

# THE MAN IN THE ROCKEFELLER SUIT

Written by

David Bar Katz

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1st Re-write

[The following is based on the life of Clark Rockefeller. He is a real person. As were all his personas.]

Black screen.

We hear a vintage recording of Cole Porter accompanying himself on piano as he sings *Anything Goes*.

"I'm the most terrific liar you ever saw in your life."

-J.D. Salinger, *The Catcher in the Rye*

INT. BOSTON TOWN HOUSE BATHROOM - MORNING

A well-manicured hand turns an antique faucet. Water flows into a large marble sink. Hands churn up shaving cream in a sterling silver cup. A hand picks up a silver-handled safety razor embossed with the initials C.R.

INT. BOSTON TOWN HOUSE BEDROOM - MORNING

Beige khakis are slipped over pale legs and robin's egg blue Brooks Brothers boxer shorts. Bare feet step into perfectly-worn Topsiders.

EXT. BOSTON'S ALGONQUIN CLUB - DAY

From the back we see a man in khakis, a Lacoste collared shirt and Topsiders mount the steps leading up to Boston's exclusive Algonquin Club. He enters through the large mahogany doors.

INT. THE ALGONQUIN CLUB - DAY

The man walks down a large hallway the walls of which are covered with ancient oil portraits and age-worn antique mirrors. We get a different angle on the man reflected by each mirror he walks by, though we never get a clear look at his face. He approaches the entrance to the main dining room, manned by an immaculately attired smiling maître d'.

MAITRE D'

Mr. Rockefeller. Wonderful to see you. Will anyone be joining you this afternoon?

Reverse Angle: We see Clark Rockefeller's face for the first time. He is a handsome man with brownish-blond hair, angular features and a large forehead. He wears thick black-rimmed glasses.

The expression on his face is one of pleased amusement. He has an aristocratic air, yet the twinkle in his eye makes him seem approachable. He has the privileged accent of a high society person one would meet at a cocktail party in a Thin Man film.

CLARK

I will be a party of twenty-five...  
If you count the two-dozen  
malpeques I'm about to order.

The maitre d' laughs as Clark winks at him.

MAITRE D'

Please follow me, Mr. Rockefeller.

The maitre d' walks Clark through the dining room. Heads turn when people notice him and we can hear them whispering. All their words aren't clear, but we can make out "Rockefeller". A smile forms on Clark's lips as he is escorted to his table. He enjoys that they are noticing him.

CLARK

(to maitre d')

H. L. Mencken said, "He who eats alone chokes alone." But I think the man who eats alone dines with the most captivating companion, don't you?

INT. ALGONQUIN DINING ROOM - LATER

Clark is savoring his champagne as he swallows oyster after oyster directly from the shell. When he finishes the final one he glances at his bubble-back Rolex with a yachting flag wristband then waves for the check.

EXT. ALGONQUIN CLUB - DAY

Clark strolls out of the club, down the steps and then gets into the back of a waiting sleek black SUV.

EXT. MARLBOROUGH STREET - DAY

An amiable-looking middle-aged man, HAROLD YAFEE, is standing on the street next to SNOOKS ROCKEFELLER, a small, blonde seven-year old girl. The little girl looks anxious and glances around as though she's waiting for something.

HAROLD

Your daddy will be here any minute.

INT. BLACK SUV - DAY

From the backseat of the SUV Clark can see his daughter waiting on the corner.

EXT. MARLBOROUGH STREET - DAY

The black SUV pulls up in front of Harold and Snooks. The door opens and Clark jumps out. Snooks lights up!

SNOOKS

Daddy!

The little girl runs to her father and jumps into his arms. He also is beaming. He kisses and hugs her.

CLARK

Oh, sweetheart. I've missed you.  
Oh, how I have missed you.

Then Clark turns to Harold and extends his hand.

CLARK (CONT'D)

(cooly)  
Hello, Harold.

HAROLD

Clark.

Harold looks at his wrist-watch.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

It's 12:37. Your eight hours started at noon. Are we still going to Newport?

CLARK

Absolutely.

Clark glances up at the grand old townhouse behind them.

CLARK (CONT'D)

(to Harold)  
Look at this architectural beauty. See how that mansard roof slopes out above the brick section of the walls? Just like that old "Bates House" in *Psycho*.

Harold turns to look up at the house and as soon as he does Clark smashes into him with all of his might! Harold is thrown backwards and slams to the ground.

Then Clark grabs his stunned daughter and throws her into the back of the SUV. Clark dives in after her and slams the door behind him.

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

CLARK  
(to the driver)  
Go! Go! Go!!

The car takes off. Clark looks out his window and Harold has managed to grab the door handle and is holding on as he's dragged by the car. Through the window he and Clark lock eyes.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
Such a horrid man.

EXT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

The car accelerates and Harold loses his grip on the door handle and is thrown tumbling to the street.

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

Snooks is crying.

CLARK  
(to Snooks)  
Are you alright, sweeters?

CLARK (CONT'D)  
(to the driver)  
Take a left! And a right! Now a left! (to Snooks) Are you okay?

SNOOKS  
Just a little scared.

CLARK  
A little scared but a whole lot happy, right?

SNOOKS  
Right.

CLARK  
At least we got rid of that Harold.

Clark kisses her.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
 (to driver)  
 Okay, stop here.

Clark pulls a huge wad of one-hundred dollar bills out of his pocket and throws them onto the front seat.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
 (to driver)  
 Our plans have changed. We are actually not going sailing today. But thank you for the ride.

Clark opens up his door, takes Snooks hand, and gets out of the SUV.

EXT. BOSTON SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Clark and Snooks get out of the SUV and hop into a cab.

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

CLARK  
 (to cab driver)  
 Boston Sailing Center, please. (to Snooks) Sweetheart, I know this is all awfully disorienting and that is my fault because I did not explain the game to you.

Clark takes a small notebook out of his jacket pocket. He opens it up revealing page after page of what looks like a trail of colored post-it notes.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
 You know how you love playing Candy Land?

SNOOKS  
 I more than love it.

CLARK  
 You *more* than love it?

SNOOKS  
 It reminds me of when I was little.

CLARK  
*When* you were little? Darling, what is it you think you are now?

SNOOKS

I'm... *petite*.

CLARK

Excellent! Now what we are doing currently is just like playing Candy Land, *but real*. See, we started on the first space...

Clark points to the first red post-it note that has written on it, "Knock Down Jaffe", then pulls it off and rips it up.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Then we landed here.

And he points to the next green post-it note that says "SUV Escape/Ditch SUV."

CLARK (CONT'D)

You rip that one up.

Snooks peels off the post-it and rips it up.

CLARK (CONT'D)

That a girl!

Snooks smiles. Clark pages through the notebook, following the post-it trail to the last page.

CLARK (CONT'D)

And what happens when we get to the end?

SNOOKS

(excited)  
Candy Castle?

CLARK

(smiling)  
That's right. Candy Castle.

INT. MCKINSEY AND COMPANY CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Fifteen businessmen sit around a large conference table listening to one woman speak. She is SANDRA BOSS (SANDY), a quietly pretty woman with a commanding presence. She does not smile. She is all business. She is precise. She is a perfectionist. There is a chilliness to her but one gets the sense that icy exterior protects something very fragile.

SANDY

Gentlemen, you're an anomaly. Unlike your competitors, eighty-nine percent of your revenue is coming from the top ten percent of your customers while the bottom twenty percent is actually losing you money through acquisition and retention expenses.

A secretary enters the room and heads towards Sandy.

SANDY (CONT'D)

The good news is that segmentation analysis shows the core of this top decile to be upper-middle class families with uncaptured disposable income - you're leaving money on the table and we've developed a strategy for you to acquire it.

The secretary hands Sandy a phone. Sandy gives her a "This better be important or you'll never work again." look.

SECRETARY

I'm sorry. It's urgent.

Sandy puts the phone to her ear.

EXT. BOSTON STREET - DAY

Harold Yaffe is sitting on the side walk, blood is running down his face. He's speaking into his cell phone.

HAROLD

(into phone)

Sandy, he's got her. I don't know what to tell you. He's got her!

INT. MCKINSEY AND COMPANY CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Sandy does not move, but her face collapses in anguish. She quickly regains her composure.

SANDY

I'm so sorry. Please excuse me.

Sandy exits the conference room.



EXT. MARLBOROUGH STREET - DAY

The area of the street where Snooks abduction took place is now a cordoned off crime scene. A cab pulls up and Sandy jumps out. She spots Harold who looks shaken-up and has a bandage on his head. Harold is being questioned by the police. Sandy rushes over to him. She is clearly distraught.

SANDY

Harold, what happened?

HAROLD

Clark attacked me. He knocked me over and...

SANDY

(half to herself)

I knew this would happen. I knew this would happen.

INT. FBI BRANCH OFFICE-BOSTON - DAY

Special Agent NOREEN GLEASON, 32, African-American, is walking quickly down a corridor as she looks through a newly compiled file on Sandra Boss and Clark Rockefeller. Agent Gleason is attractive, but tries to hide it; Noreen does not like to waste time so being hit on when she's working really pisses her off. She seems humorless, but there's a slight curve to her lips that may be an amused grin. But it's not. Her mouth's just shaped that way. Trying to keep up with her is her associate, Special Agent ANTON CORTES, 38.

NOREEN GLEASON

(reading)

Divorced for over a year. Then she moved to London with their only child. Father gets to see the kid three times a year for eight hours. That's a lousy deal. No wonder he's pissed.

AGENT CORTES

A friend of the wife told me the guy got an eight-hundred thousand dollar settlement out of her just so he'd go away.

NOREEN GLEASON

It says here he's a Rockefeller, so why would he need her money?

They reach the outside of the interrogation room. Through one-way glass they can see Sandy sitting alone in the room at a table just staring straight ahead. Noreen studies her for a moment.

NOREEN GLEASON (CONT'D)

So that's what an aristocrat looks like.

AGENT CORTES

If you prickith a Rockefeller doth it not bleed?

Noreen searches Sandy's face.

NOREEN GLEASON

This one's bleeding all over the floor.

Noreen opens the door to the interrogation room and goes in.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Noreen enters. Sandy's stillness and doubt vanish; she is animated and focused.

SANDY

Why am I in an interrogation room? Do I need a lawyer? I need you to give me your name right now.

NOREEN GLEASON

Ms. Rockefeller, I'm Special Agent Gleason.

SANDY

I don't use that name. My last name is 'Boss'.

NOREEN GLEASON

I'm sorry, Ms. Boss. You are not being questioned. Believe it or not, this is just the nicest place we have for a guest to sit. Field offices aren't glamorous. Can I get you something?

SANDY

No.

NOREEN GLEASON

Ms. Boss, we've put your ex-husband's name through several databases and we haven't come up with a single match. That's highly unusual. Is 'Clark' a nick-name?

SANDY

His full name is James Fredrick Mills Clark Rockefeller. I told the police detectives that and I gave them a comprehensive lists of Clark's friends and associates.

NOREEN GLEASON

Do you have his social security number?

SANDY

No.

NOREEN GLEASON

Can you get it?

SANDY

I don't think so.

NOREEN GLEASON

It would be on your tax returns.

SANDY

We didn't file together and I never saw his.

NOREEN GLEASON

You were married for over a decade?

SANDY

Clark was very private.

NOREEN GLEASON

What about a driver's license?

SANDY

He never had one.

Noreen just stares at Sandy now. She's incredulous.

NOREEN GLEASON

What about credit cards?

SANDY

He only used mine.

NOREEN GLEASON  
Do you have his cell phone number?

SANDY  
I don't believe he's had his own  
phone since we were divorced.

Again, Noreen is incredulous.

NOREEN GLEASON  
I'm sorry, but is this kind of  
behavior normal for a... for  
incredibly wealthy people?

SANDY  
This behavior is only specific to  
Clark Rockefeller. I once thought  
it was odd too.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - 1994

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE STREET - EVENING

Sandra Boss is walking down a dark street. She is  
unaccompanied and looking uncomfortable.

SANDY (V.O.)  
*I grew up in a middle class  
conservative religious family in  
Washington state. People were soft-  
spoken and modest.*

Sandy approaches a townhouse, looks up at it, a bit  
intimidated, then walks up the stone steps leading to the  
front door. On the top step she pauses, fixes her hair and  
adjusts the scarf around her neck. Then she takes a deep  
breath and rings the doorbell.

SANDY (V.O.)  
*I had never met anyone like Clark.*

The door swings open revealing Clark Rockefeller, dressed in  
a maroon corduroy blazer and matching pants and beaming. The  
effect is as though Sandy had been in black and white and now  
the door to a Technicolor world has been thrown open! Clark  
is hosting a Clue theme party.

CLARK  
Welcome to the Boddy Mansion! And  
what is your name, Miss?

SANDY

I'm Sandra...

CLARK

No, no, no, no! What is the name you were pre-assigned for the evening?

SANDY

Oh. I'm Miss Scarlett.

CLARK

(clearly pleased)

Miss Scarlett! So nice to meet you. I'm Professor Plumb. Please come in.

INT. UPPER EAST SIDE TOWNHOUSE - EVENING

Clark guides Sandy into a different world. There is a small band in black tie playing Cole Porter. Elegantly dressed people are everywhere, laughing and enjoying cocktails. Clark takes Sandy's hand to lead her into the room.

SANDY

I don't know how to play.

CLARK

It's very simple. The style of the game is murder mystery, featuring deduction and bluffing. The basic object of the game is to be the first to figure out who committed the murder of Mr. Boddy, with what weapon, and in what room.

SANDY

And who is Miss Scarlett?

CLARK

You are a femme fatale. You have come to Boddy mansion to ensnare a wealthy man.

SANDY

And who is Professor Plumb?

CLARK

I am a Harvard professor of architecture.

SANDY

That's the only information I get?

CLARK

On my game card it explicitly states that Professor Plumb is always evasive about his past.

Clark smiles broadly, then takes Sandy's hand and leads her into the room. Clark seems to glide through and between people, shaking hands and kissing cheeks. A band is playing *Anything Goes*. He takes a cocktail off of a tray and hands it to Sandy.

SANDY

What am I supposed to do now?

CLARK

Everyone tries to convince everyone else they didn't do it. Because at the end of the game we each have to make an accusation. Now please excuse me as I attempt to impress you.

Clark walks over to the band and joins them on the piano. He does a very impressive solo to *Anything Goes*. Then party-goers begin to sing the lyrics rather haphazardly. Clark grabs Sandy and he dances her across the floor. They end up on the other side of the room by a large oak door.

CLARK (CONT'D)

This is the door to the library. Murders often occur amongst books. It is our obligation to investigate.

He opens the door for her. Sandy enters and Clark follows.

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Clark and Sandy walk in and glance around the ornate library, the walls of which are lined with ancient books.

SANDY

I don't see any murder weapons.

CLARK

Oh?

Clark smiles and precedes to remove from various pockets a noose, a candelabra and a knife which he places before her on a table.

SANDY

Rather suspicious, Professor.

Clark's demeanor seems to shift. Where he had been effusive and glib he is now subdued and serious.

CLARK

I've heard a lot about you from your sister.

SANDY

Are you breaking character? Does that mean I can stop being a femme fatale?

CLARK

Only for a few moments.

SANDY

Okay. I've stopped. Can you tell the difference?

Sandy spins around.

CLARK

Miss Scarlett has vanished. And may I ask, who has taken her place?

SANDY

Sandra Boss. Pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Rockefeller.

CLARK

Who are you, Sandra Boss?

SANDY

Well, I'm a graduate of Stanford. I currently attend Harvard Business School...

CLARK

I don't mean that. Who are you really?

SANDY

Are you being serious?

CLARK

I am a cursed Rockefeller. My name draws people to me even as it creates a barrier between me and every single person I encounter. Tell me something true and I'll tell you something true.

Sandy is embarrassed.

SANDY

Wow. Okay. Um... I just...

CLARK

Then I'll go first. I didn't speak for the first ten years of my life. My parents didn't know what was wrong with me. Doctors could only conjecture. They debated having me institutionalized but in the end they didn't have the stomach for it. Then one day when I was out for a walk in Newport with my mother a large labrador ran by. I looked at it for a moment and then I spoke my first word ever.

SANDY

What was it?

CLARK

Woofness.

SANDY

No.

CLARK

Yes.

SANDY

No!

CLARK

And after that words just flowed out of me. I don't know why language came to me when it did. I just knew language had arrived.

Sandy studies Clark for a moment. She takes a deep breath.

SANDY

I'm a twin. When you're a twin you go through moments of tremendous self-doubt because you begin to question your own uniqueness since there is always someone there who is just like you. I hated that. So I created a game for myself. Every day I would come up with one thing that was so outlandish, so strange, that I knew my sister could never think the same thing.

(MORE)



SANDY (CONT'D)

So I could be confident that finally I was thinking something that was unique to me. That was just mine. If it weren't for that game I would never have made it out of high school.

