

A.K.A.

Also Known As

screenplay
by
Doug Richardson

based on the book
by
Christophe Rocancourt

Director: Florent Siri

4/21/06

OVER BLACK:

We read: "BASED ON A TRUE STORY."

Then the voice of our narrator: *CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT*

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

*Strange thing, a name. What it can
mean to somebody.*

INT. GYM - HOTEL EXCELSIOR - NEW YORK - DAY

Meet CHRIS ROCANCOURT. Thirty years old, muscled, and working out on a bench press. Next to him is an older, thick-in-the-middle STOCK BROKER, who is pissing sweat.

STOCK BROKER

Every asshole in my office. Swear to God, they all think they're born to money. Like they're a Rockefeller or something. Think they deserve the money that's coming to them.

INT. MEN'S LOCKERS - HOTEL EXCELSIOR - NEW YORK - DAY

Fresh from showers, Chris is wrapped in a towel, the Stock Broker in a robe. Still...

STOCK BROKER

Buncha dot-com cry babies. They lose money, it's somebody else's fault. They make money, they're all fucking Rockefellers... Did I say that already?

Chris smiles, begins to dress. Crisp shirt, cufflinks, Rolex watch.

INT. GYM CHECK-OUT - HOTEL EXCELSIOR - NEW YORK - DAY

Again, Chris is shadowed by that talking Stock Broker.

STOCK BROKER

Hey. I like talking to you. Wanna get some lunch sometime?

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

*I've never had a plan. Only what
God gave me. My mind. And the
instinct for moments like this.*

CLOSE ON - THE GYM RECEIPT

Chris signs "CHRISTOPHER ROCKEFELLER," then hands it back to the DESK GIRL.

DESK GIRL
Thank you, Mr. Rockefeller.

FREEZE FRAME - THE STOCK BROKER

And his "aw fuck" look when he hear's the name "Rockefeller."

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*Now, I can hit this guy. I figure
he's good for, maybe, a hundred
thousand dollars. But he's given me
a gift. An idea. Before this moment,
I've never been a Rockefeller.*

STOCK BROKER
Excuse me... I didn't know Mr.
Rockefeller. I thought - you and me
were just -

CHRIS
- It's okay. Happens all the time.
I'll see you around.

EXT. STRETCH LIMOUSINE - DAY

Chris climbs in, cell phone to his ear.

CHRIS
Concierge, please? Yes, it's
Christopher Rockefeller calling.

POV SHOT - THE REAR VIEW MIRROR

The name "Rockefeller" sets off the LIMO DRIVER'S radar.

LIMO DRIVER
Where would you like to go today,
Mr. Rockefeller?

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*Test 2. Taking the name for a ride.
Today I'm Christopher Rockefeller.*

CHRIS
I feel like doing a little shopping.

INT. ARMANI BOUTIQUE - FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

QUICK SHOTS as Chris is putting on a variety of items.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*Pants, 3,000 dollars. Shirt, 2,000
dollars. Tie, 900. Cuff links,
5,000. Belt, 4,000. Jacket, 8,000.
Socks, 400. And...*

CHRIS

... Shoes. They're all so beautiful.
I can't decide.

SALES CLERK

If you tell me your shoe size, Mr.
Rockefeller? Might I suggest we
start with -

CHRIS

- All of them. Can you do that? In
my size. I'll take all of them.

It's on the SALES CLERK'S face. This is the sales score of
his career.

EXT. ARMANI BOUTIQUE - FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

The Sales Clerk helps the Limo Driver load boxes of shoes
into the large trunk.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

*"Of course, Mr. Rockefeller."
"Anything you want Mr. Rockefeller."
Because of the name, they wouldn't
think of asking me for cash or a
credit card. I ask if they can send
the bill to the Presidential Suite
at The Plaza Hotel. The Sales Clerk
thanks me. He's happy. He just
shook the hand of a Rockefeller.
Test complete.*

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - PARIS - PRESENT DAY

We meet Chris again, only he's a bit older and wiser,
sunglasses over a charming smile. His hair is shaved close.
Opposite him is a WOMAN JOURNALIST. Between them, a tape
recorder.

WOMAN JOURNALIST

And did you ever pay the bill?

CHRIS

Why would I? A Rockefeller bought
those clothes. I wasn't even staying
at that hotel.

WOMAN JOURNALIST

And the shoes. Did you really wear
all those shoes?

CHRIS

... I've always liked shoes.

EXT. 9TH AVENUE - SOUTH OF TRIBECA - DAY

We see a MONTAGE OF SHOTS. The limousine with the trunk lid open. Chris and the Limo Driver are distributing boxes of shoes to various HOMELESS MEN.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*I think I kept five pairs for myself.
 The rest I just gave away.*

We're CLOSE ON a HAIRY HOMELESS MAN with no shoes at all. As he kindly accepts the gift of new Armani shoes, Chris can't help but stare at homeless man's bare feet.

WE SLOWLY DISSOLVE:

INT. SCHOOLROOM - HONFLEUR, FRANCE - DAY

The SCHOOL DIRECTOR introduces a new student to the TEACHER and a classroom full of school children. The boy is scared, dirt poor, and has bare feet. This is YOUNG CHRIS, age 7.

SCHOOL DIRECTOR
 (in French)
 Quiet please. Quiet. Let me
 introduce you to our new pupil,
 Christophe Rocancourt.

But the children laugh and point at Chris's bare feet.

EXT. SCHOOLHOUSE - HONFLEUR, FRANCE - DAY

Young Chris (7) is cornered in the play yard by a GANG OF BOYS.

GANG OF BOYS
 (in French)
 Forget your shoes today? -- Hey,
 maybe he dropped his shoes in the
 shitter -- Bet your dad's so poor he
 don't have enough money to buy you
 shoes!

YOUNG CHRIS
 (in French)
 It's because I'm an Indian!

BOY #1
 (in French)
 Said you're a what?

YOUNG CHRIS
 (in French)
 A Sioux Indian. My father is a Sioux
 and my mother is half Apache.
 (MORE)

YOUNG CHRIS (CONT'D)
 Everybody knows those tribes don't
 get along. That's why we moved to
 Normandy.

BOY #1
 (in French)
 That's shit.

YOUNG CHRIS
 (in French)
 Indians don't wear shoes. That's
 why I go barefoot. Because I'm an
 Indian.

Young Chris (7) sticks out his chest. The boys don't know
 whether to believe him or not. So...

EXT. STREAM NEAR THE SCHOOL - HONFLEUR, FRANCE - DAY

Young Chris (7) has all the boys "war whooping" as they play
 Indians along the stream. Later, with a long forked stick,
 Young Chris (7) shows the boys how to spear frogs.

NEXT

Young Chris (7) builds a crown of dead frogs and performs a
 pretend ritual, crowning Boy #1. He even makes up a new
 language:

YOUNG CHRIS
 Mah-whan-tuta-pow.

GANG OF BOYS
 MAH-WHAN-TUTA-POW!

EXT. BEHIND THE SCHOOL - HONFLEUR, FRANCE - DAY

Another day, Young Chris (7) secretly shows the boys an old
 pipe.

YOUNG CHRIS
 (in French)
 It's a peace pipe. Who wants to
 try?

BOY #1
 (in French)
 Me!

Young Chris (7) loads dried leaves into the old pipe. He
 lights the pipe, breaths in a little bit of smoke, then
 expertly lets it out. Then Young Chris (7) hands it to BOY
 #1, who inhales and instantly falls into a coughing fit.
 The other boys laugh.

YOUNG CHRIS
 (in French)
 SShhhh! You're going to get us
 caught!

Young Chris (7) takes the pipe back.

BOY #1
 (in French)
 Show me how.

YOUNG CHRIS
 (in French)
 You're not an Indian.

BOY #1
 (in French)
 I'll give you anything.

Anything? Young Chris (7) thinks about it. Then points
 down at the Boy #1's shoes. A nice pair of new KICKERS.

INT. SMALL LIVING ROOM - BOY #1'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We START ON that new pair of Kickers on the feet of Young
 Chris (7). The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal a room full of
 boys watching TV. On the TV is an B grade American Western,
 with unrealistic, Hollywood Apaches attacking a fictitious
 circle of wagons.

YOUNG CHRIS
 (in French)
 That's exactly the way it was.

All the boys are barefoot but for Young Chris (7). Suddenly,
 they start whooping and jumping around the room, each of
 them pretending to be Indians.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
Eventually, I ran away. First from
home, then from school... From
Normandy. But I always knew where I
wanted to go.

INT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

The platform appears empty but for Young Chris. Only this
 Young Chris is an older, 14 years of age. He is homeless
 and sleeping on a bench when a STATION ATTENDANT appears.

STATION ATTENDANT
 (in French)
 Hey, kid. Got a ticket?

YOUNG CHRIS
 (in French)
 ... What?

STATION ATTENDANT
 (in French)
 Where are you going?

YOUNG CHRIS
 (in French)
 America.

STATION ATTENDANT
 (in French)
 Trains from this platform go to Paris.
 Unless you got a ticket, you can't
 stay here.

YOUNG CHRIS
 (in French)
 ... Then I'll get a ticket to Paris.
 After, I'll go to America.

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Establishing. Airplanes touching down. Sunshine. Palm trees. This is L.A.X.

EXT. OCEAN PARK - SANTA MONICA - DAY

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*It was 1991 when I finally made it
 to America. The day I arrived, I
 had only a t-shirt, sneakers, and
 maybe three hundred dollars in my
 jeans' pocket. I was twenty-four
 years old.*

With the deep blue Pacific in the b.g., Chris is seated on a bench near a bending palm tree. He wears only jeans, a t-shirt, and sneakers, observing everything that goes by -- BEAUTIFUL WOMEN on roller blades, JOGGERS, CYCLISTS, all a California cliché.

EXT. CHEAP HOLLYWOOD MOTEL - NIGHT

Establishing.

INT. CHEAP HOLLYWOOD MOTEL - NIGHT

With the TV on in the b.g., we see Chris lying on a bed reading two Bibles side-by-side. One French, one English.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*To learn English, I read the Holy
 Bible and watched American TV.*

The show on the TV is a re-run of DALLAS.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O. (CONT'D)

But I quickly learned that English isn't the most important language of Los Angeles. It's money. And if I wanted to play here, I needed more and fast.

INT. OFFICE - CHEAP HOLLYWOOD MOTEL - NIGHT

Chris is sharing a late night Vodka with the old KOREAN MOTEL OWNER who is drunk.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

I made friends with the Korean man who owns the motel. I asked him why the owner has to work the night shift at his own business. Like me, he has money problems.

KOREAN MOTEL OWNER

... I lend this man a hundred-fifty thousand. He Korean like me and say he's a friend. But he no pay me for long time. Now, one of my own people say he gonna burn my business if I ask again.

CHRIS

...I say no. He not going to burn your business. I will get your money back. For you I do this. Plus twenty percent interest.

Hope springs in the Korean's face.

KOREAN MOTEL OWNER

You can do that for me?

SPFX SHOT

As Chris stands, the background changes to a BOXING GYM. Chris appears in boxing shorts and shadow boxes right in front of the impressed Korean Motel Owner.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

I tell the Korean I'm a professional boxer. And in France, when I was between fights, I would sometimes collect money for the dirty promoters.

RETURN TO SCENE

Chris is, once again, seated in the motel office.

CHRIS

I will just need something to start.
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

To make impression. Rent a black car, driver, and body guard. Big black man.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

I tell him my fee is twenty thousand dollars. Half now, half later... He pays me.

The drunk Korean Motel Owner counts out ten thousand dollars in cash and gives it to Chris.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O. (CONT'D)

The Korean's happy. He thinks he'll spend twenty thousand dollars to get back his hundred and fifty, not to mention the twenty percent interest.

EXT. RODEO DRIVE, BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

Chris is walking down the street like John Travolta in Saturday Night Fever.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

But I never try to get the Korean's money. Instead, I pocket the ten thousand dollars and go shopping.

Chris ducks into a designer store.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - NIGHT

A limousine cruises down the strip.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

It wasn't all a lie. I rented a black car and driver. But the big impression I planned was for an audience at the Cafe Maurice on Sunset, the center of French culture in Los Angeles.

The limo pulls up to Cafe Maurice. His DRIVER opens the door and out steps Chris, dressed to impress.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O. (CONT'D)

If you want to make a million bucks, I decide you've gotta look ten million. I enter like a king.

INT. CAFE MAURICE - NIGHT

In SLOW MOTION, we see Chris enter this swank restaurant. He looks fantastic. He speaks French to the MAITRE D', who kindly hands Chris off to a BEAUTIFUL HOSTESS, who then leads Chris to a two-seat table right next to the kitchen entrance.

*CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
Instead of being treated like royalty,
I'm seated at a shitty table attended
by rude waiter. Nobody notices me.
I'm invisible amongst my own kind.*

So Chris, drumming his fingers on the lousy table, begins to observe.

CHRIS'S POV

AN AMERICAN MAN and his WOMAN entering Cafe Maurice, only this man subtly folds a hundred dollar bill into the Maitre D's palm. At the bar, a man with a GOLD WRISTWATCH is flanked by two BIMBOS. Next to him, a PERSIAN man with a stack of bills, peels of a hundred and hands it to the BARTENDER, who then leans across the bar, whispers in the Persian's ear, then coolly points in the direction of a DECOROUS WOMAN. Then...

WE INTRODUCE - ROBERT JOHN

He's a suave French-born American. A QUICK MONTAGE as Robert John cruises the room. He appears to know everybody. He's shaking hands at the bar, being kissed by women, accepting free drinks, seating himself at various tables.

ROBERT JOHN
Bonjour - Hello, how are you? Comment
ca va

A WAITER appears at Robert John's side, delivering him a bottle of Cristal Roederer. The Waiter whispers in Robert John's ear, then points across the room at Chris. At first, Robert John doesn't recognize Chris. But he paints on a smile and waves anyway.

EVENTUALLY

Robert John crosses the room with the bottle of champagne and an outstretched hand. He pretends to know Chris.

ROBERT JOHN (CONT'D)
So nice to see you. How've you been?

CHRIS
Please, sit.

ROBERT JOHN
Of course. And thanks so much for
the champagne. You're too kind...

CHRIS
(in French)
It's okay, my friend. We don't know
each other. My name's Christophe
Rocancourt.

Robert John is lost for words.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(in French)

I just arrived from Paris. I come here for dinner. I look around. Of course, I don't know anybody. You, on the other hand, seem to know everybody.

A wide smile appears across Robert John's face. He instantly understands.

ROBERT JOHN

Chris. Would you like to meet some friends of mine?

INT. CAFE MAURICE - LATER

A small group BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE are gathered around a table. They're drinking, laughing, and at the center is Chris.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

I've told them I'm a boxer. The European Champion in my class. And that I've come to Los Angeles for my first American fight. I may be their guest. But I'm not yet the king.

Robert John puts an arm around Chris.

ROBERT JOHN

(in French)

Are you having fun, my friend?

CHRIS

(in French)

Listen. Would you like to come to my fight? You could be my special guest.

ROBERT JOHN

(in French)

Of course. I'd love to. When?

CHRIS

Friday.

EXT. LIMOUSINE - IN MOTION - NIGHT

It's fight night. Chris and the Driver have just picked up Robert John. Chris nervously twists his right pinky.

ROBERT JOHN

(in French)

Nervous about the fight?

CHRIS

(in French)

I'm more nervous about getting there on time.

(to the Driver)

IS THERE A PROBLEM?

DRIVER

SORRY, SIR. I CAN'T FIND THE STREET ON THE MAP. ARE YOU SURE IT'S IN DOWNTOWN?

CHRIS

PULL OVER. I CALL MY MANAGER.

EXT. DOWNTOWN BAR/RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Establishing. The Limo driver stands outside his car, smoking a cigarette.

INT. DOWNTOWN BAR/RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A poorly populated bar. Robert John waits at a table when Chris appears with a big smile on his face.

CHRIS

(in French)

A win by forfeit! The other fighter was so scared of me that he didn't show up.

ROBERT JOHN

(in French)

But a win is a win, yes? This calls for champagne!

CHRIS

Would you mind to speak English? I need very much the practice.

ROBERT JOHN

Of course, I don't mind.

(calls out)

CHAMPAGNE FOR THE WINNER.

Chris leans closer to Robert John.

CHRIS

Can you keep a secret?

ROBERT JOHN

What kind of secret?

CHRIS

I pay you five hundred dollars for this secret.

A roll of cash appears in Chris's hand. He peels off five one hundred dollar bills. Robert John's expression speaks volumes.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You take this money. Then we go back to the Cafe Maurice and you tell everybody I win the fight by knockout. First round!

ROBERT JOHN

Oh... I love this story.

CHRIS

You say yes?

Robert John stands. He's so excited at the prospect of this ploy, he wants to prove to Chris he can sell it. He sounds like a ring announcer.

ROBERT JOHN

You, Christophe Rocancourt, the European Welterweight Champion, in your American boxing debut...

INT. CAFE MAURICE - NIGHT

ROBERT JOHN

... WINNER BY A KNOCKOUT IN THE FIRST ROUND!!!

Robert John ENTERS with Chris. Like a referee, he's holding Chris's right arm high in the air. PATRONS begin to clap, with the applause growing louder as Robert John escorts Chris the Champion into the middle of the restaurant.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

To the Cafe Maurice, I have returned a king. I am instant royalty. I am in.

CHRIS

CHAMPAGNE FOR EVERYONE!!!

INT. SUITE - RITZ HOTEL, PARIS - PRESENT DAY

Chris is comfortably seated on a sofa. On the table before him is a microphone and recorder set-up. Opposite him is an Associated Press RADIO REPORTER with a thick pad of notes.

A.P. RADIO REPORTER

Robert John said, and I quote, "Rocancourt was completely crazy. Out of his mind. That's the only reason I ever went along with it."

CHRIS

Robert John is a rat.

A.P. RADIO REPORTER

Do you say that because he talked to the police?

CHRIS

I say he's a rat because he's a rat. He lives on the crumbs left on the floor by people with real money.

(leans forward)

Forget about Robert John. Let me tell you about L.A. I picked L.A. for two reasons. First, it's name. Los Angeles. City of Angels. Now, I have always loved God. As a matter of fact, I grew up next to a church.

EXT. ST. ANNE'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - HONFLEUR FRANCE - DAY

We see a trailer parked in a field behind the old community church. Parked next to the trailer is a blue car. The CAMERA SLOWLY pushes in toward the window of the trailer until we can see what's inside. There's a half-dressed woman lying across the bed. By the sounds of it she could be in pain. But we SLIDE TO THE RIGHT until we see a NAKED MAN pounding her from behind.

The woman is CHRISTOPHE'S MOTHER. We know this because she looks at the CAMERA and screams:

CHRISTOPHE'S MOTHER

(in French)

CHRISTOPHE! GET OUT, YOU LITTLE SHIT!

REVERSE POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW

Young Chris (7) jumps away from the window.

WIDE SHOT - THE CHURCH

And Young Chris (7) running toward the church.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

So my mother was a whore. But that was a blessing because she conducted her business so close to God.

INT. ST. ANNE'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - HONFLEUR FRANCE - DAY

Young Chris (7) quietly ENTERS during this sparsely attended mass.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*I loved the church. I loved the
 priests. The ritual. I loved the
 vestments. It was all so very
 beautiful for a young boy.*

INT. ST. GERMAIN'S CHURCH - ST. GERMAIN, FRANCE - DAY

Another church, larger than St. Anne's, where we see a mass.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*Later, I used to run away from the
 orphanage just so I could go to
 church. I was even an altar boy.*

Sure enough, there is Young Chris (aged 10) wearing the garb of an acolyte, receiving an offering plate loaded with small bills and coins.

CLOSE ON - THE OFFERING PLATE

In a smooth, slight-of-hand, Young Chris (10) steals a 5 Franc coin before handing the plate off to the unsuspecting PRIEST.

INT. DORMITORY - ST. GERMAIN ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*And with the money I earned as an
 altar boy, I bought candy to share
 with my fellow orphans.*

Young Chris (10) splashes a pile of cheap candies onto the floor. The happy ORPHANS, dive from their bunk to grab a piece of the loot. Suddenly, they freeze and their faces turn to stone.

