

**ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD**

**by David Scarpa**

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This is a true story.

FADE IN:

A GREAT MAZE

looms below us: a labyrinth of tangled alleyways. We DESCEND toward it and into the dark heart of an ancient city.

INT. CAMPO DEI FIORE, ROME -- NIGHT

The streets of Rome are locked in a 3AM traffic jam. MUSIC spills from cafes and discotheques. We DESCEND further...

TITLE UP: 1973

...into sidewalks overflowing with prostitutes, B-movie stars, mafiosi, down-on-their-luck royalty and paparazzi darting between cars on Vespa scooters. And now, from out of the crowd, something even stranger emerges:

A BOY

in his mid-teens, at once streetwise and innocent. A skinny kid in worn jeans with iron-on patches on the knees. The streetwalkers in their platform shoes call out to him:

PROSTITUTES

*Ciao, Paolo!*

The kid smiles bashfully as they fall in around him.

PROSTITUTES (CONT'D)

*Che magro, che vergogna!* So skinny.  
*Paolo, bambino,* why don't you let us  
make you breakfast? We'd look after  
you real nice.

PAUL

(smiles, blushing)

I bet you would.

A car pulls up to the curb: it's time for the girls to go back to work. Maria-Donna pulls Paul close, serious now:

MARIA-DONNA

Hurry home, *Paolo*, eh? The street  
is no place for a boy like you.  
Don't make your poor *mamma* worry.

PAUL

I can take care of myself. *Ciao,*  
*Maria-Donna.*

Paul walks on, leaving the girls to haggle with their johns.

He pulls out a folded-over issue of Fantastic Comics and walks away into the darkened, narrow *Via dei Baullari*.

A PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS

flicker to life behind him. Paul walks on, oblivious, immersed in his comic book.

The car creeps forward. The headlights like owl's-eyes. A white Fiat 600. It drives up behind him. Hovering.

A man climbs out. He wears a red ski mask.

SKI MASK

Paul?

PAUL

Yeah -- ?

Paul turns and sees them. A moment -- and then he runs.

In an instant, they are upon him. The boy flails, kicking and writhing to buck them off. He's got a lot of fight in him for such a skinny kid; it's as if he knew this was coming.

They open the trunk and shove Paul inside. He doesn't fit. Someone sits down on the trunk.

The latch clicks: it's closed. The men pull off their masks. Their eyes are black and wild with adrenaline. They climb into the car.

SKI MASK

*Avanti!* Go!

CUT TO:

A PHONE RECEIVER

clatters into its cradle. We TILT UP to reveal a flustered young SECRETARY in red lipstick and a tight sweater. She rises from her desk, overwhelmed, and she begins to run.

EXT. SUTTON PLACE (SURREY, ENGLAND) -- DAY

A sprawling 400-year-old mansioned estate surrounded by gardens and statuary.

The secretary runs across the grounds in her high heels. She runs past a row of ancient busts of Roman emperors.

She runs past a full-grown male LION pacing in a gilded cage.

She runs past a swimming pool ringed by lounging STARLETS.

She trips and stumbles as she breaks a heel. She reaches down, pulls her shoes off, and runs in her nylons --

INT. SUTTON PLACE -- DAY

-- up the stairs of the mansion, past walls cluttered with a vast art collection. She runs down the hallway --

INT. ATELIER -- DAY

-- and opens the door to a huge room, empty but for a Louis XIV desk, a phone and an old-time paper-tape stock ticker.

A man in a bespoke suit stands at the window, gazing out upon his estate. The paper tape from the stock ticker snakes across the room and through his fingertips. He whispers price quotes to himself, like a monk saying the rosary.

SECRETARY

I'm sorry, Mr Getty. I should have knocked but -- it's --

J. PAUL GETTY turns and cocks an eyebrow. His gaze is quick and focused; he has the impatience of a man whose mind is always sixty seconds ahead of whomever he's listening to.

GETTY

To the point, Nancy, the market's open.

SECRETARY

They've -- He's been kidnapped! Paul, *Little Paul*, your grandson, in Rome my God he's just a child --

The ticker-tape in Getty's hands stops moving.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

They need to speak with you, it's very urgent. The Italian police, the boy's mother, they're on the phone right now.

A tremor of emotion in Getty's eyes. Then it's gone.

GETTY

I'm not available.

The Secretary stares at him.

SECRETARY

Excuse me, Mr. Getty?

GETTY

The door, Nancy.

She closes the door as the tape in the Getty's fingertips starts to move again. We hear young Paul in VOICE-OVER:

PAUL (V.O.)

To be a Getty is an extraordinary thing.

EXT. AUTOSTRADA -- NIGHT

The little Fiat 600 (with Paul in the trunk) drives through a toll gate and onto the great Italian highway.

PAUL (V.O.)

I know that because my grandpa told me so.

INT. TUNNEL -- FLASHBACK -- DAY

J Paul Getty and the young Paul walk down a dark tunnel.

GETTY

You're a Getty, Paul. A Getty is special. A Getty has a destiny. A Getty is nobody's fool.

The boy gazes up at his grandfather reverently.

PAUL (V.O.)

You see, my grandpa wasn't just the richest man in the world. He was the richest man in the *history* of the world.

EXT. SAUDI DESERT -- DAY

SAND DUNES undulate endlessly unto the horizon. We SOAR OVER THEM until we find a singular figure standing amidst the shifting sands: J Paul Getty.

PAUL (V.O.)

My grandpa was the one who brought the oil out of the Saudi desert. Everybody knew it was there, they just thought it couldn't be done.

We CRANE over the dunes to REVEAL a great city of refineries and pumping oil derricks belching flame, a mirage seemingly summoned forth by Getty's will alone.

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

But Grandpa found a way. He made a deal with the Bedouin tribes. But there was so much oil there was no ship big enough to carry it all.

EXT. SHIPYARD -- DAY

Getty supervises construction of a SUPERTANKER, a behemoth the size of a skyscraper lying on its side.

PAUL (V.O.)  
 So my grandfather invented one. He  
 called it the supertanker.

EXT. AMERICAN LANDSCAPE -- DAY

As we soar over the American intercontinental highway, SERVICE STATIONS materialize out of nowhere, dotting the landscape, all bearing the Getty name.

PAUL (V.O.)  
 Then he built a chain of service  
 stations across America with his  
 name on them. Grandpa controlled  
 every drop of oil, from beneath the  
 earth to the customer's gas tank.  
 (a beat)  
 And he was famous.

CUT TO:

PLAYBOY MAGAZINE

In a series of B&W still images accompanying the pages of THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW -- *click click click* -- Getty holds forth on his great wealth.

PLAYBOY  
 Mr. Getty, rumor has it that you are  
 the first man in history with a  
 fortune in excess of one billion  
 dollars. How much money do you have?

GETTY  
 I have no idea. If you can count  
 your money, you're not a billionaire.

EXT. AUTOSTRADA -- NIGHT

The little Fiat 600 winds along the serpentine Italian highway, its headlights blazing.

PAUL (V.O.)  
 I'm telling you this so you can  
 understand the things you're about to  
 see. And maybe you can forgive us.

We PULL BACK as the Fiat winds along the *autostrada*, away from the glowing city, until it vanishes into the dark.

PAUL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 It's like we're from another planet  
 where the force of gravity is so  
 strong it bends the light. It bends  
 people too. We look like you, but  
 we're not like you.  
 (MORE)

PAUL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 (a beat)  
 But we were, once.

CUT TO:

ABIGAIL HARRIS GETTY

lies sleeping in a beauty mask as her three children, PAUL (9), MARK (4), and ARIADNE (2) bounce on the bed, clamoring for breakfast. Her husband lies beside her. Gail GROANS:

GAIL  
 Too early. The sun's not even up.  
 Back to bed, you little monsters.

Little Paul peels back one eye of Gail's mask and lets the sunlight in. She recoils.

GAIL (CONT'D)  
 You made your point. But no pancakes.

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN -- MORNING

QUICK CUTS: Gail fixes pancakes for the children and a cup of strong black coffee for herself, cleans up empty wineglasses and ashtrays from the party the night before, downs two aspirin, puts a samba LP on the Hi-Fi, washes up, dresses the children, pulls on capris, teases her hair, and does a quick little bossa-nova with the children.

GAIL  
 Now, you'll have to amuse yourselves quietly. I have work to do this morning and I am not to be disturbed.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Gail works with pastels at an easel, copying from a posed photo of a model in a cocktail dress (the music PLAYS OVER from the previous scene, and throughout this whole sequence).

It's catalog work, but Gail's got a gift for line and gesture: she has *style*. Her kids draw on the floor alongside her, copying everything she does. Little Paul especially.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Gail is on the phone, a utility bill in her hand.

GAIL  
 Look in your file and you'll find that we've been very good customers of Southern California Edison. We're *good people*.



In the sunlight we can see the words PAST DUE written there.

GAIL (CONT'D)

And I have a little boy who's concerned that if the lights aren't on for Christmas Santa might not find his way here.

Everything about Gail -- her Seven Sisters accent, her finishing school posture -- reeks of the former debutante.

GAIL (CONT'D)

If we could make the minimum payment we wouldn't need an extension. We do want to pay something, though.

We notice who the bill is addressed to: JOHN PAUL GETTY, JR.

PHONE REP (O.S.)

Tell me, Mrs Getty. What does your husband do?

GAIL

He's a poet. A good one.

PHONE REP (O.S.)

Any relation to the oil man Getty?

She considers her answer carefully.

GAIL

Distant.

PHONE REP (O.S.)

(laughs)  
Must be, right?

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS APARTMENT DUPLEX -- DAY

Gail piles all three children into a Ford Fairlane. She holds the electric bill in her hand, along with her drawings.

INT. SPIEGEL CATALOG PUBLICATIONS -- ART DEPARTMENT -- DAY

Gail hands over her drawings. The girl at the desk pays \$25 apiece, in cash. Gail wouldn't dream of counting the money.

INT. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA EDISON -- DAY

Gail counts the money. She stuffs it in the tray at the payment window. She thumbs through what's left.

EXT. RODEO DRIVE, BEVERLY HILLS -- DAY

Gail walks through Beverly Hills with her three children in tow. She passes a store window and stops. It's Givenchy.

She gazes longingly at the window display of a woman in an sapphire evening gown... and then we RACK FOCUS to the mother with three kids reflected in the glass.

ARIADNE (O.S.)  
Are we going home now?

GAIL  
One last stop, darling.

INT. WILSHIRE CORRIDOR OFFICE BUILDING -- DAY

Gail approaches the building's registry, with her children in tow. She steps closer. She takes off her sunglasses.

There, encased beneath glass, are the white letters pressed into black felt: **GETTY OIL CORPORATION -- 28TH FLOOR.**

CONCIERGE (O.S.)  
Excuse me, miss. May I help you?

EXT. WILSHIRE CORRIDOR OFFICE BUILDING -- DAY

Gail and her children stand out on the sidewalk, squinting up at the 20-story glass tower that looms above them.

PAUL  
Must be eighty stories at least.  
How many stories is it, Mom?

GAIL  
I don't know, darling. An awful lot of stories.

PAUL  
What are we looking for, Mom?

Gail puts her sunglasses back on.

GAIL  
Your grandfather.

INT. APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

JOHN PAUL JR  
I've never even met the man.

JOHN PAUL GETTY II (known in the family as "Big Paul") is young, bearded and handsome, his feet propped up on the want ads on the coffee table before him.

JOHN PAUL JR (CONT'D)  
You know he refused to pay my mother a nickel of child support.

Big Paul climbs out of his chair and digs around inside the desk drawers. The apartment is warm, bohemian, filled with paintings and books and music on the record player.

JOHN PAUL JR (CONT'D)

When I was a boy, I would send my father letters. "Dear Daddy, how I wish I could meet you. I'll be waiting for you at the baseball diamond," that sort of thing.

(a beat)

You know what he sent back?

He hands Gail a letter. It's in little-boy handwriting, on lined paper -- but marked up with red ink.

JOHN PAUL JR (CONT'D)

He mailed it back with the *spelling corrected*. Nothing else.

GAIL

He is your father, that's got to count for something, Paul, the rent is due and Christmas is coming.

JOHN PAUL JR

What would you have me do, Gail?  
Accost him on the street?

GAIL

We write him a letter and ask for a job. Any job. And this time, we'll get the spelling right.

Gail goes to his chair, sits on his lap, and kisses him. He looks up at her: she's not an easy woman to say no to.

JOHN PAUL JR

You were never meant to be poor, Gail. I know that.

GAIL

We're not poor. We're broke. There's a difference.

JOHN PAUL JR

I don't want to be an oil man.

GAIL

I don't want you to either. I love you the way you are. All we need is enough to get by, but we're not getting by.

JOHN PAUL JR

I'm sorry, Gail.

GAIL

I'm tired of struggling. I'm ready  
for a different kind of life.

Big Paul gets up, picks up the bottle of Chianti from the coffee table, and goes to the bedroom. We HOLD on Gail.

INT. APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Gail sets her husband's Smith-Corona down on the carpet. She inserts a clean page into the carriage.

GAIL (V.O.)

Dear Dad -- Father -- For years I  
struggled to understand why you kept  
your distance. Now I know you were  
giving me a chance to prove myself,  
on my own, free from the shadow of  
your achievements -- no, great --  
(backspace, retypes)  
-- *immense* achievements. I understand  
now what a sacrifice that must have  
been for you.

She kneels before the typewriter, a pretty witch conjuring spirits.

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

Now that I am a man, I have nothing  
left to prove, except to you. Let  
me prove myself to you, Father.  
(a beat)  
As always, your loving -- no, your  
loyal son: John Paul Getty Two.

She RIPS the page from the carriage and we

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

MUSIC. Big Paul reaches into the fridge and pops the top on a can of Schlitz. Gail is making dinner on the stove. Big Paul slips his hands beneath her sweater to warm them.

GAIL

God, your hands are cold! Stop, the  
kids are -- I'm serious, you --

Gail wriggles free and Big Paul dances her around the apartment to the BEACH BOYS' CHRISTMAS ALBUM as the children look on. There's a tree with presents beneath it.

JOHN PAUL JR

(singing along)  
*He's the man with all the toys ...*

Gail gazes up at him, starry-eyed: for this one moment, all is right with the world. The BUZZER rings.

GAIL

That'll be Ms. Canzanelli telling us she's calling the police.  
(pressing the button)  
We're so sorry about the noise --

INTERCOM (O.S.)

I have a car waiting for Mr. John Paul Getty the Second, if you please.

GAIL

"The Second?"

Little Paul goes to the window.

PAUL

Down in the street, look --

OUTSIDE, a ROLLS-ROYCE PHANTOM is idling in the street.

GAIL

Oh my God, somebody died.

JOHN PAUL JR

(realizing)  
No, baby. We've been sent for.

INT. ROLLS-ROYCE PHANTOM -- EVENING

As "The Man With All The Toys" continues to play, the little family rides in the back of the Rolls, along with their hastily-packed bags. The kids exchange a look. Up ahead they see it --

EXT. AIRSTRIP -- EVENING

A LEARJET 23 private plane idling on the runway. The Rolls drives right up to the clamshell airstair.

INT. LIMOUSINE -- ROME -- NIGHT

Little Paul wakes up in the back of another limousine. The other kids gaze amazedly out the window, their breath fogging the glass. Reflected in the window is the Roman coliseum.

INT. HOTEL PALERMO -- NIGHT

A luxurious Roman hotel, with a mustached CONCIERGE waiting to receive them. A BELLMAN takes their bags.

CONCIERGE

*Signore Getty is awaiting you.*

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Parked outside the door is a room-service cart piled high with dirty trays. A "NON DISTURBARE" sign hangs from the doorknob. The Concierge KNOCKS gently. We PUSH into

INT. HOTEL SUITE -- NIGHT

A CLOTHESLINE is strung across the length of the room, from which are suspended a line of MEN'S UNDERPANTS on clothespins. Empty food containers and clothes are everywhere.

And everywhere there is art: paintings and artifacts propped against the walls. Little Paul reaches into the mess and pulls out a small statuette lying on the floor: it's a MINOTAUR carved out of marble.

GAIL

(taking it from him)

Don't touch that, sweetheart. Let's just keep our hands to ourselves. It's dirty.

(examining it)

And old. Possibly priceless.

GETTY (O.S.)

I deplore that word.

They turn to see Getty emerge from the bedroom, freshly groomed and powdered.

GAIL

I'm sorry?

GETTY

*Dirty* and *old* I have no problem with at all. In fact I have some affection for them as they're the words most frequently used to describe me, along with *rich*.

Getty goes to the mirror, inserts a tie bar into his collar.

GETTY (CONT'D)

But *priceless* -- that's another thing entirely. People say *priceless* when what they really mean to say that something is invaluable, or irreplaceable. That Minotaur statuette in your hands, for instance, dates from 460BC; there are only a handful like it remaining, and none in such pristine condition. I'm sure those fuckers at the Met or the British Museum would kill to get their greasy paws on it.

LITTLE PAUL

He just said --

GAIL

Paul.

GETTY

Would you care to guess what I paid for it?

GAIL

I wouldn't know where to begin.

GETTY

Oh, you're too modest. You've got taste, I can tell. I think you know a good deal about art.

GAIL

I do. I just don't know what it costs.

GETTY

Well then, you'll learn. Come on, indulge an old fool. What do you think I paid?

GAIL

Five hundred thousand dollars.

GETTY

Eleven dollars and twenty-three cents. I picked it up in the black market in Heraklion. This cripple was asking seventeen dollars for it and it took me an hour to bring him down to his bottom line. At Sotheby's today I'd hazard it'd bring \$1.2 million.

(a beat)

You see, *priceless* is such an insipid word. Everything has a price. The great struggle in life is coming to grips with what that price is.

He crouches down and offers the figurine to Little Paul.

GETTY (CONT'D)

I want you to have it.

JOHN PAUL JR

We couldn't.

GETTY

Do you like it, Paul?

PAUL

That's OK. I don't need it.

GETTY

I insist.

GAIL

I insist. We can't. It's far too extravagant for a little boy.

GETTY

For *most* little boys, it would be.

Getty hands the boy the statue.

GETTY (CONT'D)

But not for a Getty.

Little Paul takes the figurine; it's done. They're forced to accept it. Gail and Big Paul smile awkwardly.

GAIL

Thank you. We'll treasure it.

GETTY

Thanks are for strangers. You're family. You're my family. Come here, let me look at you.

(brings Big Paul close)

Son. My son. My grandson.

(to Gail)

My daughter.

GAIL

Daughter-in-law, I'm afraid.

GETTY

Nonsense. You're not just some district judge's daughter anymore. You're one of our family now.