CLARK

Sartre said that we are truly born only when we choose to create ourselves. Do you still play this game?

SANDY

I stopped in college.

CLARK

Why?

SANDY

I found out that my sister was doing the same exact thing.

Sandy looks at him with utter seriousness. Clark starts laughing. Then Sandy starts laughing along with him.

The library door bursts open and a few party-goers enter.

PARTY-GOER

Professor Plumb, everyone is ready to make their accusations.

INT. UPPER EAST SIDE TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Clark and Sandy stand on the top of a staircase looking down at the other party-goers dancing and singing. Clark leans over and whispers in her ear.

CLARK

I know it was you.

SANDY

What...?

CLARK

I know you're the murderer.

SANDY

But I was with you the whole time.

CLARK

I know. I'm the victim. I don't know what weapon you used, Sandy Boss, but the fact that you have killed me is incontrovertible.

Clark kisses her hand.

CUT BACK TO:

THE PRESENT

EXT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Noreen exits the interrogation room leaving Sandy alone behind her. Agent Cortes is waiting for her outside the door. He follows her as she takes off down the corridor.

NOREEN GLEASON

Did you listen to all that?

AGENT CORTES

Those people live in some kind of parallel universe. Can you imagine? No taxes, no IDs. No credit cards. Just sprinkle fairy dust around.

NOREEN GLEASON

Go through her list of Clark's Boston friends. Get back to me with your list of who you think we should be speakin' to. These are Boston high-society folk so we should both start practising not droppin' our G's.

EXT. THE BOSTON SAILING CENTER - DAY

A cab carrying Clark and Snooks pulls up to the center and they get out. Clark looks around and spots his friend AILEEN ANG leaning against her white Lexus.

CLARK

Ahoy, Aileen!

Clark takes Snooks hand and they go up to Aileen. Clark gives Aileen a big hug and kiss.

AILEEN

Hey, you two! Hi, Snooks.

SNOOKS

Ms. Ang, what a pleasure to see you again.

CLARK

Ms. Ang is going to drive us to New York and we are going to teach her how to sail!

AILEEN

I cannot wait.

CLARK

Aileen, you are going to die when you see this yacht I've had built. It's made of cherry wood and is an exact replica of the one Hemingway used to take Fitzgerald from Key Largo to Cuba for lunch. They both wrote fantastic short stories about it. I'm going to read them to you once we are far out and can no longer see land.

INT. FBI BRANCH OFFICE HALLWAY-BOSTON - DAY

Noreen and Cortes hurriedly walk down the corridor.

NOREEN GLEASON

Did you get a number for any other Rockefellers? Their foundation? Anything?

Cortes hands her a sheet of paper.

AGENT CORTES

Here's the number of a spokesman for the Rockefeller family. Alex Daniels.

NOREEN GLEASON

Poor Mr. Daniels is about to have his busiest day on the job. Release every image we have of dear Mr. Rockefeller and the girl to the media. I want his aquiline nose all over every network.

INT. A WHITE LEXUS - DAY

Clark is in the front seat of Aileen's Lexus as it heads south on I-95. Snooks is in the back looking out the window.

We see a highway sign that says "New York - 200 miles". Clark opens the sun roof which creates terrific wind all through the car.

AILEEN

Clark, what are you doing?

Clark puts his hand out the sun roof.

CLARK

Getting a feel for the wind patterns. This is top-notch sailing weather! Are you two as excited as I to get to the open sea?

Clark uses the distraction of the open sun roof to surreptitiously grab Aileen's cell phone that's on the partition between them and switch it off.

INT. AGENT NOREEN GLEASON'S DESK - DAY

She is on the phone with the Rockefeller spokesman, Mr. Daniels.

NOREEN GLEASON

Mr. Daniels, I'm sure you are up to your ears because of this situation, so I'll be quick. I just have a few questions about Clark Rockefeller.

MR. DANIELS (O.C.)

*I'm sorry, but I can't help you.*

NOREEN GLEASON

Mr. Daniels, I'm a special agent for the FBI leading the investigation of the kidnapping of a Rockefeller by a Rockefeller. Now, you can help me over the phone or you can help me under custody.

CUT TO:

MR. DANIELS ON THE PHONE

MR. DANIELS

I'm sorry, Agent Gleason, I wasn't clear. I can't help you, not because I don't want to, but because I don't know anything about this person you're looking for.

NOREEN GLEASON (O.C.)  
*Mr. Daniels, his full name is James  
 Frederick Mills Clark Rockefeller.*

MR. DANIELS  
 Yes. I don't know the man.

NOREEN GLEASON (O.C.)  
*Whether you know him personally or  
 not is irrelevant. What I need is  
 information...*

MR. DANIELS  
 Agent Gleason, there are 78 direct  
 descendents of John D. Rockefeller.  
 There are 140 descendents of John  
 D. Rockefeller Jr. I assure you,  
 there is not a Clark among them.

CUT BACK TO:

AGENT GLEASON

Agent Gleason is taken aback.

NOREEN GLEASON  
 Mr. Daniels, Clark Rockefeller has  
 been a fixture of elite social  
 circles in New York, Rhode Island  
 and Boston for many years.

MR. DANIELS (O.C.)  
*Agent Gleason, I'm sorry, but Clark  
 Rockefeller is absolutely not a  
 real Rockefeller. We have never  
 heard of him.*

Agent Gleason is clearly stunned by this news.

INT. WHITE LEXUS - DAY

Clark is now in the back seat of the Lexus with Snooks. They  
 are still on the highway but the Manhattan skyline is visible  
 in the distance.

CLARK  
 (re. skyline)  
 There it is, Snooks! "New York  
 City. An architectural jungle where  
 fabulous wealth and the deepest  
 squalor live side by side.  
 (MORE)

CLARK (CONT'D)

New York, the busiest, the loneliest, the kindest and the cruelest of cities." What's that from?

SNOOKS

*Lost Weekend?*

Clark feigns horrified disappointment.

CLARK

Snooks! How could you confuse a Wilder film with a noir like *Sidestreet?! What have those awful monarchists been doing to you across the pond? What's next? Forgetting show tunes? Aileen, do you like Rodgers and Hart?*

AILEEN

*Didn't they write Oklahoma?*

Clark shrieks in mock horror.

CLARK

*Oh, Aileen! Snooks, we have our work set out for us. (singing, Rodgers and Hart's Manhattan) Summer journeys to Niag'ra/And to other places/Aggravate all our cares./We'll save our fares. I've a cozy little flat In what is known as old Manhattan. We'll settle down/Right here in town.*

Snooks joins in with Clark as the skyline looms larger. They're having a great time.

CLARK AND SNOOKS

(singing together)

*We'll have Manhattan, The Bronx and Staten Island too./It's lovely going through The zoo./And tell me what street Compares with Mott Street In July? Sweet pushcarts gently gliding by. The great big city's a wondrous toy/Just made for a girl and boy./We'll turn Manhattan/Into an isle of joy!!*

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE - DAY

We see the white Lexus enter New York City.

INT. WHITE LEXUS - EVENING

The sun is going down as the Lexus winds its way through Manhattan traffic towards Grand Central Station.

AILEEN

I don't get why we needed to come all the way into Manhattan before heading to the Hamptons...?

CLARK

Aileen, I've told you. I need to get the proper paperwork. You can't just sail in and out of international waters willy-nilly. You know what? Pull over.

AILEEN

Why? Here?

CLARK

Yes.

Clark opens the notebook on Snooks lap and points to the next colored post-it. This one says "Ang To The Apple". Snooks pulls it off and rips it up. Clark winks at her. Aileen pulls over to the curb. Clark takes out two gold coins.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Snooks and I are going to get out here.

AILEEN

(baffled)

I don't understand?

CLARK

But I would like to offer you two Krugerrands as recompense for your time.

AILEEN

Are you kidding?!

CLARK

Everyone is not cut out for the seafaring life, Aileen.

Clark puts the Krugerrands in Aileen's coffee holder then takes Snooks's hand and they exit the car.

AILEEN  
 (yelling after them out  
 the window)  
 Clark!?

Aileen watches the two of them walk off down the street. She picks her phone up and notices that it's been turned off. She turns it back on. The guy in a car behind Aileen starts laying on the horn. She starts to drive as she looks down at her phone. It comes back on and she sees that she has thirty-two messages! Aileen calls back one of her missed calls.

AILEEN (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 Tina, what's going on? Why did you  
 leave a million messages?

TINA (O.C.)  
*What's your Rockefeller friend's  
 first name?*

AILEEN  
 Clark. Why?

Aileen watches in her rear-view mirror as Clark and Snooks disappear around a corner.

TINA (O.C.)  
*Aileen, he's abducted his kid. He  
 attacked a social worker! They're  
 looking for him all over  
 Massachusetts.*

AILEEN  
 Tina, he just got out of my car. I  
 just drove him to Manhattan.

TINA (O.C.)  
*Why did you do that?!*

AILEEN  
 I thought we were going sailing.

INT. FBI BRANCH OFFICE-BOSTON - EVENING

Sandy sits on a metal folding chair next to Agent Gleason's desk. She is on her cell phone, listening to work messages. Noreen enters and sits down at her desk.

NOREEN GLEASON  
 Ms. Boss...



SANDY

Yes?

NOREEN GLEASON

We just received a call from a friend of your ex-husbands. An Aileen Ang? An hour ago she dropped Clark and your daughter off in New York City.

SANDY

Why was she helping him?

NOREEN GLEASON

I don't think she knew she was. Your husband told her that the three of them were going on a sailing trip.

SANDY

Ex-husband, if you don't mind.

NOREEN GLEASON

Where in New York City is he most likely to go?

SANDY

I have no idea.

NOREEN GLEASON

You lived in that city together and yet you have no idea?

SANDY

Agent Gleason, I can see that you are frustrated. And it's very clear to me that you think I am either clueless, willfully unhelpful or I have somehow been rendered incompetent due to my grief. I am none of those things. I get paid almost two million dollars a year to point out to very bright people minute details that they have missed. That is my job and I am excellent at it. Yet I have no idea where Clark would go if he did not want to be found. I have never guessed in my life. Would you like me to start now?

Sandy and Noreen just glare at each other for a moment.

NOREEN GLEASON

Put all your husband's qualities into a hat. Now reach in, pull out a handful and tell me what they are. Just give me five words!

SANDY

Aristocrat, board games, sci-fi, church, noir.

NOREEN GLEASON

Seriously?

SANDY

That's Clark. At a church fundraiser he came dressed as Han Solo, but in a top hat. And he performed that Putting on the Ritz song...

Sandy uncomfortably speak/sings the lyrics as Noreen looks on in slight bafflement.

SANDY (CONT'D)

*Come let's mix where Rockefellers walk with sticks or um-ber-ellas in their mitts/Puttin' on the Ritz.*

INT. FBI PHONE BANK - DAY

A large room filled with muted televisions and FBI analysts on phones asking questions, listening and taking notes. CU on a TV screen filled with Clark's face as the evening news reports on him. Throughout the room we hear snippets of conversation.

OPERATOR 1

He was buying scuba gear for the little girl?

OPERATOR 2

You're sure the destination was Bali?

OPERATOR 3

No, ma'am, I'm sorry. A Vanderbilt is not the same thing as a Rockefeller.

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING

Agent Gleason sits at a table with three FBI analysts and Agent Cortes. There is a huge stack of reports before her.

NOREEN GLEASON

(incredulous)

Over five thousand calls and no solid leads?

AGENT CORTES

It seems like there's a lot of people out there who perfectly meet his description and walk around with little blonde girls while being cryptic about where they're going.

NOREEN GLEASON

What about the people he was in contact with before he disappeared?

AGENT CORTES

As of now we have spoken to all six of the people we know Clark talked to over the last few days. He gave them six different stories about where he was going.

NOREEN GLEASON

Are we investigating all of them?

AGENT CORTES

Yes, though two of the locations are more challenging than the others.

NOREEN GLEASON

I don't care if they're challenging! Those are the leads that came out of the mouth of the perpetrator so we follow them. I'll take one and you take the other.

AGENT CORTES

Fine. Do you prefer going to... (reading off report) the frozen lava beds of Iceland to collect obsidian samples or the Marquesas Islands in French Polynesia to recreate Gauguin's final week?

CUT TO:

THE SAME ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Noreen is now alone with Agent Cortes in the conference room. Reports are spread all across the table. They both silently read as they drink coffee.

AGENT CORTES

Man, the crazies are out in full force.

NOREEN GLEASON

Let's hear it. I could use some comic relief.

AGENT CORTES

Okay. A Swedish hairdresser in California thinks he cut Rockefeller's hair in the '80s. But back then he wasn't a Rockefeller. According to this wack-a-doo he was British! A duke, none the less, who conned church ladies out of money, was obsessed with Star Trek and could answer every single question in Trivial Pursuit.

Cortes cracks up. Then crumples up the sheet. Noreen remains stone-faced.

INT. AGENT NOREEN GLEASON'S DESK - EVENING

Noreen is on the phone with Jann Eldnor who is in San Marino, California. Jann has a long white beard and speaks with a light Swedish accent.

[SPLIT-SCREEN BETWEEN NOREEN AND JANN]

NOREEN GLEASON

Mr. Eldnor, you're convinced that the man you knew in San Marino was Clark Rockefeller? Twenty-five years is a long time...

JANN

There's an intimacy created when you cut a man's hair. I know that head. I assure you, it's the same man. But when I knew him he was not this Rockefeller person.

NOREEN GLEASON

Who was he?

JANN

Royalty.

FLASHBACK - 1982

SAN MARINO, CALIFORNIA

INT. BROWN CHEVY CHEVETTE - DAY

Clark Rockefeller is driving down a tree-lined California street on a beautiful sunny day. He drives a beat up Chevy Chevette. The interior is filthy and the dashboard is covered with colored post-it notes. *Don't You Want Me* by the The Human League is playing.

EXT. CHURCH OF THE SAVIOR - DAY

Standing in front of the church are six women ranging in age from late-50s to mid-60s. They see Clark pull in and they begin fussing and fixing themselves (in slo-mo) like a row of eager school girls with crushes as *Don't You Want Me* plays.

Clark gets out of his car and strides towards the women exuding confidence and sexuality. He is wearing white slacks and a blue blazer emblazoned with a Royal coat-of-arms. When he get's to the women he walks by each one, bestowing what seems like both a charming smile and an appraisal. He reaches one woman at the end who he doesn't know. He takes her hand and kisses it as she blushes and then he hands her a card which reads, "Christopher Chichester XIII, Bt."

JANN (V.O.)

*He told us he was the thirteenth  
Baronett of Chichester and the  
grand-nephew of Lord Mountbatten.  
And we believed every word.*

With one of the women on each arm, Clark, laughing with them, strolls into the church.

INT. AGENT NOREEN GLEASON'S DESK AT THE FBI

Noreen and Jann are still on the phone. Noreen covers the mouthpiece of the phone and whispers to Agent Cortes.

NOREEN GLEASON

Go to LA now. Check in with the branch office and then get to San Marino. And do me a favor - get Sandy in here asap!

(MORE)

NOREEN GLEASON (CONT'D)  
 And Cortes, we need to up this to  
 an Amber Alert. This guy has a  
 history of aliases.

Cortes nods and exits.

NOREEN GLEASON (CONT'D)  
 (back on phone)  
 Mr. Eldnor, did you have any  
 contact with... *Chris*, outside of  
 when you cut his hair? I'm looking  
 for clues about his behavior that  
 may be helpful...?

JANN  
 Well, I would occasionally see him  
 at church.

NOREEN GLEASON  
 Praying?

JANN  
 Not exactly.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - 1982

INT. CHURCH OF THE SAVIOR - DAY

Jann sits in a chair in an auditorium alongside several  
 others watching Clark direct a rehearsal of *My Fair Lady*.  
 [Note: When Clark speaks in San Marino it is with a British  
 accent.]

CLARK/CHRIS  
 (to actors)  
 Let's take it from the top of Rain  
 in Spain, please. (to the pianist)  
 Tyler, please keep it moving. This  
 number is not a Viking funeral  
 dirge. Do you want the audience to  
 think you're a corpse and start  
 shooting flaming arrows at you?  
 This is about triumph. It's  
 about...

Clark stops and looks down at a newspaper on the floor in  
 front of him. It's an obituary for Grace Kelly.

CLARK/CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 Transformation.  
 (excited)  
 (MORE)

CLARK/CHRIS (CONT'D)

Eliza was a street urchin until she is transformed into a lady. Grace Kelly, who I knew very well, was a brick-layers daughter from Philadelphia yet she grew up to rule a kingdom, not unlike Jesus. Did Paul not say, *Therefore, if anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation; the old has gone, the new has come!* (to actors) Ladies and gentlemen, pick it up at "By George, she's got it!"

The piano player launches into *The Rain in Spain*.

