

FOXCATCHER

Written by

E. Max Frye and Dan Futterman

INT. UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN GYM - VERY EARLY MORNING

MARK SCHULTZ (27, 180 lbs., cauliflower ears) lifts a human-sized, leather WRESTLING DUMMY from the mat to stand in front of him. He performs a series of repetitive moves - hooking one arm under the dummy's arm, then the other; one side, then other. Again and again. It looks almost as if he's dancing gently with it.

Then, very fast, Mark spins quickly around behind the dummy, grabs it in a bear hug, arches his back, lifts and SLAMS it to the mat, landing on top.

QUICK CUTS: Mark spinning, lifting and slamming the dummy - first one way, then the other - first one hold, then another - SLAM. SLAM. SLAM. SLAM. SLAM. SLAM - over and over and over again.

CUT TO:

I/E. BARABOO SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - LATE MORNING

Mark pulls his beat-up car into a space in the parking lot of this nondescript, 1960s-era suburban brick-facade school. He's freshly showered, wears a short-sleeve dress shirt, clip-on tie, slacks. He reaches behind the front seat and pulls out a battered BROWN VINYL BRIEFCASE.

CUT TO:

INT. BARABOO SCHOOL/PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - DAY

Mark waits alone in a chair he's much too big for, his brown vinyl briefcase on his lap. A portrait of President Reagan hangs on the painted cinder block wall. A clock ticks.

CUT TO:

INT. BARABOO SCHOOL/AUDITORIUM - DAY

Mark's on stage. An audience of 4th, 5th and 6th graders.

MARK

Why do I do it? Why do I push
myself to my limits - of pain, of
exhaustion - every day of my life?
Why do I wake up every morning and
make the commitment? Why do I do
it?

The students are open-mouthed - they have no idea what to make of him. Mark's not being willfully over-the-top with these kids. This is just what's on his mind. All the time.

MARK (CONT'D)

In 13 months - if I train right, if I push myself - I'll be going to Seoul - that's a city in South Korea. Does anyone know why? Because that's where the Olympic games are.

Mark reaches into the briefcase at his feet and pulls out a RIBBON with a MEDAL dangling from it.

MARK (CONT'D)

Does anyone know what this is?

As a couple of kids start to raise their hands --

MARK (CONT'D)

Olympic gold medal. I won it three years ago at the '84 Games in Los Angeles. My brother, Dave Schultz - my best friend, my older brother, my best friend - won one too, just 23 hours and 16 minutes before I did. That's unprecedented - two brothers winning at the same Olympics.

(then)

Would you like me to win another one? Would you like me to win another gold medal - for us, for America? Would you like to see me and my big brother - Dave Schultz - both win gold medals? Who here wants to see the two brothers win again?

Silence. A couple of the kids tentatively raise their hands. The rest are completely frozen.

MARK (CONT'D)

Well we're going to give it absolutely everything we've got.

CUT TO:

INT. BARABOO SCHOOL/PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - DAY

A SCHOOL SECRETARY writes out a check as Mark stands in front of the desk, placing his medal back in his briefcase.

SCHOOL SECRETARY
Twenty... and... no one-hundreds...

She tears off the check and hands it to Mark. He takes the check, holds out to her a SIGNED 8x10 PHOTO of himself with his arms raised, in a USA WRESTLING SINGLET just after winning his Olympic gold.

MARK
And this is for the trophy case.

SCHOOL SECRETARY
I'm sorry?... For what?

MARK
For the trophy case.
(beat)
With the trophies.

SCHOOL SECRETARY
It's an elementary school.

As Mark holds out the photo, WE HEAR:

FAST FOOD KID (V.O.)
Can I take your order?

CUT TO:

INT. ARBY'S - DAY

A long-haired, greasy KID with the very beginnings of a mustache takes Mark's order. Mark looks up at the menu sign.

MARK
I'll have a # 4.

FAST FOOD KID
4. Anything to drink?

MARK
No. Can I get extra meat on that?

FAST FOOD KID
65 cents.

MARK
What are you talking about?

FAST FOOD KID
Extra meat costs extra.

MARK

Where's it say that?

FAST FOOD KID

I don't know. I just know I'm supposed to charge extra for extra meat.

MARK

I always get extra meat. Every time I come here.

FAST FOOD KID

It's extra for extra meat. They told me. 65 cents.

CUT TO:

I/E. MARK'S FORD STATION WAGON/ ARBY'S PARKING LOT - DAY

Mark sits in his car, eating his sandwich - no enjoyment, just fueling himself. His RADIO plays a commercial.

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN GYM - AFTERNOON

DAVE SCHULTZ (31, bearded, intelligent, 163 lbs., strong, fierce, but calm), Head Coach of U of W wrestling, stands on the wrestling mat speaking VERY QUIETLY with 3 or 4 select WRESTLERS from the team. We can't quite hear what Dave is saying to them, but we can sense immediately the reverence and deep respect they have for Dave - one of the country's top wrestlers and great coaches.

The scene gives off the feeling one might have watching a horse whisperer with a small group of stallions. Whatever he's saying, they are calmed by him, pay absolute attention, will do whatever he asks.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - EVENING

A cheaply built 70s-era structure, where Mark inhabits two small rooms with a cheap kitchenette built into the wall of one of them. A particle-board BOOKCASE houses a little SHRINE of Mark's medals - and PHOTOS of him and Dave.

Mark retrieves his briefcase from inside the garbage bag and extracts his GOLD MEDAL.

He replaces it in the PLASTIC DISPLAY CASE on the top shelf, next to the photo of him and Dave smiling with their gold medals around their necks.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mark dumps a package of TOP RAMEN NOODLES into boiling water. And another package. And another.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mark sits on his one metal FOLDING CHAIR, at his table, eating his bowl of noodles. Moths tap against the window.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - LATER/NIGHT

Mark, in just boxer shorts, crosses off another day on his wall calendar. 427 days to Seoul. He looks around, then drops to the floor and starts a monstrous number of push-ups.

CUT TO:

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROAD - EARLY MORNING

Mark runs hard past warehouses and auto repair outlets.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD AND HILL NEXT TO CAR DEMOLITION YARD - MORNING

Mark runs through knee-high weeds dragging a CAR TIRE attached to a rope behind him. He reaches a hill and heads straight up, dragging the tire all the way -

MARK (V.O.)
Coach Teller? This is Mark Schultz--

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - DAY

An ink-stained directory of Wisconsin Public Schools lies open on the kitchen table.

MARK (ON PHONE)
I won a freestyle wrestling gold medal at the '84 Olympics.

Mark, the phone tucked against his shoulder, slips a BLANK TAPE into a cheap VCR. He slides a HAND-LABELED TAPE into a second VCR, wired to the first. We can read the label: "THE MARK SCHULTZ WRESTLING CLINIC." He starts making a copy.

MARK (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
I'm arranging a clinic in your area next weekend, and I wanted to invite you and some of your wrestlers to join...

JUMP CUT TO:

MARK (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
That's Dave, my brother. I wrestle at 180... No, he won't be there, just me... Okay - well, good luck with your season, coach.

JUMP TO:

On the screen is a montage of highlights from Mark's career: take downs, pins. He's an animal - powerful, aggressive.

MARK (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
Yes, there's a small fee.

JUMP TO:

MARK (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
S-C-H-U-L-T-Z....

JUMP TO:

On the screen, Mark wrestles Resit Karabajak, a Turkish wrestler, in his first round match at the '84 Olympics.

MARK (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
A unique, character-building opportunity for young wrestlers....
Yes, a small fee...

Mark throws Karabajak to the mat. Pins him. Walks away, arms raised. Crowd cheers. Karabajak's on the mat, hurt.

MARK (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
Dave's my brother...

On screen, Mark does a back flip.

JUMP TO:

MARK (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
Olympic Champion...

Mark does a back flip.

MARK (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
Dave's my brother...

JUMP TO:

Mark's holds the phone on his lap, just watching himself on the screen, wrestling... winning... match after match...

EXT. MARK'S APARTMENT/OUTSIDE WALKWAY - EVENING

Mark's outside at the second floor railing of this two-story stucco building, looking out over the bleak landscape: a 7-11, an Auto-Zone. He eats a hard-boiled egg. He watches a CAR pull into the lot below. Dave gets out, looks up.

DAVE
Where were you today?

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Dave fills two mismatched glasses with tap water from the faucet.

DAVE
How far'd you run? Ten?

Mark's on the tattered couch. He shrugs, though we should see that he loves the fact that Dave is concerned about him.

DAVE (CONT'D)
More than ten? Dragging weight the whole way?
(Dave turns off the water)
You're a sick fuck, you know that?

Dave turns to look at Mark, sitting in the bare living room.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Place is looking good, by the way.
I like what you've done with it.

Dave notices the Public Schools Directory on the table.

DAVE (CONT'D)
You setting up clinics?

MARK
Talked to some coaches.

Dave comes toward Mark, handing off a water glass, dragging the folding chair over to sit across from him.

DAVE
I hope you don't have anything
booked for Saturday.

MARK
Why?

DAVE
I need a favor. This school called
me months ago to do a gig but now I
can't. Nancy's got a thing all day
so I gotta watch the kids. You
free?

MARK
I'll check.

He goes into the bedroom, looks at the calendar. There's
NOTHING WRITTEN DOWN for any of the days.

MARK (CONT'D)
You said Saturday or Sunday?

DAVE
Saturday.

MARK
Saturday could work.

He comes back in.

DAVE
Good. Thank you.

Dave looks at the BACK OF HIS HAND, where he's written down a
name and phone number in MARKER. He grabs one of Mark's VHS
labels and a pen and writes the information.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Coach Vinson, Radnor High. I'll let
him know you'll call tomorrow.

He peels off the label and slaps it on Mark's leg.

DAVE (CONT'D)
And Mark. Please come back to the
gym. You don't have to do anything
with the team. Just train with me.

Mark's just looking at his older brother.

DAVE (CONT'D)
I need you there. Stay focused on
what's important. For both of us.
Seoul's the goal.

Beat. Beat. Then, Mark nods at his brother.

MARK
Seoul's the goal.

CUT TO:

INT. RADNOR HIGH SCHOOL GYM - DAY

Seven HIGH SCHOOL BOYS plus a couple of PRE-TEENS, all in
wrestling gear, sit on the mat in front of Mark. He seems
manic, evangelical, not tuned into his audience.

MARK
The minute you step on the mat, you
are exactly who you are. You can't
hide. You can't pretend you trained
harder than you did, you want it
more than you do. My brother Dave
and me care about this more than we
care about anything. The difference
between the number one guy in the
world and the number four guy is
paper thin. The one who wins is the
one who wants it more, who's
willing to sacrifice, who can take
the pain. I can take the pain. My
brother Dave can take the pain. Can
you take the pain?

Blank looks from the teenage wrestlers. Mark gestures to a
table set up near the door, on which is his OPEN BRIEFCASE,
with a stack of TAPES.

MARK (CONT'D)
I talk about all this in my
instructional videotape - which you
can purchase at the end of the day
for a nominal fee.

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN GYM - DAY

Mark exits the locker room in his wrestling gear, heading for the MATS.

Dave's in his wrestling gear, on the far side of the gym, talking with TWO MIDDLE-AGED MEN in blazers with USA WRESTLING INSIGNIA. Mark walks onto the mat, waits for him.

Dave and the two men see Mark, WAVE to him - but Mark pretends not to notice, busies himself loosening his wrists, hands, neck. Dave walks over to him.

DAVE
You remember Fred Cole from USA
Wrestling.

The men walk up behind Dave.

FRED COLE
Hey there, Mark, how you been?

Mark sort of nods, but doesn't really respond.

FRED COLE (CONT'D)
(beat, then turns to Dave)
All right, Dave. Let us know if we
can count on you. We'll talk soon.

Dave nods. They walk away. Then Dave turns back to Mark.

MARK
You been calling me and hanging up?

DAVE
(adjusting his knee brace)
No. What do you mean?

Mark doesn't answer, just stands looking at him. For several seconds, they look at each other. Then, slowly at first:

They start to circle each other. We sense immediately their differences: Dave's hunched and not very muscular physique belies his quickness and enormous strength.

Mark's defining characteristic is brute force. A weight class heavier than Dave, he can NEVER SEEM TO BEAT HIS OLDER BROTHER.

The wrestling becomes intense and violent - Mark's head slams into Dave's nose, drawing BLOOD. This only energizes Dave, who slams Mark to the mat - dripping blood onto him.

VARIOUS SHOTS of the increasingly brutal match, ending with:

Dave rides Mark, who's on his stomach, flattened and splayed - grappling for a hold. Mark glances up to SEE:
The USA Wrestling men WATCHING from near the door.

Mark looks away, gritting his teeth, but Dave's gotten his hold. As Dave TURNS and slams the bigger Mark -

CUT TO:

INT. DAVE'S CAR/OUTSIDE MARK'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Mark looks out the window. Silence. They sit there, both bruised and bloodied.

MARK

Sorry about your nose.

DAVE

No, you're not.

(beat)

Come by the house, have dinner with me and Nance and the kids.

Mark's still looking out the window. He speaks quietly -

MARK

You win a gold medal for them. And still. Nothing. No respect.

He reaches for the door handle.

DAVE

Hey. Gimme a hug.

Dave reaches for his arm, and Mark folds automatically into his older brother, puts his head on his chest. Dave embraces him for several long moments - it's like a father and his young child. Then Dave smacks him on the back of the neck.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Same time tomorrow.

Mark nods, gets out of the car and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Mark presses PLAY on his answering machine. Hang-ups and DIAL TONES.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mark examines his bruised face in the mirror, wiping away blood - some of it his, some his brother's.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - LATER

Mark's at the refrigerator, cracking ice cube trays into a plastic 7-11 shopping bag. The PHONE RINGS. He picks up --

MARK (ON PHONE)

Yah.

A man's voice is heard. It sounds like long distance.

MAN (OVER PHONE)

May I please speak with Mr. Mark Schultz?

MARK (ON PHONE)

It's Mark.

MAN (OVER PHONE)

I'm sorry to call you at night, but Mr. du Pont was anxious that I get in touch with you.

MARK (ON PHONE)

Okay...

MAN (ON PHONE)

He asked that you please consider taking a day off from your training to come out to Foxcatcher Farms so you men can meet face to face.

MARK (ON PHONE)

Who do you work for again?

MAN (ON PHONE)
 John E. du Pont of the du Pont
 family of Newtown Square,
 Pennsylvania.
 (beat)
 You may also know of him in
 connection with his support of the
 Villanova wrestling program.

MARK (ON PHONE)
 (he doesn't)
 What does he want to talk about?

MAN (ON PHONE)
 Mr. du Pont requested that I
 contact you to set up a meeting.
 He'd like to bring you out to
 Pennsylvania.

MARK (ON PHONE)
 Uh-huh.

MAN (ON PHONE)
 If I may I'd like to make travel
 arrangements for you, Mr. Schultz.

Mark's holding the ice cube tray, alone in his dingy kitchen.

MAN (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
 Mr. Schultz?

CUT TO:

INT. PHL AIRPORT/ARRIVAL GATE - DAY

BRANDON (20s, post-prep school, jacket/tie) waits for Mark.