REVERSE ANGLE - BEHIND YOUNG CHRIS (10)

Stands the ORPHANAGE DIRECTOR and the Priest, who stares down at the guilty altar boy.

INT. SUITE - RITZ HOTEL, PARIS - PRESENT DAY

Chris lights a cigarette.

CHRIS
 As you might guess, that was the end
 of my career in the church.

A.P. RADIO REPORTER
 Let's move ahead to the shooting on
 Sunset Boulevard -

CHRIS
 - I wasn't finished.
 (MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I said there were two reasons why I picked L.A. One was God. The other was bullshit.

EXT. BARFLY - NIGHT

Establishing. Valets parking expensive cars, huge DOORMEN, a velvet rope, and a throng of WANNABES trying to get into this ultrahip nightspot.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

I didn't understand it when I first arrived, but L.A. was perfect for me because it runs on two things. Money and bullshit.

INT. BARFLY - NIGHT

Hip, LOUD MUSIC, and packed with the glitziest of L.A. NIGHTCLUBBERS. Amidst the hoard are CELEBRITIES.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

And I mean bullshit. What gas is to automobiles, bullshit is to L.A. I mean everything is fake.

We see what looks like a hot couple - a WELL-HEELED MAN and his SILICONE-ENHANCED WOMAN.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O. (CONT'D)

I say look at her. That's not her natural hair color. Her nose is fake, her tits are fake. And even if the poor guy works hard for his money, what doesn't know is when he takes her home, she's not fucking him. She's fucking his Bentley.

ENTER Chris and Robert John, who sees a group of people he recognizes. Robert John introduces Chris.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O. (CONT'D)

So right there, I've already got half of what it takes to make it in L.A. Cuz nobody makes better bullshit than me.

The music loud. So when they talk, they must SHOUT TO BE HEARD.

ROBERT JOHN

CHRIS. I WANT YOU TO MEET ALFONSO.
ALF? MEET CHRIS.

Introducing ALFONSO ALARCON. He's 40, handsome but paunchy, and pleased to meet a friend of Robert John's.

ROBERT JOHN (CONT'D)
CHRIS IS A BOXER. EUROPEAN CHAMPION.

ALFONSO
WOW! PLEASED TO MEET YOU. CHRIS,
THESE ARE SOME FRIENDS OF MINE.
JEANNIE, DAVID, DONNA, LINDA, AND
OVER THERE, THAT'S MICKEY ROURKE...

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*As in the movie-star, Mickey Rourke.
You know him. "Angel Heart, 9 1/2
Weeks." He was pretty hot for awhile.*

Movie star MICKEY ROURKE leans across to shake Chris's hand.

MICKEY
SO YOU'RE A BOXER, HUH?

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*Like I said. I've got the bullshit.
All I need now is the money.*

INT. COAT-CHECK ROOM - BARFLY - NIGHT

Chris is looking for directions to the men's room.

CHRIS
Excuse me. But I look for the -

GRETE (O.S.)
- Right turn. Men's on the left.

REVERSE ANGLE - INTRODUCING GRETE

But not just any coat check girl. A young knock-out from Norway, seated at the back of the closet and reading a Bible. But Chris doesn't follow her directions. He's transfixed by her.

CHRIS
Excuse me for something else. May I
ask you this?

Chris waits for her to look at him. When she does...

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I'm new in Los Angeles. And I'm
looking for a good church.

The look Grete gives him is cool and untrusting. She ignores.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I'm serious. I will be happy if you
could recommend me a church.

GRETE

A second ago you wanted to know where the men's room was.

CHRIS

Yes. But I see you reading the Bible and I'm thinking you can help me?

GRETE

You're in Barfly? Hello? And I've heard all kinds of lines.

CHRIS

What is "a line"?

She's no longer reading her Bible. She's nearly engaged. Chris gives her a becoming smile.

GRETE

What I'm saying is that you'll have to do better than asking me to recommend a church.

(back to her Bible)

A lot better.

CHRIS

But I can do better. You have a church? I will go with you.

Once again, she looks up to meet the eyes of the unrelenting young Frenchman.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

I remember one of those times when I escaped from the orphanage to find refuge of the church.

INT. ST. GERMAIN'S CHURCH - ST. GERMAIN, FRANCE - NIGHT

Moonlight streams through the stained-glass windows, spotlighting Young Chris (10) in prayer.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

I prayed to God for three wishes.

YOUNG CHRIS

(in French)

Jesus, please hear this prayer. For my first request. I would very much like to marry a virgin...

INT. SANTA MONICA PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - DAY

Sunday services. A full house. And there, standing right next to beautiful Grete is Chris, singing along to the hymn. Now and again, she steals looks at him. And he, in turn, steals looks at her.

EXT. WEST GATE OF BEL-AIR - DAY

Establishing. Robert John is behind the wheel of his old model Mercedes. In the rear are Chris and Grete.

EXT. ALFONSO'S BEL-AIR HOME - DAY

Chris's POV as Robert John wheels the car through the gates. It's a beautiful, Tudor-styled mansion with ivy covered walls, manicured lawns, trees, and a motorcourt where Alfonso has parked three cars - a recent models Jaguar and a Mercedes convertible, plus a 1963 Corvette.

REVERSE ANGLE - CHRIS

The grin on his face says it all. Wow.

EXT. POOL AREA - ALFONSO'S BEL-AIR HOME - DAY

A pool party in full swing. BIKINI'D WOMEN and MONEYED MEN. The CAMERA DRIFTS to Chris and Robert John who are seated on a couple of loungers. Robert John watches the stunning Grete pull herself out of the pool and grab a towel.

ROBERT JOHN

A woman that beautiful shouldn't be a virgin. It's a sin against nature.

CHRIS

Your nature. Not mine.

CUT TO - STEPS LEADING FROM THE HOUSE TO THE POOL

We see the handsome Alfonso as he descends, flanked by two SILICONE-ENHANCED women. He is clearly the King of this castle.

BACK TO - CHRIS AND ROBERT JOHN

Robert John leans over to Chris.

ROBERT JOHN

Look at Alfonso. He acts like he's on top of the world. But in truth, he's on top of something else.

(off Chris's look)

A mountain of debt. I also hear he has problems with his old partner in Portugal. He has to leave for six months just to put his business back in order.

We've seen this look before on Chris. His mind is working.

EXT. POOL AREA - ALFONSO'S BEL-AIR HOME - NIGHT

The sun is gone. The scene is aglow with tiny white lights strung in the trees. The party mood has turned to mellow. Chris joins Alfonso at the barbecue.

CHRIS

Smells good.

ALFONSO

So when's your next fight?

CHRIS

I make more money if I go up in weight class. So first, I must eat more and train.

ALFONSO

And how is training in L.A.? I mean, as opposed to in Europe?

CHRIS

Oh, I love L.A. But all the time with the driving. I've got to go here for the boxing gym, somewhere else for the swimming, another place for the running.

Chris turns around. In a single gaze he can see the big house, the pool, the grounds.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Alfonso. May I make you a proposal?

ALFONSO

And what would the European Champion propose me?

CHRIS

First a question. Is it true that you will be gone from America for six months?

ALFONSO

Word travels. But yes. I need to give some mouth to mouth to one of my businesses abroad.

CHRIS

... I would like to rent your house.

Alfonso stops cooking.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

It's perfect. Everything I need is here. Pool. Gym.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I can do my road work on the streets
of Bel-Air.

(turns back around)

I can pay you sixty thousand for six
months.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

*Now, I don't have the money to pay
him. And I've already spent the ten
thousand I got from the Korean.*

Returning to the barbecue, Alfonso mulls the offer, then
slowly begins to nod.

CHRIS

So we are agreed, then?

ALFONSO

Why not? I only hope I can make it
back in time for your next fight.

EXT. ALFONSO'S BEL-AIR HOME - DAY

A large moving truck is parked in the motorcourt. And we
see MOVING MEN walking out the front door, carrying furniture
and loading it onto the truck.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

*After Alfonso leaves for Portugal, I
start my new business with a cash
infusion.*

WE FOLLOW the Moving Men into the house. We pass a leather
sofa and chairs being carried out.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O. (CONT'D)

*From the money I get for his living
room furniture, I will send him ten
thousand dollars as a deposit.*

INT. LIVING ROOM - ALFONSO'S BEL-AIR HOUSE - SCENE CONT'D

As the last piece of furniture is moved out, we discover
that an actual, professional boxing ring is being assembled.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

*In truth, the furniture never fit
the style of the house. And the
boxing ring was a much better use
for the space.*

INT. LIVING ROOM - ALFONSO'S BEL-AIR HOUSE - DAY

Bang. Chris sweats in the ring while trading blows with a
SPARRING PARTNER.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

To complete the illusion, I use the rest of the money for a real trainer, sparring partners, servants, and a bodyguard.

As the TRAINER is barking orders from outside the ropes, a beefy, six-foot-six bodyguard named BIG BENNY enters with a tray of designer bottled water. A WIDER SHOT reveals a casual gathering of other GUESTS, all watching Chris box.

TRAINER

Time!

The round is over. Chris tosses his gloves, grabs a towel and hangs over the ropes. He recognizes a distinguished man in a suit hanging in the b.g.. This is DAVID THE LAWYER.

CHRIS

David!

Chris climbs through the ropes.

DAVID THE LAWYER

When you said you were having some people over, I didn't know there was going to be an exhibition.

CHRIS

Just a little workout. Anyway, I'm glad you're here. But did you have to come dressed as my lawyer?

DAVID THE LAWYER

I didn't know I was your lawyer.

We FOLLOW Chris and David the Lawyer out of the house, into the backyard and...

EXT. POOL AREA - ALFONSO'S BEL-AIR HOME - DAY

... With a pool party in progress, we see sweaty Chris ENTER just as Alfonso did, King of his own castle, only with a lawyer at his side. From across the pool, an applauding Robert John stands with:

ROBERT JOHN

IN THIS CORNER, CHRIS "LE TAUREAU"
ROCANCOURT!

Applause as Chris is greeted by his new FRIENDS, gets a kiss from the party hostess Grete, and then dives into the pool. When Chris surfaces on the other side of the pool, he's face to face with Robert John.

ROBERT JOHN (CONT'D)

It's a great party, my friend.

CHRIS

Grete organized it. She's looks good, yes? She says she wants to be an actress.

ROBERT JOHN

For sure. But still too beautiful to be a virgin.

CHRIS

I asked her to marry me. She said yes. So...

ROBERT JOHN

She'll be a virgin no more.

Robert John hands Chris a bottle of beer, they clink glasses and share a laugh.

EXT. POOL AREA - ALFONSO'S BEL-AIR HOME - LATER

Chris cozies up to the sunbathing Grete. She squeals as he shakes his wet hair, then gives Chris a loving shove.

GRETE

That wasn't very nice.

CHRIS

Maybe I'm not so nice.

GRETE

I wouldn't marry you if you weren't nice -

Though he's staring right at her, Chris appears to have drifted off.

REVERSE SHOT - CHRIS'S POV

In the reflection of Grete's sunglasses, he sees a commercial jet flying overhead. Chris twists and turns to look up at the sky and that silvery jet.

GRETE (CONT'D)

Chris? Hello, Chris? Where are you?

CHRIS

I'm here...

(a smiling lie)

I was just thinking about our honeymoon.

INT. SUITE - RITZ HOTEL, PARIS - PRESENT DAY

Tired from the interview, Chris stands, faces a window and stretches, causing his sweater to rise and reveal a portion of a large tattoo on his back.

A.P. RADIO REPORTER

Some tattoo. There a story to go with it?

Chris pulls down his sweater.

CHRIS

Nobody's business but mine... Listen. I'm tired. You have enough, yes?

MOMENTS LATER

The radio crew exits, Chris waves goodbye, shuts the door and leans against it. At last, he's alone. Only there's a BUZZING SOUND in his head that we begin to hear...

INT. TATTOO ROOM - NIGHT

This room is dark but for a single source light. We see Chris is lying on his stomach while a TATTOO ARTIST works magic on his back.

TATTOO ARTIST

Yeah, yeah. I'm with ya, bro. Keep talkin'.

CHRIS

What about?

TATTOO ARTIST

Like your first big score. How'd that shit go down?

CHRIS

... Anybody can rent a house in Bel-Air. It's another thing to buy one.

EXT. STONE CANYON BOULEVARD - BEL-AIR - DAY

We see Chris driving Alfonso's Mercedes convertible through the heart of Bel-Air. Left and right, mansions behind forbidding gates. Chris pulls into a driveway and pushes the call button. A voice of a woman REAL ESTATE BROKER answers:

REAL ESTATE BROKER (OVER SPEAKER)

Is that you, Chris?

CHRIS

Hello, beautiful lady.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*The trick is to find the perfect
house.*

The big gate slowly swings open.

INT. MOTORCOURT - STONE CANYON ESTATE - DAY

The huge front door opens and out steps the Real Estate Broker. She's 40, a brunette, with the look of a former beauty queen.

BUT HER POV

It's Chris in SLOW MOTION, pulling into the motorcourt in that Mercedes convertible.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*Of course the Broker's showing me
the best houses in Bel-Air. It's
because she believes what she sees.
I'm a young, rich European, living
in a Bel-Air mansion, driving a
hundred-thousand-dollar car.*

INT. STONE CANYON ESTATE - DAY

At least triple the size of Alfonso's house. Higher ceilings. Marble floors. A sweeping staircase. The Real Estate Broker introduces Chris to a GREEK GUY in a smart suit.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*So I already know this Greek Guy is
not the owner. This Greek Guy
represents the owner -- A Saudi
Prince.*

GREEK GUY
Would you like some espresso?

CHRIS
That would be great.

The Greek Guy gestures at a SERVANT. Meanwhile, Chris is shown to the LIBRARY.

INT. LIBRARY - STONE CANYON ESTATE - DAY

As coffee is being served to Chris...

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*You can't make a score unless the
other guy is greedy. Greedy people
smell money like a shark smells blood.*

CHRIS

I'll be straight with you. I love this house. It's exactly what I'm looking for. My only problem is with American banks. Too many rules, no privacy, if you know what I mean.

The Greek Guy nods, trying to act cool. A giant oil painting of his SAUDI BOSS hangs behind him.

GREEK GUY

Are we talking about a cash deal?

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

Just the sound of the word - "cash" - it's like blood in the water.

CHRIS

Half cash, half wire from a Swiss account.

GREEK GUY

... That's asking price. Which is fifteen million. So seven and a half million. In cash?

CHRIS

The rest wire. Do we have a deal?

We see a big grin on the Greek Guy's face.

TATTOO ARTIST (V.O.)

And all this time he thinks you're for real? He actually believes you?

EXT. STONE CANYON ESTATE - DAY

We see Chris shaking the Greek Guy's hand goodbye, kissing the Real Estate Broker, then climbing back into the Mercedes convertible.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

Why shouldn't he believe me? I believe me. I believe that I'm buying the house. I believe that I have millions in a Swiss Bank. I believe the Rolls convertible I'm driving is my Rolls convertible. I'm not acting it. I'm living it.

INT. TATTOO ROOM - NIGHT

TATTOO ARTIST

Hold on. You said it was a Mercedes convertible.

CHRIS

No. It was a Rolls convertible.

EXT. STONE CANYON ESTATE - REVISED ACTION

So instead of climbing into the Mercedes convertible, we see Chris climb into a Rolls Royce convertible and pull away.

INT. TATTOO ROOM - NIGHT

TATTOO ARTIST

So it's a Rolls. Whatever. But I don't get the thing. If you're promising to pay the Greek all this money, how do you end up making out?

We see part of the tattoo forming on Chris's back. It's a dollar sign.

CHRIS

First I need a Swiss Bank account.

INT. EUROBANCO ZURICH - SWITZERLAND - DAY

We see the ACCOUNTS MANAGER answer the phone.

SWISS ACCOUNTS MANAGER

Eurobanco Zurich. Werner Emmerich speaking.

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

INT. ALFONSO'S BEL-AIR HOME - DAY

Chris is seated at the breakfast table. Toast, coffee, and a telephone at his ear.

CHRIS

Hello. My name is Christopher Rocancourt. Is it possible for me to open an account by telephone?

INT. STONE CANYON ESTATE - DAY

The Greek Guy is on the phone.

GREEK GUY

I'm calling to confirm banking by a Mr. Christopher Rocancourt. The account number is number 34938573639.

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

INT. EUROBANCO ZURICH - SWITZERLAND - DAY

And Werner, the Accounts Manager.

SWISS ACCOUNTS MANAGER

Yes. I can affirm that account.

INT. GREEK RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A traditional Greek Restaurant. It's loud with singing and dancing. Enter two, tall MODEL-LOOKING women, walking side by side from the LADIES ROOM..

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

Remember, the women are part of my illusion. I play the role of a foolish man with too much money. Such a man is always surrounded by beautiful girls. I cast these women just like a Hollywood movie.

The women arrive at a table, seating themselves to either side of Chris, who sits opposite the Greek Guy. Chris waves a RESTAURANT MANAGER nearer, then obviously presses a hundred dollar bill into his palm.

CHRIS

More wine! But this time, the good stuff, yes?

(back to Greek Guy)

Now what was I saying?

GREEK GUY

You were telling me how you bring cash from Switzerland.

CHRIS

... It works like this. I have a special man who does just this kind of thing. But it costs a little bit of money. He charges fifty grand.

GREEK GUY

You mean it costs me fifty grand?

CHRIS

Of course not. We split the expense. I pay twenty-five. You pay twenty-five. He brings the money in a week.

INT. TATTOO ROOM - NIGHT

TATTOO ARTIST

I get it. You hit the guy by splitting the costs.

CHRIS

It's just the hook.

INT. GREEK RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Another night, more wine, and flanking Chris are two DIFFERENT model looking women. The Greek Guy pushes a CASH STUFFED ENVELOPE across to Chris, who presses another hundred dollar bill into the Restaurant Manager's fist. More wine! More music!

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
He pays me the twenty-five thousand.
But the situation is about to change.

INT. LIBRARY - STONE CANYON ESTATE - DAY

A change in tone. We see Chris is seated across from the Greek Guy.

CHRIS
We have a slight problem. My man in Switzerland is feeling uncomfortable. He's never traveled with this much cash. I think, maybe, we should send him in a private jet.

The Greek Guy shows a furrowed brow.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Round trip is about twenty-five hours flight time. At ten thousand dollars an hour -

GREEK GUY
- Two hundred fifty thousand?

The Greek Guy can't believe it. He stands and gestures.

CHRIS
Of course, we'd have to split that. One twenty five each. But how about this? Maybe you can call my man and put his mind at ease.
(pulls out a piece of paper)
There's his number. He's in room 903.

While the stunned Greek Guy ponders the call...

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
Now, the Greek Guy is thinking about two things. He's thinking about how he's going to tell his Saudi Prince boss that he screwed up such a good deal.

The Greek Guy turns a shade of pale, stealing a look at that oil painting of his Saudi boss.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O. (CONT'D)

The other is how much he can still skim from the deal after he pays me the hundred and twenty five grand.

The Greek Guy dials the Swiss phone number.

GREEK GUY

Yes. Room 903.
(covers the phone)
What's his name?

CHRIS

Robert.

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - ZURICH HILTON HOTEL - NIGHT

Robert John answers the phone.

ROBERT JOHN

Hello?

GREEK GUY

Yes... Hello. I am the, uh... friend of Christopher -

ROBERT JOHN

- Good. So I'll tell you the same thing that I told him. Do you know what it's like living with two suitcases full of money? I can't even leave my room for a bowl of borscht.

We PULL BACK WIDE to reveal Robert John is indeed in a hotel room. But instead of suitcases full of cash on the bed, there's a SWISS HOOKER.

ROBERT JOHN (CONT'D)

Then there's airport customs. Have you ever met a Swiss Customs Official? I tell you, they're all a bunch of fucking Hitlers!

Of course, the Greek Guy doesn't know how to respond.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

The Greek will need time to think about it. Which is fine with me because I have a different problem.