ELIZA

*The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain!*

HENRY

*By George, she's got it! By George, she's got it! Now, once again where does it rain?*

ELIZA

*On the plain! On the plain!*

HENRY

*And where's that soggy plain?*

ELIZA

*In Spain! In Spain!*

CLARK/CHRIS

Stop, stop, stop! Have you all been watching the movie because I told you not to do that. Acting is not about being a mimic. Find it within yourself, people. Watch me.

Clark signals for the pianist to begin then he starts singing and dancing to all the parts!

CLARK/CHRIS (CONT'D)

*The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain!/Now once again, where does it rain?/On the plain! On the plain!/And where's that blasted plain?/In Spain!/ The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain!*

Everyone in the auditorium bursts into applause.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Noreen and Sandy sit across from each other in a rundown brightly-lit twenty-four hour diner. Sandy has an untouched salad in front of her that she's staring down into. Noreen is digging into a rare cheeseburger.

SANDY

I know I look like an idiot to you.

Noreen looks up at Sandy for a moment then just keeps eating.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Why aren't you saying anything?

NOREEN GLEASON

Your child is missing. I'm trying not to be mean.

SANDY

Please treat me as you would if my daughter hadn't been taken.

Noreen stares at Sandy as she chews.

SANDY (CONT'D)

I don't care if you're mean. This is a dynamic I am very familiar with. We are not here because we are friends. We are here so you can evaluate data and find solutions.

Noreen stares at Sandy for a few moments, contemplating her.

NOREEN GLEASON

Ninety percent of crimes are committed by stupid people against stupid people. Nine percent are by average people who think they're smart. And one percent, the ones that give us the most trouble, are committed by geniuses against geniuses, all of them sure that we lesser people will never be able to even figure out what they're up to.

SANDY

Is being in the once percent supposed to make me feel better?



NOREEN GLEASON

Who said you're in the one percent?  
 You didn't even know your husband  
 had a previous life as a British  
 church-going amateur musical  
 theater director who claimed to be  
 related to the royal family!? As  
 far as I'm concerned you're on the  
 same level as people who send their  
 bank account to Africa thinking  
 they inherited a uranium mine.  
 (beat) You said I could be mean.

SANDY

That was before I knew how mean you  
 were.

Noreen smiles at Sandy. Sandy finally smiles back.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Clark loved film noir. Endlessly  
 watched them and quoted from them.  
 I think this is from *Out of the  
 Past*. "*You know, for a man who  
 appears to be clever, you can sure  
 act like an idiot.*"

NOREEN GLEASON

You are like some kind of female  
 Rain Main.

SANDY

I don't understand what that means.

NOREEN GLEASON

You know how he could calculate pi  
 to the Nth degree and memorize a  
 phone book and all that but when  
 he's asked how much a candy bar  
 costs he thinks it's thirty  
 thousand dollars? That's kind of  
 you with your ex-husband.

SANDY

On our second date Clark told me he  
 had the master keys to Rockefeller  
 center.

NOREEN GLEASON

(incredulous)  
 To the whole thing?

SANDY

Didn't you know? All the Rockefellers get keys. And there's a private elevator that only stops at the top floor. I couldn't wait to go. But he miraculously never had the keys on him when I wanted to see it. What an idiot, right? And I used to imagine dancing with him around that roof-deck. Until I discovered that it's been closed since the '50s.

Noreen picks up her cell phone and dials.

NOREEN GLEASON

(into phone)

Cortes, call the Manhattan branch office and have them canvass Rockefeller center. Thanks.

SANDY

I was only joking.

NOREEN GLEASON

I know.

EXT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER - DAY

The 30 Rockefeller Center skyscraper in all its glory. From the top we pan down the length of it and accelerate at a dizzying speed until we reach street level to reveal Clark and Snooks standing beside it.

SNOOKS

(re. Rockefeller Center)

The whole thing's ours?

CLARK

We rent a lot of it out, but we still have the top floor. See that door over there?

Clark points to a small door into the building.

SNOOKS

Yes.

CLARK

That is to an elevator that only goes to the top floor. And only Rockefeller's have the key.

Clark takes out his key chain. He takes one key off of it and hands it to Snooks.

CLARK (CONT'D)

I think you're finally old enough to have a key of your own.

The little girl stares at the key, transfixed.

SNOOKS

Thank you, Daddy. Can I use it now?

CLARK

Next time. We need to be going.

But Snooks runs to the door. Clark runs after her but Snooks is already trying to fit her key in the lock.

SNOOKS

Why's it not working?

CLARK

They change the locks every couple of years. I just haven't gotten the new ones yet.

Clark can see that Snooks is devastated.

CLARK (CONT'D)

But this isn't the only way to get to our floor.

INT. 30 ROCKEFELLER CENTER - DAY

Clark walks purposefully through the art deco lobby holding a large basket in one hand and Snooks's hand in the other. Then they get into an express elevator to the 70th floor.

INT. 70TH FLOOR OF ROCKEFELLER CENTER - DAY

The elevator doors open and Clark and Snooks exit. Clark leads Snooks down a hallway that looks like it's been unused for years. He then sees the door to the stairwell and a large 'Danger! No Admittance' sign over it.

SNOOKS

Daddy, it says...

CLARK

Sweetheart, that sign is merely a smoke screen designed to deter non-Rockefeller's out.

Clark opens the door and he and Snooks step through.

EXT. 30 ROCKEFELLER CENTER OBSERVATION DECK - DAY

Clark and Snooks are sitting on the ornately tiled floor, a picnic cloth spread out between them covered in delicacies. They each hold a boiled lobster.

CLARK

It's a shame to eat such famous lobsters.

SNOOKS

How are they famous?

CLARK

These lobsters come from beneath the sea and now they are at the top of Rockefeller Center. They're like lobster astronauts.

Clark sees that Snooks is struggling to get the shell off of hers. He takes it from her, puts it on the ground, then takes off his shoe and smashes it down upon the lobster, shattering the shell. He picks up the lobster and hands it back to Snooks.

CLARK (CONT'D)

(to the lobster)  
Sorry, Gagarin.

SNOOKS

Daddy, when are we meeting back up with Mommy?

CLARK

You know how you lived with mommy for the last eight months without daddy?

SNOOKS

Yes.

CLARK

Well, now you and I are going to live together alone for a while and have our own adventure.

Snooks looks a little sad, which Clark notices.

CLARK (CONT'D)

But I'll put you on the phone with mommy later, okay?

SNOOKS  
 (brightens)  
 Okay.

Clark gets up and grabs Snooks and picks her up and starts flying her all over the deck.

ANGLE FROM ABOVE:

We see the two of them joyously running and chasing and dancing each other around.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. 30 ROCKEFELLER CENTER OBSERVATION DECK - DAY

Clark and Snooks are standing at the edge of the roof looking out over the city. The sun is setting and they are bathed in pink light. With their hands they are eating a huge strawberry short cake that Clark has placed on the ledge in front of them.

SNOOKS  
 Is this Candy Castle? Are we there,  
 Daddy?

Clark looks down towards the street and notices several dark cars with flashing lights and many police officers converging on the building. Clark takes Snooks by the hand and begins walking away from the edge.

CLARK  
 Not yet, sweetheart.

INT. NOREEN'S OFFICE AT THE FBI - DAY

Noreen is at her desk having a conversation through speakerphone.

MANHATTAN DETECTIVE (O.C.)  
*30 Rock and Rockefeller plaza have  
 been swept. No sign of anyone  
 meeting wanted's description.*

NOREEN GLEASON  
 Thank you, detective.

Noreen hits a button for another line on her phone.

NOREEN GLEASON (CONT'D)  
 Cortes?

AGENT CORTES (O.C.)

*Here.*

NOREEN GLEASON

How's San Marino?

EXT. PRETTY HOUSE IN SAN MARINO - CONTINUOUS

Agent Cortes, wearing a blue suit that looks a size too big for him walks up a stone path towards the front door. He's speaking into a cell phone.

AGENT CORTES

Pretty. All the houses look like they're made of ginger bread.

NOREEN GLEASON (O.C.)

(through phone)

*Okay, Hansel. Call me after the interviews.*

Cortes rings the door bell and a small woman with immaculately done white hair opens the front door.

MRS. PIRN

Agent Cortes, I presume?

AGENT CORTES

Yes, ma'am.

Agent Cortes is holding up his wallet revealing his FBI badge. Mrs. Pirn looks it over.

MRS. PIRN

I guessed 'Cortes' was spelled with an 's' and not a 'z'! That's the difference between being Spanish or being Mexican.

Mrs. Racine, a corpulent woman in her 70s comes over to the door behind Mrs. Pirn.

MRS. RACINE

You're the FBI man?

MRS. PIRN

This is Mrs. Racine. She knew Chris too.

INT. MRS. PIRN'S SITTING ROOM - MORNING

Cortes, Mrs. Pirn and Mrs. Racine are having tea.

MRS. PIRN

I can't tell you how odd all this is. Chris reappearing after all this time. I was sure he was dead.

AGENT CORTES

Why did you think he was dead?

MRS. PIRN

I know he occasionally worked with the CIA and that work can be very dangerous.

AGENT CORTES

You are aware that CIA operatives are not supposed to reveal that they are CIA operatives?

MRS. PIRN

Is Chris in trouble for telling me?

AGENT CORTES

No, he's not in trouble for that.

MRS. RACINE

What's he in trouble for?

AGENT CORTES

Mrs. Pirn, on the phone you'd mentioned that you used to regularly drive Chris home from church. Would you describe his house?

MRS. RACINE

He didn't have his own house.

MRS. PIRN

I would drive him to Didi Sohus's house. Chris lived in her guest quarters.

MRS. RACINE

Well, that's where Didi *said* he was living.

Mrs. Racine winks at Agent Cortes.

AGENT CORTES

Are you implying there was a sexual relationship between Mr. Chichester and Mrs. Sohus?

MRS. RACINE

What I'm implying is that the little snake was after Didi's money and would do anything to get it.

MRS. PIRN

Margaret!

MRS. RACINE

That's the kind of man he was. And he had her fooled. She thought he walked on water. They all did. But I knew better.

MRS. PIRN

He didn't have me fooled.

MRS. RACINE

You gave him cash all the time!

MRS. PIRN

Members of the British nobility never carry money on their persons!

AGENT CORTES

(to Mrs. Racine)

Did you ever mention your fears to Didi?

MRS. PIRN

Didi wouldn't hear a word spoken against Chris.

MRS. RACINE

What he did was all very subtle.

AGENT CORTES

Could you give me an example?

MRS. RACINE

Well, one time I went over there for dinner...

FLASHBACK

INT. DIDI SOHUS'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is very dimly lit. There is a film being projected against a portable screen. Didi, an over-weight haggard looking woman in her late-60s sits on a large old-fashioned couch with Clark on one side of her and Mrs. Racine on the other. They are all transfixed by what's being projected;



*Rear Window*. Didi is wearing an oxygen mask and the apparatus attached to her cannister of oxygen is making a loud pumping and hissing sound.

MRS. RACINE (V.O.)  
*Chris declared it 'movie night' and showed us some old Hitchcock film.*

They all watch the film for a moment. Then...

CLARK/CHRIS  
 (to Didi)  
 I'm sorry, sweetheart, but I cannot hear the film through the confounded noise your apparatus is making. It sounds like Jimmy Stewart's on a submarine.

DIDI SOHUS  
 I'm sorry, dear. Is it possible to raise the volume?

CLARK/CHRIS  
 It's on maximum now. Would you mind terribly if we just turned your oxygen pump off for the remaining forty-five minutes? I thought you only needed it when you were sleeping anyway?

DIDI SOHUS  
 You can turn it off. It's a luxury. I'm fine without it.

CLARK/CHRIS  
 Thank you so much.

Clark turns off the oxygen pump. Mrs. Racine stares at Clark, aghast, as he and Didi turn back to the film.

MRS. RACINE (V.O.)  
*And if turning off the poor woman's oxygen wasn't enough he then turns to me and - I still get goosebumps just thinking about it...*

Clark turns and stares directly at Mrs. Racine as he whispers the words from *Rear Window* along with the characters in the movie.

CLARK/CHRIS  
*You didn't see the killing or the body. How do you know there was a murder?*

(MORE)

CLARK/CHRIS (CONT'D)  
*/ Because everything this fellow's  
 done has been suspicious: trips at  
 night in the rain, knives, saws,  
 trunks with rope, and now this wife  
 that isn't there anymore.*

Didi is oblivious, watching the film, but Mrs. Racine looks terrified.

INT. MRS. PIRN'S SITTING ROOM - DAY

Agent Cortes is still interviewing Mrs. Racine and Mrs. Pirn.

MRS. PIRN  
 So he knew all the words? A lot of  
 people quote movies.

MRS. RACINE  
 Don't you get it? If he knew all  
 the words then why would he need to  
 turn her oxygen off *so he could  
 hear them?*

INT. MRS. CALDWELL'S SITTING ROOM IN SAN MARINO - DAY

Agent Cortes is interviewing Mrs. Caldwell, a sweet looking woman in her 80s.

MRS. CALDWELL  
 Margaret Racine told you that?  
 That's just jealousy, plain and  
 simple. Sour grapes.

AGENT CORTES  
 If you don't think Mr. Chichester  
 had any ulterior motives then why  
 do you think he was so focused on a  
 sick woman who was almost old  
 enough to be his grandmother?

MRS. CALDWELL  
 Surely, Agent Cortes, I'm not the  
 first person to inform you that  
 true love is blind? It was a  
 romance.

FLASHBACK - 1983

## INT. DIDI SOHUS'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

There are candles everywhere. Didi Sohus sits on the couch watching Clark walk around the room getting things ready. She looks ecstatic as he smiles at her and lights candles, then puts an LP on an old phonograph. Ella's version of Rodgers and Hart's *This Can't Be Love* plays. Clark goes over to Didi and kisses her hand then he ever-so-gently puts her oxygen mask over her head so it is dangling around her neck. Clark picks up the cannister as he helps Didi to her feet. They begin to dance as they stare deeply into each other's eyes.

CLARK/CHRIS

(singing along)

*This can't be love, because I feel  
so well/No sobs, no sorrows, no  
sighs.*

DIDI SOHUS

(singing)

*This can't be love; I get no dizzy  
spells, my head is not in the sky.*

As they dance in each others arms Didi looks like she wants to be kissed. Clark gently and briefly kisses her lips then lifts the oxygen mask over her mouth and turns on the pump as they continue dancing.

CLARK/CHRIS

(singing)

*My heart does not stand still, just  
hear it beat.*

DIDI SOHUS

(singing through mask)

*This is too sweet to be love.*

Clark gracefully dips Didi.

## THE PRESENT

## INT. FBI BRANCH OFFICE - BOSTON - NIGHT

Sandy and Noreen are in Noreen's office listening to Agent Cortes over the speaker phone.

AGENT CORTES (O.C.)

*As far as I can tell there wasn't a  
church-going woman over fifty in  
this town that little lord  
Chichester hadn't charmed.*

Noreen studies Sandy's face.

SANDY

I had no idea.

NOREEN GLEASON

I want to believe you, Sandy. I really wanted to see you as a naive victim. But the more we find out about your ex-husband the more unbelievable your story gets.

SANDY

I don't care what you think I know or didn't know. Your job is to track Clark down and find my daughter!

NOREEN GLEASON

I have a little girl too, Sandy. She's at home with my husband because I'm here looking for your little girl. I hope they get to meet someday.

CUT TO:

CU on TV

Static, and then...

MSNBC REPORTER

Boston police are investigating the disappearance of a father and daughter amidst concerns that the dad, involved in a custody dispute, may try to flee the country.

CUT TO:

THE SAME TV

CBS NEWS REPORTER

Police in New Mexico are looking into a claim that a state worker saw Clark Rockefeller and his daughter at a car dealership on Tuesday. The woman said they had Louis Vuitton suitcases with them.

CUT TO:

THE TV

BBC NEWS REPORTER

The manhunt turned to the Turks and Caicos islands yesterday where the police there confirmed two sightings of Clark Rockefeller and his daughter whose hair was cut short to look like a boy.

REVERSE ANGLE ON SANDY WATCHING THE TV IN THE FBI MEDIA ROOM

She is pale. Her eyes are red.

INT. BOSTON FBI BRANCH CORRIDOR - DAY

Noreen is speaking quietly to her superior, ABE SPECTER, 62.

NOREEN GLEASON

Given the psychological make-up of this guy, my larger concern is what happens if we do find him? We've both seen it too many times. We don't want to get to the point where Clark knows he's caught, because that's when this game is going to be over.

ABE

I know. These types would rather kill their kids than lose them.

Noreen looks through the window of the media room at Sandy, sitting by herself watching the news reports. She looks beyond fragile. There's a knock on the door and Cortes bursts in.

