

**THE COMPANY MEN**

By  
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WHITE SHOOTING SCRIPT - 03/30/09  
BLUE REVISIONS - 04/07/09  
PINK REVISIONS - 04/13/09  
YELLOW REVISIONS - 05/04/09  
GREEN REVISIONS - 05/07/09  
GOLDENROD REVISIONS - 05/15/09  
BUFF REVISIONS - 05/28/09

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THE COMPANY MEN

1 FADE IN:

1 \*

GAIL ABINAL (VO)  
...reported sharply lower earnings on  
news of more turmoil in the financial...

- The talking heads of MSNBC and Bloomberg drone under --

JOHN MCNANCY (VO)  
...with the dollar stumbling, Goldman  
suggests foreign trade imbalances will...

And IMAGES of excess, some extraordinary, others mundane. \*

HERB RITTENOUR (VO)  
...while OPEC meets today in Dubai, few  
believe prices will decline soon...

- Luxury cars lined up in a garage. Another garage full of  
expensive and infrequently used mountain bikes, golf clubs,  
skis and sporting goods. \*

GAIL ABINAL (VO)  
...stocks stalled as investors digested  
news of declining consumer confidence...

- A counter burdened with innumerable stainless-steel kitchen  
appliances: Cuisinart, toaster, espresso maker, mixer, waffle  
iron, blender and juicer. \*

NOW BEGIN TO INTERCUT WITH --

A long row of pressed dress shirts hang in a huge, brightly  
lit closet. A man's strong hand reaches in, selects one --

JOHN MCNANCY (VO)  
...Berkshire Holdings reports lower...

Another row of freshly laundered shirts in a different,  
smaller closet, another man's hand picks one --

HERB RITTENOUR (VO)  
...housing inventories remain high as  
Option ARM defaults continue to flood...

Fifty ties sway on a motorized rack, silk, tasteful --

JOHN MCNANCY (VO)  
...Secretary Baskin is expected to...

(CONTINUED)

- A gardener's truck pulls into a driveway, two men climb out to begin working on the huge house's yard. Start a mower. \*

HERB RITTENOUR (VO)  
...the Fed has indicated little interest in further intervention in the...

A Rolex SNAPS onto the older man's wrist. His dresser covered with photos; of babies, ski trips, graduations.

GAIL ABINAL (VO)  
...with the Dow down another 424...

- A pool, a greenhouse. A coy pond and fountain. A massive backyard, stainless steel barbecue grill. \*

JOHN MCNANCY (VO)  
...a ten year Treasury bond yield low...

The man adjusts his tie to REVEAL: GENE McCLARY, fifties, assured, successful. He smiles, satisfied, goes --

HERB RITTENOUR (VO)  
...Blue Chips are surrendering as the...

- A basement full of gym's worth of exercise equipment. A huge plasma TV with Nintendo cords snaking away from it. \*

JOHN MCNANCY (VO)  
...Nasdaq's down 9.92%, while the S&P...

A second man adjusts his tie to REVEAL: BOBBY WALKER, thirties, confident. A corporate warrior ready for battle. \*

HERB RITTENOUR (VO)  
...all broad market indices continue their relentless trend down...

- A startling large row of trash cans set out on a street. \*

JOHN MCNANCY (VO)  
...In other financial news, China's Central Bank announced...

- A third man, adjusts his jacket in the mirror. PHIL WOODWARD, fifties, rough around the edges, anxious. His time is coming and he knows it. \*

- As the gardener's mow the lawn we -- \*

FADE OUT:

In the DARKNESS, men's voices.

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

BOBBY (VO)  
...It's all about earnings...

And a resounding THWACK! Then suddenly, brilliant sunlight as a small white ball sails off into a beautiful blue, early September, sky.

3 THE COUNTRY CLUB - MORNING

3 \*

Three men watch unhappily as it flies perfectly toward a distant green. Bobby's up on the tee, watching his shot.

BOBBY  
Watch your earnings and the fundamentals  
will take care of themselves.

MIFFLIN whistles admiringly as the ball drops onto the green.

CARLSON  
...bastard...

CONNERS  
Rumor is GTX has to show more movement or  
Morgan's going to issue a sell.

BOBBY  
How many are you over now Steve, seven?

Bobby knows exactly how many. Carlson flips him off. Steps up to the tee, sets his ball.

CONNERS  
Salinger have a plan to prop up the  
bottom line over there, Bobby?

BOBBY  
You moonlighting for the SEC now, Matt?

CONNERS  
Casual conversation.

BOBBY  
What do you think counselor?

MIFFLIN  
Hell yes, what's a little insider trading  
among friends?

Carlson SMACKS a strong drive. Not as nice as Bobby's but:

BOBBY  
You want a tip? Don't sell GTX, buy.

As Bobby strides off down the fairway.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

CARLSON

Son of a bitch breaks ninety again I'm  
going to key his goddam Porsche.

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

4 INT. CHICAGO HYATT REGENCY MEETING ROOM - DAY

4

We're GLIDING ABOVE an elegant silver coffee service, trays  
of cut fruit, bagels. Men and women in business attire take  
notes at linen covered banquet tables, nurse coffees.

STEVENS (VO)

...we've reviewed our pipeline of some  
500 projects and programs...

\*

The CAMERA MOVES ALONG the dais, placards set in front of the  
slightly bored panel participants, behind them a banner and  
corporate logo announce: *GTX Global Transportation Systems*.

\*

STEVENS (cont'd)

...focusing on those with significant  
marketing opportunities and jettisoning  
everything that won't contribute  
immediately to our profitability...

The CAMERA APPROACHES a man in his sixties, STEVENS, droning  
on. WE DON'T SLOW, continue along the row of exec faces.

STEVENS (cont'd)

Selecting thirty-seven as promising  
strategic growth programs and setting  
aside the rest for future consideration.

Until we finally ARRIVE at the placard in front of a bored --

*Eugene McClary*

*Executive Vice-President - Transportation Systems*

Doodling an elaborate geometric design on a hotel note pad.  
As Stevens finishes, several analysts raise their hands.

HASPEL

Ned Haspel, JP Morgan. Mr. McClary, you  
were talking earlier about fiscal 2011,  
you've done a good job of convincing us  
that with the credit markets frozen, your  
sales revenue in 2010 will slow --

GENE

Great, then my job here is done.

That gets a laugh from the analysts.

(CONTINUED)

HASPEL

Can you talk about 2011 and what sort of a percentage increase you anticipate?

\*

GENE

People love to talk about percentages Ned, our people do, you people do. But when we do sales forecasts in a mature manufacturing sector like transportation, we should be focusing on how to maintain growth in absolute dollars.

HASPEL

Are you suggesting you aren't expecting any growth in your division next year?

Stevens looks down the dais at Gene, worried.

GENE

I'm suggesting that we face increased foreign competition and a difficult market for large capital expenditures like shipbuilding, so 2011 will probably end even or a little up from 2010. I call that an excellent result in this credit climate but you're probably going to call it disappointing.

Stevens looks quickly for another hand.

STEVENS

Another question?

HASPEL

So no growth in 2011?

Gene avoids Stevens concerned look, stares down Haspel for a long moment, then goes back to the company script.

GENE

I'm confident that while shipbuilding will remain challenged, the rest of the Transportation Systems Group will continue to contribute significant growth to GTX in coming quarters.

Haspel's still unsatisfied but Gene points to another hand.

GENE (cont'd)

Yes, in the back.

Off Gene's frozen smile as an analyst begins a question we --

CUT TO:

5 GTX CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS - PARKING LOT - DAY 5

A glass and metal cathedral of commerce. Acres of unfettered capitalism surrounded by manicured lawns and parking lots. Bobby pulls his Porsche into his spot.

Hits his alarm, VOOOP! The lot is a lesson in corporate automotive hierarchy; Volvos, Hondas and Excursions give way to BMWs, Range Rovers and Jaguars nearer the door.

CUT TO:

6 INSIDE THE GTX BUILDING 6

Bobby crosses the lobby, four stories of atrium rises above, mature elms rustle in the artificial breeze, granite floors polished ice rink slick. The huge corporate logo announces:

GTX Global Transportation Systems

*We Keep The World Moving!*

CUT TO:

7 SHIP SYSTEMS OFFICES 7

DING! He steps off the elevator, pushes through glass doors and past the large reception desk, the omnipresent "GTX" logo looming behind it. Crosses to a set of glass doors, "Ship Systems - Marketing and Sales" etched into them and down the long hallway toward --

CUT TO:

8 TRANSPORTATION SYSTEMS SALES DEPARTMENT 8

Secretarial desks, rows of cubicles for the worker bees, heads for a windowed office and his secretary, CAROL.

BOBBY

Any messages?

He doesn't wait, grabs them off her desk. She's a little distant. He doesn't notice, shuffles through them.

CAROL

Wilcox wants to see you, she's in the fifth floor conference room.

\*  
\*

BOBBY

Shot an eighty-six this morning.

He doesn't wait for an answer, heads off down the row of desks. She calls after him, he doesn't stop.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

CAROL

She said it was important.

BOBBY

Sally Wilcox thinks everything's important. An eighty-six!

9 GLASS WALLED CONFERENCE ROOM

9

Eight young execs in mid-meeting, LAKE, JANE. Bobby heads for a chair, peeling off his suit-jacket.

BOBBY

Anybody want to guess what I shot at the club this morning?

\*  
\*

They're all staring at him, it's uncomfortable.

BOBBY (cont'd)

44 on the front, 42 on the back.  
(he stops/realizes)  
What's up, somebody die?

Dead silence. Bobby takes a beat, looks through the glass wall out to the people staring in from the hallway.

CUT TO:

10 HALLWAY

10

Bobby FLINGS open the door, passes frightened faces staring up at him. A secretary, BARBARA, stands by an office door.

BOBBY

Conal?

CONAL DOHERTY, sixties, packing a couple of boxes. A stunned woman in her forties sits on Conal's sofa, DIANE LINDSTROM.

CONAL

They closed Mobile and Newport News, merged Ship Systems into Rail Products.

BOBBY

How many?

BARBARA

Conal, your wife's on one.

CONAL

Hello, honey. I've got some bad news --

Bobby looks to Diane, she brushes away a few stray tears.

(CONTINUED)



10 CONTINUED:

10

DIANE

Three thousand at the shipyards, rumor is  
another couple hundred here.

\*

CUT TO:

11 INT. GTX OFFICES, HUMAN RESOURCES - DAY

11

Bobby heads for a corner office. A discreet sign announces  
"Sally Wilcox Vice-President Human Resources", SHOVES into --

\*

12 WILCOX'S OFFICE

12

Floor to ceiling glass with a lovely view of the rolling  
Massachusetts hills and Boston beyond. Some art, a few  
plants, and SALLY WILCOX, tailored, attractive.

BOBBY

What the hell is going on?

WILCOX

Bobby, you know Dick Landry from Legal?

\*

A balding, average man sits at the small conference table.

LANDRY

The company's consolidating divisions.  
Difficult decisions had to be made in  
areas where redundancies surfaced.

\*

Bobby stares at them, can't believe where this is going.

LANDRY (cont'd)

We've structured a generous severance  
package for you. Your twelve years with  
us entitles you to twelve weeks full pay  
and benefits.

\*

\*

BOBBY

You're firing me?

He presents it as ludicrous on it's face, she doesn't laugh.

WILCOX

Come on Bobby, sit down.

LANDRY

We're also offering you outplacement  
services to help you secure your next  
employment.

\*

The room's spinning, Bobby tries to get his bearings.

12 CONTINUED:

12

BOBBY

Does Gene know about this?

WILCOX

Bobby please, sit.

But instead of sitting, he heads for the door.

BOBBY

Hey Sally, you know what? Fuck off.

And he's gone. A long silence. She looks at her shoes.

LANDRY

Friend?

\*

CUT TO:

13 HALLWAY OUTSIDE GENE MCCLARY'S OFFICE

13

Bobby makes his way to the big office at the end of the hall.  
Pushes through etched doors that announce:

\*

\*

*Eugene McClary*

*Executive Vice President - Transportation Systems*

BOBBY

He in there?

\*

Bobby doesn't wait for an answer, strides into:

14 GENE'S OFFICE

14

Large, beautifully furnished. Conference table, sofa,  
oversized desk, carefully framed 19th century sectional  
blueprints of the first steam powered cargo ships and models  
of military and civilian ships. Empty.

\*

\*

KAREN

He's in Chicago today.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY

15

WE FOLLOW a chauffeured town car as it pulls up next to a  
waiting Gulfstream, the GTX logo on it's fuselage. Gene and  
Stevens climb out of the car. Stevens is pissed.

\*

STEVENS

Honesty's the best policy?

Gene doesn't answer, starts for the plane's stairs.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

STEVENS (cont'd)  
Christ, could you try, just try, to be a  
little less candid for once?

GENE  
So we're lying to financial analysts now?  
That the new profitability plan?

Follow them up the steps and into --

16 INT. GULFSTREAM - DAY

16

Blonde woods and beige leather seats. Fresh flowers and  
newspapers arrayed on the serving buffet. A waiting GTX  
stewardess takes their coats.

GENE  
What do you want? More inflated guidance  
so we can under perform every quarter  
again next year?

Gene takes the best seat in the middle of the cabin.

STEVENS  
2011? I'm worried about the damn share  
price tomorrow.

But Gene isn't listening, stares out the window sullenly as  
the engine's power up.

STEVENS (cont'd)  
Salinger's gonna blow a fucking gasket.

CUT TO:

17 BOBBY'S OFFICE

17

Bobby steps back into his office. Three brand new, empty  
packing boxes are already sitting on his desk.

\*

PHIL  
Oh shit...

An anxious man in the door eyeing the boxes, PHIL WOODWARD.

BOBBY  
Yeah.

PHIL  
What'd you get?

BOBBY  
Twelve weeks and outplacement.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

They say who else is on the block?

BOBBY

Thanks for the sympathy, Phil.

PHIL

I'm not an MBA like you. I get canned,  
I'm working at Kinkos.  
(starts for the door)  
Call you later, okay?

And he's gone. Bobby looks around the office. The family photos, the nice view, the waxed plants. Picks up his brass desk plate "*Robert Walker, Jr.*". Throws it into a box.

\*  
\*  
\*

CAROL

Did they say anything about me?

BOBBY

What?

CAROL

About my still having a job?

It never even occurred to him, he stares at her dumbly.

BOBBY

I didn't ask.

She turns slowly, goes.

\*

17A INT. GTX LOBBY - DAY

17A

\*

Bobby steps off the elevators, carrying his box, the blazered guards watch from the security desk. He stops for a moment in the vast lobby. Other fired workers pass. He takes one last look around, in shock. Starts out --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

18 THE GTX PARKING LOT - DAY

18

Bobby crosses the lot, the GTX building rising up behind him accusingly, still carrying his boxes. Many cars are already gone. Ruptured lives captured in a still life of empty parking spots. Others carry similar boxes, plants, knickknacks. Men, women. Trunks open, car doors. Bobby nods as he passes, the faces haunted, frightened.

\*  
\*

A woman in the spot next to him loads her few things, tears streaming down her face, it's the woman from Conal's office, Diane. They stare at each other for a moment. He doesn't

18 CONTINUED:

18

know what to say, so he doesn't say anything. Climbs in, turns the engine OVER, pulls out.

CUT TO:

18A PHIL'S GTX OFFICE - DAY

18A

\*

From somewhere above, we look down at the emptying parking lot, Bobby's Porsche backing out and pulling away. A man's face enters frame, CLOSE, turning away from the window.

\*

\*

\*

It's Phil, watching his fired friends driving away.

\*

CUT TO:

\*

19 WELLESLEY STREET - SEPTEMBER DAY

19

\*

Beautiful trees, lovely brick homes. Bobby turns the Porsche into his drive. The garage door RISES to reveal: empty concrete, it's perimeter packed with bikes, skis, bats, balls and all manner of sporting goods.

CUT TO:

20 BOBBY'S HOUSE

20

The living room nobody uses, the large kitchen and family room, wide screen plasma TV and tangle of Nintendo cords.

Bobby sets his box on the kitchen butcher block. The afternoon silence broken only by the HUM of the refrigerator and someone MOWING a lawn several blocks away. Now what?

CUT TO:

21 GTX BUILDING - EXECUTIVE FLOOR ELEVATORS

21

The doors OPEN, Gene steps off. Pushes into his suite.

GENE

Miss me?

KAREN

I've been trying to reach you.

He heads for his office, pulls out a cell phone.

GENE

Battery's dead.  
(throws it to her)  
Charge it, will ya?

\*

\*

\*

KAREN

Phil's in there.

\*

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

Karen follows Gene into:

22 GENE'S OFFICE

22

Phil waits on the sofa, overflowing ashtray beside him.

GENE

Make yourself at home, Phil.

\*

PHIL

I won't go back to a factory floor. I've got one kid in college, another one going in the fall.

GENE

What the hell are you talking about?

Phil looks at Karen.

PHIL

You're shitting me, he doesn't know?

KAREN

Sally Wilcox let some more people go.

PHIL

Some? She fired goddam everybody!

Gene's staring at Phil. What? \*

GENE

She fired you? \*

PHIL

No, but I've been hiding in here all day.

KAREN

They closed Mobile and Newport News. Laid off most of the Ship Systems Sales Group. Conal, Bobby, Ted, Diane --

Gene doesn't need to hear more, he's already heading out.

PHIL

I won't let the bastards just kick me out after thirty years. I'll take an AK-47 to this fucking place first!

CUT TO:

22A INT. CEO'S ELEVATOR LOBBY - DAY

22A

Gene bursts from the elevator, pushes into --

23 OFFICE OF THE CEO

23

Gene heads for the elegant reception area, subdued lighting, antiques, framed covers of FORBES, FORTUNE. Two secretaries flank the inner doors, one tries to intercept, JILL.

JILL

He's in a meeting, Mr. McClary.

(CONTINUED)

"The Company Men" Shooting Draft Goldenrod 5/15/09 14.

23 CONTINUED:

23

But she isn't fast enough.

24 SALINGER'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

24

More antiques, art. Hotel lobbies are smaller. Five execs around a conference table, in it's center sits an architectural model of an impressive skyscraper.

ARCHER

...SEC wants more detail on the stock options the compensation committee just --

GENE

What were you going to do? Let me read about it in tomorrow's Journal?

Gene's yelling at the man seated at the head of the table. Fifties, greying and charismatic, JAMES SALINGER.

SALINGER

We're in the middle of something here --

GENE

You closed two of my ship yards?

SALINGER

Consolidating divisions has been under discussion for months.