EXT. GATE - ALFONSO'S BEL-AIR HOME - DAY

As Chris pulls up in Alfonso's Jaguar, he sees a MAN FIXING A FORECLOSURE SIGN to the gate. Chris steps out of the car.

CHRIS

Excuse me. This is my house. What are you doing?

MAN FIXING SIGN

Sorry pal. Notice of Foreclosure. You've got a week before the bank auctions off the house.

The man climbs into his truck and drives away.

CHRIS

Okay, Alfonso. You want to play me that way?

Chris rips down the sign and tosses it into the bushes.

INT/EXT. ALFONSO'S BEL-AIR HOME - DAY

Chris is followed by Big Benny and some other SERVANTS. He's gesturing this way and that.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

Just one week until the bank auctions the house. That means only a week to plan the biggest party of my life!

VISUAL EFFECT

Everywhere Chris points, indoors and out, we see the PARTY RESULTS come to life. The boxing ring disappears. VALETS appear, plus decorations, special lighting, DJ's, dance floors, ice sculptures, COOKS and CATERERS.

We FADE OUT as day turns to night and -

EXT. ALFONSO'S BEL-AIR HOME - DAY

Slammed with people, all having the best time ever. We see David the Lawyer talking up a PARTY GIRL young enough to be his daughter. And near a fountain, we find Chris talking to Mickey Rourke.

MICKEY

So what happened to the boxing ring, man? I was gonna ask your trainer to look at my footwork.

CHRIS

You didn't know? I'm retired from boxing. I'm more focused on my investments. More profit, less risk.

It's here where Chris sees the Greek Guy, looking impressed but a little out of place. Chris waves the Greek Guy over.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Mickey. Meet a friend of mine.
He's looking after a house I'm
thinking of buying.

The Greek Guy is obviously thrilled to meet Mickey Rourke.
Meanwhile, we FOLLOW CHRIS as he saunters deeper into his
own party. Robert John catches up with him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Robert! Welcome back. How was your
vacation?

ROBERT JOHN

I'm addicted to Swiss Hookers. You
know why? Because they always have
their orgasms on time.

Chris shares a belly laugh.

ROBERT JOHN (CONT'D)

This is one helluva shindig. How in
the world did you pay for all this?

CHRIS

I'm surprised you didn't hear. Our
friend Alfonso sold his company for
a big profit. As an engagement gift,
he told me to throw a big party and
charge it all to him.

HIGH POSITION - CHRIS'S POV OF THE PARTY

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

*Sometimes a party is just a party.
Other times, it's about attracting a
big fish to my hook.*

As Chris observes the GUESTS at his party, he scans from one
man to the next, PAINTING MARKS on the ones who look like
big fish.

CHRIS'S POV SUDDENLY HOLDS ON - GRETE

His stunning fiancée is under an awning, coquetishly leaning
against a wall as an attractive man named RICHARD talks her
up. The man's body language is obvious. And Grete isn't
exactly pushing him away. Chris turns to Robert John.

CHRIS

Who's that asshole?

ROBERT JOHN

Don't know. But it looks like he
wants to put the pork to your girl
before you do.

CUT TO - UNDER THE AWNING

It's just Grete and Richard until jealous Chris appears.

GRETE

Oh, Chris! Meet Richard Alpha. He actually owns Alpha Models. And this is my fiancée, Chris.

Grete puts her arms around Chris, kissing him on the lips.

CHRIS

Having fun, Richard?

RICHARD ALPHA

Great party. And what a house, too. Really beautiful.

GRETE

Richard's in the market. He wants to buy in the neighborhood.

CHRIS

Is that so? Me? I'm getting bored with Bel Air. But ma cherie wants to stay... You're looking dry, Richard. Grete? Would you mind?

Chris holds up his empty glass. Grete shoots Chris a look before heading off to get him and Richard more champagne.

RICHARD ALPHA

You're thinking of buying somewhere else?

CHRIS

Can I tell you something?
(closer)

Before I buy anywhere I've got to solve a little liquidity problem. Grete? Now she's got expensive tastes. And when I put this house on the market, she's going to be angry. I'd rather just tell her I sold it and be done with it.

RICHARD ALPHA

So what you're saying is your house isn't listed yet?

CHRIS

Please. It's her dream house. You can't tell her I'm selling it.

RICHARD ALPHA

Wouldn't think of it.

(MORE)

RICHARD ALPHA (CONT'D)
 (eases closer)
 Would it be rude if I asked what
 kind of price you're looking for?

CHRIS
 Let's say I'd consider an offer below
 market. But only if it came with a
 cash incentive.

RICHARD ALPHA
 What kind of a cash incentive?

Chris looks Richard Alpha dead in the eye.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*This man is greedy and he wants to
 fuck my virgin.*

This is where Grete returns with three crystal flutes of:

GRETE
 Champagne!

RICHARD ALPHA
 Yes. Champagne!

CHRIS
 Champagne!

INT. KITCHEN - ALFONSO'S BEL-AIR HOME - DAY

Grete is cooking breakfast while Chris reads the newspaper.

GRETE
 You can't sell the house!

CHRIS
 Why not sell the house?

GRETE
 Why not? How about because it's not
 yours to sell!

CHRIS
 Richard the Dick doesn't know that.
 And he wants to fuck you.

GRETE
 So do you.

CHRIS
 Ah, but I have a remedy for that.
 So how are the wedding plans?

GRETE

There won't be any wedding plans if you sell Richard a house that you don't even own!

CHRIS

That settles it, then.

GRETE

Settles what

CHRIS

... I won't sell the house.

Chris shrugs and returns to his breakfast while Grete examines him from a distance. She slowly approaches.

GRETE

You just wanted me to know you were jealous. Didn't you?
(starts tickling him)
Didn't you? Didn't you....

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LAWYERS OFFICE - DAY

Big windows. A long conference table. This room stinks of all things legal. As David the Lawyer is exiting:

DAVID THE LAWYER

Shout if you need anything.

REVERSE ANGLE

At opposite sides of the table sit both Chris and Richard Alpha, who pushes a valise across to Chris.

RICHARD ALPHA

One hundred thousand dollars.

CHRIS

In exchange for a note - signed by me - promising to sell you the house at the agreed price.

And while Richard Alpha examines the document...

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

This asshole thinks what we're doing is legal because we're in the office of my lawyer. The truth? My lawyer doesn't even know what I'm paying him for.

Click click. Chris opens the valise to reveal the hundred thousand dollars in cash.

TRICK SHOT/SWISH PAN - BACK TO THE DOOR

Where, once again, David the Lawyer is saying the same goodbye.

DAVID THE LAWYER
Shout if you need anything.

SWISH PAN BACK TO - THE CONFERENCE TABLE

Only it's later the same day, and the Greek Guy is pushing the briefcase across to Chris.

GREEK GUY
A hundred and twenty five thousand dollars.

Click click. As Chris opens the briefcase to check the cash.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
Now, wait a minute.

FREEZE FRAME

As Chris examines the cash.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O. (CONT'D)
If you think I'm stealing their money you're only half right. Yes, I'm stealing. But chances are it's not their money. It's the government's money. Black cash. Unreported dollars they've hidden from the tax collectors.

SPLIT SCREEN

Richard Alpha on one side, the Greek Guy on the other, both happily shaking Chris's hand goodbye.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O. (CONT'D)
Sure they can go to the police. But they won't. Otherwise they risk the government arresting them for tax evasion.

THE SCREENS MERGE

At last, Chris is alone in the conference room. He pumps his fist.

EXT. ALFONSO'S BEL-AIR HOME - DAY

Richard Alpha pulls up to the house in his BMW. He finds the driveway is packed with cars. And a sign is on the gate, reading: FORECLOSURE AUCTION TODAY.

INT. ALFONSO'S BEL-AIR HOME - DAY

The living room is empty of all furniture, but full of BUYERS. Richard Alpha ENTERS just as the AUCTIONEER drops his gavel and points at a REAL ESTATE SPECULATOR in a red dress.

AUCTIONEER

SOLD!

INT. OFFICE - CHEAP HOLLYWOOD MOTEL - NIGHT

Chris hands the old Korean three stacks of cash.

CHRIS

That's thirty thousand. Your ten thousand plus twenty more. I'm sorry. That's all I could get out of him.

But by the look on the old Korean's face, he's thrilled.

KOREAN MOTEL OWNER

Will you take nothing for your hard work?

CHRIS

Buy me a wedding gift.

INT. SANTA MONICA PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - DAY

The gathering is a SMALL WEDDING PARTY, including Robert John, David the Lawyer, and Mickey Rourke. Chris is in a suit and Grete is in a spectacular wedding dress. Chris first places the diamond-encrusted wedding band on Grete's finger. And now it is her turn.

CLOSE ON - CHRIS'S HAND

As she slips the wedding band on his ring finger, this is the first time we notice a problem with Chris's left pinky. It is deformed, without a fingernail, cut off at the last knuckle.

YOUNG CHRIS (V.O.)

(*in French*)

Mommy. You look pretty today.

INT. SUN-STREAKED ROOM - DAY

Chris's mother is at a vanity, applying the last of her make-up. Young Chris (7), dressed in a communion suit, is standing next to her.

YOUNG CHRIS

(*in French*)

Really, mommy. I never saw you so beautiful.

CHRISTOPHE'S MOTHER

(in French)

And I've never seen such a handsome boy.

She pulls him close, examining both herself and him in the mirror's reflection.

CHRISTOPHE'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

(in French)

Your father was handsome... Of course, that was before he turned into a drunk.

This is where she puts on a wedding veil.

CHRISTOPHE'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

(in French)

Run along now. It's about to begin.

EXT. CITY HALL - HONFLEUR, FRANCE - DAY

Chris's mom and the GROOM are showered with rice as they step from the *Mairie*. A small gathering of FRIENDS and WELL WISHERS applaud and call out. Chris's mother finds him near the curb. She stops, kneels to her boy, tears in her eyes.

CHRISTOPHE'S MOTHER

(in French)

This is goodbye, Christophe. I'm never coming back. Your father will care for you, now.

(kiss on both cheeks)

Be happy for mommy. And have a good life.

She stands, takes the hand of her new husband, and GIGGLES like a schoolgirl as he pulls her to the waiting car.

CLOSE ON - YOUNG CHRIS (7)

His face evolves from shock to fear. Then instinct takes over as the boy chases after his one and only mother.

POV SHOT - YOUNG CHRIS (7)

The engine to the waiting car starts. But the passenger door is still open. As Young Chris (7) nears, reaching for his mother, the Groom reaches across his new bride, kisses her, then pulls shut the door.

YOUNG CHRIS'S HAND

Is caught in the door. His pinky severed at the last knuckle.

THE BOY SCREAMS

But the sound is drowned by the acceleration of the car. Young Chris (7) falls in the street, cradling his bleeding hand. A crowd gathers around him to help. But what can they do? The boy's lost his mother.

INT. TATTOO ROOM - NIGHT

The Tattoo Artist has suddenly stopped. The sadness of Chris's story is infectious.

INT. CORNER PUB - HONFLEUR, FRANCE - NIGHT

Young Chris (7) enters into the working class bar with his FATHER, a hefty man with a reputation. Eyes swivel to the odd pair as father and son find seats at the bar. Christophe's father gestures to the BARMAN.

CHRISTOPHE'S FATHER

(in French)

One Ricard and a...

(turns to Young Chris)

What do you want?

YOUNG CHRIS

(in French)

Lemonade?

CHRISTOPHE'S FATHER

(in French)

This is my boy, Christophe.

BARMAN

(in French)

Nice to meet you, Christophe.

Christophe's father drops some coins in front of his son.

CHRISTOPHE'S FATHER

(in French)

Pinball machine over in the corner.

Why don't you give it a go -

TOUGH MAN (O.S.)

(in French)

- Hey, Christophe!

Young Chris (7) and his father turn in unison. Ten paces away are THREE TOUGHS at a small table.

TOUGH MAN (CONT'D)

(in French)

Now that your mommy's gone, who's gonna suck my dick?

As the Toughs laugh, Christophe's father rises from a stool.

CHRISTOPHE'S FATHER
 (in French)
 Christophe. Go play now.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*It was my father who taught me to
 box. He was a great fighter.*

INT. CORNER PUB - HONFLEUR, FRANCE - LATER

There's a scrum of MEN trying to stop the fight. In the middle is Christophe's Father, held by the Barman. But Christophe's Father breaks free and throws a picture perfect, boxer's right hand which lands on the Tough.

SWISH PAN TO - A PINBALL MACHINE

Where Young Chris (7) plays, trying to drown out the fight with the sounds of BELLS and BUMPERS. But in the reflection of the machine, he can still see the fight going on behind him. At last, Young Chris (7) can't take it anymore. The scrappy boy leaves the machine and hurls himself into the middle of the fight, scratching and kicking to defend his father.

EXT. BACKSTREETS - HONFLEUR, FRANCE - NIGHT

The Barman kindly pushes a heavy wheelbarrow into which he's piled Christophe's Father, drunk and beaten. Atop his father's stomach rides a victorious Young Chris (7), who holds his hands high in the air as if he'd just won the championship of the world. They disappear into the foggy night...

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*That was life with my father. He'd
 sleep off the alcohol then wake up
 and return to his job on the docks.
 But the next night we'd be back in
 the pubs for more drinking and
 fighting. I liked it just fine.
 But my father didn't think it was a
 good life for a young boy...*

EXT. WOODED AREA - HONFLEUR, FRANCE - DAY

On his belly, Young Chris (7) pushes through some tall grass.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*... So I went to live with my
 Grandfather.*

Introducing Christophe's GRANDFATHER, a wild-haired man who crawls up next to Young Chris (7).

POV SHOT - YOUNG CHRIS AND HIS GRANDFATHER

Just beyond the woods and grass is a chicken pen. Beyond that, a small farmhouse.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O. (CONT'D)

*My grandfather was a truly free man.
A gypsy. Which means he felt unbound
by bourgeoisie rules. He encouraged
me to do what I pleased and take
what I needed.*

With his Grandfather's go-ahead, Young Chris (7) crawls under the wire of the chicken pen and, with a simple stick, string, and chicken seed for bait, garrotes a chicken and withdraws with his game.

CUT TO - REVERSE SHOT

Grandfather and grandson scampering back into the woods.

INT. FIRST CLASS CABIN - AIR FRANCE - IN FLIGHT - PRESENT DAY

Chris is seated next to a beautiful, young American TELEVISION PRODUCER. She's taking notes while her tape recorder winds.

CHRIS

Please, understand something. Where I come from, a boy from a low social class has no future at all. He's supposed to stay in that condition. That's why I had to escape.

TELEVISION PRODUCER

So it was your grandfather, then.
He taught you to steal.

CHRIS

No, no. My grandfather never taught me how to steal. He taught me how to survive.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LAWYERS OFFICE - DAY

Very QUICK SHOTS of different DUPES and MARKS, men and women, each pushing briefcases, small duffel bags, and even cardboard boxes full of money across that lawyer's conference table to Chris - click click, zip zip, flip flip.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

*And believe me when I say I survived
very well. California real estate
was booming.*

EXT/INT. MONTAGE

We SEE WHAT CHRIS DESCRIBES:

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*I buy my own cars, now. Ferrari,
 Mercedes. Grete and I are living in
 a top floor apartment in West
 Hollywood. She's pregnant and very
 happy. And there was money. Lots
 and lots of money.*

INT. FIRST CLASS CABIN - AIR FRANCE - IN FLIGHT - PRESENT
 DAY

TELEVISION PRODUCER
 And what did you do with all that
 money?

CHRIS
 Banks. Safe deposit boxes. Different
 names, of course. Many names.

INSERT SHOT - SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES

Clang, clang clang. Different safe deposit boxes with stacks
 and stacks of cash in them, open and shut.

TELEVISION PRODUCER
 Different names means different forms
 of identification. Where'd you get
 all the ID's?

CHRIS
 It was easy in America. To access
 your bank account, all you need is a
 valid driver's license. So I go
 where everybody else goes. the
 Department of Motor Vehicles.

INT. WEST HOLLYWOOD D.M.V. - DAY

The line behind Chris is long. At last, it's Chris's turn
 at the DRIVER'S LICENSE WINDOW. Behind the counter is an
 attractive Hispanic girl. This is EMILIA. He acts a little
 embarrassed, but she's charmed by his smile.

CHRIS
 Hi. I'm Chris... I'm from France.

EMILIA
 Is that right.

CHRIS
 I was going to ask you about driver's
 licenses but... the line was so long
 (MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)
and there's been nothing to do but
look at you. I'm sorry, I think my
words are too strong.

But she's smiling, flattered.

EMILIA
Can I help you with something?

CHRIS
Yes, but have to ask you something
first. Do you have a boyfriend?

EMILIA
... This really isn't an appropriate
place -

CHRIS
- I understand. But maybe can you
tell me where is the appropriate
place so I can ask you there?

That smile again from Chris. She can't help but be charmed.

EXT. SEASIDE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Chris and Emilia having a casual, but romantic dinner. After
a walk on the beach.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
Of course, she gets some nice dinners.
She gets walks on the beach. And
she's Catholic, which means after I
have sex with her I have to meet her
family.

EXT. FAMILY HOME - EAST LOS ANGELES - DAY

Small backyard. Barbecue. Large MEXICAN FAMILY and Chris
looking perfectly at ease.

INT. BEDROOM - VERY SMALL APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chris and Emilia are in bed, under the covers, face to face.

CHRIS
Ma cherie. You know I wouldn't ask
you unless I really needed one.

EMILIA
My price is five thousand dollars
for the first driver's license. Two
thousand for each one after that.

As the stunned Chris is momentarily speechless.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

Like it was gonna last with us.

(kisses him)

Don't be shocked. You had fun, I
had fun. But business is business.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - PRESENT DAY

We're watching from that Young Television Producer's POV.
Chris is under hot lights. It's a TWO CAMERA shoot. One
focused on Chris, the other on the FEMALE INTERVIEWER.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

You say there were lots of women.
Did you sleep with all of them?

CHRIS

Some of them.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

Grete, your wife. Did she know?

CHRIS

It was business.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

And pleasure?

Chris can't help but smile that smile.

INT. BARFLY - NIGHT

Pounding music and miles of fresh, FEMALE FLESH dancing and
mingling.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

*Mickey used to say I changed women
like ice cream flavors.*

EXT. SKY BAR - NIGHT

Paparazzi VIDEO FOOTAGE of a smiling Chris and Mickey Rourke
entering the club, STUNNERS hanging off every arm, blinding
flashes as they pose for the PAPARAZZIS' CAMERAS.

PAPARAZZIS

Mickey! - Hey, Mickey! - Over here -
Look this way! - Who's your friend?

MICKEY

This is Chris.

PAPARAZZIS

Who's Chris? - Hey, this way Chris!

MICKEY

He's the guy that's gonna bring me back.

Chris just flashes that charming smile and waves.

INT. ELEVATOR TO SKY BAR - NIGHT

CHRIS

So now I'm a movie producer?

MICKEY

Why not? I see the way you operate. I figure you got more business sense than all the other monkeys I pay.

INT. SKY BAR - NIGHT

The elevator doors open to this exclusive club on top of a highrise, sporting 360 degree views of Hollywood. Mickey and Chris move into the pulse-pounding THRONG. Heads turn. After all, it's Mickey Rourke with an ENTOURAGE that grows larger with every step.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

The newspapers like to say that Mickey's star has fallen. But in Hollywood, a fallen star is still a star.

VIP SECTION

Where Mickey and Chris set up shop for the evening. Champagne is poured. FRIENDS and STAR FUCKERS stop by to say hello, buy another bottle of Cristal for the star.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O. (CONT'D)

Everywhere Mickey goes, people want to be near him. He never has to pick up a check. And why should he? He's a star. A burning flame that attracts people with money.

CHRIS'S POV

His radar is heating up, mentally painting every POTENTIAL MARK who nears Mickey with an "X".

INT. CLUB GRANITA - NIGHT

Another club, another night. Chris and Mickey are seated near a window when suddenly they're showered with CAMERA FLASHES from outside.