AGENT CORTES

The day before the kidnapping Clark had lunch with one of the fathers he used to coffee klatch with after dropping Snooks at school. Clark told this guy he was having an affair and was going to move in with the woman. We have an address.

## INT. OPULENT APARTMENT - EVENING

The apartment is decorated meticulously. The walls are covered with fine art and all the furniture is minimalist European. Dominating the kitchen is a huge marble countertop. The only objects on it are an empty bottle of fine Bordeaux, two Bordeaux glasses with some wine still remaining, and the remnants of a McDonald's kid's Happy Meal.

Then the door to the apartment is smashed off its hinges from the outside! Ten FBI agents, guns drawn, rush into the apartment and begin searching each room. We follow one of them as he runs down a hallway, trailed by his partner and throws open a door then enters.

## INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

There is a huge bed in the middle of the room. There's a frightened sixty year old woman in it who has clearly just been awakened. The agents train their guns on her.

WOMAN

What's happening...?

FBI AGENT

Is there anyone else in this apartment?!

WOMAN

I don't understand what...?

FBI AGENT

*Are we going to find anyone else in this apartment?!*

## INT. OPULENT APARTMENT - LATER

Noreen is walking around the apartment, trailed by a forensic expert and Agent Cortes.

AGENT CORTES

The woman claims she hasn't seen Rockefeller since the evening before the abduction. I should mention that I may have had a moment of un-professionalism.

NOREEN GLEASON

What did you do, Anton?

AGENT CORTES

I giggled when she said Rockefeller  
just flew in from Dubai on Mick  
Jagger's jet.

Noreen walks into the dining room and sees a Trivial Pursuit board with pieces on it from a completed game. She gazes at it for a moment. One pie has two colored slices in it and the other is completed.

NOREEN GLEASON

(to Cortes)

That's it.

Noreen points to the filled winning pie piece.

NOREEN GLEASON (CONT'D)

(to forensic guy)

The elusive prints of Clark  
Rockefeller will be all over that  
plastic.

EXT. OPULENT APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

It's bleak and raining. There's a police barricade set up around the entrance to the apartment building. Noreen exits the building. She sees Sandy standing alone in the rain looking up at her hopefully. Noreen meets her gaze and nods her head 'no'. Sandy's eyes well up. She tries to say something to Noreen, but nothing comes out. She's struggling. Noreen walks towards her.

SANDY

I can't take not knowing where my  
little girl is.

Sandy sobs. Noreen goes to her and comforts her.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE OCEAN

Pull back to reveal a beautiful sail boat cutting through the waves. And standing on the stern, wind blowing back their hair and smiling and laughing in the bright sun and under the clear blue sky is Clark and Snooks. He has his arm around her shoulders. They are looking into the horizon where in the distance we can see the outlines of the Baltimore skyline.

EXT. BALTIMORE HARBOR - DAY

JULIE GOTCHAR, 35, a well-dressed perennially smiling woman wearing perhaps a bit too much make-up, watches from the dock as Clark and Snooks approach in the sailboat.

JULIE  
(yelling to Clark)  
Ahoy, Captain Hallward!

Clark sees Julie and smiles and waves.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Clark lifts Snooks off the boat and then grabs a cooler and steps off. He is wearing a sailing cap and aviator Ray-Bans.

CLARK/BASIL  
Hello, Julie.

JULIE  
Ahoy, ahoy, ahoy!

CLARK/BASIL  
One ahoy will do, sweetheart. We're not a fleet.

JULIE  
(to Snooks)  
You must be Snooks. So cute!

Snooks is not pleased at being described as 'cute'.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
Snooks I have found you and your father the most fabulous new home. Are you excited to see it?

SNOOKS  
Did you know that the word 'cute' is derived from 'acute' and it originally meant 'smart'? It wasn't until the 1920s that it began to be used widely to describe babies, kitties, small animals and attractive young women.

Julie is taken aback.



CLARK

Of course she knew that! And 'precocious' used to only be applied to early ripening fruit until 1650.

JULIE

Would you like to head over to the house now?

CLARK/BASIL

If at all possible we would love to eat first. You could be showing me Versailles, but if I'm hungry I'm such a moody moody it will seem a hovel.

JULIE

I totally understand. I'm hypoglycemic myself which is why I always carry around a jar of peanut butter.

CLARK/BASIL

That sounds like a terrible disease with a cure more dreadful than the illness.

Clark smiles broadly.

JULIE

You know, there's a great seafood place just a block down Ocean Drive...?

CLARK/BASIL

That sounds amazing. But we brought our own food. And I need access to a computer. Would it be a huge imposition if we ate at your office?

INT. OBSIDIAN REALTY - LATER

Julie stands in the center of their offices beside a co-worker, as she searches a desk drawer filled with keys. From across the room they watch Clark working at a computer in a glass-walled office as he eats tea sandwiches. And we can see Snooks in the office next to Clark's, eating her lunch of poached salmon. Clark is still wearing sunglasses and a captain's hat.

CO-WORKER

What's he doing?

JULIE

He said he had to transfer around some investments.

CO-WORKER

Uh oh. You think he's good for the money?

JULIE

He already paid for the house. All cash.

CO-WORKER

All cash? And he's cute. What's with the sunglasses?

JULIE

He said it was force of habit from months at sea. You know, all the glare.

CO-WORKER

Sweet little girl. Where's the mom?

JULIE

The poor thing died from some exotic parasite she caught in the Amazon.

Julie's found the keys and walks towards Clark and from the other side of the window dangles them for him to see. He nods and smiles.

INT. BOSTON FBI BRANCH - NOREEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Sandy is writing a list of film titles on a piece of paper. She hands it to Noreen.

SANDY

These are all the films he loved. Most of them are old detective mysteries.

NOREEN GLEASON

(looking the list over)

The man couldn't give me a break and been obsessed with '80s romantic comedies?

SANDY

What do you think you're going to find there?

NOREEN GLEASON

Clark didn't just love noir crime movies and Hitchcock, *he let everyone know he loved them*. When he was Chris *and* when he was Clark. Why is a man whose whole life is a lie screening movies for the people around him featuring liars?! That's a clue. He first seduced you at a Clue party, for Christ's sake!

SANDY

You think Clark wants to get caught?

NOREEN GLEASON

I don't think your husband wants to get caught. I think he wants to be known.

Agent Cortes bursts in.

AGENT CORTES

We have a match on the prints we lifted off the game. And a name! They belong to a Christopher Crowe. He was a vice-president at some big firms on Wall Street in the '80s.

NOREEN GLEASON

(to Sandy)

You said Clark never had a real job?

SANDY

That's right.

NOREEN GLEASON

Did he know enough about finance to hold down a major job on Wall Street?

SANDY

Absolutely not.

Noreen gives Cortes a skeptical look.

NOREEN GLEASON

Keep trying.

AGENT CORTES  
Google him.

NOREEN GLEASON  
Why?

AGENT CORTES  
Just Google the name Christopher  
Crowe.

Noreen goes to her computer, types a bit, reads and scrolls,  
then looks up at Cortes and then at Sandy.

NOREEN GLEASON  
In 1985 Christopher Crowe wrote and  
produced an episode of... *Alfred  
Hitchcock presents*.

They all exchange looks. Bingo.

INT. BOSTON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Noreen, Sandy and Cortes are walking with purpose through the  
airport.

NOREEN GLEASON  
(to Cortes)  
Line up as many interviews as you  
can with people who this Crowe  
worked with during the '80s. Do not  
tell them anything about who he is  
now or his past. I want to get  
unsullied impressions. None of  
that 'I always knew it!' crap.

AGENT CORTES  
I could set these up as phoners so  
we could keep running the  
investigation from Boston?

NOREEN GLEASON  
Run it from Boston? I'm tracking  
the lying bastard down and no where  
on this meaningless speck of  
nothing we call a planet is there a  
rock big enough for him to slither  
under.

AGENT CORTES  
(whispering to Sandy)  
She started watching the noirs.

INT. PLANE - EVENING

The plane is in flight. Noreen and Sandy are sitting together. Sandy is pouring vodka from one of those little bottles into tomato juice. Noreen watches her as she pours a second vodka in. Sandy holds up the little vodka bottle.

SANDY

Clark used to hold these bottles up and pretend that they were regular size and that he was a giant.

Noreen doesn't say anything.

SANDY (CONT'D)

I tried to leave him, you know? Even before my daughter was born I told him I wanted to break up. I tried.

NOREEN GLEASON

So why didn't you.

SANDY

I got pregnant.

NOREEN GLEASON

You're trying to get away from the guy but you weren't using birth control?

SANDY

I was. But I think he tampered with it.

NOREEN GLEASON

Tampered with what?

FLASHBACK

INT. DARK BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sandy and Clark are in bed kissing and petting.

SANDY

No, no, no, no, no.

CLARK

I love you, I love you, I love you,  
I love you, I love you, I love you.

SANDY  
Do you have something?

CLARK  
I do. I am like a Boy Scout.  
Always prepared.

Clark reaches to the floor and his pants and takes a condom out of his pocket, unwraps it and puts it on. And then they resume.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
A scout is trustworthy, loyal,  
helpful, friendly, courteous, kind,  
obedient, cheerful, thrifty...

SANDY  
Clark, please don't recite the Boy  
Scout oath while we're having  
intercourse.

LATER.

Clark and Sandy are in bed, post-sex.

CLARK  
I just need to run to the loo.

Clark jumps out of bed and heads to the bathroom. Sandy reaches over and turns on the bedside lamp. Then she notices the condom wrapper on the floor. Something doesn't look right. She reaches down and picks it up. She studies it.

CU on condom wrapper: We see a bunch of pin-prick sized holes in the wrapper.

CUT BACK TO:

SANDY AND NOREEN ON THE PLANE

NOREEN GLEASON  
I'm sorry, but that is some sick,  
self-centered...

SANDY  
It was out of love.

NOREEN GLEASON  
Girl, that is not how a man shows a  
woman love.

SANDY  
Not love for me. Love for Snooks.

EXT. THE HOUSE AT 118 PLOY STREET - DAY

Clark, Snooks and Julie stand on the lawn in front of a house on a residential suburban street. The house looks somehow familiar.

JULIE  
Well?

CLARK  
Well, Snooks?

SNOOKS  
It really does look like the Brady Bunch house!

JULIE  
I have to tell you, Basil, that is a request I have never gotten before.

CLARK  
It has such wonderfully crisp post-modern lines.

SNOOKS  
Everyone always forgets that Michael Brady got his degree in architecture from Stanford.

Clark winks at her.

INT. THE HOUSE AT 118 PLOY STREET - LATER

Snooks stands in the living room watching Clark go from window to window pulling the blinds down.

INT. PLOY HOUSE BATHROOM - EVENING

Clark is carrying Snooks in, kissing and tickling her.

CLARK  
Let's wash up and then story time.

Clark puts her down in front of the sink and she stares at herself in the mirror. Clark is standing behind her. He looks at his own reflection in the mirror. For a moment they both seem transfixed by their reflections.

SNOOKS

I look like you, right Daddy?

CLARK

Yes you do.

SNOOKS

I think my ears are just like yours.

CLARK

They are.

SNOOKS

And my nose.

CLARK

Yes. I would know that nose anywhere.

SNOOKS

And the color of my eyes is the same.

CLARK

Yes it is.

SNOOKS

Blue.

CLARK

Not just blue. Prussian blue. Only found in the semi-precious stone lapis lazuli. (pointing to her eye) And right there.

SNOOKS

And what do I have that's different from you?

CLARK

Not a thing.

SNOOKS

Don't you think maybe the shape of my eyes? They kind of look like mommy's.

CLARK

I don't see that.

SNOOKS

See how the skin is flat there then they turn up? Mommy's do that.



CLARK

Okay.

SNOOKS

But if you pull the skin back and it's just the eye alone then ours are the same.

Snooks pulls the skin around her eyes away from them so her whole eyeball is visible. It's kind of scary.

SNOOKS (CONT'D)

You do it.

Clark does what she did and pulls the skin around his eyes away isolating his eyeballs. They both stare silently at their garish reflections.

SNOOKS (CONT'D)

See? We're the same.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DREXEL BURNHAM LAMBERT OFFICES - DAY

Noreen sits at a large conference table speaking to CHARLIE ESSEX, 47, a perfectly tailored investment banker and WALTER TIMBERS, 45, who looks exactly the same as Charlie, but with a red tie.

CHARLIE

I saw right through the guy from the moment he walked in here claiming to have run a multi-billion dollar European fund based in Berlin -- yet he knew nothing about bond rates and couldn't speak a word of German! And then he throws in all this crap about writing an episode of *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*...! I thought I was on candid camera.

WALTER

Look, I think it's easy to criticize Chris now, but back then the game was not about some special market know-how, it was about chutzpah. That was the commodity they couldn't produce in business school and Christopher Crowe had that one in spades.

FLASHBACK - 1986

Peter Gabriel's song *Sledgehammer* kicks in.

A beaming Clark, aka Chris Crowe, struts down Wall Street in a striking suit and tie that would make Gordon Gecko envious.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, 1986 - DAY

The conference room is filled with Japanese business men. Clark, in a very serious tone, is speaking to them in Japanese as Walter and Charlie look on. Then suddenly all the Japanese men crack up. And Clark cracks up with them.

WALTER

What was so funny?

CLARK/CHRIS CROWE

What do you know about Shintoism?

WALTER

Nothing.

CLARK/CHRIS CROWE

Then you won't get it.

Clark turns back to the men and begins speaking to them again in Japanese. He gets up and he starts pelvic thrusting and again all the Japanese men crack up.

CHARLIE

What was that one about?

CLARK/CHRIS CROWE

We were discussing how to handle a bull market so I was showing them all the best way to ride a bull.  
(to the Japanese men) *Osuushi ni noru.*

The Japanese men crack up again. Then Clark speaks to them a little more in Japanese motioning towards the uncomfortable Charlie.

CHARLIE

What are you doing now?

CLARK/CHRIS CROWE

What I am doing, my good man, is joking about the bull fucking you.

Clark turns to the Japanese businessmen and starts making a humping motion. They all crack up again.

## THE PRESENT

Noreen interviewing Charlie and Walter.

NOREEN GLEASON

How was he able to keep a job like that if his only talent was putting on a show?

WALTER

It was '86. The show was everything. The show made us money.

NOREEN GLEASON

When did you realize he was a fraud?

WALTER

The '87 crash. It was chaos. People thought it was 1929 all over again. And unfortunately for Chris, charm became as devalued as stock.

## FLASHBACK - 1987

## INT. KIDDER PEABODY OFFICES - DAY

It's the moment of the '87 stock market crash. It's turmoil. And Clark sits alone in his office. He looks out at everyone else working the phones and desperately rushing from desk to desk. But he has nothing to do. The world is ending and he has no idea what's going on. There is no yarn he can spin that can distract anyone. So there he sits in his office. Too terrified to move and be discovered. Panicked but trying to appear calm. A solitary figure praying for the one thing he's spent his life trying to overcome; anonymity. Any time someone passing his office gazes at him with a desperate look, Clark averts his eyes. We get a glance at his computer - the video game Asteroids is up on his screen.

## THE PRESENT

## EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Noreen is walking down a path talking to ALISON JONES, 35.

NOREEN GLEASON

You were Chris Crowe's secretary for eight months?

ALISON

Yes.

NOREEN GLEASON

And you were there when he disappeared?

ALISON

It was a confusing time.

FLASHBACK - 1988

INT. KIDDER PEABODY OFFICES - DAY

Alison is on the phone.

ALISON

(into phone)

Yes, sir. I'll let him know. Yes, sir. Thank you.

Alison gets up and walks into Clark's office. Clark is writing in a notebook.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Excuse me, Mr. Crowe.

CLARK/CHRIS CROWE

What can I do for you, Alison?

ALISON

Detective Allen from the Greenwich Police called again. Is everything okay?

CLARK/CHRIS CROWE

Everything is fine.

ALISON

He said it was urgent.

CLARK/CHRIS CROWE

What is so urgent for Detective Allen is that I asked him to be a consultant for a new episode of *Alfred Hitchcock Presents* that I'm writing because the man has some experience with violent crime. But the good detective anticipates being on TV and suddenly he turn into Inspector Javert.

(MORE)

CLARK/CHRIS CROWE (CONT'D)  
 (singing song from *Les Miz*) *You  
 must think me mad! / I've hunted you  
 across the years / A man like you  
 can never change / Men like me can  
 never change.*

EXT. KIDDER PEABODY OFFICES - DAY

ALISON (V.O.)  
*Then one day the detective came to  
 our offices in person.*

It's a fall day in 1988 as Detective DANIEL ALLEN, 53, approaches the large office building. He looks out of place and a bit awkward, but purposeful.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Detective Allen is on a packed elevator, surrounded by bankers.

INT. KIDDER PEABODY OFFICES - DAY

Detective Allen walks over to Alison's desk. He flashes a badge. Some people at surrounding desks notice.