GENE

Yeah, and I told you it was a shitty idea. \*

The other men at the table stare at their shoes, trying to stay out of the crossfire, very uncomfortable.

SALINGER

Your opinion was taken into --

GENE

It's my goddam division!

SALINGER

And it's my goddam company!

Utter silence. Then Salinger turns to the others, evenly:

SALINGER (cont'd)

Excuse us gentlemen, would you please?

The execs beat a hasty retreat as the two men stare at each other. As soon as they're gone, irritated:

(CONTINUED)



SALINGER (cont'd)

Don't embarrass me like that.

GENE

I'm gone for a day and you gut one of my divisions?

SALINGER

Stock's stalled, revenues are flat.

GENE

The entire economy is flat. We're in the middle of a damn recession.

Salinger moves behind his desk, searching for something.

SALINGER

I only closed two of the shipyards, I should have closed all three. Our stock's in the fucking toilet.

GENE

Everybody's stock's in the toilet.

SALINGER

The stockholders need to see their share value maximized.

GENE

Then sell the damn Degas --

Over the desk. Shit, it is a Degas. Salinger doesn't engage, searches around on his desk until he finds a note.

SALINGER

Heard you put on quite a show in Chicago. You told a roomful of analysts you're not going to generate any growth next year?

GENE

Three thousand jobs?

SALINGER

Ship System's labor costs are the highest in the industry, your health care and pension obligations are exploding.

GENE

We're in a capital intensive industry --  
in case you forgot -- and credit markets  
are frozen. We're looking for ways to  
cut costs --

\*  
\*  
\*

Salinger's patience is running thin. They've had this argument before, many times.

\*  
\*

SALINGER

You're getting killed by the Japanese and the Koreans. Hell, even the fucking Vietnamese are handing you your lunch.

\*  
\*

GENE

We'll figure it out, I just need --

\*

SALINGER

Christ Gene, we're not some shitty little shipyard anymore! I can't keep pouring money into your --

GENE

We innovate, we re-tool --

SALINGER

American heavy manufacturing is dead. Steel, autos, and your precious ship yards. Our future is in health care, infrastructure, power generation.

\*

GENE

I have to be included in any decision that involves one of my divisions.

\*

SALINGER

You wouldn't have agreed to the cuts.  
You would have gone behind my back to the  
Board again! Right...?

Gene doesn't answer. Salinger's right, he would have. They stand there for a moment, staring at each other. Finally:

GENE

They were good people, Jim.

SALINGER

They're not our responsibility. We work  
for the stockholders now.

CUT TO:

24A EXT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

24A

A car pulls into the driveway, pulls into the garage next to Bobby's Porsche. A woman climbs out, MAGGIE WALKER, pretty, thirties. Reaches into the back for groceries.

CUT TO:

25 INT. BOBBY'S KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

25

She's enter's from the garage, arms loaded with groceries and a new garden hose.

MAGGIE

Drew...? Help...

Her twelve-year-old son, DREW, is doing homework at the kitchen table, comes over to help her.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

...thanks...

As Maggie and Drew drop the groceries on the kitchen island, Maggie sees Bobby outside on the patio. To Drew:

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Your Dad's home?

She makes her way to the patio door, steps --

OUTSIDE

Bobby is cooking chicken at the big stainless-steel barbecue, sleeves rolled up, tie still tied. Their ten-year-old daughter, CARSON, is playing with the dog in the yard below.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE (cont'd)

What're you doing home?

BOBBY

Cooking dinner.

She stares at him for a beat.

MAGGIE

We're going over to Jack's.

BOBBY

That's tonight?

MAGGIE

Diedre's birthday. \*

BOBBY

It's supposed to rain. \*

She turns angrily, heads back into --

MAGGIE

You don't want to come, fine, don't come.

THE KITCHEN

Starts unloading the groceries angrily. Bobby follows her in, realizes Drew's staring at them.

BOBBY

Drew, finish that upstairs, okay?

Drew gathers up his homework, Maggie calls after him.

MAGGIE

Put on a clean pair of jeans, we're going over to Uncle Jack's for a barbecue. \*

(when Drew's gone)

Christ, you don't have to like him, but you could pretend for my sake.

BOBBY

Maggie --

MAGGIE

He doesn't like you either but at least he cares enough about me not to treat you like shit.

BOBBY

They fired me.

She stops. Stares at him, what?

BOBBY (cont'd)  
Today. Sally Wilcox.

MAGGIE  
(she's in shock)  
Why?

BOBBY  
Something about redundancies.

MAGGIE  
Gene said you were safe...

BOBBY  
Yeah well, Gene said a lot of things but  
he was nowhere to be found today.  
(she's too stunned to speak)  
They gave me a severance package. Three  
months pay, benefits.

She flares, his protector.

MAGGIE  
Well, fuck them. You've busted your ass  
for that company.  
(he smiles)  
No. Really, I mean it. Fuck them. And  
fuck Gene McClary and all his promises.

He keeps smiling, you've got to, her spousal ferocity.

CARSON  
Something's burning...

Carson is watching them from the open patio door. How long's  
she been there? But she's right, the grill is smoking.

BOBBY  
Shit...

He runs back outside, Maggie follows, watches him pull  
charred, flaming chicken halves off the grill. They stand  
there for a beat, then Maggie shoos Carson away.

MAGGIE  
Go get ready for the party, honey.

\*

BOBBY  
I don't want to tell anybody. Not till I  
get another job.

She looks off, concerned. Doesn't answer.

25 CONTINUED: (3)

25

BOBBY (cont'd)

Okay?

She nods. Bobby gives her that winning salesman's smile.

BOBBY (cont'd)

We're going to be fine.

CUT TO:

25A EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

25A

\*

Phil pulls his late model sedan into the driveway of his brick home. Climbs out, looks up at the house, apprehensive. Pulls his briefcase from the car. Starts in.

\*

\*

\*

CUT TO:

\*

26 INT. PHIL'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

26

Phil steps through his front door, tosses keys into a dish. The house is comfortable but a little tired, middle-class, family photos everywhere. Makes his way into --

\*

\*

27 THE DINING ROOM

27

\*

Finds his daughter SARAH, seventeen, pouring over a textbook, laptop. She barely glances up, he leans in, kisses her head.

PHIL

Where's your mother?

(she doesn't respond)

...Sarah?

He hadn't noticed the thin-white strands of her I-Pod snaking out from under her hair. Taps her on the shoulder.

PHIL (cont'd)

Your mom?

SARAH

Upstairs. She had a headache.

Father and daughter share a knowing look. He starts out.

SARAH (cont'd)

Dad? They told us where we're going for senior trip. Italy.

\*

PHIL

Italy, wow. That's great.

But he's elsewhere, staring up at the ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

SARAH

I can go, right?

PHIL

Of course, sweetheart.

He smiles, she smiles back -- Daddy's girl. Returns to her studies. He steals one final glance to the ceiling.

28 INT. PHIL'S BEDROOM

28

Wool wall-to-wall carpeting, dark colonial reproductions, more family photos. Phil finds her passed out on top of the comforter, fully clothed, shoes kicked off. An empty wine glass on the end-table. He exhales, starts for the closet.

LORNA

...Phil?

He looks back to find her watching him groggily from the bed.

LORNA (cont'd)

Ann Doherty called, they fired Conal? \*

He nods, pulls off his coat, tie, hangs them in the closet. She sits on the edge of the bed, trying to get her bearings.

LORNA (cont'd)

I tried your office, are we okay?  
(he nods again)  
You're sure?

He hates it when she's like this. Forces a reassuring smile.

PHIL

Yeah, Gene spoke to Wilcox.

(then)

I should get ready.

(she stares blankly)

Salinger's dinner?

LORNA

Oh god, I completely forgot.

PHIL

You don't have to come if you're not feeling up to it.

He's hoping she won't but she stands, heads for the bath.

LORNA

Just give me a minute to put my face on.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

Disappears inside, then the sound of water running in a sink. Phil exhales again, stares at the empty wineglass.

CUT TO:

28A EXT. GENE'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

28A

Gene's Aston Martin roars along the single lane road leading to his long driveway and his seaside home. The garage door rises slowly, he pulls the car into it's spot in the immaculate space. Climbs out, starts for the house.

CUT TO:

29 INT. GENE'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

29

Gene enters, drops his briefcase on the table in the large entrance hall. The house is Architectural Digest perfect, flowers, art. Makes his way to the drink cart in --

\*

30 THE LIVING ROOM

30

Cut crystal tumblers, antiques and art. Finds the scotch, takes a few ice cubes from the waiting ice bucket.

CYNTHIA (OS)

Gene...?

CYNTHIA McCLARY appears, fifties, hair already done, make-up, robe, elegant. She's a little irritated.

CYNTHIA (cont'd)

Where've you been, the car's picking us up in half-an-hour?

She waits, but he doesn't answer. She doesn't pursue it.

CYNTHIA (cont'd)

Wait till you see the dress I found at Louis'. Salvatore Ferragamo. Fabulous.

(points as she goes)

Stephanie finally brought a table by for the window. I like it.

Over by the window, a spindly antique table with an orchid perched on top. He wanders to it, the ribbon tied price tag discreetly attached to the single drawer. Turns it over:

*"18th Century Windsor Side Table \$18,500.00"*

He looks up, catches his distorted reflection in the antique panes of the window, not sure he likes what he sees, as we --

CUT TO:



31 INT. BOBBY'S VOLVO - EARLY EVENING 31 \*

It's still light out. Bobby pulls the Volvo to the curb in front of a modest home in a working-class neighborhood. Stares at the pickup trucks and minivans in the drive, the boat in the yard. \*

He looks at his wife, do they have to go? Yes. She grabs a gift, climbs out with the kids. Bobby follows reluctantly. \*

CUT TO:

32 JACK'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING 32

A big plasma TV dominates the living room, blaring a Sox game. Several men gathered around, watching. The kitchen table groans under piles of chips, beer and pizzas still in their delivery boxes. \*

MAGGIE

We won't stay long.

Promise? She follows the kids out into the back yard. Bobby drifts to the kitchen, staring out the open sliding door onto the rear deck. \*

JACK

How go the suit wars, Bobby? \*

JACK DOLAN, Maggie's brother, high school quarterback handsome, with the broad, calloused hands and weathered face of a man who works for a living. He's cutting the cellophane off supermarket steaks and plates of brats -- plopping them down on a platter in the tiny kitchen. Bobby hadn't seen him. \*

JACK (cont'd) \*

Move any more high-paying American jobs offshore to Asian shitholes this week? \*

BOBBY

Been concentrating on union busting lately, Jack. \*

Jack grins, this is an old routine with them. Stabs the steaks with a carving fork to tenderize, then liberally salts the meat, then douses them with Worcestershire sauce. \*

JACK

Surprised you could make it, no early flight or golf game? Those are the usual excuses, aren't they?

DIEDRE

Hey, Bobby.

(CONTINUED)

Jack's attractive wife, DIEDRE, steps in from outside.

BOBBY

The birthday girl. You can't be thirty-five. You don't look a day over twenty.

DIEDRE

See Jack, that's how it's done. You're a liar Bobby, but I love you for it.  
(kisses Jack/shoves him out)  
Back to your post barbecue boy.

Jack heads out with the meat. Diedre turns to Bobby.

DIEDRE (cont'd)

Get something to drink, Margaritas in the blender, beer's in the cooler out back.

He watches her walk away, short skirt, long legs -- he's right, she does look great. A Diedre friend in the living room catches him looking, smirks at him, turns back to the woman she was talking with.

Bobby makes his way out onto --

THE DECK

Beers on ice in a gigantic cooler, working men and women laughing, telling jokes. The picnic table groans under it's load of paper plates and potluck.

Below, Jack hands off the meat to a man at the big Weber in the yard (we'll come to know later as DAVEY) wades into a pick-up football game with a pack of boys, including his own three (14, 12 and 10) and their cousin, Drew.

Jack intercepts the ball from Drew, pretends to run, let's the boys tackle him in the yard, pile on. All the boys are laughing, nobody harder than Jack.

Off Bobby, miserable.

CUT TO:

33 HARVARD CLUB BALLROOM - NIGHT

33

\*

Men and women in cocktail attire mill around the overtaxed bars. Banquet tables, a dais up front under a banner proclaiming "Boston Sons of Liberty Man of the Year".

\*

Gene makes his way through the well-heeled crowd, Cynthia on his arm in her Ferragamo. Phil and Lorna trail behind them, Lorna already working a glass of wine. They pass faces we recognize; Wilcox, Landry, Archer. Glad-handing, laughter,

(CONTINUED)

cocktails. Gene glances to Wilcox surreptitiously, Cynthia notices. Phil hangs back to say something to Lake and Jane, forces a smile. \*

PHIL

Hey, kids.

The young execs are shocked to see him, share looks.

PHIL (cont'd)

You look surprised to see me Ken, you planning on eating my entree?

LAKE

Phil..., great to see you. We thought --

PHIL

Never bet against the old fucker, Kenny. I still got a few teeth left in my head.

Catches back up to Gene as a confident man in his fifties passes Phil and the young execs, saunters up to Gene offering his hand, DYSERT. \*

DYSERT

Saw your name on tonight's program, Gene. I trust brevity is in order.

GENE

Absolutely Chuck, how's life at Betcher? \*

A Brooks Brothers suited handler leans in to Cynthia, whispers something we can't hear as Dysert continues:

DYSERT

EPA's killing us.

GENE

The bastards. What's the big deal about dumping toxic waste into the Hudson, huh?

DYSERT

Exactly what I said at my deposition. \*

Cynthia takes Gene's arm, leads him away from the group.

CYNTHIA

Gene, they need us up front. \*

GENE

Say hello to Ellen for me, would you?

Dysert and Phil watch them disappear into the crowd, then:

DYSERT

Hell of a bloodbath out your way today.  
You watching your back?

Phil's taken aback, but only for a moment. Covers.

PHIL

Always.

DYSERT

Good, glad to hear it...  
(seeing someone)  
Hey Jeff! ...Take care, Phil.

Heads off to do more networking. Phil watches him go, drops the facade. Sneaks a look back to Lorna who's been listening to this exchange anxiously. Off Phil we --

CUT TO:

Dinner has come and gone, half-eaten desserts litter tables, the houselights have been dimmed. A man at the podium:

SPEAKER

I promised Charlie Welsh I'd get him out of here in time to catch the end of the Sox game, so let's get to it.

(some laughter)

Who better to introduce tonight's Man of the Year Award winner than the man who's known him longer than anyone else.

Gene and Cynthia are on the dais next to Salinger and wife.

SPEAKER (cont'd)

Gene McClary is Executive Vice-President at GTX Global Transportation Systems, as well as serving on its Board of Directors. He's also, I'm told, one of GTX's first employees. Gene McClary.

\*  
\*

Warm applause greets Gene on his journey to the podium.

GENE

Actually, if memory serves correct, I was GTX's only employee at the time.

(scattered laughter)

We weren't GTX then. We were a couple of kids fresh out of business school, with more energy than sense, and a crazy idea. A crazy idea that my friend Jim Salinger had the talent, determination and

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GENE (cont'd)

foresight to turn into one of the largest manufacturing, health care and financial services companies in the world.

Salinger tries to look humble. It's a stretch.

GENE (cont'd)

No one wanted Gloucester Shipbuilders, years of multi-million dollar losses, the highest labor costs in the industry. But from those humble beginnings, Jim grew Gloucester into GTX, with over sixty thousand employees and eleven billion dollars in gross annual revenues.

That gets applause from this crowd.

GENE (cont'd)

I could go on and on, but we all want Charlie to catch that game. So, it is my great privilege to introduce my oldest friend, my college roommate, the best man at my wedding, the worst tennis player I know, my boss, Jim Salinger.

Salinger makes his way to the podium, shakes Gene's hand. Gene steps back into the shadows as Salinger basks in the APPLAUSE. Off Gene, the outline of his features barely visible in the half light, distant, troubled.

CUT TO:

35 DARKENED BEDROOM

35

Heavy with sleep and rumpled sheets. Shards of morning light are just beginning to fight their way through drawn drapes. Maggie stirs, sits up slowly. No Bobby in bed beside her.

36 BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING

36

Finds him at the mirror, pulling on a crisp white shirt, Barney's suit, silk tie. Bloomberg playing on the small TV. \*

MAGGIE

It's five-thirty.

BOBBY

Stock was up yesterday.

Hands her his Journal off the sink, points to a headline. "Transportation Issues Buoyed By GTX Downsizing News."

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

BOBBY (cont'd)  
Nice to know I could be of use, huh?  
(then)  
How do I look?

She adjusts his tie, kisses him.

MAGGIE  
Like a million bucks.

CUT TO:

37 ELEVATOR LOBBY - DAY

37

Bobby exits the elevators, enters the lobby of --

38 MORGAN, KASEY & TOBERON

38

He waits as the receptionist answers the busy phone.

RECEPTIONIST  
Executive offices.  
(and another line)  
Executive offices.

She's not even looking up. Finally:

BOBBY  
Robert Walker, from GTX.

RECEPTIONIST  
Down on your left.

Bobby looks in the direction of her indistinct arm motion.  
Moves through the door into the --

39 MK&T BULLPEN

39

A large open room, filled with a maze of low cubicles. And  
everywhere men and women are making calls. Some in suit and  
tie, some in jeans. \*

Bobby stares. Christ, it's telemarketing meets a language  
lab. The walls display framed motivational catchphrases:  
"Enthusiasm", "Courage", "Confidence" \*

DANNY  
Nice suit.

DANNY MILLS, forties, Black, jeans. Bemused by Bobby's full  
court clothing press. Bobby doesn't catch the sarcasm.

BOBBY  
Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY  
Orientation's that way. Do the Tiger for  
me, will ya?

BOBBY  
What?

Danny points to the orientation room.

DANNY  
Across the hall.

CUT TO:

A circle of chairs, men and women in their business best.  
Standing in the center, JOANNA, blonde, imposing, pants suit.

JOANNA  
First, let me tell you what outplacement  
is not. We're not an employment agency.  
We're here to help you help yourself.

He looks around, sees Conal Doherty, Diane Lindstrom, a few  
others he recognizes. Joanna passes around thick handouts. \*

JOANNA (cont'd)  
You need to make a networking list of all  
your friends, business and personal.  
Suppliers, competitors, people you sat  
next to at a convention, neighbors,  
dentists. Anybody and everybody.

Hands a packet to Bobby. Glossy charts, blank forms.

JOANNA (cont'd)  
You need a new resume. You're going to  
send out hundreds, so make it good. \*

She turns to the easel, grabs a magic marker, writes. Bobby  
tries to hide his growing unease. What's he doing here?