Getty turns to his son:

GETTY (CONT'D)

I had to focus on my mission, you understand. My business. I couldn't be weighed down, mentally, with a family. There was work to be done. You understand that, don't you.

Big Paul is silent. Getty darkens, glowering, then walks away, pushing the clothesline aside as he crosses the room.

GETTY (CONT'D)

Pardon the laundry. I wash my undershorts myself, in the bathroom sink.

(MORE)



GETTY (CONT'D)

I see no reason to pay ten dollars to have room service launder them when I can do it myself for a few lira. What kind of rube do they take me for? Which reminds me --

He takes out a small notebook and golf pencil and writes an entry: LAUNDRY SOAP -- 22 LIRA.

GETTY (CONT'D)

It's tax-deductible. Almost everything is, if you know how to play it. What in hell are we doing standing around in this dusty old hotel room? We should be celebrating. That's what families do, right?

LITTLE PAUL (V.O.)

After that, everything changed.

INT. GAIL'S APARTMENT -- PIAZZA NAVONA -- DAY

Gail throws open the windows. The family is moving into a light-filled apartment. Gail is unpacking when she finds it --

LITTLE PAUL (V.O.)

Dad became an executive in Grandpa's company. Mom found us an apartment near the Piazza Navona.

-- the Minotaur figurine wrapped in her scarf. It makes her anxious. She finds a shoebox and stashes it in the closet.

LITTLE PAUL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And Grandpa started my education.

EXT. ROMAN TUNNEL -- DAY

We return to the SILHOUETTES of Getty and Paul as they walk hand-in-hand through the darkened, ancient tunnel.

GETTY

Come on, I want to show you something.

We FOLLOW them through the mouth of the tunnel. They look out upon it: the boy is awed.

PAUL

What is it?

GETTY

It's home.

We step out into the sunlight of

EXT. HADRIAN'S VILLA -- DAY

AN ANCIENT ROMAN VILLA in the mountains overlooking Rome, ringed by statues of the Roman gods. Getty leads Paul on a house tour:

GETTY

This is where I slept with my wife, Sabina. This here is where I ate roast wild boar with my generals. This is where I made love to my concubines. And this is where I took my baths.

PAUL

You used to live here?

GETTY

In the second century, when I was the Emperor Hadrian. I knew it the moment I first visited this place. I remembered every stone as clearly as if I'd just come back from a trip to the store for a pack of smokes. I never felt at home anywhere on Earth until I came here.

PAUL

Maybe they'd let you stay. Overnight, like. Get a tent and a sleeping bag --

GETTY

Oh, I tried, believe me. I made them an offer, a very generous offer!

PAUL

Them?

GETTY

Rome. The Romans. But when they hear the name Getty they all get dollar signs in their eyes. They said it wasn't for sale.

PAUL

Figures.

GETTY

Exactly. That old tactic. That's what I'm talking about, Paul.

(a beat)

To be a Getty is to have everyone you know secretly want a piece of you. You are surrounded, always, by smiling faces, but you have no one.

PAUL

You have us.

GETTY

(deeply moved)

That's true. I have you now. And to think it was almost too late. All I've built would crumble into dust if there's no one to carry it on after I'm gone.

(takes Paul's hand)

The blood of emperors runs through you, as it does through me. You're a Getty, Paul. You have a destiny.

EXT. YACHT/BOAT HARBOR, PORTOFINO, ITALY -- DAY

Gail, Big Paul and the children descend the gangplank onto a 47-foot yacht. Beautiful COUPLES and their children are already relaxing on deck with cocktails and music. ISABELLE and JULIAN, the hosts, wave happily as they descend.

ISABELLE

Jules, it's the Gettys!

(kisses, greetings)

We were worried you'd been abducted.

GAIL

If I were you I'd make us walk the plank.

ISABELLE

Not until we've got a few drinks in you first. And this must be John Paul II?

PAUL

And III.

Charmed LAUGHTER. Big Paul looks a bit taken aback.

JOHN PAUL JR

No Roman numerals, please. We're American. Just Paul is fine, for both of us.

EXT. LIGURIAN SEA -- DAY

Bronzed bodies lie in the sun alongside sweating gin-and-tonics as the yacht glides over a stained-glass sea. Little Paul tiptoes over and around them --

-- to the bow of the boat, where Gail stands, wearing a white shift dress, her eyes closed: an Aegean goddess. She sees Little Paul, holds out her hand to him, and brings him close.

PAUL  
I feel like we're flying.

GAIL  
Me too, darling.  
(whispers)  
The whole world, for you.

She hold him as they gaze into the approaching horizon.

INT. DINING ROOM -- DAY

Getty, Little Paul, and Big Paul all sit at the breakfast table, attended by BULLIMORE, a butler in a morning coat. Getty eats a half grapefruit. Big Paul seems hung over.

Little Paul eats Cheerios as he reads Getty's mail to him.

PAUL  
"Dear Mr. Getty, I am writing you because we are in desperate straits. My husband suffers from a tumor that has caused his groin area to swell to uncontrollable dimensions. The doctors say without immediate surgery normal movement will soon become impossible. God bless you, you are a Great American, Elvira Broadus, Mound City, Arkansas."

Getty dictates as the boy transcribes his response:

GETTY  
Dear Mrs. Broadus, while I am sympathetic to your unique situation, you are one of three thousand people daily who write to me asking for money. If I were to respond to every request for money I receive, I would soon be as destitute as yourself.

The boy seems slightly downcast.

GETTY (CONT'D)  
Yours, JP Getty. Next.

The boy places the form letter into an envelope, addresses it, and sets it on a pile of identical letters. Little Paul picks up a new letter and opens it.

PAUL  
"Dear Mr. Getty --"

JOHN PAUL JR  
Surely you can find someone else to answer your mail.

PAUL

I like it, Dad.

GETTY

He likes it, son. The boy wants to be useful. I find that admirable. It's a family business. Everyone has a role to play. Which reminds me: I'm firing Howard Larkin. I'm making you Executive Vice President of Getty Oil, with oversight over European operations and exploration.

JOHN PAUL JR

All I know about oil is regular or unleaded.

GETTY

You wanted a job. I'm giving you one. Sink or swim.

BLACK OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. LE PALAIS DU ZAHIR, MARRAKECH, MOROCCO -- MORNING

CLOSE on Little Paul's sleeping face. He is older now, almost in his teens. His eyes open. He sits up and looks around.

We are in a vast room piled with pillows and carpets, and people sleeping upon them. Thick smoke hangs in the air.

INT. KITCHEN -- MORNING

Paul pours a bowl of cereal. There are others here, shirtless skinny men with beards and long hair; he doesn't know them.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM -- MORNING

A huge round bed within a tent-like canopy of brocaded silk dominates the room. A man and a woman are sleeping there.

Paul lifts the flap of the canopy and climbs into the bed with his cereal. We realize that, beneath the long hair and the beard, the man is Big Paul, his father.

PAUL

(whispering)

Dad.

(increasing volume)

Dad. Dad. Dad.

Big Paul does not move. Little Paul turns and looks at the woman beside him; she is not his mother, but a remarkable dark-haired beauty, a model.

Upon the nightstand there's a glass of wine, a lighter, a glassine bag, a burnt spoon.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Dad. Dad. Dad.

Finally, Paul realizes it's pointless and gives up.

INT. GETTY OIL COMPANY, LOS ANGELES -- DAY

Gail Getty paces in the front lobby of Getty's headquarters.

IACOVONI  
This poor woman, what she has endured!

Gail is impeccably dressed and attended by her Italian attorney, the high-strung, diminutive GIOVANNI IACOVONI.

IACOVONI (CONT'D)  
The decadence of the father, a depraved drug addict, living in a palace in Marrakech filled with hippie parasites. How she suffers with worry for her son!

GAIL  
Giovanni, enough. This isn't Italy. We're not going before the Pope for an annulment.

IACOVONI  
I know this, *signora*. I do this simply to get my blood flowing.

GAIL  
It's all business to them.

A TEAM OF SUITS file past en route to the conference room.

GAIL (CONT'D)  
I wonder how many people have ever managed to walk out of that conference room in one piece.

IACOVONI  
Signora. Do not underestimate the power of a mother's love.

GAIL  
Right now I'd rather have a billionaire's money.

SECRETARY (O.S.)  
Ms Getty, they're ready for you now.

INT. BOARD ROOM -- DAY

A long conference table, lined on either side with ATTORNEYS. At one end sits Gail Getty, with Iacovoni by her side.

ATTORNEY

Of course, we expect Ms. Getty will be seeking a generous financial settlement, as is typical in high-profile divorce cases.

At the other end sits J Paul Getty, silent and aloof. Beside him, his lead attorney, OSWALD HINGE.

HINGE

As pertains to custody, there is the matter of Ms. Getty's fitness as a mother.

IACOVONI

The father is a drug addict who cannot tie his own shoes. You would leave the boy alone in Morocco with a rich degenerate?

HINGE

The court will take a close interest in her psychological profile. We are asking the judge to order a complete evaluation by a panel of psychiatrists.

IACOVONI

Ms Harris suffers from a common affliction among the intelligent women, which is to fall in love with *lo imbrogliare*, losers, bums. Aside from this, she is in perfect mental health, you know this as well as I do. You are simply stalling, using the boy as a bargaining chip.

HINGE

We have all the time in the world.

IACOVONI

(rising)  
We will see you before the judge.

GAIL (O.S.)

A deal.

All eyes turn toward Gail.

HINGE

Did you say something?

GAIL

The offer I'm about to make expires  
at the end of business today.

IACOVONI

Gail, please --

HINGE

What is your offer, Ms. Harris?

GAIL

Nothing. You pay nothing. No  
settlement, no alimony, no community  
property, no child support, nothing.

Getty breaks in:

GETTY

I don't get it.

GAIL

In exchange, I want my son on a plane  
back home tonight. And full custody.

GETTY

What's your game?

GAIL

I don't want your money.

GETTY

Everybody wants my money.

GAIL

You want your money. I want Paul.  
We can both have what we want.

GETTY

I sense I'm being taken, I just don't  
know how.

HINGE

Mr. Getty, why don't we take this  
under advisement.

Gail removes her jewelry -- her engagement ring, earrings --  
and sets them on the table before her.

GAIL

I've watched you for years. You  
can't help yourself. Stiffing the  
bellboy. Re-using your dental floss.  
Searching other people's seat cushions  
for loose change --

Getty darkens. Gail changes tack, flattering him:



GAIL (CONT'D)

You didn't get where you are without a healthy regard for the value of a dollar. You know a bargain when you see one. You know how to seize the initiative when your opponent is at his weakest. What I'm offering is the greatest bargain you're ever going to get. But free never lasts.

She rises, leaving the jewelry on the table. Iacovoni tries to interrupt, but she ignores him.

GAIL (CONT'D)

Six o'clock.

HOLD on Getty. Over the sound of a PLANE LANDING we CUT TO:

INT. ROME FIUMICINO AIRPORT -- EVENING

Little Paul emerges from the gate into Gail's arms. She holds him tightly, exhausted and relieved. For a moment, he accepts her embrace, but then:

PAUL

I wanted to stay.

GAIL

Let's just go home, OK?

PAUL

I was happy with Dad and Talitha. Why'd you have to ruin it?

He pulls away from her. As they walk through the airport, Paul walks on ahead, pulling farther away from her.

Gail begins to reach out for him, but stops herself, giving him his freedom, until he is nearly lost in the crowd.

INT. GAIL'S APARTMENT -- PAUL'S ROOM -- DAWN

Gail has been up all night. **We have come full circle now, and have returned to the night of Paul's disappearance.** Gail stands in the door of Paul's room, gazing at his bed, which has not been slept in. Her other two kids are asleep.

GAIL (V.O.)

Call me if you hear from him. No questions asked. Just tell him to come home.

Gail hangs up the phone. She closes Paul's address book.

QUICK CUTS: with no other way to fill her time, she tries to work at her drafting table. She can't focus.

She cleans the bathroom instead. She washes the sheets in the sink.

INT. GAIL'S APARTMENT -- DAWN

Gail lies passed out on the bathroom floor, still wearing her rubber gloves. The apartment is immaculate.

The kitchen phone RINGS. She wakes, rises, goes to it.

GAIL

Yes. *Si?*

The low VOICE on the other end speaks English with an accent.

CINQUANTA (O.S.)

*Signora.* We have your son.

GAIL

Oh, God, thank you. Is he all right?

CINQUANTA (O.S.)

*Signora,* we are kidnappers and have him captive.

A long silence.

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

Are you still there?

GAIL

Is this some kind of joke?

CINQUANTA (O.S.)

No.

GAIL

There must be some mistake.

CINQUANTA (O.S.)

No mistake. He is not harmed. We will send proof in the coming days.

GAIL

Who are you?

CINQUANTA (O.S.)

I am Cinquanta. Paul is safe, but it will require \$17 million to release him. Go to the police if you like, it makes no difference.

GAIL

I don't have any money.

CINQUANTA (O.S.)

Get it from your father-in-law. He has all the money in the world.

DIAL TONE. In the distance, we hear a SIREN approaching.

INT./EXT. SUTTON PLACE (SURREY, ENGLAND) -- DAY

The PHONE CLATTERS into the receiver again. The secretary runs across the grounds, past the lion, up the stairs.

INT. ATELIER -- DAY

Getty sits at his desk, his phone to his ear.

SECRETARY

They're here, Mr Getty.

INT. SUTTON PLACE -- CORRIDOR -- DAY

Getty walks down a long mirrored corridor. He buttons his jacket, straightens his tie, shoots his cuffs.

INT. SUTTON PLACE -- GREAT HALL -- DAY

A throne room, literally. The chamber is lined with enormous tapestries and gilt mirrors.

One side of the room is empty, the other packed with a rabble of Fleet Street news reporters. When Getty enters, they start baying like hounds for his attention:

TELEGRAPH REPORTER

Mr. Getty! Mr Getty! How much is the ransom for your grandson?

GETTY

I don't know. I'll bet it's a lot.

INT. GAIL'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Gail is in the kitchen with the phone receiver pressed to her ear, her eyes closed. Gail's attorney Giovanni Iacovoni is there, along with several Roman *Squadra Mobile* OFFICERS.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

I'm sorry, Ms. Getty. Mr. Getty is unavailable at the moment.

GAIL

Tell him it's regarding his grandson's kidnapping in Rome. I'll wait.

Gail looks out the window: in the street, dozens of REPORTERS and PAPARAZZI are teeming. At the sight of her face in the window they turn their cameras on her, flashes firing.

IACOVONI (O.S.)  
*Signora!* The television!

Gail stretches the phone cord into the living room to see her two other kids watching Getty's press conference on TV.

GAIL  
 (stunned)  
 Never mind. I've found him.

INT. SUTTON PLACE -- GREAT HALL -- DAY

Standing before the reporters, Getty seems vague, distracted.

DAILY MAIL REPORTER  
*Daily Mail* here, Mr. Getty. We have reports that a note has arrived written in the boy's handwriting, demanding 17 million US dollars.

GETTY  
 (whistles)  
 \$17 million? That's a lot of money for such a young boy.

BBC REPORTER  
 What steps will you be taking to secure your grandson's safety?

GETTY  
 None.

The reporters are momentarily stunned silent.

BBC REPORTER  
 I'm afraid we didn't get that, sir.

GETTY  
 I have fourteen grandchildren. If I pay the ransom I will have fourteen kidnapped grandchildren.

A MURMUR from the reporters as they process this statement.

DAILY MAIL REPORTER  
 You're a famously ruthless negotiator, Mr. Getty.

GETTY  
 It's just that there's so little in life worth paying full price for.

DAILY MAIL REPORTER  
 How much would you pay for your grandson, if not 17 million?

INT. GAIL'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Gail watches Getty on TV. His eyes are devoid of emotion.

GETTY  
Nothing. Good day, gentlemen.

Getty turns and walks away. The press conference is over.

TELEGRAPH REPORTER  
(calling out)  
Mr. Getty! What will you do to save  
your grandson's life?

ON THE TV SCREEN: the door closes and Getty is gone.

SECRETARY (O.S.)  
Ms. Getty? Are you still there?

GAIL  
I'm still here.

SECRETARY (O.S.)  
Would you like me to give Mr. Getty  
a message?

GAIL  
Tell him I'm coming.

INT. ATELIER -- DAY

Getty returns to his office, followed by his secretary. She gives him Gail's message on a slip of paper; he folds it once, then throws it away.

Getty stands there for a moment, pensive. The ticker-tape coils up snakelike on the floor at his feet, ignored.

*What will you do to save your grandson's life?*

Getty turns: his secretary is still standing there, gazing at him with those tremulous, pleading eyes. Then:

GETTY  
Get me Fletcher Chace.

CUT TO:

THE SAUDI DESERT

undulates beneath us as we SOAR above it, from the POV of a Peregrine falcon. We come over a rise and descend INTO --

INT. BEDOUIN TENT -- DAY

-- and onto the arm of a SHEIKH. The sheikh wears a Patek Phillipe and sunglasses, as do the others lounging on pillows.

One man stands out from the rest: an American in a wrinkled khaki suit. God knows how he got here, but FLETCHER CHACE grins like a man who holds all the cards or is bluffing for all he's worth.

CHACE

I feel for your situation, Your Royal Highness. Truly I do.

PRINCE AL-RASHID

Our agreement with Getty has brought us nothing but problems. The younger generation has become weak and lazy. Our children care about nothing but Lamborghinis and discotheques.

CHACE

Perhaps then you would do well to accept our competitor's offer.

PRINCE AL-RASHID

How so, Mr Chace?

CHACE

Maybe Standard Oil will find ways to siphon all that money away with their accounting tricks, and bring your wayward children closer to God.

Fletcher Chace grins. The princes don't.

CHACE (CONT'D)

Kidding aside, your highness. My employer has made you rich.

PRINCE AL-RASHID

Not as rich as him.

CHACE

If you renew your land-use agreement with Getty, he'll make you twice as rich. Can Standard Oil say that?

(a beat)

In America we have a saying: better to deal with the devil you know than the devil you don't.

Another prince speaks, in Arabic:

PRINCE AL-WALID

(to Al-Rashid)

You know where Getty hired this one from? He belongs to the den of CIA spies that brought down Mossadegh --

CHACE

(in Arabic)

*Belonged*, Your Royal Highness. Past tense, please.

(in English)

I don't have the stomach for politics anymore. People tend to get hurt, and it's usually all the wrong people. Business is better. Nobody dies, they just go broke.

PRINCE AL-RASHID

For some people going broke is worse.

CHACE

That's why I work for Getty now. I've noticed people have a way of getting rich just standing next to him. People like you.

PRINCE AL-WALID

We don't need the Americans anymore. Our cartel, OPEC, will control inventory now. OPEC will set the oil price.

CHACE

Nothing would make Mr. Getty happier than to see the price of oil higher. In fact, he'd be happy to help.