MICKEY

Hey. Let's give 'em somethin' to remember.

Mickey stands and starts to unbuckle his belt. Chris follows suit.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW

The Paparazzi are treated to Mickey and Chris's bare asses. The cameras go wild.

BACK IN THE CLUB

The CLUBBERS scream with delight. Here we meet the one and only DARCY LA PIER. A six-foot goddess who, along with all the others in the club, are vastly entertained by The Chris and Mickey Show.

CLOSE ON - CHRIS

As he's pulling up his pants, he catches Darcy's eye. The two exchange attracted grins.

EXT. CLUB GRANITA - NIGHT

Mickey and Chris exit the club under a hail of camera flashes. While they wait near the valet stand...

MICKEY

Hey. Want your face in the papers tomorrow?

CHRIS

I think we're already in the papers.

MICKEY

Not your ass. I said your face. C'mon. Kiss me on the lips. See what the scumbags print tomorrow.

CHRIS

Okay. But no tongue.

CUT TO - PAPARAZZI VIDEO

As Chris and Mickey kiss near the valet stand, then step back and laugh and laugh at all the attention.

BACK IN THE CLUB

Through the window watches Darcy La Pier. She's not watching Mickey. She's watching Chris. She's amused at the display.

INT. LA BREA APARTMENT - DAY

After Chris puts a newspaper under arm and pours a cup of coffee in the kitchen, the CAMERA FOLLOWS him through a loft-styled apartment crowded with emptied boxes and every piece of new baby gear imaginable. In the other hand is a book on famed producer Dino De Laurentis.

CUT TO - THE BABY'S ROOM

Where ready-to-deliver Grete hand-paints little white clouds on the sky blue walls. Chris shuffles in.

GRETE

What do you think?

Of course, she's asking him about the nursery. Instead, Chris hands her a tabloid newspaper with pictures of him and Mickey kissing.

CHRIS

What do you think? I look better than Mickey? Pretty funny, huh?

As he starts to leave...

GRETE

Chris? Don't go out tonight. Stay home with me. We can rent a movie.

CHRIS

Maybe it should be a Mickey Rourke movie? Did I tell you he wants me to be his producer? Hey, maybe I can find an acting part for you.

GRETE

Don't tease me.

CHRIS

Check this out. Did you know that the life of Dino De Laurentis before Hollywood is a total mystery?

GRETE

Dino who?

But Chris puts his head back in the book and EXITS. She calls after him.

GRETE (CONT'D)

For once, stay home. Please?

CHRIS

I have business, Grete. How else am I going to pay for all this... stuff?

INT. THE POLO LOUNGE - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - NIGHT

Chris looks laid back, parked at the center of a power booth. He's flanked by a pair of TYCOON wannabes.

TYCOON #1

Seriously, Mr. De Laurentis -

CHRIS

- Rocancourt. My father is Dino,
but I keep my mother's name for
privacy. You understand.

TYCOON #2

Sure we do. Look. Let us send you
the business plan. I think you'll
get a better understanding of -

CHRIS

- I don't need to see it. I like
you, I like your product. I say,
let's do it. Let's say ten million.
Half cash, half wire -

CLOSE ON - CHRIS

Suddenly struck by the woman who walks past. Darcy La Pier
with a girlfriend. She and Chris trade dangerous looks.
Meanwhile, Chris finds himself shaking hands with his guests.

TYCOON #2

Sounds great, Mr. Rocancourt.

TYCOON #1

Can I ask you something? Your sister,
Rafaella, she goes by De Laurentis,
right? I only know cuz she was
checking into the hotel when I walked
by the front desk.

EVEN CLOSER ON - CHRIS

This is an "oh fuck" moment. It's all right under Chris's
skin.

CHRIS

My sister? You sure? Here at the
hotel?

TYCOON #1

Twenty minutes ago.

CHRIS

That crazy girl... Would you excuse
me for a moment?

CUT TO - JUST OUTSIDE THE POLO LOUNGE

Chris is walking, heading for the nearest exit when he stops.
To his left is the front entrance. To his right, the
restrooms and a bank of phones. Chris could walk out of the
hotel, hand the valet the ticket in his hand, and escape
without risk of discovery. Or...

CUT TO - PHONE BACK NEAR THE RESTROOMS

Chris picks up a phone.

CHRIS

Please ring the room of Rafaella De Laurentis, please.

(pause)

Hello? Rafaella? This is Christopher De Laurentis. Forgive how this must sound, but my entire life, everyone asks if I'm your brother. Then just now, I'm downstairs in the Polo Lounge... Yes! It's crazy. Somebody said they'd seen you checking in, so you can understand why I rang your room to say hello and ask if I could buy you a drink?

A slight crack in the LADIES ROOM door, then out steps Darcy. Has she been listening? She smiles at Chris and returns to the Polo lounge.

INT. POLO LOUNGE - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - LATER

The very charming Chris is sharing the booth with the brassy, RAFAELLA De Laurentis.

RAFAELLA

My father would always say...

(impression of Dino)

"Rafaella, darling. I'll buy you a little brother before your mother has another child with me!"

Chris and Rafaella laugh. But she catches him looking across the bar to Darcy La Pier.

RAFAELLA (CONT'D)

Can I ask you a question? The girl over there. Do you know each other?

CHRIS

We haven't met, but I know three things about her. Her name is Darcy. She's a model. And she's stalking me.

RAFAELLA

Well, allow me to make the official introduction.

A very unafraid Rafaella waves Darcy to the table. So Darcy bravely approaches.

RAFAELLA (CONT'D)
 Are you Darcy? Meet my little
 brother, Christopher De Laurentis...

Chris looks to Rafaella. She gives him a sideways smile.

RAFAELLA (CONT'D)
 ... Christopher? This is Darcy?

DARCY
 Darcy La Pier.

Then as Chris and Darcy finally shake hands, Rafaella stands and offers hers.

RAFAELLA
 I'm Rafaella and I am jet-lagged.
 So excuse me, ciao, and good-night.

The brassy Italian EXITS, leaving Darcy and Chris giggling.

INT. THE POLO LOUNGE - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - EVEN LATER

Closing time. It's just Chris and Darcy at the bar.

DARCY
 You are not her brother.

CHRIS
 Who says?

DARCY
 I say.

CHRIS
 ... They're closing.

DARCY
 So where should we go?

If ever a look was an invitation.

CHRIS
 How about Las Vegas?

EXT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - DAWN

A roadside gas station. It's just Chris on the phone.

CHRIS
 I'm on an early morning flight to
 Chicago. If I don't chase this guy,
 I'm not going to close the deal.
 (pause)
 Grete. I can't talk. They're calling
 the flight. Kiss kiss. I love you.

As Chris hangs up, the CAMERA FOLLOWS to his Ferarri, where Darcy waits. CRANE UP as the Ferrari tears off into the early morning desert. In the distance we see Las Vegas.

INT. CASINO - CAESAR'S PALACE - DAY

Day? Night? It doesn't matter. Chris and Darcy sit at a blackjack table, playing all the hands themselves. They're having a ball while he loses stacks and stacks of chips.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - CAESAR'S PALACE - DAY

It's a hot-body SWIMSUIT show around this high-rollers' pool. Pop goes another bottle of Cristal. Chris pours for Darcy.

DARCY

I feel sorry for you. You've lost a lot of money.

CHRIS

I don't mind losing. Money means only one thing to me. The fun you can have with it.

DARCY

Still, I feel sorry for you. So I want to buy you something. A gift.

CHRIS

What kind of gift?

DARCY

Maybe your dream girl. What would you say to Miss Hawaiian Tropic?

CHRIS

There's only one girl I want.

INT. PRIVATE BUNGALOW - CAESAR'S PALACE - DAY

Chris is standing at the window, overlooking the pool when Darcy calls out from the bedroom.

DARCY (O.S.)

You can come in, now!

The CAMERA LEADS Chris through the bungalow and through the double doors to the bedroom. He stops, then grins.

REVERSE ANGLE - DARCY

She's posed on a bed, naked but for a beauty contestant sash which reads: "MISS HAWAIIAN TROPIC"

INT. PRIVATE BUNGALOW - CAESAR'S PALACE - NIGHT

The phone rings, waking both Chris and Darcy, who rolls out of bed and crosses to the bathroom. Chris answers the phone.

CHRIS

Hello?

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

INT. ANOTHER HOTEL ROOM - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

Mickey Rourke on the phone with Chris, the Las Vegas Strip in the b.g.

MICKEY

You are a dog.

CHRIS

Mickey? Where are you?

MICKEY

Same as you. Flew in for the Tyson-Holyfield fight. Listen. I got friends here who want to meet you.

CHRIS

What kind of friends?

MICKEY

Italian.

Mickey looks over his shoulder. Sure enough, there are a couple of WISE GUYS in the b.g. Chris takes a moment.

CHRIS

... Yeah, sure.

MICKEY

Alright.

(beat)

Hey. And watch out for Darcy. She's a predator, man. Certified man eater.

INT. LA BREA APARTMENT - DAY

The doorbell rings. The CAMERA FOLLOWS Grete to the door. She opens it to find three men at the door. A badge is flashed.

FBI MAN

Mrs. Rocancourt? I'm Special Agent Williams from the FBI. These other two men are guests from Interpol. Could we please come in?

INT. LA BREA APARTMENT - LATER

We're TIGHT ON Grete, who looks half in disbelief, the other half is terrified. Before her are documents, video camera stills of Chris.

GRETE

And all this is about a Rolex?

INTERPOL #1

Two hundred Rolex watches stolen from a vault in Lucerne. Three men took a jeweler's family hostage, then escaped with the watches. Two were French, one was an Austrian, who has testified that your husband was the third man.

GRETE

But when?

INTERPOL #1

1990, three days before your husband entered the United States.

Grete looks down as both her hands rub her pregnant stomach.

FBI MAN

Ma'am. When did you last speak to your husband?

GRETE

Two days ago. He said he was going to Chicago.

FBI MAN

Is that where he is? Chicago?

EXT. VALET STAND - CAESAR'S PALACE - DAY

Big fountain out front. Chris hands his ticket to the UNIFORMED VALET, who jogs off to get the Ferarri. Darcy takes Chris's hand, then kisses and teases him with:

DARCY

That was fun. But I'll bet you forget me when we get to L.A.

CHRIS

Who could forget you? Look. Nobody can take their eyes off you.

POV - CHRIS AND DARCY

Sure enough. Everybody, the OTHER VALETS, the BELL HOPS, and even HOTEL GUESTS stand at a distance, staring back at -

DARCY

- I don't think so, Chris. They're looking at you.

Sure enough. Everybody appears to be staring at Chris. It's a paranoid moment as Chris strangely focuses on the water fountain that no longer sounds like a fountain. It has the distinct throbbing sound of...

TILT TO - A HELICOPTER!

Hovering at 400 feet over the fountain. Chris suddenly twists left and right. FBI SHARPSHOOTERS on nearby balconies! LAS VEGAS PD CRUISERS screech to a stop, blocking the driveway. We see more men in FBI WINDBREAKERS, pistols out, slowly approaching.

DARCY

Terrified, she lets go of Chris's hand and as she backs away, leaves Chris frozen under the beam of authority.

COP ON LOUDSPEAKER (O.S.)

STOP MOVING. LAY FACE DOWN ON THE GROUND!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CLARK COUNTY JAIL - LAS VEGAS - DAY

Chris sits at a table, cuffed in a four-piece, surrounded by FBI and INTERPOL AGENTS.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

Of course, I demand my right to a lawyer and a telephone. I also deny that I was part of the Rolex heist. I say...

CHRIS

(sync with V.O.)

... How am I supposed to get through United States Customs with so many Rolex watches? The day I arrived in L.A., I had maybe ten thousand dollars cash. That's all!

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - PARIS - PRESENT DAY

It's Chris and the Woman Journalist again, who is checking her notes.

WOMAN JOURNALIST

I'm sorry. I've got it here. You said when you arrived in L.A., you had only a t-shirt, tennis shoes, and three hundred dollars in your jeans.

CHRIS

Yes, yes. But I told you I like cars, right? I had this Porsche that I dearly loved. So I took it for one last drive, then sold it in Vienna before I flew to America. The money was in my luggage.

INSERT SHOT - OCEAN PARK - SANTA MONICA - DAY

Just as before, we see Chris on that same park bench under the bending palm tree. We see the same in-line SKATERS and BEAUTIFUL WOMEN. But this time Chris is dressed a little better, with a jacket and new shoes. Next to him are a couple pieces of luggage.

BACK TO SCENE

Chris and the Woman Journalist.

WOMAN JOURNALIST

How did the FBI know to look for you in Las Vegas?

Chris doesn't hide his look of betrayal.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CLARK COUNTY JAIL - LAS VEGAS - DAY

FBI MAN

C'mon, Chris. Admit you're a liar. You lied to your wife about being in Chicago. And we'd be looking for you in Chicago if she hadn't volunteered that you were here.

We're TIGHT ON Chris. He doesn't move a tick. But underneath he's absolutely volcanic with betrayal.

INT. QUICK FLASHBACK - LA BREA APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pregnant Grete is sitting down for a take-out dinner when something makes her look at the TV.

TV VOICE (ON TV)

... last night's Tyson-Holyfield bout was a magnet for heavyweight celebrities like Jack Nicholson, Sharon Stone, and Mickey Rourke..

On the TV we see PAPARAZZI VIDEO of Mickey and Chris leaving a Las Vegas nightclub. Darcy is captured, stuck like glue to a grinning Chris, who gleefully sticks his face in her cleavage.

INT. LA BREA APARTMENT - NIGHT

Grete is crying, screaming into the telephone.

GRETE

You're a fucking liar, Chris! You did those things they said! I know you did those things!

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

INT. PRISONER PHONE BANK - CLARK COUNTY JAIL - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

Chris is crushed, desperate.

CHRIS

What are you saying? Grete, you can't believe these people.

GRETE

All last night I was awake, asking myself, "how many other things has he lied about?"

CHRIS

Don't ask stupid things. We're happy. We're going to have a baby -

GRETE

- Stupid things? Who was in Las Vegas with a swimsuit model?

CHRIS

She's nothing to me!

GRETE

My eyes were so closed! Shut up, please shut up!

CHRIS

We took vows, for better or for worse! Don't wreck our dream!

GRETE

You're nothing to me! You're a thief and a liar!!!

GRETE (CONT'D)

My dream too, Chris. You did this to us! I'm sorry. I don't want you anymore!

CHRIS

Dammit, don't do this to us. Don't do this to the baby.

As Grete hangs up, Chris comes unglued, nearly crying. JAILERS move in and grab Chris, pulling him away from the phone bank until they vanish into the dark.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. GRANDFATHER'S HOVEL - HONFLEUR, FRANCE - DAY

On the outskirts of the village, Young Chris (10) is playing outside this very small hovel. He suddenly sparks at the SPUTTERING SOUND OF A MOTORBIKE. Sure enough, here comes Christophe's father on an old, noisy "Mobylette."

YOUNG CHRIS

Papa!

CHRISTOPHE'S FATHER

(in French)

Got your things ready?

YOUNG CHRIS

(in French)

What things? Ready for what?

Grandfather appears from the door, a duffel bag prepared. Somber looks pass between the two men.

CHRISTOPHE'S FATHER

(in French)

A trip. But first we go to church
and pray for a safe trip.

INT. ST. ANNE'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - HONFLEUR FRANCE - DAY

The church appears empty but for Young Chris (10), who is sneaking up on the CONFESSIONAL BOOTH. He gets close enough to hear his FATHER'S VOICE.

CHRISTOPHE'S FATHER (O.S.)

(in French)

... it's not what I'm going to do,
father. But what I already did.
Will he ever forgive me for this
sin?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NORMANDY, FRANCE - DAY

Young Chris (10) is on the back of the speeding motorbike, arms wrapped tight around his father's waist. The grin on the boy's face, unmistakable.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

*It was breathtaking. It felt as if
we were flying. It was, without a
doubt, the happiest day of my life.*

EXT. ROAD SIDE BAKERY - DAY

It's a sparkling day. And Christophe's Father buys the happy boy his choice of candy bars. Young Chris (10) is jubilant.

EXT. VILLAGE OF ST. GERMAIN, FRANCE - DAY

At last the motorcycle ride slows and finally stops. As Christophe's father heaves, that somber look returns.

CHRISTOPHE'S FATHER
(in French)
We're here, Christophe.

YOUNG CHRIS
(in French)
What is this place?

CHRISTOPHE'S FATHER
(in French)
... Your new home.

REVERSE ANGLE TO REVEAL - THE ORPHANAGE

Before them stands a large, brick structure that looks more like a prison than an asylum for unwanted boys.

INT. DORMITORY - ST. GERMAIN ORPHANAGE - DAY

KIDS taunt Young Chris (10) as the ORPHANAGE DIRECTOR leads him to his bunk.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*The orphanage was like a jail to me.
So in a way, I was already accustomed.*

Young Chris (10) climbs onto his assigned bunk and curls into a ball.

INT. DORMITORY - CLARK COUNTY JAIL - LAS VEGAS - DAY

Chris lies on his assigned bunk, feet crossed, smoking a cigarette.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*Interpol plans to deliver me to the
Swiss authorities to face charges
for the Rolex heist. I spend six
months in the Clark County Jail
fighting my extradition...*

INT. SWISS AIR - IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

Chris flies economy, handcuffed to an INTERPOL MARSHALL.

EXT. ZURICH STREETS - SWITZERLAND - DAY

A dejected-looking Chris rides in a POLICE VAN through the city streets.

INT. DETENTION CENTER - ZURICH, SWITZERLAND - DAY

A SWISS GUARD leads Chris into a small detention cell.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
Though I am found innocent of the robbery charges, the Swiss Government forbids me from returning until the year 2020. I will miss the chocolate.

EXT. ST. ANNE'S CHURCH - HONFLEUR, FRANCE -- DAY

It's a cold, winter's day. A well-dressed Chris is sitting on a bench outside the church, looking sad and slightly lost.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
Before returning to the U.S., I return home to see my father. But nobody has seen him in months. So I say goodbye to Honfleur and plan never to return.

WE FADE OUT:

EXT. BARFLY - NIGHT

A stretch limousine pulls up. The rear passenger door opens and WE'RE TIGHT on a pair of expensive men's shoes. We FOLLOW THE SHOES, bypassing the CROWD behind the velvet rope until we're inside.

INT. V.I.P. AREA - BARFLY - NIGHT

Where we TILT FROM THE SHOES up to the happy face of Chris.

CHRIS
 I'M BACK!

REVERSE SHOT

Cheering for Chris is Mickey, Big Benny, David the Lawyer, and a wild group of PARTY LOVERS. Robert John records the homecoming with a video camera. Champagne corks pop!

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NORTH HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Chris walks up the short path and knocks on the door. While he waits, he turns to see that Big Benny is standing near the car. Suddenly, the door opens. A shocked Grete stands at the threshold.

GRETE
 ... Chris.

CHRIS
 (shrugs)
 I'm back.

Grete instinctively steps out onto the doorstep and half-shuts the door behind her.

GRETE
You should've called.

CHRIS
I didn't have your number.

GRETE
Then how'd you find me?

CHRIS
It's on the restraining order. But Grete. Help me understand. Why do this to me? I haven't tried to do anything -

GRETE
- You're trying now. You're here and you're not supposed to be -

The door swings open to reveal GRETE'S NEW HUSBAND.

GRETE'S NEW HUSBAND
What's going on?

GRETE
Everything's fine. I was just telling Chris that he's in violation -

CHRIS
- Who's this guy?

GRETE'S NEW HUSBAND
I'm her husband, asshole. Now, get off my property before I -

CHRIS
- Where's my daughter? I want to see her now!

Chris shoves right past Grete's New Husband into the house.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - NORTH HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Chris rushes through the small home. Grete is clamoring after him.

CHRIS
Where is she? I want to see her!

GRETE
CHRIS DON'T!
(yells to her husband)
CALL THE POLICE!!!

A baby CRIES. Chris turns toward the sound, down a tight hallway, pushing open one door, then another until.