BRANDON
 Mr. Schultz, I'm Brandon. Welcome
 to Philadelphia.

CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER (AIRBORNE) - DAY

Mark watches out the clear Plexi as the Pennsylvania
 countryside spreads out below him. He and Brandon and the
 pilot (LARRY - 50s, aviator glasses, Air Cavalry patch on his
 jacket) all wear RADIO MIC HEADSETS.

BRANDON (ON RADIO MIC)
Mr. du Pont would have flown you
himself, but he was asked at the
last minute for tactical assistance
by the Newtown Square Police
Department.

Mark has no idea what that means, but nods his head.

BRANDON (ON RADIO MIC) (CONT'D)
He should be back at the estate by
the time we get there.

Larry BANKS the plane steeply on Mark's side so Mark has an
unobstructed view of the ground.

LARRY (ON RADIO MIC)
Valley Forge below you.

They speed over the historic site - wide fields, the memorial
arch, wood fences, the old stone house.

BRANDON (ON RADIO MIC)
The du Pont family's supplied
American armed forces with
gunpowder since the beginning.
(as Larry heads south)
Foxcatcher in three minutes.

CUT TO:

I/E. HELICOPTER (AIRBORNE)/FOXCATCHER ESTATE - MINUTES LATER

A MARE and FOAL run away as the helicopter descends toward
the Big House - a huge Georgian brick home in the middle of
800 acres of fields and woods and outbuildings.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY/BIG HOUSE - DAY

Brandon leads Mark down a carpeted hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY/BIG HOUSE - DAY

They enter. It's at once grandly elegant and musty.

BRANDON

Feel free to look around the library. Mr. du Pont will be up shortly.

Shuts the door behind him. Mark's never been in a room like this - oil paintings of du Pont ancestors; foxhounds, horses, hunts. Leather-bound books share space with framed OLD STAMPS and antique (and not so antique) PISTOLS. Framed PHOTOS of the same man (JOHN DU PONT - 50, thin, beak-nosed, blond-grey hair) with Presidents Ford, Nixon, Reagan... Henry Kissinger.

Mark's standing, gazing at the photos, when the door opens, revealing JOHN DU PONT, a police-issue HOLSTER dangling from one hand. He stops and breathlessly regards Mark.

DU PONT

You're actually here.

MARK

Oh. Yes, sir.

DU PONT

In my study.

MARK

(no idea what to say)
They said it was the library.

DU PONT

It is.

Du Pont puts the holster onto a chair. Holds out his hand.

DU PONT (CONT'D)

John du Pont.

MARK

Mark Sch --

DU PONT

- I know who you are - I've watched your Olympic victory enough times to know exactly who you are, every inch of you. Please, put your bag down, make yourself comfortable, sit, make yourself at home -

(You quickly realize that du Pont can be voluble and charming, but the more time you spend with him, the more you see what an effort this is for him - how essentially uncomfortable he is in his own skin.... Also, he just might have snorted a tiny bit of coke before he came in.)

Mark sits. Du Pont settles in, sits facing him - focused entirely on Mark. He speaks intimately, sincerely

DU PONT (CONT'D)

I watched the video of your Olympic run again last night. After you broke the arm of the Turk - after they disqualified you, handed you a loss - after they put an *extra official* on you to watch your holds - all of which were legal - after *all that* you rack up seven straight wins to take the medal. For your country. Thrilling. Thrilling. Inspiring. Take the gold medal.

Mark can't recall when he's received this kind of attention.

MARK

Thank you, sir. I'm proud of that day.

DU PONT

You should be. I'm proud of that day. I'm proud of you on that day. Your parents must be enormously proud.

MARK

(after a moment)

To be perfectly honest, we don't often talk.

Du Pont nods, hoping Mark might say more. When he doesn't -

DU PONT

I want to tell you how much I appreciate your coming here. I know it cuts into your training. I imagine that's every day for you?

MARK

Yes sir, it is.

DU PONT

Strength training in the morning? Upper body regimen - muscle tone - building up the muscle tone - across the upper body. In the morning?

MARK

Oh. Well. I take the mornings on my own - as you said, strength training, endurance - then I meet up with my brother - you know Dave Schultz - ?

DU PONT

Of course, of course, yes, I know him. I mean, not personally, but yes, of course, I do know him.

MARK

- I meet up with him at the U-W gym, we work out whatever free time we can grab between team practice.

DU PONT

University of Wisconsin.

MARK

Yes sir.

DU PONT

Where you both coach.

Mark NODS vaguely.

DU PONT (CONT'D)

And they provide you with everything you need?

Beat.

MARK

Pretty much.

A moment as du Pont watches Mark.

DU PONT

I'd like to see you win this upcoming tournament -

MARK

- Thank you -

DU PONT

- I'd like to help you win this upcoming tournament. It's a big one, yes?

MARK

It's the world championship.

Du Pont nods.

DU PONT
Why do you do it, Mark?

Mark just looks at him, unsure what he's being asked.

DU PONT (CONT'D)
Why?

MARK
(simply no other reason)
I want to be the best in the world.

DU PONT
I want you to be the best in the
world. I want this country to be
the best in the world.
(then)
May I speak frankly?

Mark nods... of course.

DU PONT (CONT'D)
I'm concerned. I'm concerned by
what I see in these Unites States.
Athletes labor to bring honor to
America, and America fails to honor
that labor. Fails to honor it and
fails to support it.

Mark's staring at du Pont intently.

DU PONT (CONT'D)
When did you win your first match?

MARK
I started kind of late - high
school sophomore.

Du Pont waits, listening...

MARK (CONT'D)
I was... well, truthfully, I was...
kind of lost. And I got into it
'cause my brother was wrestling. He
convinced me to give it a try. I
never told him this, but I was
scared of losing in front of him.
So of course my first match I get
put up against a kid two years
older. Dave was helping coach from
my corner... and at the end, when
the ref raised my hand...
(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)
there was my brother, he was
running towards me - screaming -
laughing - he lifted me up --

Mark stops - face flushed - tries to stop himself from
getting CHOKED UP. After a few moments, he speaks quietly:

MARK (CONT'D)
It's always been his sport. He let
me inside. I'm just lucky to be
very very good at it.

DU PONT
You won that match. Not him.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - DAY

Du Pont and Mark walk the last few steps of a huge lawn up to
an OLD FIELD HOUSE in the final stages of renovation. Du Pont
opens the door. They walk into a gleaming new GYM.

CUT TO:

INT. FOXCATCHER GYM - CONTINUOUS

Four pristine WRESTLING MATS are spread out on the floor.
Through a doorway on the far end we can glimpse a WEIGHT ROOM
with new nautilus and stationary bikes and free weights.

DU PONT
The U.S. Olympic Committee refuses
to recognize that training for
international competition is a full
time job. Why is that? Why is that?
(looks at Mark)
I want you all to have a home.

CUT TO:

EXT. VALLEY FORGE - LATE AFTERNOON

VARIOUS SHOTS of the vast historic site - monuments and
fences and stone house headquarters.

DU PONT (V.O.)
I wish every American could come
here and see for themselves. See
the price of freedom. It's not free
at all.

Mark stands next to John on a ridge over the CEMETERY field. Du Pont's front leg is poised on a large rock, as if he's a General surveying all that has been conquered. His black Ford Mercury is parked nearby.

DU PONT
The sacrifices of the troops that
first long winter remind me of what
you athletes go through.

Silence as they look out over the national park.

DU PONT (CONT'D)
I'm gratified my family could play
a small part in the history here.

Then du Pont speaks, as much to Mark as to himself -

DU PONT (CONT'D)
We can't choose the family we're
born to. But we can make our own.
(beat)
I can't think of anyone I'd rather
build a team with.
(turns to Mark)
You name your price.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHL AIRPORT - ESTABLISHING/DAY

A plane takes off on the runway.

CUT TO:

INT. PHL AIRPORT/BATHROOM - DAY

CLOSE UP on Mark's face, looking at himself in the mirror. Studying his own face. Then he erupts in a PRIMAL SCREAM.

CUT TO:

EXT. PINE TREE - DAY

CLOSE UP on the face of a SIX-YEAR OLD BOY, CRYING - terrified. ALEXANDER, Dave's son. He's mid-way up a tall pine tree and scared to go any higher. Dave is a couple of branches above him. He looks down at Alexander, patiently waiting for the boy to stop crying. Finally, ALEX stops.

DAVE
You ready?

Beat. The boy nods. They climb higher.

CUT TO:

I/E. TAXI/MADISON/DAVE'S STREET - DAY

Mark rides in the back of a cab. As he nears Dave's house, we SEE Nancy tapping a beer keg in the side yard. Dave and Alex sit in the TOP OF THE TREE, watching Mark arrive.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE - LATER/DAY

Lots of U of W wrestlers, coaches, wives, girlfriends, kids. Dave's at the BBQ, carving a huge roast on a spit with a long CARVING KNIFE. Mark's talking to him -

MARK
25 thousand a year. He said name your price and I said the highest price that came into my head. We'd get to hand-pick our own team, wrestlers we want to work with -

DAVE
Who you gonna train with?

MARK
No - I mean... when I say we, I mean - you and me... could choose a team. Together.

DAVE
What does du Pont get out of it?

MARK
As soon as you meet him you'll understand. He sees what we're after. He cares about America - old family, basically paid for the Revolutionary War - he gets it. He wants to help us win, help restore our pride.

DAVE
My pride is fine.

MARK

No, not.... This country's pride.

Dave just looks at him, silent.

MARK (CONT'D)

Dave - this is *it*. This is what we've wanted our whole lives - just to train - you and me - not to have to deal with USA Wrestling, or Harper and his corrupt university program - not to have to think about anybody else...

Nancy has wandered over, Danielle on her hip.

NANCY

- What're you guys talking about?

MARK

I'm speaking to my brother, that okay with you?

Nancy and Dave share a glance. Then Nancy turns to walk away.

NANCY

Always good to see you, Mark.
(as she walks away)
Please, eat our food, shit on our lawn. Enjoy yourself...

The brothers are silent for a long moment until she's gone.

MARK

Why does she...

He trails off. Then, a bit desperate -

MARK (CONT'D)

The deer hunting on his farm's supposed to be amazing...

Dave speaks gently.

DAVE

I got a good thing going here. I got a contract. Nancy's happy, Alex likes his school...

The reality starts to hit Mark that he may be doing this alone, without his older brother. He's shell-shocked.

MARK

The Worlds are sixty days away.

DAVE

Tell me your plan. Who you gonna train with?

MARK

(lost)

Du Pont's taking his money out of the Villanova program. They'll pull the plug on that. So. Dan Bane could come. I - I guess Dan Bane.

(beat, then, very quietly)

I don't know how to do this without you.

DAVE

Do what?

The answer is "everything" -- but Mark just shakes his head.

DAVE (CONT'D)

It sounds like an opportunity.

MARK

Does it?

DAVE

I think you could make something of it.

MARK

Do you?

(Dave NODS)

A spot's always open for you if you decide to come.

DAVE

Thank you.

Dave steps forward and holds out his arms -

DAVE (CONT'D)

Congrats, little brother.

Mark steps into his brother's arms, folding into him, head on his chest, holding on for dear life. Nancy looks over.

CUT TO:

I/E. MARK'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Mark packs his apartment - trashing just about everything, tossing it in the dumpster - stuffing the few essentials in his AMC GREMLIN.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVING - DAY

Mark drives across Ohio.

CUT TO:

EXT. FILLING STATION - DAY

Mark gets gas. The attendant - clearly a HIGH SCHOOL WRESTLER - shakes his hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - DAY

Mark pulls onto the estate grounds.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT DOOR/BIG HOUSE - DAY

Mark rings the doorbell. No answer. He goes to ring it again and the door is opened by a UNIFORMED MAID.

MARK

Hi. I'm Mark Schultz.

Silence. That means nothing to her.

MARK (CONT'D)

I'm here to see John du Pont?

UNIFORMED MAID

Is Mr. du Pont expecting you?

MARK

Yeah. Well - not today exactly, but, yes. This week. Sometime.

UNIFORMED MAID

Just a moment, please.

MARK

In the meantime can I use the -

She SHUTS the door, leaving him outside. He turns and looks out over the VAST LAWN of the estate. Far off, it's being mowed by a gardener.

UNIFORMED MAID

(opening the door)

Please.

CUT TO:

INT. BIG HOUSE/FOXCATCHER - CONTINUOUS

They walk just a few feet and she gestures toward a door.

MARK

(confused)

Is he? He's in there?

UNIFORMED MAID

The washroom.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCOCO WASHROOM/BIG HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Floral wallpaper, gold fixtures and faucet. Mark pisses - mouth open, eyes half shut. He flushes.

He looks at a dish holding little pastel horseshoes. Soap? He picks one up, smells it. Washes his hands - monstrous with the tiny soap. He wipes his hands on his pants, avoiding the neatly hung towelettes. He opens the door.

UNIFORMED MAID

Mr. Beck will see you now.

Mark doesn't know who Mr. Beck is.

CUT TO:

INT. STAN BECK'S OFFICE/BIG HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Mark is let into a large third floor office with a big desk, wood filing cabinets, LAW BOOKS lining the bookshelves.

STAN BECK (mid-forties, no-nonsense, suit and tie) rises from behind the desk as Mark enters.

STAN BECK
Come in, sit down.

MARK
Thanks.

STAN BECK
Thank you, Rosie.

UNIFORMED MAID
You're welcome, Mr. Beck.

She exits, closing the door behind her.

STAN BECK
Okay. Okay. So. Mark *Schultz*,
correct?

MARK
Yes.

STAN BECK
(opens a folder, writing)
S-C-H-U-L-T-Z?

MARK
That's right.

STAN BECK
... M-A-R-K?

Mark just looks at him. Beat. Then he nods.

STAN BECK (CONT'D)
All right. Mark. I manage affairs
for Mr. du Pont. Look after his
interests. If you have a problem,
you come to me. If Mr. Du Pont has
a problem, I'll come to you. Okay?

MARK
Sounds okay.

STAN BECK
Let's talk about what you're doing
here. I'd like to make sure we all
understand each other. Does that
sound like a good policy to you?

MARK
That could be a good policy.

STAN BECK

Good. I think so, too. First thing I can tell you is that Mr. du Pont is very happy he can help you with your goals. But I want to make sure you're aware of what's expected. It's not a free ride. In exchange for the guest house, the more than substantial salary, the privilege of training at Foxcatcher Farms, Mr. du Pont expects results. Understood?

MARK

Yes.

STAN BECK

I'm sure you can appreciate that.

MARK

Of course.

STAN BECK

That goes for every wrestler.

MARK

I've actually got suggestions for about half the roster.

He pulls a creased, folded piece of paper from his pocket.

STAN BECK

What about the other half?

MARK

(beat)

I've been making phone calls.

STAN BECK

I'll take a look at that when you've finished. All right. Now.

Stan takes out a form, writes on it as Mark puts away list.

STAN BECK (CONT'D)

Your age?

MARK

Twenty-seven.

STAN BECK

Education?

MARK
Oklahoma University.