Off on the horizon, a DUST DEVIL approaches, spiraling into the sky like a tornado.

PRINCE AL-RASHID

*Subhan Allah*. Look.

The sheikhs marvel at it, and then it is upon us:

A DUNE BUGGY

comes over the berm, fishtailing to a stop in the sand as the camels hiss and spit.

A spattered OIL LANDMAN steps out of the dune buggy. He staggers through the sand and walks up to Fletcher Chace.

OIL LANDMAN

The old man wants you. Now.

EXT. SUTTON PLACE (SURREY, ENGLAND) -- FRONT HALL -- DAY

Gail Getty sits in a chair in the mansion's waiting area. She's clad in Chanel from head-to-toe like a suit of armor, along with a look of steely determination.

BULLIMORE

I'm afraid Mr. Getty is traveling at the moment and is unavailable.

Gail eyes the dark-suited security guard in the corridor.

GAIL

Do you know why I'm here, Bullimore?

BULLIMORE

Yes ma'am, I do.

GAIL

You wouldn't have me thrown out, would you, Bullimore?

BULLIMORE

I would never turn you away from my home, ma'am. Or little Paul. But... this is not my home.

An offscreen bell CHIMES. Bullimore excuses himself and lets a man in. It's Fletcher Chace. Bullimore takes his coat and umbrella and shows him to an adjacent waiting area.

Chace leafs through a magazine. From his vantage, we can just spy a pair of STOCKING-CLAD LEGS around the corner.

Chace rises, drifts into the front parlor, and pretends to examine a Vermeer still-life.

GAIL

How much would you say that painting's worth?

CHACE

Hell if I know. Awfully small.

GAIL

It's a Vermeer. If I took it off the wall, do you think anyone would notice?

CHACE

A silent alarm would go off. The dogs would get to you before you made it to the fence. With a face as pretty as that... I wouldn't.



GAIL  
You seem very knowledgeable.

CHACE  
About paintings, no. About other things, some.

Chace sits down opposite Gail.

CHACE (CONT'D)  
He's a tough old goat to get an audience with.

BULLIMORE (O.S.)  
Mr. Chace. If you'll come with me.

GAIL  
Apparently not.

Chace smiles sheepishly, rises, and leaves with Bullimore.

CHACE  
I need to stop off at the kitchen first, if that's all right.

INT. KITCHEN -- SUTTON PLACE -- DAY

Chace uses a butcher's knife to cut a strip of raw meat from a porterhouse steak. He cuts the strip into cubes.

EXT. SUTTON PLACE -- REFLECTING POOL -- DAY

A GERMAN SHEPHERD patrols the grounds. Chace crouches; the dog runs to him. Chace feeds him the steak.

CHACE  
That's it, Skip. Attaboy. What's this?

He checks the dog's name tag: it reads "ANUBIS."

CHACE (CONT'D)  
(re: the nametag)  
Sorry about that, fella. Some things we don't get to choose.

Chace takes in the scene by the pool: Getty sits on a chaise lounge beside a young STARLET in a bathing suit. Getty laughs and jokes with her; she seems genuinely charmed.

GETTY (O.S.)  
This world was forged by two kinds of men, Mr Chace.

CUT TO:

Getty strolls with Chace around the pool.

GETTY (CONT'D)

Men of enterprise, like myself. And men of action, like you. What you and I share is what most men lack: a willingness to embrace enormous risk. I risk my money. You risk your life.

CHACE

I prefer to risk the other guy's life, actually.

GETTY

I like to risk the other guy's money, too. My point is we represent a very small minority of mankind. The herd feeds off what we accomplish. These people who took my grandson -- what do you think I should have done?

CHACE

You did the right thing. They won't hurt the boy, he's a winning lottery ticket. Pay them too quickly and they may be afraid they asked for too little. They might come back for another bite.

GETTY

If only everyone was as clear-headed as you.

INT. SUTTON PLACE -- ENTRY HALL -- DAY

Gail is still cooling her heels in Getty's front hall. She rises and approaches Bullimore.

GAIL

I need to phone my attorney to find out if there's been any contact from the kidnappers.

BULLIMORE

Of course, Ma'am. This way.

Bullimore leads Gail around the corner of the entry hall. He shows her to a RED PUBLIC TELEPHONE BOOTH of the kind found on the streets of London.

BULLIMORE (CONT'D)

Mr. Getty had it installed specially for his guests' convenience, in case they wanted to make telephone calls.

GAIL  
Rome is long distance.

BULLIMORE  
I am able to provide change.

Bullimore produces a small change dispenser. Gail stares at him. She reaches into her purse and gives him a ten-pound note. Bullimore parses out the coins.

BULLIMORE (CONT'D)  
I'll leave you in private.

EXT. SUTTON PLACE -- REFLECTING POOL -- DAY

GETTY  
You don't have children, do you,  
Chace.

Chace shakes his head.

CHACE  
I guess it didn't seem right, doing  
what I do for a living. Maybe I  
never found the right situation. I  
liked my freedom.

GETTY  
I know just what you mean. There's  
something my father always used to  
say: "The man who has children gives  
hostages to fortune."

CHACE  
Your father was a wise man.

GETTY  
He told me I'd never be worth a damn.  
So I made him look like a pauper.

CHACE  
Well. You certainly did that.

An awkward silence, then:

GETTY  
I love my grandson, Chace.

CHACE  
I'm sure you do, sir.

GETTY  
I love all my grandchildren, of  
course. But Paul is special.  
(MORE)

GETTY (CONT'D)

I don't know what I would do if anything happened to that boy. I want you to go to Rome and bring him back, as quickly and inexpensively as possible.

CHACE

I'm going to need some kind of resources to work with if you want him back alive.

GETTY

Of course. But I don't want you just giving my money away, see. Find the boy, Chace. And find out who took him.

Chace walks away, a look of uncertainty on his face.

GETTY (CONT'D)

Chace. There's one more thing.  
(a beat)  
The boy's mother.

INT. SUTTON PLACE -- ENTRY HALL -- DAY

Gail Getty sits in the phone booth, stuffing 50p coins into the coin slot.

GAIL

I'm running out of change, Giovanni...  
Giovanni?

The phone goes dead. She's out of change. She hangs up the receiver and slouches into the phone booth, dejected.

CHACE (O.S.)

Ma'am?

Gail looks up. Fletcher Chace is standing there.

CHACE (CONT'D)

My name is Fletcher Chace. I'm going to help you find your son.

INT. SUTTON PLACE -- ENTRY HALL -- DAY

Gail walks back into the entry hall, annoyed. Chace follows.

GAIL

I'm sure you're quite good at what you do, Mr. Chace. My former father-in-law only buys the best.

(MORE)

GAIL (CONT'D)

But I don't need a retired policeman, or a former secret agent, or a plastic toy soldier to solve the mystery of what happened to my son, because there is no mystery. I don't need a man of danger to catch the criminals. I need one thing only, and that is seventeen million dollars.

CHACE

Paying the ransom doesn't guarantee you get your son back.

GAIL

Not paying the ransom nearly guarantees I don't.

CHACE

I'd say your son's chances are better than that.

GAIL

Why don't you explain the odds to me. Is it a coin toss? Heads he lives, tails he dies? I can see how that's a gamble worth taking when there's real money at stake --

CHACE

Let me rephrase that.

GAIL

A billion dollars earns seventeen million dollars a month sitting in a bank vault. He could buy a Matisse every day and never spend it all.

CHACE

I don't think this is about money for Mr. Getty.

GAIL

I'm sorry. I didn't realize this was your first day on the job.

CHACE

Ma'am, I've had to bargain with a lot of rich people. Sheikhs, sultans, emirs. The one thing I've realized is that money is never just money. It always stands for something. Usually it stands for the one thing they've never had. Until you know what that thing is you're just beating your head against the bricks.

(MORE)

CHACE (CONT'D)

(a beat)

Look, I don't blame you. You came here for seventeen million dollars and instead you got me. But I'm the one who has the old man's ear, and I'm offering to help you.

GAIL

I'm not leaving until I speak to him face-to-face.

BULLIMORE (O.S.)

I'm afraid Mr. Getty has already departed the estate.

Gail turns. Through the window, we see Getty's limousine driving through the front gates, and away.

BULLIMORE (CONT'D)

He is traveling on business, and it is uncertain when he will return.

Gail stares out the window, her back to us, visibly trembling. Bullimore brings Chace's coat and hat.

CHACE

I'm sure you'll want to be getting back to Rome on the next flight out. I'm headed there myself. I can offer you a ride to the airport.

BULLIMORE

I'll dial a taxicab straight away.

Gail is silent. Finally she turns. Her voice is icy:

GAIL

You're both much too kind.

CUT TO:

THE TRUNK OPENS

revealing a cloudless blue sky. Two men step into frame.

One is stout, bearded, chubby-cheeked. He smokes a cigar with an air of authority. This is CHIPMUNK.

The other is rough but handsome, with the style that even the poorest of Italians somehow manage. This is CINQUANTA. They gaze at us as you would at a rug that needs moving.

CINQUANTA

*Uno, due --*

They reach in and hoist us out of frame.

EXT. CALABRIAN LANDSCAPE -- DAY

The two men carry Paul's body across the sun-bleached, rocky landscape out of a Sergio Leone movie. Paul's arms and legs have been tied off; his head is inside a burlap sack.

They set the boy down beneath a wizened tree. Cinquanta pulls down his ski mask, then removes the burlap sack from Paul's head. The boy, fearful, avoids looking at them.

A severely bow-legged man emerges from the house. This is PICCOLINO, and he is their leader. Piccolino bends down, examines the boy as you would a goat, then smiles.

The men embrace in celebration. Laughing, back-slapping. A pretty young woman comes out with a tin plate of beans and pasta. Cinquanta orders her to give it to Paul.

CINQUANTA

This is for you.

PAUL

Thirsty.

Cinquanta yells orders at his wife again.

CINQUANTA

A few days. That's all. Your family will give us our money, and you'll go home. Some days, no school, it's fun. A holiday.

The boy eats. The food tastes terrible.

CHIPMUNK

Our food's not good enough for you?

PAUL

I'm just not used to it.

CINQUANTA

Leave him alone. He eats only in the best places, right?

PAUL

Sometimes. Not usually, though.

CINQUANTA

You'll tell us. I want to know all the things the rich eat. I am Cinquanta, this is Piccolino, and this is *Tamia*, the Chipmunk. Not our real names, eh?

PAUL

I figured.

CINQUANTA

We'll make friends. I'll tell you things about me, and you tell me things about you.

PAUL

I don't want to know anything about you.

CINQUANTA

Smart boy. We talk about you then.

PAUL

What do you want to know about me?

CINQUANTA

Tell me about your grandfather. Tell me about your mother. Tell me about the money.

INT. 727 AIRLINER -- DAY

Fletcher Chace sits in an aisle seat, studying his files on Gail and Little Paul. The STEWARDESS cracks open a tiny airplane bottle of Campari for him and pours it into a glass.

CHACE

*Mille grazie, signorina.*

We PULL BACK along the aisle -- to where Gail sits at a window seat, eyeing Fletcher Chace warily from behind dark glasses.

INT. ROME FIUMICINO AIRPORT -- BOARDING GATE -- EVENING

The gate opens, and a flood of REPORTERS and PAPARAZZI are waiting for us. FLASHBULBS click and whirr like locusts.

REPORTERS

Signora, Signora! Is your son still alive? Signora!

CHACE

Out of the way, fellas.

REPORTER 1

When will you pay the ransom for your son's life?

GAIL

I don't have the money.

The reporters laugh.



REPORTER 2

You divorced the son of the richest man in the world, Signora!

CHACE (O.S.)

You don't have to answer questions.

GAIL

No. I want to say something.

Gail's voice is tense with emotion, but she remains poised.

GAIL (CONT'D)

My son Paul must be very frightened right now. I know I'm frightened for him. So to the people who took him: I don't care why you did this, but as a mother I ask you to think of your own children, or of the child you once were, and set my boy free.

A brief silence, then:

REPORTER 3

(to Chace)

*Scusi.* Why does the lady not cry?

GAIL

Excuse me?

REPORTER 3

Your son is disappeared. A mother should cry for her son.

GAIL

You want me to cry, is that it?

CHACE

All right. Let the lady through.

The crowd parts before us to reveal the smartly-dressed Investigating Magistrate ANTONIO DEL ROVERE flanked by two uniformed officers of the Italian POLICIA DI STATO. The flashbulbs pop and whirr, recording the moment:

DEL ROVERE

Ms. Getty. I am Antonio Del Rovere of the *Policia di Stato*.

INT. QUESTURA POLICIA DI STATO (POLICE HEADQUARTERS) -- NIGHT

Del Rovere leads Gail and Chace from a police sedan in the parking garage into the front lobby of a castle that has been transformed into a police *Questura*.

DEL ROVERE

Your son is a very lucky boy, Signora.

GAIL

Nothing about this feels lucky to me.

DEL ROVERE

Of course, it's a terrible thing. But if he had to be taken, this is the best place it could happen. No police department in the world has solved more kidnappings.

CHACE

How did you earn that distinction?

Rovere leads them up the marble staircase.

DEL ROVERE

A few years ago we had an outbreak of kidnapping. Wealthy people, ordinary Italians, everyone. This was how the communist *Rosso Brigade* financed their terrorist activities. Everyone paid the ransom, no matter what we told them to do.

GAIL

What about the families that refused to pay?

DEL ROVERE

Even the poorest family will give up everything to have their children back. So I devised a solution. We froze the bank accounts of the all the families so they couldn't pay.

CHACE

Is that legal?

DEL ROVERE

If the police do it, it must be legal. It took some time but they realized the money wouldn't come. Now it seems they've decided to take foreigners instead.

CHACE

Freezing J Paul Getty's money is not going to be an option in this case.

DEL ROVERE

I'm sorry, I've forgotten which party you said you were working for.

CHACE

I represent Mr. Getty's interests.  
I'm his head of security.

DEL ROVERE

And what are Mr. Getty's interests?

GAIL

Business, sex, and the collecting of  
art. In that order.

Del Rovere laughs, but Gail's not joking.

GAIL (CONT'D)

I hope you're about to inform us you  
have some information about my son.  
Has anyone stepped forward to claim  
responsibility for his kidnapping?

DEL ROVERE

*Tutti, Signora.* Everybody.

He opens a door --

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM -- DAY

-- to a darkened room filled with glowing LIGHT TABLES where  
INSPECTORS examine ransom letters, dusting for fingerprints.

GAIL

These letters are addressed to me.  
You've been opening my mail -- ?

DEL ROVERE

It may be your mail, but it's our  
evidence. All these letters are  
from people claiming to have kidnapped  
your son. From all over the world.  
Germany, California, faster than we  
can investigate.

CHACE

\$17 million brings out a crowd.

GAIL

You're telling me you have nothing.

DEL ROVERE

No, Signora, we have too much. Too  
many kidnapers, too many reporters.  
A victim worth too much money.

CHACE

Want some free advice? Put it in  
the papers.

(MORE)

CHACE (CONT'D)

When the kidnapers find out every lowlife in Rome is trying to poach their ransom they'll have to come out into the open to claim it.

DEL ROVERE

It's the communists, the *Rosso Brigade*. To kidnap the child of the richest capitalist in the world -- this would be a dream for them. They will take you too, Signora, if they can. So I am placing you under police protection.

GAIL

I don't need anyone's protection. I'm not a real Getty. I never was. I'm an ordinary person.

DEL ROVERE

You're not a person anymore. You're a symbol. My officers will escort you home. *Buona sera*.

EXT. POLICE CAR/ROME STREETS -- NIGHT

Gail and Chace ride in back as the police car blazes through the streets. Plastered along the walls are blowups of the cover of *La Stampa* with Paul Getty's photograph on it.

A MOTORBIKE pulls up alongside Gail's window. The rider reaches into his bag and we see the glint of black metal --

CHACE

Jesus, shake them off. Swerve!

And a FLASHBULB FIRES. The Paparazzo shoves his camera back into his bag and speeds away. Gail never flinched.

CHACE (CONT'D)

Hey! Didn't you see that?

POLICE DRIVER

It's a free country.

Gail looks over at the flustered Chace.

GAIL

It's kind of you to make a fuss, Mr. Chace, but you really needn't bother.

INT. GAIL'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

In the kitchen, two SURVEILLANCE OFFICERS of the *Policia di Stato* are setting up a large reel-to-reel tape recorder on the table and connecting it to the telephone.

GAIL

Is there anywhere you can put that so that we have a place to eat?

SURVEILLANCE OFFICER

Your child is kidnapped, Signora. How can you think about eating?

This stings.

GAIL

Do what you have to do.

In the living room, Chace is examining her belongings: the apartment is simple but stylish as Gail herself.

Gail's daughter Ariadne walks in in her pajamas, rubbing sleep from her eyes. Chace is awkward.

CHACE

Hi there.

GAIL

Back to bed, darling.

CHACE

All these strange men in her house.

Gail tucks her daughter back into bed. Meanwhile, Chace enters Little Paul's room. When Gail re-enters, she finds Chace rifling through books on the bookshelf.

CHACE (CONT'D)

Did Paul do any drugs? Marijuana?

GAIL

He was a teenage boy. He had teenage boy problems. He made teenage boy mistakes.

CHACE

I'm just trying to find it before those guys in the kitchen do.

GAIL

They've already searched this room.

CHACE

He'd gotten in trouble at school, am I right?

GAIL

A boy needs a father, and his was strung out in Marrakech with Mick Jagger. It was all I could do to get him to come home at night.

He opens a copy of "Watership Down" and a tiny bag of hashish falls out. He pockets it. He finds Paul's address book.

CHACE

Can I take this?

Gail eyes him warily.

GAIL

Do you carry a gun, Mr. Chace?  
(off his look)  
You said you used to be a spy.

CHACE

That's not how I put it on my tax return, but yeah.

GAIL

Spies carry guns.

CHACE

I never bothered. Ruins the line of your suit. Guns are for people who don't have money.  
(a beat)  
All that spooky paperback stuff -- chasing around blowing poisoned darts at the KGB in the Arab Quarter -- that's not what I did for a living.

GAIL

What did you do, then?

CHACE

I made deals. I bought people. I whispered in Generals' ears.

Gail looks at him, then nods.

GAIL

Take it.

Chace pockets the address book, rises, and returns to the living room. The mustached Surveillance Officer from the kitchen -- his name is CORVO -- approaches Gail.

CORVO

One final question, Signora. About your testimony earlier. Why did you think the kidnapping was a joke?

(MORE)

CORVO (CONT'D)

(off her look)

You said that when you first received the phone call from Cinquanta you thought it was a joke.

GAIL

That's what passed through my mind.

