

"ROLL OVER"

Final Script: as of 6/4/81 *

* NOTE: This is the way the script was shot
(though not necessarily in sequence).
It is the most final and comprehensive
script, to date.

1 INT. BOROUGH NATIONAL TRADING ROOM - MORNING

FADE IN:

Gray screen. Blank.

Pause.

Suddenly the screen is alive with numbers, covered from top to bottom with financial figures of every conceivable variety--Treasury Bills, stocks, bonds, commodities, foreign-exchange rates, all the figures flickering, moving, constantly changing.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

The trading room of Borough National Bank in New York, early in the morning. Rows of desks loaded with phone consoles, computer screens, intercoms, plus banks of telex machines and teletypes--everything deserted now, unnaturally silent in the last moments of the working day. Pause. Then incongruously from somewhere there is the sound of Frank Sinatra's voice coming over a tinny transistor radio: "I've got the world on a string..."

HOLD ON THE SHOT:

A CLEANING WOMAN is shuffling along the aisle between the traders' desks, pushing a filled wastecart before her, the radio hanging from the handle. She empties the last wastebasket into the cart, then heads out through the door. HOLD on the empty room, the waiting equipment, while Sinatra's voice fades off down some unseen corridor. "The world's a beautiful thing...as long as I hold the string..." Then it is gone. And from that silence,

CUT TO:

2 INT. BOROUGH NATIONAL TRADING ROOM - DAY

The trading room at the height of the business day. A bedlam of blinking consoles, traders barking into their phones, scribbling order-slips, checking their computer screens, shouting back and forth while the telex and teletype machines chatter like fury. In the midst of the confusion.

Telex is heard ringing. Telex operator carries message to LEFCOURT who reads it, crosses to HOVEY and shows it to him.

2 CONTD.

LEFCOURT

Market's going against us.
We're exposed on the hundred million we're holding.
Going to have to bail-out,
sell-off.

HOVEY

You realize we'll be taking
a whopping loss--

DRAPER (TRADER)

(Calling)

Statement coming over news
jet--Fed's lowering the
interest rate--

LEFCOURT

(Panicky)

Can't buck the tide any
longer. Let me know the
damage when you're finished--

HOVEY

(Walking to middle
of currency traders)

Okay, no arguments, everybody cover their short
currency positions. Buy
Yen, Sterling, Francs,
Marks--sell dollars.
We've got a hundred million
to dump. No haggling over
price.

The trading room begins to hum with tension as the traders work
to "dump the hundred million".

BACKGROUND

Get me a couple a London
banks. OK New York, 20
million. Let's go.

NEILA

Alright.

BACKGROUND

I want to sell yen. How
do you trade yen?

2 CONTD.

NEILA

Hi, this is Neila, Neila
_____. How are you?

OK. This is Tokyo Bank.

Hi. What's your spot on
yen? I want to sell you
6 million - 6 million fifty.
How about 5 million? Yeah,
OK, 5 million at fifty.
OK - 5 million, done. I've
got 5.

2 CONTD.

NEILA (cont.)

Yeah, hi. Tokyo Bank Chicago?
This is Neila at Borough Na-
tional.

BACKGROUND

6 down, 9 to go Neila.

NEILA

...7 million dollars? OK,
how about 6? You won't take
6? How about 5? How about
4? 4 million?

BACKGROUND

Get me a couple a London Banks.
What's your market in francs?
Can you make 7? I'll sell 10.
What about 8? Alright 3 done.
3 done. OK. What about...
Alright. Make it 2. Make 2.
What's the market in francs?
What about 5. 4 done. 4 done.
OK. 4 done. Gimme 5. Gimme
5. 9 to go. What about 3?
Alright. 2. Done. OK, yeah,
yeah.

BACKGROUND

Get me a couple a London Banks.
OK _____. Ernie!

NEILA

Alright! Tokyo Bank London.

BAKCGROUND

10? Got 10? Alright. What
have you got? 75? We'll
take it at 75. You do? Come
on, gimme 2. What!!??

NEILA

Alright. 5 million done. Done.

