

BROADBERRY

"THEM BOTH"

Pilot: Episode_101

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ACT ONE TEASER

EXT. BROADBERRY BUILDING -- MORNING

A skyscraper settled on a busy street. Dozens from the PRESS and HUNDREDS MORE have gathered.

ALL BEGIN TO CHEER as four well-dressed persons (TWO MEN, TWO WOMEN) exit the building:

Fitzgerald "BROADBERRY", 55, tall, brawny, handsome, greying. His wife NORA-JEAN, 26, blonde- A bombshell! Sharp features with electric blue eyes - *think Elizabeth Debicki...* Jonathan "BOLLING", 35, tall, dark-haired, handsome and serious. His wife CAROLINE, 32, slim, blonde, attractive.

THE FOURSOME stop at the base of the building's steps before near a dozen microphones.

SUPER: JANUARY 1st, 1920... NEW YORK CITY

A HUSH FALLS OVER THE CROWD as Broadberry steps forward. With a stern look, he taps a microphone -- FEEDBACK SOUNDS. Broadberry looks to the crowd... *HE LAUGHS!*

THE CROWD LAUGHS- APPLAUDS!

REPORTER #1

Mr. Broadberry, is it true that your factory workers make twenty dollars a week?

BROADBERRY

True.

REPORTER #2

And is it true that you've hired a *female* executive?

BROADBERRY

True.

REPORTER #3

With an entire department dedicated to assist the city's immigrants?

BROADBERRY

Also true.

REPORTER #4

How do you feel being referred to as the kindest man in town?

A HUSH as the crowd waits.

Broadberry eyes Reporter #4, a glimmer in his eye and a charming half smile across his face...

BROADBERRY

Good.

THE CROWD CHEERS!

Broadberry turns to Nora-Jean and pulls her in for a kiss-

FLASH!

Broadberry and Nora-Jean's kiss IS CAPTURED IN PHOTOGRAPH.

INT. NEWSPAPER DEPARTMENT -- A SHORT WHILE LATER

Holding that same photograph is CASSELL, 50's, tall. He is standing in the midst of ORGANIZED CHAOS, puffing a cigar as he instructs A DOZEN WORKERS who are hurrying to push out the newspaper's next edition. MEN RUN, WOMEN TYPE, PAPERS FLY!

A HEADLINE is repeated across the speeding printing press:
FITZGERALD RODERICK BROADBERRY, THE KINDEST MAN IN TOWN!

The speeding headline soon FADES INTO-

EXT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, DOORSTEP -- MORNING

A newspaper hits the top step! HEADLINE: *FITZGERALD RODERICK BROADBERRY DEAD!*

SUPER: MARCH 30TH, 1920

DREYFUSS, 60's, tall, broad shoulders, the butler. He opens the front door as MAILMAN, 50's, thin, pedals away. Dreyfuss takes the newspaper, eyeing it carefully before entering the pillared, three story mansion.

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, FOYER -- CONTINUOUS

An extravagant, deeply vain interior of gold, silver, marbles, self-portraits, etc,...

Dreyfuss shuts the front door when Nora-Jean enters, disheveled, BLOODSTAINED IN HER NIGHTGOWN, EVEN MORE DRIED BLOOD in her hair, beneath her nails, across her body. Barefoot, she slinks to a table and pours herself a drink, drinking nonchalantly.

DREYFUSS
Good morning, Mrs. Broadberry.

NORA-JEAN
Mrs... Hm... Is it? I do appreciate
your telling me.

DREYFUSS
We are all saddened by Mr.
Broadberry's sudden...

NORA-JEAN
Murder?

Nora-Jean, eyes glossed, chuckles as she takes another gulp.

NORA-JEAN (CONT'D)
What does it say?

Nora-Jean pours another drink as Dreyfuss uncomfortably eyes
the paper.

DREYFUSS
Fitzgerald Roderick Broadberry,
dead. Rather unceremonious, if I
may say. The presses seem to have
forgotten *all* that Mr. Broadberry
has done for this city.

NORA-JEAN
The kindest man in town... I'll
take breakfast in my room.

Dreyfuss bows as Nora-Jean steps away.

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, SERVANT'S STAIRWELL -- CONTINUOUS

Dreyfuss makes down the stairwell then opens the door that
leads into the kitchen.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
Is it true?

DREYFUSS
...Mr. Broadberry and several of
the staff... Have been murdered.

END ACT ONE TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, DINING ROOM -- EVENING

A GRAND DINNER PARTY! CHAMPAGNE AND CIGARS IN HANDS!

Twenty fur covered, jewel-drenched, finely dressed UPROARIOUS GUESTS are seated at the lengthy table -- most rouge covered WIVES are 15-20 years her husband's junior.

Nora-Jean and Broadberry sit side by side at the table's head, affectionate throughout.

SUPER: January 1st, 1920

Along the walls are six MALE SERVANTS holding bottles of champagne: ROGER, 24; TERRENCE & EDWARD, both 22 with English accents; ANTHONY & ANTON, both 24; LESTER, 26.

BROADBERRY

Champagne! Champagne! Champagne!

Broadberry LAUGHS, puffing his cigar.

GERALDINE (30'S)

So tell us Fitz, how exactly is it being the *kindest man in town*?

CAROLINE

Silly girl. What she means to ask Fitz, is how is it being one of the *richest men in town*? Richer than Mr. Bolling.

BROADBERRY

We can talk my figures later-

NORA-JEAN

His 21.3 *billion* figures and growing. My Fitz has taken an interest in diamonds.

BROADBERRY

And I'm going to mine the biggest most brilliant diamond there is and have it fashioned into a crown to fit atop your perfect head.

Caroline watches as Nora-Jean places a grape in Broadberry's mouth, kissing him, shifting the juices between their mouths.

Bolling eyes Caroline watching them. He pulls her close and kisses her -- Roger glares as he fills their glasses.

NORA-JEAN

If you can believe it, there will be an even greater announcement in the newspaper later this week.

CHARLES (60'S)

What could be greater than mining diamonds?

NORA-JEAN

Fitz is building an orphanage in the city *as well as* sponsoring two young boys in Southampton.

BOLLING

Southampton?

Broadberry releases a subtle, but wicked half smile which Jonathan does not appreciate.

NORA-JEAN

Silence, Jonathan. Headline!
Fitzgerald Broadberry, his kindness extends beyond the ocean.

MILTON (60'S)

I think it's marvelous. But Cassell is a proud man. It's doubtful he'd allow anyone other than himself to choose a headline for his paper.

NORA-JEAN

You can get anything you want in this life. If you ask nicely.

This speaks to Caroline! She glances at Nora-Jean, but quickly lowers her gaze, hesitantly pondering as ALL CONTINUE CONVERSING without her.

Dreyfuss inspects the servants who straighten their posture as he passes them. He notices Roger's annoyed expressions.

DREYFUSS

Are you quite well?

ROGER

Actually Mr. Dreyfuss, I'm not.

DREYFUSS

Would you like to be excused?

ROGER

I would, Mr. Dreyfuss.

DREYFUSS

Good. Let your discomfort drive you
in delivering a stellar service.

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Dreyfuss enters. THREE KITCHEN MAIDS: BELLA (22, attractive, French accent), MARY (23, slightly plump), and ANN (26, slim, attractive) and CARLO (26, tall, handsome, Italian accent, the chef), are busy readying dessert.

Ann eyes Dreyfuss as he inspects them before exiting again.

MARY

Why do you eye him like that? He's
an old man.

ANN

I like older men.

BEN, 20's, a handsome, but stringy farm hand enters with a delivery of vegetables. He dares a glimpse of Ann.

MARY

That's not all you like.

BEN

I think you should leave Ann alone.

MARY

Oh look, Ann. Your very own knight
in dirt covered armor.

ANN

Hmm. I thought he'd be taller.

Embarrassed, Ben hands the bill to Carlo and exits!

MARY

Ben, I was just-

Ann chuckles.

BELLA

What did you mean?

MARY

(annoyed)
That Ann has eclectic tastes.

CARLO

Unnatural tastes.