JOANNA (cont'd)  
Endings. We're not used to them. Fear,  
chaos, anxiety, loss. How many of you  
are feeling these things?

Only a few raise their hands. Bobby sneaks a look to Conal  
and Diane, Jesus... Joanna writes:

JOANNA (cont'd)  
Endings, fear, change, and finally...

Draws a line: "endings" leads to "fear" leads to "change",  
leads to "SUCCESS". She taps her marker on --

JOANNA (cont'd)

Success. Stand up everybody, there's no  
time for sitting around feeling sorry for  
ourselves. Up, UP! We call this "The  
Tiger". We do it when we need to get our  
energy up.

\*  
\*  
\*

Some stand quickly, others lag -- Bobby chief among the  
laggards. She chants a mantra.

JOANNA (cont'd)

I... will... win.  
Why? I'll show you why!  
Because I have --  
Faith! Courage! Enthusiasm!

\*

Bobby stares, motivational aerobics? Only about half the  
room is standing.

JOANNA (cont'd)

Come on, everybody.

Conal stands reluctantly, Diane.

THE GROUP

I... will... win...

Bobby still sits, staring at his fellow fired. Can't believe  
it. Yesterday he's canned, today he's trapped in a room with  
a bunch of unemployed executive Moonies.

CUT TO:

Gene arrives, late, pulling off his coat. Karen meets him.

GENE

Bobby Walker call back?

KAREN

Yeah, last night.

GENE

He leave a message?

KAREN

Not one I'd care to repeat.

GENE

See if he can come by for lunch today.

(CONTINUED)



41 CONTINUED:

41

KAREN

Stock's up six. Not bad.

(smiles ruefully)

My 401K is all GTX. This continues I may  
get to retire before I'm eighty.

\*

Hands him a stack of thick black binders as he heads into --

42 THE CONFERENCE ROOM

42

To find his senior sales execs. Phil, Lake, Jane, others.  
There's laughter. The morale's not bad, more like relief.

GENE

With Ship Systems and Rail Products  
merged we're reassigning sales regions.

Hands out binders. A few chairs around the table are vacant,  
as if those who used to occupy them may have been contagious.

GENE (cont'd)

Phil, where are we on Royal Caribbean?

PHIL

They're nervous, don't like seeing us on  
Bloomberg every fifteen minutes.

GENE

Well calm 'em down, we need that boat.

The unhappy execs thumb through the binders, incredulous.

LAKE

How're we supposed to cover the same  
number of accounts with half the staff?

JANE

I'm already gone two weeks out of four,  
what am I supposed to tell my kids?

GENE

Tell 'em you're lucky you still have a  
job. Inactive accounts. I want to know  
what we're going to do to get the  
business back. Client by client.

\*

A groan goes up as they settle in for a long morning and we --

CUT TO:

43 MK&T BULLPEN - DAY

43

The group comes out of Orientation and into the bullpen,  
Conal, Diane and Bobby bringing up the rear. Like musical

(CONTINUED)

chairs when the tune stops, spots are quickly taken. The old-timers glare at the newbies as they pass. Bobby spies a seemingly open carrel, goes to sit. The man next to the empty spot waves him off coldly.

BALDING MAN

It's taken.

Bobby looks around, everything appears full. Perfect.

DANNY

Hey.

Danny Mills, the man Bobby met earlier, motions him over. Pulls a jacket and a few things out of the carrel next to him, stuffs them under his own carrel.

BOBBY

Friendly bunch.

DANNY

You're the enemy. One more warm body they have to claw their way over to get back to the corporate feed trough.

BOBBY

You don't seem threatened.

DANNY

I'm a very secure individual. Besides, you don't look like an engineer. MBA?

(Bobby nods)

If you knew your way around a guided missile system I'd have to shove an ice pick into the base of your skull.

Bobby looks at his new "office", two feet by three feet, a well-used phone, yellow pad covered with the last occupant's doodles, a couple of used pencils.

DANNY (cont'd)

Your previous employer spared no expense.

Fax is over there, coffee, Xerox.

(smiles)

How was orientation?

BOBBY

I thought somebody was gonna shave my head and make me beat a drum.

Danny laughs. Bobby points to the series of outer offices, small, but with windows and a door you can close for privacy.

BOBBY (cont'd)

How early do you have to get here to grab one of the offices?

DANNY

Your company has to pay extra for one. Exec VPs and above mostly. That corner one has an Eastman-Kodak CFO in it.

(and)

How long did they give you?

BOBBY

Three months full pay, four months of outplacement.

Danny's taken aback, tries not to show it.

BOBBY (cont'd)

You?

DANNY

Nine months of both, I've been here four.

BOBBY

I won't need more than a few days. No offense.

DANNY

None taken.

But Danny is a little. Bobby sets down his things, picks up the phone, dials. Danny studies Bobby. The expensive suit, the silk tie. Turns away with the resigned sadness of a weary veteran watching green recruits arrive at the front.

CUT TO:

44 THE OYSTER HOUSE - LUNCH

44

A crowded wharf-side seafood joint. Gene arrives, pushing through the throng to find Bobby nursing a drink at a booth among the hurly-burly of the lunchtime business set.

GENE

Sorry I'm late, how you holding up?

BOBBY

Okay.

GENE

Maggie's alright?

BOBBY

Sure, she's fine. We're both fine.

(CONTINUED)

Bobby's holding back, angry. The waitress arrives.

GENE  
Glenlivet, rocks.  
(she goes)  
It wasn't my call, Bobby.

We believe him, Bobby doesn't.

BOBBY  
Who gets my accounts?

GENE  
Salinger's under pressure to boost the  
stock price before someone comes in and  
forces him to break up the company. A  
lot more jobs would be lost in a merger  
than in this downsizing.

\*  
\*

BOBBY  
You trying to appeal to my sense of the  
greater corporate good?

GENE  
I've been calling in some markers --

Gene offers Bobby a folded list of names, phone numbers.

GENE (cont'd)  
Tom Borden at Lockheed, Pat Leahy at  
Raytheon, you'll recognize most of them.

Bobby doesn't take it. It's awkward. Finally Gene reaches  
for the menu stuck in behind the napkin dispenser.

GENE (cont'd)  
Come on, let's get something to eat.

BOBBY  
(takes a beat)  
No thanks. I've lost my appetite.

Bobby stands, hasn't taken Gene's list of names.

GENE  
Bobby. Take the names.

Bobby reaches across, takes the list as he goes.

BOBBY  
Don't waste your time reassigning my  
accounts. I'm going to be stealing them  
(MORE)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

BOBBY (cont'd)  
back from you as soon as I get a job  
working for your competition.

CUT TO:

45 BOBBY'S GARAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

45

Bobby pulls the Porsche into the drive, the garage door  
sliding up. Drew shoots baskets in the driveway, has to back  
out of the way as his Dad's Porsche glides by.

\*  
\*  
\*

Bobby gets out wearily, sees Drew standing there in the  
driveway, watching him, wills back his confidence for his  
son's sake --

\*  
\*  
\*

BOBBY

Hey...

\*  
\*

DREW

Hey...

\*  
\*

Bobby goes into the house. Drew watches him go, then turns  
back to his solitary game --

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

46 BOBBY'S HOUSE

46

Carson and a noisy girlfriend run around the den. Bobby  
finds Maggie at the kitchen table, papers spread around her.

\*  
\*

MAGGIE

How'd it go?

BOBBY

Great.

MAGGIE

"Great...?"

BOBBY

It was fine, lots of leads. I had lunch  
with Gene, he gave me some names.

MAGGIE

That was big of him.

BOBBY

He didn't have to do anything.

Bobby pulls a kid's juice box out of the fridge, jams the  
little straw into it's top, eyes the mess on the table.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY (cont'd)  
What's all that?

\*

MAGGIE  
Our mortgage resets next month. With  
paying off the orthodontist and last  
summer's Disneyworld trip, we don't have  
much of a cushion left.

\*  
\*  
\*

BOBBY  
We don't need a cushion.

MAGGIE  
The Porsche payments, the credit cards,  
your Patriots tickets.

BOBBY  
I'm splitting the Pats tickets with  
Darryl this year.

MAGGIE  
Just eating out and doing the damn dry  
cleaning is costing us six hundred bucks  
a month. I was thinking I could go back  
to work, not full-time just a few shifts.

\*  
  
\*

BOBBY  
No. 3M is looking for a new General  
Sales Manager. I called Brian Collins,  
we're having breakfast next week.

MAGGIE  
We need to at least cut back. Cancel  
skiing at Christmas, stop paying the club  
dues for a while...

He tosses his empty juice box into the trash, irritated.

BOBBY  
We get into real trouble, I can always  
bag groceries or pump gas.

She stares at him, not amused. The phone begins to RING.

MAGGIE  
No big purchases, eat at home more.  
(answers the phone)  
Hello... Hey, Kevin.

Bobby grimaces, signals - "I'm not here."

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
No. He's right here...

Bobby smirks, she covers the mouthpiece with her hand.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

He read about the layoffs in the paper,  
you going to tell him?

BOBBY

Hell no. I don't need a lecture on my  
paternal responsibilities right now.

(takes the phone)

Hi, Dad...no, that was in manufacturing.  
Are you kidding? They're begging me to  
take the CEO job. Had to turn 'em down --

She stands, watching unhappily as he spins his bullshit --

CUT TO:

47 GENE'S GTX OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

47

Gene's pouring over thick cost reports, jacket off, glasses.  
Is interrupted by a KNOCK on his open door.

SALINGER

I come bearing gifts.

He carries a bottle of Scotch, two glasses. Jacket off, tie  
loose. Plops down in the chair in front of Gene's desk.

SALINGER (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Glenury Royal. 50 year old single malt.

Gene eyes Salinger warily as Salinger opens the bottle, pours  
two generous drinks.

GENE

Nice.

SALINGER

Better be. Strick sent it over, bastard  
lost me a bundle on some bullshit hedge  
fund play on distressed financials.

(hands Gene a glass)

You and Cynthia going to join us in Sun  
Valley for New Years again this year?  
Kay's been asking.

\*

GENE

Not sure we can. Liam's talking about  
coming home for Christmas with Helen and  
the baby.

\*

\*

SALINGER

Hell, bring 'em along Grandpa. Kay would think she'd died and gone to heaven if there was a baby around.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Notices a framed photo on the cadenza behind Gene's desk.

SALINGER (cont'd)

Christ, is that Alaska?

The two of them in fly-fishing gear, all smiles, holding fish up for the camera beside a wild river. Salinger picks it up.

SALINGER (cont'd)

Good times, huh?

GENE

The best.

Gene's still guarded, upset. Salinger sets the photo back down on the cadenza, considers Gene.

SALINGER

I can't have you challenging me in front of senior staff. They respect you. When you question my judgement, you undermine my leadership. If you disagree with a decision I've made, I need you to bring it up with me in private.

Gene watches him, at least now he knows why Salinger's here.

SALINGER (cont'd)

There are going to be more difficult decisions ahead. I need to know I can count on your full support.

Salinger's gotten deadly serious. Gene knows what's being asked of him. Takes a long moment before finally, nodding.

Salinger smiles broadly, relieved. Drains his scotch.

SALINGER (cont'd)

Good. I've always hated single malt scotch. Don't know how you drink it.

And with that, he goes, leaving the bottle. Off Gene --

CUT TO:

Cynthia drops her briefcase off on the granite counter, looks to the open patio door. Steps outside onto --



49 THE PATIO - DUSK

49 \*

Gene's on the patio. His tie's loose, Salinger's now half-empty bottle of single malt on the table beside him. The yard reaches down to the water, a pier visible beyond.

\*  
\*  
\*

CYNTHIA

You okay?

He just keeps staring out to the pier and the water below. She waits for a moment, then gives up, starts back inside.

\*

GENE

Had lunch with Bobby Walker, I thought he was going to throw a drink in my face.

CYNTHIA

He's young. He'll be alright.

Gene doesn't respond. She watches him, then:

CYNTHIA (cont'd)

You were his boss Gene, not his father.

Still nothing, the distance between them is painful.

CYNTHIA (cont'd)

Sue and I are talking about sneaking down to Miami for a weekend later this month. Some shopping, a little golf? Think you could slip away?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Christ. He looks off, annoyed. She sees it.

CYNTHIA (cont'd)

Fine, we'll go without you.

\*

She starts back inside again. He calls after her.

GENE

Stock closed up two more today. My options are worth half-a-million dollars more than when I woke up this morning.

\*  
\*

But there's no joy in it. She smiles, missing his meaning.

CYNTHIA

That's great, sweetheart.

Disappears back into the house leaving Gene, very alone.

CUT TO:

50 PHIL'S GTX OFFICE - NIGHT

50 \*

Phil works at his messy desk. He's pale, exhausted. His assistant, NAN, old school, sixties, appears in the door.

NAN

Need me to stay, Mr. Woodward?

PHIL

No, thanks Nan. See you tomorrow.

He goes back to work. After a beat, he glances up to see Nan gather her sweater off the back of her chair, retrieve her purse from a drawer. Turn off her desk lamp. Go.

Returns to his work. Scratching notes onto a much used yellow pad, referencing a pile of big black spiral binders.

Stops again. Pushes his glasses up onto his forehead. Rubs his eyes. Takes a moment, grabs his empty coffee mug. Stands. Walks out into the --

\*

51 SHIP SYSTEMS MARKETING BULLPEN - NIGHT

51 \*

Looks down the row of cubicles standing lonely sentinel outside office doors.

\*

\*

They're all empty. No papers, no photos, no plants or Post-Its. Computers dark. The cubicles cleaned out. Their occupants are never coming back.

We PULL GENTLY BACK to REVEAL Phil's outer office, the only surviving outpost in a shadowed corporate wasteland. Off Phil, standing there alone in the immense empty space we --

SLOWLY DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

52 AUTUMN TREES - MORNING

52

It's cold, wet. Beautiful red and yellow maples line Bobby's street, the green of September having given way to late October browns and umbers.

Bobby and Maggie shepherd a costumed Carson and Drew toward the Volvo. Carson is a pink princess, carries a plastic pumpkin for gathering candy. Drew has a grotesque, head-split by an ax, mask pushed up on his forehead so he can see.

MAGGIE

Don't eat all the candy you get at school. Three pieces, that's it.

BOBBY  
(admiring Drew's mask)  
God, that's disgusting.

The kids climb into the Volvo.

MAGGIE  
I called Bridget, made an appointment.

BOBBY  
Who?

MAGGIE  
The realtor.

Bobby looks off, irritated. She continues, carefully.

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
We should at least list it, see if we get  
any offers.

BOBBY  
We're not selling the house.

MAGGIE  
We don't have to accept an offer. But  
with the market so bad, it may take us a  
while to sell if we get stuck.

BOBBY  
We're not going to get stuck.

They take a moment, neither giving in. Then:

BOBBY (cont'd)  
How do I look?

MAGGIE  
Highly employable.

He kisses her on the cheek, starts around the Volvo.

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
Bridget?

BOBBY  
We're not selling the house.

She wants to say more. Doesn't. Climbs into the Volvo,  
checks the kids' seat belts. Pulls out, revealing:

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

Bobby standing beside his Porsche, polished to perfection.  
He throws his briefcase in back, climbs in.

CUT TO:

53 NEW GTX CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS BUILDING SITE - DAY

53

A towering steel superstructure rises up from the bustle of the city below. Gene and Salinger are inside the wire cage of a construction elevator as it crawls up the outer edge of the building's skeletal frame. Massive raw metal beams glide past. Archer, Stevens, GTX General Counsel, HANSEN.

ARCHER

Lipton bought how much?

HANSEN

SEC filing says 3.8 percent.

STEVENS

He's just trying to goose our stock. He gets it up ten a share, he can walk away with a couple hundred million in profit.

\*

PROJECT MANAGER

(as the elevator slows)

Hard hats gentlemen.

They pull hard hats on, follow the Project Manager into an expansive, open floor of the building.

SALINGER

Lipton doesn't want a couple hundred million, he wants the company.

\*  
\*  
\*

ARCHER

Our share price is still too low. It's making us too tempting a target.

\*  
\*  
\*

No walls, no windows, only poured concrete and the steel above and below.

SALINGER

Paul, your office is over there.

HANSEN

Whole floor legal?

SALINGER

No. This floor is just for the five of us. David, CFO's office. Noah, there.

\*

Salinger's enjoying himself, pointing. The Emperor granting tracts of newly conquered land to his favored generals.

(CONTINUED)

SALINGER (cont'd)  
Conference rooms. Private dining rooms,  
bathrooms with showers. Gym, kitchen.

The men grin, migrate to their designated areas, awed by their benefactor's benevolence. Only Gene stands unmoved. Salinger nudges Gene across a skeletal aluminum threshold into an immense corner space.

SALINGER (cont'd)  
Gene, this is you.

Two story openings where the windows will be, expansive views of the city and countryside beyond. It's huge.

SALINGER (cont'd)  
Don't get too excited, my office is going to be much bigger.  
(turns back to the others)  
So, what do you think? \*

Salinger moves off to collect the grateful thanks of his executive courtiers. Gene looks around the massive space. Shakes his head, smiles in spite of himself --

CUT TO:

54 HUMAN RESOURCES RECEPTION AREA - DAY

54

Bobby waits on an uncomfortable couch, leafing through an ancient Forbes. He's been here a while. Looks at his watch, frustrated. Heads for the receptionist. She has an orange bucket of Halloween candy on her desk.

BOBBY  
Do you know how much longer she's going to be? My appointment was for eleven.

RECEPTIONIST  
I'm sorry. She's still in her meeting. If you'd like me to interrupt her, I can.

Bobby considers. Is that a good idea? Probably not.

BOBBY  
No, that's okay. I'll wait.

He sorts through the magazines looking for something he hasn't read yet. Settles on an old People.

ROBERTSON  
Mr. Walker?

A large woman jammed into a suit several sizes too small.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

ROBERTSON (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Joyce Robertson. Staff meeting ran over.  
Sorry to keep you waiting.

She doesn't sound all that sorry, but Bobby puts on his game face. Follows her into her small, unimpressive --

55 UTILITARIAN OFFICE

55

ROBERTSON  
Okay if I eat? I have another meeting in a few minutes.

She has a salad in Tupperware, a Diet Coke.

BOBBY  
Sure, go right ahead.

She wasn't waiting for his approval. Finds his resume.

ROBERTSON  
So, you were at GTX twelve years?

BOBBY  
Divisional sales leader three of the twelve.

ROBERTSON  
I'm surprised they let you go.

BOBBY  
Yeah, well. So was I.

ROBERTSON  
Have you handled regional sales?