BACKGROUND

NEILA

Hi, Chicago? Yeah, hi, this
is Neila _____ at Borough
National. How are you doin'?
What's your spot on yen? 1530?
OK, I want to sell you 7 mil-
lion. How about 5½? Alright,
I'll sell you 4 million. 4
million done. 4 million done.
OK, fine.

2 CONTD.

BACKGROUND

I got 2. I got 2, 3. Etc.

NEILA

Tokyo Bank Boston? Hi, this
is Neila _____. 1430?
OK, we'll sell you 7 million.
How about 6? Alright. Well
I can only give you...

BACKGROUND

Get me a couple a London
Banks.
Ernie, we got 10 million
sterling to buy.
No, I'll take one.
How about 7?
70 - I'll take 5.
Can't you do me more?
What's it on?
Only 2, that's all you'll do?
Only 3!!??
That's 6 3 at 5.

NEILA

Tokyo Bank London? Hi, this
is Neila at Borough National.
I'm just fine. 1530?
I'll sell you 6 million _____.
How about 5? OK, 5 million
done.
Tokyo Bank Chicago? Hi,
this is Neila at Borough
National. How are ya?
_____. 1530? I
want to sell you _____ million.
How about 12 and a half?
How about 5? How about 4 and
a half? How about 4? I'll
sell you 3.

BACKGROUND

Get me a couple a London
banks, etc.

RICHARD

OK, there are 20 million.
Let's go. Will you take
7? How about 6? Take
5? Talk to me, do you
take 5. Now look, hey
you're beautiful. _____
Dollar/yen, 3 million
dollar/yen. Will you
take 4? I'll sell you
4. Will you take 3?
How about 2? Do you
want to take 1? I'll
sell you 1. Dollar/yen
please. Dollar/yen.
Dollar/yen please. Will
you take 5? Will you
take 4? How about 3?
Will you take 3? Take
3. Dollar/yen. Dollar/
yen please. What are
the odds on dollar/yen?
Will you take 5? 4?

RICHARD (cont.)

Will you take 4. Take 4?
Take 3? How about 2? Can
I sell you 2? Can I sell
you 1. Dollar/yen please
_____.

BACKGROUND

Get me a couple a London
banks.

WOMAN

Got a Geneva bank
on the market for
2040. They'll
only take 2
_____ over here
3050. They'll
take 2. Got ano-
ther _____ at
4050.
_____ at 4050.
They'll only take 1.

BETSY

Get me a couple of Swiss
banks Rebecca. We got
20 million to do, let's
go. OK, sell 8 at 20. 2
done.
Sell 8 at 30.
Take 2. 2 done.

6 done.
Sell 5 at 40.
1 done. 7 done.

BACKGROUND

WOMAN

Well, Berne's closed
for the day - got no
market there.
Lucerne, 3050
They'll only do 3
Fine. 5 done.
12 done. Got Berne
here at 2040
They'll only take 1

Got no market on this
bank - closed for the
day
They're closed for the
day too - hang on
Aah, Lucerne 3050
Only do 2

Got Berne here
4060
They'll take 1

BETSY

Gimme another market.

Sell 8 at 30
OK, take the lousy 3.

Sell 5 at 20
1 done

Get another one

Get in tighter
Sell 8 at 30
2 done
13
Mark it
Sell 8 at 40
1 done

BACKGROUND

Whadaya mean it's coming? So's
Christmas!!

BACKGROUND

Looks like we're having a
little trouble here.

2

CONTD.