ANN
 (whispers to Bella)
 Let's just say, if my life were a party, everyone would be invited.

Mary cuts her eyes at Ann.

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, SERVANT'S STAIRWELL -- CONTINUOUS

Roger, Anton and Anthony rush down toward the kitchen.

ROGER
 Did you see how he just pulled her in and kissed her like that? That should be me and Bella, not them.

ANTHONY
 She's not even sweet on you.

ANTON
 Don't listen to him. You can never trust a woman's words. It's all in her looks. The way she moves her body when you-

Dreyfuss is at the base of the stairwell eyeing them. A moment, he steps away. Anton turns to Roger and grins.

ANTON (CONT'D)
 When you fuck her.

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Roger, Anthony and Anton enter. Roger makes eye contact with Bella who blushes then looks away. Anton catches this and grins, nudging Roger -- Carlo catches this as well.

MARY
 What are you on about?

ANTON
 Not you.

ANN
 (leans over, seductive)
 Now Roger, you will be careful with my masterpiece won't you? It took two whole hours to decorate.

ANTON
 He'll be careful alright. Careful to smash it into Bolling's face.

MARY

You shouldn't talk like that.

ROGER

He can say what he likes just like
I can say what I like-

Carlo pushes past Roger, setting a soufflé before Bella.

CARLO

Senti odore delicios.
(ENGLISH SUBTITLE: You
smell delicious.)

Roger takes note of Bella's smile towards Carlo.

ANN

Oh Carlo, I love it when you speak
Italian. I believe every man should
speak at least two languages.

ANTON

And how many languages do you
speak, kitchen wench?

ANN

I'm no man.

ANTON

You're no lady either.

Anton whips a towel across Ann's backside. She smirks.

ANTHONY

You know Annie, I think you should
be selling your cakes in a cafe-

ANN

My name's not Annie, it's Ann! And
I'm not leaving one kitchen to go
work in another kitchen.

(ANTHONY starts-)

Roger, be a dear.

Roger approaches and takes the cake from Ann. Anthony frowns
as he takes Bella's dish and Anton the soufflé. They go.

MARY

You should be nicer to him. He's
going to be something one day.

(dips a finger in a bowl
of frosting)

So am I.

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, SERVANT'S STAIRWELL -- CONTINUOUS

Roger, Anton and Anthony carry the desserts upstairs while...

ANTHONY

Loves it when he speaks Italian. He
wouldn't speak at all if I rammed
my fist down his gullet.

ROGER

Your fist's not big enough.

ANTHONY

And you don't mind that he's moving
in on your girl?

ANTON

She's not his girl. Not until he's
pulling her hair and sticking her
between the legs.

ROGER

She's not that kind of girl.

ANTHONY

Like you would know.

ANTON

I bet Carlo does.

Roger kicks Anton in the back of the leg. Anton chuckles as
LAUGHTER from the dining room reaches them.

ANTHONY

Smile gentlemen.

ANTON

Only two things make me smile.
Sticking a girl between the legs.
(eyes his cake)
And sticking it to the man.

Anton HOCKS SPIT-

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, DINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

SMILING BROADLY, Anton, Roger and Anthony enter with dessert.

BROADBERRY

Darling you cut the first slice?

CAROLINE

She can use her tongue to do that!

Broadberry and the guests LAUGH as Nora-Jean stands.

NORA-JEAN
 Why not, I sharpened it with my wit
 this morning.

Nora-Jean chuckles when she notices Anton staring at her.

NORA-JEAN (CONT'D)
 Is there something you need, Mr-?

ANTON
 Anton.

NORA-JEAN
 Is there something you need?

Anton shakes his head, hiding his smile as Nora-Jean cuts into the cake.

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, KITCHEN -- LATER

Ann, Mary and Bella are cleaning up while Carlo puts his knives away -- FIREWORKS are heard in the background.

CARLO
 Would you like to watch the
 fireworks, Bella? On the roof?

Bella distracts herself to keep from meeting Carlo's gaze.

ANN
 You're making frenchie nervous, De
 Luca. Why don't you ask me?

Anton, Roger, Anthony and Dreyfuss enter.

ROGER
 Ask you what?

ANN
 Carlo and frenchie are going to the
 roof to watch the fireworks. *Very*
romantic.

DREYFUSS
Indeed they are not.

ANN
 And why not? It's not like the
 Broadberry's go up there anymore.
 (mischievous smile)
 Not after what happened.

ROGER
I think I'd like to go too.

CARLO
No one cares what you like.

Roger and Carlo glare at each other.

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, DINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The party is still going strong!

Nora-Jean steps away -- the ladies engaged in conversation with Caroline immediately cease speaking with her, ignoring her completely. Caroline masks her embarrassment with a smile, but soon realizes no one is paying her any attention.

Caroline tosses her napkin on the table then steps away.

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, DRAWING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Nora-Jean is seated, reading a letter when she catches the reflection of Caroline entering the room in a hung mirror. Nora-Jean returns her gaze to the letter.

NORA-JEAN
You were invited to dinner Caroline
Bolling, not to roam my household.

CAROLINE
I've come to ask a favor.

NORA-JEAN
And what have you to offer me?

CAROLINE
Loyalty. My loyalty.

NORA-JEAN
Caroline Bolling. Don't offer me
what I could buy if I wanted it.
(CAROLINE starts-)
And before you say that you can't
be bought, remember that you've
just come to ask a favor of me
because you want something you
can't attain yourself.

Caroline cannot think of a response -- checkmate! Nervously, she fidgets until Nora-Jean at last puts the letter away, stands and approaches. Caroline, nervous still, backs herself into a corner while...

NORA-JEAN (CONT'D)

I admire you Caroline. To rise from your beginnings with only your near perfect face as an ally. It's like being kissed on both cheeks by God. But like the rest, you're nothing more than a leech awaiting its turn to suck what it can from me.

She takes Caroline by the cheeks! Pins her against the wall!

NORA-JEAN (CONT'D)

You want something from me, bring something *I* want in return.

Nora-Jean releases Caroline. *Caroline flees the room!*

Stepping into the doorway, SWAN, 60's, a tall, stern man.

NORA-JEAN (CONT'D)

You lack punctuality.

SWAN

I am a United States Senator. And one who does not conform to the rules of your boarish society.

NORA-JEAN

Yet, you're here.
(THEY sit)
So why is that?

SWAN

I wanted to deliver a message and in person. I understand that you're the poster girl of this city's adulteresses and predators, using your husband's name and wealth to prey on others. I also understand that many of my colleagues and associates have fallen victim to your ways. But I will not. I work with clean, honest men. The kind a monster like you has never met, and I will not be humiliated by even a rumored association.

(stands)

Solicit my office again and I will apply such pressure to the police force that they will reopen the investigation of Allison Broadberry with such glee that perhaps this time the case will be closed with some actual shreds of truth.

(MORE)

SWAN (CONT'D)
 (walking to door)
 Blackmail and power is a man's
 game. Be a good schoolgirl and
 stick to pulling up your skirt.

Swan begins to exit when-

NORA-JEAN
 Francisca Antonia Carmona.

Swan halts and turns to Nora-Jean. She smiles to herself.

SWAN
 My sister- *My half sister*- My
 father's illegitimate offspring
 with a Spanish prostitute has been
 dead for forty-five years.

NORA-JEAN
 (it's insulting)
 Your wife.

Swan shuts the door...

SWAN
 My wife is Eugenia Swan. My sister,
Francisca, died June 1875-

NORA-JEAN
 Your son Thomas is forty-four years
 old. Meaning your *fifty-seven* year
 old wife would have conceived when
 she was just twelve years old and
 you have the *audacity* to accuse *me*
 of predatory behavior... Did you
 force yourself on her or convince
 her that she wanted it?
 (SWAN fumes)
 Don't worry, I don't judge. I also
 take what I want... Answer me.

