eyes, comforts her.

And they ease down the steps. Into the festivities. A slow-motion cascade of glittery jewels and champagne.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

Is this the part of story where I admit that wealth is not all it's cracked up to be? Where I highlight the irony that after all this time, I cared only about love?

He greets his guests. A myriad of big names, beautiful faces. He charms without effort. Born to do it.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

No. This is the part where I tell you the truth: that being rich is even better than you imagine.

BEETHOVEN THUNDERS as we

CUT TO:

**INT. / EXT. SERIES**

The mansion / the beach house / the high rise on Madison / the high rise on Lexington / the town home in Paris / the huts over blue water / the yacht / the safety deposit boxes -

**INT. MANSION - GREAT ROOM - BACK TO SCENE**

Becket makes his way through the crowd, to Ruth. And discreetly, he puts his hand on her belly.

There's a little lump there. A secret between them. They peer at each other. Beethoven ROARING.

**EXT. BACK LAWN - THAT NIGHT**

Among the guests, Becket and Ruth watch:

FIREWORKS EXPLODE across the water. Colors popping and streaming through the air. We almost expect to see Mary and a transient bass player making eye contact for the first time.

Fireworks POP and FIZZLE -

**INT. JAIL CELL - PRESENT**

Becket gazes off. Still hearing the fireworks. Just faintly. He pushes aside his lobster, the cell quiet for a moment.

BECKET

I mentioned earlier this is a tragedy. It still is, mind you.  
(then)  
Hold steady, now.

**INT. MANSION - BACK TO SCENE - LATE NIGHT**

The party has calmed a bit. Champagne flutes littered about.

Becket makes his way down a line of late GUESTS, shaking their hands like the president. Each says their name:

OLD WOMAN

Evelyn Walton, the Waltons.

OLD MAN

Harold Koch, the Koches.

LENNY KRAVITZ

Lenny Kravitz, Lenny Kravitz.

Becket approaches a WOMAN wearing a dark suit. Looks familiar from somewhere. He shakes her hand, smiles politely...

PINFIELD

Megan Pinfield, FBI.

Becket goes cold. Sees Agent Matthews behind her, stone-faced.

BECKET

Right. Right -- have you tried the ham? It's delightful.

**INT. PRIVATE CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER**

He leads them inside.

BECKET

Look, I don't mean to be uncouth, but this is heroically poor timing -

Matthews HANDCUFFS him.

PINFIELD

You're under arrest for murder. You  
have the right to remain silent -

BECKET

Murder? Of whom?

PINFIELD

Lyle Archdale.

Becket without words.

**INT. LYLE'S OFFICE - DAYS EARLIER**

A bloody LETTER OPENER rests on the rug.

PULL OUT to reveal Lyle, sprawled on his side, wrists SLIT. A forensics team snapping photographs.

**EXT. MANSION - BACK TO SCENE**

Becket is lead away in handcuffs. On the verge of a panic attack. Bewildered guests watching. Ruth follows...

RUTH

What do we do? What do we do?

He gets SHOVED in a cop car. Looks up at her with a new expression. Unguarded. Desperate.

BECKET

I love -

The door SLAMS in his face -

**INT. COP CAR - THAT MOMENT**

The car pulls away. Becket cranes his neck, peers through the back windshield. Watches Ruth recede. Her eyes heavy, red.

He looks like he wants to say something deep. Something revealing. But:

**BECKET (V.O.)**

Can you believe. After all this,  
I'd go down for a killing I didn't  
even commit.

**EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY**

A REPORTER in heavy makeup:

NEWS REPORTER

He's the soul heir -- to one of the largest private fortunes in the world. And today, Becket Rothchild stands trial for murdering childhood friend Lyle Archdale.

**INT. COURTROOM - LATER**

Becket sits, looking comatose. The prosecution explains:

ATTORNEY

- as we can see from these security tapes, Mister Rothchild BURST into the office at approximately six-o'clock PM, and emerged just three minutes later, which is consistent with the estimated time of Lyle Archdale's death -

**LATER**

The Attorney displays the letter opener in a plastic bag. He interrogates a FORENSICS EXPERT:

ATTORNEY (CONT'D)

- and did you find the defendant's fingerprints on the murder weapon?