BOBBY  
I came up in regional sales. I was in California with Martin-Marietta before moving here with GTX.

He's trying hard, smiling, accommodating. It's a little lost on her, she hasn't looked up from her salad.

ROBERTSON  
We're looking to expand in the South; we need someone in Little Rock.

BOBBY  
Arkansas?

ROBERTSON  
Is relocation a problem?

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

No. I had hoped to remain in the area, I grew up here.

ROBERTSON

You left the salary requirements space blank on your application.

He shifts uncomfortably, maintains that salesman's smile.

BOBBY

Well, that's negotiable of course. I was making a hundred and twenty at GTX.  
(floats a number)  
I'd be willing to accept one ten to start. Hope for bonuses.

That gets her nose up out of her salad.

ROBERTSON

Our base salary is sixty-five a year for regional sales directors.

It's getting harder for him to maintain that smile.

BOBBY

I responded to your ad for the Vice-President of Marketing.

ROBERTSON

We've had a number of highly qualified applicants for that position.

BOBBY

Lady, I'm a highly qualified applicant for that position.

They stare at each other. Finally, Bobby stands:

BOBBY (cont'd)

Sorry, I probably had too much coffee waiting in your reception area for over two fucking hours.

He starts for the door. Stops, turns back.

BOBBY (cont'd)

Oh, and you know what? You can skip the Diet Coke. It ain't helping.

CUT TO:

56 AN UPSCALE HOTEL BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

56

Afternoon sun sneaks through the partially closed drapes. Flowers, antiques, wool carpeting. It's nice, expensive. Gene sits propped up in the sheets of the dishevelled bed, is talking to someone we can't see.

GENE

Jim's worried, thinks we're a target.

WOMAN (OS)

Lipton can put together that kind of money in the middle of a recession?

GENE

It's what he does.

WOMAN (OS)

So then what, he splits us up?

A toilet flushes off screen.

GENE

Sells off the health care unit and rail products, closes Gloucester. He'd still have consumer electronics, the turbine and defense units, boom. ...We're a bargain now. \*

Sally Wilcox steps out of the bathroom, silk slip, lace bra. Begins pulling her clothes off the back of a chair. \*

GENE (cont'd)

Hell, stock's been flat for so long, we miss another quarter Lipton'll be able to round up enough votes to wage a proxy fight. Install his own board.

She wiggles into her skirt, pulls on her Anne Fontaine blouse, slip into her heels. He watches, it's very sexy.

GENE (cont'd)

But Jim won't go down without a fight, I'm sure he's already out there looking for a white knight. Roberts or maybe Keets, somebody with deep pockets.

He stops, staring off, lost in the possible scenarios. She watches him, smiles. He notices.

GENE (cont'd)

What?

She leans in close, bites at his lip playfully, whispers:

(CONTINUED)



WILCOX

Don't stop. Tell me again about capital depreciation of manufacturing assets.

He smiles, plays along.

GENE

Straight-line or declining balance...?

She moans seductively, kisses his face, neck.

WILCOX

...both, please...

GENE

Well, capital assets have to be deducted over the number of years that you anticipate the asset will be in use --

WILCOX

...uh-huh...

She's moved from his neck onto his chest, kissing him gently, running her fingertips lighting over his skin.

GENE

But the problem with heavy manufacturing assets is determining the length of time ...the assets...will be in service...

He's having trouble concentrating as she works her way slowly onto his stomach, his eyes closing.

GENE (cont'd)

...To get an un-depreciated salvage value...for when it's sold or scrapped...

Her hand wanders under the sheet. A beat and then her BLACKBERRY goes off. She hesitates, smiles at him. He smirks as if to say "don't". But she does. Sits up, pulls the Blackberry from her bag, reads it.

WILCOX

My office. I have senior staff at three.

GENE

Reschedule.

She smiles, stands. Finishes buttoning her blouse.

GENE (cont'd)

Lunch again next Tuesday?

WILCOX

Maybe...

But she's coming, she always does. Pulls on her jacket, leans in to kiss him a final time, goes. Gene sits in the rumpled bed, staring at the back of the hotel door, exhales --

CUT TO:

57 THE COUNTRY CLUB DRIVING RANGE - AFTERNOON

57

\*

We MOVE ALONG a weekday afternoon line of golfers pounding balls out into the range, retirees mostly, two-tone shoes, colorful slacks and pullover sweaters, to FIND:

Bobby. Dress shirt, loosened tie, suit-pants. His suit jacket hangs unceremoniously from his golf bag behind him. He's pulled on golf shoes, has worked his way about halfway through a large basket of balls beside him.

TWHACK! A ball goes flying off. Puts another down, and TWHACK! Doesn't watch where it goes, doesn't care. Sets down another and TWHACK! His face contorted, sweating. He's taking out his fury on the balls. TWHACK! TWACK! As we --

CUT TO:

58 INT/EXT. GTX FOXBOUROUGH SKYBOX - AFTERNOON

58

Lake, Jane and other sales execs schmooze clients while the Pats grind it out on the field below. Well-stocked bar. Nachos and steak fajitas, chili and chips.

OLSON

I can't recommend a new half-a-billion dollar boat to my Board when I'm not even sure you'll be around in a year.

Phil sits with an exec, MARK OLSON, in the seats down front.

PHIL

We're not going anywhere. Closing two shipyards allowed us to move our best people up here to Gloucester.

OLSON

Rumor is Salinger doesn't even want to be in the ship building business anymore.

PHIL

Bullshit. Nobody else has our history of quality workmanship, our skilled labor force, and nobody can guarantee delivery on your timeline. Nagasaki? If they're

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PHIL (cont'd)  
saying they can, they're lying. They're  
already behind on Disney's new boat.

OLSON  
Look, I've always liked you Phil. But  
Lipton is making a lot of noise about  
selling Gloucester if he buys you guys.  
I recommend this deal to my board and  
then you get sold to the Japanese or shut  
down, I look like a fucking idiot.

Olson stands, heads for the bar. Lake watches him pass,  
slides into Olson's empty seat expectantly.

PHIL  
He's nervous.

LAKE  
No shit. We all are.

They stare out at the game. Off Phil --

CUT TO:

We MOVE ABOVE the tiny carrels, each one filled with an  
unemployed exec working the phones, making lists. An air of  
quiet desperation in the air. FIND Bobby on the phone,  
jeans, sweater, coffee cup. Danny's next to him, scanning  
job sites on the internet. Diane stuffs envelopes. Conal's  
on Bobby's other side, playing solitaire on his computer.

BOBBY  
Robert Walker. Jim Tetlow told me to  
call. I sent my resume three weeks ago.  
(checks his notes)  
I'll be travelling on business in the  
Milwaukee area on the tenth or eleventh  
so I could stop by and see him then.

Danny grimaces, sotto:

DANNY  
Milwaukee?

BOBBY  
Well, then could you tell me who's  
conducting the search?

Bobby takes down the name, a number. It joins the rows of  
other names and numbers on his overused yellow pad.

BOBBY (cont'd)  
Thanks for your help.

Hangs up. Looks down at what we recognize as Gene's list of names. All but four are crossed off, a few notes are jotted in the margin "after 1st", "Spring", "back 11/26".

DANNY  
Headhunter?

BOBBY  
Yeah, in San Francisco no less.

DANNY  
How convenient.

Bobby rubs his forehead. Looks down at his now messy little desk top, shuffles around his handwritten lists, dials.

BOBBY  
Jonas Geller's office please.  
(waits)

Hi, this is Robert Walker, is he available?... No, he doesn't know me, Mike Talbot at Unicor mentioned that Mr. Geller might be looking for a senior sales... Oh, it was... Yeah, thanks...

\*

Hangs up. Crosses that one off too. Shuffles through the rest of his dog-eared lists. "BU", "Chicago", "Sigma Nu", "Bussman". The lists are marked up, names crossed out, doodled on. Starts another call.

DANNY  
Sixty-five bucks an hour for oil rig workers in the North Atlantic. Extra thousand a week if you have your commercial deep-sea diver certification.

CONAL  
Doesn't everybody?

DIANE  
I got mine last year at the Y.  
(looking at Conal's screen)  
Six of clubs on the seven of hearts.

BOBBY  
(into phone)  
Sally Wilcox please...

DANNY

Highway construction, hazardous waste removal, aircraft mechanic. Thank god I got that Doctorate, huh?

CONAL

How long'd you work at Hughes?

DANNY

Twenty-two years.

CONAL

They give you a reason?

DANNY

Globalization, outsourcing, the declining yuan. We're all part of the new world economy man, don't you read Newsweek?

\*  
\*

BOBBY

Hi, yeah. It's Bobby Walker calling. Is she in?

(a beat)

Sure, give me her voice mail.

DIANE

He calling her again?

BOBBY

Sally, it's Bob Walker. Nice of you to never return my phone calls. If you ever do call me back I just want to ask you why you fucking fired me without any notice, you cowardly bitch.

He SLAMS the phone down in the receiver. Danny grins.

DANNY

Gee, I wonder why she never calls back?

CONAL

Twenty-two years, Jesus.

\*

DIANE

My father worked for the Pennsylvania Railroad for thirty-five.

DANNY

Mine delivered mail for forty.

BOBBY

My Dad's been selling plumbing supplies in Woburn since 1974. Same office, same  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY (cont'd)  
boss, eating the same shitty sack lunch  
behind his desk every day.

DANNY  
I don't know, always seemed to me like my  
Dad had a great life; steady job,  
pension, new car every other year.

BOBBY  
All depends on what you're willing to  
settle for I guess.

Danny watches Bobby carefully, then stands, announcing:

DANNY  
Know what I think? I think it's quitting  
time.

BOBBY  
3:30?

DANNY  
A man can only take so much rejection.  
I'm thirsty. Who's coming?

Danny's already pulling on his coat. Looks to Conal.

DANNY (cont'd)  
Conal?

Conal sneaks a guilty look to Bobby. Then:

CONAL  
Sure.

The two conspirators look to Diane.

DIANE  
I'm in.

Now they all look to Bobby. He hesitates, unsure. Then:

BOBBY  
Why the hell not?

CUT TO:

Bobby pulls his Porsche into the driveway to find Maggie in  
the garage, unloading groceries from the Volvo. He climbs  
out, spots Drew sitting sullenly on the curb.

MAGGIE

Christ, you smell like a brewery.

BOBBY

What's Drew doing sitting out there?

MAGGIE

Waiting for you.

BOBBY

Why?

MAGGIE

I think he's worried about you.

AT CURB

Bobby walks down the driveway. Drew can hear him coming but doesn't turn. Kids play on their bikes down the street.

BOBBY

Hey, what are you doing out here?

Drew doesn't answer. Bobby joins him on the curb.

BOBBY (cont'd)

You okay?

DREW

I'm not a baby, I can handle stuff.

Bobby takes a deep breath, Christ:

BOBBY

I lost my job.

Drew stops, looks back at him, it's not what he expected.

BOBBY (cont'd)

What'd you think it was?

DREW

You and Mom maybe.

Bobby shakes, "no". Drew stands there, considering.

DREW (cont'd)

You'll get another one, right?

BOBBY

A job? You bet.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

60

Maggie returns for the last of groceries. Stops, watches her husband and son, talking in the fading afternoon light.

CUT TO:

61 INT. GENE'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

61

HERB RITTENOUR (VO)

Billionaire investor Arthur Lipton today stepped up his campaign for changes at GTX, issuing a letter to shareholders -

Gene sits at his desk, staring at the financial news on TV.

HERB RITTENOUR (cont'd)

Accusing executives of mismanagement and demanding new shareholder representation on the Board. Last week Lipton urged GTX to sell it's Healthcare subsidiary -

Karen steps in from her desk outside to watch.

HERB RITTENOUR (cont'd)

- as a way to help lift GTX's share price. He also criticized expenditures on GTX's new headquarters building under construction in...

Phil drifts in now too, ashen. Stares at the screen.

KAREN

What does it all mean?

GENE

Nothing good.

Sees Phil standing numb, frozen halfway into the room.

GENE (cont'd)

You need something Phil?

PHIL

We lost Royal Caribbean.

CUT TO:

62 WALKER HOUSE DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

62

Bobby's parents' home. A working class house in Framingham. The table's set with family china and crystal for the adults, paper and plastic for the kids. But not formal, beer bottles mingle with water glasses. Everyone's settling in around the table; Jack, Bobby and Drew. Bobby's mother, FRAN, comes in

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)



from the kitchen, carrying more food, followed by Jack's wife, Diedre.

FRAN

Drew, round up your cousins.

\*  
\*

KEVIN

How's business, Jack?

KEVIN WALKER, Bobby's father, sixty.

\*

JACK

Doing a big renovation in Roxbury, next to that house I did last year. Nice bonus when I finish it by September.

\*  
\*  
\*

DIEDRE

If you finish it by September.

\*

KEVIN

Whenever you're ready to plumb the place, give me a call, got a special on Kohler.

JACK

How's work, Bobby? Line up more dollar-a-day Laotian preschoolers to stitch tennis shoes for you in Bangkok?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Kevin smiles. Bobby doesn't. Drew and his cousins run back in from the yard, make their way to the table. The room is chaotic. Kids, food making it's way to the table, a big salad bowl is being passed around, a basket of fresh baked rolls.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BOBBY

I'm in manufacturing, Jack. Laotian preschoolers aren't tall enough to tighten the bolts on diesel engines.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JACK

I was reading about your guy Salinger in the Globe the other day.

BOBBY

You're reading now?

JACK

When they use small words. Said he made seven hundred times what the average GTX worker made last year.

\*

(Bobby tries to ignore him)

What do you think? Salinger working seven hundred times harder than a welder pounding hot rivets into a tanker hull?

Maggie appears with cranberries, Diedre follows with gravy.

MAGGIE

Can we say grace so the kids can start?

Maggie swats gently at Drew who's already trying to eat.

KEVIN

Carson, would you do the honors?

All slowly link hands, bow their heads.

CARSON

Dear God, thank you for the food and for letting us be together on Thanksgiving and for everybody being okay.

(is she done/thinks)

And please help my Dad find a job, so he won't be unhappy all the time. Amen.

You could hear a pin drop. Kevin stares at his son, so does Fran. Jack grins sheepishly to Diedre... holy shit.

CUT TO:

63 WALKER LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

63

Bobby stands in the big picture window, looking out into the yard where his father burns leaves by the garage and the kids play a rowdy game of touch football.

JACK

Things get tough, I could always use some extra help this winter.

Bobby looks back at him, what?

BOBBY

Hanging drywall?

JACK

They'll be lots of work, four thousand square feet. We're gutting the place.

It was hard for Jack to offer.

BOBBY

Thanks Jack, but I can't really see myself pounding nails.

Bobby goes. Jack watches him as he steps outside, walks across the yard toward his father. What an asshole --

64 WALKER YARD - LATE AFTERNOON

64

Bobby walks through Drew and his cousins playing football.

DREW

Dad, you wanna play?

BOBBY

Maybe later, okay?

Drew stares after him, disappointed. Bobby steps up to his father and the burning leaves.

BOBBY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

They downsized a couple hundred of us here, thousands more company wide.

His father doesn't look up. The smoke rises into a leaden sky, heavy with a coming snow.

KEVIN

When?

BOBBY

Early September.

KEVIN

That big house in Wellesley, the cars, the ski vacations. Christ, the way you two live.

\*  
\*

BOBBY

(angrily)

I'm irresponsible, living beyond my means. Right, Dad?

They stare at each other over the pile of leaves.

KEVIN

Your mom and I have some money put away --

Bobby shakes his head, no. As the kids play football, we --

65 GTX BOARDROOM - DAY

65

A huge granite conference table set with crystal water carafes and Mont Blanc pens. Salinger's at the head of the table, Gene is there, Archer, Stevens and Hansen.

HANSEN

Goldman Sachs is doing due diligence for Lipton and Skadden Arps is snooping around for somebody, maybe Allied, maybe  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HANSEN (cont'd)  
Simonov's Baltic Global out of Moscow.  
Bater Woodruff called, off the record.

Gene looks up, Allied? Really?

ARCHER  
What's the top price Bater'll pay?

HANSEN  
89 a share.

ARCHER  
Too low.

STEVENS  
Doesn't matter. When it got out that  
Belcon Capital was looking at Ocean  
Steel, shares jumped ten. \*

HANSEN  
Lipton's put market value at one hundred.

SALINGER  
So we need our stock at one hundred two.

That get's everyone's heads up out of their papers. A beat:

STEVENS  
That's seventeen more a share.

SALINGER  
I can add, Noah.

STEVENS  
We're already in danger of not making our  
quarterly. We start fooling around and  
miss our numbers again --

SALINGER  
We don't have to get all the way to one  
hundred. It gets into the mid-nineties  
we'll show we're on a positive trend.

GENE  
How are we supposed to boost the share  
price again?

Salinger takes a beat, knows it's not going to go down well.

SALINGER  
Increased efficiencies, reduced costs.

GENE  
More downsizing?

The room quiets. Salinger looks at Gene, a warning.

GENE (cont'd)

What happens if we try this stunt again  
and the stock stalls at ninety? \*

SALINGER

Increasing market value isn't a "stunt".

It's now so quiet you can hear the hiss of forced air heat  
rushing through vents. But Gene presses on:

GENE

We should at least explore other options.  
(no one speaks up)  
What about selling the Healthcare group?

ARCHER

What?

GENE

Maybe Lipton is right.

ARCHER

Healthcare is the only division  
exhibiting growth.

SALINGER

I'm not breaking the company up.

GENE

All right. What about selling the new  
headquarters building?

STEVENS

You've seen our future occupancy studies,  
we're going to need the space.

GENE

Not if we keep firing people, we're not.

SALINGER

I'm not selling the new building!

It's an eruption. It silences the room. After a few  
uncomfortable beats, Salinger turns to Hansen.

SALINGER (cont'd)

Tell Human Resources to start drawing up  
a list for another round of downsizing.

CUT TO:

"The Company Men" Shooting Draft 3/30/09 60.

66 GTX HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE BOARDROOM - DAY

66

GENE  
Jim... Jim...!

Gene catches up to Salinger and Archer walking in the glass walled boardroom hallway. Salinger doesn't slow.

GENE (cont'd)  
Jim, come on...

Salinger slows reluctantly. Archer's still there.

GENE (cont'd)  
Give us a minute, would you?  
(Archer moves off)  
What do you want me to do, parrot back everything you say?  
(Salinger stiffens)  
I've always told you what I thought, right or wrong. And this is wrong.

SALINGER  
I'm late for a meeting.