SWAN
 Francisca was a hateful degenerate.
 She contracted the Cholera and-

NORA-JEAN
 Yes, I'm familiar with your very
 convincing spiel, however, I've
 just accused you of lying about
 your sister's death, raping and
 impregnating her and in your panic
 you forgot to dispute one small,
 but very important detail.
 (MORE)

NORA-JEAN (CONT'D)

You tell everyone that your *wife* is sixty-three years old.

SWAN

Yes, one year older than I.

NORA-JEAN

But a moment ago, I stated that she was fifty-seven... Does lying about her age *actually* comfort you?

A moment, Nora-Jean pulls a REVOLVER, points it at Swan.

NORA-JEAN (CONT'D)

Answer me.

SWEAT BEADS DOWN SWAN'S FOREHEAD. As he wipes it, Broadberry enters, shuts the door. Broadberry kisses Nora-Jean's cheek.

BROADBERRY

You're radiant.

Broadberry stands behind Nora-Jean, placing a supportive hand on her shoulder -- *they are a perfect portrait of beauty and intimidation.*

BROADBERRY (CONT'D)

My wife isn't fond of repeating herself.

SWAN

Blood flows through the mother, not the father. It wasn't wrong.

NORA-JEAN

She was twelve years old, you *disgusting fuck.*

SWAN

(eyeing Broadberry)
More disgusting than a man who lays with another man.

Nora-Jean SHOOTS SWAN IN THE KNEE! He CRIES OUT, collapses!

BROADBERRY

And now you've angered her. A braver man than me.

Broadberry breaks away and removes several documents from a drawer. He hands them to TEAR-SHEDDING Swan who goes PALE.

BROADBERRY (CONT'D)

Her birth certificate, the one you falsified after her pregnancy, and the death certificate you just completely manufactured. Copies of course. You're free to keep them.

Swan swats the documents away, struggling to his feet!

SWAN

My wife and our children are loved. And no document or malicious allegation will put me in the pocket of crimelords such as you are. You are not above the law. This incident will be reported.

NORA-JEAN

It's already been reported. The Incest Act of 1908.

(stands)

You come into my home, insulting me, insulting my husband.

(approaches slowly)

Every puff of your chest is a smoke screen. Half the Senate's pension is invested in our endeavors and we are *friends* of the Governor and the state authorities. And ever since you voted against The Treaty of Versailles you have been spurned by the Democratic Party, chief among them, our democratic president.

SWAN

(hiding nervousness)

I have Republican friends in the Senate.

NORA-JEAN

You had Republican *associates* in the Senate before you spoke against their slave-owning antics.

SWAN

As I always will.

NORA-JEAN

Then at last you and I agree. Let's build on that. Like you, I also have people who work for me who live in your house and work in your offices. One of them is fucking your daughter.

(MORE)

NORA-JEAN (CONT'D)

Therefore, I'm aware that your agents plan to raid certain vessels my husband and I own that are carrying just mountains of alcohol. That would be a mistake.

SWAN

Prohibition is in effect. You're breaking the law-

NORA-JEAN

Prohibition is sixteen days out. Until then, we do what we fuck well please.

Nora-Jean puts the gun to Swan's chest, pressuring him onto his knees.

NORA-JEAN (CONT'D)

The majority of your kinds are engaged in some form of perverse fucking. It's why you're such easy targets... I trust we understand each other a little better now.

A moment, Swan nods while Broadberry eyes him with disgust.

BROADBERRY

Get out.

Swan makes it to his feet. He limps for the door, leaving a trail of blood across the rug and floor when-

NORA-JEAN

That rug cost \$2,000... We'll bill you.

Swan continues out the room.

Broadberry pulls Nora-Jean close, caressing her face.

BROADBERRY

Are you alright?

NORA-JEAN

(insulted)
He called me a schoolgirl.

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, SERVANT QUARTERS HALL -- LATER

Bella and Carlo halt outside her room door. He moves to kiss her, but she pulls back. He sighs, frustrated.

CARLO
 It's clear how you feel about him.
 Like it's clear how you feel about
 me. Make the right choice.

Carlo opens the room door for Bella. She enters...

Alone, Carlo crosses a hall when-

FOOTSTEPS!

Carlo steps out of sight, watching as Ann, in her night gown, hurries up the hall. She stops at a certain door then looks about -- the coast is clear. She smooths her hair and enters.

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, SERVANT'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Ann is standing near the door, facing the bed on the opposite end. She seductively bares one shoulder.

ANN
 Do you like this? ...maybe, this?

Ann bares the other shoulder. A THROATY LAUGH is released from the opposite end of the room -- Dreyfuss, lying in bed.

DREYFUSS
 Get over here.

Ann hurries over and straddles Dreyfuss.

ANN
 You like these little visits, don't
 you Mr. Dreyfuss?

DREYFUSS
 I do.

ANN
 And you wouldn't want them to stop,
 would you, Mr. Dreyfuss?

DREYFUSS
 What is it *now*?

ANN
 I want a raise.

DREYFUSS
 You know that I can't. If I dock
 anymore, we'll be found out.

--Carlo is on the other side of the door listening--

ANN

You'll be found out. How was I to know you were padding my wage by taking from the other girls?

DREYFUSS

Don't be like that.

ANN

(...smiles)

I'm only kidding. Besides, I was referring to a *permanent* raise. I don't belong in a kitchen, I belong in a rich man's bed. No offense of course.

DREYFUSS

None taken. Besides, I think we're nearly there.

ANN

How do you mean?

DREYFUSS

I told you I'd find a wealthy man who'd be susceptible enough to your charms to actually go through with marrying you. No offense of course.

ANN

None taken.

DREYFUSS

Good. Because I know just the one.

INSERT CUT: *The dinner party just a few hours ago. All guests are LAUGHING when Dreyfuss eyes a particular couple, THOMAS and LYN VAN HORNE -- both are in their 40's. VAN HORNE is enjoying the night while Lyn COUGHS into her handkerchief.*

DREYFUSS (CONT'D)

Thomas Van Horne. He comes from European money. Four estates, over one hundred staff, twelve cars, no children and best of all... A sickly wife.

ANN

(squeals)

You've made me very happy, Mr. Dreyfuss.

DREYFUSS

How happy?

Grinning, Ann pushes Dreyfuss back on the bed.

--still outside the door, Carlo stands and goes--

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, THIRD FLOOR HALL -- CONTINUOUS

Anton is tiptoeing about when-

NORA-JEAN

Mr. Anton, what on earth are you
doing?

Anton is frozen in his steps, eyes wide, eyebrows high.

Nora-Jean smiles and pulls him closer, kissing him while...

NORA-JEAN (CONT'D)

I was beginning to think you
weren't coming.

ANTON

So you came looking for me?

Nora-Jean slips a hand down his pants.

NORA-JEAN

I couldn't wait any longer.

ANTON

Won't he be missing you?

NORA-JEAN

Tonight? Hardly.

ANTON

He doesn't deserve you... I could
make you happy.

Nora-Jean stares blankly turned seductively. She leads Anton
down the hall.

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, KITCHEN -- FOLLOWING MORNING

Ann, Mary and Bella prep for the Broadberry's breakfast.

MARY

So, how were the fireworks?

ANN

Fireworks? How was the sex-
(smiles)
Good morning.

Carlo enters, avoiding Bella's gaze as he begins setting his station. Mary gives Bella an encouraging nudge.

MARY

You'll notice the red onions are missing. I'd wager Mr. Benjamin forgot them on purpose to steal another look at his sweetheart.

Anton and Anthony enter.

ANTHONY

Who's sweetheart?

MARY

Mr. Benjamin's.

Mary eyes Anthony then quickly averts her gaze to Ann.

ANTHONY

We all know Ann's too stuck up for a farm boy. Speak of the devil.

BEN

(smiling)
Cockle doodle do!

Anthony takes his tray and goes as the rest eye Ben oddly.

BEN (CONT'D)

Cockle doodle do. It's the sound a rooster makes when-

MARY

We know what sound a rooster makes.

BEN

Anyhow, I brought the onions-

Carlo approaches and roughly takes the crate.

CARLO

Never leave a bill having delivered only part of the order.

ANN

Mmm, kitten has claws.

BEN

Since I'm here. Ann, would you-

ANN

Why ask a question you already know the answer to?