DETECTIVE ALLEN  
 Hello, I'm detective Allen. We  
 spoke on the phone. I've been  
 trying to speak to Christopher  
 Crowe. Is he in?

Alison looks scared.

ALISON  
 Mr. Crowe is out at the moment. I  
 can tell him you came by though.

DETECTIVE ALLEN  
 When do you expect him back?

ALISON  
 I'm sorry, I really don't know.

DETECTIVE ALLEN  
 I'll wait then.

LATER

Alison is typing, but keeping an eye on the detective who is sitting in a waiting area on the other side of the office. Her phone rings.

ALISON  
(into phone)  
Hello?

CLARK/CHRIS CROWE (O.C.)  
*Alison, it's me. Any messages?*

ALISON  
Mr. Crowe, that detective is here.

Silence.

CLARK/CHRIS CROWE (O.C.)  
*In the office?*

ALISON  
Yes.

CLARK/CHRIS CROWE (O.C.)  
*In my office?*

ALISON  
In the waiting area.

CLARK/CHRIS CROWE (O.C.)  
*Tell him to come back later.*

ALISON  
I did. He said he would wait for you.

CLARK/CHRIS CROWE (O.C.)  
*I don't want him to wait for me.*

ALISON  
Do you want me to tell him that...?

CLARK/CHRIS CROWE (O.C.)  
*The man is physically in the building?*

ALISON  
I'm looking right at him.

CLARK/CHRIS CROWE (O.C.)  
*Alison, I have some bad news.*

ALISON

What?

CLARK/CHRIS CROWE

*You know how my parents were vacationing in Pakistan?*

ALISON

No...?

CLARK/CHRIS CROWE (O.C.)

*Well, they were. And last night they were kidnapped. I need to get to the embassy in Lahore right away. Hold down the fort and I'll call you from there.*

EXT. GREENWICH CONNECTICUT ROAD - DAY

ALISON (V.O.)

*And I never saw him again.*

Noreen is driving a car through a beautiful Greenwich neighborhood filled with amazing houses. Everywhere she looks are signs of wealth and privilege.

EXT. GREENWICH POLICE STATION - DAY

Noreen walks across a well-manicured lawn to the entrance of the police station.

INT. GREENWICH POLICE STATION - DAY

Noreen is sitting on the other side of an incredibly cluttered desk, across from detective Allen, looking a bit more worn than when we saw him in the '80s.

DETECTIVE ALLEN

It was a routine job. Another department seeking information. A typical missing persons request. Mr. Crowe had tried to sell this car.

The detective hands Noreen a photo of a white van.

DETECTIVE ALLEN (CONT'D)

But when a title check was done the actual owners turned out to be two missing persons last seen in San Marino, California.

NOREEN GLEASON  
What were their names?

Detective Allen looks at a sheet of paper on his desk.

DETECTIVE ALLEN  
John and Linda Sohus.

Noreen writes this down.

DETECTIVE ALLEN (CONT'D)  
And a third person was listed as missing with them. A Chris Chichester. So this Crowe character was our only lead.

NOREEN GLEASON  
Why didn't you alert the FBI or the NYPD?

DETECTIVE ALLEN  
A missing persons case is a non-criminal matter. Once you become an adult and decide to pick up and move and not tell anybody - Well, that's not illegal.

EXT. GREENWICH POLICE STATION - DAY

Noreen is walking out of the quaint police station onto the immaculately manicured lawn. She looks like a fish out of water in Greenwich. She is on her cell phone.

NOREEN GLEASON  
(into phone)  
Cortes? I need you to get back to San Marino. Find out what you can about a John and Linda Sohus. Because I don't think this kidnapping is Sir Chichester's first felony.

EXT. 5TH AVENUE - DAY

Sandy Boss walks down 5th Avenue in a half-daze. She passes the window of Christie's Auction House. There's a large banner across the window that reads, "Mid-Century Masters". She stops.



INT. CHRISTIE'S SHOWROOM - DAY

Sandy walks through the gallery looking at various abstract paintings. The phone in her pocket buzzes. She takes it out and sees that Noreen Gleason is calling. Sandy is about to pick up when she sees a large Rothko painting. It's *Untitled Black on Grey*. She stops and stares at it. It's a large canvass with the top half painted black and the bottom half grey. It looks like the horizon at night. Or the ocean.

FLASHBACK

INT. CLARK ROCKEFELLER'S APARTMENT - EVENING

It's a cocktail party with about twenty people in attendance. The B-52s are playing. Loudly. People are having a great time. Sandy, drinking a martini, stands next to Julian, an artist, and another party-goer as they admire Mark Rothko's *#8 Black Form Painting*, which is a canvass covered in textured blackness.

JULIAN

I can't believe Clark has one of Rothko's Black Form Paintings. These beasts are never for sale.

PARTY-GOER

(to Sandy)

Do you think he'd ever sell it?

Sandy looks out into the other room and sees Clark chatting someone up.

SANDY

(yelling)

Clark!

Clark sees her, smiles, and sashays over. *Rock Lobster* is playing. He dances to it behind Sandy as they talk.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Clark, they want to know if you would ever sell this one?

CLARK

I guess that depends on what I could get for it.

PARTY-GOER

I'll give you a million and a half.

JULIAN

Two million.

PARTY-GOER

Two point two.

JULIAN

Two million and three. Just to keep it out of the clutches of a bond trader.

CLARK

That's true. We don't want anyone spilling beer on a masterpiece.

PARTY-GOER

Two million and four. Just to keep it out of the hands of an artist.

CLARK

That's true. Julian might get jealous and paint over it.

The apartment buzzer rings.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Chinese!

He grabs Sandy's hand and drags her to the kitchen with him.

INT. CLARK'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

SANDY

Clark, why don't you sell your Rothko to one of them?

CLARK

But I love my Rothko. If I sold it to one of them I would no longer be able to say "I have a Rothko." I'd be reduced to saying, "I sold my Rothko." Can you see how one sentence is so much sadder than the other?

He kisses her.

SANDY

But I know you've been having issues with the estate and it's causing you stress. This way you'd have a little cash on hand...

There's a knock at the kitchen door. Clark opens it revealing the Chinese food delivery man.

CLARK  
 (to delivery man, in  
 Chinese accent)  
*Fee na. Tu kay, mana-LA?*

DELIVERY MAN  
 (confused)  
 You order food?

CLARK  
 (to Sandy)  
 Why did my parents make me study  
 Cantonese for ten years when  
 everyone else speaks Mandarin? I'll  
 tell you why. They wanted me to  
 know what it feels like to be  
 floundering in a Kafka novel. Wait?  
 Do you feel that?

SANDY  
 What?

CLARK  
 Somewhere in that room gin is  
 getting warm. I've gotta get ice in  
 there before Dashiell Hammett's  
 ghost arrives to punish me.

Clark dashes off.

SANDY  
 (to delivery man)  
 How much do I owe you?

INT. CLARK ROCKEFELLER'S APARTMENT - LATER

The party has thinned out a bit. A few people including Clark and Sandy are sitting in the living room on his antique oriental carpet sipping cocktails and playing Truth or Dare.

WOMAN  
 Who's turn is it?

SANDY  
 It's Clark's!

MAN  
 Give him a good one!

CLARK

I am the least interesting person  
to play truth or dare with.

WOMAN

Why's that?

CLARK

Because I'm always daring and  
truthful.

MAN

That's it. Lay him out, honey. Curl  
back his hair.

WOMAN

(to Clark)  
Truth or dare?

CLARK

Dare.

The woman looks around. She sees a beautiful young woman  
across the room talking to a man. Then she looks at Sandy.

WOMAN

Go kiss that woman across the room  
in a way that is more passionate  
and daring than how you've ever  
kissed Sandra.

Everyone ohhhhs and ahhhhs. Clark looks at the woman across  
the room then back at Sandy, who looks very uncomfortable.

CLARK

You must give me another dare, for  
I cannot muster more passion than I  
already have for my darling Sandy.

WOMAN

You can't not take a dare. You're  
cheating.

CLARK

I do not cheat.

SANDY

It's okay, Clark.

CLARK

I do not cheat.

MAN

Give him a different one, honey.  
Just make him suffer for bailing on  
the first.

The woman looks around the room. Her eyes alight on Clark's violin case.

WOMAN

I dare you to break your violin.

SANDY

This is ridiculous.

WOMAN

How many dares are you not going to  
take, Clark. It's just a violin.

Clark and the woman lock eyes. Clark goes over to the violin case, opens it, and very carefully takes out the violin.

CLARK

This is not just a violin. It was  
crafted in 1803.

MAN

It's a Stradivarius.

CLARK

It is not a Stradivarius. It's a  
Guarneri. They're better.

Clark looks at Sandy, then at the woman that dared him. He crushes the body of the violin in his hand.

MAN

Holy shit!

SANDY

Clark!

Clark drops the violin on the floor then goes over to his turntable and puts on an album. Classical music plays.

CLARK

This is Dmitri Shostakovich's  
Violin Concerto No. 1, Op. 99.

He takes out a pen and motions for Sandy to join him. She gets up and goes over to him.

SANDY

Clark, you didn't need to...

CLARK

(to group)

Music is a platonic ideal that exists apart from any instrument. The most we can do is find an object that helps us bring it into this world with force and passion. That object does not have to be made of wood and cat gut.

Clark takes Sandy's arm and begins to draw on it with his pen. He makes four lines running vertically down her forearm, as though they were violin strings. Then he makes some cross hatch lines to represent frets. He picks up his bow.

CLARK (CONT'D)

(to Sandy)

Here comes the scherzo, honey.

Clark turns up the music just as an incredibly fast and rapturous section begins. And then he plays it on Sandy's arm! Everyone watches as his fingers speed across Sandy's forearm and he moves the bow maniacally across her skin, playing each note perfectly along with the recording. He is immersed in the playing and the music. Sandy watches this, enraptured, then a little fearful and finally... she succumbs and is seduced.

THE PRESENT

INT. CHRISTIE'S SHOWROOM - DAY

Sandy is standing in the middle of the gallery, looking at the Rothko and gently running her fingers over her forearm. Then she looks at her cell phone, realizing she missed Noreen's call.

EXT. JANN OF SWEDEN'S BARBER SHOP, SAN MARINO - DAY

Agent Cortes enters.

INT. JANN OF SWEDEN'S BARBER SHOP - DAY

Jann is cutting a man's hair as Agent Cortes interviews him.

AGENT CORTES

Did Chris Chichester talk much about Didi Sohus, the woman he stayed with here? Or her son and daughter in law?

JANN

Chris talked about everything without much prompting.

AGENT CORTES

Do you think Chris had some kind of agenda with the Sohuses?

JANN

Chris worked everybody. But being charming isn't a crime.

Jann spins his chair and as the man getting is hair cut turns and comes around again to face us, *it's no longer the man who was sitting there but Clark, in 1984, getting his hair cut.*

CLARK/CHRIS

(to Jann)

I hope you're not planning to just sweep up my hair and throw it out with the rest of the trash, Jann. It may be worth something some day.

JANN

I know where to go if I ever need more.

Clark gets out of the chair and brushes off.

CLARK/CHRIS

(teasing)

Jann, you remind me of the demon barber of Fleet Street. Have you ever killed anyone with a straight razor and baked them into a savory pie? Did Sondheim base his musical on you?

Clark kneels down and gathers up some of his hair that's on the floor.

JANN

What are you doing with that?

Clark sees an envelope on the counter beside Jann's razors and scissors, picks it up, puts a hand-full of his hair in it and hands it to Jann.

CLARK/CHRIS  
Spun gold for a rainy day.

JANN (V.O.)  
*Chris told me his car was in the shop and he asked me for a lift back to Didi's.*

EXT. DIDI SOHUS'S HOUSE - DAY

Jann and Clark pull up to the house in Jann's car. There is a white van in the drive way. It's the same van that's in the photo Detective Allen showed Noreen.

JANN (V.O.)  
*Didi had company. Chris invited me in. He didn't have any money for the haircut and I didn't accept hair as payment. In exchange he offered me a bottle of single malt he had inside.*

INT. DIDI SOHUS'S KITCHEN - DAY

Didi sits at the kitchen table having a cigarette. Sitting beside her at the table is her step-son, John, a short, stocky man with a slightly dour demeanor and his wife, Linda, a statuesque woman with long black hair and piercing eyes. She has a Star Trek novel in front of her and is wearing a t-shirt with a drawing of a hobbit.

JANN (V.O.)  
*From the moment we entered Chris only had eyes for Linda.*

The Culture Club hit from that year, *Karma Chameleon* kicks in. Clark enters the room in slo-mo. He and Linda lock eyes. It's electric. It's as though John and Didi weren't even there. Clark heads right for her. She smiles. He hands Jann a bottle of scotch. He picks up Linda's Star Trek novel. He says something. She laughs. And laughs.

CLARK/CHRIS  
What's your favorite Star Trek episode?

LINDA  
*Mirror, Mirror. Definitely Mirror, Mirror.*



CLARK/CHRIS

Interesting choice. We see two sides of our lead characters. Their rational side and then their dark brutal side. What does that reveal about you, I wonder, Miss Sohus?

LINDA

Maybe I just like seeing Spock in a goatee.

CLARK/CHRIS

Technically it was a van dyke, darling, but evil Spock was adorable none the less.

DIDI SOHUS

(to Clark)

I can't believe you watch that nonsense.

CLARK/CHRIS

Nonsense? Dear heart, it's opera. (to Linda) I got chills when Kirk asks Spock how he could tell the other Kirk wasn't really him.

LINDA

And Spock explains that the sane man can pretend to be a beast but a beast cannot pretend to be sane.

Clark holds out his arm.

CLARK/CHRIS

See? Goosebumps. (off of her shirt) And from your attire may I assume that you are a fan of the writings of my countryman J.R.R. Tolkien?

LINDA

I am indeed.

Clark bends over to her.

CLARK/CHRIS

Él síla erin lû e-govaned vîn.

Linda looks shocked.

LINDA

Gi suilon!

DIDI SOHUS  
What in blazes are you two saying?

JOHN  
(jealous)  
It's Elvish. They're speaking  
Elvish.

Clark and Linda smile at each other.

THE PRESENT

INT. JANN OF SWEDEN'S BARBER SHOP - DAY

Jann is still cutting hair as Agent Cortes listens to him.

JANN  
I think that's the most sincere I  
ever saw that man.

AGENT CORTES  
As he was speaking a made up  
language?

JANN  
Every language is made up, son.

AGENT CORTES  
Did Chris ever pursue a  
relationship with Linda?

JANN  
I don't know.

AGENT CORTES  
And then they all disappeared.

JANN  
Linda, John and Chris. The only  
one left behind was poor Didi.

AGENT CORTES  
Do you have any idea where Chris  
went and why he would leave so  
suddenly?

JANN  
He sat right in this chair and told  
me he had family business to take  
care of back in England. A relative  
had died and he needed to see to  
the estate.

AGENT CORTES  
What about John and Linda?

FLASHBACK

EXT. DIDI SOHUS'S HOUSE - DAY

Didi, looking ten years older, makes her way slowly to her mailbox. She pulls out a hand-full of mail.

CU ON MAIL

There are various bills and one colorful postcard from Budapest. It's inscribed, "We're having great adventures! Wish we could say more! Love, Linda and John".

CUT BACK TO:

JANN'S BARBER SHOP

JANN  
Postcards kept coming from all over Europe. All of them were short and vague. But before he left, Chris told Didi that Linda and John had been recruited to do some kind of special work for the government. Didi held onto that belief for quite some time.

EXT. DIDI SOHUS'S HOUSE - DAY

A woman who looks a lot like Linda is at the door ringing the doorbell and pounding at the door.

JANN (V.O.)  
*Until Linda's sister showed up.*

The door opens revealing Didi.

INT. DIDI SOHUS'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tina, Laura's sister, sits on the couch across from Didi. Tina is crying.

TINA  
The CIA?! You can't possibly believe that?

DIDI SOHUS

How else do you explain all the postcards coming from all over Europe?

TINA

There are a million explanations and every one of them is more likely than that my sister joined the CIA and left the country without ever saying goodbye!

CUT BACK TO:

JANN'S BARBER SHOP

JANN

The postcards stopped. The police filed missing persons reports. And Didi died a few years later, alone, having never heard from Chris or her step-son or Linda again. We all thought it was over, until...

EXT. DIDI SOHUS'S HOUSE - DAY

The yard behind the house is being torn up by a backhoe. There is a huge hole where they are digging out an area for a pool.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER 1

(to backhoe operator)

Hey, Larry, hold up for a second!

The construction worker jumps into the hole.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER 2

What's going on?

CONSTRUCTION WORKER 1

(panicked)

Holy shit. HOLY shit.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FBI BRANCH OFFICE-LOS ANGELES - DAY

Noreen is on the phone with Cortes.

CU on Noreen's face. She looks stunned.