HOVEY

What? How do you deal
 dollar/mark? 4050? OK
 at 40? I sell you 2.
 Alright - that's just 2.
 Make me a mark at dollar/
 mark please. 3850? OK,
 at 38 you get 1. Alright,
 that's just 1. What's
 your market? Whadaya
 mean you don't have a mar-
 ket? Well get me a market.
 3545, OK 35 you get 3. Al-
 right, that's just 3. _____,
 Borough National New York here.
 Need a dollar/deutschmarks bitte.
 _____ dreizig fierzig, sie
 haben drei bitte. I heard ya.
 Get me a market please. 3545.
 OK at 35. You get 3. Alright,
 that's just 3. More markets
 please. 35...whadaya mean just
 1? You call yourself a broker?
 _____ size here. OK 30
 at 45 trade 45 OK at 30. I will
 give you 2. Alright, that's just
 2. Give me the dollar/mark market
 please. Whadaya mean there's no
 market? Whadaya mean it's coming
 - so's Christmas! Get back to me.
 Give me a dollar/mark market please.
 What is it drying up out there?
 Huh. Dollar/mark market please.
 Alright. 20. At 20 I will give
 you 3. Whadaya. One. One. Al-
 right that's just one. Give me
 your market please, dollar/marks.
 Well take it. Dollar/mark market
 please. Aah buddy, I don't know
 what's goin' on out here. Have
 any...Gimme, gimme a market. Just
 gimme a...hey, you owe me a deal
 teller. C'mon one di...Alright.
 Alright. 2035 alright, that's
 just one. What? Dollar/mark
 running no market. Alright.
 No market? You have a market?
 Listen, somebody. No a dollar/
 mark market. You have a market
 honey, get back to me on that
 will ya? _____ all over the
 place. Take the 2! Gimme dollar/
 mark market please. 20. Yes at
 20. I will give you 3. Alright,
 that's just 3. Alright dollar/

HOVEY (cont.)
 mark market please. Yeah,
 yeah, dollar/mark market?
 Aah 35....

IRA
 Hello Barnie, Sy Rover here
 at Borough National. Listen,
 how'd you like to do a little
 trading? Maybe we can, ah,
 a little market
 in French francs. Well, right
 now I can let you have 10 at
 20. Yeah, right now. Hey
 buddy, I thought you were the
 last of the big spenders.
 Take 9. Barnie take 8. Hey
 Barnie, I know you're not
 livin' by the skin of your
 teeth, I seen ya at lunch.
 Alright, OK. I'll hit that
 bit. OK, I'll hit that bit,
 I'll hit that bit at 2. OK,
 you got it. Bye bye. OK.
 Oooiii. 2 at 20. OK. Hello,
 hello Paris. C'est New York,
 Borough Nationale ici en New
 York. Oui, pour voulez-vous
 faire en _____ franc? Would
 you like to make...can you
 make me a market on spot
 French? Combien? Combien?
 Quarante OK. I'll sell ya
 5. I'll sell ya 5 at quarante
 ...cinq a quarante. Hello.
 Take 4, take 4 at quarante,
 take 4. Alright, you got it,
 take 2, 2, deux, deux, deux.
 Essayez, essayez. C'est
 . Bon, bon, bon, bon.
 Tres bien, au revoir. C'est
 fini. Artie, 2, 2 at 20. OK.
 Hello Charlie, it's Ira over
 here at Borough National. Yeah,
 how're you doin' babe...listen,
 let's do a little business on
 French francs. How about 8 at
 20? Take 8. No, no...take 5.
 Alright you got, I'll hit that
 bit, you got it, you got 2. OK,
 OK, bye bye. Artie, two more,
 two done. OK. Hello, hello
 Morrie. This is I...Ira at
 Borough National. I go...I got
 somethin' for ya. Yeah. Take
 ...take...take 5. Take 5 at 20.

IRA (cont.)

Take 5. Take...take 3.
Take 2. OK. Alright, you
got it. Regards to every-
body. Bye bye. Artie...2
more...at 20. Right. OK.
Hello. Oh hi Max, it's Ira
over here at Borough National,
yeah. I was lookin' for ya
at lunch, but I didn't see
ya. I think I can let you
have something. I can let
you have 4 at 40. Take it,
take it right now, 'cause I
can't promise you _____
_____. Take 4. Two
minutes it's gonna be done.
Take 1.

SANORA

Look what's coming in on the
news jet. Feds are lowering
the interest rate.

BACKGROUND

We're gonna take a whopping
loss.

BACKGROUND

Get me a couple American banks.
Get me a couple of Swiss banks
Rebecca.

TELEX GIRL

Got a Geneva Bank for the
market at 2040.

BETSY

So far the 20.

TELEX GIRL

They'll take 2.

BETSY

OK, 2 done.

TELEX GIRL

I've got Zurich coming in
for 4060.

BETSY
Sell 6 at 40.

TELEX GIRL
They'll take 3.

BETSY
3 done.