All eye the uncomfortable scene. Ben exits!

BEN
Good day, Ann.

ANN
(an insincere smile)
Good day.

Anton takes a bottle of champagne, goes with-

ANTON
Well. That was fucking cruel.

MARY
It was unkind. Even for you.

ANN
I don't settle.

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, PARLOR -- CONTINUOUS

Nora-Jean and Broadberry sit as Anton and Anthony serve.

BROADBERRY
Did you enjoy yourself last night?

NORA-JEAN
It will go down in history as one
of the best nights of my life. The
perfect start to a perfect new
year.

BROADBERRY
Here here. Champagne.

Anton approaches with the champagne bottle when-

BROADBERRY (CONT'D)
Not you, the other one.

Anton briefly eyes Broadberry then forces a smile as he hands
the bottle to Anthony who pours.

BROADBERRY (CONT'D)
You won't be needed again.

Anton and Anthony bow then exit the parlor.

With wicked eyes and half a smile, Nora-Jean eyes Broadberry.

NORA-JEAN
How did you sleep dear?

BROADBERRY
As well as you. Dear.

They eye each other, both aware of something about the other.

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Anton and Anthony enter.

ANN
Why the frown gorgeous?

ANTON
I was pouring a bit of champagne
for the missus when Mr. Broadberry-

ANTHONY
Dismissed him. Had me pour it.

MARY
What for?

ANTON
Because he knows I can satisfy her
more than his old cock ever could.

CARLO
There are ladies present.

ANN
Don't speak for me, De Luca. I want
to hear more about *this old cock*.

ANTHONY
For once I agree with the fucking
grape smasher. If Broadberry ever
heard anyone talk like that, they'd
never work again. Or walk, if the
rumors about George Ryker are true.

ANN
(fascinated)
*George Ryker? Son of William Ryker,
the Texas oil millionaire?*

ANTON
(grins wickedly)
The *late* George Ryker, son of the
also late William Ryker, Texas oil
millionaire. Story is Broadberry
caught Georgie in bed doing you
know what with the *first* misses
days before her, *untimely demise*.

(MORE)

ANTON (CONT'D)

They say he called in a favor from his mobster friends who sent a hitman down to Texas. A grotesque rancid, creature. Tall, covered in boils who'd strangle a child for twenty dollars. They say he tossed ole Georgie off a roof, broke both his legs then peeled the flesh clean off him with a-

DREYFUSS

(enters)

Is this your behavior when you're unsupervised? ...Mrs. Broadberry has no further need of you this morning. See to it that all rooms are turned down.

ANTON

I'm tired of doing a maids' work.

DREYFUSS

Until Ms. Kensington and the other staff have recovered, you will do whatever work is required of you. And Chef De Luca, though you are not formally in command during my absence, I expect you to maintain a professional atmosphere nonetheless given your level of pay.

CARLO

Yes sir, Mr. Dreyfuss, of course. I wouldn't want you docking my wages now, would I?

Ann catches that. Dreyfuss as well.

DREYFUSS

Ms. Fournier, you've been requested in the parlor.

ANN

Her? What can she do for Mrs. Broadberry that I can't?

BELLA

Have I done something wrong?

DREYFUSS

I didn't inquire.

Ann cuts Dreyfuss a look as Bella nervously hurries out.

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, GUEST ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Anton and Anthony turn down the room while...

ANTON

We shouldn't be doing maid's work.

ANTHONY

They're out with the measles.

ANTON

How can you just accept this? All the money in the world and instead of paying us double, the old fuck borrows free workers from Bolling and makes us work twice as hard for the same pay. Fucking fat fuck.

ANTHONY

You talk too much and too loudly.

ANTON

They've been trying for a baby. But he can't give her one.

Anton CHUCKLES, equally annoyed and disgusted as Anthony shuts the room door.

ANTHONY

Too much and too loudly. I'd like to keep my job, so shut it, yeah?

Anton cuts Anthony a look.

--IN THIS SAME ROOM, MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT--

Anton rolls over, off of Nora-Jean...

ANTON

I love you... Nora, I-

Nora-Jean is already donning her gown when Anton sits up, eyeing several bruises on her lower back. He touches them, then glares at Nora-Jean, his eyes demanding an answer.

NORA-JEAN

I stumbled.

ANTON

Stumbled?

NORA-JEAN

You are a dear, but don't make me repeat myself. I don't like it.

ANTON

It's not the first time I've-

Nora-Jean leaves Anton staring as she exits the room.

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, SERVANT QUARTERS -- CONTINUOUS

Anton enters the room he shares with Roger who is wide awake, but doesn't acknowledge Anton's entrance. Anton sits.

ANTON

He hits Nora... Did you hear me? I said he hits her.

ROGER

It's none of our business. Just stay out of it. Don't get involved.

ANTON

Don't get involved? Do you hear what you're saying?

ROGER

(near tears)
She's *his* wife. Let them settle it.

ANTON

Would you feel that way if Carlo hit Bella?

ROGER

(sits up, angry)
And what are we suppose to do? What can men like us ever do?

ANTON

We take a stand.

ROGER

(scoffs, falls back)
Yeah? How are we going to do that?

ANTON

We kill him.

Anton coolly eyes Roger who stares back with red, watery, half dead eyes.

BLACK.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, DRIVEWAY -- RETURN TO THE MORNING OF
JANUARY 2ND

Broadberry has just finished breakfast and champagne with Nora-Jean... He strolls out the front door where Roger, the chauffeur, holds the back car door open for him as Dreyfuss watches from the doorstep.

ROGER

Good morning, sir.

BROADBERRY

Good morning, Roger. Mr. Dreyfuss, I'll be back by nightfall. See to it that Mrs. Broadberry's favorite dishes prepared. I have excellent news to share with her tonight.

DREYFUSS

Very well, sir.

BROADBERRY

Alright, Roger. Fast as she goes.

As the car leaves the driveway, Mailman approaches with the mail. Dreyfuss coldly takes the mail and enters the house.

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Dreyfuss enters with a single small envelope. Bella perks up.

BELLA

Is that for me, Mr. Dreyfuss?

DREYFUSS

Actually Ms. Fournier, yes.

Bella smiles, wiping her hands on her apron as she approaches and takes it. Ann rolls her eyes.

MARY

Is it a love letter, Bella?

BELLA

(smiling, near tears)
Not exactly.

INT. BROADBERRY BUILDING, OFFICE -- AFTERNOON, CONTINUOUS

Broadberry sits at his desk reviewing documents when JEMMA, 20's, the secretary, enters.

JEMMA

Pardon me, Mr. Broadberry, but Mr. Bolling is on line two.

BROADBERRY

Thank you, Jemma.

Jemma goes as Broadberry picks up the phone.

BROADBERRY (CONT'D)

What?

INT. BOLLING ESTATE, LIBRARY -- CONTINUOUS

Bolling is sitting at his desk, the phone to his ear.

BOLLING

I take it you were satisfied last night, my debt is closer to being paid.

Broadberry has DISCONNECTED.

BOLLING (CONT'D)

Fitz? Fitz? *Dammit!*

TERRANCE

Everything alright, sir?

Irritated, Bolling turns in his chair. Terrance is in the doorway.

BOLLING

What are you doing in here?!

TERRANCE

I've brought your coffee sir, like you asked.

BOLLING

What did you hear?

TERRANCE

Nothing sir, I never eavesdrop.

Troubled, but satisfied, Bolling turns back.

EXT. BROADBERRY BUILDING -- THAT EVENING

Roger opens the car door as Broadberry approaches.

BROADBERRY

No thank you Roger, I'll be driving, you sit in the back.

ROGER

Sir?

BROADBERRY

It's a new year. We must try new things.

INT. BROADBERRY'S CAR, ONE LANE ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

Broadberry is driving, puffing a cigar. Through the rear view mirror, he eyes Roger who sits restlessly in the back.