STAN BECK
Undergraduate?

MARK
Yes.

STAN BECK
You graduated?

MARK
Yes.

STAN BECK
Do you own any property?

MARK
No.

STAN BECK
Are your parents still married?

MARK
(beat)
No.

STAN BECK
How old were you when they
separated?

MARK
Two.

STAN BECK
Have you ever been accused of a
crime?

MARK
No.

The DOOR OPENS and John du Pont pokes his head in. Mark
STANDS, relieved to see him finally --

MARK (CONT'D)
Mr. du Pont.

Du Pont seems surprised to see Mark. He stays in the doorway,
waves slightly.

DU PONT
Ah. Hello. You've arrived.

MARK

Yes sir, I drove straight down.

It's a little odd that du Pont doesn't enter - he seems nervous. He looks at Stan. Stan hands him a sheet of paper.

STAN

Tonight's speech. All set.

John takes the paper and glances at it. Then -

DU PONT

They're setting him up in the chalet?

STAN BECK

Yes, sir.

DU PONT

Excellent bed. Firm mattress.

(silence)

Good for the lower back.

MARK

Great.

DU PONT

All right.

MARK

All right. Thank you, sir.

And du Pont's gone, closing the door behind him. Beat.

STAN BECK

Shall we finish this?

Mark sits.

STAN BECK (CONT'D)

Have you ever been sued?

MARK

No.

STAN BECK

Have you ever initiated a lawsuit?

CUT TO:

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - AFTERNOON

Brandon walks with Mark. They've come far, across the huge side yard - the Big House looks small behind them.

Mark can see HORSE STABLES that let out onto a huge fenced track with a grass infield. Stable hands are putting several thoroughbred horses through their paces.

BRANDON
(re the horses)
They're Mrs. du Pont's. We all just
keep our distance.

They enter the WOODS. Just inside the trees is THE CHALET - a European style wooden guest house that is now Mark's home.

MARK
I didn't realize he was married.

BRANDON
Mr. du Pont? He's not. Mrs. du
Pont's his mother.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CHALET - AFTERNOON

Brandon lets Mark in the door, turns on the lights in the living room, in the kitchen, goes to the bedroom. It's decorated like a ski chalet. Brandon walks back from the bedroom, holding KEYS out to Mark-

BRANDON
Utilities are paid for - gas,
electric. Refrigerator's stocked
for now, but in the future you're
responsible for feeding yourself.
Unless of course you get invited to
the Big House for dinner.

Mark, still standing in the entry-way, accepts the keys.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Someone will bring your car around.
Anything else you need?

MARK
Has he always lived with his
mother?

BRANDON
Mr. du Pont? I think so.

Brandon leaves. Mark stands still for a long time, gazing at his new home - including some of the oddities, like the POLAR BEAR SKIN RUG (with HEAD ON) which is draped over the sofa.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CHALET - LATE THAT NIGHT

Mark (in tank-top undershirt) tapes up PHOTOS of himself and Dave. The POLAR BEAR HEAD on the rug gazes blankly at him. A KNOCK on the living room window. It's John du Pont, who points toward the front door.

EXT. PORCH/THE CHALET - CONTINUOUS/LATE NIGHT

Mark opens the door. John's standing on the little porch, wearing a tux, holding a BOOK and a SMALL BOX.

MARK

Mr. du Pont, I want to thank you
for -

Du Pont holds up a finger. Mark STOPS. Du Pont whispers -

DU PONT

You hear that?

Mark listens, shakes his head. Du Pont holds up his finger again - and then we HEAR it: a faint HOOTING from the woods.

DU PONT (CONT'D)

Barred owl -

He hands Mark the small box he's holding. Inside is a very small set of BINOCULARS.

DU PONT (CONT'D)

When you spot one, you'll see with
each hoot there's a white flash in
his collar. His throat swells, and
he reveals to you the lighter
feathers he keeps hidden
underneath.

He hands Mark the BOOK: "South Pacific Birds" by John Eleuthere du Pont.

DU PONT (CONT'D)

It's from ten years ago, but I
thought you might find it
interesting.

MARK
You wrote this?

DU PONT
I did.

Mark seems genuinely touched and impressed.

MARK
Thank you. Do you want to come in?

DU PONT
No no -

MARK
- The fridge is full - you probably
know better than me what's in there-

DU PONT
- No. You need your rest. You need
to get started bright and early.

Du Pont hold up his own set of binoculars.

DU PONT (CONT'D)
- I had a wonderful night a few
years back when I spotted all eight
Northeast species. Right here on
the farm.
(then)
What do we have - two months to the
Worlds?

MARK
Not even. 54 days.

DU PONT
54 days.
(beat)
We'll get it done.

On the two men standing in the porch light. PRELAP the sound
of POUNDING FEET, getting louder and louder -

CUT TO:

INT. FOXCATCHER GYM - SEVERAL WEEKS LATER/DAY

CLOSE ON: Wrestling shoes running FAST in place on the gym
mat. There are SIX SETS of feet in a wide circle. Team
Foxcatcher is beginning to come together.

MARK

Drop!

All six wrestlers, Mark included, drop to the mats for 10 fast push-ups and sit-ups.

The wrestlers are: ROBERTO GARCIA, aka "GECKO" (21 years old, 105 pounds, Latino, as fast a talker as he is a wrestler); JIM ZEREGA - "JIMMY Z" (24, 114 lbs., blond Midwesterner); MATT POPPER (24, 149 lbs., East coast working class); BRUCE SPRINGER (27, also 149 lbs., half Asian); MARK SCHULTZ (180 lbs.); and DAN BANE (30, 198 lbs., strong and low-key, intelligent, from the West, like Mark.)

The wrestlers jump up - run in place incredibly fast.

MARK (CONT'D)

Drop -

JUMP CUT TO:

Garcia and Zerega sprint to the end of the mats and back. Relay shuttles, each pair races, then the next pair.

Popper and Springer have just run (probably for the twentieth time) - they're BENT OVER, sucking wind by the wall.

Du Pont WALKS IN. He wears a sweatsuit, has a whistle around his neck. He hovers a slight distance away, observing, seeming to want to be noticed.

Mark and Dan take off, racing, as Garcia beats Zerega -

Du Pont stares at Garcia. As Dan and Mark race back, Dan notices du Pont -

DAN

Hey, Coach.

Du Pont becomes at once an odd combination of a kid invited to join in and the actual boss and benefactor of this team.

DU PONT

Dan Bane. How's that hamstring?

DAN

Coming back. It's coming back.

DU PONT

Good. Good to hear. Hamstring coming back.

MARK
 (walking up to him)
 Sir, you need me for something?

DU PONT
 No no. Later. Please. Continue.

MARK
 (nods, turns back)
 Pair up. On the mat. Up and down.
 Popper, Springer, let's go.

Springer's dragging a bit, clearly wiped out.

GARCIA
 Spring Loll - must lay off the pohk
 flied lice.

SPRINGER
 (exhausted)
 Suck me, Gecko.
 (as he comes onto the mat)
 And I'm fucking Filipino, dickhead.

The six wrestlers are paired and spread out on the mats -
 each pair in the up-down position.

MARK
 Go!

They all go to it - the top wrestler trying to get a hold
 secure enough to turn the other - and the down wrestler
 splayed on the mat, fending him off.

Du Pont hovers nearby, watching intently. We can sense his
 fascination - his admiration for these athletes. Also, his
 jealousy - how desperately he'd love to be part of this
 brotherhood.... He CLAPS, like a coach would....

DU PONT
 (awkward, not loud enough)
 Good.
 (claps again)
 Good.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - LATE AFTERNOON

Mark, freshly showered, walks across the yard from the field
 house gym to the Big House.

CUT TO:

INT. DU PONT'S OFFICE/BIG HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Du Pont's pouring himself a scotch and soda at the built-in wall bar. Mark's in the SITTING AREA of this large office, which gives the unmistakable impression of having been inspired by the Oval Office. (We should sense that this is not the first of these meetings.)

DU PONT

I can't get you anything at all?

MARK

No, thank you. I'm good.

DU PONT

In training. Excellent.

He comes over and sits. He's immediately hushed and serious.

DU PONT (CONT'D)

Talk to me about Roberto Garcia.

MARK

Gecko? Great wrestler. What do you want to know?

Du Pont sits there nodding. He's mulling something.

DU PONT

Just a sense. Keep your eye on him.
Let me know of anything suspicious.
Subversive. Anti.

MARK

Anti-what?

DU PONT

Anything at all. Phone calls.
Anything.

MARK

(no idea what that means)
I will.

Du Pont stands and goes over to a carved WOODEN EAGLE on top of one of the desk.

DU PONT

You see the artistry, the care, the
craftsmanship that went into making
this great American symbol? You see
the face hidden among the feathers?
(Mark looks)
Right here.

Mark looks. He doesn't see it. But he NODS anyway.

DU PONT (CONT'D)

We need to exert the same care in crafting a world-class wrestling experience here at Foxcatcher.

(Mark nods)

How're we doing with Dave Schultz?

MARK

How do you mean?

DU PONT

You were going to speak to him again. When's he coming?

MARK

Right. Look. Dave's... he's got a good situation going up in Madison. He's... he doesn't want to uproot. The family. Just at the moment.

(beat)

At the present time.

DU PONT

He is a world class competitor - a world class coach. We are building a world class *team*. He belongs here. Tell me what I have to offer him.

MARK

Mr. du Pont, I don't... you can't buy Dave.

Silence. Du Pont's clearly not happy with this answer.

MARK (CONT'D)

I wasn't... I didn't realize you wanted him to coach.

DU PONT

Wrestle and coach. We all coach each other. Support each other.

His tone suddenly turns bright and positive -

DU PONT (CONT'D)

Let me ask your opinion -

He goes to the desk, where there are several large DRAWINGS of a proposed Foxcatcher logo: a RED FOX running. In some, the fox runs one way, in some the other. Mark approaches.

DU PONT (CONT'D)
What do you think? Right to left,
or left to right?

Silence as Mark examines the designs intently. Then, finally -

MARK
Right to left.

Du Pont looks at him, then back at the drawings. On the two
of them - studying, contemplating...

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS/FOXCATCHER - EARLY MORNING

Mark RUNS hard through the woods - pushing himself - jumping
fallen branches, sprinting up hills. He reaches the edge of
the woods and stops, bent over, breathing heavily.

Across the field, PRIZE HORSES are led out of the stables
onto the grounds of the estate. Mark WATCHES.

A few wrestlers (Zerega, Popper and Dan Bane) emerge from the
woods behind Mark, running. Dan Bane leaves the other two.

DAN
I'll catch up with you all later.

Zerega and Popper jog off. Dan comes to stand next to Mark,
who has taken his little pair of BINOCULARS from the pocket
of his sweats and is looking through them. After a moment, he
hands Dan the binoculars. Dan looks through them.

MARK
I'm pretty sure that's John's
mother.

BINOCULARS POV: A VERY OLD WOMAN stands in front of her
wheelchair, with the help of an attendant. When the horses
reach her, she TOUCHES THEM LOVINGLY, tenderly stroking their
faces, feeding them treats from her hands. She's completely
at home with these animals, as they are with her.

CUT TO:

INT. WRESTLING ARENA/CLERMONT-FERRAND, FRANCE - DAY

Dave Schultz SLAMS his opponent to the mat. He's in TEAM USA
uniform, and he's dominating.

Du Pont watches from the stands, transfixed. Then he glances over at: Mark. Off to the side, watching his brother wrestle. Whether he's fascinated, jealous, rooting - we can't tell.

CUT TO:

INT. WRESTLING ARENA/CLERMONT-FERRAND - LATER/DAY

Mark wrestles like an animal - aggressive, forceful and fast. Dave's in Mark's corner, coaching - focused, intense, and very tough on Mark - shouting instruction.

On du Pont, watching from the stands...

CUT TO:

INT. DAVE'S HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Loud. The TV is on. A few Team USA WRESTLERS watch the French Sports TV wrap-up of the day's matches. Danielle JUMPS on the bed near the window, with Nancy watching her.

DANIELLE

One... deux... quatre!

Nancy laughs. Dave wrestles with Alexander on the other bed.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DAVE'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Du Pont and Mark are outside the door. Mark holds a VIDEOTAPE. He KNOCKS. No answer.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVE'S HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Dave wrestling with Alex on the bed.

DAVE

...Fireman's carry... to a half-nelson... to a chicken wing...
Wait! A chicken wing?

He starts to gobble up Alex's arm, who SHRIEKS in delight.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DAVE'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Mark knocks again. We HEAR Nancy's voice yell from inside:
"It's open!" Mark opens the door.

INT. DAVE'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Noisy, chaotic. The wrestlers glance over "Hey, Mark" "What's up".... Mark's focused on Dave, who wrestles with Alex -

MARK

Dave.

DAVE

- a scrambled-egg!... a feather-pluck!...

Dave's plucking Alex and Alex is cracking up.

MARK

Dave.

DAVE

Hey, Mark --

MARK

Come meet Mr. du Pont.

Dave sweeps up Alex and throws him over his shoulder, carrying him to the door. He SHAKES du Pont's HAND.

DAVE

Hi. Dave Schultz.

DU PONT

John du Pont. It's a pleasure to meet you in person finally.

MARK

(to Dave)

I told him how excited you were to meet him.

DAVE

This is Alex, that's my wife, Nancy, our daughter Danielle.

(to Nancy)

Hey, Nance. John du Pont.

Nancy waves from over near the window -

NANCY

Hey.

DU PONT

Hello.

DAVE

Come on in. Can I get you a drink -

DU PONT

No no.

DAVE

You sure - ?

DU PONT

Thank you. No. I need to be getting back. But, don't worry - we'll make a Foxcatcher out of you yet.

(he laughs awkwardly)

Until tomorrow.

And he's GONE. Beat. Dave shrugs.

DAVE

Well, I know what I need.

MARK

What?

DAVE

Turkey drumstick!

He throws Alex on the bed and jumps on him. Alex SQUEALS.
Mark heads for the TV across the room. Pops in his video.

MARK

Dave, check out the tape I have on
Nanev -

DAVE

(still wrestling)

Yeah -

MARK

I want to show you this downblock -

DAVE

Cue it up.

As the tape cues up, Mark glances at Nancy.

MARK

Too difficult to come say hello to
Mr. du Pont?

NANCY
I said hello.
(lights a CIGARETTE)
I'm watching my kid.

MARK
It's John du Pont. One of the most
generous men in America. He's gonna
save USA Wrestling.
(re. cigarette)
Can you not do that in here?

NANCY
Do what?

MARK
Smoking.

NANCY
Smoke?

MARK
I wrestle tomorrow.

NANCY
It's my room, Mark. You don't have
to be here.

MARK
I'm trying to get advice from my
brother, get ready for the finals -

NANCY
Go get ready -

MARK
You start smoking - ?

NANCY
You can leave. Go to your own room -

MARK
- Your *kids* are in here -

She BLOWS SMOKE at him.

MARK (CONT'D)
What the hell is that?

DAVE
Mark. Calm down.

MARK
I'm not the one frigging smoking.

DAVE

The window's open. Relax. Show me
what you want me to look at.