THE BABY'S ROOM

Where Chris finds himself stalled over a crib. In it stands a fourteen-month-old girl, crying and hanging onto the rail.

CLOSE ON - CHRIS

Frozen at the sight of his baby daughter. He has no plan. He doesn't know what to do with her. Suddenly, there's a GUN MUZZLE at Chris's head.

PULL BACK WIDE - THE ROOM

Grete and Chris are frozen. And it's Grete's New Husband who holds the gun to Chris's head.

GRETE'S NEW HUSBAND

Get out. You're not welcome here.
Leave now, never come back and we
won't call the police.

Big Benny appears in the doorway. Grete picks up the baby, reassures her, and EXITS in a hurry. After a silent beat of Chris staring into the empty crib, he shows his open hands in surrender, turns without saying a word, and EXITS.

WE FADE OUT:

EXT. MOVIE SET - STUDIO BACK-LOT - DAY

Typical set with a CREW, EXTRAS, and a lot of movement between scenes. The CAMERA HOLDS on Mickey, seated in a chair with his name on the back. He doesn't see Chris sneaking up right behind him.

CHRIS

BANG!

Mickey is so startled, he nearly falls out of his chair. But amused when he sees the culprit is the laughing Chris.

MICKEY

You asshole. You nearly gave me a
heart attack. Christ to hell.
(hugs Chris)

CHRIS

This a bad time?

MICKEY

Never a bad time with you. C'mon.
Got something for you in my trailer.

CUT TO - MICKEY AND CHRIS

Walking to the trailer, they pass a conga line of STUNNING WOMEN standing outside a soundstage.

CHRIS

They're all lined up for you?

MICKEY

The director on this piece-of-shit movie calls them all "tomorrow's casting." And I swear, man. He gets more women than you, only he uses the casting office to get his nuts sucked... In here.

But as Mickey climbs into his trailer, Chris stops to give one last look at the line of women. One of the women is Asian. When she catches Chris staring, she turns dismissively away.

INT. MICKEY'S TRAILER - DAY

Mickey drops a script into Chris's lap.

CHRIS

What is it?

MICKEY

The movie that's going to put me back on top of the food chain. All we need is ten million for the financing -

There's a knock at the door followed by a VOICE.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Mr. Rourke? You're needed back on the set for rehearsal.

MICKEY

Read it, Chris. Please? Right now. After, we'll talk. Okay?

Mickey EXITS the trailer.

EXT. OUTSIDE MICKEY'S TRAILER - DAY

Chris exits, script in hand. He's about to light a cigarette when he hears a door SLAM! Chris turns in time to see that same Asian woman storming from another trailer. Their eyes meet again, only this time the Asian woman shifts her direction and aims for Chris.

INTRO - THIS IS PIA REYES

And she's pissed off.

PIA

Are you the producer? Because if you are, I want to put you on notice!

CHRIS

And if I'm not the producer?

PIA

Do you know what happened? Just now, the director - your director - just said that if I sucked his dick that maybe - maybe he'd put me on the sheet for a call back. Swear to God I'm going to file complaints with S.A.G., A.F.T.R.A., and the S.P.C.A. because he's nothin' but a fuckin' dog.

She's so beautiful and angry. Chris can't help but smile.

PIA (CONT'D)

Oh! So you think it's funny?

CHRIS

No. I think you're pissed off.

PIA

So what are you going to do about it?

CHRIS

Can I be honest with you?

(moves closer)

If I was the producer on this movie, I would introduce this "dog" to some friends with baseball bats. I would do that for you.

(withdraws again)

But sadly, I'm not the producer. I'm only here visiting a friend.

PIA

Well, too bad for me.

Pia has out her car keys. As she walks on, Chris calls after her.

CHRIS

But you liked my idea, yeah?

This is where Pia turns and, indeed, smiles back at him. Yes, she liked the idea.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What's your name?

PIA

... Pia.

CHRIS

Can I buy you a baseball bat -- I mean, a cup of coffee?

Her laugh says yes. But still she's thinking about it.

CHRIS'S POV - QUICK SHOTS

No rings on her left hand. But from her key ring hangs a large, BRASS FLOWER.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You like flowers?

PIA

Slow down, cowboy. Coffee first.

CHRIS

I know a really great place.

INT. LOS ANGELES FLOWER MART - DAY

We're TIGHT ON Chris and Pia. Her eyes are squeezed shut as he guides her.

PIA

I don't smell coffee.

CHRIS

Okay. You can open, now.

CUT TO - WIDE SHOT

As Pia opens her eyes, she finds herself standing in a warehouse-sized building amid a sea of cut flowers. The joy and wonder on her face say it all.

INT. THE PANTRY DINER - DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Chris and Pia sit at a corner table, drinking coffee. By the looks of it, they've been there a long time.

PIA

Yeah... Seven brothers and sisters. I come from a really big family.

CHRIS

Me too.

PIA

How big?

CHRIS
Big. But not like yours. All
brothers.

PIA
Name them.

There's something about the way she's looking at Chris.
Directly at his eyes as if she were looking into him.

EXTREME MACRO SHOT

A close-up of Chris's eyeball. In it, a SPFX REFLECTION of
that gang of boys in Honfleur, playing Young Chris's Indian
games.

QUICK - PULL BACK TO SCENE

CHRIS
Georges, Jean, Paul, Matthew,
Stephane, Luc... and then me. I'm
the youngest.

PIA
Huh... Weird.

Off Chris. What's weird?

PIA (CONT'D)
I would've pegged you for an orphan...
Don't know why. Just a feeling.

Gently, Chris takes Pia's hand, regarding it

CHRIS
I'm going to say this thing to you.
And I can't help if it sounds like a
line or a come on. In time, I think,
you will see it's the truth.

PIA
.. Okay.

CHRIS
I will never lie to you.

PIA
Yeah, right.

CHRIS
I'm telling you straight. When both
of us are old and wrinkly and I say
to you that you're still the most
beautiful woman in the world, I will
not be lying.

Though Pia can't tell if Chris is giving her a line or not, she still melts.

INT. PIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Pia ENTERS, fresh from a sweaty run, and sorts through her mail. She finds a small, brown-wrapped package. She tears it open to discover the classic book, Dostoyevky's "CRIME AND PUNISHMENT". The accompanying note from Chris reads: "Everything you need to know about me!"

EXT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - NIGHT

Establishing the grand hotel made famous in the movie "Pretty Woman."

INT. PARKING GARAGE - BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - NIGHT

A tuxedo-clad Chris quickly parks his Bentley, and runs around the passenger side to open the door for his bride, Pia. She SQUEALS as he carries her to a PRIVATE ELEVATOR.

CUT TO - INSIDE THE ELEVATOR

The doors shut. The newly married couple is kissing and giggling. But the elevator isn't moving. Finally...

PIA

I suppose we should push a button.

CHRIS

Pick one. Lobby or Penthouse?

PIA

We have a private elevator just for our floor?

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITES CORRIDOR - BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - NIGHT

A static WIDE SHOT as Chris and Pia exit the elevator, excitedly mauling each other all the way to the double doors to their suite. After they disappear inside, we TIME LAPSE DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITES CORRIDOR - BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - DAY

The CAMERA hasn't moved. Then suddenly, the obnoxious SOUND of SAWS and POWER TOOLS. Eventually, an annoyed Chris emerges from his honeymoon suite in a hotel robe and slippers. He WALKS TOWARD THE CAMERA, at last finding the source of the noise inside a nearby suite.

CHRIS'S POV - THE NEARBY SUITE

Where a DEMOLITION CREW is dismantling the room.

INT. FRONT DESK - BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - NIGHT

Chris is having a private talk with the HOTEL MANAGER.

HOTEL MANAGER

I'm so sorry. That entire floor is scheduled for a remodel. We should never have booked you that suite. I'll comp you the night and put you in another -

CHRIS

- I like that suite. I'm having my honeymoon in that suite.

HOTEL MANAGER

I understand. But we have other suites - with newer amenities -

From his pocket, Chris pulls a heavy stack of bills and lays them on the counter.

CHRIS

That's your tip. Five thousand now, five thousand when I leave. But that's only if you stop the noise and let me have my honeymoon.

The Hotel Manager nods, smoothly pocketing the cash.

HOTEL MANAGER

Very good, sir. How long, may I ask, shall I delay the remodel?

Chris gives that winning grin. He has an idea.

INT. ST. GERMAIN'S CHURCH - ST. GERMAIN, FRANCE - NIGHT

Once again, we see Young Chris (10) alone and praying in the moonlight. This is a continuation of his earlier prayer.

YOUNG CHRIS

My second wish, Jesus? My second wish is for intelligence. So I can imagine my way out of this shithole.

EXT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - DAY

Standing out front, Chris takes in this prime location with a cigarette.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

In American business, they say "location is everything." For my purposes, the Beverly Wilshire Hotel was perfect.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - DAY

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
I had private parking and a private elevator.

Then pop, pop, pop, pop - we see a FERRARI TESTAROSSA, an AUSTIN MARTIN VINTAGE, a RANGE ROVER, and a BENTLEY T in the reserved spots in front of the elevator. Chris steps into the elevator.

INT. HOTEL MANAGER'S OFFICE - BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - DAY

Where Chris passes another stack of cash to the Hotel Manager.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
I had an understanding Hotel Manager who allowed me to register under different names.

CHRIS
 For privacy, of course.

HOTEL MANAGER
 Of course.

INT. CHRIS'S SUITE - BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - NIGHT

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
I invented a private registry that all my guests had to sign.

Chris sits at a desk with a Beverly Wilshire GUEST REGISTRY BOOK, forging names onto the list.

INT. FRONT DESK - BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - NIGHT

We see a RICH BUSINESSMAN and his THIRD WIFE about to sign their names into the registry book when -

THIRD WIFE
 Oh my God, Myron, look. Robert De Niro signed it. Oh, and there's Julia Roberts!

REVERSE ANGLE

Big Benny is there to show the rich couple to the private elevator.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITES ELEVATOR - BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - DAY

Now, Big Benny is showing three JAPANESE MANUFACTURERS off the private elevator. As they sidestep some CONSTRUCTION EQUIPMENT, Chris is there to greet them with a smile and...

CHRIS

Forgive the mess. But I'm having
the floor remodeled.

JAPANESE MAN

The entire floor?

CHRIS

Not at all. Just the parts that
don't please me.

INT. CHRIS'S SUITE - BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - DAY

Big Benny ENTERS, leading the CAMERA. The suite is huge,
magnificent, and very lived in. We run into Pia with a
Chocolate Labrador Retriever on a leash.

PIA

Hey, Benny. Taking Shorty for a
walk. Back in a couple hours.

BENNY

This is Mr. Farmer.

AND NOW - INTRODUCING MR. FARMER

Fat, middle aged, wearing an off-the-rack suit. Mr. Farmer
shakes Pia's hand.

MR. FARMER

Farmer Frozen Foods.

PIA

Nice to meet you.

(to Benny)

Tell Chris I'll bring back lunch?

CONTINUE CAMERA POV

As Mr. Farmer is lead to CHRIS'S OFFICE, a pristine room
devoid of clutter. Chris is there to shake Mr. Farmer's
hand.

CHRIS

"When the man who feeds the world by
toiling is himself deprived of the
basic rights of feeding..."

MR. FARMER

Oh, I'm hardly unfed. But my
business? There's my problem. It's
starving and in need of a cash.

CHRIS

I understand.

ANGLE ON - CHRIS

As he sits behind his desk. But the CAMERA SWIVELS to reveal that Mr. Farmer has been replaced by the one-and-only JERMAINE JACKSON and his TWO-MAN ENTOURAGE.

JERMAINE JACKSON

It's a cologne for men and women.
We're going to call it "Thriller."

Chris ecstatically claps his hands together.

CHRIS

Of course, it's called "Thriller."
Makes complete sense. And Jermaine.
This was all your idea?

JERMAINE JACKSON

Mine and Michael's. But my brother's
given me the licensing rights if I
can find the initial start-up up
money... Ten million dollars.

CHRIS

I understand. And that's all you
need? Ten million?

Encouraged glances pass between Jermaine and the Entourage. Jermaine gestures and one of his Entourage comes up with a framed, autographed photo of Michael Jackson. Jermaine passes it across to Chris.

JERMAINE JACKSON

My brother wanted you to have this.
See there? He signed it "to Chris."

TIME CUT TO - THE SHELF BEHIND CHRIS

Where Chris places that photo of Michael Jackson between two other framed photos. One of Pia and one of Mickey Rourke.

MR. EIGHT BALL (O.S.)

My girlfriend says Mickey's not a
star no more. Says Tom Cruise, now
he's a star. She'd fuck him.

REVEAL - MR. EIGHT BALL

Named for his shaved head and big white eyes. He sits where Jermaine Jackson was sitting.

CHRIS

Did you read Mickey's script?

MR. EIGHT BALL

What do I care about a script?
(MORE)

MR. EIGHT BALL (CONT'D)

I just wanna say I'm a movie producer
so I can bang women like that.

TIGHT ON - THAT SEXY PHOTO OF PIA

A glamour shot of her in a bathing suit. Does this asshole
have a clue who Pia is? But Chris keeps his cool.

CHRIS

I understand.

MR. EIGHT BALL

So just do me a favor and explain
this bridge loan thing again.

CHRIS

For the bank to loan money for the
movie, I need to show an initial
investment of twenty percent. That's
where you come in with your cash.
Once the bank makes the loan, I pay
you back double. Sixty day
turnaround. In and out.

MR. EIGHT BALL

In and out. That's fuckin' funny.
I'd pay to give a hottie like her
the in and out.

As Chris gives his best sympathetic nod:

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

*All these people have a problem with
money. They're greedy. I'm here to
take care of their problems.*

CHRIS

I understand.

INT. MONTAGE - PENTHOUSE SUITES CORRIDOR - BEVERLY WILSHIRE
HOTEL - DAY

While Chris talks on a cordless telephone, he's using a tennis
racquet to whack a ball the length of the big, wide corridor.
Shorty barks and chases after the ball.

CHRIS

Yes. My name is Christopher Reyes.
I'd like to set up a secured account
at your bank -

(JUMP CUT)

- Christopher De Laurentis. Do you
want me to spell that?

(JUMP CUT)

- Is this the Caymen Islands branch?

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Yes. My name is Christopher Loren.
And I'd like to open an account with
your bank.

No sooner does Shorty return with the ball when Chris gives it another whack, just as Pia is stepping off the elevator. The ball nearly hits her, bounces off a doorjamb and into one of those suites under suspended construction.

PIA

Chris!

While Chris sticks to his phone call, Pia HEARS Shorty WHINING.

CUT TO - SUITE UNDER SUSPENDED CONSTRUCTION

Unfurnished. The walls are painted white. This is where Pia finds Shorty. The dog is frustrated because it can't find the tennis ball.

PIA (CONT'D)

Where's the ball, Shorty?

Pia helps the dog look for the ball, ducking her head into a bedroom. Unpainted doors lean against the walls.

PIA'S POV

Behind the leaning doors she finds the tennis ball. She also finds a suitcase. She gives the happy dog the ball, then pulls out the suitcase, regards it for a moment, before unzipping the lid.

INSIDE THE SUITCASE

Cash, multiple passports, and a pistol.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Like what you see?

Pia looks up. Chris is standing in the doorway, tennis racquet at his side. Pia reveals an approving smile.

PIA

I like what I see. You like what
you see?

With that, Pia begins to unbutton her blouse. Chris drops the racquet and goes to her.

INT. KITCHEN - CHRIS'S SUITE - BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - NIGHT

Big Benny is sitting on a stool, watching the TV while supposedly munching on a huge sandwich.

But suddenly he's inside his coat pocket and pulling out a small vial of cocaine. He's about to do a quick bump when -

CHRIS (O.S.)

BENNY!

Big Benny is instantly on his feet. The CAMERA FOLLOWS him into the BEDROOM, where he finds Chris, tossing a PISTOL into a shoulder bag. As Big Benny regards what he just saw...

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You're driving me to a meeting.

EXT. TOP FLOOR OF A FIVE-STORY PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

The Range Rover waits quietly in this empty parking lot. In the driver's seat is Big Benny, who nervously plays with the radio. Chris is in the back seat. He checks his pistol, then slips it into the seat pocket in front of him.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

I normally wouldn't pass cash in a parking lot. But this is the way the mark wanted to do it. So...

Slowly climbing the ramp to the top floor is a white BMW 7 Series. The car slips up next to the Range Rover. The rear window of the BMW rolls down to reveal a smiling Mr. Eight Ball.

MR. EIGHT BALL

I've got something for you.

Mr. Eight Ball's DRIVER steps out of the BMW with a briefcase. He hands it through the window to Chris. Click click. Chris opens the briefcase to examine the stacks of cash.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

Asshole says he wants to be a movie producer. But now I know that's bullshit. I'm looking at the money of drug dealer who thinks I'm running a laundry.

MR. EIGHT BALL

Sixty days. We meet right here and you pay me double. That's the deal.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

I should walk away. This kind of deal could be trouble for me. But he's a prick and needs to learn some manners. So I'm going to beat him.

CHRIS

Of course.

As the BMW pulls away, we HOLD ON Big Benny, who's breaking out in a flop sweat.

INT. LOBSTER HOUSE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Chris and Mr. Farmer are in a corner booth. On the table is a champagne bottle and two glasses. But underneath the table is an open briefcase full of cash. When Chris shuts the briefcase, their business appears to be finished until...

MR. FARMER

Stick around awhile. Have some dinner, please. Let's celebrate something else.

(raises his glass)

To divorce. Just signed the papers today. She got half my assets. Plus the house, alimony, custody of my only child.

(his glass again)

Here's to the nuclear family.

CHRIS

But you will still be able to see your son, yes?

MR. FARMER

See him, sure. Talk to him? That's a trick I'd like to learn... But he's fifteen. I suppose I'm just not cool enough. Too busy trying to save a business.

(shifts gears)

What about you? You're expecting your first child. Do you know what it's going to be? Boy? Girl?

CHRIS

We don't know yet.

INT. OB-GYN'S OFFICE - DAY

Pia is on the table. Chris is holding her hand. As the OBSTETRICIAN manipulates the ULTRASOUND CAMERA over Pia's belly, we can see the outlines of a healthy baby.

OBSTETRICIAN

Congratulations. I think it's...

Yes. It's definitely a boy!

(jokes)

You have my permission to name him after me.

Chris and Pia exchange ecstatic looks.

CHRIS

We already have a name. Zeus.

INT. TATTOO ROOM - NIGHT

The large tattoo on Chris's back is taking shape. We see a pin-up styled image of Pia, a gun in a disembodied hand, the famous HOLLYWOOD sign. But now the Tattoo Artist is working on a Ten Commandments-styled tablet with a series of dates.

TATTOO ARTIST

10-24-96? So what's that supposed to mean?

CHRIS

October 24th, 1996.

(heaves)

It was my terrible, horrible, no good, very bad day.

INT. SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULT - DAY

In a privacy cubicle, Chris opens a deep safety deposit box. Inside are piles of hundred dollar bills. Chris begins loading cash into a shoulder bag.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

It began as a beautiful day. I had plans to buy a new car. So I went to a bank to make a small withdrawal.

Once Chris has all the cash he needs, he shuts the lid and is about to zip the bag when he stalls - thinks - then reopens the box, pulls out another small, nylon duffel bag. Chris starts transferring more money from the box into the duffel.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O. (CONT'D)

But my conscience made me put even more money into a second bag.

EXT. CHRIS'S ASTIN MARTIN - IN MOTION - DAY

But not really "in motion." Chris is stuck in freeway traffic, working his cell phone.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

Benny was supposed to pick up a package for me. But he called in sick that day. So I asked Robert John to make the pick-up for me.

WE SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

INT. ROBERT JOHN'S HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - DAY

Robert John is writing down an address.

ROBERT JOHN

No problem, Chris. Where do you want me to bring it?

CHRIS

I'm meeting Mickey at the Barfly tonight. Why don't you bring it there?

SPLIT SCREEN ENDS:

As Chris is dialing another number, the CAMERA CRANES from the Astin Martin, FLOATS OVER THREE CARS, then LOWERS onto the white BMW 7 series of Mr. Eightball.