BROADBERRY

None of this was here before you know. Not this road, these trees. A filthy teepee city to be honest. Then one day I thought to myself, people shouldn't live like this. So, I built proper housing in the city then built this beautiful road which reminds me so much of home... You want to know something, Roger? Sometimes I wonder if I truly did this for the immigrants or for myself... Any thoughts?

ROGER

It's a fine road, sir.

BROADBERRY

You smoke, Roger?

ROGER

No sir.

BROADBERRY

Not even after being with a woman? You like women, or-

ROGER

I don't like the smell, sir.

BROADBERRY

Don't like the smell. I was twelve years old when I smoked my first cigar. Nearly coughed up a lung. I remember my father smiling, gave me a pat on the back. He was a good man. I strive to be like him.

ROGER

Yes sir.

BROADBERRY

Yes sir, yes sir. You've probably never even been with a woman. You haven't, have you? ...not even with the french thing you like so much?

(ROGER looks away)

Yes, I know about that. Don't ever think I don't know exactly what goes on in my own home.

ROGER

Yes sir.

BROADBERRY

Do you know any other words?

ROGER

Are you watching the road, sir?

BROADBERRY

I've never been very good at watching the road when I drive. It's why I don't drive.

Broadberry BELTS A LAUGH! THUNDER!

Further down the road is TILLY (50's), dressed in the latest fashions. She is standing beside her shiny, RED LUXURY CAR. She moves further into the road at the sound of another car.

ROGER

Mr. Broadberry, I really think you should watch the road.

BROADBERRY

Nora-Jean doesn't nag me as much as you do. Now grab my briefcase.

Roger grabs the briefcase. Broadberry keeps one hand on the wheel as he turns to grab the briefcase with his other.

TILLY

Hello!

ROGER

Sir!

Broadberry turns back to the road- *SLAMS ON THE BRAKES!*

TILLY ROLLS UP THE HOOD OF THE CAR! Then onto the street!

...Broadberry and Roger hover over Tilly's motionless body.

ROGER (CONT'D)

She's dead. *She's dead!*

BROADBERRY

(nonchalant)

I can see that.

ROGER

We have to contact the authorities.
We have to report the accident.

Broadberry takes Roger by the collar!

BROADBERRY

You listen to me. We're not
reporting the accident because
there was-no-accident.

RAIN POURS! Tilly's blood is being washed away when-

TILLY GASPS!

ROGER

She's alive!

Roger breaks away, moving toward Tilly.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Ma'am, we're going to help you-

Broadberry shoves Roger aside then repeatedly *BASHES TILLY'S HEAD INTO THE PAVEMENT!*

In shock, Roger stares as her eyes flutter to a final close.

Broadberry removes one of Tilly's shoes then moves downhill, sticking it, point down, between mud and a large rock. He then drags Tilly's body toward the rock. He lifts her, positioning her feet by the rock as if she'd lost her shoe, then releases her.

Mouth agape, Roger watches Tilly's body *TUMBLE DOWNHILL.*

A moment, Broadberry places a comforting hand on Roger's shoulder before stepping away with-

BROADBERRY
Come on, son.

EXT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, DRIVEWAY -- SHORT WHILE LATER

Dreyfuss exits the house and is taken aback by the sight of Broadberry exiting the driver's side and Roger the back seat.

BROADBERRY
Until that poor woman is found, you
keep quiet. And after. Understand?
(ROGER nods)
Don't nod, I need to hear it.

ROGER
...yes, sir.

BROADBERRY
There go those words again.

Broadberry lightly chuckles to himself, removing a twenty dollar bill from his wallet and placing it in Roger's hands who poorly masks his disbelief.

BROADBERRY (CONT'D)
Take tomorrow off, spend it with
the french girl. You earned it.

Broadberry pats Roger's shoulder then steps away and enters the house. Dreyfuss cuts Roger a curious, suspicious look.

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, KITCHEN -- **NEXT DAY, AFTERNOON**

Ann, Mary and Carlo -- a cut on his forehead -- are preparing breakfast when Roger enters dressed in regular clothes.

MARY
What's this about?

ROGER
Mr. Broadberry gave me the day off.

ANN
What for when I haven't had a day
off in a month?

Bella enters with her letter. Roger smiles, approaching her.

ANN (CONT'D)
You're late.

BELLA
Three minutes.

ANN
Late is late, it doesn't matter how many minutes. What's in that silly letter you keep reading anyway?

Bella starts when-

	ROGER	
	I'm sorry. Bella. I was wondering-	
Bella, would you-	CARLO	ROGER (CONT'D)
		(louder than Carlo)
		I was wondering if you'd like to go into town this evening.

BELLA
I have to help with dinner.

ROGER
Or maybe you don't.

DREYFUSS
(enters)
Mr. Broadberry has instructed me to begin devolving time off as a show of appreciation for all your hard work during this difficult time.
(reading from a list)
Mr. Crane and Ms. Fournier will receive this evening off, Ms. Reeves the following evening, Ms. George the evening after and Mr. De Luca the evening after that.

MARY
What about Anton and Anthony?

DREYFUSS
Do not concern yourself.

Embarrassed, Mary lowers her gaze as Dreyfuss goes.

ROGER
What do you say?

Bella quickly glances at Carlo who is already glaring back.

BELLA
One condition.

EXT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, SERVANT'S ENTRANCE -- CONTINUOUS

Bella is waiting when Roger approaches with two bicycles.

BELLA

Who did you borrow these from?

ROGER

No one, they're mine. I've been saving the money.

BELLA

You've been saving your money for two bicycles, Mr. Crane?

ROGER

Why not?

BELLA

Can we take Mr. Broadberry's road? I like the trees-

ROGER

(smiles)

No, I know a quicker way into town.

INT. UNDERGROUND SPEAKEASY -- LATER

Roger and Bella laugh as they dance within the ROWDY CROWD when he spots an empty table and leads Bella over.

ROGER

Two whiskies! Have you ever tried whiskey before?

BELLA

I've never tried anything before.

THEY LAUGH as a WAITRESS arrives with their drinks. The two toast their glasses and drink. Roger downs his while Bella spews hers out! He LAUGHS.

BELLA (CONT'D)

It's disgusting.

ROGER

That's the point.

Bella's smile sweetens. Roger can't help but blush.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS, SIDEWALK -- CONTINUOUS

Roger and Bella walk arm in arm as she eyes STREET NAMES.

BELLA

Are you sure your bicycles will be safe back there?

ROGER

I offered a waiter some money to keep an eye on them, but he won't get paid until we get back. That's called thinking on your feet. I'm very intelligent, you know.

(BELLA smiles)

You still haven't said what your condition is.

Bella removes the letter from her pocket.

BELLA

My condition is that you help me surprise someone. Someone who's staying in that hotel.

Across the street, a BEAUTIFULLY PROMINENT HOTEL.

INT. PROMINENT HOTEL, LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

ROGER

You know someone who can afford to stay here?

RICH GUESTS frown and turn away as Roger and Bella approach WESLEY, the snobbish front desk assistant (male, 40's).

BELLA

Excuse me. I'm looking for a woman. She would have checked in earlier today. Tilly Vilhelm?

WESLEY

I cannot discuss the hotel's guests. Now please move along.

BELLA

Sir, please. You can check her signature here.

Bella hands Wesley the letter who lowers his snobbish gaze to review it in comparison to his ledger.

WESLEY

Who is the lady to you?

BELLA

She's my aunt. She wrote me to say-

WESLEY

Mrs. Vilhelm is a guest at this hotel and that is all the information I have to offer you.

BELLA

Monsieur, please. If you would please ring her room.

Wesley picks up the phone and dials. Bella's hopeful gaze is short-lived when he hangs up, staring soullessly.

ROGER

You could be less rude.

Wesley sizes up Roger, but softens his gaze with Bella.

BELLA

Sir, please, it's very important.

WESLEY

If you and the, gentleman would leave your names, I will see to it that she is informed of your *attempted* visit.

BELLA

Yes! Thank you.

Wesley pushes forward a pen and paper. Bella writes then slides the pen and paper to Roger.

BELLA (CONT'D)

She's a very grand lady. She wears silks and furs and drives a shiny red motor car.

Roger halts writing! Wesley notices the hesitation.