AGENT CORTES (O.C.)

*The bodies were identified as John and Linda Sohus, the owners of the car...*

NOREEN GLEASON

That Clark drove in Connecticut. I knew there was more to him than just being a big fat lying kidnapper.

AGENT CORTES IN SAN MARINO

Cortes looks down at his desk. On it we see Jann's envelope filled with Chris Chichester's blonde hair clippings.

INT. FBI MEDIA ROOM - EVENING

The room is dimly lit. Sandra Boss sits at a table looking very grim. Across the room a television and VCR are set up. Noreen stands next to the TV. She has a videotape in her hand. She puts it in the VCR.

NOREEN GLEASON

We just found this. It aired about seven years ago.

Noreen presses play. Theme music for the television show *Unsolved Mysteries* plays. On the screen the title of the episode comes up: "San Marino Bones". And then a photo of John and Linda Sohus fills the screen. Then Robert Stack appears.

ROBERT STACK (V.O.)

*Though married for two years, John and Linda lived with John's mother, Didi Sohus, by all accounts an alcoholic*

CU on Sandy's face. We hear Robert Stack's voice narrating.

ROBERT STACK (V.O.)

*However, the most intriguing character would prove to be a mysterious young man who went by the name Christopher Chichester.*

CU of TV screen: Images of Clark. And then of construction workers pulling garbage bags out of the dirt.

ROBERT STACK (V.O.)  
*Three garbage bags filled with  
human remains were discovered in  
the backyard where...*

SANDY  
Please turn it off.

Noreen pauses the VCR. She and Sandy are both silent.

INT. JULIE GONCHAR'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Julie is making pancakes for two kids who are arguing at a breakfast table. There is a TV on the counter that is on but muted. A news report comes on. We see images of Clark as Julie makes pancakes. Then she glances over and sees an old photo of Clark in his 20's. She turns the volume up.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)  
*... an Amber Alert for this man.*

Julie is shocked.

INT. JULIE GONCHAR'S BEDROOM - DAY

Julie's on her cell phone.

JULIE  
I think it's Basil. Have you seen  
the pictures?

CO-WORKER (O.C.)  
*Yeah, but it's really hard to tell.  
Are you going to call the cops?*

JULIE  
I can't report the guy to the FBI  
on a hunch.

CO-WORKER (O.C.)  
*It can't be him. Basil just sailed  
in from Chile, right?*

JULIE  
What if it is him and we aided and  
abetted a fugitive? Oh my God. My  
company will be ruined.

INT. THE HOUSE AT 118 PLOY STREET - DAY

CU on an oyster. A sharp blade finds it's way into the crevice running down the center then forces the shell open, revealing the flesh within. Pull back to reveal that Snooks is the shucker. She is standing next to a huge bag filled with oysters. She holds the opened oyster up to Clark.

CLARK  
You have the first.

SNOOKS  
You.

CLARK  
You.

SNOOKS  
You.

CLARK  
Okay.

Snooks raises the oyster up and Clark leans down and sucks the oyster flesh right off the shell.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
Divine. It's concentrated sea. That must be what a fish tastes when it breathes.

He gives her a kiss on the cheek.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
Don't stop shucking until you've opened enough to make us sick and never wanting to taste the Atlantic again.

Clark walks out of the kitchen as Snooks picks up another oyster.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF 118 PLOY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Clark walks over to a table and picks up a hammer and a nail. He walks over to a wall and hammers the nail in. Then he looks over at a painting he has leaning against the wall. It's the Mark Rothko #8 *Black Form Painting*. It's essentially a canvas of moving undifferentiated blackness. He hangs it up and stares at it. Snooks enters.

SNOOKS  
Mom said you sold all your art.

CLARK  
I couldn't get rid of this one.

SNOOKS  
Why?

CLARK  
Because... it's a painting of me.

SNOOKS  
Dad, it's just a lot of swirly  
blackness.

Clark sits down in front of the painting. He motions to Snooks to come to him and she sits down on his lap.

CLARK  
Look at it closely.

Snooks and Clark stare at the painting.

SNOOKS  
What am I looking at?

CLARK  
The only thing anyone ever sees  
when they look at a painting.

SNOOKS  
What's that?

Clark stares intently at the painting.

CLARK  
Yourself.

INT. FBI BRANCH OFFICE - NEW YORK

Sandy is sitting at a chair looking very uncomfortable. She is wearing a simple green top and her hair is a mess. There is a TV camera in front of her. Noreen stands on one side of it and a cameraman is operating it. Noreen gets a thumbs up from the cameraman then nods to Sandy to begin. Sandy takes a deep breath and gathers herself.

SANDY  
(to camera)  
Clark, although things have changed  
you will always be Snooks's father  
and I will always be her mother.

CUT TO:



## MONTAGE OF TV SETS

People all across the country, in living rooms and bars, are watching Sandy's appeal on TV.

SANDY

*We both love her dearly and only have her best interests and well-being in our hearts. I ask you now, please, bring Snooks back. There has to be a better way for us to solve our differences than this way. Snooks, honey, I love and miss you so much. Remember, you're always a princess.*

INT. JULIE GONCHAR'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Julie is nervously smoking a cigarette as she watches Sandy's tearful plea. She looks over at her couch where one of her children is sleeping. She reaches for the phone.

INT. FBI BRANCH OFFICE - NEW YORK

Sandy and Noreen stand in a large noisy room filled with FBI analysts around tables on phones fielding calls.

NOREEN GLEASON

Your appeal moved a lot of people.

SANDY

I have no interest in moving people.

NOREEN GLEASON

Someone will have seen them. We will get a good lead.

Sandy watches all the analysts talking on the phones and taking notes. We see one of them take down Julie Gonchar's name then add it to a huge pile.

SANDY

It's going to take you weeks to process all this data and evaluate what to pursue and what not to.

NOREEN GLEASON

They're professionals, Sandy. They know what to look for.

SANDY

I can create an algorithm to speed up this process.

NOREEN GLEASON

We have our own algorithms.

SANDY

They're dated. And I know what to search for. Things your people may miss.

NOREEN GLEASON

Okay. I'll put you together with an analyst. I'd just keep your opinion of his algorithms to yourself.

INT. FBI BRANCH OFFICE - DAY

Sandy sits at a desk typing at a computer next to an FBI analyst. She is typing fast. She has an air of confidence as she works that we have not seen before.

INT. FBI BRANCH OFFICE - NEW YORK

Noreen walks quickly down a corridor as Agent Cortes walks beside her. She stops at an office door and opens it, revealing Sandy in a cluttered office sitting at a computer. She and Agent Cortes enter and sit down across from Sandy.

NOREEN GLEASON

What do you have?

SANDY

I've created a program that employs a series of screens to weed out bad leads and selectors to narrow down good ones.

AGENT CORTES

(to Noreen)

Agent, Gleason, I think Ms. Boss is condescendingly explaining to us what an algorithm is.

NOREEN GLEASON

Are you condescendingly explaining to us what an algorithm is, Ms. Boss?

SANDY

Yes. And now I will continue to condescend by explaining that by targeting Clark's distinctive characteristics and behaviors I have narrowed the viable leads down to 251 possibilities in the United States and 43 overseas.

NOREEN GLEASON

Agent Cortes, get 294 of our best agents on it.

AGENT CORTES

Will do, Agent Gleason.

SANDY

Okay, so I guess I need a few more screens and selectors.

NOREEN GLEASON

(to Cortes)

Now that didn't feel so condescending, did it?

AGENT CORTES

No, it felt rather humble.

NOREEN GLEASON

And she picked up that I was being sarcastic.

AGENT CORTES

I believe she did.

NOREEN GLEASON

So maybe she isn't as aspergers as we hypothesized?

AGENT CORTES

Maybe.

NOREEN GLEASON

And now will you share with Sandy what you uncovered without the use of an algorithm?

Agent Cortes opens up a folder he's carrying and removes what looks like a traffic ticket and places it on the desk in front of Sandra.

AGENT CORTES

It's a summons that was issued for disorderly conduct to Clark Rockefeller in New York City by a police officer on July 9th 1999.

Sandy picks up the ticket and examines it.

SANDY

I had forgotten about this.

NOREEN GLEASON

He never paid and he never showed up for a court date.

SANDY

We moved to New Hampshire soon after this... altercation.

NOREEN GLEASON

You left town after an altercation with a cop?

FLASHBACK: 1999

EXT. MANHATTAN SIDEWALK - DAY

Sandy is kneeling down petting a golden retriever.

SANDY (V.O.)

*We were walking our dog when Clark asked me to wait for him as he ran to the wine store to pick up a case of Bordeaux that had just come in.*

Sandy looks up and about a block away through her POV we see Clark speaking to a police man beside an elderly woman. At first everything looks normal and then Clark starts to gesticulate in a manner which seems to irritate the cop.

CU ON CLARK AND THE COP

CLARK

Why would I apologize when I didn't do anything?!

ELDERLY WOMAN

(to cop)  
He smacked into me with that box!

CLARK

I did not smack and it is not a box. It's a crate of Chateau Haut-Brion.

The cop takes out his ticket pad.

BACK TO SANDY'S POV

The cop is clearly trying to write Clark a ticket.

BACK TO CLARK AND THE COP

CLARK (CONT'D)

Last time I checked police officers weren't empowered to enforce etiquette! Now I really must be going.

Clark turns to leave.

ELDERLY WOMAN

So being a Rockefeller means he can get away with assaulting the elderly?

COP

Alright, let's see some ID, *Mr. Rockefeller*?

Clark freezes. Where he was condescending he is suddenly terrified.

BACK TO SANDY'S POV

We see the cop put his hand on his billy club as he tries to reason with Clark, who finally settles down. The cop hands Clark a ticket and Clark walks quickly down the street towards Sandy. Clark is bright red with suppressed frustration and clenched jaw.

SANDY

Clark, what just happened?

CLARK

Inside. Inside!

Clark walks past her and into their building. She follows him with the dog.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Clark, Sandy and the dog are heading up in the elevator. Clark kneels and pets and hugs the dog.

CLARK  
(cute talking to dog  
voice)  
It's alright. We're okay. We're  
okay. Bad man's not going to hurt  
my cutie cutie.

SANDY  
Clark.

Clark ignores her and keeps hugging the dog.

CLARK  
(to dog)  
Daddy told awful man to just mind  
his own business wizness.

SANDY  
Clark, why is the dog getting an  
explanation about what just  
happened when unlike him I speak  
English?

Clark stands up.

CLARK  
I need to get out of New York. I  
just can't take it anymore.

INT. CLARK AND SANDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Clark is rushing around as though he were looking for something. Sandy is following close behind.

SANDY  
What can't you take? What did the  
policeman say to you?

CLARK  
It's not about what he said or  
didn't say, it's just the constant  
pressure.

SANDY  
What pressure?

CLARK

I can't think around all these people.

SANDY

What people? Could you please stop running around and tell me what you're talking about? What did you do?

CLARK

What did I do? What did I do?! I was a human being in a police state where people who have never heard of Proust are given guns!

SANDY

Something must have triggered this...?

CLARK

*Ich sage euch: man muss noch Chaos in sich selbst in der Lage, Geburt eines tanzenden Stern zu geben ist!*

SANDY

Clark, you're scaring me.

CLARK

"I say unto you: one must still have chaos in oneself to be able to give birth to a dancing star." Calm down, it's just Nietzsche!

SANDY

When has Nietzsche calmed anyone?

CLARK

It's the pressure, Sandy! The pressure! You don't understand because you just have to be you.

SANDY

What does that mean? That's the only thing anyone has to be.

CLARK

No! I'm a Rockefeller. Don't you understand what that means? Everyone at every second wants something from me. They don't see me, Sandy, they just see tremendous wealth and influence.

(MORE)

CLARK (CONT'D)

When I have a great idea or I say something witty or just happen to look good that day do you think I get credit? No! This idea, this thing that is being a Rockefeller gets the credit. I'm just some skin and bone that people adorn with every idea they have about wealth and privilege like a fucking Christmas tree of aristocracy. I need to go somewhere I can just be me!

SANDY

Where would you want to go?

Clark is still in his own head.

CLARK

They're all phonies. Pretending to be my friends. Pretending to like me, when they don't even see me. Phonies.

SANDY

Now you sound like Holden Caulfield. Just please tell me...

Clark stops running around and looks directly at her.

SANDY (CONT'D)

What is it?

CLARK

(deliberately)  
Where did Salinger go?

INT. FBI BRANCH OFFICE-BOSTON - DAY

Sandy is still speaking with Noreen and Cortes.

NOREEN GLEASON

And you thought Clark was sincere about just wanting to get away from it all despite his crazy reaction to the cop?

SANDY

Clark related to writers and artists and since the 18th Century Cornish, New Hampshire was a place they had escaped to for seclusion. And that's what he said he craved.



FLASHBACK: FALL. 1999

EXT. CORNISH, NEW HAMPSHIRE COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

It's a beautiful New England country road in October, framed by turning leaves of bright crimsons and orange and yellows. Two young woman on horseback trot by a sign that reads, "Cornish, New Hampshire - Population 1147". They approach a centuries-old covered bridge with a sign that reads, "Walk your horses or two dollar fine."

Then we hear the whine of a battery-powered engine. And we see a joyous Clark speeding down the road on a segway (Those two-wheeled vehicles operated by controls on a handlebar as one stands upright)! Cher's hit song from that year, *Believe*, kicks in. Clark, dressed in hunting cap and tweeds, speeds past the women on horseback, startling their horses. He tips his cap to the ladies and then takes off, zooming through the covered bridge and into town.

INT. FBI BRANCH OFFICE-BOSTON - DAY

Noreen continues to question Sandy.

NOREEN GLEASON

How were you able to do your job  
from rural New Hampshire?

SANDY

I had become the youngest partner  
in McKinsey history. They got me a  
driver and let me leave early on  
Fridays.

AGENT CORTES

And your husband was taking care of  
Snooks by himself all week?

SANDY

(defensive)

Someone had to work. We bought an  
estate. Doveridge. Clark was  
obsessed with restoring the  
property to what it was like in the  
19th Century when the painter  
Maxfield Parish roamed it's  
grounds.

FLASHBACK

EXT. DRIVE WAY IN CORNISH, NH - DAY

A black town car heads up a long driveway.

INT. TOWN CAR - DAY

There is a driver in the front while Sandy sits in the back, wearing a form-fitting business suit. In a field in front of the house are 23 vintage cars in various states of disrepair.

DRIVER

Quite a collection of cars.

SANDY

Most of them don't work. Half of them are models that were in a lot of Hitchcock films. See that one there? That's the model Janet Leigh drove in *Psycho*.

Sandy has some legal documents spread out in front of her with her and Clark's names throughout. It's paperwork intended to initiate divorce proceedings.

INT. DOVERIDGE ESTATE - DAY

The house is huge with one enormous wood-paneled room after another. It appears almost empty, as though someone had just moved out but left a few things behind. The house is being renovated so ladders and paint cans abound and many windows are missing glass and merely covered with plastic to keep the elements out. Sandy steps through the front door.

SANDY'S POV AS SHE WALKS THROUGH THE HOUSE

SANDY

Snooks, baby? Clark?

Sandy walks through the foyer and into a larger room beyond it which only contains a dinner table. Sandy can now make out muted voices coming from another room. Sandy walks towards the voices. She heads through several rooms and she enters the library. Snooks is standing on a podium and Clark is in front of her.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Snooks!

Sandy heads for Snooks but like a conductor Clark motions for Sandy to stay where she is and then he points to Snooks.

CLARK  
One last question!

Snooks looks at her mother eagerly, then looks at her father and somberly nods, indicating she's ready.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
Welcome back to the show, *It's a Wise Child*. Our current champion Snooks "Franny" Rockefeller has to answer one final question to reach the finals. Are you ready?

SNOOKS  
I am.

CLARK  
Please name the five general categories of clouds and then please tell us which group forms as a result of limited convection in the troposphere?

SANDY  
Clark, I'd really like to...

Clark motions for Sandy to be still. Snooks is thinking.

SNOOKS  
The five categories are cirriform, cumuliform, cumulonimbiform, stratocumuliform... and stratiform.

Sandy applauds.

CLARK  
Excellent. Now please tell us which group forms as a result of limited convection in the troposphere?

SNOOKS  
Cumuliform?

Clark makes an unpleasant buzzing sound.

CLARK  
I'm sorry. The correct answer was stratocumuliform.

Sandy gives Clark a look then runs to Snooks and hugs her.

SANDY  
 (to Snooks)  
 That was amazing. I can't name any  
 clouds.

SNOOKS  
 None?

SANDY  
 All I know is that it's overcast.

CLARK  
 (to Sandy)  
 Sweetheart, we are preparing for  
 the day when we run across Mr.  
 Salinger in town. In his Glass  
 family books all the children were  
 wildly precocious, like our Snooks,  
 and competed on the quiz show, *It's  
 a Wise Child*. So we are preparing  
 an homage to Mr. Salinger that is  
 also part of our home-schooling  
 regimen!