TELEX GIRL
I've got Lucerne coming in
for 3050.

BETSY
Sell 5 at 30.

TELEX GIRL
They'll only take 1.

BETSY
Alright, take it.

TELEX GIRL
I got another third, do
you want it - 4060?

BETSY
Sell 8 at 40.

TELEX GIRL
Only take 2.

BETSY
Oh, take the lousy 2 -
get another.

TELEX GIRL
I can't get give it _____
Berne. They're closed
for the day.

BETSY
Looks like we're having
a little trouble here.

MAN
Yeah, I know, I know

TELEX GIRL
I got another Geneva for
4060 - you want it?

BETSY
Sell 8 at 40.

TELEX GIRL
They'll only take 1.

BETSY
Hit 'em.

TELEX GIRL
I got another Zurich - 3050.

BETSY
Sell 5 at 30?

TELEX GIRL
They'll take 2.

BETSY
2 done.

TELEX GIRL
I got another Lucerne - 4080.

BETSY
Sell 6 at 40.

TELEX GIRL
They'll take 3.

BETSY
3 done.

TELEX GIRL
I got another Geneva.

--The Banker looks at the Trader, hesitates briefly--then
nods. Instantly the trader punches a button on his tele-
phone console.

(Rapidly, into phone)
Frankfurt, this is Borough
National New York. Your
Dollar-DeutschMark, spot &
forwards please, for large--

CUT TO:

3 INT. FRANKFURT TRADING ROOM - DAY

A GERMAN TRADER at his console in the Frankfurt trading room.
He glances questioningly at the HEAD TRADER--who shakes his
head.

GERMAN TRADER
(Into phone)
Sorry, New York, can't give
you forward contract for
large, only forty-fifty,
spot--

CUT BACK TO:

4 INT. BOROUGH NATIONAL TRADING ROOM - DAY

The Young Trader immediately punching another button--

--Paris, this is Borough National--

CUT TO:

5 INT. PARIS TRADING ROOM - DAY

A FRENCH TRADER at his phone--

FRENCH TRADER
--Sorry, New York, only
Forty-Fifty-three, spot--

CUT BACK TO:

6 INT. BOROUGH NATIONAL TRADING ROOM - DAY

HOVEY
Europe and the Street
got wind we're dumping
--Dollar's dropping like
a rock--

7 INT. PARIS TRADING ROOM - DAY

The French Trader still holding the phone, staring thoughtfully, nagged by an intuition. Then--

FRENCH TRADER
(Swiftly, to another
TRADER beside him)
I think Borough National
is getting ready to bear
the dollar.
(As he punches another
button,)

CUT TO:

8 INT. LONDON TRADING ROOM - DAY

A computer-screen in another trading room--just as the dollar drops several hundredths of a point against the Franc.

LONDON TRADER
(Eyeing the screen)
Hel-lo, somebody's in
trouble. Paris is whacking
the dollar. Better unload,
dollar-limit--

CUT TO:

9 INT. ANOTHER LONDON TRADING ROOM - DAY

ANOTHER LONDON TRADER punching up his phone--

ANOTHER LONDON TRADER
--Zurich, your Dollar-Sterling,
please--

CUT TO:

10 INT. ZURICH TRADING ROOM - DAY

SWISS TRADER
--Dollar-Swiss, bitte--

CUT TO:

11 OMIT

12 INT. EMERY OFFICE

Emery is posing for pictures as reporter takes notes.
Assistant crosses in...

ASSISTANT
--Dollar's off--

EMERY
--How much--

ASSISTANT
Two per-cent against the
mark in the last twenty
minutes. Started in
Frankfurt.

EMERY
(Fast but steady)
No, I think you'll find
it started about ten
blocks from here, as a
matter of fact-at Borough
National. They're in
trouble and bailing out
of their long dollar po-
sition. They're dumping
at least 100 mill in the
market.

(A swift glance at
the screens)
Keep clocking, let me
know if it continues
to slide or hits the
next big number--

(As the Assistant
turns to dash off)
--And walk, don't run.
Bankers never run.

12 CONTD.

CUT TO:

REPORTER
Can I have one a little
more serious?

EMERY
I'm hardly every serious.