Mark looks around the room. At Alexander giggling on the bed,
at Danielle bouncing, Nancy BLOWING SMOKE RINGS. It's all too
much. He pulls out the videotape and WALKS OUT the door.

CUT TO:

INT. ARENA/CLERMONT-FERRAND - DAY

VARIOUS SHOTS: Final matches in progress, intense and brutal.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SAME TIME

Mark sits, alone, head in his hands.

CUT TO:

INT. ARENA/CLERMONT-FERRAND - SAME TIME

Faces in the crowd watching; strained faces of the wrestlers.

Mark Schultz and Alexander Nanev's names are put up on the
board. FINALS à 82 KILOS...

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SAME TIME

Du Pont enters. Mark's alone on a corner bench, frozen, head
in his hands. Silence. Du Pont is stiff, but gentle.

DU PONT

I think you're up.

Silence. Du Pont goes over to him, unsure what to do.
Uncomfortable, he puts his hand on Mark's shoulder.

DU PONT (CONT'D)

Mark. Dave just won. It's your
turn.

Mark's body starts to shake. Then, very quietly:

MARK

I don't want to let you down.

This is the first time anyone has said anything like this to du Pont. He has no idea how to respond. He woodenly pats Mark's shoulder, then takes his hand back.

DU PONT

I can't.... I've watched you these past months...

(long beat, then quietly)

I can't imagine being let down by you.

Mark stops shaking. Du Pont stands patiently beside him.

CUT TO:

INT. ARENA/CLERMONT-FERRAND - MOMENTS LATER

CAMERA'S TIGHT ON Mark as he enters the arena. Mark walks directly onto the mat, straight to the center, faces off with the Bulgarian, NANEV. CAMERA stays tight on Mark looking directly at Nanev, as the ref checks each of them.

WHISTLE. The match begins. Intense and rough. Neither able to gain an edge. Dave coaches from Mark's corner.

CUT TO:

In between periods. Mark sits as Dave FANS him with a towel, shouting instruction. Mark glances behind him: du Pont watches from the stands.

CUT TO:

Mark and Nanev wrestle the final seconds - Mark ahead by a point. Nanev tries desperately to turn Mark, to gain any advantage. The whistle blows.

The ref takes each of their hands. He RAISES Mark's. He turns them around, raises Mark's hand again.

Mark does a BACK FLIP. He trots over to the opposing coach, shakes his hand. He trots to his corner where Dave - beaming, his arms open wide - embraces him. Mark hugs his brother quickly, then turns to LOOK OUT into the stands.

He SPOTS du Pont, who's coming down the steps toward the platform. Mark walks toward him. The enormity of what he's just accomplished STARTS TO HIT Mark. His face is red. He reaches du Pont, and from a step below him, THROWS HIS ARMS around him, clings to him. Mark starts to SOB.

Du Pont holds him as he looks out toward the wrestling mat, where Dave watches.

PRELAP SOUND: The beginning "AAAAAH's" of David Bowie's "LET'S DANCE".

CUT TO:

INT. TROPHY ROOM/BIG HOUSE - NIGHT

"LET'S DANCE" blasts from the stereo. Team Foxcatcher wrestlers are huddled in a circle in the Trophy Room - shouting the "AAAAAAH's" along with the thin white duke. Each holds a BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE, shaking it up as they sing.

When the chords kick in, they POP THEIR CORKS - SPRAYING champagne on each other, shouting wildly. Then they all CHUG the rest of their bottles. Du Pont is dancing around outside the circle, doing his best Euro-electronica moves, and drinking from his bottle (and it's not his first). The wrestlers DANCE. When du Pont finishes his bottle -

DU PONT
Let's clear it out!

He gestures toward the center section of the enormous TROPHY CASE - the entirety of which is filled with horse-jumping and fox-hunting medals, ribbons and plaques.

Some of the wrestlers open the glass doors and start taking down what's in there. A few of the others open more liquor...

DU PONT (CONT'D)
Oh, yes!

SPRINGER
You sure about this?

DU PONT
Mother's idea of sport is riding a horse that's chasing a dog that's chasing a fox. I don't share her affection for horseflesh -

The center case is cleared out.

DU PONT (CONT'D)
Put 'em up, boys!

They hang their wrestling medals, place in trophies and other awards - leaving the TOP FEW HOOKS EMPTY.

WRESTLERS
(chanting together)
Mark! Mark! Mark! Mark!...

Mark hangs his OLYMPIC and WORLD CUP GOLDS on the top hooks.

WRESTLERS (CONT'D)
U.S.A! U.S.A! U.S.A!...

Du Pont raises his bottle to Mark -

DU PONT
You've brought honor to Team
Foxcatcher.

He starts to walk toward him.

DU PONT (CONT'D)
You've brought honor to -

He SLIPS on the wet floor and his feet fly up in front of him, landing him FLAT ON HIS BACK.

SILENCE. Du Pont's lying there, shaking - is he crying? No one knows what exactly to do. Dan Bane approaches him.

DAN
You all right, Coach?

Du Pont starts LAUGHING out loud. Hugely relieved, Dan holds his hand out to him to help him up.

Du Pont takes Dan's hand and promptly pulls him to the ground... and... JUMPS on his back - WRESTLING with him. The wrestlers, including Mark, go crazy, CHEERING him on.

Dan lets du Pont get the best of him... lets du Pont PIN him.

The wrestlers are cheering madly as du Pont stands with his arms raised. He makes as if he's about to do a back flip (like Mark), then sits and does a clumsy backwards somersault. Wild cheers.

DU PONT
More drinks!

He's on his knees, fists in the air, head thrown back - TOTALLY EXULTANT...

PRELAP sound of a GUNSHOT -

CUT TO:

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - NEXT MORNING

VARIOUS SHOTS: The AMERICAN FLAG being raised; a hawk soars above the trees; Jean du Pont BRUSHES the horses in the barn.

CAMERA picks up wrestlers running off their hangovers - Zerega, Popper, Springer, Mark. They pick up speed as the camera stays with them. WE HEAR more gunshots as they run through the grounds - the SHOTS get louder and louder.

The wrestlers run somewhat near the FIRING RANGE, where several members of the NEWTOWN POLICE DEPARTMENT, in uniform, are SHOOTING target practice with DU PONT.

Du Pont wears a "Team Foxcatcher" zip SWEATJACKET - with his honorary POLICE BADGE pinned to one breast. On the other breast are sewn the words: "Head Coach", and JOHN "EAGLE" DU PONT. He's about to SHOOT when the wrestlers pass by -

WRESTLERS (EXCEPT MARK)
Johnny D! Bossman!...

Du Pont, still holding his pistol, turns to watch them run past. His expression seems oddly, entirely blank.

CUT TO:

INT. FOXCATCHER GYM/WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

A few wrestlers lift weights - the others are hanging out, resting, talking. Du Pont wanders in, his target practice PISTOL dangling from the crook of his arm. A few guys notice him, greet him CASUALLY, go back to what they were doing.

Du Pont FIRES a bullet through the roof. SILENCE.

DU PONT
321 days to Seoul, gentlemen. 321
days. Let's get to work.

He gestures for Mark to join him.

DU PONT (CONT'D)
Come talk to me.

CUT TO:

INT. DU PONT'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON: a CHECK for \$10,000.00 made out to Mark Schultz.

MARK (O.S.)
You don't have to do this.

John sits at his desk, pistol stuck in his waistband. Mark, sweaty, stands across the desk from him, holding the check.

DU PONT
America doesn't respect you.
Doesn't place any value on you at
all. I reward accomplishment.

MARK
Thank you, Coach.

DU PONT
Please. Call me John. Or Coach.
Whichever you prefer. Maybe Eagle.
Or Coach. Eagle is good.
(then)
How're we doing with Dave?

Mark carefully folds the check, avoiding du Pont's gaze.

DU PONT (CONT'D)
You spoke to him again at the
Worlds.

MARK
Yes. Yes, I did. I...
(beat)
It's not gonna happen. He got
offered a contract extension at
Wisconsin, Team USA wants him to
train Olympic wrestlers next
summer, he - it's not gonna happen.

John is clearly unhappy with this answer. He removes the gun
from his waistband, places it on the desk.

DU PONT
Do you believe in this team?

MARK
Of course I -

DU PONT
- Do you believe we deserve this
country's best talent?

MARK
I do -

DU PONT
- I pay for results not only on the
mat, but in recruiting the best of
the best to Foxcatcher Farms.
That's part of your job.

Silence. Mark looks shamed by this.

DU PONT (CONT'D)
 It's probably best. Dave
 intimidates you. You don't believe
 you can ever do better than your
 brother. Glass ceiling. Impossible
 for you to break through.

It looks like perhaps Mark believes this as well.

MARK
 (tentative)
 Do you think that's true?
 Because... all these years -

Du Pont stands suddenly -

DU PONT
 - Well. You're the public face of
 Foxcatcher.

MARK
 If that's what -

DU PONT
 - What do you know about Masters
 League wrestling tournaments?

MARK
 Uh - well - not all that much -

DU PONT
 - Because I'm thinking of entering
 one.

Beat. Mark nods -

MARK
 Okay...

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: VIDEOTAPE image of Mark at the 1984 Olympics, his
 hand being raised by the ref... Mark raises both hands in the
 air, glances slightly down, then out at the crowd...

The image FREEZES, is rewound, plays again. At the moment
 Mark raises his arms and GLANCES DOWN, the image FREEZES.

PHOTOGRAPHER (O.C.)
 This is the one.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM/BIG HOUSE - CONTINUOUS/DAY

The furniture has been pushed to the walls in the huge formal dining room, and a large WHITE SCRIM has been erected at one end. A FASHION PHOTOGRAPHER who could double as a member of Devo, stands at a video monitor with du Pont.

PHOTOGRAPHER
He wears the singlet -

DU PONT
- and the gold medal -

PHOTOGRAPHER
- and, of course, the gold medal.
And a lot of oil.

Mark's in a dressing area wearing his FOXCATCHER SINGLET and Olympic gold. Two assistants stuff his crotch with a bit of padding.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)
A lot of oil. Please. More oil. It
defines the musculature.

Mark walks to his spot in front of the scrim. The two assistants slather baby oil on his arms and chest and legs as the photographer SHOWS him the pose on the monitor.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)
You're winning the gold medal.
You're raising your arms in
triumph. You're also feeling
humility.

Du Pont is hanging back, but staring intensely at Mark. Mark looks over to him.

MARK
You good with this?

DU PONT
It's wonderful. It's exactly what I
needed from you.

The photographer takes his place behind the camera as the assistants finish with the baby oil and clear away.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Good! Now. Mark. You're winning the
gold medal! And you are humbled!

Mark raises his arms and glances down. FLASH. FLASH.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)
Good! And again!

JUMP TO: Du Pont, in his Foxcatcher sweatsuit, is now in front of the scrim with Mark (still in his singlet.) Mark starts to hug du Pont for a photo -

DU PONT
I think you were below me by a couple of steps when you hugged me at the Worlds.

PHOTOGRAPHER
It's true.

DU PONT
Maybe if you kneeled.

MARK
Kneeled now? On the floor.
(unsure)
Really? It won't look...

DU PONT
No. No. You should kneel.

Mark kneels in front of du Pont. Hugs him. FLASH. FLASH.

DU PONT (CONT'D)
I think you were crying.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOXCATCHER LAWN - TWILIGHT

Mark and John, wearing TUXEDOS, board a large helicopter. It's cold out.

CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER (AIRBORNE) - EVENING

Mark and John are flown southwest toward Washington DC by Larry the pilot.

John takes a folded piece of paper from his jacket pocket, hands it to Mark.

DU PONT
Brandon and I prepared some remarks.

Mark takes the paper and reads it over. He looks worried.

DU PONT (CONT'D)
Don't be nervous. You'll do great.

Mark's not so sure. Then he HEARS a SNIFF. He looks over at du Pont: he's got a COCAINE BULLET in one nostril. Du Pont inhales, then OFFERS the bullet to Mark. Mark's frozen -

DU PONT (CONT'D)
What? You've never done this?
(Mark shakes his head)
It helps put everything in perspective. Trust me....
Mark. It's just cocaine. Trust me.

Mark takes the coke bullet, examines it for several moments, then holds it to one nostril. He INHALES.

DU PONT (CONT'D)
Nice. You brought the medals?
(Mark nods)
Good. Try the speech.

MARK
Read it?

DU PONT
Read the speech.

MARK
(reading)
John Eagle du Pont, highly
respected ornithologist, author,
world explorer, phil... phila...

DU PONT
Philatelist.

The helicopter nears the LIT UP city of WASHINGTON D.C.

CUT TO:

INT. HILTON HOTEL, DC/COCKTAIL AREA - NIGHT

LARGE SIGN on an EASEL by the entrance reads: "CITIZENS' DEFENSE OF PATRIOTS FUND - 1st ANNUAL GALA AND AUCTION".

Loads of tuxedoed Republicans and their wives or mistresses mill about. Small talk, hearty laughter, awarding of defense contracts, gallons of martinis.

CUT TO:

INT. HILTON HOTEL, DC/COCKTAIL AREA - LATER/NIGHT

DU PONT (O.C.)
*That's the one! That's the one I
need!*

A FINGER is jabbing at a military photograph of an M-113
ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER (APC).

We're in a corner of the reception. Du Pont stands with Steve
Graham, looking at a set of PHOTOS. Mark's nearby, chewing
vigorously on a straw.

STEVE
In that case, the Grand Old Party
wants to help find you one.

Graham calls over to the 3-star GENERAL in full dress uniform
who's chewing on a cigar and drinking gin with a Senator.

STEVE (CONT'D)
General, any of these models
available?

GENERAL
Which? We might have a couple of
those left on the lot.
(to du Pont)
You gonna need financing?

Everyone laughs. Du Pont smiles.

DU PONT
What I need is the gun turret.
Don't send me one without that MK-
19 mounted on top.

GENERAL
Uh... I don't know there, son.
Civilians don't usually get 40mm
blowback grenade launchers.

STEVE
General, John du Pont is hardly
your usual civilian.

The General turns back to the Senator, grumbling -

GENERAL
Am I supposed to get him a 12-pack
of live fucking grenades, too?

CUT TO:

INT. HILTON HOTEL, DC/BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

Mark's on stage, at the podium, READING from his Brandon-prepared remarks with - shall we say - some vigor...

MARK
... highly respected ornithologist,
author, world explorer, phil...
phila...

Du Pont watches from the wings, whispers:

DU PONT
Philatelist.

Mark looks over at him blankly - he has no idea what du Pont just said.

DU PONT (CONT'D)
Philatelist.
(Mark just looks at him)
Philat--
(giving up)
Stamp collector.

MARK
Stamp collector, and former
pentathlete.

Jean, in the audience, in her wheelchair, almost imperceptibly shakes her head.

MARK (CONT'D)
Mr. Du Pont will be making his
return to competitive sports in the
over-50 category at the Masters'
League du Pont Wrestling
Invitational in Phoenix, Arizona
this March.

Scattered applause, though no one has any idea what he's talking about. Du Pont watches from the wings. Mark reads.