WESLEY

First *and* last name.

A moment and Roger continues writing. He slides the pen and paper back to Wesley before leading Bella to the lobby door.

BELLA

Are you alright?

Roger forces a smile and hurriedly leads her out while...

BELLA (CONT'D)

You'll love my aunt Tilly, Roger. A year ago, she had nothing and now she's married to the richest lawyer in North Carolina. And she found me to take me back with her.

(rests her head on him)

She'll take us both.

Wesley eyes the paper with their signatures: *Bella Fournier*, *Roger CRAMER*. He slides the paper into a drawer and locks it.

EXT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, SERVANT'S ENTRANCE -- LATER

Roger and Bella roll the bicycles to a stop and dismount.

BELLA

I'll go back tomorrow if she doesn't make it here first. Still, I enjoyed myself... Roger?

ROGER

What? I mean, good, I'm glad you-

Bella kisses him gently. She smiles then disappears inside.

Roger can no longer hold it in- He stumbles, HYPERVENTILATING as he BLOODIES HIS FIST, PUNCHING the side of the house!

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, SERVANT QUARTERS -- CONTINUOUS

Bella makes up the hallway and turns a corner- Carlo is here! He has been waiting for her.

[CONVERSATION IS IN **FRENCH** WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES -- THE LANGUAGE IS INCREDIBLY NATURAL FOR CARLO...]

CARLO

It's so convenient. The both of you having the evening off.

BELLA

It was.

CARLO

I've saved money, soon I'll have a different position, a better position. So make a choice-

BELLA

I have, you just aren't satisfied. I know what you really do for the Broadberrys. *Chef Carlo*. Roger would never get mixed up in the things you've done.

CARLO

(chuckles)

I wouldn't be so sure about that.

BELLA

...I'm grateful for what you did for me. But you don't get to own me, Gabriel.

CARLO

I have no desire to own you, *Emma*. Just like I have no desire to see you learn the hard way that you made the wrong decision-

BELLA

Again, I'm grateful... I've always been honest. My aunt is here and Roger and I are leaving with her. He won't let me down.

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, SERVANT QUARTERS -- CONTINUOUS

RETURN TO:

[ANTON & ROGER'S CONVERSATION FROM END OF ACT ONE]

Roger is staring at Anton with those red, watery, desperate eyes -- we now understand that his emotional distress is from learning that the woman Broadberry murdered on the road is Tilly, Bella's aunt.

ANTON

Did you hear me? I'm going to-

KNOCKING ON THE DOOR.

Roger stoically approaches and opens the door -- Bella.

BELLA

Roger, I- What's the matter?
...Roger?

ROGER

I'm sorry, I... Why aren't you in bed? It's late.

BELLA
...Carmen is still ill. You could
stay in my room. If you wanted to.

Roger stares, trying to mask his shame.

BELLA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I thought-

ROGER
Of course I want that. You just,
caught me off guard is all. You
have more courage than me.

Bella kisses him then makes up the hall.

Mechanically, Roger shuts the door then returns to his bed.

ANTON
Well?

ROGER
Yes... I'll help you.

ANTON
Good. Now go fuck frenchie and
we'll talk in the morning.

Anton lies back onto his bed.

A moment, Roger stands and storms out of the room!

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, DINING ROOM -- EVENING [JANUARY 1ST]

RETURN TO:

[THE GRAND DINNER PARTY THAT LAUNCHED ACT ONE]

GERALDINE

So tell us Fitz, how exactly is it being the kindest man in town?

CAROLINE

Silly girl. What she means to ask Fitz, is how is it being one of the *richest* men in town? Richer than Mr. Bolling.

Bolling pulls Caroline close and kisses her cheek when he notices a glimmer in Broadberry's eye. Bolling turns his gaze to where Broadberry is staring -- EDWARD. Bolling looks back to Caroline who is curiously eyeing him. He smiles.

EXT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, DRIVEWAY -- LATER

Terrance, Edward and Lester are waiting beside a car.

TERRANCE

I heard they're doing maids' work.

LESTER

Their problem, not ours.

GUESTS exit the house and Bolling and Caroline approach. Terrance opens the door. Caroline enters first then Bolling.

BOLLING

Terrance, Lester, let's be on our way. Edward, I've lent you to Mr. Broadberry for the night.

EDWARD

The whole night, sir?

Edward and Terrance make quick, curious eye contact.

BOLLING

...goodnight, Edward.

Edward watches the car depart then looks back to the house.

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, DRAWING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Alone in the room, Broadberry is puffing a cigar when Edward halts in the doorway.

EDWARD

Mr. Broadberry. Mr. Bolling said you have need of me, sir.

BROADBERRY

Yes, shut the door, Edward.

EDWARD

Yes sir. I went in search of Mr. Dreyfuss regarding my duties and sleeping quarters, but-

BROADBERRY

Oh, hang Dreyfuss. He's an old man. Not like us.

EDWARD

What am I to do then, sir?

BROADBERRY

Do you like working for Jonathan?

EDWARD

I do, sir.

BROADBERRY

Why?

Broadberry locks the room door then loosens his bow tie and removes his dinner jacket. Edward's eyebrows furrow.

EDWARD

He's a fair man- Should I be assisting you, sir?

BROADBERRY

I understand you have a desire to return to London.

EDWARD

We have family left there.

BROADBERRY

And America has yet to meet your expectations. I understand. I, myself, love London.

EDWARD

...should I turn down the room-

BROADBERRY

It must be difficult. Saving on your wages.

EDWARD

I manage.

BROADBERRY

You and your sister manage. She works in one of my associates's hotels. Victoria... She's pretty-

EDWARD

She's seventeen.

Broadberry eyes Edward for several moments.

Broadberry approaches! He cups Edward's face- *Kissing him! HE GRABS EDWARD'S CROTCH!*

Edward shoves Broadberry- *SLINGS A PUNCH ACROSS HIS FACE!*

Broadberry is stoic, *WILD-EYED*, staring as Edward catches his breath and calms himself.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I will return to Mr. Bolling.

Edward makes for the door, but the lock mechanism is missing. Broadberry *CHUCKLES* then moves to a bookshelf and pushes.

Edward *HEARS ANOTHER DOOR SWING OPEN* within the room. He slowly turns -- the bookshelf is a *SECRET PASSAGEWAY*.

BROADBERRY

I imagine that there's nothing you wouldn't do to protect your sister... Your pretty sister.

Edward's eyes have *WELLED WITH TEARS*. They dart from the secret passageway to Broadberry. Edward nods.

Hands in pockets, smiling to himself, staring at the floor-

BROADBERRY (CONT'D)

Good.

Broadberry extends a hand. Edward approaches. Broadberry ravages through Edward's clothing, removing them while...

BROADBERRY (CONT'D)

Make no mistake. You are but a cheap substitute to my Nora who is the *only woman- Goddess*, who can...

He forces Edward against a wall, KISSING HIS NECK, GRINDING AGAINST HIM, PANTING THROUGHOUT...

BROADBERRY (CONT'D)
 Issue is, she's otherwise engaged tonight. A sort of, experiment. You have no idea what it's like to have it all and still...

Broadberry shoves off! He eyes, motionless, tears streaming Edward. Broadberry's eyes grow angry.

HE PUNCHES EDWARD- SLINGS HIM TO THE FLOOR AND KICKS HIM!

Broadberry stares down at Edward, his own eyes GLOSSING OVER now. He paces then halts to nudge Edward with his foot.

Edward stands, head hung as Broadberry looks beyond him, irritated with expectancy.

BROADBERRY (CONT'D)
 Go on.

Edward starts up the stairs. Broadberry SHUTS THE DOOR!

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, 3RD FLOOR HALL -- HOURS LATER

Nora-Jean has just left Anton when she spots Edward stumbling in BLOOD-SPECKLED underwear, BRUISES, BITE MARKS, clutching his clothing. He doesn't even notice her as he rushes off!

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Mary is having a drink when-

A FAINT NOISE.

She moves to the high window and peeks at the grounds above where she sees Edward running away.