CORVO

It's a strange reaction, is it not? Someone tells the mother her son is kidnapped and she thinks it's funny?

GAIL

I didn't think it was funny at all. It seemed unbelievable.

CORVO

You didn't believe the man on the phone?

GAIL

It's a figure of speech. The whole situation was unbelievable. It still is.

CORVO

Tragic, yes. But not unbelievable.

CHACE

It's not tragic yet. Maybe you ought to work on keeping it that way.

CORVO

A figure of speech, as you say. Please let us know, Signora, if you plan to leave Italy for any reason.

Corvo bows slightly and heads for the door with his partner.

GAIL

Why do you think he said that?

CHACE

Do you want me to get rid of them?

GAIL

When the time comes I'll do it myself. Good evening, Mr. Chace.

EXT. GAIL'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Chace exits the building by a side entrance, past the half-dozen paparazzi camped outside.

He casts a final glance up at Gail's glowing window, then disappears into the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CALABRIAN CAVE -- DAY

We DESCEND into a cave deep in the Calabrian mountains. An army cot has been set up in here, with wooden boxes for tables and chairs. Years of crude graffiti on the walls.

Deep inside the cave Cinquanta finds an unlit oil lamp. He takes out a match and lights it --

-- REVEALING a bunk bed set up in here, and Paul is chained to it. Cinquanta reaches into his bag. He brings out a can of beans and a composition notebook.

CINQUANTA

Write another letter to your mother.  
Tell her if she doesn't pay, we'll  
mail her your finger.

Cinquanta sets down a BALLPOINT PEN. The boy takes it. Cinquanta eyes him suspiciously.

CINQUANTA (CONT'D)

Why doesn't your family love you?

PAUL

I think they love me. I hope so.

CINQUANTA

What's wrong with you? Are you a  
bad boy?

PAUL

No.

CINQUANTA

Don't lie. What did you do?

PAUL

I set a fire at my school and they  
kicked me out.

Cinquanta considers this. He shrugs.

CINQUANTA

Boys play with fire. I did. If my  
son was kidnapped, bad, good, I would  
pay any money to get him back.

PAUL

They're going to pay. They just  
need to get used to the idea of it.



CINQUANTA

I would get the money. I would borrow it. Steal. OK, I steal anyway, but I would steal more.

PAUL

You have a kid?  
(realizes)  
I shouldn't have asked that.

CINQUANTA

Once. For a few weeks, that's all. My wife put him to sleep in the crib. In the morning the baby was cold. No life. The doctor gave no reason. No answer. Nothing.

Cinquanta suddenly seems angry.

CINQUANTA (CONT'D)

Americans! I don't understand you. For us, family is everything. We are *obbligato*. I was born into my family, and that decides my whole life. My whole life.

PAUL

I'm *obbligato* too. As much as you.

Cinquanta looks at Paul. He smiles.

CINQUANTA

When we get the money, we'll run away from them. To America, eh?

Cinquanta gazes out of the cave at a patch of blue sky.

CINQUANTA (CONT'D)

A Corvette. That's a nice car. Just drive away.

He snaps out of it. He hits the boy on the back of the head.

CINQUANTA (CONT'D)

*Cazzo!* What are you doing? Write. Convince her to pay us our money or Mother of God I'll kill you myself.

Cinquanta takes the notebook and exits, leaving the pen and matches. Paul slips them into the sleeve of his shirt.

INT. GAIL'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

The reel-to-reel tape recorder sits in the center of the table. The kids eat their cereal beside it in their pajamas. Gail throws open the curtains to let the light in --

-- spray-painted in dripping red on the wall outside the window is a FIVE-POINTED STAR. It seems the remnant of some satanic ritual. Painted above it, the words ROSSO BRIGATE.

She pulls the curtain shut. Her kids continue eating, oblivious.

INT. PORTO ROMANO YACHT CLUB -- MORNING

Isabelle and Julian, Gail's friends, wait for her at the foot of the gangplank as she boards their 47-footer.

ISABELLE

Gail, I'm so sorry.

Isabelle embraces Gail. For a moment Gail allows herself to melt into her friend's arms.

CUT TO:

Gail's hosts serve a light lunch on deck. Gail can't eat.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

We're torn up for you. What you must be going through.

JULIAN

And the papers can't help any.

GAIL

It doesn't matter what I'm going through. I sleep in a warm bed every night. God only knows where Paul's sleeping. I mean, look at me, I'm on a yacht.

JULIAN

That's the spirit.

GAIL

(summoning her nerve)

I don't know how else to say this. You're my friends, so I thought I could turn to you. I need money. For the ransom.

ISABELLE

We don't have *that* kind of money. We're not Gettys.

GAIL

We could get some friends together. Here aboard your boat. The money would be paid back in full, I can't say when but --

ISABELLE

I mean, when you think how fortunate that boy has been. The money he'll inherit one day.

GAIL

All of us are fortunate.

ISABELLE

Not like that. He's set for life.

GAIL

He has to live that long first. The money shouldn't matter. He's just a boy, an ordinary boy.

ISABELLE

Of course it matters, Gail. You'd be asking us, asking our friends, to give a fortune to a boy who's worth more money than they'll ever have.

GAIL

If I could think of another way I wouldn't be asking.

JULIAN

And let's be honest, Paul was no angel.

GAIL

You're saying he deserved this?

ISABELLE

Of course not, but it wasn't entirely a surprise, either. Privileged kids get into trouble. If it's not drugs --

JULIAN

Everything comes too easy.

GAIL

I forgot how you built yourselves up from nothing.

A silence. A crewman comes to take away their salad plates.

ISABELLE

(a forced smile)

You'll see. In a few weeks we'll all be sailing to Portofino again, like none of this ever happened.

EXT. VIA PANSIPERNA, ROME -- EVENING

Fletcher Chace walks with a newspaper folded beneath his arm. He passes a streetlight with an "X" marked in chalk.

Parked twenty paces from the streetlight is a white plumber's van. Chace knocks on the rear door twice, and waits.

INT. WHITE VAN -- EVENING

A bland-looking young fellow frisks Chace.

BLAND FELLOW  
*Siediti perfavore.*

Chace obeys. The van lurches into motion.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE -- NIGHT

The bland fellow leads Chace out of the garage into a sparsely-decorated home. Chace is led to a chair in the dining room. A red ROSSO BRIGATE flag is draped over one wall.

BLAND FELLOW  
*Perfavore.*

Chace obeys. A lamp is switched on, shining in his eyes.

FRANCESCO, a mustached young man in a corduroy sportcoat, is seated beside the lamp. A gun is on the table beside him. There are others in the room. Chace squints at them.

CHACE  
You don't look like communists.

FRANCESCO  
What do communists look like?

CHACE  
Workers. Wasn't that the original idea?

FRANCESCO  
Sorry to disappoint you.

CHACE  
You look like accountants.

FRANCESCO  
Let's talk about the money.

CHACE  
First you prove to me that you have the boy and he's in good health. Then we negotiate the terms. But first the proof.

FRANCESCO  
First the money. Then the boy.

CHACE

It doesn't work that way. You know that. You're supposed to be pros.

FRANCESCO

No conditions.

CHACE

I don't think you have the kid.

An intense young woman, MARGHERITA, speaks:

MARGHERITA

Why are we negotiating with him? We should try him and put him to death.

CHACE

For what?

MARGHERITA

For crimes against the proletariat.

CHACE

Now I know you don't have the kid. If you kill me, Getty's just going to send someone else like me. Unless he doesn't, in which case where does that leave you? Think, comrade.

FRANCESCO

We had an agreement.

CHACE

Who had an agreement?

FRANCESCO

We did. With Paul.

Chace's smile fades.

CHACE

Excuse me?

FRANCESCO

Paul used to talk about having himself kidnapped. With his friends, out on the street. A game, no one gets hurt. A way to make a little money from his grandfather, two million dollars perhaps. That's what we do.

Chace rubs his eyes, suddenly weary.

CHACE

Did Paul know who you were?

FRANCESCO

We made friends with him. We told him we could help. But then he disappeared.

MARGHERITA

We believe he found someone else.

CHACE

And now you want -- what? A finder's fee? A consolation prize?

MARGHERITA

The people are owed.

CHACE

"The people," or just the people in this room? And here I thought you all were supposed to be above money.

FRANCESCO

No one is above money. The problem is that it's in the wrong hands. We intend to get what is our due.

CHACE

(rising)

I'll save you a place in line.

FRANCESCO

I'm curious. What would Getty pay for you?

CHACE

Don't bother. He wouldn't pay a dime for me. Neither would anyone else.

FRANCESCO

I've never met anyone who couldn't think of someone who would pay for his life.

CHACE

There's a first time for everything. Now are you going to drive me back, or am I going to walk out the front door?

EXT. INDUSTRIAL HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

A stretch of barren highway out by an industrial plant. The white van slows, its door opens, and Chace is shoved out.

The van speeds away. Chace picks himself up off the asphalt, dusts himself off, and looks around. He is utterly lost.

INT. GAIL'S APARTMENT -- FRONT DOORWAY -- DAY

Chace stands in Gail's doorway. She seems taken aback.

GAIL

You've got to remember who the Gettys are. Every time someone stays in the bathroom too long people start making jokes about being held for ransom. He might have cracked a joke once or twice among friends --

CHACE

There's that word again.

GAIL

What word?

CHACE

A joke. When it first happened you said you thought it was a joke.

GAIL

Now you sound like that policeman.

CHACE

Did Paul ever talk to you about having himself kidnapped?

GAIL

Whose side are you on, Mr Chace?

CHACE

I'm on my own side, always. And if there's a joke I like to make sure I'm in on it.

DEL ROVERE (V.O.)

New developments have come to light.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY/BAR -- EVENING

Del Rovere and Corvo have come to Chace's hotel. A news report about the OPEC summit plays on TV behind the bar.

CORVO

Gail Getty is two months behind on the rent on her apartment.

DEL ROVERE

The lady needed money.

CHACE

So do I.

DEL ROVERE

So do we all. But Gail Getty gave up a chance to make a fortune in her divorce. Did you know?

CORVO

We calculated the money Ms Getty could have expected in her settlement. The number was 15 to 18 million dollars. Quite a coincidence.

CHACE

I'm impressed you had any time at all to look for the kid.

CORVO

Then there is the matter of Gail's lover.

Chace blinks. Corvo takes out a picture of a handsome Sicilian. It's a police booking photo.

CORVO (CONT'D)

Luigi Della Ratta. A casino croupier, very much a ladies' man, with reputed criminal connections.

Chace stares at the photo.

DEL ROVERE

It should have been obvious. A pretty lady like this, expensive tastes, so insistent to get Getty to pay the ransom --

CORVO

But never does she cry for her child. How can a mother not cry?

Chace pushes the photo away.

CHACE

Nice work, fellas.

DEL ROVERE

And you? Have you learned anything?

CHACE

Nothing. Brick wall.

DEL ROVERE

You look like you've tasted something you don't like. If you don't like your drink, just get another.



CHACE

This is going to kill the old man.  
It has to stay out of the papers.

DEL ROVERE

Nothing leaves this table. It's for  
the best, eh? There was never any  
danger. You have only to wait for  
the boy to return.

Del Rovere rises, and Corvo with him. He nods at a DARK-  
HAired BEAUTY at the other end of the bar and leans in.

DEL ROVERE (CONT'D)

A single man alone in Rome on the  
Getty expense account. I envy you.

The two men grin as they leave Chace at the bar. Chace  
glances up at the TV. On a *Bolletino Straordinario*, the  
SHAH OF IRAN is making a speech:

SHAH OF IRAN (O.S.)

*Of course the price of oil must rise.  
You increased the price of wheat you  
sell us by 300%, it's only fair that,  
from now on, you should pay more for  
oil. Let's say ten times more.*

CUT TO A WIDE: all that remains of Fletcher Chace is the tip  
he's left on the bar. He's already gone.

EXT. SUTTON PLACE (SURREY, ENGLAND) -- DAY

Rain. The great gates open for Fletcher Chace.

EXT. SUTTON PLACE -- REFLECTING POOL/GARDENS -- DAY

J Paul Getty and Chace walk side-by-side.

GETTY

I wish I could say I'm surprised.

Getty approaches a statue by the reflecting pool. He puts  
his hand upon it, as if for support. He seems badly shaken.

CHACE

Are you all right, Mr Getty?

GETTY

When I wrote my book, "How to Be  
Rich," the publisher called me and  
said they wanted to change the title.  
They wanted to call it "How To Get  
Rich." They thought it would sell  
more copies.

(MORE)

GETTY (CONT'D)

(shakes his head)

I told them getting rich is easy.  
Any fool can get rich, and a  
remarkable number of fools do.

CHACE

I've noticed that.

GETTY

But being rich -- that's hard. See,  
the ordinary working man has to go  
to work to feed his family. Maybe  
he hates his job, hates his boss,  
but the drive for survival gives him  
a purpose in life. When a man gets  
rich, he's faced with the problem of  
freedom. An abyss opens up before  
him. I've seen it ruin men, and  
marriages, and most of all it ruins  
the children.

CHACE

He's a kid. Kids do stupid things.

GETTY

I thought I could trust my own blood.

CHACE

He's probably lying on a beach  
somewhere. When he gets bored or  
runs out of money he'll come home.  
And he'll have learned his lesson.

GETTY

I wanted to give him everything,  
give him all my knowledge, all I've  
built, and he just wanted to pick my  
pocket. Like his father, like his  
uncle, like the parasites that have  
swarmed around me my entire life.

Getty walks on, through his sculpture garden.

GETTY (CONT'D)

That's why I like things, see. They  
are what they appear to be, and they  
never change. They never disappoint.  
There's a purity to beautiful things  
that I've never been able to find in  
another human being.

CHACE

Neither have I.

(MORE)

CHACE (CONT'D)  
 (off his look)  
 You were right not to pay the ransom.  
 You were right to follow your gut.

Getty turns away from Chace, suddenly distant.

GETTY  
 You performed well. This will be  
 reflected in your year-end bonus.

CHACE  
 Thank you, Mr. Getty.

GETTY  
 Go back to Rome. Wait there for Paul  
 to return. But your investigation is  
 closed. The search is over.

BLACK OUT.

FADE IN:

A PATCH OF BLUE SKY

framed by the mouth of the cave. We HEAR the kidnappers  
 arguing, their voices echoing off the cave walls. In the  
 darkness Paul listens.

EXT. CALABRIAN MOUNTAINS -- DAY

Chipmunk, toting a shotgun, leads Little Paul on a winding  
 trail through the mountains. The weather is turning cold;  
 the boy is wrapped in a blanket. They approach a creek bed.

CHIPMUNK  
 Do you have to go? Here's your  
 chance. I'm not taking you out again.

Paul shakes his head. Chipmunk scratches at his mask.

CHIPMUNK (CONT'D)  
 You don't eat, that's why. Our food  
 isn't good enough for you. Wait here.

Chipmunk climbs down into the ravine, out of sight of the  
 boy. He peels back his ski mask for a moment, then unzips  
 and begins to urinate.

He zips up and climbs back up the ravine. Paul stares at  
 him for a moment, then quickly looks away.

CHIPMUNK (CONT'D)  
 What are you looking at -- ?

Chipmunk reaches for his mask, and realizes he never pulled it back down.

CHIPMUNK (CONT'D)  
*Pezzo di merda! You saw my face!*

LITTLE PAUL  
I didn't see anything!

CHIPMUNK  
*Figlia di puttana! Culo!*

He pulls the ski mask down, then realizes it's pointless. He pulls it off and starts kicking it across the ground.

CHIPMUNK (CONT'D)  
You saw my face! Don't lie!

PAUL  
I won't tell anyone what you look like, I swear.

CHIPMUNK  
You little shit. You've ruined everything.

Chipmunk raises his shotgun at Paul.

CHIPMUNK (CONT'D)  
Run. Run away. *Fretta!*

LITTLE PAUL  
No. You're gonna shoot me in the back and tell them I tried to escape.

Paul shakes his head, closing his eyes and refusing to turn his back. Chipmunk gives up. He kicks the ski mask again.

CHIPMUNK  
*Manache!* Have it your way. Worse for you. You'll wish you ran!

Chipmunk grabs Paul and drags him back down the hill toward the squat stucco house in the distance.

EXT. STONE HOUSE -- EVENING

Paul is tethered to a rock by a rope around his neck as goats graze around him. He watches the little house: inside, Piccolo, Cinquanta and Chipmunk are arguing.

Paul leans over and pulls at the tether. Desperate, he begins to chew on it. The men's voices grow ever louder.

Then they fall silent. The front door of the house opens and three men walk out -- Cinquanta and Chipmunk in the lead, with the bow-legged Piccolino falling behind.

CHIPMUNK

I told you.

Chipmunk is carrying his shotgun. He chambers a shell. Paul begins to whimper desperately.

PAUL

Please. Don't. The money. You can still get the money.

Chipmunk closes the shotgun and raises it at Paul.

CHIPMUNK

You had to ruin it for everyone.

Now Piccolino raises his gun as well. He FIRES and we

CUT TO:

THE PHONE RINGS

and a groggy Fletcher Chace fumbles in the dark. A copy of Getty's book "How To Be Rich" is open on the nightstand.

CHACE

Who's. Yes. *Si?*

DEL ROVERE (O.S.)

Mister Chace. We are requesting you and Ms. Getty to report to the *Questura*.

CHACE

For what?

DEL ROVERE (O.S.)

To identify the body.

CHACE

The body?

DEL ROVERE (O.S.)

Paul's body. Paul Getty.

Chace is suddenly alert.

CHACE

Paul's.

(blinks)

OK, yes. *Va bene*. We're coming.

Chace hangs up. He sits up and starts pacing the room. The raven-haired beauty from the bar is in his bed.

CHACE (CONT'D)  
You've got to go.

SICILIAN BEAUTY  
*Perché*, Fletcher?

Chace starts putting on his clothes in a hurry. He starts to pick up the phone, then puts it down again.

EXT. GAIL'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Gail opens the door wearing her robe.

GAIL  
Chace -- ?

CHACE  
I'm sorry, Gail.

GAIL  
(realizing)  
Oh God.

She covers her face with her hands. Chace looks away.

INT. POLICE CAR -- NIGHT

The *Squadra Mobile* car speeds through the night. Chace steals furtive glances at Gail.

CHACE  
Mistakes were made, obviously, somehow. My investigation and the police's led us to the conclusion that there was no physical danger --

GAIL  
I'm sorry, Mr Chace. I'm on my way to identify my son's body. I don't feel like talking.

INT. ROME POLICE STATION -- MORGUE -- DAY

The morgue dates to the 19th century; it's dank as a catacomb. The body is laid out on a marble slab, covered by a sheet.

DEL ROVERE  
The corpse has been in sea water for some hours when it washed ashore. The appearance may be a shock.