And Salinger goes. Off Gene, left alone in the hallway, we --

CUT TO:

66A OMIT

66A \*

67 BOBBY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

67

Bobby and Maggie in bed, talking quietly under the sheets in the dark. It's late, snowing lightly outside.

MAGGIE

We won't be able to make the mortgage next month. I called Bridget, she thinks if we price the house low enough, we may be able to get as much as four hundred.

\*  
\*

BOBBY

Four hundred? That's less than we owe. We'd lose everything we've got in it.

MAGGIE

It doesn't matter how much we've got in it, your severance ends in three weeks. We're going to end up in foreclosure.

They're not fighting, both are too tired, her head resting on his outstretched arm.

BOBBY

We won't have anything to put down on another house.

MAGGIE

We can't qualify for a new house on just my salary anyway.

BOBBY

So what are we supposed to do, pitch a tent in the park?

Maggie takes a beat, knows this is going to go down badly.

MAGGIE

We could move in with your folks.

BOBBY

Oh, shit...

MAGGIE

They have two extra bedrooms --

BOBBY

We're not moving in with my parents.

MAGGIE

It'd just be temporary.

BOBBY

I'd have to kill myself first.

(CONTINUED)

They lay there like that for a long beat.

MAGGIE

Jack told me he offered you a job the other day and you shut him down pretty hard.

\*  
\*

BOBBY

Can't you see that, me working for your brother?

MAGGIE

He was just trying to help.

BOBBY

By letting me hang drywall?

Maggie stares at him, is he really that removed from reality? She tries a different tack --

MAGGIE

You'd get back into great shape.

She traces her finger along his hand, up his arm, it's sexy.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Callouses, a tan.

BOBBY

In the middle of winter?

MAGGIE

Big, broad shoulders from carrying all that heavy lumber and the hammering...

She's trying, but he isn't responding. Then, quietly:

BOBBY

I have to get up early.

Turns away from her, pulls up the covers. She's left laying there staring at the ceiling. Rejected, as we --

CUT TO:

Wilcox's head lies on Gene's naked chest, post-coital, back under the sheets at their every-Tuesday lunch hotel.

WILCOX

Bobby Walker's still leaving me messages. My assistant thinks he's psychotic, wants me to get a restraining order.

(CONTINUED)



GENE

I'm sure you've gotten worse.

She looks at him. Yeah she has, but she doesn't need to hear it from him. After a moment:

WILCOX

Think you'll be able to get away for a day or two of skiing at Christmas?

Gene looks at her, what? After a beat, carefully:

GENE

I don't know. I'll have to see.  
(changing the subject)  
Hansen get you started on the new list?

She eyes him, isn't sure they should be discussing this.

GENE (cont'd)

I was in the meeting, Sally.

WILCOX

Yesterday.

GENE

How many?  
(she doesn't answer)  
How many?

WILCOX

Five thousand.

GENE

What's the criteria for getting canned this time? Hell, Gary Hunt's put on a few extra pounds, maybe he should go. Heard Jill Carter has cancer, we could save a bundle on her insurance premiums.

She stares at him, doesn't answer, climbs out of bed, hunting for her lingerie on the floor. Gene takes a breath -- shit.

GENE (cont'd)

Sally...

Nothing, her back to him, pulling on her clothing. He reaches across, gently touches her back, but she stands, disappears into the bathroom. Off Gene --

CUT TO:

69 THE COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

69 \*

A bright, crisp, early winter day. Bobby heads for the diehards hitting balls onto the brown grass of the range.

BOBBY

Hey, the billionaire boy's club, how goes the plotting? Warren Buffet still safe atop the Fortune five hundred?

Mifflin, Conners, and Carlson look among themselves uncomfortably, were clearly talking about Bobby.

CONNERS

How's the job hunt going, Bobby?

BOBBY

Terrific.

A young country club employee, DALE, arrives.

DALE

Mr. Conners, your group is up.

They gather themselves, start for the first tee.

BOBBY

Ready to get your ass kicked, Eric?

DALE

...Mr. Walker?

Dale discreetly motions for Bobby to wait as the others start out. Bobby looks at him quizzically.

DALE (cont'd)

Can I speak to you for a moment?

CUT TO:

70 MASS GENERAL - MORNING

70

Bobby makes his way down the hospital hall, looking. Dodging patients, staff. Spots Maggie behind a nurses' station.

BOBBY

What the hell is going on?

Uh-oh, she doesn't like the sound of that.

BOBBY (cont'd)

I got thrown off the course at the Club!

She pulls him aside in the hallway, tries to calm him down.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

Keep your voice down.

BOBBY

We haven't paid our dues since October?

MAGGIE

I haven't been paying a lot of things.

BOBBY

I looked like a fucking deadbeat!

She's not going to stand there while he yells at her. Steps up to him, toe to toe.

MAGGIE

This is real, Bobby. This is happening to us. But you're wandering around in some sort of a daze. Playing golf? Getting your Porsche detailed?

BOBBY

I have to look successful! I can't just be another asshole with a resume!

MAGGIE

You are just another asshole with a resume!

He stops, stares at her. She looks down, didn't mean it to come out quite like that. He stares off defiantly, then:

BOBBY

I wrote them a check for the balance.

MAGGIE

Cancel it.

Bobby, turns. Walks away.

BOBBY

No.

MAGGIE

We can't afford it!

BOBBY

NO!

CUT TO:

71 BOBBY'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

71

Maggie pulls in. Has to park in the driveway. The garage is a mess of boxes and junk, Bobby in the middle of it, sorting.

MAGGIE

I should have been honest with you about the club, but you haven't been honest with me.

BOBBY

Do we need this anymore?

An old, much used playpen. She doesn't answer.

BOBBY (cont'd)

Figured we'd throw a garage sale this weekend. Maybe raise a couple of bucks.

He's cold, distant. Rummages through junk.

MAGGIE

You need to get a job, any job.  
(he doesn't answer)  
I can't do this alone, Bobby.

BOBBY

You're right. I'm playing golf at the club and in a few weeks I won't be able to support my family.

Self-pity isn't what she was hoping for.

MAGGIE

We're going to get through this. Things will be great again.

He heaves a stack of baby toys into the pile angrily.

BOBBY

Things won't be great again. I've been looking for months and I haven't had one job offer, not one. I've called everybody I know and a lot of people I don't and begged, fucking begged for a job, a lead, anything!

(and)

There are thousands of new MBAs out there who will work for nothing. No kids, no mortgage! Work ninety-hour weeks!

(then)

You want honesty? I'm a thirty-seven year old unemployed fuck-up who can't even support his own family!

MAGGIE

That's not true. You're gonna find a job,  
a good job. Working for people who know  
how lucky they are to have you.

Tears stream down his face, he wipes them away angrily.

BOBBY

Christ, when did it all turn to shit?

Now she's wiping away tears too.

MAGGIE

It hasn't turned to shit. You have Drew  
and Carson. Your parents. And me...you  
have me.

He stands there, all shattered pride and rage as Carson rides  
her bike up into the drive, handlebar streamers fluttering in  
the breeze. Stops, not wanting to intrude, watches quietly.

CUT TO:

Gene, Wilcox, Landry, Hansen. Donuts, coffee. Gene's  
staring at a long list. Shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

\*  
\*

WILCOX

Debra Hayes has ten years with the  
company and outstanding evaluations.

LANDRY

She also has a husband with a successful  
law practice and two kids who'd probably  
be delighted to have Mommy at home.

\*

GENE

She's sixty, I doubt her "kids" are still  
in school, much less calling her Mommy.

(and)

Phil Woodward's on here again.

Gene's staring at Wilcox. Landry looks around, answers.

\*

LANDRY

He fits the criteria --

\*

GENE

I wasn't talking to you, Dick.

It's tough, meant to shut Landry up. It doesn't.

\*

LANDRY

He's grossly overpaid and just blew a five hundred million dollar deal --

GENE

What are you, deaf? Shut the fuck up.  
(back to Wilcox)

The Royal Caribbean thing wasn't his fault, they were frightened away by all the takeover talk.

\*  
\*

WILCOX

We did a thorough cost/productivity evaluation of each employee, examined numerous indices --

\*  
\*

GENE

Cut the Harvard Business school bullshit and take him off the goddam list.

\*  
\*

She's shocked, a deer in the headlights, looks to Hansen for support. Hansen leans forward to Gene, proceeds evenly.

HANSEN

The list is still preliminary, Gene.

Gene is leafing through it, incredulous.

GENE

I'm looking and all I see are people over fifty with just enough young ones thrown in to protect us against litigation.

Hansen stares flatly at Gene.

HANSEN

I'm confident all of these dismissals will stand up to outside legal scrutiny.

GENE

What about ethical scrutiny?

HANSEN

We're not breaking any laws, Gene.

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72 CONTINUED: (2) 72

Gene takes a moment, considers Hansen:

GENE  
I guess I always assumed we were trying  
for a higher standard than that, Paul.

CUT TO:

73 ONE COMMUNICATIONS HUMAN RESOURCES DEPARTMENT - DAY 73 \*

Bobby waits in the reception area, suit, tie. Pessimistic,  
wishing he were somewhere else. Checks his watch.

THAYER  
Mr. Walker?

A man Bobby's age, friendly, warm, informal.

THAYER (cont'd)  
Troy Thayer.

74 THAYER'S OFFICE 74

Kid's photos and drawings, messy desk. Thayer motions Bobby  
to the couch, sits in a chair. Hunts for Bobby's file.

THAYER  
A GTX casualty. How you holding up?

BOBBY  
Okay, thanks.

THAYER  
Dan Mass gave you a great recommendation.  
(reading)  
Sales, marketing, MBA. Regional work.  
You went to school at State College?

BOBBY  
Undergrad, yeah.

THAYER  
My wife went to Penn, loved it.

Bobby looks at him, a real human being? Is that possible?

THAYER (cont'd)  
You willing to work for ninety a year  
plus commission and bonus?

BOBBY  
A...yeah.

(CONTINUED)

THAYER

Good news is we're growing fast and there's plenty of head room around here.

Thayer closes the file, offers his hand.

THAYER (cont'd)

I can't promise you anything, but with Dan's recommendation and your resume, you seem like the right fit for the job.

(steers Bobby out)

We have to make a decision by next week, so you should hear from us soon.

CUT TO:

75 GENE'S OFFICE - DAY

75

Gene's at his desk, staring out at the wintry exurbia. A woman's angry voice intrudes.

WILCOX

What the hell was that?

GENE

What the hell was "what"?

WILCOX

You humiliated me in front of Hansen.

GENE

You put Phil on the list?

WILCOX

We can hire three workers for the same money we're paying Phil Woodward.

GENE

So loyalty and experience mean nothing? \*

WILCOX

You're not the one who has to tell three other employees they're getting fired so you can keep Phil.

GENE

So don't do it.

WILCOX

Don't do what, my job? Is that what you're asking? \*

(CONTINUED)



Gene takes a beat, then:

\*

GENE

Yeah, I guess it is.

Wilcox stares at him. Then, simply:

WILCOX

I'm forty years old, single. You gonna  
leave your wife when I get canned? Marry  
me. Help me get back on my feet?

She waits, he doesn't answer.

WILCOX (cont'd)

That's what I thought.

She turns, leaves. Off Gene --

CUT TO:

Bobby makes his way across the street, dodging traffic and  
dirty snow. Heads into the park to find Danny, Diane and  
others from outplacement playing five on five, out-of-shape  
touch football in the cold. Conal's on the sidelines,  
bundled up, guarding the beers.

BOBBY

Who's winning?

CONAL

Who knows. How'd it go?

BOBBY

The interview? Not bad.

Bobby strips off his suit-jacket, loosens his tie. Heads for  
the game, yelling to the players.

BOBBY (cont'd)  
Anybody need an All-Pro wideout?

DANNY  
Yeah, we're getting our asses kicked.

DIANE  
You can take my place...

Bobby joins Danny's team as Diane jogs back to the picnic table. Danny steps in behind center, taking the hike.

DANNY  
Huht...huht...HUHT!

The MIS guy center snaps the ball. Bobby runs like hell on a down and out. Diane sits next to Conal, trying to warm up.

DIANE  
How'd his interview go, he say?

Bobby fakes left, goes right. Danny wafts him the ball. He catches it over the outstretched hands of his defender. Spins a move, slips, dives forward for some extra yardage and comes up smiling. Muddy, and very happy.

CONAL  
Guess it went okay.

CUT TO:

77 OUTSIDE GENE'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

77

Gene sits down by the pier, overcoat still on. Drink in hand. Cynthia comes from the house, looking for him.

CYNTHIA  
What are you doing out here, it's freezing?

He takes a beat.

GENE  
We're firing more people.

CYNTHIA  
Could you have stopped it?

\*

He doesn't answer, doesn't want to answer. She watches him, then carefully:

CYNTHIA (cont'd)

Why don't you quit?

(he looks up, what?)

Beth graduates this year, Liam is set.  
We've got more than enough money to last  
a couple of lifetimes.

GENE

And do what, garden?

CYNTHIA

We could sell this place. Live out on  
the Vineyard like we've always wanted to.

GENE

You could learn needlepoint while I try  
my hand at watercolor landscapes.

She's stung. But presses on:

CYNTHIA

Travel, buy a place in Florida or San  
Remo. Sail, play a little tennis, golf.

GENE

I hate golf.

She's tired of it, of him. She stares at him for a moment,  
then turns and goes. Off Gene, brooding in his chair in the  
gathering darkness, barely registering that she's left, we --

CUT TO:

Bobby sits in his carrel, staring at the phone. Danny  
returns from the coffee room, looks to Conal. Conal shakes  
his head, no. Danny walks across the room toward Bobby,  
passing people loading up, leaving for the day.

DANNY

They'll call tomorrow.

Bobby looks up at Danny. Doesn't answer. Stands, gathers  
his things, pulls on his coat, starts out. Diane steps out  
of the Xerox room to watch him pass. Danny calls after him.

DANNY (cont'd)

Hey Bobby. They haven't seen anything  
yet. We're just getting started.

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78 CONTINUED:

78

Bobby looks back, smiles. It's not very convincing. Turns, pushes through the glass door, and he's gone. \*

79 BOBBY'S HOUSE - DAY

79

The house is quiet, only a single VOICE offscreen, somewhere deep inside. We MOVE towards it, through the silent living room. MOVE into the hushed stillness of the kitchen and down the stairs to FIND Bobby, his back to us, on the phone.

BOBBY

...Troy Thayer, please.

(listens)

Is he in, Robert Walker calling...

(a long wait)

...No, I understand...I was calling about a position. Northeastern Sales Manager.

We COME SLOWLY around to his face, the bright winter light filtering through the breakfast nook blinds.

BOBBY (cont'd)

...It has...

(a beat, then)

Thank you for your time...

He hangs the phone up slowly, leans back against the wall. Maggie has appeared on the steps. Watching. After a beat, he looks up, sees her there.

Her heart aches for him. He pushes himself off the wall, hands her an envelope as he passes.

MAGGIE

What's this?

BOBBY

My last paycheck. \*

80 OMIT

80 \*

80A BOBBY'S GARAGE - LATE NIGHT

80A \*

Bobby's in the garage, light on overhead, vacuum, Windex, Armorall, carefully, lovingly, polishing the Porsche in the middle of the night. Off Bobby, solitary, working, we -- \*

CUT TO:

81 BOBBY'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON 81

Bobby stands outside his open garage, remains of a recent snow feathered around the brown grass. Watches Maggie at the curb, talking to a young man in a suit, writing a check.

He hands her it to her, climbs into Bobby's now sparkling Porsche. Turns it over with a PURR and starts off.

Maggie walks up the drive past Bobby and into the house. Bobby heads for the street, passes a "Century 21 For Sale" sign hammered into the frozen lawn. Steps into the street. Watches the Porsche slow at the stop sign, signal, disappear.

CUT TO:

82 GTX MARKETING DEPARTMENT - AFTERNOON 82

Ashaken Phil walks through empty desks and deserted work stations toward Christmas music and laughter. Enters --

83 MARKETING DEPARTMENT CHRISTMAS PARTY 83

Packed with execs and support staff. The conference table groans with Christmas refreshments. Somebody's put on a Dean Martin yuletide CD. Phil finds Gene, mid-story --

PHIL

Gene...

GENE

Hey, Phil. Grab a drink.

(back to the group)

So the guy keeps babbling in Mandarin for what, ten minutes? Fifteen?

JANE

More like half an hour --

PHIL

Gene, please.

GENE

Hang on, Phil. So at the end of this hour long rant we turn to the translator and the guy says... "Mr. Lan say no."

Now everyone's laughing, Lake, Jane.

\*

PHIL

Gene!

GENE

Jesus Phil, grab a drink. It's a party.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

PHIL  
Sally Wilcox just fired me.

CUT TO:

84 OFFICE OF THE CEO

84

Gene bursts into the reception area. The doors to Salinger's huge inner office stand open. It's empty.

GENE  
Where is he?

JILL  
He left for New York this morning.

\*

Gene stares into the empty office. Now what?

GENE  
When will he be back?

JILL  
After the Board meeting.

\*

She may as well have slapped him.

GENE  
What Board meeting?

Oh, shit. It's terribly awkward for both of them. Then:

JILL  
Would you like to leave a message?

\*

CUT TO:

85 GENE'S OUTER OFFICE - AFTERNOON

85

Gene bursts into his outer office. Karen stands as he enters, very worried.

GENE  
Find Sally Wilcox and tell her to get her ass up here now!

KAREN  
She's already in your office.

What? Gene takes a beat, then heads into --

86 GENE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

86

Wilcox stares out the window.

GENE  
You fired Phil?

                  WILCOX  
Gene --

                  GENE  
Hire him back.

                  WILCOX  
Gene, please --

                  GENE  
Godammit Sally, we talked about this.

                  WILCOX  
Gene!

She's finally gotten his attention. He looks at her oddly. She takes a deep breath, hands him the paper she's been clutching in her hand. He takes it reluctantly, reads.

A beat. Finally, he looks up. Stares at her for another long beat. Then turns, picks up a chrome and leather Miles van de Rohr chair and FLINGS IT.

It SMASHES into the wall and glass, bounces off. Karen rushes in, drawn by the noise. Stops. Stares.

Gene stands, breathing heavily, back to the women. Karen looks at Wilcox, what the hell is going on? Quietly:

                  GENE  
We built this company together. From nothing.

Karen realizes what's happening.

                  KAREN  
...oh, my god...

Wilcox hangs her head, Karen fights back tears. Off Gene --

CUT TO:

87 GTX LOBBY - LATE AFTERNOON

87 \*

Gene exits the elevators, not carrying a thing. No briefcase, no boxes. That's it, he's walking away.