MARK (CONT'D)
I'm so proud to introduce my
mentor. He has the ability to look
at me and see where I am in life.
He knows how to motivate me. I feel
his love for me as an athlete and
as a human being. My mother and
father were divorced when I was two
years old. I spent a lifetime
looking for a father...
(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)
and I found one in the Golden,
uh... the Gold Eagle of America -
John du Pont.

Applause as du Pont strides onstage, hugs Mark. Du Pont turns, beaming (and a little hopped-up) to the audience -

DU PONT
Mark Schultz. Thank you, son.
(waves to Jean in audience)
Hello, Mother.
(to them all)
The gold medal Mark won in 1984 was tarnished. Tarnished by Jimmy Carter. Tarnished by the unpatriotic acts of that democrat administration. He caused the entire Eastern bloc to boycott our Los Angeles Games. Mark will have an opportunity to shine up that medal at the World Championships in just a few short weeks. To prove his worth in front of the assembled nations of the globe...

CUT TO:

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - ESTABLISHING/LATE AFTERNOON

Some time has passed. Lights are on in the windows of the Field House Gym.

CUT TO:

INT. FOXCATCHER GYM - LATE AFTERNOON

Mark kneels on the mat with du Pont, holding him in the starting position. Mark is talking du Pont through the moves for an escape.

We get the sense that this is not the first of these lessons.

MARK
Ready? Go.

Du Pont clumsily attempts the escape. Mark is incredibly gentle with him, even tender, easing him through the moves.

MARK (CONT'D)
Okay. Let's try it again.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CHALET - NIGHT

Mark's HAIR IS NOW CUT SHORT AND BLEACHED WHITE. He's in shorts - no shirt - on the phone. He's sipping a beer, walking around the living room -

MARK (ON PHONE)
Yeah. I'm good. Yeah.... All good.

INTERCUT with Dave in the U of W gym office, looking out over a wrestling team night practice.

DAVE (ON PHONE)
You working hard?

MARK (ON PHONE)
Yeah. No, I'm kind of giving myself a bit of a break right now. I'll ramp it up again as the trials come closer.

DAVE (ON PHONE)
All right. How close?

There a KNOCK on Mark's window. Mark looks over and sees du Pont standing outside, an eager look on his face. He beckons to Mark and moves TWO FINGERS as if cutting his own hair.

MARK
(to du Pont)
Just a sec...

DAVE (ON PHONE)
What's that?

MARK (ON PHONE)
No, I wasn't - listen, I gotta run -

DAVE (ON PHONE)
What're you doing?

MARK (ON PHONE)
I just - I gotta run.

DAVE (ON PHONE)
(beat)
Okay. Call me soon.

MARK (ON PHONE)

I will -

DAVE (ON PHONE)

- You're a tough man to track down -

MARK (ON PHONE)

- Yeah, well -

DAVE (ON PHONE)

- Call me -

MARK (ON PHONE)

- I will. I gotta roll -

CUT TO:

EXT. VERANDA/BIG HOUSE - NIGHT

Bowie's "China Girl" PLAYS through outdoor speakers. Mark crops du Pont's hair with an ELECTRIC CLIPPER. It's unseasonably warm out - Mark's in shorts and flip flops.

Both men are drinking from bottles of champagne. Du Pont's drunk enough that his defenses are down. A vanity table is on the veranda with a mirror and a bowl of COCAINE.

MARK

Looking good.

(no reply)

Looking tough.

Mark finishes buzzing -- looks at du Pont's crew cut in the mirror. Du Pont seems melancholy.

MARK (CONT'D)

I think you're ready.

(beat)

We just need some more talc.

They both reach over to the bowl of "talc", rub some on their gums -- then they each snort a line.

MARK (CONT'D)

Yah! I think you're ready.

DU PONT

I appreciate this...

MARK

You've done the training, you learned the moves. You're ready to rumble, boss.

DU PONT

No. Mark. I appreciate this.

MARK

(after a moment)

It's nothing.

DU PONT

When I was fourteen - my father had left us long before that - my best friend was Clifford Holt, our gardener's son. Then I found out Mother had been paying Cliff to be friends with me.

Mark is moved, but doesn't know what to say.

MARK

We all have demons.

DU PONT

(totally sincere)

It's good to know you and I have come to this... friendship without any of that nonsense. Financial nonsense.

Neither mentions that du Pont is actually paying Mark. Silence. Mark struggles whether to admit something. Then -

MARK

When Dave's son, Alex, was born he had some problems with his lungs. It looked like he wasn't gonna live. I was sitting in the hospital waiting room, and all I could think was: *Maybe it's better if he dies. Dave won't be distracted. We can get back to training together.*

(beat)

Alex is fine now and, you know, he's my nephew. I'm not proud I wanted him to die, but it's the truth. That's just the truth.

(then)

You gotta conquer your demons.

Du Pont stands up. Expressionless, he disappears through the sliding glass doors into the house. Mark LOOKS OUT over the dark grounds of Foxcatcher. Quiet.

Then Mark jumps out of his skin as a MACHINE GUN FIRES several rounds behind him.

When he turns around, there's du Pont, a determined look on his face, pointing a semi-automatic MACHINE GUN out into the rolling landscape.

DU PONT
Conquer demons.

He FIRES again, a short burst of bullets into the dark. Du Pont fires again, a sustained volley into the dark...

MARK
(over the gunfire)
Yeahhhhh!!!!

Du Pont ceases fire and looks out. He begins lowering the gun when it accidentally goes off, firing a few bullets into the wood deck - though he doesn't seem to notice.

DU PONT
They're dead.

CUT TO:

INT. LEAR JET - DAY

SILENCE, save for the steady HUM of flight inside the cabin.

Du Pont's gazing out the window of this private jet; he's trying to be brave, but he's clearly terrified of the upcoming match.

Mark sits next to du Pont, on the aisle.

CUT TO:

INT. PHOENIX ARENA - DAY

Between periods at the "Du Pont Masters Open and Collegiate Invitational". Very few people in the Masters gym bleachers. Large posters of the oiled-up Mark on the walls.

Through large OPEN DOORS, in the adjoining gym, a larger crowd cheers on a number of NCAA wrestlers. FRED COLE and another USA WRESTLING OFFICIAL look in from the other gym. They SEE the posters of Mark on the walls, and they SEE:

An exhausted du Pont, in his Foxcatcher singlet, is slumped in his chair, encouraging Mark to massage his shoulders. Mark OBLIGES. Mark glances at the OPEN DOORS, notices Fred Cole. Self-conscious, he ignores Cole and focuses on John.

MARK

When he gives you the slightest
opening, you gotta shoot in on him.
Be aggressive. Show him who's boss.

Du Pont nods wearily. He can barely move.

CUT TO:

The final minute of the match. It's clearly RIGGED. The OTHER WRESTLER is trying to let the exhausted du Pont get the best of him. Mark watches.

The REF blows the end of match whistle. The wrestlers stand, du Pont struggling to his feet. The ref takes each of their hands, and raises... du Pont's. He's "won".

Du Pont limps off the mat. He approaches Mark, THROWS his arms around him the way Mark hugged du Pont at the Worlds. Mark glances toward the open doors to the other gym.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM/PHOENIX ARENA - MINUTES LATER

Mark and an exhausted du Pont enter the locker room. Mark SEES, off in a corner, Brandon speaking quietly with the OTHER WRESTLER from du Pont's match. He watches Brandon HAND the other wrestler an ENVELOPE.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOXCATCHER LAWN - EVENING/ESTABLISHING

The helicopter is on the lawn, blades slowing, shutting down.

DU PONT (V.O.)

I've rearranged some of the horse
ribbons, Mother...

CUT TO:

INT. JEAN DU PONT'S ROOMS/FOXCATCHER - EVENING

John is seated in front of his mother, next to a window in her third floor room. She's in her wheelchair, with the oxygen tubes in her nose, imperious as ever.

DU PONT

... Some of the older prizes in the
trophy case.

(MORE)

DU PONT (CONT'D)
 To make room for Team Foxcatcher
 medals.... For the wrestling
 awards.

Silence. Jean just looks at her son, not reacting.

DU PONT (CONT'D)
 Including this, Mother. Ha. Which
 I've actually just won.

He takes his WINNER'S PLAQUE out of a duffel bag, trying to be casual, but seeming all the more like an eager 9 year-old. He holds it out for her. She doesn't take it, but leans forward slightly to read what's inscribed on it: "FIRST PLACE, OVER-50, DU PONT MASTER'S INVITATIONAL: JOHN 'EAGLE' DU PONT." She sits back.

JEAN
 Which ribbons?

DU PONT
 I'm sorry?

JEAN
 Which ribbons did you move?

DU PONT
 Just some of the older ones. From
 the case. From the Rosemont case.

Silence.

JEAN
 I'll have a look later to see
 exactly what you've done.

CUT TO:

INT. TROPHY ROOM - DAY

C/U's of Jean's ribbons in the case, horse photos, etc.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - NEXT MORNING/ESTABLISHING

On the vast lawn, the gardener drives his mower.

CUT TO:

INT. FOXCATCHER GYM - LATE MORNING

Du Pont, in Foxcatcher sweats, walks in. The gym is EMPTY.

CUT TO:

INT. GARCIA AND ZEREGA'S BUNGALOW/FOXCATCHER - LATE MORNING

Mark and the team are watching a VIDEOTAPE Garcia has gotten of an early ULTIMATE FIGHTING MATCH. It's an American street fighter versus a huge Brazilian Jujutsu expert. The match is brutal and bloody and the wrestlers watching are CLEARLY INTO IT. Mark is lying on the couch - attentive, but quiet.

There's KNOCKING at the door, but the guys don't notice it. Much LOUDER KNOCKING. Garcia opens the door. It's du Pont. Mark RISES to greet him as Dan MUTES the video.

MARK

(completely genuine)
Hi, Boss. How you doing? Any
soreness from the match?

DU PONT

I went by the gym - it's almost
noon - and there's no one in there.
*There is no one in there. In the
gym.*

MARK

Yeah, no, exactly - we've got an
intense workout scheduled this
afternoon. Real intense one. So
we're taking the morning to rest
up.

DU PONT

Who precisely is in charge around
here?

MARK

Well, I mean, I am.

DU PONT

Where do we stand on Dave?

MARK

(beat)
On what?

DU PONT

David Schultz. Your brother. When
is he coming to Foxcatcher?

Beat. Mark glances at the other guys.

DU PONT (CONT'D)
We need someone to take charge
around here, someone to *lead*.

MARK
John, seriously, I don't know how
else to say it. It's not gonna
happen. You can't buy Dave. It's
just not gonna happen.

Du Pont SLAPS Mark. HARD. Across the face. SILENCE.

Mark could destroy du Pont. He doesn't seem to even consider
it. He just stands there, like a chastened schoolboy, his
face reddening. Du Pont WALKS OUT past the muted UFC on TV -

Once he's gone, no one speaks. Then:

GARCIA
You got bitch-slapped.

Mark turns to Garcia.

GARCIA (CONT'D)
Oh shit.

Garcia runs into the other room.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM/THE CHALET - DAY

Mark stands at the sink STARING at his reflection as the
mirror fogs over from the RUNNING SHOWER: bleached hair, one
side of his face is red where du Pont slapped him.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM/THE CHALET - DAY

Mark sits on the edge of his bed. He's neatly dressed, his
wet hair brushed. His face shaved. He doesn't move.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOXCATCHER LAWN - DAY

Mark walks quickly across the vast lawn toward the Big House.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE ENTRANCE/BIG HOUSE - DAY

Mark enters the Big House through the rear office entrance.
No one's in the reception area.

MARK
Hello?... Hello?

He starts up the stairs, two at a time. Stan Beck comes out of his office, meets him at the top.

STAN BECK
Mark. How are things?

MARK
I need to see John.

STAN BECK
Mr. du Pont's not available right now.

MARK
Stan, please. I need to see him.

STAN BECK
He's got a very full schedule this afternoon. But I'll let him know you stopped by.

MARK
(more and more upset)
Listen - I - something happened.
There was a - misunderstanding. I think I did something wrong and I really need to talk to him about it-

STAN BECK
- Mark, I hear you. But Mr. du Pont's away for the afternoon on business. He's simply not here.

Mark doesn't move.

STAN BECK (CONT'D)
You're going to have to do this later.

Mark's frozen, not knowing what to do, where to go...

PRELAP: KNOCKING on a DOOR...

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM/THE CHALET - THAT NIGHT/LATE

Mark awakens with a start to the sound of someone KNOCKING at the front door. He looks at the clock. It's 3 a.m.

CUT TO:

I/E. FRONT DOOR/THE CHALET - NIGHT

Mark opens the door to find du Pont standing there, in his SWEATS. He clearly hasn't been to bed. And it's clearly an artificial stimulant that's been keeping him awake.

DU PONT

New moves. Wrestling moves. Need to try them out.

MARK

Oh, uh -

DU PONT

In the gym.

Beat. Mark forces the cobwebs from his head.

MARK

Yeah, of course. Just... just give me a minute.

CUT TO:

INT. FOXCATCHER GYM - NIGHT

Mark and du Pont are down on the wrestling mat. Du Pont on top. He's both weirdly aggressive with Mark - trying to get him in various holds - and also, in the bizarre way he's pressing against Mark, quasi-sexual. Mark is BLANK-FACED. Just waiting for it to end.

FADE OUT.

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - DAY

WIDE SHOT of the Foxcatcher estate. In the distance, a HELICOPTER approaches, the rotors getting louder and louder.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOXCATCHER LAWN - DAY

The helicopter has LANDED, the rotors still WHIRRING LOUDLY. (We won't hear dialogue in the following sequence.)

DAVE and NANCY and the kids descend from the helicopter, GREETED warmly by the wrestling team. MARK IS ABSENT.

Du Pont emerges from the Big House, trailed by Brandon. WE SEE du Pont notice what a warm reception Dave gets from the team. He comes down the steps, greets Dave and the family.

CLOSE ON: Mark, who's at the very far end of the lawn, just inside the ring of trees, WATCHING. His HEAD is COMPLETELY SHAVED.

MARK'S POV: Brandon and the team escort Nancy and the kids toward their new home. Du Pont and Dave ascend the Big House steps together. Du Pont puts his arm around Dave's shoulder. Far away, the Big House front door CLOSES.

CUT TO:

I/E. FRONT DOOR/THE CHALET - EARLY EVENING

The door OPENS. Mark has opened it from the inside. He's looking out at: Dave, on his porch. Beat.

DAVE

Hey.

MARK

Hey, Dave.

DAVE

How you doing?

MARK

Good. I'm good.

DAVE

I hadn't seen you yet. I just want to make sure everything's okay.

MARK
Yeah. I'm just concentrating.
Trials are in 50 days.

Silence.

DAVE
You know, Nancy and the kids are
here.

MARK
How they doing?

DAVE
Good. You should stop in, say hi.

MARK
I will.
(beat)
I will.

As the brothers stand in the doorway looking at each other,
PRELAP: the sound of a GUNSHOT.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOXCATCHER WOODS - DAY

A deer STAGGERS. It's been hit by a rifle shot. It stumbles,
starts to move away.