We gaze up at their faces as they gather round the table. The elderly CORONER pulls back the sheet.

CHACE

God damn!

Chace reels. Gail almost faints. She shakes her head "no."

REVERSE ANGLE: the bloated, waterlogged body on the table isn't Paul. It's Chipmunk. He has an ugly exit wound in his chest from where he was shot in the back by Piccolino.

GAIL

It's not him. It's not Paul.

CHACE

The guy has five o'clock shadow, for Christ's sake. He was headed for a midlife crisis when they shot him.

CORVO

A sailor by the harbor saw a body being thrown from a white Fiat 600, like the car the kidnapers drove.

CHACE

This country's infested with Fiat 600s. First you said it was a hoax, then you tell us they murdered him. Why don't you make up your mind?

DEL ROVERE

No one stopped you doing your own job, Mr Chace. You did that yourself.

Chace is momentarily speechless.

CORONER (O.S.)

*Scusi.*

Everyone turns. The ancient coroner is picking at the body on the slab with a pair of tweezers. He plucks something from Chipmunk's beard, holds it up to the light: RED FIBERS.

CORONER (CONT'D)

*Un filato de tessuto rosso.*

DEL ROVERE

The carpet the body was transported in.

The coroner shakes his head, mimes scratching at his beard.

CORONER

*Una maschera.*

CHACE

A ski mask.

CUT TO:

A MUG SHOT

of Chipmunk. There's more than one to choose from, going all the way back to his childhood.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM -- DAY

The Police clerks search through boxes of criminal photo files. Photos of Chipmunk are pinned to the wall.

CORVO

Ettore "*Il Tamia*" Pazzano, age 33 years. Purse snatching, public indecency, vandalism, desecration of a holy place, corruption of the youth.

PHOTOS of Cinquanta and Piccolino are pinned up on the board.

CORVO (CONT'D)

Known associates: Alberto Laganadi, Dino Bova, Dante Agnana, all from Fiumara, Calabria, population 1381.

CHACE

How fast can we get to Fiumara?

CUT TO:

A CONVOY OF *SQUADRA MOBILE* VEHICLES

On the unpaved road through the Calabrian mountains: we gaze down at them from a police helicopter circling high overhead.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD -- CALABRIA -- PRE-DAWN

The police cars stop on the mountain road and the uniformed police climb out. Del Rovere instructs Chace:

DEL ROVERE

I must ask you to stay here. For your own safety.

Chace watches Rovere head off down the road.

CHACE

(to Gail)  
Stay here.

Chace opens the door and climbs out. The officer at the wheel protests, but Chace ignores him. Then Gail climbs out as well, and the cop goes apoplectic.



GAIL

Arrest me.

We can see the stone house from several hundred meters away as the police create a wide perimeter encircling it. Nearby, a SQUADRA OFFICER questions a GOATHERD. Gail listens in:

GOATHERD

*...hanno mantenuto il ragazzo in una grotta nelle montagne...*

Gail starts walking up the mountain road, in the opposite direction from the police, and Chace follows. They reach the mouth of the cave, which is littered with cigarette butts.

Gail enters. Chace casts a glance back: in the pasture far below, the police cordon around the stone house draws tighter.

INT. CAVE

We HOLD on GAIL as she moves deeper into the dark, following the last of daylight into its depths. Then she finds it:

GAIL

Paul.

PAUL'S BED, empty. The chain and shackle lie beside it, and Paul's *Fantastic Comics* lies on the ground. An unfinished letter in his handwriting crumpled beside it.

GAIL (CONT'D)

"If you love me, Mother -- "

GUNSHOTS ring out, the echoes multiplying off the cave walls. Gail and Chace hurry to the mouth of the cave.

EXT. STONE HOUSE -- MORNING

The house is riddled with gunfire, the windows shattered. Piccolino slumps in the doorway with his shotgun in the dust beside him. Del Rovere kicks the gun aside.

PICCOLINO

*Molti poliziotti... So many police. Tanti...*

DEL ROVERE

Where is the boy?

PICCOLINO

*Lo abbiamo venduto.*

Piccolino coughs, drowning in his own blood. A sad smile.

PICCOLINO (CONT'D)

We sold him.

DEL ROVERE  
Sold him to whom?

CUT TO:

SAVERIO MAMMOLITI

walks through a factory where women sew counterfeit Fendi handbags. Mammoliti examines the workmanship on one of the handbags, comparing it against the genuine article.

MAMMOLITI  
This lining. It needs to be double-  
stitched to look like the real Fendi.  
My buyer can tell the difference.

Mammoliti is forty years old, blankly handsome, and dressed in a tailored suit: he could easily be seen in the business-class lounge of any international airport in the world.

MAMMOLITI (CONT'D)  
Do it again.

Mammoliti hands the bag back to the woman. She nods, careful not to make eye contact: she is frightened of him.

FACTORY WOMAN  
*Sicuramente, Signore. Perdonami.*

INT. MERCEDES 280SE -- DAY

Saverio Mammoliti sits in the backseat, his briefcase open beside him, perusing a balance sheet. His bald-shaven driver/bodyguard, SGRÒ, pulls over behind a tractor-trailer.

INT. TRACTOR-TRAILER -- DAY

The cargo door rolls open, revealing pallets of counterfeit goods. Paul Getty is in back, guarded by two of Mammoliti's men. Cinquanta is here as well.

MAMMOLITI  
(re: Cinquanta)  
What's this?

SGRÒ  
He comes with the boy.

Mammoliti looks Cinquanta over; a 21st Century gangster looking back at a Stone Age one.

MAMMOLITI  
Get him out of here. I don't want  
him around.

CINQUANTA

It was part of our deal. I help  
with the kid. I look after him.

MAMMOLITI

Your services are no longer required.

CINQUANTA

The mother and I. Gail Getty. We  
have a dialogue. I can help you get  
the money.

MAMMOLITI

We know how to get the money. It's  
not that hard if you have the stomach  
for it.

SGRÒ

You heard him.

Cinquanta reluctantly rises. Paul watches him go.

MAMMOLITI (O.S.)

Does he do what you say?

CINQUANTA

Always. He's a good boy.

MAMMOLITI

He's not eating. Look at him. We  
need him to eat meat, lots of meat.  
Build up his blood. Do you understand  
my meaning?

CINQUANTA

Yes. I understand your meaning.

MAMMOLITI

*Va bene.* You work for us now.

CUT TO:

TWO DOZEN SAUDI PRINCES

emerge from the 1973 Extraordinary Summit of OPEC.

EXT. OPEC SUMMIT, VIENNA, AUSTRIA -- DAY

The princes' white robes billow in the breeze; they wear the  
triumphant smiles of men who have seized an historic moment.

EXT. LONDON COMMODITY EXCHANGE -- DAY

GETTY'S LIMOUSINE pulls up in front of the Exchange. J Paul  
Getty emerges, resplendent in a Saville Row three-piece and  
accompanied by two lacquered YOUNGISH WOMEN in tight dresses.

INT. LONDON COMMODITY EXCHANGE -- DAY

Getty takes his seat overlooking the exchange, flanked by his two concubines, like an Emperor at the Arena. The traders on the floor await the opening bell with dread and excitement.

Getty's FLOOR TRADER hurries up the steps to take his order. Getty pats his stomach, like a man who can't eat any more:

GETTY

No trades for me, George. My long book's all topped up. Truth is, I woke up this morning about as long as I've been since I was a teenager.

The ladies titter and smirk. One leans in, confidential:

MISTRESS

He just likes to watch.

Getty shoots her a reproving "bad girl" look. She puts out her hand and he pinches it playfully.

GETTY

Watch carefully, girls. In sixty seconds half the men in this room will be bankrupt.

The seconds tick down. The floor traders brace themselves. We PUSH IN on Getty as the OPENING BELL RINGS...

INT. LONDON HEATHROW AIRPORT -- DAY

The boarding gate door opens and Fletcher Chace emerges wearing a suit, sunglasses and a repentant look. Then he sees something that stops him cold:

**EMBARGO**

headlined on every London newspaper's evening edition: "*OPEC shuts off global oil supply.*"

CHACE (V.O.)

When I got on the plane this morning oil was \$4 per barrel.

INT. SUTTON PLACE -- DAY

Chace walks the halls alongside Getty.

GETTY

You should have bought it. No one will ever see that price again.

Getty's secretary hurries up to him in her high heels. She hands him a slip of ticker tape.

SECRETARY

The New York open, Mr. Getty.

CHACE

I think it's time to reassess our strategy --

GETTY

Shh.

Getty reads the tape and gazes into the distance.

CHACE

What are you doing, sir?

GETTY

Multiplication.

Then he's done. The number seems to surprise even him.

GETTY (CONT'D)

A good day.

CHACE

I'm glad to hear that, Mr Getty.  
It'll make this much easier.

(a beat)

We need to pay the ransom.

GETTY

You said it was a hoax.

CHACE

Your grandson was kidnapped by members of the Calabrian *N'dragheta*, the oldest of all Italian Mafias. Two of the original kidnapers are dead and one is missing.

GETTY

That sounds like progress to me.

CHACE

I'm afraid not. They got nervous waiting for the ransom and sold the boy to an investor.

GETTY

You told me Paul and his mother cooked this up to soak me.

CHACE

I was wrong. Paul may have talked about being kidnapped with his friends. He may have put it out there but I don't believe he's behind this.

GETTY

How do I know you're not wrong now?

CHACE

Look, these people aren't the old-world *malavita* anymore. They're businessmen. Their only code is profit and loss. They'll do things to Paul that can't be undone for any amount of money.

GETTY

Paul got himself into this. The boy's going to have to live with the consequences of his actions.

CHACE

Don't let him die just for being a child. We have to pay.

GETTY

I can't.

CHACE

I'm sorry?

GETTY

It simply isn't possible right now. My financial position has changed.

CHACE

I'm not all that bright but I can multiply as well as you. With oil up 7% this morning you made a fortune.

GETTY

Precisely. I'm highly leveraged to the price of oil right now.

CHACE

In the middle of an oil embargo I'd say that's a good place to be.

GETTY

When the oil price is rising, it is. But what if the price of oil were suddenly to fall? What if the embargo is lifted? What then? I would be exposed. Do you know how Jesse Livermore died?

CHACE

I don't know who he was.

GETTY

He was the greatest speculator in stocks ever to work on Wall Street. He blew his brains out in a coat check room after he lost every penny he had. That's how fast a man's fortune can turn. Don't you see? I've never been more vulnerable financially than I am right now.

CHACE

No one has ever been richer than you are at this moment.

GETTY

I don't have the money to spare.

CHACE

What would it take? How much would it take for you to feel secure?

GETTY

More.

Chace is struck silent. Getty turns on him:

GETTY (CONT'D)

I didn't need to hire an ex-CIA officer just to pay people off. I can do that myself. I hired you to do things other people can't, or won't. That means rescuing the boy.

CHACE

I can't do it without money.

GETTY

There is no money. You'll have to get the boy on your own.

INT. GAIL'S APARTMENT -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

The wall-mounted phone RINGS. Gail answers it.

CINQUANTA (O.S.)

*Signora.*

GAIL

Where is my son?

CINQUANTA (O.S.)

He is still in good health. I am with him, don't worry.

In the BG, Chace turns the reel-to-reel tape recorder on.

GAIL

It's because of you I worry. I want to talk to him.

INT. PHONE BOOTH, REGGIO, CALABRIA -- DAY

CINQUANTA

I'm afraid this I cannot do. I am not in charge anymore.

INT. GAIL'S APARTMENT -- KITCHEN -- DAY

Chace appears at Gail's shoulder. Gail hands him the phone.

CHACE

This is Fletcher Chace. Mr. Getty has authorized me to negotiate on his behalf. We will cover all your expenses up to \$200,000. Anything under this figure is not considered extortion under Italian law so you can walk away free and clear.

CINQUANTA (O.S.)

The boy is worth much more. They're not stupid.

CHACE

The boy is worth nothing to anyone. We're just trying to settle this without causing any more embarrassment to the family.

GAIL (O.S.)

My God --

CHACE

He's a juvenile delinquent. His grandfather's disowned him. It's a tough break you took the wrong kid, but you're getting off easy.

CINQUANTA

You arrogant bastard.

CHACE

Your uncle Piccolino died in custody last night, by the way. You ought to take this deal before the same happens to you.

Chace calmly hangs up the receiver. A hand reaches into frame, picks up the receiver, and HITS him with it.



CHACE (CONT'D)

(laughs)

Whoa there -- !

But the next one connects. Gail hits him again, pushing him back over the stove. Dishes come out of the cupboard and rain down in shatters.

Everything collapses to the kitchen floor. Chace grabs at Gail's wrists as they grapple atop broken plates. Somewhere Gail's children are crying.

Then she's off him. Chace is lying on his back looking up at the ceiling, bleeding from a split lip.

She disappears, taking her crying children with her. Chace is left lying on the kitchen floor. Gail re-enters.

CHACE (CONT'D)

I need some ice or I'll bleed all over your floor.

Gail reaches into the freezer, pulls out a tray of ice, and drops it onto the floor. Chace rubs ice cubes on his face.

CHACE (CONT'D)

I lied. I said I was authorized to pay them \$200,000. You know how much I'm really authorized to pay? Nothing. If they accept I won't be able to deliver but I had to buy some time. You wanted to know what I used to do? This is what I used to do. What I still do, for Getty.

GAIL

You "make deals." You "buy people."

CHACE

That's right. Whether it's a pit of grease in the desert or a human life it's all the same. We have to show we're willing to walk away.

GAIL

I can't walk away. You can walk away, because you have nothing to lose, because there's no one in your world but yourself.

CHACE

Fair enough.

Chace goes to the door. As he leaves:

CHACE (CONT'D)  
 Seventeen million dollars and zero  
 dollars. That's how far apart we  
 are. Those numbers have got to move.

INT. GAIL'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Gail lies in bed in the fetal position. The phone rings.  
 She goes to the kitchen and picks it up.

CINQUANTA (O.S.)  
 Seven million dollars.

DIAL TONE. Gail is left holding the receiver. The numbers  
 have just moved.

INT. ST. PETER'S BASILICA -- DAY

GREAT SHAFTS OF LIGHT penetrate the darkness of the Basilica's  
 vaulted dome. In a pew toward the rear Gail and Chace sit  
 eight feet apart, like a couple waiting to get a divorce.

GAIL  
 When a man like you resorts to prayer  
 I start to worry we're running out  
 of options.

CHACE  
 We're not here to pray. We're here  
 to speak to the Archbishop Marcinkus.

The six-foot-six ARCHBISHOP MARCINCKUS approaches.

CHACE (CONT'D)  
 Otherwise known as the Pope's Gorilla.

CUT TO:

Marcinkus and Gail with their heads bowed in prayer.

MARCINKUS/GAIL  
*Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro  
 nobis peccatoribus, nunc, et in hora  
 mortis nostrae.*

Chace sits watching a few rows back, like a man waiting in a  
 bus station. As their prayers are finished, he joins them.

MARCINKUS  
 Ms Getty, the Holy Pontiff himself  
 is praying today for the safe return  
 of your beautiful boy.

GAIL  
 Thank you, Archbishop Marcinkus.  
 (MORE)

GAIL (CONT'D)

I was hoping you could use your personal influence to help Paul.

CHACE

Paul has been kidnapped by the *N'dragheta*, father.

Marcinkus nods. He speaks in a blunt Chicago accent:

MARCINKUS

I may be able to have some influence there.

(off Gail's look)

Don't look so surprised. The Vatican has for hundreds of years had relationships with the ancient fraternal organizations of Italy.

GAIL

Actually, we were hoping his Holiness would persuade my father-in-law to pay the ransom.

MARCINKUS

You want me to ask the Pontiff to twist J Paul Getty's arm?

CHACE

Mr. Getty tends to listen to those he considers his equals.

MARCINKUS

And he thinks the Pope is his equal.

CHACE

Nearly.

MARCINKUS

You gave me the impression that you were here on Mr. Getty's behalf. Who is it you're working for?

For a moment, Chace doesn't know how to answer.

CHACE

I just want to bring the boy home.

Marcinkus rises.

MARCINKUS

I'll have a word with his Holiness.

(re: Chace's face)

You look like you met up with something that didn't agree with you.

Gail looks away.

CHACE  
Rome is a tough town, Father.

MARCINKUS  
The toughest.

EXT. ST. PETER'S SQUARE -- DAY

Gail and Chace walk in the shade of the colonnades beside the vast plaza. Chace keeps his distance.

GAIL  
I owe you an apology, Mr Chace. I was angry, but that's no excuse.

CHACE  
I've taken worse beatings before for less cause. Never with a princess phone, though.

GAIL  
Please don't make a joke out of it.

CHACE  
OK, how about this, then. You were right when you said I had nothing. I'm not important, I'm not rich.

GAIL  
That's not what I meant.

CHACE  
But if I had the money to give I'd give it to you.

Gail looks up at him.

CHACE (CONT'D)  
Let me rephrase that.

GAIL  
Don't.

Gail walks through the colonnade, and Chace walks with her.

EXT. ROME FIUMICINO AIRPORT -- NIGHT

A PRIVATE PLANE taxis on the mist-shrouded runway. The clamshell air-stair descends, a black sedan pulls up, and two bodyguards whisk J Paul Getty inside.

EXT. HOTEL AGOSTO -- NIGHT

Getty and his coterie enter via the alley door, briskly moving through the kitchen.

INT. HOTEL AGOSTO -- NIGHT

A group of furtive Milanese in black designer clothes hover outside a hotel suite.

OTTO  
Good evening, Mr. Getty.

GETTY  
Nothing good about it. Let's get down to business.

OTTO  
Are you serious about making payment?

GETTY  
I wouldn't be here if I weren't.

OTTO  
Because there can't be any more games. You know our price, and it's not subject to negotiation any longer. Payment must be made in cash, tonight.

GETTY  
I want the proof first.

OTTO  
After you.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

As he enters, Getty is overcome with emotion.

GETTY  
There you are.

REVERSE ANGLE: there on the bedspread is a small painting: Albrecht Dürer's 15th Century "Madonna and Child in a Window."

OTTO  
Because of the painting's disputed provenance, it can never be publicly displayed. As discussed, our price is \$1.15 million.

GETTY  
I'm afraid we weren't able to bring the full sum. Liquidity, you know.

Otto motions for his men to begin packing up the painting.

OTTO  
 True masterpieces never go on sale,  
 Mr. Getty. If you cannot pay, you  
 will never own one.

Getty grimaces. He turns to one of his coterie:

GETTY  
 Pay the man.

INT. BUTCHER -- REGGIO, CALABRIA -- DAY

A BUTCHER cuts flesh from a lamb's flank with a cleaver,  
 wraps it in wax paper, and hands it to Sgro and Cinquanta.