FORENSICS EXPERT

I did, yes.

ATTORNEY

And how certain are you that the fingerprints are his -

FORENSICS EXPERT

One-hundred percent certain.

**LATER**

The Attorney questions someone: JULIA. Becket watches. Boiling in his seat.

ATTORNEY

You were the first to find your husband's body, is this correct?

JULIA

Yes. I found him.

ATTORNEY

Horrible.

(then)

Tell us, were you...in love with  
Mister Rothchild at the time?

Quiet.

JULIA

I was.

ATTORNEY

And he with you?

JULIA

Becket Rothchild has been in love  
with me his whole life. I just...

(she breaks down)

...I don't know. I never thought  
he'd do this.

She CRIES. Turns on the water works.

Becket peers up at RUTH in the gallery. Her kind face. She  
wants to understand, to forgive.

But she looks away. Even she thinks he's guilty.

**LATER**

The JUDGE hands down a sentence:

JUDGE

Becket Rothchild. I hereby sentence  
you to death, in a manner  
prescribed by the laws of the  
state. May you know and understand  
that justice has been served, and  
may God rest your soul.

The gavel comes down -- SLAM!

**INT. PRISON - NIGHT**

Becket is relieved of his personal items. Wallet. Watch.

A GUARD pulls the jewelry box from his coat. Cracks it open,  
sees Mary's lock of hair inside.

GUARD  
The hell is that.

BECKET  
It's personal. Please.

But the Guard marches away...

BECKET (CONT'D)  
Wait. SIR! PLEASE -

GUARD  
Shut up!

The Guard lumbers into a bathroom and FLUSHES Mary's lock of hair down the toilet. Swirling around. Gone.

BECKET (V.O.)  
I wish I could find the right words to describe this juncture in my story.

**INT. JELL CELL - LATER**

Becket is SHUT behind bars. Alone.

BECKET (V.O.)  
But my friends -- there are no right words, and no wrong words.

After a moment, he sits.

BECKET (V.O.)  
There is only time.

**FADE TO BLACK...**

BECKET (V.O.)  
And silence.

Quiet. Black. Just the sound of your own breathing. And -

**INT. JAIL CELL - TWO YEARS LATER**

Becket sits on the floor. New lines on his face. Hair longer. This is the man we know -- the one from the present.

A BIG GUARD lumbers to the bars, RATTLES his night stick.

BIG GUARD  
Yo. Get up, you got a visitor.

## INT. PRISON - VISITATION WINDOW - LATER

Becket eases into a chair and sees, just beyond the glass partition -

Julia. Hair tussled. Blouse buttoned low. He unhooks the phone, puts it to his ear. Says nothing.

JULIA

Look at you. Bit tougher than last time, I bet you're quite the catch around here.

He has no answer. Simply points to a digital CLOCK on the wall, ticking away their time. 2:57, 2:56, 2:55...

JULIA (CONT'D)

Oh.

(and)

How are you, Becket.

No answer.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Tomorrow's the big day, I understand.

Still no answer.

JULIA (CONT'D)

I was remembering -- you know that game we played? As kids? I'd have a secret and you'd try to guess?

He nods. Just slightly.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Well go on, guess.

Becket lowers the phone -- *fuck this* -

JULIA (CONT'D)

Do it for me, c'mon -

BECKET

You have something to say, say it.

JULIA

Give you a hint. It involves -- handwriting.

Becket stares.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
Guess!

BECKET  
You want me to guess?

JULIA  
Yes, let's hear it -

BECKET  
You're foul. You're a lump of coal  
with makeup. I'd rather die in here  
than be with you. That's my guess.  
It's hardly a secret and it doesn't  
involve handwriting.

Quiet. Julia blank. Did she hear him?

JULIA  
Okay, here's another hint. Lyle --  
when I found him like that, I found  
something else, too.