REVERSE onto Dave, holding his RIFLE. He's hunting with Dan
Bane and TWO WRESTLERS we don't recognize (recruited by him
in the few weeks he's been there.) Dave FIRES again.

HEAR: opening of THE DOOBIE BROTHERS' *"Listen to the Music"*

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD/DAVE AND NANCY'S HOUSE/FOXCATCHER - DAY

A BOOMBOX plays The Doobie Brothers. The deer CARCASS hangs
from a large tree. Dave SKINS it with a long knife. Dave's
son, Alex, sits on the picnic table, watching. Danielle runs
around the yard with some of the other wrestlers' kids.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD/DAVE AND NANCY'S HOUSE - EVENING

MUSIC in the background. The (now dozen or so) wrestlers and their families are gathered around the picnic table, the keg, the roasting deer on the SPIT over the fire.

Du Pont is at the table. Mark stays very much ON THE PERIPHERY of the group. Dave's holding court at the table - in front of a huge platter of venison steaks -

DAVE

There's this big match between an American and a Russian. The Russian is a monster, never lost, kills everybody with this hold called *The Pretzel*. So the American coach tells his wrestler, "Listen, whatever you do don't let this guy get you in *The Pretzel* or you're dead." Sure enough, match starts, the Russian gets him in *The Pretzel*.

There are smiles around the table.

DAVE (CONT'D)

The coach buries his head in his hands because he know's it's all over. Suddenly, he hears the crowd roar. When he looks up the Russian is flying through the air - he lands on his back, the American jumps him. Pins him. Boom. The match is over.

Du Pont is studying Dave intently, fascinated by the hold he has on people - the attention he gets.

DAVE (CONT'D)

"Nobody's ever gotten out of *The Pretzel*," the coach says afterward, "How'd you do it?" "Well, Coach, I was just about to give up when I opened my eyes and there was this big hairy pair of balls right in front of my face. I had nothing to lose, so with my last ounce of strength I craned my neck and bit those babies as hard as I could."

(some laughs)

The coach says, "And that did the trick?"

(low)

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)
"Coach, you'd be surprised how
motivated you get when you bite
your own balls."

Everyone CRACKS UP. Du Pont WATCHES, trying to discern what
makes this man so effortlessly magnetic.

Then du Pont laughs loudest of all.

CUT TO:

INT. FOXCATCHER GYM - DAY

The dozen wrestlers are spread out on the mats, in pairs,
wrestling. Dave walks among them. He moves close to Springer,
giving instruction. Du Pont, in sweats and a whistle, lurks
nearby.

Mark's off against the wall, putting on weightlifting gloves.

DAVE
He gives you opportunity, jump on
it. Hard. Drive him down.

DU PONT
No mercy!

Dave looks at du Pont, surprised by the comment - that John's
actually behaving as if he's coaching. Dave looks at some of
the wrestlers, realizes this is the norm. He laughs, pats du
Pont on the back.

DAVE
(to the wrestlers)
Okay. Okay. You heard the Head
Coach. No mercy.

Mark walks out of the wrestling room to the weight room.
Du Pont is thrilled to be validated for a moment. Then -

DAVE (CONT'D)
(to du Pont)
Would you give us a little room?
Just stand over there for a sec...
(turns to Springer)
Springer -

Du Pont obeys, SHUFFLES off to the side.

Fluidly, expertly, Dave talks and wrestles through a series
of moves with Springer.

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)
- when he grabs for your elbow,
goes for head position - your hand
on his wrist needs to come up
immediately, suck his arm to your
chest, right hook over the top for
the headlock, take him down, *drive*
him down -

Du Pont watches the master work for several moments.

DAVE (CONT'D)
- you see him commit you make him
pay -

Du Pont clearly has nothing to contribute. He claps.

DU PONT
Keep it up, gentlemen.

Largely ignored, he drifts off into the weight room.

CUT TO:

INT. WEIGHT ROOM/FOXCATCHER GYM - CONTINUOUS

Mark sits on the LEG-PRESS, pressing an enormous amount of
weight - repeatedly - straining, pushing himself.

Du Pont enters. Mark tries to ignore him, continues to press
the huge stack of weights.

DU PONT
Your brother's taking the reins.
Leading.

Mark finishes his set, stares straight ahead, catching his
breath.

DU PONT (CONT'D)
You've got more in you than that.

Mark turns his gaze to du Pont. SILENCE. Du Pont walks over
behind him, starts massaging Mark's shoulders.

DU PONT (CONT'D)
You've got to dig deep. Find out
what's inside. Discover what you're
made of.

MARK
(quiet)
Please don't do that.

Du Pont keeps massaging. Mark glances towards the wrestling room.

DU PONT
Conquer your demons, Mark.
Conquer -

MARK
(quiet)
- Please. I'm asking you to not...

Dave is coming in the direction of the weight room. Mark STANDS and walks out of the gym. Du Pont turns and sees Dave come through the doorway.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CHALET - LATER

CU on TV screen: Mark being taken down by a wrestler. The image pauses, plays again. And again.

Mark sits in front of the screen, watching this sequence, over and over. Dave walks in through the open door. Mark doesn't acknowledge him.

DAVE
Why'd you take off so suddenly?

MARK
(still watching)
Need to study up. Fix some weakness.

DAVE
You been doing this since you left?

MARK
Pretty much.

Beat. Dave stands there as Mark keeps watching.

DAVE
What's going on with you and John?

MARK
(still watching)
Nothing's going on.
(beat)
What does that mean?

DAVE
You seemed kind of upset in the gym.

MARK
(still watching)
The fuck you talking about?

DU PONT
He was talking to you about something and you seemed pretty upset.
(then)
What was he saying to you?

MARK
I don't know what you're talking about.

Beat.

DAVE
Okay. You want me to leave you alone, I'll leave you alone. You decide you want to talk, you know where to find me.

Dave walks out. Mark keeps watching his videotape.

CUT TO:

I/E. DU PONT'S CAR/FOXCATCHER - NEXT MORNING

Du Pont drives his black Mercury. He's wearing what looks like an antique Revolutionary War General's battle COAT over a Foxcatcher t-shirt. There are a couple of MUSKETS in the back seat, another COAT.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE/FOXCATCHER - SAME TIME

Dave's got the hood of his car up. He's showing Alex how to change the oil filter. Danielle picks flowers in the yard and brings them to Nancy on the steps.

Du Pont pulls up in his car, gets out with the car running.

DU PONT
David Schultz. Dave.

Dave looks around the open hood.

DAVE
Hey, Coach.

DU PONT
I'd like to show you something. Why
don't you hop in?

It's more than a little odd that du Pont hasn't acknowledged anyone else.

DAVE
Well -

DU PONT
- Need to show you something. At
the battlefield. Come. Sit. Come.

DAVE
You know what, Coach? It's Sunday.
Family time.

Du Pont stands there as if he hasn't quite registered what Dave said. Beat. Beat. Nancy calls out from the steps.

NANCY
Good morning, John.

Du Pont looks over at her as if he's just noticed her presence.

DU PONT
Family time. Ah. Very good.

He turns, gets back in his car.

DU PONT (CONT'D)
Good. Good family time.

He drives off. Dave looks at Nancy.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOXCATCHER WOODS - NEXT MORNING

Mark RUNS - alone, pushing himself, sprinting - through the woods, jumping rocks and fallen tree trunks.

CUT TO:

INT. FOXCATCHER GYM - SAME TIME

The wrestlers train on the mats. Du Pont patrols the perimeter, REPEATEDLY LOOKING TOWARD the doorway.

Du Pont SEES someone entering and immediately begins acting coach-like, SHOUTING instruction, CLAPPING encouragement.

WE NOW SEE who has entered: Mrs. Jean du Pont. She's WHEELED in by an attendant; another wheels the oxygen tank she's attached to. They park themselves by the wall.

INTERCUT: Mark SPRINTS through the woods, breathing hard.

BACK IN THE GYM: The wrestlers notice Jean, begin to stop what they're doing. Du Pont BLOWS HIS WHISTLE too loudly-

DU PONT

And.... break! Gentlemen, well done! Listen up. Team. Listen up.

Several wrestlers GLANCE toward Dave to check his reaction to this. Dave NODS his head in du Pont's direction.

DU PONT (CONT'D)

A number of you will be travelling with me to the Olympic Trials in Pensacola next week. From the moment you leave these hallowed training grounds, you will be in competition. There's no lying in a fight. Who you think you are in the moments leading up to a fight, and who you are when the fight begins - the truth will become abundantly clear.

Jean du Pont watches her son.

DU PONT (CONT'D)

Raul Garcia, come up here for a moment.

No one moves. He gestures at Garcia.

DU PONT (CONT'D)

Raul. Gecko. Come.

GARCIA

(mutters under his breath)
My fucking name's Roberto,
dickweed.

Springer smiles. Garcia stands. He's clearly the SMALLEST WRESTLER in the room. He approaches du Pont.

INTERCUT: Mark sprinting through the woods.

BACK IN THE GYM:

DU PONT
 Muchas gracias, compadre.
 (gestures to the mat)
 Por favor.

Garcia gets in the down position. Du Pont kneels next to him, his arms hovering over him, not yet grabbing on.

DU PONT (CONT'D)
 The period begins *before* the
 whistle blows, when the other
 wrestler feels you above him, *feels*
 your purpose.

Jean watches her son, not betraying any emotion.

DU PONT (CONT'D)
 Then... the whistle blows!

Du Pont grabs onto Garcia. Tries to flip him. He can't move him at all. TOTAL SILENCE, except for Du Pont grunting.

Mrs. Du Pont, stoic - watches her son. Then she signals to her attendant to take her away. She's wheeled out.

Du Pont sees her go.

FADE OUT.

INT. WRESTLING ARENA/PENSACOLA - DAY

Dave wrestles. He's having trouble with a younger wrestler.

Mark stretches by the wall, alone, trying to concentrate on his upcoming match. He keeps glancing over at his struggling brother, and at du Pont in Dave's corner.

CUT TO:

Du Pont FANS Dave with a towel in between periods, "coaching him", giving "advice". He's BEING FILMED BY A CAMERA CREW.

CUT TO:

End of Dave's match. Mark watches the ref raise the other wrestler's hand. Mark's stunned.

ANNOUNCER (OVER P.A.)
That's the second - and final -
loss for David Schultz.

Dave graciously HUGS the other wrestler. ON MARK, watching,
devastated,

CUT TO:

INT. WRESTLING ARENA/PENSACOLA - LATER/DAY

Mark's on the mat, battling a college wrestler, Rico
Chipparelli. Mark's struggling. We see a vulnerability we
haven't seen before - something lost or disoriented. Dave
shouts from the corner.

DAVE
Get after him, Mark! Shoot low!...

Du Pont, BEING FILMED, claps, calls out instruction -

DU PONT
Need to get after him, there. Low
low low.

CUT TO:

In between periods, Mark sits in the chair in his corner
while Dave gets in his face, coaching. But all Mark can pay
attention to is du Pont clumsily FANNING him with a towel.

DAVE
He's open to the left. He leaves
his entire left side open. You
gotta *get after* that fucker! Make
him pay. Now or never...

CUT TO:

Mark's back out on the mat. It's not working. Mark gets
PINNED. The wrestlers stand. The ref holds both of their
hands, RAISES Chipparelli's arm. He turns them around, raises
Chipparelli's arm again.

Mark walks off the mat. Dave tries to console him.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Double elimination, buddy. You'll
get it back.

DU PONT
Next time, Mark. A good effort.

Mark walks right past them, off the mats. We TRAIL him, staying with him as he walks straight out the arena door.

EXT. PARKING LOT/WRESTLING ARENA - CONTINUOUS

Mark walks out the door and along the side of the building. He turns down a side entrance ramp for delivery trucks leading down to an underground garage.

I/E. DELIVERY TUNNEL/WRESTLING ARENA - CONTINUOUS

Mark's alone here. He BANGS his head against the cement wall, smashing it repeatedly. He screams at himself. He punches himself. Punishment for losing.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Mark, still in his wrestling clothes, sits on the edge of his bed in front of a ROOM SERVICE CART loaded with food. His face is bloody. He gorges himself on fried chicken, sandwiches, french fries.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Mark's on his knees at the room MINI-BAR, having discovered the Kit-Kat's, M&Ms. TV's on, place is a wreck. A KNOCK at the door. LOUDER. Mark looks through the peephole. His POV:

DAVE

Open up - I know you're in there.

Mark walks away from the door.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Mark. I'm gonna kick it in if you don't open it.

Dave POUNDS hard, seriously rattling the doorframe.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Mark!

Mark doesn't move. Dave starts to KICK IN the door - once, twice - it might break. Mark goes to the door and opens it. SILENCE as the brothers stand there looking at each other.

DAVE (CONT'D)

What's going on with you? You got a match in four hours.

(beat)

What happened to your face?

Mark walks away, sits on the bed. Dave comes in, surveys the room - dishes on the room-service cart, open mini-bar.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ, tell me you didn't eat all this.

(no answer)

You got to weigh in before every match.

MARK

I'm done.

DAVE

What does that mean?

MARK

It's over. I'm done. You lost. I lost. It's over.

Dave walks over to Mark, and CUFFS him, hard, on the side of the head. He hits him again. Hard.

DAVE

Look at me. *Look at me.* You have a chance to do what no wrestler's done since 1904. *Not one.* If you think I'm gonna let you throw away a chance to win back-to-back Olympic golds you're fucking crazy.

Dave CUFFS him again, harder.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Do you know what I'd give to have the extra years you've got? To have one more shot? To not have to start coaching full time? Do you?!

(hits him again)

I'm done, Mark. I've lost a step. You haven't. I will kick the shit out of you. I will lift you up and personally throw you out on that mat to take what's yours - what we've been training for since high school. And I will be on your ass every day from here to South Korea.

Mark is silent, his face reddening. Staring straight ahead.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 (quiet now)
 I'm with you, Mark. You're not in
 this alone.

Silence. Then, Mark stands and the CAMERA follows him into the bathroom. As he sticks his fingers down his throat and leans over the toilet bowl to throw up,

CUT TO:

INT. WEIGH-IN ROOM - DAY

Mark steps on the scale. Dave watches. The balance shoots up, making a metallic clank.

DAVE
 (under his breath)
 Shit.

The official MOVES the slide weight up from 82 KILOS to...

OFFICIAL
 87 kilos.

DAVE
 How long does he have to make
 weight?

The official glances up at the CLOCK.

OFFICIAL
 Weigh-in period ends at 3:30pm.

Dave nods. Grabs Mark.

DAVE
 C'mon, fat boy, you got 90 minutes
 to cut 12 pounds.

CUT TO:

INT. WORK-OUT ROOM - DAY

Mark PEDALS furiously on a STATIONARY BIKE, wearing five layers of sweats and fleeces with PLASTICS on top. We can see how much Mark is perspiring by the POOLS OF SWEAT which are collecting up his arms. Dave eggs him on as he shoves TINY PIECES of ICE up Mark's nose to keep him from overheating.

Du Pont walks in the far side, clapping, calling out -

DU PONT
Here you are. I've been looking all
over for you --

Dave immediately trots over to du Pont, heading him off.