EXT. WHEATFIELD/BARN -- EVENING

A field of dried grain roils in the wind. A tumbledown  
 clapboard shack stands at its center.

INT. BARN -- EVENING

Paul sits on a bare mattress, chained to the floor. Cinquanta  
 enters with an oil lantern and a covered plate.

CINQUANTA  
 I brought you something to warm you,  
 Paolo. Something special for being  
 a good boy.

He sets down the plate. Two steaks, running with blood.

PAUL  
 Can I have some crackers?

CINQUANTA  
 What do you want that for? I brought  
 you this good *tagliata*. Come on, we  
 eat it together.

Paul takes a bite. It's hard to swallow.

PAUL  
 It's too much. I'll be sick.

CINQUANTA  
 Look at me, Paul. You must eat it  
 all, no matter how long it takes.  
 Make sure you keep it down.

PAUL  
 You bring me steak now? Why?

The door opens and a man walks in carrying a doctor's bag.  
 The Doctor indicates for Paul to come to him.

## CINQUANTA

Do as he says.

The Doctor examines Paul's ears. He shaves the hair around the ear with a straight razor, then swabs it with alcohol.

## CINQUANTA (CONT'D)

Eat now. Keep eating. Ask me no questions, Paolo. You have to trust me. It's important.

He offers a bite to the boy, as you would to a child.

## PAUL

I'll eat it. Just leave me alone and I'll eat it all, OK?

The Doctor exits, his examination finished. Cinquanta leaves the plate on the floor. Paul takes a bite of the steak.

## CINQUANTA

If I could, I'd take your place.

Cinquanta turns and walks outside, leaving Paul alone. Paul spits out the morsel. He takes out the Bic pen and the box of matches hidden inside the waistband of his pants.

QUICK CUTS: Paul uses the steak knife to scrape the phosphorous off the match heads. He removes the ink tube from the pen and packs it with the phosphorous.

He goes to work on the shackle that chains him to the barn floor, attacking the floorboards with the knife.

He hears the VOICES of the men. He looks through a crack in the wall. They're drinking and singing outside the farmhouse.

He pulls on the chain again, leaning into it. Finally it gives. He falls, the chain CLATTERING across the floor.

THROUGH THE CRACK IN THE WALL: the men fall silent, then resume their carousing. Paul picks up the pen tube and raises it to his lips like a peashooter. He lights a match --

-- and the phosphorous packed inside CATCHES FIRE. It sparks brilliantly, like a Roman candle. He aims it through the crack in the wall, then BLOWS --

EXT. BARN -- NIGHT

-- LAUNCHING it into the field of dried, broken grain. For a moment it is a shooting star, and then it lands.

INT. BARN -- NIGHT

PAUL'S EYE peers through the crack in the wall --

EXT. BARN -- NIGHT

-- as his Roman candle sputters amidst the cracked stalks, then dies. The light in Paul's eye seems to die with it.

Then the wind picks up. The embers begin to glow and scatter; the cracked wheat catches fire.

CUT TO:

THE ENTIRE FIELD IS ABLAZE. Paul climbs out of the wood shed with the broken chain slung over his shoulder. He disappears into the wheat field.

The flames threaten to overtake the barn; the men from the house come running, desperate to rescue the boy inside.

Paul runs through the wheat field as A WALL OF FLAME consumes it. The wind whips the smoke into a black cloud behind him.

We PULL BACK to gaze down upon the young boy as runs, the great field of fire spreading in his wake.

EXT. AUTOSTRADA -- NIGHT

Paul runs toward the highway with the chain slung over his neck. A pillar of smoke climbs into the sky in the distance.

A single CAR drives by. Paul tries to wave it down, but the driver speeds up to avoid him. Up ahead, he sees it: a CARABINERI POLICE CAR driving away.

PAUL

Hey. Police. Police! *Poliziotto!*

Paul runs into the highway, waving his arms.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Over here! *Attenzione!*

A car horn BLARES: the driver nearly clips him --

-- but the RED TAILLIGHTS on the police car light up. The mustached CONSTABLE stops and climbs out of the car.

As soon as the constable gets a glimpse of Paul's condition he hurries over to him. The boy collapses into his arms.

INT. CARABINERI STATION -- NIGHT

A fire glows in the hearth. The Constable's WIFE, a stocky Italian *Mamma*, stretches a blanket over Paul's shoulders. In the BG, the Constable phones in to report the boy's rescue.

MAMMA

*Povera bambino... cosi freddo...*



She goes to the hearth and spoons out a plate of warm polenta.

MAMMA (CONT'D)

*Mangia.*

Paul takes a spoonful. As he eats, tears roll down his face. The Constable and his wife smile warmly.

PAUL

Can I make a phone call? I want to call my mother.

The old woman brings the telephone to the boy's side and hands him the receiver. With trembling hands, he dials.

INT. GAIL'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

HOLD ON the phone as it RINGS. Gail turns on the tape recorder, then picks up the phone.

PAUL (O.S.)

Mom?

(a beat)

Mom, are you there?

GAIL

Paul.

PAUL (O.S.)

It's alright, Mom. I'm OK. I'm safe now.

INT. POLICE STATION -- NIGHT

As Paul talks with his mother, there's a KNOCK at the door. In the BG, the Constable goes to answer it.

PAUL

I'm at the police station. I need you to come and get me.

In the BG, several men enter and exchange greetings.

GAIL (O.S.)

What police station? Where are you?

PAUL

I just want to come home. You don't know how close they came.

GAIL (O.S.)

I'm coming to take you home. What police station are you at?

PAUL

Hold on, I'll ask.

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 (calling out)  
 Excuse me, where am I? *Dove sono io?*

Behind him, A HAND REACHES INTO FRAME and presses down on the receiver cradle, gently hanging up the phone.

INT. GAIL'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

The line goes dead.

GAIL  
 Paul? Paul -- ?

INT. POLICE STATION -- NIGHT

We TILT UP from the phone cradle along the length of the man's arm --

-- REVEALING that it is Saverio Mammoliti himself that has hung up the phone. He reaches out to the boy.

MAMMOLITI  
 Give it here.

Paul hands the receiver to Mammoliti, who hangs up.

We PAN across the faces in the room: Mammoliti's men, along with the Constable, his wife, and, to one side, Cinquanta. Mammoliti offers his hand to Paul.

MAMMOLITI (CONT'D)  
 Come now, Paul. There will be no more foolishness.

The boy places a hand over the ear that's been shorn and cleaned, as if trying to protect it.

MAMMOLITI (CONT'D)  
 Come.

Paul takes Mammoliti's hand. They walk out of the station hand-in-hand, into the street, where Mammoliti's car awaits.

The rear door opens, they climb inside, and the Mercedes vanishes into the darkness.

INT. GAIL'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Gail stands frozen with the dead receiver in her hand.

CUT TO:

The apartment is overrun by *Squadra Mobile* officers, including Del Rovere and Corvo. The tape squeals as it rewinds, then:

PAUL (O.S.)  
*I just want to come home. You don't  
 know how close they came.*

GAIL (O.S.)  
*I'm coming to take you home. What  
 police station are you at?*

DEL ROVERE  
 (listening on  
 headphones)  
*Ascoltare. Pavimenti. Footsteps.  
 Someone approaches --*

PAUL (O.S.)  
*Excuse me, where am I? Dove sono io --*

CLICK. The line goes dead.

DEL ROVERE  
 Someone breaks the connection.

GAIL  
 He was in a police station. Nothing  
 could happen to him there, right?

CHACE  
 It could have been a bad connection.  
 It's Italy. Nothing works right.

CORVO  
 No. Everything works differently.

GAIL  
 He was safe. He said he was safe.  
 He was in this room, just now, talking  
 to me. He can't just be gone.

DEL ROVERE  
 Keep the line open. He'll call back.  
 We will wait as long as it takes.

EXT. WHEATFIELD/BARN -- NIGHT

The fire in the fields has burned itself out; ASHES dance in  
 the air like snowflakes. Paul rides in the backseat with  
 Mammoliti. Cinquanta rides up front with Sgro.

SGRÒ  
 (sotto voce)  
 I'm starting to see why they don't  
 want their kid back. Maybe they'd  
 pay us to keep him, or kill him.

CINQUANTA

Don't blame the kid. You'd have done the same if you could have thought of it.

Mammoliti gazes out the rear window.

MAMMOLITI

A big fire like this? It draws attention. Inspectors. Bribes to be paid. We budget for contingencies, but nothing like this.

The farmhouse comes into view. The wooden shed is scorched but still standing. We pull up in front of it.

MAMMOLITI (CONT'D)

There are carrying costs. It's discipline, fiscal discipline. Either the family pays, or we must cut our losses.

INT. GAIL'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

The cops are all gone. Only their overflowing ashtrays and coffee cups remain. Gail and Chace have been up all night.

Chace sits at the table, tie askew, helping Ariadne, Gail's youngest, complete a word-search puzzle in a coloring book as her other son watches television.

ARIADNE

They always hide the words backwards.

GAIL

You don't have to do that.

CHACE

I enjoy it. It's about my speed.

GAIL

He's not going to call. Go home.

CHACE

I don't have a home. I have a hotel.

GAIL

(to Ariadne)

Come here, darling. I'll help you.

The girl sits beside Gail. She turns to another puzzle -- a maze -- as Chace reluctantly gathers his jacket to leave.

Gail watches, mesmerized with exhaustion, as the point of the pencil slowly winds its way through the maze. Then:

GAIL (CONT'D)

My God. How could I be so stupid.

Gail leaps up from her chair and RUNS through the living room, down the hallway and into

INT. BEDROOM -- MORNING

Gail throws open the closet, opening shoeboxes and flinging them aside. She reaches deep into the dark and finds it:

THE MINOTAUR statuette lies inside, swathed in Gail's scarf. She closes the box and runs back down the hallway, past Chace.

GAIL

Watch the kids.

CHACE

What am I supposed to feed them?

The door SLAMS behind her on the way out.

EXT. SOTHEBY'S ROME -- PALAZZO COLONNA -- DAY

Gail fixes her makeup in a vanity mirror as her cab pulls up outside the auction house. She pays the driver --

INT. SOTHEBY'S ROME -- DAY

-- and grips the shoebox in both hands as she waits. An APPRAISER in a bespoke suit greets her.

GAIL

I'm sorry to just show up like this.

APPRAISER

No, Ms Getty, it is we that are sorry to keep you waiting. *Prego.*

INT. APPRAISER'S OFFICE -- DAY

GAIL

This piece came from my former father-in-law's personal collection. It was a gift to his grandson. By his own estimate it was worth \$1.2 million, and that was years ago.

The Appraiser opens the box... and the statue is unveiled.

GAIL (CONT'D)

My situation is urgent. Please, if you can give me any idea as to its true value --

The Appraiser's expression is one of surprise and confusion.

APPRAISER

*Signora*, if we may have a moment  
alone to consult among ourselves.

Gail nods and exits. Through the glass, we see him argue  
*sotto voce* with his associate. They call her back inside.

APPRAISER (CONT'D)

Seven or eight, at most.

GAIL

(euphoric, relieved)  
Seven million -- !

APPRAISER

No, *Signora*. Seven dollars. This  
is *un gingillo*, a trinket of the  
type sold to tourists.

Gail's eyes narrow.

GAIL

J Paul Getty is the foremost collector  
in the world. Do you really imagine  
that you know more than he does?

APPRAISER

No, *Signora*, I do not. But I know  
what my eyes see.

GAIL

(trembling)  
We're a joke to you. All of you.  
Me and my kids. We were never good  
enough.  
(gathering her things)  
I'll get another appraisal. Thank  
you for your time.

APPRAISER

*Signora*. You might start at the  
National Museum.

INT. NATIONAL MUSEUM OF ROME -- DAY

Gail walks through the Museum gallery clutching her shoebox,  
showing the Minotaur to anyone who will listen. She finally  
corners a DOCENT, who points her down the hallway.

DOCENT

*Dritto, poi a sinistra.*

Gail hurries down the corridor, then turns into

INT. MUSEUM GIFT SHOP -- DAY

At first it seems a cruel joke. But then she sees it, beneath the cash register: AN ENTIRE BASKET OF MINOTAURS, dozens of them, and every one is identical to hers.

She kneels down before the wicker basket and reaches into it, touching them, hearing the chalky clink of the little idols as the other customers try not to stare. She quickly gathers up her shoebox and walks out.

EXT. NATIONAL MUSEUM OF ROME -- PLAZA -- DAY

She walks out into the plaza, exhausted and overcome. As she reaches the center of the Plaza, she becomes dizzy. Her steps falter, she hesitates... and then she collapses.

INT. BARN -- NIGHT

A WOODEN STUMP is placed before us. It is dark with dried blood. The doctor's instruments are laid out upon it.

Through the barn door we see Cinquanta pleading with Mammoliti through the Mercedes' rear window. The Mercedes drives away.

Cinquanta enters. He offers Paul a bottle of cheap brandy.

CINQUANTA

Drink. Fast as you can swallow.

PAUL

Tastes awful.

PAUL (CONT'D)

When they get it, they'll pay, right?  
And then it's over.

CINQUANTA

That's right. You'll be home soon.

PAUL

It's only an ear, right?

In the shadows, men are moving. A knife-glint in the dark.

CINQUANTA

Look into my eyes, Paolo, always.  
No matter what happens. Don't look  
at anything else but me.

PAUL

Make it quick. Tell them.

CINQUANTA

(to the Doctor)  
*Un taglio, rapidamente.*  
(MORE)

CINQUANTA (CONT'D)

(to Paul)  
Soon it's over.

PAUL

When I get home --

A HAND reaches into frame and shoves a rag into Paul's mouth. OTHER HANDS grab Paul by the arms as he struggles. The doctor grabs the boy's ear, pulls it taut --

DOCTOR

*Stabile! Tenerlo stabile!*

-- and begins to saw at it with a straight razor. Paul's eyes go wide with shock.

CINQUANTA

At me! Look at me, Paul! My eyes!

Paul's eyes are locked with Cinquanta's: they implore and accuse him. There is no blood; the ear is like rubber.

CINQUANTA (CONT'D)

*Maria santissima!*

The doctor struggles with the knife. Then, all at once, the blood comes, spilling down the boy's face.

CINQUANTA (CONT'D)

Paul -- !

Finally the ear comes free. They release Paul and he collapses, his blood spilling out across the floor, and we

BLACK OUT.

FADE IN ON:

A SMALL YELLOW PACKAGE

addressed to "La Stampa" newspaper is dumped out of a canvas postal worker's bag onto a conveyor belt.

INT. ROME POST OFFICE --DAY

We FOLLOW the little package as it drifts along on the tide of thousands of other letters and packages, passing through chutes and sorters, until it reaches another conveyor --

-- where it abruptly STOPS. The conveyor belt is turned off; the hum of machinery goes silent. The postal workers leave their stations. The lights are switched off...

...and the package sits there on the conveyor belt, waiting.



INT. GAIL'S APARTMENT -- KITCHEN -- DAY

Fletcher Chace is in Gail's kitchen, foraging through her refrigerator for sandwich fixings as her kids look on.

CHACE

Look at this. We've got *guanciale*,  
*pecorino moliterno*, *friggitello*,  
*scamorzina*, *Licini coppa*, *limonata*.  
Back home you'd be stuck with peanut  
butter and marshmallow fluff.

ARIADNE

I want marshmallow fluff.

Chace starts fixing the sandwiches.

CHACE

You're breaking my heart. I tell  
you what, I can get us some shipped  
from back home. I have connections.  
But don't tell your mother.

Chace brings the sandwiches over to the kitchen table, which is still burdened by the reel-to-reel tape recorder. He lifts it up and places it on the floor so they can eat.

CHACE (CONT'D)

More like it.

Chace and the kids eat the meal he has prepared. For a moment Chace seems slightly surprised to find himself here.

EXT. GAIL'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Gail collects the day's mail and the newspaper from the mailbox. From O.S. we hear the sound of a camera CLICKING. Gail looks up to see a weedy PAPARAZZO snapping pictures.

GAIL

Lens cap.

The Paparazzo removes his lens cap, embarrassed. He tries to get a reaction from her, calling out questions:

PAPARAZZO

Is your son dead, Signora? It's  
four months now. Surely he is dead.

GAIL

No.

PAPARAZZO

How do you know?

Gail doesn't answer. The Paparazzo grows frustrated.

PAPARAZZO (CONT'D)

We wait out here months. You don't pay the money. You don't cry. You don't care if your own son dies.

(off her look)

I have to earn a living.

GAIL

Money's the best excuse there is.

He shoves his cigarette in his mouth and climbs back onto his scooter, rewinding his film as he goes, then speeds away. Chace stands in the doorway behind Gail.

GAIL (CONT'D)

I'm pretty sure that was the last of them. They've all given up now.

CHACE

Not everyone.

A cold wind. She gathers her sweater around herself.

GAIL

I wonder if it's cold where they're keeping him.

CHACE

He's a tough kid.

GAIL

You've never even met him.

CHACE

It's what I'm banking on.

(a beat)

Look, I'm going to ask you a question, and you're going to tell me it's none of my business. But I have to ask. Who is Luigi Della Ratta?

GAIL

You're resourceful enough to find that out on your own.

CHACE

To you, I mean.

GAIL

Lou was company when I needed company. You know?

CHACE

It's all I've ever known.

Out in the street, some neighborhood kids are playing soccer. Cars zoom by at high speed, and the kids just play through.

CHACE (CONT'D)  
Hey, kid, *attento!* Out of the street!

The kids ignore him. Gail watches them.

GAIL  
From the day you bring them home from the hospital, the world is full of dangers that were never there before. A penny lying on the floor. A lamp with a frayed electrical cable. A driver crosses the dividing line on the highway for an instant and all the light goes out of the world forever.

CHACE  
Hostages to fortune.  
(off her look)  
It's one of those things the old man used to say when he wanted to come off all sage and profound.

GAIL  
I've heard him say it too. I don't think he had any idea what it meant.

Gail turns and heads back inside, leaving Chace alone.

CHACE  
Until now I don't think I had any idea myself.

INT. ROME POST OFFICE --DAY

THE SMALL YELLOW PACKAGE lies on the conveyor belt in the darkened Rome Post Office. The overhead fluorescents flicker on, workers return to their stations --

-- and the conveyor belt comes to life. The little package is borne up once again on the tide of letters and packages.

INT. "IL MESSAGGERO" NEWSPAPER -- NEWSROOM -- DAY

We ride with the package atop a MAIL CART as it travels through the bustling newsroom. It lands on a desk outside a corner office with a placard that reads UFFICIO EDITORE.