#### THE PRESENT

INT. FBI BRANCH OFFICE-BOSTON - DAY

Sandy is at the desk across from Noreen who has a different  
 look in her eye than we've seen.

NOREEN GLEASON  
 You uprooted yourself for the man.  
 You commuted. You financed him. You  
 sacrificed so much time with your  
 daughter just so he could be happy.  
 Sandy, I'm wondering... did you  
 love him? Do you love him?

CU on Sandy's face.

#### FLASHBACK

EXT. DOVERIDGE ESTATE, NEW HAMPSHIRE - SUNDOWN

The last rays of light come through the trees illuminating  
 Clark, who stands beside a stone reflecting pool behind the  
 house, overlooking the torn up gardens. Reverse angle and we  
 see Sandy watching Clark from behind french doors.

Clark, surrounded by several cans of paint, uses a brush to dab at the fountain. Sandy walks over to him.

CLARK  
Is she asleep?

SANDY  
She says she is.

They smile at each other.

SANDY (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

CLARK  
I'm trying to restore the fountain  
and reflecting pool to how it was  
when Maxfield Parrish stood on this  
very spot.

Clark holds up a poster for Sandy. It's a lush Maxfield Parris print of a woman in diaphanous robes standing beside the reflecting pool.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
It's been hell getting the color  
right. That blue is actually called  
Parrish blue. He perfected a  
technique called glazing where  
bright layers of oil color  
separated by varnish are applied  
alternately over the base. See, my  
blue here is not even close to the  
one in the print.

SANDY  
You'll get there.

CLARK  
Yes I will.

Clark walks over to a stone wall behind him and picks up a package wrapped in red tissue paper and ribbon and hands it to Sandy. She blushes and seems suddenly shy. Smiling, she opens the package revealing a diaphanous gown exactly like the one in the Parrish painting.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
I had it made for you. Put it on.

She stands there for a moment looking at Clark and the gown, flattered and timid.

SANDY

Okay.

She starts to walk towards the house.

CLARK

No. Put it on here.

She's taken aback. Then she looks around as though to be sure no one can see. Then, looking nervous but excited she begins to take off her business suit. She gets undressed in the twilight as Clark watches, looking pleased. She pulls the gown on over her head and adjusts it. She looks beautiful.

SANDY

(to Clark)

Well?

CLARK

It's as though I've stepped into a Parrish painting. Or you've stepped out of it.

A bunch of swallows suddenly dive around them, startling Sandy.

CLARK (CONT'D)

In the movie, *The Birds*, their feathered appearance always symbolized pent up sexual energy.

Clark grabs Sandy and they kiss.

INT. HOUSE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE BEDROOM - LATER

Sandy is naked in bed, asleep. Then the sound of rustling papers awakens her. She looks to the other side of the bed: There's no Clark. Then she looks across the room. Clark is kneeling over her opened briefcase reading her divorce papers.

SANDY

Clark...

Clark turns to her, hurt and angry.

CLARK

These papers... they're elaborate.

SANDY

Clark, McKinsey has... They want me to go to London.

CLARK

These papers weren't drawn up in a day. How long have you been scheming about this?

SANDY

It's not a scheme.

CLARK

What about Snooks?

SANDY

We'll figure that out.

CLARK

Figure it out? You're going to figure it out?! She's a little girl not a corporation, which makes understanding her not really your area.

SANDY

I know my daughter, Clark.

CLARK

And how would you know her? You're not here, Sandy. I am. Tell me how you know her? Tell me something about her only you know?

Sandy grabs the gown from the side of the bed and puts it on under the sheets.

CLARK (CONT'D)

You can't do it, can you? Because understanding humans is not your area!

Clark walks out. Sandy stands there in the gown looking out the window at the moon. Then she catches her melancholy expression reflected back to her in the window.

THE PRESENT

INT. NOREEN GLEASON'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Noreen is sitting on the bed. She is going through pages and pages of leads. Each one filled with names and descriptions. The Robert Mitchum noir *Out of the Past* is ending.

Next to a VCR is a stack of videos that were on Sandy's list of Clark's favorite movies. Noreen gets up, ejects the video and pops another one in: *The Picture of Dorian Grey*.

Noreen goes to the mini bar and takes out a little bottle of whiskey, dumps it into her diet coke and sips it as she keeps going through the leads. Every now and then she glances up at the TV, half paying attention to it. Then she hears someone in the film introduce himself as 'Basil Hallward'. She looks up. The film has her attention. Then she watches as a handsome man stares at his horribly distorted portrait. She picks up her phone and dials.

NOREEN GLEASON

(into phone)

Hello? Cortes? On the last list Sandy generated I remember seeing the name Basil somewhere...? Can you get me the contact number of the informant?

INT. JFK AIRPORT - DAY

Noreen and Cortes, looking very intense, walk up to a security check-point. They show IDs and begin to check their sidearms. Sandy comes running over to them, out of breath and carrying a small suitcase.

SANDY

Are you sure?

Noreen hands Sandy a folder. Sandy opens it revealing a fax of a security camera photo of Clark entering Obsidian Realty.

INT. THE HOUSE AT 118 PLOY STREET - DAY

Snooks watches as Clark lays maps down across the floor. He has covered the entire living room floor with maps of the whole world.

CLARK

Okay. Pick. Anywhere you want to go.

Snooks tentatively steps onto one of the maps.

SNOOKS

Anywhere?

CLARK

Anywhere in the world we can sail to.



Snooks walks across the maps as though she is a giant straddling the earth, looking for the perfect destination.

CLARK (CONT'D)

(reciting)

*We will go together, over the waters of time. No one else will travel through the shadows with me, Only you, evergreen, ever sun, ever moon.* Okay, Snooks. Whose poem?

SNOOKS

Yeats?

CLARK

Snooks! It's Neruda! Don't you hear the Spanish rhythm in it?

SNOOKS

Maybe if you said it in Spanish.

CLARK

Ya eres mía. Reposas con tu sueño en mi sueño. Amor, dolor, trabajos, deben dormir ahora...

SNOOKS

(teasing)

Still sounds like Yeats to me.

CLARK

You scoundrel!

Clark chases her around the maps playfully as she tries to elude him. The maps rip under their feet. Finally he grabs her and picks her up hugging and kissing her.

CLARK (CONT'D)

So where shall we go?

SNOOKS

Cuiviénen in the far east of Middle-earth.

CLARK

Elvish lands, you say?

SNOOKS

Yes.

CLARK

We need to go somewhere real, sweetheart.

He puts her down. She looks up at him solemnly.

SNOOKS  
Candyland isn't real.

CLARK  
Yes it is.

SNOOKS  
It's only a metaphor.

CLARK  
A metaphor for what?

SNOOKS  
For being happy.

Clark and Snooks look at each other. Clark is clearly struggling and a bit overcome. He looks away and begins gathering up the maps.

SNOOKS (CONT'D)  
I want to call mommy.

This takes Clark by surprise.

INT. BATHROOM AT 118 PLOY STREET - NIGHT

Clark is holding a box for a disposable cell phone. He stares at it. He is obviously very conflicted. Then he opens it up, takes the phone out, turns it on and dials.

CLARK  
(into phone)  
Sandra, it's Clark. You have two minutes to talk to Snooks. If you say one thing to her that you wouldn't say if we were just away on a regular holiday I am disconnecting you and will not call again.

Clark opens the bathroom door and walks out.

INT. BEDROOM AT 118 PLOY STREET - NIGHT

Snooks is sitting on the side of her bed. Clark hands her the phone.

SNOOKS  
 (into phone)  
 Momma?

CUT TO:

CU OF SANDY'S FACE

She is on the phone with Snooks. She is overjoyed.

SANDY  
 (into phone)  
 Baby? Oh, I miss you. Just talk.  
 Say anything. I just want to hear  
 your voice.

CU OF SNOOKS

She's looking up at Clark as she speaks.

SNOOKS  
 It's been upsetting not speaking to  
 you and it would mean a lot to me  
 if you and daddy would work out a  
 better system.

SANDY (O.C.)  
*We will, honey. We will.*

ANGLE ON SANDY

We can see that it is night and she is standing outside.

SANDY (CONT'D)  
 I love you more than anything.

SNOOKS (O.C.)  
*Parents say that all the time.*

We pull back more and we see that Sandy is standing next to a van on a street in the suburbs.

SANDY  
 Well, we all struggle for the right  
 words to adequately express our  
 love.

SNOOKS (O.C.)  
*Momma, I would prefer the words be  
 less adequate and more frequent.*

We can see that as she speaks to her daughter on the phone Sandy is very emotional. And her eyes are fixed on something in the distance.

SANDY  
Okay, baby.

We shift to Sandy's POV and we can see that about a block and a half away is the house Clark and Snooks are in!

EXT. THE HOUSE AT 118 PLOY STREET - CONTINUOUS

We see that the house is surrounded by armed FBI agents who are surreptitiously positioned all around it.

INT. THE HOUSE AT 118 PLOY STREET - NIGHT

Snooks is on the phone as Clark stands beside her.

CLARK  
Okay, sweetheart. Say good night to mommy now.

SNOOKS  
Daddy says I have to go. Talk to you tomorrow? I love you too.

Snooks hands the phone to Clark.

SNOOKS (CONT'D)  
(to Clark)  
Tell Mommy you love her.

CLARK  
(reluctant)  
Snooks, honey...

SNOOKS  
Please?

This is clearly not easy for Clark, but he wants to please his daughter.

CLARK  
(into Phone)  
I love you.

SNOOKS  
(yelling towards the phone)  
Momma, please say it back to him.

SANDY OUTSIDE NEXT TO NOREEN

She is seething with emotion.

SANDY  
I love you, Clark.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

The van has a wall of monitors that all show different angles on Clark's house. Every window is covered by a shade or curtain. Noreen is in the van along with Sandy, Agent Cortes and a couple other FBI agents. On the table between them are the floor plans for Clark's house.

NOREEN GLEASON  
Why did he call now? Could he know we're here?

FBI AGENT  
He thinks he's safe. He's taunting his wife because he thinks he's won.

NOREEN GLEASON  
We need to separate him from the girl.

AGENT CORTES  
(to Sandy)  
Have you ever known him to use a gun?

SANDY  
Just for sport. Skeet shooting at the club.

FBI AGENT  
(Re. Sandy)  
This one didn't even know his real name, right? We are going in under the assumption he's armed.

NOREEN GLEASON  
This is not a siege situation.

FBI AGENT  
Once he knows we're here he could choose to hurt the girl rather than lose her. We need to immobilize him by any means necessary.

INT. KITCHEN AT 118 PLOY STREET - NIGHT

Clark is making dinner as Snooks watches. Two pieces of bread covered with cheese are cooking in butter on a frying pan.

CLARK

The secret to having fully melted  
cheese yet simultaneously a cold  
tomato slice?

Clark opens the freezer and takes out a tomato.

CLARK (CONT'D)

It has to be in there long enough  
to get freezing cold but not long  
enough to crystallize.

The phone rings. Clark seems surprised. He answers.

CLARK (CONT'D)

(into phone)  
Hello?

AGENT CORTES (O.C.)

*Is this Basil?*

CLARK

It is.

AGENT CORTES (O.C.)

*This is Gus down at the marina.  
Sorry to bother you at this hour,  
but there seems to be a problem  
with your catamaran.*

CLARK

What kind of problem?

AGENT CORTES (O.C.)

*Well, sir, it's taking on a lot of  
water.*

CU ON CLARK'S FACE. He senses something off.

CLARK

Okay. I'll be right there.

Clark hangs up. He's worried.

SNOOKS

Dad, my sandwich!

Clark looks over at the stove; The bread with the cheese is smoking. He runs over, takes the sandwich off, cuts it, plates it and puts it in front of Snooks.

SNOOKS (CONT'D)

You forgot the tomato.

CLARK

Sweetie, I'm just going to run the garbage out.

Clark exits the kitchen and enters a mud room with a door that opens onto the driveway. He looks out the window. He slowly opens the door. He listens. It is silent. The tension is palpable. He sees a basketball on the floor and picks it up. He flicks a light switch and floodlights snap on outside illuminating the driveway.

Clark walks out onto the driveway carrying the basketball. He looks down the driveway towards the street. There are no cars. Odd. He slowly walks to the basketball hoop set up off of the garage. He stops and listens some more. He clumsily attempts to dribble. He looks around again. Everything is still. He shoots the basketball and is way off. He watches, motionless, as the ball bounces down the driveway and into some shrubs. Clark looks towards the ball, waits a moment, then he turns and goes back inside the house.

INT. THE HOUSE AT 118 PLOY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Snooks has put on a Bach cello suite. He glances over at her. There are beads of sweat across his forehead. Snooks is at a table eating her grilled cheese. Clark walks over to her.

CLARK

Snooks, sweetheart, Daddy needs to run out on a quick errand.

SNOOKS

Can't I come with you?

Clark looks somber but he is trying to act cheery.

CLARK

I have to do this alone. But how would you like to watch the *Lost in Space* videos I got you?

SNOOKS

Yes! I love that show.

Snooks starts singing the *Lost in Space* theme song. Clark kneels down and hugs Snooks tight against him.

CLARK

And stay away from the windows  
while I'm gone. Can you do that  
for me?

SNOOKS

Okay, Daddy.

Clark buries his face in her neck. He breathes her in.

CLARK

Remember that Walt Whitman poem I  
was teaching you...?

SNOOKS

Song of Myself?

CLARK

(reciting)

*I am of old and young, of the  
foolish as much as the wise,  
Regardless of others, ever  
regardful of others.*

As they hold each other Snooks begins to recite with him.

CLARK AND SNOOKS

*Maternal as well as paternal, a  
child as well as a man, Stuff'd  
with the stuff that is coarse and  
stuff'd with the stuff that is  
fine. Do I contradict myself? Very  
well then I contradict myself,  
I am large, I contain multitudes.*

Clark and Snooks smile at each other as they hug. Clark's eyes fill with tears.

CLARK'S POV

Clark turns the doorknob. He opens the front door. He steps through. He looks around, wary. Everything outside is still. He listens for a moment. There is only silence. He takes out his car keys and begins walking towards his car. Then he stops, puts his hands on his head and waits.

FBI AGENT (O.C.)

*Clark? Where are you going?*

Clark turns towards the voice. He sees an FBI agent in all black walking towards him with a gun raised and aimed.



CLARK

I was just going out to get a turkey sandwich.

The FBI agent is on him! He throws him to the ground and searches him. Suddenly FBI agents seem to come out of everywhere! Two more are on Clark, subduing him and cuffing him.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Please don't scare her. Please don't scare her. Please send someone in who's not wearing black! One of you has to have one piece of colorful clothing, for Christ's sake!

The air is filled with orders being given and information relayed. From down on the ground Clark looks back towards the house. He sees his daughter's face pressed against the window, watching.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Snooks.

SANDY'S POV

She watches Clark get shoved into an FBI van. Then she walks towards the house. Noreen is behind her, on a walkie talkie.

FBI AGENT (O.C.)

(through the walkie talkie)

*House is clear.*

NOREEN GLEASON

(into the walkie talkie)

No one is to approach the little girl. The mother is thirty seconds out.

Sandy begins to walk even more quickly towards the house. She starts to run.

INT. THE HOUSE AT 118 PLOY STREET - NIGHT

Snooks is standing in a corner of the living room, holding a notebook. Sandy enters. They look at each other for a moment, then Sandy runs to her and scoops her up in her arms.

SANDY

My big girl. My beautiful big girl.

SNOOKS

I'm little, Momma. I'm a little girl.

Snooks's drops her notebook. Colored post-it notes scatter across the floor.

INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Clark is chained to a chair behind a table in the incredibly bright and stark room. He looks exhausted. Two tough looking FBI agents sit across from him.

FBI INTERROGATOR 1

Are you going to stop playing games now?

CLARK

I'm not playing games.

FBI INTERROGATOR 2

If you think you can pull one over on us when we have fifty FBI agents out there determining who you are... We are going to figure it out.

CLARK

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

FBI INTERROGATOR 1

Don't be sorry. Just tell me who you are!

Clark just stares at them.

FBI INTERROGATOR 1 (CONT'D)

(to other interrogator)

Ray, what is the first thing you think when someone has done what Clark has done? Hiding your identity. Not telling your child who you are. Not telling your wife who you are. Using multiple aliases.

FBI INTERROGATOR 2

I would think he has something to hide.

FBI INTERROGATOR 1

What are you trying to hide, Clark?

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Noreen is watching the interrogation through a one-way glass window with Sandy. Noreen opens the door to the interrogation room and motions to the interrogators. They come over to her.

NOREEN GLEASON

I'll take over for a little while.

They nod to her and exit.

NOREEN GLEASON (CONT'D)

(to Sandy)

I could lose my job for this.