\*  
\*

Phil's sitting in the lobby. Box of his things at his feet.  
Gene stops, doesn't say anything, waits for Phil to speak. \*

PHIL \*

You too? \*

(Gene nods/after a beat) \*

Fuck 'em. They think this is tough? I \*

worked hull assembly at Gloucester. \*

Remember, Gene? \*

(Gene smiles sadly)  
Try spot-welding inside a thirty-six inch  
propeller shaft sixty hours a week, bunch  
of pansy-assed pricks. \*

Gene looks around the lobby. It's quiet in the middle of the  
afternoon, peaceful. \*

CUT TO:

88 EXT. GENE'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

88

Gene turns his BMW into the long drive that leads up to his  
house. The garage door slowly opens to REVEAL Cynthia's  
cream-colored Mercedes CL-Coupe, his meticulously restored  
'59 Corvette and spotless varnished concrete floor.

89 EXT. GENE'S HOUSE

89

Gene walks slowly to the door. Slips his key into the lock.

90 INT. GENE'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALLWAY

90

It's quiet, still. Elegantly decorated for the holidays.  
White poinsettias and narcissus compete with blood red  
amaryllis. A beautifully appointed Christmas tree, carefully  
wrapped gifts in silver and gold piled high underneath.

He stands there, frozen, overcoat on, car keys still in hand.  
Cynthia's distant voice calls from somewhere upstairs:

CYNTHIA (OS)

...Gene...?

A quiet resolve comes over him. He looks around the house  
one final time. Starts back for the front door.

CYNTHIA (OS) (cont'd)

Gene?

She appears at the top of the stairs just in time to hear the  
front door CLOSE. Comes down a few stairs. But the hallway  
is empty. He's gone. Off Cynthia we --

CUT TO:



91 A BROOKLINE STREET - NIGHT 91

Old brick town homes, wrought iron fences, black lacquered doors. Gene makes his way up the walk, dead leaves dancing across his path. He KNOCKS, waits. KNOCKS again. The sound of locks being undone. The door opens. It's Wilcox.

She stares at him for a long beat. He doesn't say anything, just stands there, his cold breath escaping into the frigid air. Finally, she steps aside. Let's him slip past her, disappearing into the welcoming warmth of her home.

Wilcox takes another moment, then closes the door after him, leaving us alone on the front stoop as we --

CUT TO:

92 MK&T BULLPEN - MORNING 92

A few meager Christmas decorations have been placed around. Bobby's at his carrel. Danny's next door, on hold. \*

BOBBY

Where the hell is everybody today?

DANNY

It's the holidays, they're all home contemplating suicide.

DIANE

Bobby...

Diane in her carrel, Bobby looks up, through the front doors, a new stream of the recently fired head for orientation. Suits, briefcases, ties, many are older. Shell-shocked. The casually dressed outplacement veterans watch them pass.

Bobby's old secretary, Carol, is among the last to pass. She waves at Bobby sadly. Disappears into the orientation room. They watch as a counselor starts her spiel on the other side of the floor to ceiling glass. Conal joins them. \*

CONAL

You're never going to guess who's in Joanna's office.

(and then)

Gene McClary's favorite ass-kisser, Phil Woodward.

93 JOANNA'S OFFICE 93

She's behind her tidy desk, reading his resume. Phil's seated in front of her uncomfortably.

(CONTINUED)

JOANNA

Your resume's very impressive, Phil.

PHIL

Thank you.

She pulls out her red felt-tipped pen.

JOANNA

You started on the factory floor, not many people can claim that anymore. You want to get rid of the ancient stuff, anything pre-nineties.

(he stares at her)

Instead of listing the number of years you held each position at GTX, indicate your title and responsibilities. And here, where you've noted your military service, don't say Vietnam. Combat infantryman is impressive enough.

She's marking up his resume like some fourth grade teacher.

JOANNA (cont'd)

You could stand to loose a few pounds. You smoke, Phil?

PHIL

Occasionally.

JOANNA

Quit. Employers don't want employee health problems ratcheting up their insurance premiums, Phil. And you might want to think about dying your hair. Getting rid of some of the grey.

PHIL

Do we know each other?

JOANNA

Excuse me?

PHIL

You keep using my first name.

She leans back, sizes him up. Evenly:

JOANNA

I'm not the enemy. You're pushing sixty, you look like hell. You're going to have a rough time out there.

93 CONTINUED: (2)

93

PHIL  
Would you show me to my office please?

CUT TO:

94 PHIL'S MK&T OFFICE - DAY

94

Small, very plain. Phil looks around bleakly.

BOBBY  
You got a window. Company has to pay  
extra for that.

Bobby's at the open door. Phil smiles, offers his hand.

PHIL  
Least the pricks could do. How's the  
best damn salesman on the East Coast?

BOBBY  
Unemployed.

PHIL  
Yeah, lot of that going around.  
(Bobby's T-shirt and jeans)  
Dress code pretty lax around here?

BOBBY  
Wait till you see casual Fridays.

Phil smiles sadly. Neither of them know what to say.

CUT TO:

95 BOBBY'S HOME OFFICE OFF THE KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

95

Bobby's staring out the window, stacks of used yellow pads  
and newspapers strewn around. He's lost in the swirling snow  
and approaching darkness outside his window. A long moment  
before he's interrupted by the jarring RING of his telephone.

BOBBY  
...Hello...

He listens. Shit, drops his head.

BOBBY (cont'd)  
No...look, I told you people last week,  
we're paying all we can...  
(listens)  
You want me to lie and say I'll send you  
a check?... Okay... Right, sure.

Hangs up. Shit. Maggie's stepped into the room behind him.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE  
American Express?

BOBBY  
Mortgage.

MAGGIE  
(after a beat)  
Yvette asked me to work tomorrow night.

BOBBY  
New Years Eve?

MAGGIE  
It's double-time.

DREW  
...Dad?

Drew's standing behind Maggie in the doorway.

DREW (cont'd)  
Can you drive me over to Kyle's?

BOBBY  
I'm busy now, buddy. Maybe later, okay?

Drew turns, tramps away sullenly. Bobby looks over to find Maggie staring at him. Exhales, shit. Follows Drew into --

96 THE KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

96

Trails Drew toward the stairs.

BOBBY  
Hey Drew, come on...

But Drew keeps going, not looking back. Maggie follows them.

BOBBY (cont'd)  
Why don't you play Halo or Guitar-Hero or something on your new X-Box?

MAGGIE  
Bobby, hang on.

BOBBY  
Drew, come on...

But Drew disappears upstairs. Bobby looks to Maggie.

BOBBY (cont'd)  
There's a blizzard out and he's pissed I don't want to drive him to the Matlock's.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

BOBBY (cont'd)

We just bought him the damn thing for  
Christmas and already he's bored with it?

MAGGIE

He doesn't have the X-Box anymore.

(what?)

He took it back. He knew we couldn't  
afford it.

(Bobby just stares)

He asked me if he could and I said yes.  
He's right, we can't afford it.

Maggie goes. Off Bobby we --

CUT TO:

97 ROXBURY - EARLY MORNING

97

\*

A bright, blinding post-snow day. It's cold, a brisk wind  
coming in off the Atlantic. Bobby parks his used Camry in  
front of an old house. Climbs out. The house is a couple of  
hundred years old, torn up. Stacks of lumber sit in the  
yard, plastic sheeting covers the windows.

\*

Makes his way slowly up the debris strewn drive, past the  
dumpster and a Sam Gump, out onto the rock hard, frozen dirt  
yard, toward the sound of SAWS and HAMMERS. A man comes from  
the house, heading for a truck. Bobby's bother-in-law, Jack.

Jack, stares. Tool belt, old flannel shirt, beat-up down  
vest. Bobby stops a few yards away from him. Clouds of hard  
white mist escaping with every breath.

BOBBY

I need a job, Jack.

CUT TO:

98 ROXBURY HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

98

\*

Bobby pulls up at the curb, climbs out of his used Camry.  
New work boots, thermal underwear top, heavy sweater, old ski  
parka. Grabs a brand new leather tool belt off the passenger  
seat. Hammer, tape measurer, screwdrivers.

Jack stands by his truck; two men beside him. Davey,  
muscular, fifties, a lit Camel dangling from his mouth. And  
MIKE, twenties, silent, hung-over. They watch Bobby trying  
to get the heavy belt snapped around his waist.

\*

JACK

Don't think you're gonna be needing that  
just yet.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

Tosses the dregs of his coffee into the yard, disappears inside the house with a heavy extension cord and Skill Saw. Davey follows. Mike grins at Bobby.

\*

MIKE

Nice tool belt.

CUT TO:

99 ROXBURY HOUSE - MORNING

99

\*

A huge pile of plywood sits in the yard. Bobby struggles to pick up one of the awkward 4x8 sheets. It's difficult, heavy. You have to get your right hand on one edge, slide it across the pile and hump the weight up and over your head.

He staggers toward the house, huffing and grunting, blind on one side because the sheet blocks his view. SLAMS into the front door frame, staggers back, crouches to make it into --

100 ROXBURY HOUSE

100

\*

It's skeletal, stripped down to old 2x4 true beams and snaking ungrounded ceramic electrical lines. He looks up the winding staircase to the hammering and tinny oldies radio drifting down from the third floor above. Starts up the bannister-less stairs with his unwieldy load.

Every step is torture, the machined plywood edges cut into his hands, his muscles scream, the precarious drop to the first floor increasingly terrifying with every step. To make matters worse, he SLAMS the plywood on each landing as he climbs. Each SLAM jarring teeth and bones, his head smashed against the fresh cut ply. Finally arrives on --

101 THE THIRD FLOOR

101

Squats, dumps the plywood clumsily down with a flopping, CLUNK. The floor's gone, Jack and Davey balanced out on the 2x12s. "Hey Mr. Tambourine Man" BLARES from the plaster and paint splattered radio.

\*  
\*  
\*

Bobby leans against the wall, fighting for breath. Mike scampers along the open beams, hauls Bobby's plywood across to where Jack and Davey secure it with nail guns.

\*

JACK

Keep 'em coming, Bob.

Bobby pushes himself off the wall, starts back down.

101 CONTINUED:

101

JACK (cont'd)  
Hey, Bobby? Grab two this time.

CUT TO:

101A ROXBURY HOUSE - DAY

101A

Bobby on the steps, this time with two sheets. He's sweating in spite of the cold, straining, gets to the top of the stairs, dumps his two sheets on top of the now three foot tall pile of plywood. Stagger back, already exhausted.

Jack checks his watch. Sets down his nail gun, turns off the compressor, straightens up, starts out. Davey and Mike notice, set down their nail guns, start out after him.

Bobby watches them quizzically, where are they going? Mike nods to Bobby as he passes.

MIKE

...Lunch.

Bobby smiles, thank god. Looks after the men, but they're already halfway down the stairs.

BOBBY

Oh yeah, where we going?

CUT TO:

101B ROXBURY HOUSE THIRD FLOOR - DAY

101B

A sea of old stud walls and the centuries old plank flooring. The men sit around on nail boxes and stacks of 2x4s, eating sandwiches and chips, drinking sodas, coffee and Red Bulls plucked from their battered lunch coolers. They're laughing. \*

A depressed Bobby sits off by himself, no lunch, picking at his blistered and torn fingers, lunch-less. Jack picks tomatoes off his sandwich, tossing them back in his cooler.

JACK

Fifteen years, she's still trying to get me to eat tomatoes.

Davey watches Bobby, stands, comes over, sits. Leans in, examines Bobby's brand new leather work gloves.

DAVEY

New. That's why you're getting blisters.

He digs an unbelievably old pair of gloves out of his back pocket, sets them down next to Bobby along with half of his sandwich. \*

(CONTINUED)

101B CONTINUED:

101B

Heads back for the group. Bobby stares after him, catches Jack eating, watching him.

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

\*

102 BOBBY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

102

It's dark, the house below alive with the SOUNDS of kids. Maggie opens the door, sends a wedge of light into the room, REVEALING Bobby passed out on the bed, still fully clothed.

BOBBY

Just get a gun and shoot me.

He looks awful, hair smashed to one side, face chapped. She examines his hands; small cuts, blisters, splinters.

MAGGIE

I'll get some Neosporin.

She heads into the bathroom. He sits up slowly. It's hard, there isn't a single inch of him that doesn't hurt.

BOBBY

I hate your brother, Maggie. I really hate the son of a bitch.

She rummages around in the medicine cabinet. Then:

BOBBY (cont'd)

I don't think I can go back.

She steps out of the bathroom, stands in the open doorway, stares at him, hard.

MAGGIE

Sure you can.

CUT TO:

103 ROXBURY HOUSE - MORNING

103

\*

A portable cement mixer RUMBLES on the lawn as Bobby hoists a heavy bag of plaster up and pours it into the rotating mixer.

He's covered head to toe with plaster dust. Shovels two five gallon buckets full of plaster from the slough. Picks the buckets up with a grunt, starts for the house, loaded down like a coolie from The Good Earth. Heads into --

104 THE HOUSE

104

And up the stairs toward the music and hammering. Arms straining, pails sloshing. Finds the men on --



105 THE THIRD FLOOR

105

Working on a lathe and plaster wall. The radio BLARES old Springsteen. Jack and Mike work as a team, silently putting up pieces of holed plaster sheet with nail guns. Davey follows behind, trowelling. Bobby pours the plaster into a tub, it splatters around messily.

\*

Bobby leans back against the lathe, closes his eyes, wants to die. Davey checks the plaster in the tub.

\*

DAVEY

\*

Too thin, add another sack to the mix.

Bobby nods wearily, heads back for the stairs again with his buckets. Jack calls after him.

JACK

Easy work, huh Bobby? Pretty much like moving cost reports from the in-box to the out-box, am I right?

But he's yelling to air, bucket-boy Bobby is gone.

CUT TO:

106 INT. WILCOX'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

106

Gene comes from the kitchen, carrying mugs of coffee. Pajama bottoms, Bruins T-shirt. Sets one mug on the edge of the dining table, collapses into a chair, opens up the paper.

\*

Wilcox comes downstairs, heels, suit, slim briefcase tucked under one arm, pulling on earrings. Slows slightly at the sight of him parked at her table.

\*

WILCOX

What do you have planned today?

GENE

Not much.

He turns the set on, CNN. She picks up the coffee he left for her, talks to the back of his head.

WILCOX

Ed and Dana invited us to dinner tonight.

That gets his attention, he looks away from the TV.

GENE

Who?

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

WILCOX

Old friends.

(and)

Seven-thirty. Pick up a nice bottle of  
Pinot when you go out, okay?

Was he planning on going out? But she's already on the move.  
The front door CLOSES behind her. Off Gene --

CUT TO:

106A FMR CORPORATION PERSONNEL FLOOR - DAY

106A

\*

A lived-in floor of a building, off white walls, utilitarian  
carpeting. Phil steps into a bland reception area, makes his  
way to a desk. \*

PHIL

Phil Woodward, I have an -- \*

HR RECEPTIONIST

Sign in and take a seat. \*

Points down the long hallway, lined with metal chairs  
occupied by men in suits. Briefcases and coats piled  
uncomfortably on laps. Makes his way through men staring up  
at him as he passes. Finally finds an empty chair. Sits. \*

Looks to the two men sitting next to him, younger, both  
eyeing him. Across the way, another man. Also younger.  
Phil looks around. They're all younger, ten years. Even  
twenty. He exhales, settles in for another long wait. \*

CUT TO: \*

107 MOVE TO 134A

107

\*

107 CONTINUED:

107

\*

108 ROXBURY HOUSE - DAY

108

\*

Bobby stands in the frozen mud, helping Mike and Davey toss the last of a heap of construction debris into the dumpster. Mike's nursing a beer, doing more talking than working. It's frigid, the clouds above slate-grey. Jack ferries tools from the house into his pick-up truck.

MIKE

Hell, Jack, you hear that? Bob got twelve weeks pay when they shit-canned him! Fuck, where do I sign up?

(Jack just keeps loading tools)

My Uncle Tommy worked for the phone company nineteen years, they laid him off ten months short of lifetime medical.

Mike belches, tosses his empty up into the dumpster.

MIKE (cont'd)

Hired him back four months later. Half his old wages, no benefits.

Jack steps up, hands Bobby an envelope. Mike and Davey too.

BOBBY

What's this?

JACK

Paycheck.

MIKE

Run, don't walk, to cash that sucker.

Davey goes. A paycheck? Bobby checks the envelope, looks up, surprised. Finds Jack already climbing into his truck.

BOBBY

There's an extra two hundred in here.

Jack turns the engine over on the truck.

JACK

I must have made a mistake.

Pops it into gear, goes. Off Bobby watching him go --

CUT TO:

109 INT. A SMALL DINING ROOM - NIGHT

109

WE'RE ON GENE, sitting unhappily at a table crowded with Wilcox's friends. Everyone's at least a decade younger than he is. The table's littered with bottles of wine and Italian food recently dumped from take-out containers to platters. It's noisy, four conversations going on at once, none of them involving Gene. Gene focuses on drinking instead.

ED

Bullshit, nobody's earning 5% in this market...

WILCOX

I'd try it.

\*

TOM

They loaded distressed assets into the portfolio...

DANA

Jump out on an airplane?

ED

Taking on a lot more risk.

WILCOX

It'd be a hell of a rush.

Gene watches it all with a certain detached irritation. Like the rules of cricket being explained to you in Farsi.

TOM

Not really. Not if you balance it out with munies.

DANA

So's robbing a bank, but I'm not going to try that either.

\*

ROBIN

You ever done it, Gene?

A woman to Gene's right, inviting him into the conversation.

GENE

What?

ROBIN

Sky-diving?

GENE

Not recently, no.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

Mommy...?

A six-year-old boy has appeared in his pajamas.

DANA

Oh god. What are you doing up Will?  
Excuse me, everybody.

Dana scoops the boy up, goes.

TOM

That's our house, every night.

WILCOX

The baby's still not sleeping?

Robin nods ruefully. Ed pours Gene more wine.

ED

You have kids, Gene?

GENE

Two.

ED

Yeah? How old?

GENE

Thirty and thirty-two.

Robin and Tom share a look. Gene sees it, so does Wilcox.

ED

Wow, out of the house. Lucky you.

GENE

Yep. Potty-trained and everything.

Wilcox shoots Gene a warning look.

TOM

What're you doing now, Gene?

GENE

Excuse me?

TOM

Since GTX? What're you up to?

GENE

I'm getting into the internet.

ED

That's great. Managing or a start-up?

GENE

Surfing.

There's an uncomfortable silence. Wilcox stares. Finally:

ED

So, five percent? Really?