REPORTER
The title is Emery of First
New York, the Lion of Banking.

EMERY
What?????

REPORTER
The Lion of Banking.....

EMERY
More like a pussycat.

13 OMIT

14 OMIT

15 OMIT

CUT TO:

16 INT. FEDERAL RESERVE BANK - DAY

TWO BANK OFFICERS watching the screen, the FIRST OFFICER
holding a telephone receiver.

FIRST OFFICER
(Low, his hand covering
the mouthpiece)
Down against all currencies...
What are we calling it?

SECOND OFFICER
(carefully)
A technical adjustment--

CUT TO:

17 INT. OFFICE EMERY AND VICE PRESIDENT - DAY

Back at First New York, Emery and the others watching with
increasing tension--as the Vice-President looks up from his
phone.

17 CONTD.

VICE-PRESIDENT

The President's playing dumb
and the Fed is sitting on its
hands. They don't want to
blow it up into a crisis,
afraid they'll make a mouse's
ear look like an elephant's
trunk--

EMERY

What about Chase and Citibank--

VICE-PRESIDENT

Not a peep. I think they're
watching us--

ASSISTANT (OFF SCREEN)

Dollars down another 50.

Emery straightens decisively.

EMERY

All right, we'd better go in.
(Rapidly, to a TRADER)
Long on dollars, start with Paris.
And tell Borough National they
can have forty mill Interbank.
Let's move it before somebody
notices the mouse's ear is
sucking peanuts.
(As the Trader whirls
to his phone)

CUT TO:

18 INT. LONDON TRADING ROOM - DAY

That same Trader on the phone, breaking off as a RUNNER
hands him a telex slip--

LONDON TRADER

(As he reads)

Hold it, Zurich, half a tic--

CUT TO:

19 INT. FRANKFURT TRADING ROOM - DAY

The German Trader checking his screen--

GERMAN TRADER

--One moment, Toronto, First
New York is in--

CUT TO:

20 INT. TORONTO TRADING ROOM - DAY

CANADIAN TRADER
--No, First New York just
came in, we're going to
swing--

CUT TO:

21 INT. ZURICH TRADING ROOM - DAY

SWISS TRADER
--Dollar-Franc, please,
we're going the other way--

22 INT. PARIS TRADING ROOM - DAY

The same Trader who started it all--

PARIS TRADER
That's right, we're buying
it all.

23 INT. EMERY OFFICE

Emery is dictating to secretary when Vice President crosses
in. He interrupts his dictation to nod at the Vice President
and comment--

EMERY (to Vice-President)
.....dollars strengthening across
the board...looks like we're out
of the woods.

VICE-PRESIDENT
(handing Emery telex)
not quite...

EMERY
Would you excuse us, Mary?

Secretary leaves.

EMERY
That's quite a wobble in 21214....

VICE-PRESIDENT
The flutter must've spooked
our friends.

EMERY
Set it up for London.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. LONDON AIRPORT ~ JET LANDING

25 OMIT

26 OMIT

27 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM
LONDON CLINIC
~ DAY

EMERY
How's your father?

OLDER SON (Khalid)
The doctors say he will
recover, but he is an
old man. Max, my people
are extremely concerned.
We came close in yester-
day's situation. Very
close.

EMERY
(Unperturbed, his
best banker's face)
Not at all. Borough
National was a little
over-extended -- merely
a routine flutter.

YOUNGER SON (Hisham)
(With some sharpness)
It brought you three thou-
sand miles.

EMERY
You brought me three thou-
sand miles. To remind you
there must be no panic move-
ment.

YOUNGER SON
If your "routine flutter"
had gone any further it
might have caused an inquiry.

EMERY
Let me remind you, we are
doing nothing illegal.

YOUNGER SON
If word of our activities
should leak out...

EMERY
Nothing will leak.....

YOUNGER SON
How can we be certain?????

27 CONTD.

EMERY

Because you have my assurance.

OLDER SON

I hope you are right, I must warn you there are forces at work which I am not sure I can control.

EMERY

You must keep your people in line.

OLDER SON

It's becoming more difficult now that my father is so weak. I don't know what is going to happen when he is gone...BY THE WAY DO YOU know Charlie Winters????