Sandy nods to her then enters the interrogation room.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sandy walks in and sits down across from Clark. She is staring at him but he does not meet her eyes.

SANDY

Clark?

He doesn't respond.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Clark, God damn it, you're going to look at me!

He turns to her. Sandy stares at him for a moment.

SANDY (CONT'D)

If they hadn't caught you I would never have seen her again. Did you think about that? I can believe that you would do that to me, but what about her, Clark?

CLARK

You took her from me first.

SANDY

Not one thing you ever told me was true!

CLARK

You didn't know that when you left.

SANDY

I knew without knowing. My body knew. My skin knew. Every part of me was screaming that something was horribly wrong.

Clark just stares back at her.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Why me, *Clark*? How many times have I said that name? And every single time I said it you made me a liar. Was it just that out of all the suckers I was the biggest?

CLARK

You think you were a sucker? I remember your face the first time someone called you 'Mrs. Rockefeller'. You became three feet taller. I watched your skin turn from flesh to gold and your eyes became emeralds.

SANDY

It was love that did that to me, Clark, not some title.

CLARK

Liar.

Beat.

SANDY

Don't you think your daughter deserves to know who you are?

CLARK

(utmost conviction)  
She knows me.

SANDY

She knows you, Clark? She knows you?!

CLARK

She knows me.

Sandy lets this hang in the air.

SANDY

Did you kill those people?

Clark is taken aback. He stares at her for a moment. Then he regains his composure and the showman returns.

CLARK

You know the scene in *North By Northwest* when Cary Grant is at the U.N. and he's talking to a man as the fellow gets stabbed?

SANDY

Yes.

CLARK

The man falls to the ground in Cary Grant's arms. And everyone looks over at poor Cary who is now holding the bloody murder weapon. And they all think he did it.

Sandy looks at Clark expectantly.

CLARK (CONT'D)

(self-satisfied)

And that is all I have to say about that.

EXT. BOSTON FBI HEADQUARTERS ROOF - DAY

Sandy is pacing around the roof, looking out over the Boston skyline. She is seething with anger and frustration and self-doubt. She is absolutely alone. Then Noreen enters through the roof-access door. She hands Sandy a coffee. Sandy sips it as they both silently look out over the Boston skyline.

NOREEN GLEASON

We were contacted by a couple from California. They claim to know Clark. Sandy, they've known him since he was a teenager.

INT. BOSTON FBI HEADQUARTERS CORRIDOR - DAY

Noreen walks down the corridor with Sandy. They stop at an interrogation room door.

NOREEN GLEASON

They have not been questioned yet. If anyone asks, you were not in this room.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

The Kellns, an austere couple in their 60s, sit on one side of a table. Sandy and Noreen are across from them.

NOREEN GLEASON  
Where did you first meet Clark?

ELMER KELLN  
My wife and I met Christian in  
Germany.

SANDY  
Christian...?

JEAN KELLN  
Yes. In his village.

FLASHBACK

CHYRON: BERGEN, GERMANY - 1978

EXT. GERMAN AUTOBAHN - NIGHT

A highway is being pelted with huge raindrops. The highway which cuts through a rural area looks deserted. The Kansas song *Dust in the Wind* begins playing. One soaking wet teenager becomes visible through the rain walking along the shoulder of the highway. He is soaked to the skin. He is the teenage Clark Rockefeller who at this age is known as Christian Gerhartsreiter.

One lone car is heading down the autobahn. Christian is illuminated by the car's headlights. We see the car pull over in front of him. He runs over to it.

INT. KELLN'S CAR - NIGHT

Elmer and Jean Kelln are in the car. Elmer drives and Jean has a map spread out on her lap. Christian is saturated with rain water. He speaks with heavily accented English.

CHRISTIAN (CLARK)  
I am Christian Gerhartsreiter.  
Are you just passing through or  
doing tourism?

JEAN  
We were going to see Hitler's  
Bavarian estate tomorrow.

CHRISTIAN (CLARK)  
Where are you visiting from?

JEAN  
We're from Hollywood.

Christian lights up.

CHRISTIAN (CLARK)  
Do you have a place to stay?

DISSOLVE TO:

THE PRESENT

It's late. We see Sandy enter her hotel. She looks drained. She gets into the elevator. She walks down a corridor to her room. She opens the door and enters, revealing a baby sitter who is reading by the one light that's on in the sitting room of her suite. Sandy opens to the door to the bedroom and looks in on the sound asleep Snooks.

CUT BACK TO:

THE PAST

INT. GERHARTSREITER RESIDENCE - EVENING

Christian leads the Kellns through the door into his house. There are canvases leaning against the walls of rural village life. Mr. Gerhartsreiter, Christian's irritated-looking father, greets them.

CHRISTIAN (CLARK)  
Father, this is Mr. and Mrs. Kelln.

JEAN  
(off the paintings)  
These are so lovely.

MR. GERHARTSREITER  
My family has been in charge of painting these in our village for centuries. And now Christian is learning the craft.

Christian runs over to the Kellns holding a scrapbook.

CHRISTIAN (CLARK)  
*Ich bin stolz auf unsere tradition,  
 Vater. (I am proud of our  
 tradition, father)*

The father exits. Christian waits until his father is out of hearing range, then...

CHRISTIAN (CLARK) (CONT'D)  
 (ala *Fiddler on the Roof*)  
*Tradition! Tradition!* (to the  
 Kellns) Please, look at this.

Christian opens his scrapbook to pages featuring behind the scenes studio photos from the '30s and '40s. He points to several photos showing extras from different films mingling. It's a mishmash of Arabian princes and gangsters and ballerinas and swashbucklers and high society.

CHRISTIAN (CLARK) (CONT'D)  
 Some of these extras would play  
 twenty different characters in a  
 week! Imagine. Follow me.

Christian leads them into the living room. He has transformed it into a mini-movie theater; there is a large white sheet hanging from one wall. The other walls are decorated with vintage film noir posters.

INT. GERHARTSREITER HOME - NIGHT

The room is dark, but the Kellns and Christian are illuminated by flickering light. The Kellns are sitting on a couch and Christian is in a chair, transfixed. He is showing them a movie on his own projector, *Strangers on a Train*.

CU ON CHRISTIAN'S FACE

He looks like he is in ecstasy. He recites every line along with the characters.

JEAN KELLN(V.O.)  
*He told us he loved film noir and  
 had the oddest reason. He said that  
 life was filled with lies, but  
 that...*

Christian turns to the Kellns and we see him mouthing the words that Jean recalls him saying as she says them.



JEAN KELLN

*... in film noir every single word  
anyone says is always sincere, even  
when it's a lie.*

THE PRESENT

Sandy is in the dimly lit hotel bedroom getting into her nightgown. She crawls into bed with Snooks. She cuddles up next to her sleeping child. Sandy's eyes remain wide open as she recalls the interview with the Kellns.

JEAN KELLN (V.O.)

*We were staying in Christian's room  
so he said he was going to sleep in  
his car.*

EXT. GERHARTSREITER HOME - NIGHT

Christian leaves the house. We see him outside in the garden. He is picking a bouquet of flowers in the dark.

JEAN (O.C.)

*He said that it would be fun. But  
the thing is - it was a hearse.*

Christian walks around the back of the house where an old hearse is parked. He gets into the back of the car and lies down where the coffin would be, holding the flowers on his chest. We can see Jean Kelln looking at him from the back window of the house.

ELMER (V.O.)

*He was an odd, sad boy.*

JEAN (V.O.)

*No, Elmer! Not sad.*

INT. HEARSE - NIGHT

Christian is laying in the back of the hearse, his eyes closed, with the flowers on his chest.

JEAN (V.O.)

*Right then that boy decided that  
Christian Gerhartsreiter was dead.  
He was out there throwing his own  
funeral. And he was happy as hell  
about it!*

Christian's eyes open. A broad smile breaks across his face!

INT. BOSTON DINER - MORNING

Sandy sits in a booth across from Noreen having coffee. She has not slept.

NOREEN GLEASON  
You couldn't have know.

They sit in silence for a moment.

SANDY  
I'm wishing all this on other people, Noreen. I want other people to find out unimaginable things about the people they're closest to. I want everyone else to be up all night re-playing every moment of their lives trying to figure out how the hell they could have missed everything.

Noreen watches Sandy struggling with grief and self-loathing.

NOREEN GLEASON  
After you left the Kellns told me another story. About when Clark -- when *Christian* came from Germany to stay with them.

SANDY  
No more. Please.

NOREEN GLEASON  
I think you're gonna like this one.

FLASHBACK - 1980

INT. KELLN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

We hear the *Gilligan's Island* theme song. The young Clark is sitting on the couch watching *Gilligan's Island*.

THURSTON HOWELL III  
*Gentlemen. I am Thurston Howell III and this of course is my wife, Mrs. Thurston Howell III.*

MRS LOVEY HOWELL  
*Charmed.*

IGOR  
*Capitalist! Exploiter!*

THURSTON HOWELL III  
*Capitalist. Exploiter. I was wrong  
 Lovey. The natives are very  
 friendly!*

Clark then repeats Mr. Howell's lines, trying to perfectly duplicate his accent and inflection.

CLARK  
 Gentlemen. I am Thurston Howell III  
 and this of course is my wife, Mrs.  
 Thurston Howell III. Capitalist?  
 Exploiter! I was wrong Lovey. The  
 natives are very friendly!

THE PRESENT

Noreen and Sandy in the coffee shop.

They stare at each other for a moment. Then they crack up.

INT. BOSTON COURT ROOM - DAY

The courtroom is packed. Sandy sits watching in the back row. A very meek looking Clark, he seems almost half his size, sits at the defendant's desk watching his lawyer, STEVE DENNER, address the judge and jury.

DENNER  
 My client is not an evil con-  
 artist, he is a mentally ill  
 individual who was unable to tell  
 right from wrong. He exemplified a  
 certain narcissistic personality  
 disorder and delusional grandiose  
 disorder which worsened over the  
 years, guise by guise, lie by lie  
 until this pitiable man was living  
 in a magical insane world.  
 Culminating with his *performance* as  
 Clark Rockefeller.

INT. BOSTON COURT ROOM - LATER

The prosecutor, TED CRUTHER, is cross-examining one of the defence's expert witnesses, DR. CATHERINE HOWE.

DR. HOWE  
 I've been a forensic psychologist  
 for thirty years and I have never  
 seen a case like Mr. Rockefeller's.  
 (MORE)

DR. HOWE (CONT'D)

Not only does he meet five or more of the criteria for delusional disorder-grandiose type insanity, he meets *all* of the criteria.

Cruther picks up a large book from his desk and shows it to Dr. Howe.

CRUTHER

Dr. Howe, do you recognize this book?

DR. HOWE

I do. It's *The Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*.

CRUTHER

And your diagnosis is based on criteria enumerated in this book?

DR. HOWE

Yes it is.

CRUTHER

Okay, Doctor. Could you please tell me where in this book I can find the diagnosis for 'liar'?

DR. HOWE

There's nothing in there under that word.

CRUTHER

Nothing. This is your industry's bible is it not?

DR. HOWE

It is.

CRUTHER

It's supposed to exhaustively list every psychological ailment a human being can suffer from and yet nowhere in all of its three thousand and something pages does it allow for the fact that *there are some people who are just liars*.

INT. BOSTON COURT ROOM - LATER

Sandy is on the witness stand being cross-examined by Clark's lawyer.

DENNER

You were married to this man for over 12 years yet you had no idea who your husband really was?

SANDY

I came from a place where people don't jaywalk, it's a very honest place. Never in my entire life had it occurred to me that I could be living with someone who was lying about... everything.

DENNER

Had you been living with him for six months or a year or even 18 months that might have been a reasonable tenet. But over time when everything began adding up, are you suggesting that it never occurred to you that something was really stinking here? Really off?

SANDY

I think there's a difference between intellectual intelligence and emotional intelligence, sir.

DENNER

But don't you think though that there's a connection between professional business intelligence and personal intelligence and it's something called commonsense?

Sandy looks like she's about to go off on the lawyer, but she restrains herself and looks directly at Clark. She's searching for something. He's inscrutable. And then... We are in Sandy's memory. We see Clark as he was at the Clue party when they met. We see them dancing to Cole Porter and laughing. We see Clark glowing with charisma. And we see a remembered chunk of their conversation...

SANDY

*Sandra Boss. Pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Rockefeller.*

CLARK

*Who are you, Sandra Boss?*

SANDY

*Well, I'm a graduate of Stanford. I currently attend Harvard...*

CLARK  
*I don't mean that. Who are you  
really?*

And then we're back in the present in the courtroom. Sandy is still looking at Clark.

DENNER  
Ms. Boss...?

SANDY  
It's pretty obvious that I had a  
blind spot.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Clark is chained to a chair behind a table in the stark room. Sandy enters. She sits down in a chair across from Clark. He avoids looking at her. She stares at him.

SANDY  
Are you Chris Chichester?

CLARK  
Doesn't exist.

SANDY  
Are you Christopher Crowe?

CLARK  
Doesn't exist.

SANDY  
Are you Christopher Mountebatten?

CLARK  
Doesn't exist.

SANDY  
Are you Christian Karl  
Gerhartsreiter?

CLARK  
Doesn't exist.

SANDY  
Are you James Fredrick Mills Clark  
Rockefeller?

CLARK  
Doesn't exist.

SANDY  
Then who the hell are you?

CLARK  
(sincerely)  
I don't know. (beat) Who are you?

EXT. THE MASSACHUSETTS TURNPIKE - DAY

It's a grey rainy fall day outside of Boston. A black van speeds down the turnpike.

INT. VAN - DAY

Noreen is driving the van. A few newspapers are strewn across the passenger seat. The headline of the Boston Globe reads, "Fake Rockefeller Found Guilty of Kidnapping". Sandy and Snooks are sitting quietly next to each other in the back of the van, looking out the windows.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - DAY

The van pulls up to a large warehouse.

EXT. VAN - DAY

Noreen and Sandy stand outside the van in the rain under one umbrella.

NOREEN GLEASON  
I went through it all myself.  
There's nothing dangerous in there.

Sandy takes Noreen's hand.

SANDY  
Thank you.

Sandy looks through the window at Snooks sitting in the van.

SANDY (CONT'D)  
I explained to her that when we get back to England she's not going to use the name Rockefeller anymore.

NOREEN GLEASON  
Your last name's not so bad.

SANDY

It's just that after all Clark's name-shifting... Now for her to have to do it.

NOREEN GLEASON

A rose is a rose is a rose, right?

SANDY

(quoting)

Tis but thy name that is my enemy;  
Thou art thyself.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Sandy and Snooks stand by the door in a huge warehouse. The rain is making a lot of noise on the roof.

SANDY

(to Snooks)

I thought there might be some stuff of Daddy's that you might like to bring with us back to London.

INT. WAREHOUSE - LATER

CU on Snooks's face as she lifts the lid on a large steamer trunk.

REVERSE-ANGLE: We see that the trunk is filled with Clark's clothes. But not just his Clark Rockefeller clothes -- *there are items from every one of his incarnations.*

WIDE SHOT: We see Snooks pulling items out of the trunk and trying them on. We see that there are other possessions of Clark's around the trunk: His Rothko painting, a violin case, soundtrack albums, framed film noir posters, piles of books, etc..

Snooks puts on sunglasses that Clark as Christian wore in Germany. She pulls out the ascot he wore as Chris Chichester in San Marino and puts it around her neck. She pulls out the chalk-stripe suit he wore on Wall Street and puts the jacket on over her shoulders. And then the Captain's sailing hat he wore to Baltimore. And then she steps into his well-worn dock-siders. We see Sandy across the warehouse watching. She looks unhappy about Snooks donning Clark's things.

Snooks walks over to where Clark's posters and books are and looks down at them. She notices a copy of Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Grey*.



Snooks begins to quote from it, but as she does, standing there dressed in a mash-up of all her father's guises, we hear his voice along with hers.

SNOOKS AND CLARK

*What of Art? It is a malady. Love?  
An Illusion. Then what are you? To  
define is to limit.*

Snooks, wearing different pieces of her father's various costumes, stands there smiling proudly. She looks back at Sandy beaming. As Sandy realizes that Snooks has come to some kind of peace the upset drains from her face, finally. All of it. And she smiles back at the little girl. She holds her hand out and Snooks runs towards her.

INT. PRISON - DAY

Wearing a loose-fitting orange prison jump suit, Clark is led by some guards into a common room filled with other prisoners. They look rough. They look up at Clark with hostility and contempt. Clark is scared.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Torrents of rain fall on the prison.

From outside, through a window, we can see a bunch of prisoners smiling and laughing. Our angle changes and we can see that the source of their excitement is a new prisoner. Prisoner #5489 is delighting them. He glows. He gestures. And they laugh. Prisoner #5489 looks ecstatic.

BLACKOUT

The End

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