TOM

Yeah. Check with Teddy,  
he'll tell you. He hooked me  
up with that guy at Lynch.

ROBIN

Are you going to be able to  
join us up at the lake this  
summer, Sally?

Gene's happy to recede into the background again, drinks.

ROBIN

It's fabulous. Hiking, kayaking,  
mountain biking. They have these great  
half-cabin, half-tents things...

Off Wilcox, talking to Robin, but watching Gene we --

CUT TO:

110 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

110

Gene and Wilcox walk toward his Aston. It's cold, wet.

WILCOX

How long're you going to keep this up?

GENE

Keep what up?

She stops, angry.

WILCOX

This. Tonight. Hanging around on my  
sofa. Feeling sorry for yourself.

GENE

I told you I didn't want to come.

She stares at him, then gives up, starts back for the car.

GENE (cont'd)

Five percent on distressed assets and sky  
diving? Jesus Christ...

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

WILCOX

(turns on him)

Goddammit! Jim Salinger's a prick, you  
got screwed, get over it!

She continues on, but he doesn't move. Suddenly frozen.  
Looks up into the dark sky, millions of small drops of rain  
cascade down toward him, illuminated by streetlights.

She realizes he has stopped. Turns back. Sees him standing  
there.

WILCOX (cont'd)

Give me the keys.

He doesn't answer, still mesmerized.

WILCOX (cont'd)

You're drunk.

(still nothing)

Give me the damn keys, Gene!

Off Gene, staring up into the dark sky, we --

CUT TO:

112 BOBBY'S HOUSE - DAY

112

Bobby stands in the empty kitchen. No furniture, the kids' drawings on the refrigerator, the bulletin board of family photos and school notices gone. Only a few boxes remain on the counter. Maggie enters, grabs one, followed by Drew who takes another.

MAGGIE

You check the basement?

He nods. They leave. Bobby grabs the final box off the counter, takes a last look around. And goes.

CUT TO:

113 BOBBY'S PARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

113

Bobby tucks Drew in, Carson's already asleep in the other twin bed, dog sleeping at her feet. The room is plain, not yet adorned with any of the children's personal belongings.

BOBBY

You going to be alright sleeping with your sister for awhile?

Drew smiles up at his father, nods.

DREW

Sure.

Drew's so adult, it makes his father want to cry. Bobby steps out into --

114 THE HALLWAY

114

Finds his father, climbing the stairs on his way to bed.

KEVIN

They tucked in?

Bobby nods. Kevin stands there, its awkward, distant.

KEVIN (cont'd)

Need anything?

Bobby takes a moment, then shakes his head, "no". Kevin goes. Bobby watches him disappear into his bedroom as we --

CUT TO:

\*

115 BOBBY'S OLD BEDROOM - NIGHT

115

Bobby stares at the ceiling in the semi-darkness.

(CONTINUED)



BOBBY

I couldn't wait to get out of this house.  
My parents, the neighborhood, the church.

He looks around the room, takes a deep breath. Quietly:

BOBBY (cont'd)

I was going to be CEO.

SLOWLY DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

116 EXT. WILCOX'S BACKYARD - EARLY AFTERNOON

116

A splendid spring day, tulips and lilacs. Two young children run in the yard, Easter baskets in hand, hunting for eggs.

LIAM

She seems nice, Dad. Good with kids.

\*

Wilcox and Gene's daughter-in-law, Susan, point out possible egg locations to the kids. Gene and his son, LIAM, watch. Gene juggles his fussy, eight month old grandson.

\*

\*

LIAM (cont'd)

She have any of her own?

(Gene shoots him a look)

What? It's never too late to start.

\*

Liam's enjoying himself but Gene doesn't take the bait.

\*

GENE

Think you and Susan could get away for a week in June? We're renting a house out on Stonewall Beach.

LIAM

June? Maybe...

(changing the subject)

You keeping busy?

\*

GENE

I've been asked to join a couple of boards. Dynex, Procar.

LIAM

You going to do it?

\*

GENE

I don't know, thought of sitting around a conference room slogging through revenue projections and quarterly earning reports makes me want to put a gun in my mouth.

LIAM

Why don't you start a consulting firm.  
That's what Bo Collins' dad did after he  
left Archer. He's making a killing.

GENE

Yeah?

LIAM

Sure, there's always somebody out there  
willing to pay an opinionated old bastard  
for some shitty advice.

Gene smiles. Liam hesitates, suddenly uncomfortable. Then:

LIAM (cont'd)

You surprised they closed the shipyard?

GENE

What?

LIAM

Gloucester, saw it on MSNBC this morning.

The news hits Gene hard but he doesn't want to let on.

GENE

I hadn't heard.

Gene stares off, lost. Then:

GENE (cont'd)

So what do you say, the Vineyard in June?  
(and)  
Your mother'll be okay with it.

Liam gives his father a sideways look. After a beat:

LIAM

You two talking?  
(Gene doesn't answer)  
She's having a pretty rough time.

Gene doesn't want to have this conversation, deflects.

GENE

Stonewall Beach?

LIAM

I may be in San Diego by June. Phifzer  
offered me Manager of Strategic Planning.

\*

Liam meant it as good news but his father's concerned.

GENE

You've only been with Merck for a year. \*

LIAM

Jim Haskell's a VP out there now, he's asked me to join his team.

GENE

You don't want to get a reputation for bouncing around.

The baby's really fussing now, Liam takes him back.

LIAM

I'm not "bouncing around".

GENE

This would be your third job since Yale.

LIAM

It's an excellent opportunity.

GENE

That's not the point.

LIAM

Time's have changed. Loyalty's out of fashion. Your company isn't looking out for you, it's every man for himself.

(then)

I won't ever have the job you had, Dad.

Liam wanders off to help children hunt eggs. Off Gene --

CUT TO:

Bobby pulls up in his used Camry, tugs on a Bruins cap, boots now thoroughly scuffed, jacket dirty and ripped. Carries the morning coffee run.

Joins Jack unloading gear from the truck. Hands out Dunkin' Donuts coffees; one for Jack, one for Davey, one for --

BOBBY

Where's Mike?

JACK

Got busted again.

Jack starts for the front door, pissed. Bobby turns to Davey, lost in his usual haze of cigarette smoke.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

BOBBY

What for?

DAVEY

Drunk and disorderly, assault, managed to take a swing at a cop, too.

\*

Davey follows Jack into the house. Bobby's stunned, arrested? Jack reappears in the doorway, surly.

\*

JACK

You still have that tool belt?

CUT TO:

118 THIRD FLOOR - MORNING

118

Bobby's tool belt hangs awkwardly from his hip as he nails furring strips onto studs around a fireplace. It's tricky, the strips he's already nailed are crooked. The sound of NAIL GUNS somewhere else in the house. He's working alone.

Nails another one up. It splits, ugly. Picks up the next strip, fits it into place. Nails one end. Moves to the other end. Shit, it's a couple inches short of the stud.

DAVEY

Jesus...

\*

Davey's in the door. Lighting a new cigarette off the butt of the last. Bobby's embarrassed.

\*

BOBBY

I thought I marked it right.

Davey yanks the strip off in one motion.

\*

DAVEY

You don't want Jack seeing that shit.

\*

Measures it quickly. Pulls a pencil from behind his ear, writes the length on the wall. Measures it a second time.

DAVEY (cont'd)

Measure twice, cut once.

\*

Jams his carpenter's pencil behind Bobby's ear, goes.

CUT TO:

119 THIRD FLOOR - AFTERNOON

119

Bobby nails up the last strip. Where he started still looks bad, but the rest is okay. He steps back, pleased.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

JACK  
You finally done?

Jack enters with Davey, grimaces, shakes his head. \*

JACK (cont'd)  
Christ, that is ugly.

Starts back out. Bobby calls after him.

BOBBY  
If we're shorthanded, I know somebody who  
could use a job.

JACK  
Hope he isn't slower than you.

Jack goes. Davey's surveying Bobby's work. Nods, smiles. \*

CUT TO:

120 ROXBURY HOUSE - DAY

120

\*

The large pile of plywood, and... Danny. Hoisting up pieces  
of sheet, carrying them over his head into the --

121 ROXBURY HOUSE

121

\*

Up the stairs, heading for the second floor. Jack, Davey and  
Bobby are out on the beams, nail-gunning the plywood sheets  
in place. Jack sings along: \*

JACK  
It's another tequila sunrise...

Bobby comes gingerly across the beams to meet Danny and drag  
the plywood into place for Davey to nail. \*

DANNY  
Jesus, he ever sing on key?

BOBBY  
Nope.

CUT TO:

121A EXT. STREET - DAY

121A

\*

Gene makes his way down the street, looking for something. \*  
Stops. Heads into -- \*

122 THE ELBOW ROOM - DAY

122

Gene waits for his eyes to adjust to the interior gloom.  
Phil's at the bar.

GENE  
What're you doing?

PHIL  
Getting drunk.

Gene sits next to him.

GENE  
I called over to outplacement, see if you  
wanted to have lunch. They said you  
haven't been coming in much lately.

PHIL  
Oh yeah?

GENE  
Couple of weeks now.

PHIL  
No kidding.  
(and)  
I drove out to Gloucester yesterday.  
Place is a fucking ghost town.

Phil drains his drink, motions for another. The bartender  
saunters over. Gene waves her off.

GENE  
Why don't you let me drive you home?

PHIL  
Can't go home. Lorna doesn't want the  
neighbors to know I got fired so I can't  
show up until after six. Makes me haul  
my briefcase back and forth, too.

They sit there for awhile. Finally:

PHIL (cont'd)  
You see the Journal this morning? Listed  
how much CEOs made last year. Know who  
was seventeenth on the list? James  
Salinger, GTX. Twenty-two million in  
salary and bonuses.

Gene nods, he saw it. Then:

122 CONTINUED:

122

GENE

Want to go to the movies?  
(Phil looks up, what?)  
Catch a matinee. They must still have  
matinees. Get a bucket of popcorn,  
couple of those big Cokes.

Phil grins in spite of himself.

\*

CUT TO:

123 BOBBY'S PARENTS' KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

123

\*

Bobby's mother Fran makes dinner as Carson sets the table.  
Bobby enters through the back, lugging his tools and thermos.

CARSON

Hi, Daddy.

BOBBY

Hello, beautiful.

He picks her up, swings her around. Fran's grinning at him.

BOBBY (cont'd)

What're you smiling about?

FRAN

A man called today from Chicago.

She finds a message on the counter by the phone, hands it to  
him. Bobby stares at it as she continues.

FRAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

A Fred Munder. Said he was impressed by  
your resume, asked you to call.

(the clock)

It's not quite five in Chicago.

124 BOBBY'S OLD BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

124

\*

Bobby's in the jammed closet, going through his clothes,  
packing a bag. Maggie leans on the dresser behind him.

BOBBY

He's a headhunter.

MAGGIE

I thought the job was in Boston?

She's concerned, he knows why.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

BOBBY

It is. I'll fly coach, stay at Motel 6.  
They're looking for a VP of Sales with  
extensive experience in transportation  
marketing. That's me. This is my job.

CUT TO:

125 MOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

125

The bedside clock reads "4:19", but Bobby's wide awake.  
Looks at it, frustrated. Gives up. Swings out of bed.

126 SAME - LATER

126

It's still dark outside. Bobby's doing push-ups. Sit-ups.

127 BATHROOM

127

He shaves carefully. The in-room coffee pot percolating  
beside him on the sink top. Quietly, to himself, he chants:

BOBBY

I...will...win.  
Why? I'll show you why...  
Because I have...  
Faith...courage...enthusiasm...

128 MOTEL ROOM

128

It's finally light out. He's in boxers, ironing his white  
shirt. Pulls it on, starts to tie his tie in the mirror.  
Hesitates for a moment. Remembers how. Smiles.

129 SAME - LATER STILL

129

He sits on the edge of the bed fully, impeccably, dressed.  
Waiting, looks at his watch. It's still too early to leave.

CUT TO:

130 MICHIGAN AVENUE

130

He walks down the crowded street on a bright spring day.  
Looking for an address.

Finds it. Stares up at the marble skyscraper rising fifty  
stories above him. Smiles, pushes his way through the brass  
and glass doors.

131 NORVELL, VANDER & MUNDER - DAY

131

All polished teak and green granite. Makes his way to the  
attractive receptionist behind an impressive desk.

(CONTINUED)



BOBBY

Robert Walker to see Fredrick Munder.

The receptionist looks up.

RECEPTIONIST

You have an appointment?

BOBBY

Yes, for ten.

RECEPTIONIST

If you'd like to have a seat, I'll let his office know that you're here.

Bobby nods. Heads for the waiting area. Orchids in a pot, soft butternut suede sofas, new Architectural Digest and Wall Street Journals on the coffee table. He sits, leafs nervously through a Forbes. Too anxious to really focus.

NEFELD

Mr. Walker...?

A pleasant, middle-aged woman in a nice suit, carrying a book. She seems concerned, confused. He stands.

NEFELD (cont'd)

I'm Jane Nefeld, Mr. Munder's assistant. You say you have an appointment?

BOBBY

Yes. At ten.

NEFELD

I don't see it...

Uh-oh. She opens the large appointment book, checking.

BOBBY

I made it with Mr. Munder myself.

She's looking, trying.

BOBBY (cont'd)

Friday at ten. We spoke two days ago.

NEFELD

Oh my...He has you down for next Friday. The seventeenth...

A beat. Bobby tries to remain composed.

BOBBY

Next Friday?

NEFELD

(showing him)

Yes. At ten. There it is.

(smiles)

Can you come back next week?

BOBBY

I flew in from Boston.

NEFELD

Oh, I'm so sorry.

BOBBY

If he's unavailable now, I can wait. Or  
I could come back this afternoon.

NEFELD

Mr. Munder's in Dallas on business, he  
won't be back until next Wednesday.

132 MICHIGAN AVENUE - CHICAGO

132

Bobby steps back out onto the street. The sidewalk is busy with business men and women, carrying briefcases, talking on cell phones, checking Blackberries and iPhones, rushing for meetings and sales presentations. \*

Towering office buildings rise up around him. Above the buildings, a deep blue sky, clouds drifting past unnoticed.

Bobby stands there, the crowd parting, moving around him, avoiding. A man lost, surrendering. \*

He stands there defeated for a long beat. Then reaches for his tie, pulls it off, and walks away. Melting into the anonymous, crowded sidewalks of a city at work. \*

CUT TO:

133 INT. WILCOX'S HALLWAY AND LIVING ROOM - MORNING

133

Wilcox comes down the stairs, heels striking wooden steps as she descends. Suit, briefcase tucked under one arm.

Steps into the kitchen, slows at the sight of Gene parked at the table, reading the newspaper. A mug of coffee waits for

133 CONTINUED:

133

her on the kitchen counter. She takes a beat, then turns, goes. The front door CLOSES. Off Gene, never looking back --

CUT TO:

134 OMIT

134

\*

134A BU CASTLE DINING ROOM - LUNCHTIME

134A

\*

A beautiful panelled room. High ceilings, white linen, 19th century portraits. Phil waits at a table, nursing a drink. He's been nursing it for a while.

DYSERT

Sorry I'm late.

Dysert, the man we met at Salinger's banquet.

DYSERT (cont'd)

Got caught on a call.

PHIL

No problem, I got a drink.

The waiter appears.

DYSERT

Looks good. I'll have what he's having.  
(the waiter starts off)  
Hang on. You know what you want?  
(doesn't wait for an answer)  
I'll have the Cobb, no bacon.

PHIL

Ah... rib eye, medium-rare, with fries.

DYSERT

Sorry to rush things, I've got to be back for a staff meeting at one-thirty.

Phil smiles thinly. Guy shows up late, has to leave early.

PHIL

How're things at Betcher?

DYSERT

Ah...Germans's are giving us fits. You look great, you losing weight?

PHIL

Oh yeah, well, dying my hair.

And we realize, yeah. That's it. Okay...

(CONTINUED)

DYSERT  
So how are you doing?

PHIL  
Fine, sending out a lot of resumes.

DYSERT  
You're lucky to be out of it.

PHIL  
Word on the street is you're looking for  
a foreign sales exec.

DYSERT  
You have someone to recommend?

PHIL  
Yeah, me.

Dysert stares at him, surprised.

DYSERT  
It's international, all travel.

PHIL  
I have extensive overseas experience.

DYSERT  
I'm sure you do.  
(a beat)  
You mind my asking how old are you, Phil?

Phil laughs, tries to sound disarming.

PHIL  
Not worried I'll sue?

DYSERT  
I wouldn't hire anyone over thirty for  
that job. It's a killer. Out of the  
country five out of every six weeks.

PHIL  
Travel's not a problem.

DYSERT  
Why don't you cash it in? Shit, I would.  
Go lie on a beach.

PHIL  
I can't afford to go lie on a fucking  
beach.

Dysert sizes him up. A long beat.

DYSERT

I can't recommend you for the job.  
They'd laugh me out of the office.

(a friend)

My father died at his desk, massive  
coronary, he was sixty-two. Enjoy your  
life while you still can.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

\*

134A CONTINUED: (3)

134A

\*

135 A DOORBELL

135

RINGS in the deep darkness of a late hour. A light CLICKS on in the hallway of --

136 WILCOX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

136

Wilcox pulls on her robe. Makes her way down the stairs to the front door. The bell RINGS again, she peers through the glass side panels, perplexed. Opens the door.

WILCOX

Lorna...?

Phil's wife standing out in the cold, nearly hysterical.

LORNA

Is Gene here?

CUT TO:

Gene's driving, looking, nursing a 7-11 coffee. Takes a right, pulls along a deserted side road. Slows. Ahead, a car is pulled to the side of the road on an embankment. Lights off, engine running, driver's side door open.

Phil's hunting in the tall grass of the gravel shoulder. Dishevelled, coat laying in a heap on the car hood.

Gene walks toward him. Phil rears back, throws the rock he just dug up in the direction of the glass office building at the other side of the expansive parking lot below. The GTX sign glows serenely from the upper corner of the top floor.

A beat. The rock CLATTERS harmlessly on the asphalt below, miles away from doing any damage.

GENE

Lorna's pretty worried about you, has you wrapped around a tree somewhere.

A pint bottle of Chivas stands lonely sentinel on Phil's car hood. He finds another rock, turns it over in his hand, weighing. Rears back, flings it with a mighty GRUNT...

PHIL

Sons of bitches...

His voice echoes in the small amphitheater formed by the embankment as the rock SKITTERS across the parking lot below.

GENE

What're you doing?

Digs another rock out of the ground. Releases it with a thundering GRUNT, slips in the gravel, almost falls.