EMERY

Charles Winters? Yes, President of WinterChem. Good man...bit of a maverick. Why????

OLDER SON

No reason...one hears names...one wonders....very well..If you will mind the flutters, I will try to mind the people.

CUT TO:

27-A EXT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Emery crosses out of room meeting Vice-President in the hall.

EMERY

(Crisply)

Now -- let's find someone to ride shotgun on Borough National. I'm not looking to take this roller coaster again.

(As he turns back to the waiting Rolls--)

VICE-PRESIDENT

(A little shaky)

Good thing the dollar didn't keep dropping--

EMERY

Couldn't. Too many back-ups.

27-A CONTD.

VICE-PRESIDENT
(In spite of himself)
But what if it did? Do
you ever think what would
happen if--this whole thing
really came unglued?

Emery suddenly pauses, turns to him.

EMERY
(A level look)
All the time.
(Beat)
All the time.

28 OMIT

29 Helicopter rises up building and thru window to:

30 INT. CHARLES WINTERS' OFFICE AT WINTERCHEM ~ NIGHT

The spacious executive offices of the WinterChem Corporation. A DISTINGUISHED-LOOKING OLDER MAN sits alone at a desk with his back to us, dressed for a formal evening, clearly the passenger for whom the limousine is waiting. There is a glimpse of a broad back, a shock of white hair, the sense of a rugged constitution. In one hand he holds a lighted cigar while he studies something before him.

WE MOVE INTO THE OFFICE...

RIGHT UP BEHIND THE MAN...

AND LOOK OVER HIS SHOULDER:

There on the desk is a computer worksheet of some sort, the record of some account stapled to a file-folder. Though we catch only a glimpse the figures seem huge. Then without warning--

THE MAN'S HEAD SUDDENLY SLUMPS ONTO THE PAPER.

Just beyond the shock of white hair we can read on the folder the number that we heard before--21214. The head does not move. After a moment, blotting up through the numbers from underneath comes a swelling, spreading stain of blood.

HOLD ON THE SHOT:

A HAND REACHES IN, just a hand, wearing an isotone driving-glove. And delicately, carefully slides the folder with the numbers out from beneath the fallen head. In a moment the hand is gone and the folder with it. Nothing left but the motionless head, the plume of cigar smokes and the smear of blood. Hold...then,

31 OMIT

CUT TO:

32 INT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - NIGHT

The huge Marine Biology room inside the Museum --- now laid out for an elegant benefit party, with tables and candlelight and a society dance-band. Set into the walls around the room are lighted dioramas of stuffed aquatic animals -- seals, polar bears, penguins in their own mock-formal suits--and filling the whole vast vaulted space overhead is a life-size replica of a gigantic sperm whale.

THE CAMERA IS MOVING

across the swirl of Bergdorf gowns and more Save-The-Whale signs, then on past THREE HOSTESSES greeting people just inside the entrance. (For a moment the Hostess in the middle catches our eye, A BEAUTIFUL, SELF-POSSESSED WOMAN IN A STUNNING GOWN, greeting the arriving guests. As the camera passes we hear snatches of what she is saying, something like, "Yes, Charley will be along any minute...as soon as he can pry himself loose from the office...". She happens to be one of our co-stars, -- but the point here is that we make no point of her at all, just keep moving until we reach--)

ANOTHER CLUSTER OF ELEGANT PEOPLE:

The group includes ONE MAN STANDING WITH HIS BACK TO US, chatting easily. (This is in fact our other co-star, but since we are looking at his back we don't make a point of him, either, not yet.) Hold, then

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

Emery standing on an upper level, looking down at the group-- particularly the Man with his back to us. With him is his Vice-President, a neat Ivy type. (Emery, by the way, has several different vocabularies. The tense jargon of the trading room is one of them; here in a social context we are about to hear another).

32 CONTD.

VICE-PRESIDENT
 (After a moment, watching
 Emery stare)
 Want an educated opinion?

EMERY
 Always welcome, Arthur, know-
 ledge is power.