EXT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL - DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

Establishing. Chris valets the Astin Martin and ENTERS the hotel carrying the briefcase.

INT. RESTAURANT - BONAVENTURE HOTEL - DOWNTOWN L.A. - DAY

Chris is seated at a table with a confused Mr. Farmer.

MR. FARMER

But I don't need my money back. My business needs your investment cap -

CHRIS

- Please! And take my word on this. You're a good man. But this deal is no good for me and you. You must understand me.

As Mr. Farmer searches for words...

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

I've never done this before. Returned the money I'd already stolen from a mark. But I'd come to learn this man wasn't greedy. Just desperate. And I'd made a mistake.

MR. FARMER

I... I don't know what to say. I'm lost without your ten million in -

CHRIS

- I understand. You are lost. But at least you didn't lose.

INT. LOBBY - BONAVENTURE HOTEL - DOWNTOWN L.A. - DAY

As a disgruntled Mr. Farmer EXITS the hotel, he passes by Mr. Eight Ball, who ENTERS with that Beefy Driver.

CUT TO - JUST OUTSIDE THE MEN'S ROOM

Chris exits the men's room, only to find Mr. Eight Ball and the Beefy Driver. Chris feigns surprise, instantly sticks out his hand.

CHRIS

Hey. What are you doing here? You staying in the hotel?

MR. EIGHT BALL

You said sixty days. It's been sixty-five. And you don't answer the phone.

CHRIS

I understand. But the bank's a little slow with the loan. I was going to call you when the money came in.

MR. EIGHT BALL

My money comes in today.

The Beefy Driver moves in closer, implying a definite threat.

CHRIS

Okay. But I need to make some calls.

INT. BAR - BONAVENTURE HOTEL - DOWNTOWN L.A. - DAY

Chris, Mr. Eight Ball, and that Beefy Driver are seated in comfortable chairs around a small, round table. Chris is talking into his cell phone.

CHRIS

... Wonderful. Please have the package gift wrapped and delivered to me here. And don't forget to add on a tip for my friend's driver. See you soon.

(hangs up the phone)

Your lucky day. The bank just funded Mickey's film. So my man is picking up your money and bringing it here.

MR. EIGHT BALL

How long?

CHRIS

Maybe an hour. But I don't mind waiting. Do you?

Mr. Eight Ball doesn't answer. He just sits back in his seat. Chris motions to the COCKTAIL WAITRESS for another round of drinks.

TIME CUT TO:

The Cocktail Waitress serves another round. Champagne for Chris, coffee for Mr. Eight Ball, and a pitcher of Coke for the Beefy Driver.

TIME CUT TO:

Mr. Eight Ball looking at his watch.

MR. EIGHT BALL
It's been almost two hours.

CHRIS
I understand. If you have some place
to go, tell me where I can deliver
the money.

No answer from Mr. Eight Ball. If Chris can wait, he can
wait. Chris motions for another round of drinks.

TIME CUT TO:

The Beefy Driver has polished off another pitcher of Coke.
He leans over and whispers in his boss's ear.

MR. EIGHT BALL
Yeah, okay. Don't forget to wash
your hands.

After the Beefy Driver excuses himself...

CHRIS
So you're going to be a movie
producer, huh? Play around in
Hollywood. Fuck some pretty girls.

MR. EIGHT BALL
Sure. Whatever.

CHRIS
Want to know the secret to Hollywood?
(leans closer)
It's all bullshit. Just like you.
Bullshit.

MR. EIGHT BALL
Fuck you.

CHRIS
No. Fuck you. You been waiting how
long now? Sixty-five days plus three
hours in this bar? And you still
don't have your money. You know
why? Because you aren't going to
get it. Not now. Not from me. Not
ever.

Mr. Eight Ball is turning red in the face. He wants to
strangle Chris.

MR. EIGHT BALL
 Don't be stupid. You know what I do
 to guys that fuck me?

CHRIS
 You want to come at me? Then do it.
 Come at me.

But Mr. Eight Ball is whipping his head around to see what's
 keeping his Beefy Driver.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 Looking for your muscle man? Maybe
 he's like your money. Maybe you'll
 never see him again. Or maybe he's
 in the bathroom with a message for
 you. Be my guest. Go look.

MR. EIGHT BALL
 I'm not goin' nowhere til I gettin'
 what's mine!

CHRIS
 Okay by me. Stick around. Have a
 nice meal. Have all the drinks you
 want on me. But know this one thing.
 (stands)
 You're beat. I beat you and nothing
 will change that.

Then as Chris starts to walk away, a steaming Mr. Eight Ball
 grabs him by the arm.

MR. EIGHT BALL
 You're dead.

CHRIS
 Really. You should check the
 bathroom.

Chris pulls away and heads for the LOBBY.

MR. EIGHT BALL

He starts to chase after Chris, but he's distracted once he
 leaves the bar and sees the CROWD gathering near the MEN'S
 ROOM door.

CUT TO - THE MEN'S ROOM

Mr. Eight Ball pushes through the crowd, only to discover
 that his Beefy Driver is splattered with blood, beaten within
 an inch of his life.

INT. TATTOO ROOM - NIGHT

TATTOO ARTIST

Sweet. So you never called for the money. You called for back-up.

CHRIS

Don't get me wrong. I don't like violence. Violence is bad. But every so often, you beat somebody and no matter what you say, they want to come back at you.

TATTOO ARTIST

What kind of guys you call?

CHRIS

Some ghetto guys I know. Black guys.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - PARIS - PRESENT DAY

The interview continues over espresso and cigarettes.

WOMAN JOURNALIST

Black guys? As in African Americans.

CHRIS

From a gang.

WOMAN JOURNALIST

Forgive my skepticism. But you can understand how one might find that hard to believe. The suave French con man - occupies a suite at the Beverly Wilshire hotel - has a working relationship with Los Angeles gang members?

CHRIS

- Not a suite. I had a whole floor at the Beverly Wilshire. That's better than just one suite.

WOMAN JOURNALIST

You understand my question?

CHRIS

Of course. I understand.

But Chris answers only with that charming smile of his.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - BONAVENTURE HOTEL - DOWNTOWN L.A. - DAY

This is a SLOW MOTION MONTAGE of that Beefy Driver getting beaten senseless. But not by two black gang members - but three SUITED WHITE MEN. They leave the Beefy Driver in a stall and smoothly exit.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*From here, I think my day is going
 to get better. I was wrong.*

EXT. PARKING LOT AT THE CHATEAU MARMONT - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Chris is examining a beautiful black Humvee owned by an elegant Arab, DODI FAYED.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*I was late for an appointment with
 Dodi Fayed. You remember Dodi. He
 was engaged to Princess Diana when
 they both died in the Paris car crash.*

On the tailgate, Dodi points out a camera lens fitted on the spare tire mount.

DODI FAYED
 Look here. It's a video camera so
 you can always see what's behind
 you.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*At the time there were only two
 Humvees in Los Angeles. One was
 owned by Arnold Schwarzenegger.
 The other was Dodi's. I bought it
 from him for a hundred and twenty-
 five thousand dollars.*

An excited gathering of HOLLYWOOD ELITE are there to watch Chris count out \$125,000 in cash. Chris and Dodi shake hands and pose for snapshots.

EXT. BARFLY - NIGHT

Chris drives up to the Barfly in his new, black Humvee. He gets instant attention in this urban assault vehicle.

INT. V.I.P. AREA - BARFLY - NIGHT

We follow a SEXY SERVER as she's delivering a champagne bucket with a fresh bottle of Cristal on ice. Of course, she doesn't bend her knees to set the bucket onto the low table. Instead, she turns around folds at the waist so Chris and Mickey can admire her perfect ass. Chris pours for Mickey, who toasts.

MICKEY
 To your wife. When's she gonna pop
 the baby?

CHRIS
 One week, two. Could come tonight.
 Look. She gave me a pager, so when
 she starts her labor - zoom - I go
 right to Cedars Sinai.

MICKEY

Zoom zoom is right. You better take care of that kid or I'm gonna crack your head.

PULL BACK TO - THE CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE

Around the neck comes a heavy hand attached to a RUSSIAN MAN, who mockingly toasts Mickey, then drinks from the bottle. But instead of doing something, Mickey starts to laugh. Chris, on the other hand, stands up.

CHRIS

Hey! What are you doing?

RUSSIAN

Drinking with the movie star.
Nostrovia, assholes.

As the Russian drinks again, Chris launches from his seat and snatches the bottle away from the Russian.

CHRIS

Fuck Russia and fuck you. Now get out of here!

RUSSIAN

You should be afraid. I fuckin' kill you!

CHRIS

You can kill me tomorrow. But right now, you're gonna leave that bottle. This is my table and you're not going to disrespect me like that!

RUSSIAN

I know who you are. You think you're king of this place? Tomorrow...

The Russian spits, turns, and walks away just as Robert John ENTERS, carrying a PACKAGE for Chris.

ROBERT JOHN

What the hell was all that about?

Chris ignores the question. He's looking at the used bottle of Cristal, then Mickey, then back to Robert John.

CHRIS

Forget about it. Do this for me, okay? Get us another bottle.

Chris stuffs some cash into Robert John's breast pocket.

ROBERT JOHN

Look here. I picked up that package
for you...

But Chris's attention is back on Mickey. Ignored, Robert John re-pockets the package and does as instructed.

CHRIS

How can you let the guy disrespect
you like that?

MICKEY

What am I gonna do?

CHRIS

Stand up for yourself.

MICKEY

Like hit the guy? I can't do that.
I'm a public person. I get enough
bad publicity already.

CHRIS

Like kissing another guy to get in
the papers? Fuck you.

MICKEY

The guy was drunk. So why don't you
cool off and sit the hell down.

Chris throws up his hands and EXITS just as Robert John returns with a new bottle of Cristal and that undelivered package.

EXT. BARFLY - NIGHT

Chris tips the Valet and climbs into his new Humvee.

EXT. HUMVEE IN MOTION - SUNSET BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Chris pulls up to a stoplight where he tries to learn the controls of the Humvee. What he thinks is the radio, turns out to be the REAR VIDEO CAMERA. Blink, a black and white image comes to life on the screen. Chris can see the sedan behind him is a Mercedes. Strangely, the profile of the Mercedes driver looks familiar. Chris straightens and looks in the rear view mirror in time to see the Mercedes is pulling left and surging quickly.

SHOULDER BAG ON THE PASSENGER SEAT

Into which Chris plunges his hand, coming on with a pistol.

THE MERCEDES

Brakes alongside Chris. Inside the Mercedes, that Russian aims a pistol.

FREEZE FRAME ON - CHRIS

As he instinctively has ducked behind the doorframe.

*CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
Funny thing about life. We're born
with a death sentence. We just never
know when that day's gonna come.*

RETURN TO ACTION

Heavy slugs strike the Humvee, shattering the window. In return, Chris blindly sticks his pistol out the window and unleashes a barrage of bullets. Then comes a very long silence, after which Chris decides to peek.

POV SHOT - CHRIS

The light has turned green. Chris sees the bullet-riddled Mercedes ever so slowly drift into the oncoming lane, causing traffic to brake and skid. Finally, the Mercedes hits the curb right in front of the HOLLYWOOD DIVISION of the L.A.P.D. and stops.

CHRIS

No way.

WIDE SHOT

As Chris climbs from the Humvee and runs across Sunset Boulevard to the Sheriff's Station.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM #2 - L.A.P.D. HOLLYWOOD DIVISION - NIGHT

It's just Chris and a DUTY DETECTIVE seated at a table.

CHRIS

I'll say these three things. One - he shot at me first. Two - I shot back at him. Three - I want to call my lawyer.

The CAMERA FOLLOWS the Duty Detective as he nods and leaves the Interview Room and walks a TIGHT CORRIDOR:

*CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
And just when I'm thinking my
terrible, horrible, no good, very
bad day is coming to an end...*

The Duty Detective arrives at a SODA VENDING MACHINE which another detective named MUELLER is feeding with coins.

MUELLER

Hey. Got anything on the cowboy thing we had on our front step?

DUTY DETECTIVE

One's in the hospital, other one's
in Room 2. Sounds like some kind of
Euro-macho-hissy-thing.

(feeds the machine)

What you got workin'?

MUELLER

Just some meat puppet that got pulled
over for out-of-date tags. Traffic
guys toss the car and come up with
some nose candy. So now the guy's
squawking about his gangster boss
who's rented out the top floor of
the Beverly Wilshire. Says he's got
all kinds of stuff up there - guns,
grenades, cash, illegal passports.

The detectives pop their soda tabs and have a LAUGH.

MUELLER (CONT'D)

Gets better. It's a French gangster.
Some guy named Rocan-something. Who
ever heard of a French Gangster -

Mueller catches the shocked look in the Duty Detective's
face. Something's not so funny anymore.

CUT BACK TO - INTERVIEW ROOM #2

As the Duty Detective smugly returns, we have a SPFX SHOT
where the CAMERA PUSHES THROUGH THE WALL, into INTERVIEW
ROOM #3 where two UNIFORM OFFICERS restrain a DRUNK CITIZEN.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

*The Americans have a saying. "Shit
Happens." And it's incredibly true.
While I thought Benny was home with
the flu, he was really two rooms
away, ratting me out to the cops.*

The SPFX SHOT ENDS when the CAMERA leaves INTERVIEW ROOM #3
and stops on INTERVIEW ROOM #4. Sure enough, Benny is singing
to Detective Mueller.

INT. LOBBY - BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - EARLY MORNING

QUICK SHOTS as the L.A.P.D. SWAT TEAM invades the lobby.
The Duty Detective shows the Hotel Manager a set of SEARCH
WARRANTS. The Hotel Manager uses a SPECIAL KEY to open the
private elevator.

INT. CHRIS'S SUITE - BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - EARLY MORNING

Pia wakes to the sound of Shorty barking. She's annoyed.

PIA

Shorty?

This is where Pia finds little red pinpoints of light swirling all over her body. She focuses to find SWAT GUYS deployed in her doorway with laser sights aimed at her. Pia SCREAMS.

INT. ROBERT JOHN'S HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - DAWN

While the apartment is being searched by L.A.P.D. UNIFORM COPS, Mueller is questioning a terrified Robert John.

MUELLER

You're saying there's no guns, grenades, no large sums of cash, and no illegal passports here. Is that a correct statement?

ROBERT JOHN

... A mostly correct statement.

The search suddenly stops. All eyes swivel onto Robert John, who reaches into his waistband and pulls out that same package he'd failed to deliver to Chris at the Barfly.

CLOSE ON - THE PACKAGE

Mueller tears it open, discovering multiple passports - Italian, French, and American. Each with Chris's photo, but with different names like Christopher Reyes, Christopher Rotuno, Christopher Loren.

INT. ATTORNEY/CLIENT CELL - L.A. COUNTY JAIL - DAY

It's Chris and David the Lawyer at a small table.

DAVID THE LAWYER

Okay. Since it was self-defense, I think I can get them to reduce the assault charge down to discharging a weapon in a vehicle. But they've got Robert John on record claiming he'd picked up the passports at your request.

CHRIS

Fuck Robert John. How much is bail going to cost me?

INT. LOBBY - L.A. COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Pia ENTERS, looking defiantly pregnant and carrying a small duffel bag.

INT. BAIL DESK - L.A. COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Chris is there with Pia and David the Lawyer. After the bail money is counted out by the BAIL CLERK.

BAIL CLERK

One hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars to be held in escrow by the court. Any failure to appear for your court date will result in a forfeiture of this money. If you understand, sign here.

Chris doesn't so much as hesitate to sign.

INT. DELIVERY ROOM - CEDARS SINAI HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The Obstetrician and NURSES assist as Pia delivers a baby boy, who is instantly swaddled and placed in Chris's arms.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - PRE-DAWN

The private elevator doors open to reveal Chris's private spaces are filled with four, black stretch limousines with black tinted windows. Pia steps out, baby ZEUS in her arms, followed by Chris who hands off luggage to a team of LIMO DRIVERS.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

On the day my trial was to begin, we finally checked out of the Beverly Wilshire hotel.

EXT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - PRE-DAWN

Two sleepy PLAIN-CLOTHED COPS are seated in a city-issued sedan parked across the street from the hotel. From their POV, we see the four limousines embark from the hotel one after the other, each taking a separate direction. The cop behind the wheel, scrambles for the ignition.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

Four limousines, and one cop car to keep me under a 24 hour watch. I had a twenty-five percent chance of being followed. All I did was play the odds.

EXT. VAN NUYS AIRPORT - DAWN

A stretch limousine drives through open gates and onto the tarmac where a SMALL PRIVATE JET is waiting. The jet PILOT and CREW help Chris, Pia, and the baby onto the aircraft. Luggage follows.

INT. SMALL PRIVATE JET - DAWN

As Chris, Pia, and the baby get comfortable.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*About my high class transportation.
 The owner's a big time TV boss I met
 at a party. He thinks I'm looking
 to buy his airplane. But I tell him
 a private jet is no different than a
 car. And that before I spend my
 money, I should get a free test drive.
 I decided to test drive it all the
 way to New York.*

EXT. VAN NUYS AIRPORT - DAWN

The small private jet takes to the sky.

INT. SMALL PRIVATE JET - IN FLIGHT - DAY

While Pia sleeps, Chris reads a children's book to his son.

CHRIS
 Hey Zeus. What do we have here?
 This one's called "Alexander's
 Terrible, Horrible, No Good, Very
 Bad Day."

WE DISSOLVE:

INT. DORMITORY - ST. GERMAIN ORPHANAGE - DAY

This scene is MUSIC ONLY as we see Young Chris (10) reading a book to a gathering of rapt boys. He reads the story with great flourishes, standing on his bed and acting it all out.

WE FADE OUT:

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - PRESENT DAY

The TV interview continues:

FEMALE INTERVIEWER
 Okay. So fade up. You're on the
 run. A fugitive in New York. What
 happens there?

CHRIS
 Back in business.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER
 Same business?

CHRIS
 Bigger business. See, if L.A.'s
 (MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 all about the bullshit, New York is
 all about the power.

INT. THE RUSSIAN TEA ROOM - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

It's SLOW MOTION as Chris ENTERS alone wearing street clothes.
 But his appearance MAGICALLY CHANGES with his own description:

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*Take a guy like me. I walk into a
 restaurant. What do you see? Little
 skinny man, strange accent. Nobody
 gives a shit.*

(CHANGE)
*Put me in a nice suit, expensive
 watch, maybe I look a little taller.*

(CHANGE)
*Add a beautiful woman, four body
 guards behind me, and a white Rolls
 outside the window, suddenly I'm the
 biggest man in the room.*

Sure enough, Chris is greeted by the Maitre D' and treated
 like royalty, seated at the nicest table in the restaurant.

TIGHT ON - THE TABLE

Thump. A velvet-covered brick is set in the middle. PULL
 BACK WIDER to reveal that Chris is seated with a three-man
 crew of finely-dressed HASIDIC JEWS. Chris pulls the velvet
 sleeve from the brick to reveal that it's a bar gold.

CHRIS
 I love America.

INT. TRIBECA APARTMENT - DAY

Barely furnished. Laying on the floor are open suitcases
 tightly packed with plastic wrapped packets of cash.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*The millions I've brought from L.A.
 needs to be washed clean. So I invest
 some in gold, diamonds, and art.*

Pop. Pop. Pop. The suitcases are replaced by stacks of
 gold bars, paintings on the walls, and jewels around beautiful
 Pia's neck.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O. (CONT'D)
I also make an investment in charity.

INT. SCULPTURE GARDEN - N.Y. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - NIGHT

The world famous museum is packed with CHARITY GUESTS in formal wear and the Sculpture Garden has been transformed into a CHARITY CASINO FUND RAISER.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

A humble man that gives to charity expects nothing in return. But for super rich Americans, giving to charity is just another excuse to have a big party. In this case, a casino night benefiting a hospital for children.