A moment. And suddenly -- Becket feels a RUSH of blood to the  
head -

JULIA (CONT'D)  
And beautifully written, I should  
add.

He looks down, sees his HAND trembling. Glances to the clock.  
1:30, 01:29, 1:28 -

JULIA (CONT'D)  
Why orange, by the way? Doesn't  
match your complexion -

BECKET  
Julia be quiet and listen to me.

JULIA  
I should be leaving, really -

BECKET  
If Lyle left a note -- if that's  
what you're saying -- in the name  
of all things holy, release it.

JULIA  
Oh now you want to talk -

BECKET  
Tell them you found it under the  
rug or I don't know -

JULIA

Don't tell me what's what -

BECKET

- and if there's something you want  
in exchange, tell me now. I'm sure  
there is. So tell me.

Quiet.

JULIA

Oh Becket. What could you possibly  
have to offer.

She smiles. And HANGS UP THE PHONE -

BECKET

Wait, just -- STOP. HOLD ON! STOP!

The Big Guard GRABS him, pulls his hands behind his back --  
as beyond the glass, Julia saunters toward the exit -

BIG GUARD

That's it, you're done -

BECKET

STOP! PLEASE, GODDAMMIT!

Becket STRUGGLES -- and Julia pauses. Watches. Amused.

BECKET (CONT'D)

(to the Guard)

I have thirty seconds left, let me  
finish the conversation -

BIG GUARD

Twenty-five, siddown.

Becket RIPS away from him, sits, grabs the phone -

**JULIA'S SIDE - SAME**

She watches Becket through the glass. Yelling. His voice  
muffled. And she exhales dramatically, sits back down -

**BECKET'S SIDE - SAME**

BECKET

Tell me what you want. Make haste.

She gazes into the air. Like a little girl deciding what she  
wants for Christmas.

BECKET (CONT'D)  
Good Christ get on with it -

JULIA  
Just give me a moment, now -

BECKET  
I'm going to die in less than  
twelve hours. They're going to  
inject me with a cocktail of deadly  
barbiturates until my nerves cease  
to fire and my heart sputters to a  
halt. You have the key to my life.  
And you want me to live, don't you.

She eyes him. Her expression soft, genuine -- just barely.  
0:06, 0:05, 0:04 -

JULIA  
Give me everything.  
(and)  
Sign the estate over to me -

*CLICK* -- the line goes dead.

BIG GUARD  
Time's up, get up.

He GRABS Becket, PULLS him back. Julia behind the glass,  
smiling in cool confidence -

**INT. PRISON CELL - LATER**

PLOP -- a stack of legal papers hits a desk. The Big Guard  
pulls out a pen, hands it to -

Becket. Who eyes the papers. Looks deflated, like he's  
putting an old dog to sleep. He tightens his mouth.

And signs them. The air dense.

BIG GUARD  
You need anything else.

Quiet.

BECKET  
Just one thing, actually. Do you  
have a tape recorder?

**LATER - SAME**

Becket hunches over the tape recorder. A dish of lobster pushed aside, picked clean. Father Murphy listening patiently. And we realize -

This is it. This is the present.

Sunlight cuts across the floor. Long shadows. The new day upon him.

BECKET

(into tape recorder)

That was some hours ago, my friends.

(then)

And now it appears Julia has played one final, cruel joke.

He swallows. Hovers his finger over the STOP button on the tape recorder. Face tight. Holding back so much.

FOOTSTEPS approach from down the hall. Father Murphy rises, puts his hands on Becket's shoulder.

And -- the Big Guard appears at the bars. Brow hard. He looks at Becket. Becket peers back.

BIG GUARD

Rothchild.

ROTHCHILD

Yes.

BIG GUARD

You're not gonna fucking believe this.

**EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY**

CLOSE ON A SUICIDE NOTE. It's held by -

A POLICE CHIEF. Standing at a podium. Surrounded by cops and court officials.

Cameras FLASHING. Reporters SHOUTING. All jockeying for position.

**INT. / EXT. SERIES**

ON THE COURTHOUSE LAWN:

NEWS REPORTER

The case of Becket Rothchild has had no shortage of rumors and conspiracy theories.