We SEE their conversation from Mark's POV (we'll hear only pieces of it): Dave explains how Mark needs to be left alone. Du Pont resists at first; Dave is gentle but firm. He tells du Pont he shouldn't be in Mark's corner right now.

Finally, du Pont turns and WALKS OUT. Dave turns back toward Mark. Mark puts his head down and PEDALS even harder.

CUT TO:

INT. WEIGH IN ROOM - DAY

C/U on the CLOCK: 3:29.

The weigh-in official CLOSES his log book. Dave and Mark BURST into the room.

DAVE
Wait! Wait! We're here...
(to Mark)
Get 'em off.

The official looks at them, OPENS his log book. Dave helps Mark peel off his sweats. Soaked, they hit the floor with a smack. Mark, in his singlet, gets on the scale.

He's 30 GRAMS OVERWEIGHT (5 ounces). He steps off, and Dave helps PEEL his singlet off. He gets back on the scale naked. The official slides the weight bar...

3 GRAMS OVER. Dave grabs Mark.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Come here.

He grabs his wallet from his sweats pocket and pulls out a CREDIT CARD, dropping the wallet on the floor. Dave SQUEEGEES sweat off Mark's naked body with the card. Scraping him down.

He helps Mark back on the scale. The pointer bobs, finally reaches equilibrium.

OFFICIAL
82 kilos.

Mark practically COLLAPSES. Dave helps him off the scale, walks him over to a bench, sits him down. He grabs a GATORADE from nearby table and hold it out to Mark, who looks like he might pass out.

DAVE
Mark. Drink.

Mark just sits there. Not taking the drink.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Mark...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WRESTLING ARENA/PENSACOLA - DAY

Mark SLAMS his opponent, Mike Sheets, to the mat. He's like an animal, dominating, aggressive.

Dave coaches from Mark's corner.

INT. WRESTLING ARENA/PENSACOLA - DAY

A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS OF MARK'S MATCHES: Mark dominating, turning his opponents, taking them down...

THEN: The END WHISTLE of Mark's final match. The wrestlers stand and the referee RAISES MARK'S ARM...

DAVE
YAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

Dave's EXULTANT - leaping and screaming onto the mat - he grabs his brother in a BEAR HUG and LIFTS him off the mat.

As Dave joyfully carries his exhausted, victorious brother around the mat, he glances over at where du Pont would be sitting. Empty seat.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dave walks down the long hall checking door numbers. He stops to KNOCK on one. After a moment, Stan Beck opens the door.

DAVE
Hey, Stan.

STAN BECK

Dave. What can I do for you?

DAVE

I'm having some trouble finding John. He's not in his room -

STAN BECK

- Right.

DAVE

- I wanted to check in with him. I had a kind of uncomfortable thing with John before the match this afternoon - Mark was in a really delicate place, and I had to ask John to not be in his corner. I just wanted to make sure he's okay with everything. And that he's happy with the result. With how things turned out.

STAN BECK

Dave. Mr. du Pont's mother died this morning. He flew home to Philadelphia earlier today.

On Dave, stunned.

Dylan's "All the Tired Horses" STARTS TO PLAY.

CUT TO:

INT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE/TROPHY ROOM - DAY

"All the Tired Horses" PLAYS.

C/U on Jean du Pont's face in an OIL PAINTING.

SHOTS of her horse-jumping ribbons; PHOTOS of Jean riding; the space John cleared for his wrestlers' MEDALS; John's Masters' Tournament winner's PLAQUE.

A SHOT of the POSTER of Mark oiled-up, hanging on the wall.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - EARLY EVENING

VERY WIDE SHOT of the field between the Main House and the stables. A distant figure - tall, thin - makes his way across the field. "All the Tired Horses" PLAYS.

CUT TO:

I/E. FOXCATCHER STABLES - EARLY EVENING

The doors to the stables are wide open.

"All the Tired Horses" PLAYS.

The horses peer out from their stalls, confused, wild-eyed. Du Pont goes from stall to stall, throwing open the gates. He waves the horses out, slapping them, waving his arms, shouting wildly, forcing the horses outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. STABLES - CONTINUOUS/EARLY EVENING

"All the Tired Horses" PLAYS. The horses CHARGE OUT from the stables and onto the fields. Du Pont follows them out, waving at them drunkenly, falling, getting up, falling again.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE/ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

Dave's Subaru turns off the road, onto the main driveway of Foxcatcher. Nancy's driving, Dave next to her, Mark in the back seat. A GUARD emerges from a makeshift guardhouse near the entrance gates to stop them. Nancy rolls down window.

GUARD
Can I help you?

DAVE
(leaning across Nancy)
What's going on?

GUARD
How can I help you?

DAVE
We live here. We're part of Team
Foxcatcher.

GUARD
Your names?

DAVE
What's going on?

GUARD
New security plan. Names?

DAVE
Dave and Nancy Schultz. Mark
Schultz.

GUARD
Can I see some picture ID's?

DAVE
Are you serious?

GUARD
Please.

They hand over their driver's licences. Mark reaches to hand
his over from the back seat -

DAVE
(to Guard)
- this guy just made the Olympic
team.

No response. The Guard takes the ID's into the guardhouse.

Mark looks out his window: patrolling the roof of the main
house, we can see PLAINCLOTHES SECURITY GUARDS. One of them
speaks into a microphone in his cuff.

The Guard returns. Hands back their ID's. And hands Dave an
ENVELOPE.

GUARD
This is for you, sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE/THE CHALET - AFTERNOON

Mark lifts his duffel bag from the back of Dave's car. He
comes around to Dave's open window.

MARK
Tomorrow morning?

DAVE
Yeah -

MARK
7 o'clock -

DAVE
Yeah.

MARK
I'll pick you up tomorrow, 7am.

DAVE
You got it.

Mark starts off, then turns quickly -

MARK
Wait - your house, right?

Dave has to laugh.

DAVE
Congrats, my brother.

As Mark walks into the Chalet, he looks over toward the Big House, where he can see a SECURITY DETAIL fanned out on the lawn, sweeping the ground with metal detectors.

IN THE CAR: Dave looks down at envelope in his hand.

NANCY
What you got, baby?

Opens it. Beat.

DAVE
John wrote me a check for ten thousand dollars.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOXCATCHER - MORNING

WIDE SHOT as du Pont trudges across the lawn toward the Field House in Foxcatcher sweats. After a few moments, he's followed by a LARGE PLAINCLOTHES SECURITY GUARD in a dark suit... and by Stan Beck.

CUT TO:

INT. FOXCATCHER GYM - MORNING

Wrestlers warm up, work out, lift weights. Dave and Mark train intensively together, doing TAKE-DOWN DRILLS. Mark executes, Dave murmurs instruction to Mark, they do the drill again.

Du Pont WALKS IN THE GYM, trailed by the his Plainclothes Security Guard and Stan. Du Pont looks like he hasn't showered in a few days.

Dave moves toward John, offering greetings and condolences -- "How you doing there, Coach," "Sorry to hear about your mother, sir," etc.

Du Pont brushes off the offers of sympathy -

DU PONT
No no. All's fine. There's work to be done.
(claps)
Back to work, gentlemen.

As they go back to their drills, John stays on the perimeter, watching Mark, STARING at them. It's disconcerting.

Dave moves back to work with Mark.

DAVE
Mark. Focus. Look at me.
(Mark looks at him)
Focus on me.
(Mark nods)
You here?
(Mark nods)
Let's run it again.

Mark tries to run the takedown, Dave escapes, he spins on Mark and takes him down hard. As they stand up, Dave smacks Mark -

DAVE (CONT'D)
Get your head on straight and do this.

Du Pont walks over. Mark can barely look at him. Du Pont stops close to Mark.

Mark looks to Dave to save him from this. Dave's clearly caught in the middle.

Mark looks down, closes his eyes as if in pain. Du Pont moves close to Dave, speaking to him so Mark can hear -

DU PONT

If you and I can't get him there,
no one can. We're in this together.

After a long moment, du Pont moves off the mat. He starts to stretch nearby. As Dave tries to get Mark back to work, du Pont starts to JOG around the perimeter of the gym. Mark's trying to keep it together, but it's clearly driving him insane. As du Pont jogs and jogs -

PRELAP:

DU PONT (V.O.)

Our challenge... as coaches... as
leaders. I have coached... and
psychologically prepare... Our Mark
Schultz. To capture Olympic Gold...

CUT TO:

INT. DU PONT'S OFFICE/BIG HOUSE - DAY

C/U of du Pont. HE'S SPEAKING DIRECTLY TO CAMERA. We're not sure where we are yet. He speaks haltingly, with effort, trying to be authoritative.

DU PONT

...I wear many hats. I am leader.
Mentor. Father figure. Brother.
Older brother. At times the
younger...

INT. DU PONT'S OFFICE/BIG HOUSE - DAY

From a WIDER ANGLE, we see that he's being FILMED for the documentary. He wears his Foxcatcher sweat jacket with HEAD COACH and JOHN 'Eagle' du PONT" stitched onto it.

DU PONT

It will not be easy. We have
built... our family. Our
obligation... is to build...
winners... In life. To teach the
secret... To build men who will...
think of... Who will understand...
the character traits... We must
teach them... whether they will
listen or no.

He's finished. Silence. He stares steadily into the camera. Then he twitches.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE/VARIOUS - NIGHT

A SECURITY TEAM taps on the outside of the main house, listen to the walls with what look like giant STETHOSCOPES.

THE CHALET: A HORSE, its mane unkempt and knotted, eats grass in the side yard. Lifting its head, it noses the side window.

CUT TO:

INT. BIG HOUSE/DU PONT'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

FRED COLE, with TWO OTHER OFFICIALS from USA WRESTLING, sits across from du Pont's desk. Dave's there, as is Stan Beck. John sits at his desk, CLEANING and OILING his pistol. A glass of SCOTCH next to it.

FRED COLE

We're so very sorry about your
mother's passing.

Du Pont doesn't look up, just meticulously cleans each part of the gun. Almost mumbling:

DU PONT

Yes. Very sad. Very sad days here.
Here at the farm.

He keeps his focus on the disassembled gun, wiping clean each piece. Silence, then -

FRED COLE

Well, whatever we can do.

Silence.

STAN BECK

What we wanted to discuss... Mr. Du Pont spends a significant amount of money for wrestlers' training here at Foxcatcher. Now - in addition - he'd like to make a sizable direct donation to USA Wrestling.

(then)

This money would come with conditions.

(MORE)

STAN BECK (CONT'D)

First: that you will start to offer
Foxcatcher Farms - with the Golden
Eagle as Head Coach, and Dave
Schultz as Coach - as an
alternative to Colorado Springs for
wrestlers to train.

FRED COLE

May I ask what sort of a donation
we're discussing?

STAN BECK

Four hundred thousand dollars.

Fred chokes on his glass of water.

STAN BECK (CONT'D)

Second: that the du Pont family
name be on all Olympic wrestling
singlets and sweatsuits.

DU PONT

(under his breath)
And gym bags.

STAN BECK

And gym bags.

Beat. Fred glances at his fellow officials.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOXCATCHER/WOODS - SAME TIME

Mark sprints through the woods, breathing hard. He emerges
from the ring of trees onto the lawn near the Big House. He's
immediately brought up short as SEVERAL SECURITY GUARDS come
towards him, hands up --

PLAINCLOTHES SECURITY GUARD

Sir! Please turn around and go back
the way you came.

MARK

(gasping)
What's going on?

PLAINCLOTHES SECURITY GUARD

Security. Please turn around and go
back the way you came.

Behind the guard, Mark can see a SECURITY DETAIL fanned out
around the perimeter of the Big House.

MARK

What -?

PLAINCLOTHES SECURITY GUARD

- We'll let you know when this area is open. Please turn around and go back the way you came.

Mark's confused, still breathing hard. After a moment, he turns and walks off into the woods.

CUT TO:

INT. BIG HOUSE/DU PONT'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

STAN BECK

We believe that Eagle has earned the right to be named to the official roster of Olympic coaches at Seoul. Which means he would be in Mark Schultz's corner throughout the games.

Fred looks over at Dave.

FRED COLE

We'll all, of course, just need to get him to sign off on this.

STAN BECK

You can take care of that?

DAVE

I can try.

CUT TO:

INT. FOXCATCHER GYM - MORNING

Dave and the other wrestlers warm up, stretch, run drills.

Mark walks into the gym in streetclothes, stays near the entrance. Dave senses that something's going on with his brother, walks over to him.

DAVE

You're late.

MARK

Were you in the Big House yesterday?

DAVE
For a little while.

MARK
In the afternoon? Because I got
turned away when I came within
fifty yards of the house.
(then)
What were you doing there?

DAVE
I'm a coach here. I get paid by
John. I was meeting with John.

MARK
About what?

DAVE
Mark. Get dressed.

MARK
He's weakening me.

DAVE
What are you talking about?

MARK
I talked to Bachman at SMU last
night. He says they're expanding
the program. There'll be room for
both of us in the fall -

DAVE
- Mark -

MARK
- I told him we could all get on
the phone next weekend -

DAVE
- You need to focus on what's
happening a month from now. Not -

MARK
- SMU's gonna make a move, they're
gonna take a run at it - we can be
there at the beginning -

DAVE
- Don't do this. Don't do it. Stay
clear about what we're working for.

MARK

- I can't do this anymore. I can't do it -

DAVE

- It's not the time, Mark -

MARK

- John's killing me here -

DAVE

- He's not killing you -

MARK

- If we at least let Bachman know by the end of the week we'll have a place to go to after -

DAVE

- *Stop. Stop it!*

Long beat as Dave looks at Mark. As gently as he can:

DAVE (CONT'D)

I will make sure you're taken care of after Seoul. I'll talk to John - whatever you decide: you want to stay, you want to go - I'll make sure you're taken care of.

Mark's looking at his brother, something dawning on him for the first time.

MARK

You're not thinking of staying here...?

DAVE

I don't know, Mark. The schools are great, the kids are happy. They have eight hundred acres to run around in...

Mark's at a complete loss. Just when he'd reconnected with his brother, it seems they'll be separated again.

DAVE (CONT'D)

If you win next month you're in a class by yourself, you write your own ticket. You live your own life however you want. Focus on that.

MARK
(quietly)
My own life.

DAVE
That's right.

MARK
And you'll be here.

DAVE
I'll be here. Whenever you need me.

Mark seems lost. Dave pats him on the shoulder and turns to walk toward his office. Mark watches him walk away, then -

MARK
What's on your forehead?

DAVE
What?

MARK
It says *kids*.

DAVE
To remind me to pick up the kids
from school.

MARK
What does that mean? When are you
gonna you see your own forehead?

DAVE
I don't have to. You just told me.

On Mark, PRELAP:

CORPORAL
Here we go, sir. Five tons of fun.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - MORNING

An M-113 Armored Personnel Carrier (APC) is off-loaded from the back of a wide-load army trailer. A DELIVERY CORPORAL directs the operation. Du Pont watches.

CORPORAL
That's one beautiful vehicle.

The CORPORAL watches du Pont climb atop the APC.

DU PONT
Where's the grenade launcher?