The Editor's SECRETARY slices open the package. She removes its plastic-wrapped contents. *What is this?*

She looks inside the package again. No letter, no note. She shakes the yellow envelope and something falls out --

A POLAROID PHOTO. She examines the Polaroid in one hand, then looks at the plastic-wrapped object in the other...

...and SCREAMS.

EXT. GAIL'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Gail Getty opens the front door to her apartment. Once again, the street is teeming with reporters and *paparazzi*, all shouting for her attention.

INT. "IL MESSAGGERO" NEWSPAPER -- NEWSROOM -- DAY

We FOLLOW Gail and Chace through the newsroom, where the secretary's desk has been taped off by the *Squadra Mobile*.

DEL ROVERE

Signora, it would be entirely understandable if you feel you cannot make the identification --

GAIL

I have to see it. Just show it to me.

Del Rovere nods to one of the uniformed police. Using a pair of tweezers, he pulls back the plastic wrapping --

-- to REVEAL a small piece of flesh in the shape of a question mark. Beside it a lock of auburn hair.

The Polaroid lies face-down next to it. The policeman flips it over: it's Paul. Where his ear once was there is a fresh wound. Gail inhales sharply and touches her ear.

GAIL (CONT'D)

That's him.

Gail gazes at the Polaroid as the Police bundle the evidence. Il Messaggero's mustached EDITOR appears at Gail's side.

EDITOR

This must be a terrible strain.

GAIL

He's alive.

EDITOR

Come, rest in my office, it's quiet.

INT. EDITOR'S OFFICE -- "IL MESSAGGERO" NEWSPAPER -- DAY

Gail sits down on the sofa. Chace hangs back in the doorway. The Secretary places a cup of coffee and cake before her.

GAIL

Thank you, but I'm not hungry.

EDITOR

You must eat, Ms Getty. It will raise your spirits.

Gail looks around. There are several editors in the room.

GAIL

I just need a moment to myself.

EDITOR

I'm afraid time is of the essence.

GAIL

Why? Do you know something?

PHOTO EDITOR

We would like to publish it, Ms. Getty. The photograph. Of the ear.  
(off her look)

It's news. And we are a newspaper. The ear came to us. It frightened our secretary terribly.

SECRETARY

It's true.

GAIL

It's *my son's ear*. It's his. Ours.

EDITOR

We want to offer some compensation.

GAIL

I don't want to sell you pictures of my son's ear.

EDITOR

Your son is being held for ransom. You claim not to have any money. We may be able to make a negotiation.

CHACE

How much money are you offering?

EDITOR

Fifty thousand American dollars.

GAIL

It's not enough.

EDITOR

In the eyes of the law, we own the photograph already.

CHACE

Go to hell.

EDITOR

*Va bene.* We will leave you alone  
now if you like. Enjoy the coffee.

The editorial staff files out. Then:

GAIL

Pay me in newspapers.  
(off his look)  
I want my son's ear on the cover of  
your newspaper.

EDITOR

We wouldn't have it any other way.

GAIL

But I don't want money. I want a  
thousand copies of your newspaper.

EDITOR

And where would you like these  
thousand newspapers sent?

CUT TO:

A PALLET OF TABLOID NEWSPAPERS

On every cover, the Polaroid image of the earless Paul Getty.  
The pallet is RAISED on a forklift --

EXT. SUTTON PLACE -- FRONT GATES -- DAY

-- and DROPPED in front of the iron gates. The forklift  
lumbers off, leaving the newspapers fluttering in the wind.

GETTY (O.S.)

There at the gate. What's that?

The gates GROAN OPEN. Bullimore the butler steps outside.  
He pulls a copy of the newspaper from the pile and blanches.

Getty stands on the front steps of the house. Bullimore  
dutifully folds the newspaper and brings it to him.

GETTY (CONT'D)

It's Paul. What's happened to his --

Then he realizes what he's looking at. Getty stands  
unsteadily on the steps. He HURLS the newspaper away from  
him. It comes apart in the wind.

It becomes a swarm of paper, a swirling flock. They blow  
back upon him. Getty swings his arm to bat them away, then  
covers his face lest they peck out his eyes.

Getty turns and walks back up the great steps of his castle as the tabloid pages swirl at his feet. Bullimore remains on the steps to clean up what Getty has left in his wake.

INT. BARN -- DAY

Paul Getty lies on his cot, pale and motionless, as Cinquanta cradles his bandaged head.

CINQUANTA (V.O.)

Paul is dying. He's lost so much blood.

INT. GAIL'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

The tape recorder rolls as Gail leans against the wall of her kitchen with the phone in her hand.

CINQUANTA (O.S.)

They wanted to take the foot and I convinced them to take the ear. But the foot is coming next. I hear them talking. I beg you, get the money.

GAIL

Tell us where you are. We'll make a deal in exchange for your cooperation.

CINQUANTA (O.S.)

(laughs)  
The police?

GAIL

We can get you out of Italy.

CINQUANTA (O.S.)

You don't understand. I can never talk to the police. It's *onore*. It's forbidden. Even if this was my own child.

GAIL (O.S.)

There must be something you can do.

CINQUANTA

What about you, Signora? I've risked my throat for your son. What have you given for him? Don't tell me you don't have the money. What have you done?

GAIL

I --

The line goes dead.

INT. PHONE BOOTH -- TOWN SQUARE -- NIGHT

Cinquanta holds the dead receiver. As he searches the coin slot for change, he sees a man in the square watching him. He hangs up, walks out of the phone booth, and steals away.

INT. GAIL'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Gail places the receiver back in the cradle. Then it RINGS. She picks it up again.

HINGE (O.S.)  
Ms. Getty? This is Oswald Hinge in  
Los Angeles. I'm sure you don't  
remember me.

GAIL  
I haven't forgotten a thing.

INT. GETTY OIL COMPANY -- OFFICE -- DAY

Getty's attorney sits overlooking the smog of Los Angeles.

HINGE  
I'm calling on behalf of Mr. Getty.  
Not your former husband --

GAIL (O.S.)  
The old one with the money.

HINGE (O.S.)  
That's the one.

GAIL  
What can I do for you, Mr. Hinge?

HINGE (O.S.)  
Mr. Getty has decided to pay Paul's  
ransom.

INT. GAIL'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Gail's eyes widen; she has to take a breath. Suddenly everything's changed.

GAIL  
That's -- Thank you, Mr. Hinge.

HINGE (O.S.)  
Thank him. I am but a messenger.

GAIL  
I would if he'd let me.



HINGE

You'll get your chance. We'll need you to come to Los Angeles for discussions.

Gail's euphoria fades ever so slightly.

GAIL

What is there to discuss?

EXT. LOS ANGELES -- OVERHEAD -- DAY

Gail gazes through the porthole window at the grid of dirty streets that extends unto the horizon.

STEWARDESS (O.S.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, we are now beginning our final descent.

The plane touches down with that abrupt SCREECH --

INT. GETTY OIL COMPANY, LOS ANGELES -- DAY

Gail walks down a corridor, flanked by Fletcher Chace and Giovanni Iacovoni, her attorney. We round a corner and enter --

INT. BOARD ROOM -- DAY

Getty sits at the head of the table, as he did years before. He seems weaker following his experience on the steps of his mansion. To his left sits Oswald Hinge, and to his right --

GAIL

Paul?

-- sits Gail's ex-husband, John Paul II. He is almost unrecognizable: gaunt, feeble, attended by a professional caregiver, a lost junkie in a borrowed suit.

GAIL (CONT'D)

Is that you, Paul?

Her ex-husband utters a listless grunt. At the head of the table, the old man turns his lidded gaze to Fletcher Chace.

GETTY

Mr. Chace -- ?

Chace walks to Getty's end of the table, where he takes his place by his employer. Gail is taken aback, betrayed.

GETTY (CONT'D)

You'll be happy to know there are some new developments that will enable us to finally help our little Paul.

GAIL

I'm glad to hear that.

GETTY

My tax attorneys have discovered that while ransom payments are not deductible under the tax code, I can write off the interest if I loan the ransom money to my son.

GAIL

You've discovered that you can take my son's kidnapping as a tax deduction.

(covering)

I'm glad. I'm happy it works out financially for you.

HINGE

I think we can all agree that the most important thing is getting Paul home safely. And soon.

GAIL

Soon, yes, as soon as we can, please.

GETTY

The loan documents are ready, and the funds are ready to be transferred.

GAIL

Paul will be so grateful to his grandpa when he gets home. He loves you more than you know.

GETTY

And I love him.

HINGE

There's just the matter of the side letter.

A lawyer slides a document across the table toward us.

HINGE (CONT'D)

In exchange for Mr. Getty's making the loan, you agree to sign over full custody of all of your children, including Paul, to your ex-husband.

GAIL

Sign over -- ?

HINGE

There is no provision for visitation.

(MORE)

HINGE (CONT'D)  
All parental rights reside with Mr.  
Getty.

Gail turns to her ex-husband.

GAIL  
Are you part of this?

John Paul II doesn't answer: he stares vacantly into space.

GAIL (CONT'D)  
(to Iacovoni)  
They can't do this, can they?

GETTY  
My legal team is the best there is.  
If it wouldn't stand up in court  
they wouldn't have written it.  
(a beat)  
Take your time. Sleep on it. Have  
your attorney read it over.

GAIL  
I don't have time to sleep on it.  
My child is being held prisoner.

GETTY  
There is that.

GAIL  
I let you have the money back then.  
I didn't ask for anything but my  
kids. You just can't bear to leave  
anything on the table, can you?

Getty doesn't answer.

CHACE  
Gail --

GAIL  
Give it to me.

An attorney slides the document toward her, along with an ornate gold pen. There's a blank line for her signature. She stares at the pen in her hand as if in a trance:

GAIL (CONT'D)  
This is a beautiful pen.

GETTY  
The best.

And then, with a single stroke, Gail signs her children away.

INT. GETTY OIL COMPANY -- DAY

Gail makes her way back to the elevators, trailed by Chace.

CHACE

Gail, I swear I had no idea.

GAIL

Call Inspector Del Rovere. Tell him to set up the cash exchange through Cinquanta.

CHACE

I never dreamed he'd pull this.

Gail steps into the elevator.

GAIL

It's time for you to do whatever it is he pays you to do. Let's hope you're half as good as everything else he's bought.

The doors close and Gail is gone.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Gail and Chace sit on the twin beds on either side of the phone, waiting for it to ring.

CHACE

Look, Gail --

GAIL

You don't need to explain. You don't work for me, or Paul. You work for Getty. I guess I forgot that.

CHACE

Yeah. I forgot it too.

IACOVONI (O.S.)

We have a problem.

Giovanni Iacovoni has set up a makeshift office at a table by the window. He rises and approaches them, agitated.

IACOVONI (CONT'D)

The contract you signed. The language of the document. It's hidden.

(a beat)

Getty has agreed to loan his son the ransom *up to the amount that is tax deductible.*

GAIL

No.

The phone starts RINGING.

IACOVONI

So I investigate. Under US tax code,  
only the first million is deductible.  
That's all they wired to us.

GAIL

What is the ransom down to?

CHACE

Four. Down from seventeen.

GAIL

We don't have four. We have one.

A series of clicks as, back in Rome, the Italian Police set  
up the phone connection:

SQUADRA MOBILE (O.S.)

*Momento per favore.*

Then Cinquanta comes on the line:

CINQUANTA (O.S.)

*Meno male.* It's almost over.

GAIL

What is Paul's condition?

CINQUANTA (O.S.)

He's not so good, but we can keep  
him alive a few days, long enough to  
make the exchange.

GAIL

We may not have all of it.

CINQUANTA (O.S.)

All of what?

GAIL

We only have a million.

INT. PHONE BOOTH, REGGIO, CALABRIA -- INTERCUT -- NIGHT

CINQUANTA

The number is four.

CHACE (O.S.)

One is the new number.

CINQUANTA

One is one quarter of the ransom.  
For this they'll send one-quarter of  
your son. Tell me, which quarter do  
you want?

Cinquanta pounds on the phone with his fist in frustration.

CINQUANTA (CONT'D)

You greedy *animali*. You're the worst  
criminals of all.

CHACE

I guess that makes you the victim,  
right? Tell me, did you hold the  
kid down so they could cut off his  
ear?

CINQUANTA

I did, yes.

(a beat)

Listen to me. I'm out now. I don't  
have any money to make from this  
anymore. But I don't want Paul to  
die. You have to go back and get  
Getty to pay --

GAIL

He can only pay for what he hasn't  
got. It's his sickness. He has to  
get something for his money and I  
have nothing left to give.

CINQUANTA

I'm begging you, Signora.

GAIL

You're begging *me*?

CINQUANTA

I don't want it to end like this.  
They expect the money in 48 hours.  
They won't believe you when you say  
you don't have it. If they don't  
get every lira they'll kill him.

GAIL

You have to get me some time here.  
I'm fighting an empire.

CINQUANTA

You think you're the only one.

Cinquanta hangs up the phone and vanishes into the dark.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY -- MALIBU -- NIGHT

Chace drives along the winding highway. Gail sits in the passenger seat, gazing at the churning sea outside her window.

CHACE

This is it. He's building some sort of mansion out here on the ocean.

Chace pulls into a gated drive. They step out of the car and approach the gates. Gail presses the buzzer by the gate.

GAIL

I need to speak to him.

She buzzes again and gets no reply.

CHACE

We can't stay here. They'll call the police.

GAIL

Let them.

CHACE

We have the million.

GAIL

For a million they'll kill him. They won't believe me when I say I don't have the rest of the money. Nobody believes me.

CHACE

There were never any guarantees.

GAIL

Don't do that. It won't make it any easier when the time comes.

CHACE

We knew what we were up against.

GAIL

Then why. Any of this.

CHACE

For me? A chance to ingratiate myself with the old man, so I could make myself into a cheap imitation of what he is. For you, I don't know.

GAIL

A reason to live.

CHACE

The money would have bought a chance,  
maybe a window of opportunity to  
grab him. Maybe not even that.

GAIL

The money, the money. I can't bear  
to hear about the money anymore.

She leans her head against the iron bars, her back to him.

GAIL (CONT'D)

This thing that's made beggars of  
us, rats in a maze, grubbing out our  
lives for -- what? Ink in some  
ledger. We'll kill and die for it,  
and none of it is real.

Chace reaches out his hand to touch her. But then she turns.

GAIL (CONT'D)

Everybody thinks I have the money.  
Nobody believes me when I say I don't.  
Why am I arguing with them?

Chace doesn't understand.

GAIL (CONT'D)

Everybody thinks I have the money.  
The newspapers, the kidnapers --  
they all think I'm rich. Do you  
know what they call that?

(a beat)

Credit.

(a beat)

We announce that I have the ransom  
money. All four million. We make  
the exchange. You get your window.

CHACE

What happens when they find out the  
money's not all there?

GAIL

By that time, we either have Paul or  
we don't.

CHACE

Now you're thinking like a Getty.

POLICE CARS pull up on Pacific Coast Highway behind them.

GAIL

The cops do come running when you're  
a billionaire.



MALIBU POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)  
You're trespassing on Getty property.

GAIL  
We were just leaving, officer. We  
don't need him anymore.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HILTON HOTEL -- CORRIDOR -- DAY

Gail Getty applies lipstick in a compact mirror. She wears  
a designer dress, makeup, jewelry: she looks like Grace Kelly.

GAIL  
I'm saving the receipts so I can  
return it all to Dior tomorrow.

IACOVONI  
*Più bella.* In all my life have never  
seen a woman so lovely.

This isn't the effect she was after.

CHACE  
You look rich. Beautifully rich.

GAIL  
That's more like it.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL -- POOL TERRACE -- DAY

Gail steps onto the terrace, where two dozen reporters and  
photographers await. She steps before the microphones.

GAIL  
Following a long and difficult  
negotiation with my son's kidnappers --

INT. GETTY MANSION -- DAY

In his sun-streamed living room, J Paul Getty watches  
television as Bullimore hovers nearby.

GAIL (O.S.)  
-- I have decided to meet their  
demands and pay the ransom in full.

Getty's eyes widen.

GETTY  
"I" have decided to pay? What is  
this? In full?

Getty turns around in his chair.

GETTY (CONT'D)  
Get me Fletcher Chace.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY -- DAY

Traffic. Fletcher Chace swelters in his rented car. He checks the gas gauge -- the needle's bobbing on "E".

There's a gas station up ahead. The cars are lined up seven-deep at the pump. Chace pulls into the gas line and waits.

A GAS-STATION ATTENDANT walks outside with a placard. Drivers climb out of their cars and start JEERING at the attendant.

Curious, Chace climbs out and watches as the attendant places the sign on the pump: NO GAS. Chace smiles ruefully.

CHACE

Priceless.

He climbs back in and pulls back onto the highway.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY -- DAY

The car has stalled out by the roadside. Chace folds his sportcoat over his arm and puts out a thumb to hitch a ride.

EXT. GETTY ESTATE -- FRONT GATE -- DAY

A GARDENER's old pickup truck pulls up and Chace climbs out.

CHACE

Gracias, señor. Muchas!

The pickup truck drives away. The great gates open before us. Chace walks up the deeply sloping driveway, his shirt damp with sweat. Finally, he reaches the crest of the hill --  
-- and stops.

CHACE (CONT'D)

I'll be damned.

EXT. GETTY VILLA, MALIBU -- DAY

Here, on this hill, J Paul Getty supervises the construction of a precise replica of Hadrian's Villa, complete with reflecting pool and Roman statuary.

GETTY

Chace. You're looking damp. What happened to you?

CHACE

Car-pooling.

GETTY

It'll never catch on.

Chace stands marveling at the sprawling Villa.

GETTY (CONT'D)

It's an exact replica of my Imperial Villa, down to the last detail, but with flush toilets. The mountain may not have come to Mohammed, but it sure as hell came to me.

Getty's Secretary approaches.

SECRETARY

West Texas Intermediate, sir.

Getty glances at the ticker tape.

CHACE

What does it feel like, reading that slip of paper?

GETTY

Vertigo. For a moment, money loses all meaning and becomes as plentiful as air. Like... flight. But then it passes.

Getty folds the paper and slips it into his pocket.

GETTY (CONT'D)

What's all this I see on TV with Gail? Paying the ransom in full? We both know she doesn't have it.

CHACE

The lady's made other arrangements.

GETTY

She doesn't have the money. What's going on? Come on, where'd she get it? Is she fucking somebody?

Chace stares at the old man.

CHACE

I think I'm finally beginning to understand what makes you tick.

GETTY

You couldn't begin to. Now spill it. What's going on? What's her game?

Chace begins to walk away.

GETTY (CONT'D)

Don't forget, Chace. I have a contract. And I'll enforce it.

CHACE

I don't think so.

GETTY

Why not?