VICE-PRESIDENT
 You're playing with yourself.
 (A nod at the Man below)
 Face it, Max. The guy practi-
 cally ran the Treasury Depart-
 ment, and before that he worked
 outfits with 80, 90 billion in
 assets. Borough National is a
 measly 10 billion, tops. You're
 not going to get a glamour-boy
 like Hubbell Smith to run a
 rescue operation over there, he
 won't touch it with a fork.

EMERY
 (His gaze never wavers)
 He might. If the pay-off were
 big enough.

VICE-PRESIDENT
 What makes you think they can
 afford him?

EMERY
 I wasn't necessarily talking...
 about money.
 (On his words)

CUT TO:

The group below--as the figure with his back to us turns around. Obviously he is the man they have been talking about, HUBBELL SMITH, the same investment banker who was holding two phones in the opening sequence. Even more obviously he is plenty intelligent, but that isn't the only secret to his success. It is also the peculiar blend of appetite on one hand and self-control on the other that make him a natural-born financial buccaneer. Still chatting easily now, his glance drifts up to the balcony, then focuses as it catches--

CUT TO:

--Emery looking down at him. Hold for a second as their eyes meet. Then,

CUT BACK TO:

32 CONTD.

Hub. Without making any sign he casually detaches himself from the others and begins to work his way toward a corner of the room.

CUT BACK TO:

Emery and his Vice-President up on the balcony. As Emery starts in the same direction--

VICE-PRESIDENT

(Admiringly)

Max, my hat's off. You never leave the office, do you?

EMERY

(Pleasantly)

I think it was Freud who said there are only two real satisfactions in life--work and love. Personally, I always found one of them somewhat overrated.

(As he moves off,)

CUT TO:

Hub moving through the crowd--just as he is confronted by AN ATTRACTIVE COUPLE he obviously knows. THE WOMAN especially is both tasteful and warm; we like her on sight. After greetings have been exchanged the Man goes to get re-fills for their drinks--which leaves Hub and the Woman facing each other.

THE WOMAN

(Pleasantly)

Oh--better be warned. You may get a call from our son, the demon yachtsman. Something about fifty dollars for an overnight sail to Block Island--with a girl. Strictly platonic, of course--

(They share a knowing smile)

I said don't ask me, ask your father.

HUB

I'll brace myself.

(A beat before moving on)

You look wonderful.

CUT TO:

32 CONTD.

That secluded angle of the room, in front of a diorama of tusky walruses. Hub drifts over--just as Emery works his way in. The two of them stand, drinks in hand, gazing at the gilded crowd; their manner is completely casual.

HUB

Well, Max--I hear you
rode in on your white
horse and bailed out
Borough National.

EMERY

(A shrug)

This guy Lefcourt down
there is trying, but
he's overmatched. Got
himself a little squeezed
in foreign exchange, that's
all.

HUB

(Drily)

Well, that'll knock the
bricks out of anybody's
pants.

(Straight-faced; he
knows damned well why

Emery is talking to him)

Boy, I feel sorry for the
poor guy(or:son of a bitch)
who tries to turn that mess
around.

Brief pause. Then--

EMERY

(Offhand)

Want to hear the deal?

HUB

Not especially.

EMERY

200-thousand bonus up-front,
top salary in the shop and
a piece of the action. Not
bad for a few months' work.

HUB

More like a year.

32 CONTD.

EMERY

Whatever. They can't be in too much trouble--they've got some prime corporate customers. Why don't we have lunch next week and talk it over? You've never run your own shop, might be fun.

HUB

(Indifferently)

Oh, I don't know, Max. I did my time in the trenches when I was running problem-loans for you, I had enough crash-and-burn.

(Still offhand)

EMERY

(Brief pause)

Hub, I would consider it a personal favor.

HUB

With those turkeys at Borough National, miracle would be a better word.

EMERY

(Good-humoredly)

Now why do you piss cold water on it--when you know you're interested?

HUB

What makes you so sure?

For the first time Emery turns directly to him.

EMERY

Partly because it's safe--

HUB

Safe, huh--

32 CONTD.

EMERY

(Riding over)

--You can't get hurt too badly, no matter what happens. But also (or largely) because the guy who turns them around is going to be hero-of-the-week. And we both know you're restless, ambitious--

(Pointed pause)

--And a sucker for a chance at a star play.

CUT TO:

Hub. He grins innocently.