ENTER Chris. On his arm is his usual prop - in this case a GOWNED BEAUTY. He lays a big bet at a CRAPS TABLE.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O. (CONT'D)

Only two things about this place are fake. The money they pretend to gamble. And, of course, yours truly.

To Chris's right is MR. WONG, who's flanked by serious looking CHINESE ASSOCIATES.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O. (CONT'D)

This is where I first meet Mr. Wong, a Hong Kong businessman who I mark as a major whale.

With each roll of the dice, Mr. Wong is all emotion and always adjusting his HEARING AID.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O. (CONT'D)

I observe Mr. Wong, I make certain to place the same bets as Mr. Wong. And just like Mr. Wong, I lose.

CHRIS

Not again! This isn't our game.

MR. WONG

I'm sorry. What did you say?

CHRIS

It's too American. All these games, don't you think?

MR. WONG

What I would give for a fair game of backgammon.

CHRIS

Exactly. But I can never find anybody to play with.

MR. WONG
 Maybe we should play together. My
 name is Chen Wong.

CHRIS
 Chris Reyes. The pleasure is mine.

EXT. HOTEL VERANDA - OVERLOOKING CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Chris is having lunch and playing backgammon with Mr. Wong
 in this sumptuous setting.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
Stakes are one thousand a point. My
plan to lose is easily accomplished,
considering I'm not a good player.
Eventually, Mr. Wong says:

MR. WONG
 (Christophe's VOICE)
 So what do you do, Chris? Here in
 New York?

CHRIS
 Real estate investment.

MR. WONG
 Residential? Commercial?

CHRIS
 High rises. Nothing under forty
 stories. I buy - two, three at a
 time - renovate, and sell.

MR. WONG
 And it's good, your business?

CHRIS
 If it's New York, it's all good.
 Especially now with the stock market
 going up up up. Everybody wants in.

Mr. Wong makes his final move, beating Chris, who instantly
 starts to reset the board.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 Bad luck. I lose again. Rematch.

MR. WONG
 But I must get moving if I'm going
 back to Hong Kong tonight. Maybe
 the next time I come, we can talk
 like this again.

CHRIS
 How's this for an idea.
 (MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

We play a little longer. And when we're done, I'll loan you my G4 to fly you and your associates back to Hong Kong.

MR. WONG

Fly me? On your private jet?

FREEZE FRAME ON - MR. WONG'S FACE

Nobody has ever made such a gesture to him before.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

You have to understand, this was my play from the moment I walked in.

SPFX SHOT - FAST REWIND

We see everything speed backward in a super rewind. Back to the moment when Chris enters Mr. Wong's luxury suite and shakes hands with his host, who briefly excuses himself to check on the lunch order. Chris is briefly left to himself, giving him a chance to look over the documents on the desk.

CLOSE ON - A FLIGHT ITINERARY

And the date and details of Mr. Wong's flight.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O. (CONT'D)

A first class seat on a 7 PM flight to Hong Kong, the bad game of backgammon, the conversation, was all leading to this one gesture.

FAST FORWARD TO - THE BACKGAMMON GAME

CHRIS

Gulfstream 4. Very comfortable. You eat, you sleep. You wake up and you're in Hong Kong.

MR. WONG

You're much too generous. I can't possibly accept -

CHRIS

- Yes you can. But only if you give me a chance to win back what -- how much am I down?

MR. WONG

Eighteen thousand dollars.

HELICOPTER SHOT

A new game of backgammon begins. As we slowly pull back wide, revealing the vast Manhattan skyline...

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

And it will cost me another two hundred thousand dollars to fly Mr. Wong back to Hong Kong... I must find a way to hit this guy hard.

EXT. STRETCH LIMOUSINE - IN MOTION - DAY

Chris is in the car, looking up at Manhattan's famous high rises as he passes by. When Chris finally spies a huge high-rise under major renovation...

CHRIS

Stop here.

EXT. HIGH-RISE UNDER RENOVATION - DAY

Where Chris shouts up at a couple of HARD HATS.

CHRIS

I'M LOOKING FOR YOUR CONSTRUCTION SUPERVISOR.

CUT TO

Chris shaking hands with the CONSTRUCTION SUPERVISOR.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I represent foreign banks who have options on the construction loan. All I have to do is reassure them that the remodel is going smoothly.

CONSTRUCTION SUPERVISOR

Got it. But you gotta wear one of these.

The Construction Supervisor hands Chris a hard hat.

EXT. HIGH-RISE UNDER RENOVATION - DAY

QUICK SHOTS of Chris looking over blueprints, talking, shaking hands with PLUMBERS, ELECTRICIANS, and other CRAFTSMEN.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

I visit the site once or twice a week, familiarizing myself with nearly every aspect of the remodel.

CHRIS

What's up Phil?

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Any more of that leftover meatloaf?

(CUT TO:)

Hey, Michael. Your mom home from the hospital? What kind of flowers does she like?

(CUT TO:)

Paulie, over here! That's twenty bucks I owe you on that Knicks game.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

These are my new best friends. In return they give me my own hard hat.

The special hard hat has Chris's name stenciled on it.

INT. SCORES NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Flashing lights, high class STRIPPERS, plus Chris and Mr. Wong and his three ASSOCIATES.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

Eventually, Mr. Wong returns to New York for more fun and games.

EXT. HOTEL VERANDA - OVERLOOKING CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Chris and Mr. Wong play backgammon in total silence.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

This time we play for two thousand dollars a point. And I lose thirty-four thousand dollars before he finally asks me the question:

MR. WONG

(Christophe's VOICE)

If it's not any trouble, would you show me one of your projects?

EXT. HIGH-RISE UNDER RENOVATION - DAY

Mr. Wong and his three ASSOCIATES step out of a limo. For their safety, Chris greets them with four hard hats.

INT. HIGH-RISE UNDER RENOVATION - DAY

This is a MONTAGE of Chris giving Mr. Wong and Associates a tour. Chris has total command of the remodel. WORKERS wave, call his name, or shake his hand when he enters a room.

CHRIS

My key is to take old buildings, retrofit them with elegant compositions of sculpture, more colors and texture.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Note the arches and moldings.

(JUMP CUT)

We keep the ceiling height the same,
but by adding vertical columns it
gives a greater sense of space.

(JUMP CUT)

This is called "Vision Glass." I
like adding more glass to interior
walls because nobody wants their
employees turning into mushrooms.

As Mr. Wong laughs, it's clear he's impressed.

EXT. SHOE SHINE STAND - TRIBECA - DAY

Chris is reading a paper while receiving a shoe-shine from a
dirty-faced DOMINICAN BOY. His cell phone rings he answers.

CHRIS

Hello?

(pause)

Chen, yes. I'm very well. How are
you, my friend?

(pause)

Sounds wonderful. I'd love to come
to Hong Kong. But this month is no
good. Maybe I can move some things
and come for a few days in May?

CHRIS'S POV

The Dominican Boy who was shining his shoes has been replaced
by Young Chris (10), who suddenly looks up, catching his
older self in the eye. We can HEAR an excited MR. WONG
talking through Chris's earpiece.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Chen. Excuse me. But let me call
you back with a date. All the best,
my friend. Ciao.

When Chris hangs up, he finds his younger self has
disappeared, replaced by the dirty-faced Dominican Boy.
Chris unfolds a \$100 BILL and hands it to the boy.

DOMINICAN BOY

Sorry. I no have that much change.

CHRIS

I don't want change. I want to shake
your hand.

DOMINICAN BOY

Hands dirty.

CHRIS
I want to. Please.

So the boy puts his dirty paw in Chris's hand.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Thank you.

EXT. HONG KONG INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

A Gulfstream 4 slowly PULLS INTO FRAME. RUNWAY CREWS rush the jet stairs into place.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
The final play for Mr. Wong will be on his turf. Hong Kong. For my greatest performance, I need to make my greatest impression of all.

The door to the G4 opens and out steps Chris onto the top landing. He carries a single briefcase and lights a smoke.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O. (CONT'D)
Instead of flying one G4 to Hong Kong, I bring two. One for me, the other for my staff.

CAMERA TRACKS LEFT to reveal that parking just beyond Chris's G4, is an IDENTICAL AIRCRAFT. Christophe describes the cast of characters climbing from the second G4.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O. (CONT'D)
I bring drivers, a personal cook, a masseuse, a secretary, four body guards, and my lawyer, David, who I know must've been saying to himself -

TIGHT SHOT on David the Lawyer.

DAVID THE LAWYER
(Christophe's VOICE)
- What the living hell am I doing here?

As Chris coolly leads his staff toward the terminal.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
They're my window dressing. And the best part is they're all legit. Not even my lawyer, David, knows why I'm here or what I'm about to do.

EXT. HONG KONG STREETS - DAY

A motorcade of one Rolls Royce limo, followed by two stretch limousines, is led through traffic by POLICE MOTORCYCLES.

INSIDE THE ROLLS ROYCE LIMO

Alone in the back seat, Chris carries only that briefcase.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

I try not to sweat as the expenses climb. A motorcade with police escort - 24,000 dollars. Gift for Mr. Wong. - 20,000 dollars. Personal staff - 81,000 dollars. Two G4's - 418,000 dollars. Cash in a briefcase for expenses - 300,000 dollars. Add to that the private jet I loaned Mr. Wong and the money I've lost to him at backgammon, I'm down a total of 1,087,000 dollars.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - HONG KONG RESTAURANT - NIGHT

This scene begins CLOSE ON a bejeweled Rolex watch in a box, a gift to Mr. Wong from Chris.

MR. WONG

As usual, you're too generous.

CHRIS

Trying to change my luck at backgammon.

MR. WONG

Tomorrow. But first, a little business before the pleasure.

Reveal a feast courtesy of Mr. Wong, who also provides the beautiful CHINESE CONCUBINES for the occasion. David the Lawyer sits to Chris's right. Bodyguards are in the b.g.

MR. WONG (CONT'D)

I like what you do, Chris. I like your big buildings. May I ask you how much start-up money I would need as a beginning investment?

CHRIS

I would say to get into the game and be recognized as a real player -

MR. WONG

- Not a player. A silent partner, investing for Chinese businessmen.

CHRIS

I understand. Round numbers? Around 30 million. Half cash, half wire. But let me ask David what he thinks.

All eyes swing to David, who is already looking deeply uncomfortable. David WHISPERS in Chris's ear.

DAVID THE LAWYER

(whispers)

I don't know what to say. I don't even know what I'm doing here.

CHRIS

(whispers)

Making five hundred an hour. That's what you're doing here.

DAVID THE LAWYER

(whispers)

Chris. You're a fucking fugitive. As your lawyer, I must advise you -

MR. WONG

- So what do you think, David?

David straightens, gulps, then nods nervously.

DAVID THE LAWYER

It's good.... Yeah. Good place to start, I think.

MR. WONG

Chris. Wait until you see where we'll play our next game.

EXT. BOATING MARINA - HONG KONG - DAY

Chris carries that briefcase full of cash while leading his ENTIRE STAFF down the dock ramp toward an eighty-five foot yacht. Mr. Wong is there to greet Chris.

MR. WONG

Good morning, Chris.

CHRIS

Yes it is. A beautiful morning.

As Chris steps onto the boat, one of Mr. Wong's Associates steps between the ramp and David the Lawyer.

DAVID THE LAWYER

Excuse me?

MR. WONG

Apologies, Chris. But we only have room for you. I hope you understand.

Chris scans the scene. He sees the three Associates, plus a BOAT CREW that look like Chinese weight-lifters. Scattered around the boat are six more BIKINI-CLAD CONCUBINES.

CHRIS

Not a problem, David. Take everybody
back to the hotel. I'll return...

MR. WONG

... Tomorrow.

Tomorrow? This is news to Chris. But he remains cool.

EXT. HONG KONG HARBOR - DAY

Mr. Wong's luxury yacht motors out of the harbor.

EXT. EXOTIC COVE - DAY

Peaceful, blue, serene. The yacht quietly bobs while Mr.
Wong sets up the backgammon board on the AFT DECK.

MR. WONG

This time we play for ten thousand a
point. Is that good for you?

SPFX SHOT

Everything and everybody freezes on the boat - champagne in
mid-pour - Concubines frozen in the middle of a dive - All
is stopped in time but for Chris, who places his head in his
hands, rubbing his face as he adds up his potential losses.
These are greater stakes than he expected.

RETURN TO ACTION

CHRIS

Why not?

Chris notes that one of the Concubines is wearing the Rolex
he'd given Mr. Wong. Chris also clocks the pistols in the
waistbands of all Mr. Wong's Associates. They begin to play.

WE SLOWLY DISSOLVE:

EXT. EXOTIC COVE - SUNSET

Splash. Concubines are LAUGHING and diving from the boat.
But the backgammon game continues until:

MR. WONG

A swim, I think. Perhaps a little
rest with a girl of your choosing.
We play again after dinner?

CHRIS

How much am I down?

MR. WONG

Two hundred and eleven thousand.

CHRIS

I pay you now.

MR. WONG

Nonsense. We play tonight. Sleep.
Then in the morning, we'll add things
up after we pull the anchor.

CHRIS

Are you certain? Because I don't
like debts. I like to pay as I go.

MR. WONG

There's swimming attire in your room.

INT. STATE ROOM - MR. WONG'S YACHT - SUNSET

Chris, dressed for a swim, removes the briefcase from under
the bed and checks the contents.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

*Only three hundred grand in the
briefcase. This represents the total
of my cash reserves here and in New
York. I shudder to think what might
become of me if I continue to lose
and can no longer cover my losses.*

EXT. EXOTIC COVE - NIGHT

Soft music plays. Chris and Mr. Wong playing backgammon.
Then Mr. Wong lights up with excitement. He's won again.

CHRIS

You're too good a player.

MR. WONG

And you, my friend, are too kind.
(adds up the points)
Five hundred and seventy-nine
thousand. I'd take further advantage
of your good nature if I wasn't so
sleepy. Tomorrow morning, then?

CHRIS

You will need a good rest for my
comeback.

INT. STATE ROOM - MR. WONG'S YACHT - SUNSET

A Concubine asleep next to Chris, who stares at the ceiling.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

*I cannot sleep. I try and purge my
mind of panic, but fail. If I cannot
pay, I'm sure they will kill me.*

Chris hears FOOTSTEPS. Then a sentry passes by his window.

EXT. EXOTIC COVE - MORNING

Over a gourmet breakfast, Chris announces to Mr. Wong:

CHRIS

I was thinking last night. I am so far down that it would take a miracle for me to make it all back in one morning. But... If we raise the stakes to twenty-thousand a point, I might have a chance of breaking even.

MR. WONG

So let's play.

INT. EXOTIC COVE - MORNING

We're TIGHT ON the backgammon board, PULLING WIDER as pieces are moved. A frustrated Mr. Wong throws up his hands.

MR. WONG

What was I -- Of course, you win.

CHRIS

Again?

MR. WONG

Yes yes yes!

Begin MONTAGE of one backgammon game after the other.

MR. WONG (CONT'D)

You win again!

(JUMP CUT)

A third time, no!

(JUMP CUT)

You did not play this well in New York. You've hidden your talents?

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

But I'm hiding nothing. I am only lucky at this point. A luck that I'm very aware could turn bad again at any moment.

Mr. Wong calls over the Concubine wearing his gifted Rolex. He unhooks it from her wrist and straps it on his own. The MONTAGE CONTINUES until:

MR. WONG

At last. I finally win a game.

Mr. Wong scribbles down the score and adds the numbers.

MR. WONG (CONT'D)

You are back in the black, my friend.
Ten thousand dollars ahead of me.

CHRIS

One last game then? For a hundred
thousand. Winner takes all.

As Mr. Wong sets up the board:

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

*Nothing is left to chance in this
final match. I play to be beaten,
in the end losing only -*

EXT. HONG KONG MARINA - YACHT IN MOTION - DAY

And Chris counting out the cash to a happy Mr. Wong.

CHRIS

- Ninety thousand dollars.

MR. WONG

Thank you, Chris. And now, for my
turn.

Mr. Wong gestures toward the boat dock. There stand FOUR
CHINESE BODYGUARDS alongside four large suitcases.

MR. WONG (CONT'D)

Fifteen million dollars. The rest I
will send you by wire. That is, of
course, if you still would accept me
as a real estate partner.

INT. GULFSTREAM 4 - IN FLIGHT - DAY

Chris sits in a captain's chair, sipping Cristal champagne
while resting his feet on one of those cash heavy suitcases.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - PARIS - PRESENT DAY

CHRIS

A pretty good end, don't you think?

WOMAN JOURNALIST

Mr. Wong gives you fifteen million
dollars and you walk away with it?

CHRIS

I flew away with it. G4.

WOMAN JOURNALIST

The Mr. Wong you describe sounds
like a dangerous guy. And you say
he never came after you for the money?

CHRIS
I never said that.

WOMAN JOURNALIST
So he did come after you.

CHRIS
Somebody beats you for fifteen million, naturally you're going to want revenge. So before Mr. Wong got too crazy I had some friends talk to him.

WOMAN JOURNALIST
Italian friends.

CHRIS
Friends.

WOMAN JOURNALIST
The Mob. All this time, all these millions you say you've stolen - the reason nobody ever came after you was because you were protected by The Mob. Am I right?

CHRIS
You misunderstand. I was never protected. Most of the people I beat were just greedy people. Greedy people either don't have muscle or they're too embarrassed to admit they got beat. Simple as that.

WOMAN JOURNALIST
But you still kicked money upstairs. To The Mob. Just in case.

CHRIS
I'm not stupid.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - PRESENT DAY

FEMALE INTERVIEWER
So you've just made 15 million. What do you do for an encore?

CHRIS
No encore. I need a vacation. So we get a place in The Hamptons.

INT. SEA SIDE INN - NORTH HAMPTON, NEW YORK - DAY

Chris signs the register: CHRISTOPHE ROCKEFELLER. The sweet old lady INN KEEPER is very impressed.

INN KEEPER

Very good, Mr. Rockefeller. It's nice to have you here with us. Can I show your family to the suite?

As Chris and two-year-old Zeus follow, Pia leans in and:

PIA

(whispers)

Mr. Rockefeller? Very impressive.

CHRIS

(whispers)

It's all about the name. She melted just like an ice cream cone.

INT. EXCLUSIVE HAMPTONS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

This is a POV MONTAGE as Chris and Pia ENTER.

MAITRE D'

Good evening, Mr. Rockefeller.

SEATING HOSTESS

Right this way, Mr. Rockefeller.

WAITER

May I tell you what's special tonight, Mr. Rockefeller?

REVERSE ANGLE

Chris and Pia eating dinner and drinking champagne in a cozy booth. They can't miss the looks they receive from OTHER DINERS, who whisper and gesture in Chris's direction.

PIA

I'll tell you what's special tonight. Mr. Rockefeller is special.

CHRIS

Not just any Rockefeller. But a French Rockefeller.

PIA

And what about Mrs. Rockefeller?

CHRIS

The most special Rockefeller of all.

They kiss like happy lovers. Chris's cell phone rings. Pia grabs for it, answering.

PIA

Chris Rockefeller's phone.
(turns to Chris)
Carolyn Kennedy for you.

Pia's only joking, but still the "Kennedy call" gets even more looks from the establishment Diners.

*CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
It was my best summer. We ate good
food. We spent our days at the beach.*

EXT. BEACH FRONT HOME - NORTH HAMPTON, NEW YORK - DAY

On this gray, windy day, Chris and family trudge hand in hand through the natural dunes in front of this two-story, shingled villa with a "FOR SALE" sign out front.

*CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
Pia even found us a perfect summer
home. A bargain at only eight million
dollars. My plan was to make an
offer when the season was over.*

EXT. HIGHWAY LEAVING NORTH HAMPTON - DAY

Chris is behind the wheel of a Lincoln Navigator. Pia is in the passenger seat, Zeus is sleeping in the back. In the rear view mirror, Chris sees the red lights of a COUNTY COP.

ROAD SHOULDER

Where the County Cop walks up to Chris's window.

COUNTY COP
License and registration?

Pia grabs the registration from the glove box. Chris shows his driver's license.

COUNTY COP (CONT'D)
Now, this says Mr. Christopher Rotuno.