CHACE

Because whatever personal security you presently enjoy comes from me. Those Alsatians limping around the pool? My people trained them. Your security system? My people installed it. Your bodyguards? Uh-huh. You're protected from every threat imaginable, unless that threat happens to be me.

GETTY

I suppose this is your way of submitting your resignation.

CHACE

"Men of risk." Isn't that what you called us? "I risk my money, you risk your life."

(laughs)

You and me -- we never risked a thing in our lives. We never took the chances ordinary people take. That's why we are what we are now.

Chace turns to go. Getty grabs his arm.

GETTY

Those children are my blood, Chace. They were mine. And she took them. I was left with nothing.

The old man's eyes brim with tears. Chace stares at him, and beyond him, at the palace filled with treasures.

CHACE

Now you know.

Chace walks away, down the hill, leaving Getty behind. As he walks through the great iron gates, a cool spray from the Pacific shimmers through the trees.

Chace walks down to the end of the driveway, puts on his sunglasses, and holds out his thumb to hitch a ride.

EXT. ROME STREETS -- OVERHEAD -- DAY

We FLY OVER the same streets of Rome where the movie began.

INT. ROME FIUMICINO AIRPORT -- BOARDING GATE -- DAY

Chace emerges from the terminal. Iacovoni is waiting there for him; he falls into step beside Chace as they exit.

IACOVONI

The money came through. We were on the phone, and my secretary begins to shout the bank wire came through.

(a beat)

It was the full ransom. \$3.3 million at today's exchange rate. \$1.6 billion in lira.

Chace misses a step, surprised.

IACOVONI (CONT'D)

What did you say to him?

CHACE

I couldn't even tell you.

INT. BANCO COMMERCIALE DI ROMA -- MONTAGE -- DAY

Nearly a dozen female BANK EMPLOYEES count out and bundle huge piles of lira notes at a great counting table.

CINQUANTA (V.O.)

The money must be in used lira notes, small denomination only, no marking.

A PHOTOCOPIER flashes as each note is photographed. The money is a 201-pound mountain. It is packed into three huge canvas MAIL BAGS and loaded onto a rolling pallet.

EXT. ROME STREETS -- MORNING

The streets of Rome are COMPLETELY, EERILY EMPTY. No cars.

CINQUANTA (V.O.)

Because of the fuel crisis rationing measures, no cars will be allowed on the roads on Sunday.

Chace fills up a 10-liter can of gasoline at a gas station. He counts out a stack of lira notes for the owner.

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

This way the *autostrada* will be empty. They will know if Gail is followed.

CHACE

I'll make the exchange on my own.

INT. GAIL'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Chace is on the phone, with Gail, Del Rovere, Corvo, and a surveillance officer in the BG.

CINQUANTA (O.S.)

Signora Getty only.

CHACE

She's not going.

GAIL

I can do it. I'm doing it.

DEL ROVERE

Signora, be reasonable.

EXT. GAIL'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

With dozens of *paparazzi* outside her building, Gail ascends the stairwell to the rooftop, crosses to another building, and descends to a car at street level on an adjacent block.

CHACE (V.O.)

She'll be in a car with millions of dollars. The whole world knows what she looks like. She could be robbed on the highway.

CINQUANTA (V.O.)

That's your problem.

CHACE (V.O.)

Then we both go. Non-negotiable.

EXT. ROME AUTOSTRADA -- TOLL GATE -- DAY

Gail drives, with Chace in the passenger seat. The trunk of the vehicle is weighed down by the money.

CINQUANTA (V.O.)

Driving a Fiat 123 with two suitcases tied to the roof, exit the *autostrada* toll gate at 9AM and drive south at exactly 80 kilometers an hour.

Their car slowly makes its way on the vast, empty *autostrada*.

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

Don't stop for food, gas, toilet, nothing. Remember they are watching.

As they drive they glimpse isolated FIGURES standing at the edge of the highway: SENTRIES posted by the *N'dragheta*.

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

A handful of gravel will strike your windshield. This will be their sign.

They enter the mountains; a FOG shrouds everything.

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

Obey these rules or they will take his other ear, his eyes, a hand.

A FISTFUL OF GRAVEL peppers their windshield. Chace cranes his neck to see who threw it and glimpses a figure by the roadside darting back into the trees.

Gail pulls over. The highway is empty. It's unclear what they should do next. Then Gail sees him:

A YOUNG BOY

standing by the roadside, shadowed in the mist a hundred yards away. Gail runs toward him...

GAIL

Paul -- !

...but then she slows. The boy is not Paul. It's a 12-year-old mafia wannabe smoking a cigarette, waiting. A messenger.

ROADSIDE KID

*Lasciare i soldi.* Leave the money.  
Drive on to the gas station and wait  
for our call while we count it.

The kid turns and vanishes into the forest.

CUT TO:

THE BAGS OF MONEY by the side of the road. As Chace drives away we glimpse the shadows of men emerging from the forest --

-- then CUT TO an AERIAL VIEW of the scene as viewed from a POLICE SURVEILLANCE AIRPLANE high above. In an instant, the mail bags are whisked away into the forest.

EXT. AGIP GAS STATION -- DAY

Closed. A cardboard sign on the pump reads "NIENTE BENZINA -- NO GAS." Gail pulls up in front of a battered pay phone.

INT. COUNTING ROOM -- DAY

The mail bags are unzipped. The bricks of lira are broken down and counted by hand, all under Saverio Mammoliti's eye.

We recognize the woman from Mammoliti's factory among them.

INT. DELIVERY TRUCK -- DAY

Paul Getty rides in back, along with Cinquanta and Sgro. He is dressed in brand-new clothes. Cinquanta brushes him off.

CINQUANTA

That's better. You can't go home to your mother looking like a *sciattono*.

SGRÒ

I still say we should have cut his tongue out, just to be safe.

The truck stops. Cinquanta pulls a ski mask over the boy's head backwards, so as to blindfold him.

SGRÒ (CONT'D)

Walk twenty paces, then stop and wait. We're watching. Take the mask off and we'll kill you.

EXT. AUTOSTRADA -- DRAIN PIPE -- DAY

The truck's rear doors open next to a concrete drain pipe. As Cinquanta helps Paul out of the truck he whispers:

CINQUANTA

*Bona fortuna, Paolo.*

PAUL

You too.

The boy starts walking blindly along the highway. The doors close and the truck drives away, leaving Paul behind.

EXT. AGIP GAS STATION -- DAY

The phone RINGS. Gail picks up. Chace starts the car.

CINQUANTA (O.S.)

Three kilometers down the autostrada is a drain pipe. Paul waits there for you. Get him out of Italy as fast as you can, I beg you.

EXT. AUTOSTRADA -- DRAIN PIPE -- DAY

The truck is gone. Paul waits a moment, then pulls off the mask. There's no one around. There's a town in the distance.

AERIAL VIEW: CARABINERI POLICE CARS have begun to converge on the scene from nearby villages. SEARCH TEAMS with dogs comb the forest. They are encircling the area.



INT. COUNTING ROOM -- EVENING

The money is stacked, bundled, zipped into the mailbags, and loaded onto a truck. Saverio Mammoliti hands out envelopes of cash to each of his employees, including Cinquanta.

CINQUANTA  
*Grazie, Signore.*

In the distance, we hear DOGS BARKING. Mammoliti stops:

MAMMOLITI  
*Cane. Molti. Polizia. Tradimento.*

Mammoliti climbs into his waiting Mercedes. To his men:

MAMMOLITI (CONT'D)  
*Tornare indietro e prendere il ragazzo.*  
(subtitled)  
Go back and get the boy.

EXT. AUTOSTRADA -- DRAIN PIPE -- EVENING

The boy is gone. Gail is still, silent, frightened.

CHACE  
Footprints.

GAIL  
He's not here, Chace.

CHACE  
They made the drop.

Chace frantically searches the snow on the hillside.

CHACE (CONT'D)  
Paul's a smart kid. What would you do? You wouldn't wait here for them to change their minds.

Then he finds it, tossed into the drain pipe: the ski mask.

CHACE (CONT'D)  
He ran.

Chace looks down the highway, until he sees it on a nearby hilltop: the medieval-looking village of LAGONEGRO.

CUT TO:

INT. GETTY MANSION -- MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

J Paul Getty wakes from his slumber with a start.

GETTY

Who's there?

Getty is in a bedroom decorated in the ancient Roman style. A great log fire burns in the fireplace.

Getty sits up in bed; the room is unfamiliar to him. There's a strangeness to his surroundings, as if the old man has come unmoored, "2001"-like, in time.

One side of Getty's face has gone completely slack: he's obviously suffered a stroke in the night. He steps into his slippers and shuffles along the marble floors in his pajamas --

INT. GETTY MANSION -- NIGHT

-- into a granite corridor peopled by stone figures from another age. He has no idea where he is.

CUT TO:

PAUL GETTY

as he runs into the eerie, cobblestoned village of Lagonegro. We can hear the DOGS BARKING in the distance: the police cordon has encircled the village and is drawing closer.

INT. BARBER SHOP -- EVENING

Paul wanders into the shop, his head covered in bandages.

PAUL

Please let me in. *Rifugio, prego.*  
They're after me.

The Barber slowly pushes Paul backwards, out of his shop.

BARBER

*Non posso coinvolto.* I can't get involved.

PAUL

My name is Paul Getty. I was kidnapped.

BARBER

I know who you are.

The Barber locks the front door and pulls down the blind.

THE N'DRAGHETA

stalk through the street in their black suits, four abreast. Cinquanta trails along. The villagers avoid eye contact.

GAIL GETTY

hurries through twilight streets, calling Paul's name.

GAIL

*Scusi.* Have you seen a teenage boy,  
curly hair, American --

The VILLAGERS turn away from her and hurry into their homes.

PAUL GETTY

knocks on front doors, one after another. The people inside draw their curtains shut.

PAUL

*Rifugio, Prego!* Let me in, please!

FLETCHER CHACE

walks on the opposite side of the square from Gail, casting quick glances down hushed, narrow alleyways.

He makes eye contact with one of the *N'Dragheta*. A look passes between them.

Chace hurries on. He dares not call out Paul's name. He pats himself down, searching for a gun that isn't there. He kicks a loose cobblestone and picks it up.

THE CARABINERI

move through the streets, conducting a house-to-house search.

PAUL GETTY

rounds a corner, glimpses the *Carabinieri*, and backs away fearfully. He ducks down a narrow street.

CHACE (O.S.)

Paul.

Paul turns: Fletcher Chace stands at the end of the street.

CHACE (CONT'D)

I'm here to take you home.

At that moment, Paul is grabbed from behind by the *N'dragheta*. The *N'dragheta* drags him backwards, round the corner --

-- and there's a THUD of skull on stone. The *N'dragheta* goes down, and we REVEAL Cinquanta standing behind him, having struck him with a cobblestone.

Chace steps forward and brings his own stone down on the *N'dragheta*. They kick him until he stops moving. They stand together over the body. Chace looks at Cinquanta.

CHACE (CONT'D)

It's you.

CINQUANTA

What are you looking at? Go.

Chace drops his stone, turns, and sees Gail in the alley: she's witnessed everything. She grabs Paul by the arm and hurries him to their car. Chace starts the Fiat --

-- and they drive away, out of the village. Already, the Carabinieri are apprehending the N'dragheta. A Carabinieri sees Chace's car coming and calls out:

CARABINERI

*Arresto! Attenzione!*

But he blows right by. The car descends the mountain and vanishes into the mists of the valley and beyond, to Rome.

INT. GETTY MANSION -- NIGHT

Getty wanders the halls of his mansion, his gait unsteady. Marble emperors gaze down at him with their lightless eyes.

Getty shuffles on, until he finds his prized painting -- Albrecht Dürer's "Madonna and Child in a Window." He reaches and takes it from the wall --

-- and the silent alarm goes off. The doors at either end of the hallway SLAM SHUT, and the power cuts out.

DARKNESS. The corridor is illuminated by the flames from the fireplace. The shadows of dead emperors dance along the walls.

EXT. FIAT 123 -- AUTOSTRADA -- NIGHT

The Fiat makes its way back to Rome along the serpentine highway, its headlights blazing.

Chace drives; Gail and Paul sit in the back seat, silent and apart, still recovering from what they've just endured.

We see the LIGHTS of Rome in the distance. But then we realize that the lights are from TV cameras.

The Italian press has paid off the people at the toll gates. They've formed a gauntlet of TV and still cameras to force the car to stop so they can get a photograph of Paul.

Instead, Chace hits the gas and blows through the toll gate. The *paparazzi* are forced to scramble and chase them.

INT. GETTY MANSION -- NIGHT

Getty sits down before the fire. For the first time we get a good look at the painting: a mother and her child. A golden crown floats suspended above the mother's head.

PAUL (V.O.)  
A Getty is special.

A tear rolls down Getty's melted cheek. The painting falls from his hand and CLATTERS to the floor.

INT. FIAT 123 -- AUTOSTRADA -- NIGHT

As the Coliseum of Rome comes into view, Paul breaks down. Gail reaches for him and the boy crumbles into her arms.

PAUL (V.O.)  
A Getty has a destiny.

The *paparazzi* on their scooters catch up with the car. Chace looks into the rearview mirror: for the first and only time in the movie, Gail is in tears.

PAUL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
We aren't like you.

Chace flips the mirror down, giving Gail and Paul their solitude, then puts the pedal down and leaves the reporters in the dust.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
But we were once.

EXT. QUESTURA POLICIA DI STATO (POLICE HEADQUARTERS) -- NIGHT

Paul, Gail and Chace ascend the steps of the *Questura*, surrounded by clamoring reporters.

PAUL (V.O.)  
But I had an idea that maybe we could be again, me and my dad and my grandfather, if only we could get back to our own world where the force of gravity wasn't so strong. We could be together, like we used to.

INT. GAIL'S APARTMENT -- PAUL'S ROOM -- NIGHT

A *Squadra Mobile* officer reaches under Paul's bed and finds a young boy's suitcase. He zips it open --

PAUL (V.O.)  
It was just an idea I had, a joke I told my friends: what if we gave it all away?

-- and inside are hundreds of letters, all addressed to J Paul Getty and pleading for money. Paul saved them all, rather than sending them Getty's response.

INT. QUESTURA POLICIA -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT

Paul makes his official testimony to Del Rovere.

PAUL (V.O.)

I guess somebody must have overheard me. And once it was out there I couldn't stop it. It wasn't a plan or anything. It was just a wish. A stupid kid's dream. Now I know nothing like that could never happen. I'm not a kid anymore.

And with that, the tape recorder STOPS.

BLACK OUT

FADE IN:

INT. GETTY OIL COMPANY, LOS ANGELES -- DAY

Gail waits in the lobby of Getty Oil.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Ma'am? They'll see you now.

INT. BOARD ROOM -- DAY

Gail enters the same board room. Oswald Hinge and the other attorneys are there; they all rise, smiling as Gail enters.

The only empty chair is that of J Paul Getty himself.

HINGE

Ms Getty, we offer our sincerest condolences.

GAIL

For what?

She looks at the empty chair.

GAIL (CONT'D)

Oh. You're very thoughtful.

HINGE

Please, sit. Mr Getty's death has created a bit of a crisis here. You see, Mr. Getty never groomed a successor. Or rather he tried to --

GAIL

But he destroyed them all.  
 (off his look)  
 I don't think he planned on dying.  
 He thought that was negotiable, too.

HINGE

Yes, well. As a result, the Getty estate has become a family fortune in search of a family.

TAX ATTORNEY

You see, the estate was structured as a charitable family trust.

GAIL

Did he ever give any money to charity?

HINGE

No. The trust enabled Mr. Getty to build his fortune without paying taxes. The problem is, the trust has rules. It throws off interest. The interest must be spent. It's a staggering amount of money.

GAIL

What do you want from me?

HINGE

How do I put this. The King is dead, and the throne is vacant. Someone has to take his place.

GAIL

That money destroyed my family.

HINGE

So you don't want it.

We HOLD on Gail. Then:

GAIL

No. Give it to me.

The other attorney slides a stack of documents toward her. Atop the stack is the beautiful gold fountain pen that she used to sign her children away.

She twists off the cap. The nib is as sharp as a knife. She sets it down and signs on the dotted line.

EXT. GETTY VILLA, MALIBU -- DAY

The iron gates open before us, and a CROWD enters the grounds. They wear sneakers, jeans, t-shirts.

They snap pictures with Instamatic cameras and carry cans of soda.

Fletcher Chace is among them, his suit freshly pressed.

INT. GETTY VILLA -- MAIN OFFICE LOBBY -- DAY

Chace sits in a lobby chair, waiting for his appointment.

CUT TO:

GAIL'S SIGNATURE

scrolls across the signature line of a bank check. She sits at Getty's old Louis XIV desk, her bearing modest but somehow regal: she has become Getty, after her own fashion. She tears the check from the register and offers it to Chace.

CHACE

I can't accept this.

GAIL

It's not enough. Take it.

EXT. GETTY VILLA, MALIBU -- DAY

They walk together, a bit awkwardly, on the main terrace, where they pass a row of marble busts of Roman Emperors.

The last bust in line is that of Getty himself. They pass a DOCENT leading a tour group:

DOCENT

J Paul Getty believed deeply in the power of art to make us aware of our shared humanity, and that this legacy belonged to every man and woman, rich or poor. It was his philanthropic vision that made this museum possible.

Gail and Chace exchange a look.

CHACE

Who wrote that?

GAIL

I did. But let's keep that to ourselves.

(a beat)

We hope you'll be staying on, Mr. Chace, but we're a public foundation now, and the position doesn't pay what it did. And I know you had other ambitions. But still.



CHACE  
Guys like me don't get rich. I've realized that. We get sidetracked too easily.

GAIL  
Shame.

CHACE  
Not really.

A moment. She struggles to find the right words.

GAIL  
I think of you as our family.

CHACE  
It's kind of you to say so, ma'am.

They pass a tiny sculpture on a platform: the Minotaur. Chace doesn't even notice it.

CHACE (CONT'D)  
There were a couple things around the grounds I was meaning to see to.

GAIL  
Of course. Don't let me keep you.

Chace leaves Gail on the terrace. As she watches Chace go, her son Paul joins her, his hair grown long now.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Chace uses a butcher's knife to cut a strip of meat from a steak. He cuts the strip into cubes.

EXT. GETTY VILLA -- DAY

Chace opens a cage and one of Getty's Alsatians limps out.

Chace feeds the dog the steak, kneading its fur, whispering in its ear. He clips a chain leash to the dog's choke collar.

EXT. GETTY VILLA -- ENTRANCE -- DAY

Chace walks the dog to the open front gate. He grips the dog's chain in his clenched fist.

They stand there at the gate as the outsiders stream past, the dog BARKING its insistent warning to any and all who would dare come to do this family harm.

BLACK OUT.