ANN (O.C.)
 What are you doing in here?

MARY
 (turns, startled)
 Just having a drink of water.

ANN
 Get back to your room.

Mary hurries away. Curious, Ann peeks out the window, but sees nothing. She looks back in Mary's direction.

INT. BOLLING ESTATE, SERVANTS QUARTERS -- CONTINUOUS

Terrance is startled from his sleep as Edward BURSTS IN!

TERRANCE
What the bloody hell-

EDWARD
Keep your voice down.

TERRANCE
What are you doing here- You're
suppose to be at Broadberry's.

EDWARD
I'm never going back there again.

TERRANCE
What are you on about?

EDWARD
That bastard. That old bloody
bastard.

Edward BREAKS DOWN! Terrance moves closer, but allowing him
space. He waits patiently until Edward is ready to speak.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Broadberry keeps gold in his
closet.

TERRANCE
How do you-

EDWARD
I've seen it. And it's enough to
get us back to London.

TERRANCE
We're supposed to just take
Broadberry's gold?

EDWARD
(dead eyes)
It's not his gold... It's ours.

TERRANCE
...we'd get caught. There's no way.

EDWARD
No. I know things about that house.

TERRANCE
Edward-

EDWARD

*Are you going to help me or not?!
Because I'll do it alone, take
Victoria and leave you here!*

TERRANCE

You know that I'd risk anything to be with Victoria again. So I'll chuck this up to you being upset about whatever the bloody hell happened to you. So, if you've got a plan- *A real plan*. I'd risk it. After you tell me what happened.

Edward's dead glare meets Terrance's concerned eyes.

INT. BOLLING ESTATE, LIBRARY -- **THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON**

RETURN TO:

[BROADBERRY AND BOLLING'S PHONE CONVERSATION FROM ACT TWO]

Bolling is sitting at his desk, the phone to his ear.

BOLLING

Edward returned this morning.

BROADBERRY

He's your man servant, why shouldn't he return to you?

BOLLING

I take it you were satisfied last night, my debt is closer to being paid...

INTERCUT: BROADBERRY & BOLLING'S CONVERSATION / EDWARD & TERRANCE'S CONVERSATION FROM THE PREVIOUS NIGHT AFTER EDWARD BURST INTO THE ROOM...

TERRANCE

(near tears)

...he what?

BROADBERRY

It's going to take a lot more than a tussle with your boy to satisfy the debt you owe me. To the grave Johnny boy. Never forget, you asked me to carry your secret to the grave.

BOLLING

I know what you've done for me. But if anyone ever found out, it's not just *my* neck... You do understand me don't you Fitz?

BROADBERRY

I don't like threats...

TERRANCE

Have you got a plan, Edward?

BOLLING

I wasn't threatening-

Broadberry DISCONNECTS...

EDWARD

We're going to kill Broadberry...

BOLLING

Fitz? Fitz? *Dammit!*

Bolling hangs up as Terrance, on duty, stops in the doorway.

TERRANCE

Everything alright, sir?

Irritated, Bolling turns in his chair.

BOLLING

What are you doing in here?!

TERRANCE

I've brought your coffee sir, like you asked.

BOLLING

What did you hear?

TERRANCE

Nothing sir, I never eavesdrop...

EDWARD

(lights cigarette)
And Bolling...

Standing behind Bolling, Terrance smiles.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. BOLLING ESTATE, STAIRWELL -- AFTERNOON OF JANUARY 2ND]

[IMMEDIATELY AFTER BROADBERRY & BOLLING'S PHONE CONVERSATION
WE'VE JUST WITNESSED IN ACT THREE]

Bolling rushes upstairs while Caroline is heading down.

CAROLINE
Jonathan, what's the matter?

BOLLING
(kisses her in passing)
Nothing darling, nothing.

CAROLINE
You're lying has gotten worse.
(BOLLING halts)
Where are you going?

BOLLING
(stares blankly)
I love you. Alright?

CAROLINE
No. *Where are you going?*

BOLLING
(starts back upstairs)
Out, Caroline. I'm going out.

CAROLINE
Jonathan-

BOLLING
Do you love this house? This *life*?
...enjoy your day. I love you.

Caroline eyes him as he continues upstairs.

INT. BOLLING ESTATE, LIBRARY -- CONTINUOUS

Caroline enters. She eyes the telephone.

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, PARLOR -- CONTINUOUS

In the hallway, Dreyfuss is passing the open door, but halts
at the sound of the RINGING TELEPHONE.

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, DRAWING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Dreyfuss sets a silver dusted telephone beside Nora-Jean then excuses himself from the room. Nora-Jean answers it.

NORA-JEAN
Mrs. Bolling.

INT. BOLLING ESTATE, LIBRARY -- CONTINUOUS

CAROLINE
I thought about what you said. I do
have something to offer you.

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, FOYER -- SHORT WHILE LATER

Dreyfuss opens the front door to Caroline.

DREYFUSS
Mrs. Bolling. This way.

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, TEA ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Smiling, Nora-Jean stands as Dreyfuss leads Caroline in. The two exchange kisses on the cheek.

NORA-JEAN
Caroline, you look absolutely
sinful. You can leave us now.

Dreyfuss bows and shuts the doors on his way out. Nora-Jean and Caroline both take a seat at the table.

CAROLINE
You're a picture of perfection-

NORA-JEAN
We're behind closed doors now.

CAROLINE
...Jonathan is stepping outside his
vows.

NORA-JEAN
Common knowledge.
(insulted)
Is *that* why you're here? To tell me-

CAROLINE
It *is* common knowledge, so yes
that's why I'm here.
(MORE)

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I know Jonathan doesn't love me anymore, and were he more discreet it would be easier to reconcile. But he isn't and people whisper. And whispers make it very difficult for one to, climb the social ladder as they say.

NORA-JEAN

You were very popular last night.

CAROLINE

Everyone is popular at your parties when you're in the room.

NORA-JEAN

So you're having trouble making friends. Hurry to the part that interests me.

A moment, Caroline reaches within the top of her dress and removes an envelope. She places it on the table. Unimpressed, Nora-Jean simply eyes it.

Caroline EXHALES! She slides the envelope toward Nora-Jean who carefully removes several small photographs, images unseen.

Nora-Jean **cuts her eyes** at Caroline -- a murderous glare.

CAROLINE

You love power Nora-Jean. Power is information and though I don't know all the specifics, I know this could somehow take down Fitz if you wanted it. As well as my, husband.

NORA-JEAN

We have very different marriages, Caroline Bolling. I for one love my husband while you- You've just put Jonathan's balls in my hand and asked me to yank.

Nora-Jean relaxes in her chair, eyeing Caroline.

NORA-JEAN (CONT'D)

Were this to come to light, it's *Jonathan*, not Fitz, that wouldn't survive it. We've given Jonathan a job. He's very good at that job and would be painstakingly difficult to replace.

CAROLINE

Then. Naturally, you can't allow
this to come to light.

NORA-JEAN

(the glare)
Naturally... Why share this
information and not seize the power
for yourself?
(CAROLINE starts-)
You're weak.
(sighs)
What precisely is it that you want?

CAROLINE

I want the whispers to stop. I've
sacrificed everything I've ever
owned that was of value to get
where I am and I want the payoff.

NORA-JEAN

You want respect.
(CAROLINE nods)
Then I suppose now is not a good
time to reveal that I've fucked
Jonathan a time or two.

CAROLINE

(through gritted teeth)
I'm aware.

NORA-JEAN

(eyeing the photographs)
You should be, you were home at the
time and we weren't very quiet.
(looks up)
Where are the copies?

CAROLINE

(stares daggers)
There are none.

NORA-JEAN

How did you get them?

CAROLINE

They arrived with the post-

NORA-JEAN

From who?

CAROLINE

I don't know-

NORA-JEAN

Don't lie to me.

Caroline cuts her eyes down to Nora-Jean's hand which is gently, though purposefully, resting on a knife. She reverts her gaze back to Nora-Jean directly.