CHRIS
Yes, that's me.

COUNTY COP
Kinda confusing, dontcha think? Cuz
back there at the inn, they said you
were known as Christopher Rockefeller.

CHRIS
A little misunderstanding. But this
is me. Christopher Rotuno.

COUNTY COP
Mind stepping out of the car?

Pia looks worried. Chris gives her a reassuring pat on the arm, then steps from the car.

COUNTY COP (CONT'D)

You're under arrest. Hands on your head, feet apart.

INT. BOOKING DESK - SUSSEX COUNTY P.D. - DAY

While a BOOKING DEPUTY is typing the arrest report into a computer, a handcuffed Chris protests.

CHRIS

A simple oversight. I think my wife pays the hotel bill, she thinks I pay the bill. We get in the car and we drive. This is so stupid.

BOOKING DEPUTY

Stupid for you, not so for old lady you hung with a 12 thousand dollar hotel bill.

CHRIS

Please. One phone call. I'll have her money here in thirty minutes.

BOOKING DEPUTY

How do you spell "Rockefeller" again?
(laughs)

CHRIS

It's funny, yes? Because it was only a joke.

QUICK SHOTS

Chris's passport and driver's license are photocopied. Both with the name "Christopher Rotuno." Next, Chris is fingerprinted and photographed for a mug shot, the contents put into a file.

CHRIS'S POV

As he watches his file handed to the DEPUTY SHERIFF, who quickly looks it over.

DEPUTY SHERIFF

Fax two copies. Send one upstate.
The other goes to the FBI.

INT. DETAINMENT CELL - SUSSEX COUNTY P.D. - DAY

Where a terrified Chris is locked inside.

INT. COURTROOM - SUSSEX COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

From the bench, a JUDGE speaks to Chris and David the Lawyer.

JUDGE

Bail is set at forty-five thousand.
And for the record, Mr. Rotuno, it
would serve you well not to "joke
around" using the other people's
good names.

Bang goes the gavel.

INT. BAIL DESK - SUSSEX COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Pia pays the bail, counting out forty-five thousand dollars.

EXT. SUSSEX COUNTY P.D. - DAY

David the Lawyer catches up as Chris hurries Pia to the car.

CHRIS

Where's Zeus?

PIA

Back in the city.

CHRIS

David's going to drive. Pack a bag,
and get a flight to Canada. Now!

PIA

What's the hurry, Chris? You just
made bail -

CHRIS

- Just do as I say!

INT. SUSSEX COUNTY P.D. - DAY

That Deputy Sheriff exits his office, holding a fax.

DEPUTY SHERIFF

The Rockefeller guy? Ever get a
ping off that sheet we sent upstate?

BOOKING DEPUTY

Yeah. Came back clean.

DEPUTY SHERIFF

(puts on his glasses)

Just got this response from the F.B.I.
Christopher Rotuno, a.k.a. Fabiano
Rotuno, a.k.a. Christopher De
Laurentis, a.k.a. Christopher Reyes,
a.k.a. Christopher Loren.

(glasses off)

Real name's Christopher Rocancourt.
Wanted in California on money
laundering and passport fraud.

(MORE)

DEPUTY SHERIFF (CONT'D)
 Feds are on their way over to take
 the prisoner into federal custody -
 (off the Deputy's
 look)
 What?

BOOKING DEPUTY
 Rockefeller guy made bail.

"Oh, fuck!" looks all around.

EXT. NEW JERSEY HIGHWAY - DAY

Chris is behind wheel of a Jeep Cherokee.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
While Pia and Zeus fly to Vancouver,
I decide to drive to the last place
the F.B.I. would think I'd run to...

SPFX SHOT

As the CAMERA LIFTS into the sky until we see a GOOGLE EARTH
 type view of North America. Then the CAMERA HURTLES toward...

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O. (CONT'D)
... Las Vegas.

EXT. BANK OF LAS VEGAS - DAY

Chris enters.

INT. SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT - DAY

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
It's like the old story of the
traveling salesman with a different
woman in every town. Only with me,
it's money.

Chris moves cash from a safe deposit box to a duffel then
 heads for the exit. Only the bank he's leaving is -

EXT. BANK OF CALIFORNIA - DAY

Chris EXITS, tossing the duffel bag into the Cherokee.

EXT. BEACH BAR - VENICE BOARDWALK - DAY

Chris sits on a stool, baseball cap and glasses. He's sipping
 on a coke while watching AMERICA'S MOST WANTED host JOHN
 WALSH on the bar TV. He sees mug shots of himself, paparazzi
 video, Detective Mueller giving an interview.

JOHN WALSH (ON TV)

... So if you have any information on the whereabouts of Christopher Rocancourt, call the America's Most Wanted hotline at...

INT. ST. GERMAIN'S CHURCH - ST. GERMAIN, FRANCE - NIGHT

Young Chris (10) makes that third and last wish to God.

YOUNG CHRIS

Finally, dear Lord. I pray that one day my name will mean something.

MICKEY (O.S.)

Takes big balls to show up in L.A.

EXT. BEACH BAR - VENICE BOARDWALK - DAY

And there's Mickey in a floppy hat and sunglasses, seated on the stool next to Chris.

CHRIS

Takes big balls to be seen with me. I'm Top 10 on the FBI list.

MICKEY

Guess that makes you more famous than me.

CHRIS

I forgot to say goodbye.

MICKEY

Wise choice...

(hugs goodbye)

Hey. Why'd your never steal nothin' from me? My money's not good enough for you?

There's an awkward pause before both men break into laughter.

CHRIS'S POV

Beyond Mickey he sees a DRESS UP PHOTO BOOTH for tourists.

INT. DRESS UP PHOTO BOOTH - DAY

Flash flash then a computerized FREEZE FRAME. Chris is pictured in a Clint Eastwood styled sombrero and pancho. Emblazoned below are the words: "WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE!"

CUT TO - MONTAGE

Newspapers, magazines, and TV shows - all featuring the "Wanted Dead or Alive!" photo of Chris.

EXT. CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY - DAY

Chris drives that Jeep Cherokee. This time, we GOOGLE EARTH from BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA to WHISTLER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

EXT. LAKE FRONT MANSION - WHISTLER - DAY

While Zeus plays in the background, Chris and Pia stand at the deck railing of this mansion with a breathtaking view.

PIA

Promise me? No more running?

CHRIS

We stop here. This place, this house.
We make a baby sister for Zeus.

Chris and Pia pull each other close. Arm in arm.

PIA

And the games?

CHRIS

Retired.

PIA

So we won't need all the names?
Because I don't want our children
growing up, wondering who they are.
They deserve a name to be proud of.

BOB WATSON (O.S.)

Mr. and Mrs. Van Hoven?

The happy couple turns around to greet a grinning real estate salesman in a cowboy hat. This is BOB WATSON.

BOB WATSON (CONT'D)

You had a chance to think about it?

CHRIS

We're taking it.

BOB WATSON

Fantastic. We can talk financing
over dinner. My treat.

EXT. WHISTLER RESTAURANT - WHISTLER - NIGHT

Chris and Bob Watson are walking toward the restaurant.

BOB WATSON

... and kids love it here. Did you
talk to your wife about the schools?

Suddenly, a HOMELESS MAN approaches them.

HOMELESS MAN

Excuse me, sir. But could you please spare some change. Anything...

But as Chris is reaching into his pocket, Bob Watson gives the Homeless Man a hard shove.

BOB WATSON

Get out of here, ya dirty bugger!

And then, as if the incident never occurred, Bob Watson continues on.

BOB WATSON (CONT'D)

What was I saying? Oh yeah.
Schools...

CLOSE ON - CHRIS

Angry over the treatment of the homeless man, Chris lags behind, secretly handing the poor man a \$100 bill.

INT. WHISTLER RESTAURANT - WHISTLER - NIGHT

We're TIGHT ON Chris, who's still burning over the treatment of the Homeless Man. All while Bob Watson drones on...

BOB WATSON

Hell, you'd think there'd never been a down market. Guess it's just the rich people gettin' richer. Which is fine by me...

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

Sure. I promised Pia no more games. But I can't get that poor homeless man out of my head. I hate this counterfeit cowboy. I decide to hurt him the only way I know.

CHRIS

What are your feelings about a cash deal? For the house. Half cash, half wire.

BOB WATSON

If the money's green. You keep it all under your mattress?

CHRIS

Off shore. We share the expense of bringing it into the country.

BOB WATSON

(big grin)
What's that gonna cost me?

INT. LAKE FRONT HOME - WHISTLER - DAY

Click click. Chris opens the briefcase and examines the usual stacks of cash. All good. So he shuts the briefcase, stands and shakes hands with Bob Watson. The CAMERA FOLLOWS Chris to the front door, where he opens it to find -

COPS - THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE

Dozens in combat positions, weapons aimed directly at Chris.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*My mistake. Bob Watson wasn't greedy.
 He was just an asshole.*

EXT. PRISONER BUS - IN MOTION - DAY

A melancholy Chris looks out the window.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*I spent a year in Canadian prison
 before extradition to the U.S.*

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - FEDERAL PENITENTIARY - DAY

Chris is being grilled by 4 SUITED FBI MEN.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*The F.B.I. offered to put me in the
 Witness Protection Program in exchange
 for testifying against my mob friends.
 I tell them again and again-*

CHRIS
 (Christophe's VOICE)
 - I don't have any mob friends.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
 They show me photos of a dinner they
 claim I organized between the French
 and Italian mob families.

Chris examines photographs of a big dinner, shot through long lenses -- black and white, lots of champagne.

EXT. MIDDLE CLASS HOME - HONFLEUR, FRANCE - DAY

A gentle breeze blows dry clean clothes, all hanging from a line. Suddenly, Young Chris (7) appears, expertly snatching a pair of boy's blue jeans as he runs. He's gone in a flash.

EXT. GRANDFATHER'S HOVEL - HONFLEUR, FRANCE - NIGHT

The local GENDARME waves the stolen jeans in the Grandfather's face. Young Chris (7) tries not to look guilty.

GENDARME

(in French)

You stole these pants! Confess and
the judge will go easy on you!

But Christophe's Grandfather gives nothing away, refusing
even to speak.

GENDARME (CONT'D)

(in French)

Have it your way, then.

GENDARMES handcuff the Grandfather. Young Chris (7) runs to
the old man, who bends over to look his grandson in the eye.

GRANDFATHER

(in French)

They'll never make me talk.

With a wink from his Grandfather, the old man is stuffed
into a car and driven away.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - FEDERAL PENITENTIARY - DAY

We're BACK TO THE SCENE with Chris and those photographs.

CHRIS

Sorry. I don't remember this dinner.
But it appears we had a good time.

INT. FEDERAL PENITENTIARY - PENNSYLVANIA - DAY

Chris wears an orange jumpsuit and a four-piece. Escorted
by GUARDS, he marches single file with twenty other INMATES.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

*In the end, I plead guilty to passport
fraud and I'm sentenced to 5 years.*

INT. ISOLATION CELL - DAY

Chris sits on his bunk, knees pulled to his chest, cut by
the thinnest shaft of light. The rest is in black.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.

*As a welcome gift, the Feds arrange
for me to spend my first thirty days
in darkness. But my fears are cured
by memories of my Grandfather.*

INT. GRANDFATHER'S HOVEL - HONFLEUR, FRANCE - NIGHT

Young Chris (7) wakes in the dark. Terrified, he scampers
from the darkness of his bed to wake his Grandfather.

YOUNG CHRIS
 (in French)
 I'm scared of the dark, Grandpapa.

CUT TO - A FIREPLACE

Where Christophe's Grandfather stokes the flames. The boy curls up under a blanket. Meanwhile, the Grandfather entertains with grand gestures, as if acting out a play.

CHRISTOPHE ROCANCOURT V.O.
*My grandfather never told stories.
 He acted them. Most of them were
 about the war in Indochina. Each a
 great adventure.*

The old man gets so worked up by his own tale, he grabs a shotgun, throws open the door of his hovel and shoots into the darkness. BLAM BLAM BLAM.

CLOSE ON - YOUNG CHRIS

Laughing, smiling, and no longer afraid.

INT. PHONE BANK - FEDERAL PENITENTIARY - DAY

As Chris waits his turn in line for a phone...

INT. ORPHANAGE AT ST. GERMAIN -- DAY

A queue of ORPHAN BOYS, where Young Chris (10) waits for his turn to make a telephone call. When it finally arrives...

ORPHANAGE DIRECTOR
 (in French)
 And who would you like to call?

YOUNG CHRIS
 (in French)
 My mother.

The Orphanage Director looks curiously at Young Chris (10).

ORPHANAGE DIRECTOR
 (in French)
 You no longer have a mother. She
 abandoned you.

YOUNG CHRIS
 (in French)
 Of course, I have a mother. May I
 call her?

The sympathetic Orphanage Director nods. So Young Chris (10) picks up the telephone, dials a number, then turns just so the other boys can hear him.

YOUNG CHRIS (CONT'D)

(in French)

Hello, Mama! It's Christophe! Yes, Mama. I miss you, too... What's that? You're coming to get me soon?

The other Orphan Boys appear impressed. But then the CAMERA PUSHES IN On the earpiece pressed to Young Chris's ear:

VOICE ON THE PHONE

(in French)

... At the tone, the time will be two-thirty-three P.M.

YOUNG CHRIS

(in French)

Yes, I think that's best for us all.

PIA (ON PHONE)

Who the hell are you to say what's best for me and Zeus?

INT. PHONE BANK - FEDERAL PENITENTIARY - DAY

A tortured Chris is on a prison phone with Pia.

CHRIS

Because I know myself. And I know you're too good for me, okay?

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

INT. PIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Devastated, Pia is in tears over a set of divorce documents.

PIA

Have you thought about what this might do to your son?

CHRIS

I will always take care of you.

A GUARD near Chris makes a gesture.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I gotta go. Just sign the papers, okay?

PIA

Don't hang up, Chris!

Too late. Chris has hung up.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - FEDERAL PENITENTIARY - DAY

There's a BBC TV CREW, video cameras, a BBC Reporter, and a FEDERAL GUARD serving coffee to Chris.

BBC REPORTER

In other interviews, you said you had a "relationship" with God. So this means you believe in the Ten Commandments?

(off Chris's look)

Specifically, the seventh - "Thou Shalt Not Steal"?

CHRIS

I know that Commandment. I'm Catholic.

BBC REPORTER

And?

CHRIS

And I believe God gives each of us a gift. He gave me intelligence.

BBC REPORTER

Ever wondered what God thinks about what you've done with your "gift"?

CHRIS

... I don't think he'd approve. But I know he understands.

BBC REPORTER

Your father was a religious man?

CHRIS

My father loves God very much.

BBC REPORTER

Do you regret missing his funeral?

TIGHT ON - CHRIS

Did he hear right? Only now does Chris realize that his father has died. Chris tries hard to conceal his sadness.

BBC REPORTER (CONT'D)

You didn't know? I'm sorry -

CHRIS

- How did he die?

The PRODUCTION ASSISTANT scrambles through her notes.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

Exposure. On the bench outside your
hometown church -- St. Anne's.

INSERT - FLASHBACK SHOT

After failing to find his father, the adult Chris seated on
that bench outside St. Anne's church.

CHRIS (O.S.)

He liked that bench... He liked to
feel close to God.

INT. TATTOO ROOM - NIGHT

The Tattoo Artist dabs at the crucifix inked on Chris's back.
He sits up to examine his finished work.

TATTOO ARTIST

Think we're done.

We GO WIDE on the Tattoo Room, revealing that all along it's
been a PRISON CELL. Using a small mirror, Chris examines
the mural on his back. It's his life. Grete, Pia, Zeus,
Bel-Air, Honfleur, God, money, guns, and more...

TATTOO ARTIST (CONT'D)

Can I ask you one more thing? Down
there on the right. The Swiss watch
thing you wanted. What's with that?

CLOSE ON - CHRIS'S LOWER BACK

Hiding behind a rain of tattooed tear drops is a SWISS WATCH.
And WE DISSOLVE FROM the Swiss watch on Chris's back to -

EXT. OCEAN PARK - SANTA MONICA - DAY

- a ROLEX WATCH on Chris's wrist. We PULL BACK WIDE to reveal
Chris on the day he first arrived in Los Angeles. Once again,
seated on that very same bench, under a palm tree, blue
Pacific ocean b.g. Only this time he's dressed in a nice
suit, shoes, sporty sunglasses. And he's taking it all in,
the beautiful women, the in-line skaters, the sunshine.

TRANSITION CUT TO CLOSE ON - CHRIS

As he stands...

INT. PRE-RELEASE ROOM - FEDERAL PENITENTIARY - DAY

But where sunglasses Chris appears to be standing against
that blue sea and bending palm, we discover that it's only a
large poster framed on the Pre-release Room wall. The
sunglasses? They're to prepare Chris for the volley of -

CAMERA FLASHES AND VID-CAM SUN GUNS

From a GANG OF MEDIA waiting for him as the doors open.
Chris gives a steely smile.

PIA AND ZEUS APPEAR

Pushing to the front. But the child has grown into an eight-year-old boy. Chris kneels to take his boy into his arms.

INT. AIR FRANCE GATE - PHILADELPHIA AIRPORT - DAY

Followed by a MEDIA THRONG eager for video, FEDERAL MARSHALS escort Chris, Pia, and Zeus through the terminal. At the gate, David the Lawyer waits with their tickets.

DAVID THE LAWYER

You realize you can never come back.

CHRIS

Never say never.
(the tickets)
First Class?

DAVID THE LAWYER

Of course.

INT. FIRST CLASS CABIN - AIR FRANCE - IN FLIGHT - PRESENT DAY

Pia and Zeus are comfortably sleeping while Chris and that beautiful, young American Television Producer chat.

TELEVISION PRODUCER

Off the record, okay? The mob stuff.
True or no?

CHRIS

I never had a partner. Always alone.

TELEVISION PRODUCER

Alone, sure. But connected.

CHRIS

Because I paid for protection doesn't mean I'm connected.

TELEVISION PRODUCER

But what about the dead guys?

CHRIS

What dead guys?

TELEVISION PRODUCER

You know. The Russian guy you shot on Sunset?

CHRIS

That guy walked out of the hospital
the next day.

TELEVISION PRODUCER

But two weeks later he turns up
murdered. No suspect.

CHRIS

The guy had bad luck. That's all.

TELEVISION PRODUCER

And Mr. Wong. Two months after you
took him for millions, he died in a
helicopter crash.

CHRIS

Dangerous things, helicopters. You
should never ride in one.

TELEVISION PRODUCER

Give me one thing. Please? One
little, off-the-record, Rocancourt
fact that nobody knows but me.

She's flirting with Chris, who just smiles back at her.

INSERT - QUICK SHOTS

Banks. Vaults. Locked safe deposit boxes.

BACK TO SCENE

And Chris, just smiling back at her. He won't tell.

TELEVISION PRODUCER (CONT'D)

Fine. Act mysterious. But watch
out. You're a public figure, now.
And if the public is hungry? They
will dig until they know everything
there is to know about you.

CHRIS

Is that so?

With that, Chris merely smiles before letting his gaze swing
out the window.

POV SHOT - CHRIS

Thirty thousand feet below the aircraft he can make out the
Normandy coast of France.

SPFX SHOT

As the CAMERA PLUNGES toward the ground until we land in...

EXT. HONFLEUR - FRANCE - DAY

Where we ZOOM THROUGH the streets, past the church with the trailer parked in back, by the school, and eventually slow to find a stream that runs through a little wooded area. FADE UP the SOUND OF INDIAN DRUMS. And bring on a MAGICAL MIST. Eventually, we see YOUNG BOYS with spears and crowns of dead frogs on their heads, dancing a native dance choreographed from the imagination of Young Chris (7).

EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - YOUNG CHRIS (7)

As he stops his dance and gives a wide-eyed stare directly INTO THE CAMERA.

YOUNG CHRIS
MAH-WHAN-TUTA-POW!

WE FADE OUT:

OVER BLACK we read:

"By Christophe Rocancourt's own estimate, he scored over 60 million dollars while 'surviving' in the United States."

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