CORPORAL
I'm sorry?

DU PONT
The 40mm grenade launcher that's
supposed to be mounted up here.

The Corporal pages through the sheets of his delivery order.

CORPORAL
I don't know, sir. I don't... I
don't see anything in the order -

DU PONT
- It goes right here. *Right here.*

CORPORAL
Yes, it does. It does mount right
there on the top.

DU PONT
So where is it?

CUT TO:

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - DAY

WORKERS heighten and reinforce the PERIMETER FENCE that runs
along the rural roads surrounding the estate.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOXCATCHER/BIG HOUSE - DAY

Portions of the exterior brick-face have been opened up, and
SECURITY EXPERTS are peering inside, snaking cameras through
the walls... looking for... something...

CUT TO:

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - DAY

Drizzling. Du Pont sits in the M-113 APC, his torso sticks
out the top. He TURNS IT ON, the engine roaring to life.

CUT TO:

INT. FOXCATCHER GYM - SAME TIME

Dave is being interviewed for the documentary. He stands in his workout clothes, in front of the camera crew. Some of the wrestlers work out behind him. Dave's reading much of what he says from CUE CARDS held near the camera.

DAVE

My name's Dave Schultz. I'm Coach
and head of recruiting here at
Foxcatcher, under Head Coach John
"Eagle" du Pont -

CUT TO:

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - SAME TIME

Dave's voice continues -

DAVE (V.O.)

- Coach du Pont, uh, understands
excellence, he represents...
excellence, he expects it from his
athletes -

Du Pont drives the APC over a little ridge and starts down a long slope toward the POND.

CUT TO:

INT. FOXCATCHER GYM - SAME TIME

DAVE

(halting; trying so hard)
- His... commitment to this sport
is complete. He's made himself um,
an... an expert in the sport of
wrestling...

Dave, who's been so good at playing along, takes it too far even for himself. As he says the next bit, he stumbles over his words -

DAVE (CONT'D)

Eagle is indispensable to - uh -
what it... to - what we're trying
to accomplish here.

(looks down,
uncomfortable)

We... consider John...

(quietly)
one of us.

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)
(so quietly)
One of us.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - SAME TIME

Du Pont drives the APC down the slope, into the POND. He continues driving as the tank goes lower and lower in the water -- the water covers the vehicle, then his torso, his neck, his head. And he's gone. Completely submerged.

Beat. Beat. The surface of the water is still. Beat.

Du Pont BREAKS the surface. He looks around, then swims slowly to shore. The tank remains on the bottom of the pond.

CUT TO:

INT. DU PONT'S OFFICE - DAY

Dave and Mark sit on the couch across from Stan Beck and du Pont. Dave is firm and clear, but entirely diplomatic. Du Pont looks dishevelled, he won't meet anyone's gaze. We can see the POSTER of Mark hanging on the wall.

DAVE
I'll commit to remaining at
Foxcatcher so long as John wants me
here, but only if my brother is
taken care of.

STAN BECK
Taken care of how?

DAVE
So long as I'm here, Mark will
continue to be paid.

STAN BECK
Paid what?

DAVE
His full salary.

STAN BECK
You want him paid even if he
leaves? What if he quits?

DAVE
Whether or not he chooses to stay.
That's right.

Stan's incredulous. He glances over at du Pont, but his boss doesn't make eye contact. Stan turns back to Dave.

STAN BECK

You're making quite an assumption
about the value of your presence
here.

DAVE

You're welcome to test the theory.

STAN BECK

What does that mean?

DAVE

We can see how many wrestlers stay
if I decide to go.

(beat)

I hope it doesn't come to that.

(beat)

I'd also ask John to understand the
delicate nature of the lead-up to
Seoul, and please allow Mark some
space. Let him train just with me.

Du Pont winces at this, but keeps quiet.

STAN BECK

(to Mark)

You're that determined to leave?

Mark doesn't respond.

DAVE

He'd like the option.

Stan leans over to du Pont and WHISPERS in his ear. It goes on for several seconds. Finally, du Pont NODS very slightly.

STAN BECK

First of all, Mark has always been
free to train in whatever -

DAVE

- That's not exactly how it's -

STAN BECK

- Just a minute - you've had your
say.

DAVE

Sorry.

STAN BECK

- To train in whatever way is most effective for him. Eagle offers his advice and counsel. If Mark chooses to ignore it, that's his loss.

(then)

Mr. du Pont would be prepared to accept your financial terms, but only if we get an answer to what we proposed weeks ago.

DAVE

What's that?

STAN BECK

That John du Pont, Head Coach of Team Foxcatcher, be seated in Mark's corner throughout the Olympic Games.

Mark looks at Dave. Quiet, betrayed --

MARK

You've talked about this?

DAVE

I was waiting for the right moment to bring it up with you. You haven't exactly been in a receptive frame of mind.

A long beat. Then Mark shrugs, and looks away from his brother. He's given up fighting this fight.

STAN BECK

All right, then. I guess we're done.

Silence as they all just sit there.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. OLYMPIC STADIUM/HALLWAY/SEOUL - DAY

C/U on Mark, in his wrestling gear, looking disoriented, unfocused. He's in the hall right outside the locker room, just steps away from the WRESTLING ARENA. Dave's in his face - talking to him INTENSELY over the sounds of the crowd inside -

DAVE

This is your moment to prove
yourself - *your moment* to step out
alone, away from everyone, into the
spotlight. This has nothing to do
with me, nothing to do with John -

Du Pont hovers a few feet behind Dave, being filmed by his
CAMERA CREW. Mark's eyes keep glancing over at him.

DAVE (CONT'D)

- nothing to do with anyone but
you. This is *you*, Mark. *This is*
you. Focus and take what's yours!

CUT TO:

INT. OLYMPIC STADIUM/SEOUL - MINUTES LATER

Mark stands in his corner on the edge of the mat, flanked by
Dave and du Pont.

ANNOUNCER

From the United States of America,
at 82 kilos... Mark Schultz.

Mark walks onto the mat. CHANTS of "U.S.A... U.S.A..." from
the Americans in the stands... waving flags and shouting.

Mark faces his Bulgarian opponent in the center of the mat as
each are checked by the REFEREE. As Mark is patted down, he
glances over at his corner: du Pont is talking in Dave's ear,
and Dave HAS HIS ARM AROUND du Pont's shoulders, listening.
The camera crew films them.

REFEREE

Wrestle!

Mark's immediately taken down, for a moment ONTO HIS BACK.

CUT TO:

INT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - MINUTES LATER

Mark is GASPING for air, sitting in his chair in the corner.
Dave rubs his muscles while yelling at him, in his face --

But Mark can only focus on du Pont, clumsily fanning him with
the white towel, accidentally hitting him with it.

CUT TO:

INT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - MINUTES LATER

Mark wrestles, struggling - eyes lost, mouth open, gasping. The drive, the poetry, it's all gone.

REFEREE blows the whistle. The match is over. The wrestlers stand. Referee RAISES THE BULGARIAN'S hand. Mark looks lost. Du Pont is STARING at him. Dave hangs his head.

Ref turns the wrestlers around and raises the Bulgarian's hand again. Du Pont watches the small Bulgarian contingent in the crowd - cheering, dancing, waving the Bulgarian flag.

CUT TO:

I/E. DRIVING - DAY

C/U on Mark. He's driving. We don't know where he is, where he's driving. CAMERA stays close on him for some time.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY/FOXCATCHER ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Mark turns a RYDER VAN onto the Foxcatcher estate. He stops at the GUARDHOUSE, in front of the mechanical arm which blocks his way. The guard slides open the guardhouse window.

GUARD

Name?

On Mark, looking at him.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CHALET/FOXCATCHER - DAY

Mark walks out of the house, arms full of belongings, past a pile of crap he's leaving heaped on the porch. He tosses his things in the back of the van, slams the doors shut.

CUT TO:

EXT. BIG HOUSE/FOXCATCHER - MINUTES LATER

POV from THIRD FLOOR WINDOW OF THE BIG HOUSE: Mark driving his van away.

REVERSE SHOT: We see who's POV this is: John du Pont, watching from his third floor window.

DU PONT'S POV: Mark's Ryder van drives toward the front gate, toward the guard house...

Mark drives past it... and off the estate.

REVERSE: Du Pont, in the window, closes the curtains.

FADE OUT.

EXT. FOXCATCHER ESTATE - DAY

Birds sit in the BARE BRANCHES of an oak tree; THREE HORSES, long-haired and un-groomed, paw at the snowy ground, looking for grass; the American FLAG hangs limply on the flagpole.

CUT TO:

INT. BIG HOUSE/FOXCATCHER - DAY

A SERIES OF SHOTS: The EMPTY ROOMS of the Foxcatcher Big House. Former grandeur, now devoid of life, dusty.

OVER the last of these shots, WE HEAR a DEEP, OVERLY DRAMATIC VOICE coming from a TV:

VIDEO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
... He's coached national and world
champions with his unique blend of
passion and inspiration...

C/U of a TV SCREEN: a SERIES OF IMAGES: Mark Schultz winning matches (one of the images is the one that became the Foxcatcher poster); Dave winning; Dan Bane winning.....

THEN, on screen, is the scene of du Pont "teaching" Mark a wrestling move:

DU PONT
From the under hook, pivot sideways
while pulling down on his arm.
Kneel between his legs and take him
to the mat.

Mark lets du Pont take him down, though it's abundantly apparent how much Mark is gritting his teeth through this.

INT. LARGE EMPTY ROOM/BIG HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

WE SEE where we are: a huge empty room - once used for grand dances.

In a corner: du Pont and the Documentary Director sit on two chairs in front of a TV hooked up to a VCR. The Director is screening "The John du Pont Story" for his boss.

Du Pont has a PISTOL tucked in his waistband.

ON THE VIDEO: A SHOT OF: Mark finding du Pont in the stands at the Worlds and hugging him tightly.

A SHOT OF: Mark winning the Olympic Trials and Dave HUGGING and LIFTING his brother into the air.

A SHOT OF: du Pont watching this from the stands and raising his fist in the air.

A SHOT OF: Dave talking to the camera in the Foxcatcher gym:

DAVE

He's made himself an - an expert in
the art and sport of wrestling...

Dave stumbles on the words -

DAVE (CONT'D)

Eagle is indispensable to - uh -
what it... what we're trying to
accomplish here.

Dave looks down, obviously uncomfortable -

DAVE (CONT'D)

We... consider John... one of us.
(quietly)
One of us.

A SHOT OF: du Pont talking to the camera, haltingly - trying so hard to be authoritative, inspirational:

DU PONT

Our challenge... as coaches... as
leaders. I have coached... and
psychologically prepare... our Mark
Schultz... to capture Olympic Gold.
I wear many hats. I am leader.
Mentor. Father figure. Brother.

A SHOT of a GOLDEN EAGLE sitting on a tree branch, then flying away.

VIDEO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The symbol of America is the Golden
Eagle...

A SHOT of du Pont climbing into the pilot seat of his helicopter. He puts on his headset.

VIDEO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
John du Pont *is* that Golden Eagle.

Du Pont takes off in the helicopter and flies away. Over this shot, the end title comes up:
"THE GOLDEN EAGLE OF AMERICA - THE JOHN DU PONT STORY."

THE TAPE ENDS. The TV screen goes to static snow.

SILENCE. Du Pont sits there, Director next to him. Finally, du Pont stands and starts for the door. Director follows.

DOCUMENTARY DIRECTOR
We've bought several time slots
next week on local station WPHI -

DU PONT
(still moving)
Good.

DOCUMENTARY DIRECTOR
- Several late night slots, of
course, but there was also an open
afternoon half-hour, directly after
"The Edge of Night." That should be
a good one -

Du Pont continues right out the door, down the hallway, not even turning to face him.

DU PONT
Excellent.

The Director stops at the door. He calls out to du Pont --

DOCUMENTARY DIRECTOR
- I'll let you know what the
viewership numbers are as soon as I
have them.

CUT TO:

EXT. BIG HOUSE - DAY

Du Pont walks out a SIDE DOOR of the Big House, followed by the LARGE PLAINCLOTHES SECURITY GUARD.

He continues toward his car - the BLACK MERCURY - goes to the driver's side. Then, something catches his eye in a nearby tree - he points it out the Security Guard:

DU PONT
Northern Cardinal. Look at that.

LARGE SECURITY GUARD
Yes, sir.

DU PONT
They never leave home, no matter
how cold it gets.

LARGE SECURITY GUARD
Yes, sir.

They get in the car and du Pont turns on the ignition. Before he shifts into gear, he removes the PISTOL from his waistband and places it on the middle seat. He pulls out.

CUT TO:

I/E. DU PONT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Du Pont drives the dirt road that edges the woods ringing the enormous front lawn. The trees are bare, a bit snowy. Peaceful and pretty. The car approaches Dave's house.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Du Pont's car pulls up. Dave's Subaru is parked in the yard out front, and Dave lies half-in-half-out the driver's side door, working on the FUSE BOX under the steering column.

Dave rises out of the car to see who's pulled up.

DAVE
Hey, Coach.

Dave takes a step toward du Pont's car. Du Pont just looks at him through his open driver's window.

DAVE (CONT'D)
What's up, John?

Du Pont picks up his PISTOL from the seat.

LARGE SECURITY GUARD
Oh. Hold on there -

Du Pont POINTS the pistol at Dave.

DU PONT
You got a problem with me?

DAVE
John -

Dave holds out his hand - on his palm is the word "KIDS" -

Du Pont SHOOTs Dave. The bullet goes through Dave's hand, smashing into his chest, throwing him to the ground.

The Security Guard scrambles out the car door and ducks behind the passenger side fender.

Dave tries to crawl away.

NANCY
Dave!.... David!...

Nancy runs onto the porch and is screaming for her husband.

Du Pont POINTS the pistol at her. She RUNS inside.

Du Pont SHOOTs Dave in the back. Then he SHOOTs him in the back of the head.

After a few moments, he drives away.

Nancy runs outside. She cradles her husband as he bleeds out in the snow.

FADE OUT.

INT. MAKESHIFT LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Mark, his HEAD SHAVED, sits in a chair too small for him. He's in front of a painted cinder block wall. He wears only shorts, no shirt. A CLOCK ticks on the wall behind him.

After several moments, we START TO HEAR crowd-pumping MUSIC in the background. LOUDER. LOUDER.

CUT TO:

INT. ULTIMATE FIGHTING CHAMPIONSHIP ARENA - NIGHT

Mark walks out of the tunnel into the ARENA. HUGE SOUND - loud, crowd-pumping music. Strobe lights. Mark's bare-chested, no shoes. He looks straight ahead as he walks. There's something missing behind his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CAGE/UFC ARENA - NIGHT

Mark fights a Japanese martial artist. Mark's destroying him in a brutal, uninhibited display of aggression. He's got his opponent on his back and he pounds his bloody face repeatedly.

The REF stops the fight. Mark stands.

He's completely still, except for his heavy breathing. The other man's blood is on him. The crowd is wild, CHANTING, SCREAMING -- "U.S.A.... U.S.A.... U.S.A.... U.S.A...."

SCREEN GOES BLACK.