CAROLINE

I don't know. They were addressed to Jonathan from a Z. Washington. Jonathan had never mentioned the name before so, I thought it to be from a mistress and I opened it. But he never inquired about a missing letter so I assumed it was unexpected and held onto them.

NORA-JEAN

(it's almost funny)
And why would he inquire about *anything* to you? You're here selling his soul, clearly you can't be trusted-

CAROLINE

Are you going to help me?

Nora-Jean and Caroline maintain challenging, skeptical eye contact for several moments.

Nora-Jean lifts the teapot and pours into Caroline's cup.

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, FOYER -- SHORT WHILE LATER

Nora-Jean escorts Caroline to the door.

NORA-JEAN

Bring Jonathan to dinner. The two of you will be a welcome addition to the table since my husband insists on dining with Thomas Van Horne and his invalid of a wife.

Dreyfuss is nearing, but slows to listen.

CAROLINE

You're not fond of them?

NORA-JEAN

She's horrible to look at and worse to listen to. Dreyfuss, stop hiding yourself and see Mrs. Bolling to her car.

Dreyfuss approaches and holds the door open for Caroline.

NORA-JEAN (CONT'D)
Seven o'clock.

Dreyfuss exits with Caroline.

Pacing slowly, Nora-Jean eyes the small photographs, images still unseen. She gracefully makes her way upstairs.

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, BROADBERRY BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Nora-Jean enters. She shuts the door and moves to the fireplace. She LIGHTS IT!

She eyes the photographs once more, images still unseen. She tosses them into the fire, watching them TURN TO ASH.

Nora-Jean stands to exit the room when-

A TRAIL OF BLOOD trickles down her leg, past her shoe to the floor. The small puddle EXPANDS -- BLOOD IS STREAMING down both legs.

Nora-Jean stares stone-faced.

INT. BOLLING ESTATE, LIBRARY -- LATER, EVENING

Dressed for dinner, Caroline enters -- the room is empty.

Caroline moves about the hallway checking different rooms.

CAROLINE
Jonathan? Jonathan, where are you?

EXT. BOLLING ESTATE, DRIVEWAY -- CONTINUOUS

At the estate entrance, Bolling waits beside his car, a beautiful bouquet of flowers in hand -- a busted tire. SERVANTS approach to assist.

BOLLING
Could you move faster? Please.

INT. BOLLING ESTATE, DRAWING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

CAROLINE
(enters)
Jonathan? Jonathan?

Caroline is thrown to the floor!

Before she can scream, HITMAN, 40's, tall, covered in THIRD DEGREE BURNS, pounces on top of her- *STRANGLING HER!*

HITMAN
Quiet. It'll be over in a minute.

INTERCUT: CAROLINE / BOLLING...

Bolling eyes the tire then his home a short ways off.

BOLLING
Take care of this.

Bolling continues up the driveway on foot...

Caroline FIGHTS FOR BREATH when she spots something.

HITMAN
What a fucking waste.

Caroline bites one of Hitman's thumbs- *HE CRIES OUT!*

Hitman releases Caroline only long enough to shake off the pain and for her to catch her breath.

Caroline tries to reach back at *the something* -- a REVOLVER attached to the upper bottom of a chair -- but Hitman is already strangling her again...

Bolling enters the front door.

BOLLING
Caroline? Caroline-

Bolling comes upon a DEAD MAID, HER NECK BROKEN.

He drops the bouquet and takes off down the hall!

BOLLING (CONT'D)
Caroline!

A GUNSHOT!

Bolling rushes into the drawing room!

Hitman is bleeding from his stomach, Caroline pointing the revolver, trembling.

Bolling EXHALES- RELIEVED! He moves to Caroline, lifts her to her feet and checks her over! He takes the gun and points it.

BOLLING (CONT'D)

You have a choice. Tell me who sent you and I make this quick or don't and I splatter your brains across that wall long after you're begging me to do it.

HITMAN

You don't have the balls, Bolling.

Bolling SHOTS Hitman in the knee! Hitman CRIES OUT!

BOLLING

Who sent you?

HITMAN

You don't remember me, do you?

Bolling's eyes widen, *recognizing* Hitman.

HITMAN (CONT'D)

Maybe Broadberry underestimated you. Maybe your wife can suck my dick.

Hitman blows a kiss toward Caroline, CHUCKLING until-

Bolling SHOTS Hitman in the shoulder!

CAROLINE

Broadberry? Fitz or Nora-Jean? *Fitz or Nora-Jean?!*

Hitman SPITS at Caroline!

Bolling takes Hitman by the collar, PISTOL WHIPS him!

BOLLING

She asked you a question.

HITMAN

(mockingly)
The kindest man in town.

CAROLINE

(timidly)
Why would *Fitz* want us dead?

HITMAN

Not you. *Well.* He did say to kill you *if* you were here.
(chuckles)
But *why?* Because your husband is a fucking-

Bolling SHOTS Hitman in the head!

He pulls Caroline close, comforting her.

CAROLINE

What was he going to say, Jonathan?

Bolling kisses her then moves to a desk, replacing the bullets while...

BOLLING

It doesn't matter. If Broadberry wants a war, I'll give him a fucking war. I'm not going down alone. And he won't touch you.

CAROLINE

Jonathan?

BOLLING

I'll send you away. You'll be safe.

CAROLINE

Safe...

Bolling adds more bullets to the revolver when-

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I know what you've done. And I know Fitz helped you do it.

BOLLING

You don't know anything-

CAROLYN

I saw the photographs... Of you in Southampton and...

BOLLING

(slowly approaching)
What photographs? Where are they?

CAROLINE

But if he wants you *dead*, there must be more to the story-

BOLLING

(grips her shoulders)
Where are the photographs?

CAROLINE

(near tears)
I gave them to Nora-Jean.

BOLLING
 (suppressing anger)
 Nora-Jean... What could prompt you
 to be-so-stupid?

CAROLINE
 Margaret. Grace. Katherine.
 Dorothy. Lora... Nora-Jean.

BOLLING
 Caroline. Everything I've done has
 been for us. *Everything.*

CAROLINE
 (laughs)
 There's a dead man in the corner
 because the husband of one of the
 many women *you've been fucking* sent
 him here to kill you with me as
 collateral damage. How has *anything*
 you've done been for us? *And what*
you did to Edward-

BOLLING
 I'm sorry for Edward- I'll make
 amends, now answer me. *Where are*
the photographs?

CAROLINE
 You don't have to be afraid of him.

BOLLING
 Celia's corpse is in the hall and
 he just nearly murdered my wife- *Of*
course I'm afraid!

Caroline eyes Bolling intently. She puts a hand under his
 chin, lifting his head to search his eyes... She takes his
 hands, more understanding now.

CAROLINE
 Listen to me. Fitz may be the
 richest man we know, but he's not
 the most powerful person we know.

BOLLING
 Interesting. Truly it is. Who is,
 Caroline? Amuse me.

CAROLINE
 His wife. There's value for her
 in... You. And we need to get and
keep her on our side. After you
 tell me *everything* Fitz has on you.

BOLLING
 (near tears)
 You won't want to be married to me
 anymore if I do.

CAROLINE
 We're barely married now.

BOLLING
 (...serious)
 You'll want to sit down.

BLACK...

ON CAROLINE: Her eyes wide, mouth agape, tears welled.

Bolling paces, nervously awaiting Caroline's reaction to his confession. *He can't wait any longer!*

BOLLING (CONT'D)
 Caroline-

CAROLINE
 We have to kill him... We have to
 kill both of them.

Relieved, Bolling drops to his knees and takes Caroline's hands in his own, but she steps back, still collecting herself.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
 We've been invited to dinner.

Caroline glances at Hitman's corpse then leaves the room. A moment, she returns and kisses Bolling. He pulls her close as she cups his face -- they understand each other's pain now, their passion, trust and loyalty reignited.

Caroline exits.

Bolling sighs in relief and collects himself.

INT. BROADBERRY ESTATE, FOYER -- SHORT WHILE LATER

Dreyfuss opens the front door to REDRESSED AND SMILING Caroline and Bolling. They've brought champagne!

BLACK.

END ACT FOUR