AT THE CNN NEWS DESK:

CNN ANCHOR

Some claim he was involved in the killing of the entire Rothchild family.

ON FOX NEWS:

FOX ANCHOR

Others claim he murdered just one person -- Lyle Archdale. Either way, what no one saw coming was -

ON PIERS MORGAN:

PIERS MORGAN

- the revelation that Becket Rothchild -- as found today in a New York state court of appeals -- is completely, and utterly, innocent.

The program plays on a TELEVISION in the

**INT. PRISON - THAT MOMENT**

where Becket is given back his personal items.

A GUARD slides the jewelry box across the counter. Becket cracks it open, sees the empty interior. A quiet moment.

And he slides it back onto the counter.

BECKET

This isn't mine.

**INT. PRISON HALLWAY - LATER**

He's led down a dark corridor. To a steel door, which RATTLES to life and EASES open like a bank vault. Becket steps

**EXT. OUTSIDE - CONTINUOUS**

and a crowd goes HAYWIRE beyond the fences. Reporters YELLING his name. Protestors WAVING signs.

Becket shuffles through the pouring sunlight. Reaches a parking lot and sees:

RUTH beside her beat-up Honda Civic. And holding her hand -- a BOY. No more than two years old. Hair ruffled. Eyes big.

Becket stares. Heart pounding.

He turns the other way, sees:

JULIA. Leaning against a black limousine, smoking a cigarette.

Becket breathes deep. And makes his way toward Ruth -- and his young son.

Getting closer. Ruth breaking into smiles. Sunlight glinting off her hair. Becket closes in, like from a magnetic pull.

But suddenly -- he slows. Squints into the distance. Lost somewhere. Ruth watches, confused. Wind blowing.

And:

BECKET

Okay.

And he strides toward JULIA. The moment he does it, Julia flicks her cigarette and climbs into the limo -

The old BUTLER emerges from the driver seat, opens a door as Becket arrives. They look at each other a moment. No words.

And Becket climbs

**INT. INSIDE THE LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS**

and the Butler SLAMS the door -

Becket shifts around in his leather seat. Finds a comfortable position as the limo eases into gear, silent and smooth.

Sees Julia reclined across the way, her long legs crossed. A funny smile on her face. Secretly satisfied.

Becket looks down, sees his HAND trembling. A hot surge hitting his system. Right behind the eyes.

A single tear squeezes out. Rolls down his face. Julia sees it, expressionless behind her sunglasses. She says nothing, just gazes out the window, at the landscape shooting by...

Becket breathes deep. Presses a button on the console -- and a bottle of CHAMPAGNE rises from the wet bar...

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
You may remember, some time ago --  
I told you this was a tragedy.

He POPS the champagne.

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
And it is.

**INT. RUTH'S HONDA CIVIC - PARKED - THAT MOMENT**

Ruth BAWLS. Her son watches.

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
But it's not about me.

**INT. CHURCH - CONFESSION BOOTH - THAT MOMENT**

Father Murphy listens to a confession. But he's lost in thought about something else. Gazing off into darkness.

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
It's about you.

**INT. LIMOUSINE - DRIVING - THAT MOMENT**

Becket sips champagne from a big glass.

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
With your values and morality. Your  
deep-rooted expectations. You  
thought fate would hand me what I  
deserve, yes? Or that I'd at least  
choose love over money.

Becket unearths a CASSETTE TAPE from his coat pocket.

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
Oh my friends.

He DROPS the cassette into the champagne glass. Watches the bubbles corrode the acetate.

**BECKET (V.O.)**  
You'll be poor forever.

**EXT. ROTHCCHILD ESTATE - FRONT GATE - DAY**

The limo pulls into the estate. It glides up the driveway, toward the MANSION. Which seems further away than usual. Like a mirage. Unreachable.

We stay behind, the limo growing tiny in the distance.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

Yes. It's you.

The GATE lowers in our face. Keeping us out forever.

**BECKET (V.O.)**

You're the tragedy.

**THE END**