PHIL

Motherfuckers...!

Gene watches the rock sail away into the night. Follows it's arc with Phil. Closer, closer... it HITS the sidewalk in front of the building, scoots harmlessly into the bushes.

GENE

Tom Brady couldn't hit that building from here on his best day.

Phil stares at the building, chest heaving with exertion.

PHIL

Sarah's class is going to Italy. I write the check, I can't make the mortgage.

Gene watches him for a beat, then finally, carefully:

GENE

I could --

Phil shakes his head, "no". After another moment:

PHIL

You know the worst part?

(a beat)

The world didn't stop. The newspaper still came every morning, the automatic sprinklers went off at six. Jerry next door still washed his car every Sunday.

(then)

My life ended and nobody noticed.

CUT TO:

138 ROXBURY HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

138 \*

Bobby's hanging lathe with a nail gun, moving faster. Row after row of nicely spaced lathe. Danny sticks his head in.

DANNY

Boss says it's quitting time.

Bobby nails up the last furring strip. Disconnects the pressure hose from the gun, shuts the compressor down. Gathers his thermos, joins Danny and Davey on the stairs. The hallway below them now drywalled, plywood floor.

\*  
\*

BOBBY

Where's Jack?

Danny points up as he starts down the stairs.

DANNY

Still working. Come on, I'm buying.

BOBBY

It's three-thirty, what's he doing?

Davey slings his belt and an extension over his shoulder.

\*  
\*

DAVEY

Been working late, trying to make the completion deadline, get the bonus.

BOBBY

Why doesn't he have us stay and help?

DAVEY

Can't pay us.

\*

(CONTINUED)



BOBBY

He could pay us out of the bonus.

DAVEY

He needs the bonus to break even. He underbid to get the job and keep us working through the winter.

Davey goes. Bobby looks above, the oldies radio and the wet whine of a circular saw ripping 2x6. Takes a beat, then turns away, heading for his car and home.

CUT TO:

139 SUBURBAN BOSTON SHOPPING CENTER - LATE AFTERNOON 139

Phil comes out of a drugstore headed for his car, passes the Dunkin' Donuts, Mailboxes Etc., 7-11. Stops. A sign in the Papa Gino's window. "Help Wanted".

140 PAPA GINO'S - LATE AFTERNOON 140

It's dark, slow. A teenager buses a dirty table. Another one replenishes the salad bar.

KID

May I help you, sir?

A pimply kid behind the counter.

PHIL

I saw the sign in the window.

KID

Our Pizza Lovers special?

PHIL

Ah, no. Your Help Wanted sign.

The kid looks at him oddly. A beat. Calls back.

KID

Mr. Lister...

A man appears from in back. Clean cut, thirties, friendly.

LISTER

Hi, can I help you?

PHIL

I saw your sign. I'm looking for a job.

The man tries not to show his shock. Smiles politely.

(CONTINUED)

LISTER

It's a delivery job. Nights.

PHIL

You have an application I can fill out?

Lister pauses, not sure how to proceed.

LISTER

Most of my drivers are in high school, it only pays minimum wage.

PHIL

Okay.

LISTER

Sir, you don't want this job.

PHIL

I've never had a ticket or an accident.

LISTER

I'm sure you're a good driver.

PHIL

I have excellent references.

(Lister says nothing)

You won't let me deliver pizzas?

LISTER

No, sir. I won't.

CUT TO:

141 PHIL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

141

Phil is at the sink, doing the dishes. Methodically scrapes food into the trash, runs water over the plates before setting them into the dishwasher.

SARAH

Daddy?

His daughter Sarah has appeared beside him. She takes a beat, then carefully:

SARAH (cont'd)

Mrs. Taylor stopped me today. She said she hasn't gotten our check yet.

Phil scraps another dish into the trash, doesn't look at her.

SARAH (cont'd)

I don't have to go, Dad.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

PHIL

There must have been some kind of mix-up,  
I'll call the school in the morning.

This conversation is heartbreaking for the both of them.

SARAH

It's okay, it's not big deal. I know  
things are kinda tight right now.

She leans in, kisses him on the cheek, leaves. Phil drops  
his head. Then turns off the water, steps into the living  
room to follow her, but she's already disappearing upstairs.

Stops. Sees Lorna's on the sofa, passed out. TV on, a wine  
glass and half-empty bottle of Merlot on the coffee table.

He stares at her for a moment. Walks back into the kitchen.  
Goes to the sink, takes the trash out from underneath.

142 PHIL'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

142

Steps out his back door with the bag of trash. Stands on the  
porch. Lights a cigarette. A dog barks down the block.

He takes a deep, satisfying drag, sets the butt on the porch  
railing. Walks across the yard, heading for the cans beside  
the garage on the alley. Opens a lid, dumps the trash in.

Looks around. Steps to the garage's side door, opens it.  
Steps inside. We stay outside, DRIFTING BACK INTO the yard.  
Fluorescent lights BLINK on inside.

We watch him moving inside, silhouetted in the dirty glass of  
the window. A car PASSES in the alley. The cigarette he  
left on the railing GLOWS, it's ash threatening to fall.

BANG! A single shotgun blast from inside the garage as --

Lorna's eyes blink open. What was that? As a CHORUS of  
neighborhood dogs begin to BARK, we --

CUT TO:

143 CAMBRIDGE MEMORIAL PARK - DAY

143

Overlooking the Charles and downtown Boston. The mourners  
walk away from a grave site, head for their cars. Lorna and  
Sarah at the front, comforted by family.

Trailing her; Bobby and Maggie, Gene and Wilcox, Danny and  
Conal, their wives. Diane, Lake, Jane, Carol. Sunlight  
drifts down through the spring trees.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

Gene stops by his car. Looks across to find: Cynthia. Watching him. She takes a beat. Then climbs into her car. He turns back to find Sally there, watching him blankly. Then moves off to greet her younger contemporaries. Gene watches Cynthia's car drive away, steps over to Bobby.

GENE

Can Maggie give Sally a ride home?

CUT TO:

144 GLOUCESTER SHIPYARDS - AFTERNOON

144

Towering buildings of rusting steel and galvanized sheet metal. Silent cranes rise hundreds of feet into the clear wintry sky. Miles of cracked concrete piers jut out into the white-capped Atlantic.

Tankers and cargo ships. Decommissioned destroyers and frigates. All bearing silent witness to a thousand passages through exotic waters. The ghosts of sailors lost and the men who built these mighty ships whistle through the rusting rigging and the deserted buildings.

And inside the empty, cavernous --

145 MAIN ASSEMBLY BUILDING

145

Gene walks with Bobby. The ceiling a hundred feet above, the work floor fifty yards wide and a quarter of a mile long. The overhead cranes and scaffolding are silent, the sounds of a thousand men riveting and welding now only distant echoes.

GENE

We used to make something here. Before we got lost in the paperwork. The Nevada was built here. The Montana.

\*  
\*

The center of the floor is a massive rollered V, standing ready for another launch that will never come.

GENE (cont'd)

We had a frigate up front once and a missile boat behind. Phil started here, in hull assembly. He was a scrawny little bastard. Fearless, he'd hang upside down on a bosun's chair seventy feet off the shop floor to weld an overhead seam, Christ.

\*  
\*

(then)

Two thousand men per shift, three shifts

(MORE)

GENE (cont'd)

a day. Six thousand men earned a fair wage in this room, fed their families, bought homes. Made enough to send their kids to college and buy a second car.

Pigeons dart from beam to beam high above them.

GENE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Building something they could see. A ship you could see and smell and touch.

(and)

Men knew their worth, knew who they were.

\*

\*

He steps through the massive sea doors and out into --

The wind off the Atlantic rustles their hair, their ties.

GENE

One day you're making fifty bucks, then five thousand, then five million.

Gene stops at the edge of the water, looks out to the sea.

GENE (cont'd)

You start with some crazy idea, take insane risks, make barely enough to feed your family, not a chance you're gonna succeed. Then all of a sudden you've got all these things and you're terrified of losing them. Stock options, and company jets. Vacation homes in the Bahamas.

A container ship BLASTS it's horn, far out in the bay, heading to sea. Gene watches it's progress for a moment.

GENE (cont'd)

Truth is, I liked the five hundred dollar lunches and thousand dollar hotel rooms.

(a beat/then)

And now everything I spent thirty years helping to build for myself and everybody else is gone.

\*

\*

CUT TO:

147 BOBBY'S PARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

147

Bobby climbs the stairs in his clothes from the funeral. A TV is on somewhere below. The bedroom door is open, Maggie inside at the desk she's taken over to use as her vanity. \*

He stops in the open door, watching her evening ritual. She wears an old T-shirt of his, applies lotion to her bare legs. She sees him in the mirror, smiles softly.

BOBBY

I'm sorry.

MAGGIE

For what?

BOBBY

For everything. For letting you down.

MAGGIE

You haven't let me down.

BOBBY

Sure I have.

MAGGIE

You were never here before.

(then)

And now you are.

BOBBY

(a beat/he starts to go)

The dryer vent's clogged again, I told my Mom I'd take a look.

MAGGIE

Bobby...

He stops, she stands, walks to him, takes his hand.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

It can wait.

Pulls him into the room, closing the door behind them as we --

CUT TO:

148 NEW GTX CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS ENTRANCE - MORNING

148

A chauffeured car pulls into the entrance. Salinger climbs out of the back, starts for the doors.

GENE

Hello, Jim.

(CONTINUED)

Gene's waiting by the main doors. Salinger stops. They stare at each other, unsure of what comes next.

SALINGER

How have you been, Gene?

GENE

Kind of shitty. I was recently fired by my best friend.

(Salinger doesn't respond)

We missed you at the funeral.

SALINGER

I was sorry to hear about Phil, how's Lorna holding up?

Gene doesn't honor that with an answer, looks off. Then:

GENE

We built something together here, Jim. With these people. It wasn't just you and it wasn't just me. It was all of us. \*

SALINGER

They got a paycheck every week, medical care if they got sick, disability if they got hurt. This is a business, not a charity. \*

GENE

You made twenty-two million last year. These people have lost their homes, their marriages, the respect of their children. \*

SALINGER

We did what the market required of us to survive!

Gene looks off, doesn't answer. After a beat:

SALINGER (cont'd)

The Board accepted Allied's bid last night. Thirty-nine billion at 97 a share. They've asked me to stay on for a few months to help with the transition.

GENE

...I'm sorry.

Gene means it. But Salinger refuses to accept his concern.

SALINGER

Don't be, my shares are worth six hundred million.

GENE

(after a moment)

Congratulations.

SALINGER

How much are your shares worth now? Twenty million? Thirty?

Gene doesn't answer. Salinger smiles, starts to go.

SALINGER (cont'd)

I have to get to work.

GENE

Jim.

(Salinger stops)

We never worked for the stockholders, we worked for ourselves. We got fat and the people who trusted us to look out for them got run over. They deserved better.

\*

Salinger turns, disappears into the building. Off Gene, watching him go we --

CUT TO:



149 EXT. GENE'S HOUSE - DAY 149

Gene turns the Aston into the drive that leads to his house. \*  
The garage door opens to REVEAL Cynthia's Mercedes, the  
varnished concrete floor, and his empty parking spot.

He hesitates, then slowly pulls the Aston into the garage. \*

150 EXT. GENE'S HOUSE - DAY 150

He walks to the door. Starts to slip his key into the lock. \*  
Stops. Hesitates. Turns to go.

Cynthia opens the door. Stands there, silent. He doesn't \*  
know what to say.

She considers him for an agonizing beat. Then opens the door  
wider to let him in. As he disappears inside, off Cynthia --

CUT TO:

151 THE WALKER'S BACKYARD - DAY 151

Bobby and Drew are up in a tree, Carson on the ground, \*  
playing. They're hammering old boards, nails. Building a  
tree house in the branches.

BOBBY

Hold it there.

He pounds the nail in a couple of inches, leaving some head.

BOBBY (cont'd)

You sink it. Don't choke up on the  
handle, you'll get a better swing.

Drew smashes it in the rest of the way.

BOBBY (cont'd)

We lay another 2x4 across there and we'll  
be ready to drop in the floor.

MAGGIE

Bobby...?

Maggie's down on the ground, shielding her eyes against the  
sun to look up into the tree.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

You've got a call. A Frederick Munder's  
office from Chicago?

Bobby stares down from the tree. Doesn't move.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

MAGGIE (cont'd)

She said it was important.

Bobby hands Drew his hammer, drops down onto the 2x4s nailed into the tree trunk for a ladder.

BOBBY

Nail in some more sixteen sinkers.

Jumps down to the lawn beside Maggie. Looks to the house but doesn't move.

MAGGIE

Well, go on. They're waiting.

He walks at first, then jogs across the yard. Bounds up the stairs to the porch and disappears inside. Off Maggie we --

CUT TO:

152 ROXBURY HOUSE - DAY

152

\*

Bobby pulls his car into the muddy yard, there's tar paper down on the roof, stacks of shingles waiting in the dirt. Bobby climbs out, swings his tool belt over his shoulder.

153 ROXBURY HOUSE ENTRANCE HALLWAY

153

\*

Bobby enters, carrying a couple of coffees. Rough electric's in, trim. Bobby stops, listens, a nail gun echo upstairs.

154 THE ROOF

154

Jack's laying down roofing shingles, Allman Brothers on low on the radio. Bobby appears at the top of the ladder, climbs up onto the roof with the two coffees.

BOBBY

Working Sundays now?

Jack stops, turns. Caught. Bobby offers him a coffee.

BOBBY (cont'd)

Diedre says you've been out here every weekend. How much money you losing?

JACK

A bit.

BOBBY

Because of me?

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down. It all works out in the end.

These guys still aren't friends and never will be, but there's now a growing respect.

BOBBY

A guy called me today, offered me a job.

JACK

Yeah? Decent pay?

BOBBY

Eighty a year.

JACK

Thousand?

Jack shakes his head, picks up his Skill saw to cut.

BOBBY

It's about half what I used to make.

JACK

The world's a fucked-up place.

Bobby watches as Jack RIPS the saw through a board loudly.

BOBBY

Actually, I was thinking maybe I'd keep working for you.

(Jack stares at him)

I used to be afraid all the time, you know? The quarterly sales reports, the young guys coming up. Afraid I was going to lose an account or somebody was going to get ahead of me.

JACK

Can I be honest with you, Bobby? Take the job, you're a terrible carpenter.

Bobby laughs, he's not hurt.

DANNY

Christ, can't they make these damn things any lighter?

Danny's appeared at the top of the ladder, wrestling a bundle of shingles up onto the roof with a THUD. Jack stares at Bobby. Danny climbs up onto the roof, straightens his back.

154 CONTINUED: (2)

JACK

I can't pay you for working today.

Wind rustles Bobby's hair, he takes a deep breath, smiles.

BOBBY

I'll get started on the flashing.

Pulls on his tool belt. Danny starts back for the ladder.

DANNY

I...will...win. Why?  
I'll show you why!

Jack looks at him like he's insane. Bobby joins in:

DANNY/BOBBY

Because I have faith! Courage!  
Enthusiasm...!

And Danny's gone. Jack picks up his nail gun, goes back to work beside Bobby. Off the men, working side by side:

CUT TO:

155 EXT. NEW OFFICES DOWNTOWN - DAY

155

Wilcox makes her way down the street of old brick warehouses, recently renovated. Enters --

An office. Old, brick walls and wood beams. Furniture we recognize from GTX, some of Gene's maritime models. Finds Gene unpacking. Karen, his old secretary, is with him.

WILCOX

"McClary Maritime Associates"?

He watches her warily. Surprised to see her.

GENE

Yeah, no associates yet, but what the hell, it sounds better.

KAREN

The fax is from the dark ages. I'll stop by Staples tomorrow, get a new one.

Karen brushes past Wilcox, glaring at her as she goes. It isn't subtle. Wilcox let's it go.

WILCOX

Nice office.

(CONTINUED)

GENE

It's not much, but if I can cover the overhead the first year, I'll be happy.

WILCOX

I ran into Ben Wilson, said you're out looking for investors.

GENE

A few.

WILCOX

And?

GENE

I'm thinking about making a bid for Gloucester.

WILCOX

(trying to mask her surprise)  
The shipyards?

GENE

Allied doesn't want it. We've got the skilled labor, we renegotiate with the unions, start small, see if we can grow. There's still a business there.

She chooses not to engage about the Shipyards. Then:

WILCOX

You have time for lunch Tuesday?

She's suddenly vulnerable, still not looking at him. He takes a moment, then gently:

GENE

Cynthia and I will be out at the Cape.

She nods, smiles softly to herself. Then:

WILCOX

I sat in rooms and discussed how to destroy thousands of lives. I told myself I could do more on the inside, save a few jobs here and there. That if I didn't do it, somebody else would.

He watches her. Doesn't say anything. She didn't really expect him to. Takes a final look around as she goes.

"The Company Men" Shooting Draft Green 5/7/09 122A.

155 CONTINUED: (2)

155

WILCOX (cont'd)

Keep me in mind as a possible associate.  
I think I may be looking for a job.

CUT TO:

156 BOBBY'S PARENTS' HOUSE AND ALLEY - LATE AFTERNOON

156

Bobby parks in the alley beside the garage. Climbs out with his tools, tired, dirty. Drew's shooting hoops in the alley, working on his jumper on Bobby's old rusted rim nailed up over the garage. Makes one. Bobby applauds.

DREW

You want to play?

BOBBY

Gotta make a call. Maybe later, okay?

Drew nods, not surprised, turns back to his game. Bobby takes a few steps toward the gate, then stops. Turns back,

(CONTINUED)

watches Drew dribble, take another shot. Looks to the house again, then drops his tools. CLAPS for the ball.

BOBBY (cont'd)

Pass it in.

Drew looks up, what? His father CLAPS again. Drew passes him the ball. Bobby dribbles, puts a move on his son, but the kid picks it up, defends. Bobby fakes left, goes right hard, knocks Drew backwards onto his ass on the asphalt. Takes the lay-up. Recovers the ball.

Drew stares up at his Dad. Shit. But Bobby offers no apology, extends a hand to his still startled son.

BOBBY (cont'd)

First one to eleven?

Drew doesn't take the offered hand. Stands on his own, ready to rumble. Bobby grins, pops the ball to a determined Drew.

WE PULL SLOWLY AWAY as Drew comes at his father hard, one way, then the other. No mercy. Bobby laughs, Drew scoots around him fast in the fading afternoon light of the alley, stops short. Bobby falls for it, Drew takes the open jumper. Drew grins as the ball falls in and we --

SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK:

The End