HUB

That's the spirit that built the west.

--A GRAY-HAIRED MAN rushes up to them, looking urgently around the room, clearly very upset.

WHITELAW

--Has anybody seen Lee Winters?

EMERY

The last time I looked she was talking to Peter Duchin --something wrong?

WHITELAW

It's awful--Charley Winters' been murdered--some mugger broke into his office, went at him with a knife.

(And he rushes off)

A shocked pause. Emery's mind immediately flashes back to the question asked by the Urbane Man in the limousine at Heathrow, but he carefully keeps his face a mask.

EMERY

My God. I liked Charley.

CUT TO:

Looking across the crowded dance-floor at THE STUNNING HOSTESS WE SAW EARLIER, still laughing and gracious. The Gray-Haired Man can be seen approaching--and all at once we realize she is the LEE WINTERS he is looking for. But just as he starts to whisper in her ear--two or three couples on the dance-floor block our view, and

25.

32 CONTD.

CUT TO:

Hub staring at the scene. Emery looks at him questioningly.

HUB

(In answer)

Nothing. I was thinking
about...the illusion of
safety.

(On his words,)

CUT BACK TO:

That view across the dance-floor, as the couples move aside to reveal--a sudden glimpse of Lee Winters. Her smile is wiped away, her expression shattered. Hold...hold...and from that stricken face surrounded by the stylish gowns of the Beautiful People,

CUT TO:

A33 INT. EMERY'S STUDY

EMERY

(on phone)

I apologize for calling
you at this hour but
I've just heard some dis-
tressing news. You were
inquiring about Charlie
Winters the other day...
I'm sorry to have to tell
you he's dead. The police
are calling it a mugging.

VOICE

Too bad....I'm sorry to
hear that.

EMERY

Yes, I was sorry to hear
about it too.

VOICE

Anything else?

EMERY

No, no...I just wanted you
to be aware of it. Goodnight.

B33 INT. FEWSTER'S HOUSE

Fewster, his wife and two children are at the breakfast table. Charlie Winters' funeral appears on the TV news. Fewster reacting, rises from table and crosses into his living room. He opens drawer in a corner cabinet and removes a Borough National folder. For a moment he almost puts it in his briefcase but, changing his mind, he replaces it, carefully locking the drawer and taking the key with him.

CUT TO:

A34 EXT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Sal is brought to door of Ibn Salih. Khalid comes out of room and speaks.

KHALID

I have heard about the death of Charles Winters. Let me say only this...the person who did this, is greatly mistaken if he thinks he has done my family a service. These are not our methods.

SAL

Regrettably, things may occur. Each of us protects his interests in his own fashion.

CUT TO:

34 INT. BOROUGH NATIONAL TRADING ROOM - DAY

In the full swing of the business day, that same controlled frenzy of blinking consoles, tense voices, chattering teletypes.

MOVE IN ON:

One trader in particular talking on the phone, a pretty young woman of oriental extraction with the unlikely name of BETSY OKAMOTO. Her face may say geisha, but her accent is straight out of Radcliffe, and she is smart as a whip.

BETSY

(Into phone)

Yes, Paris, we're seeing some pressure out of Zurich--

34 CONTD.

BETSY (cont.)
 (Breaking off to
 call across room)
 Eleven's ringing, who's on
 eleven?
 (Back to phone)
 --But we think it's topping
 out.

Beyond her that anxious banker we saw in the opening--his name is
 ROY LEFCOURT--can be seen leading Hub across the trading room.

FRENCH TRADER'S VOICE
 (Over phone)
 Borough National, ecoute--
 your new glamour-boy comes
 today, no?

BETSY
 (Into phone, very ho-hum)
 Yeah, we're all a-twitter.
 Let me have your Dollar-Franc,
 please--
 (But despite her bored
 tone her eyes flick after
 Hub...and)

CUT TO:

Another position at the console and the young trader we saw in the
 opening, GIL HOVEY, now also on the phone.

HOVEY
 I'll take three million,
 dollar, account-account.
 Thank you, Zurich--

SWISS TRADER'S VOICE
 (Over phone)
 Hey, New York--you ready for
 your new all-star?

HOVEY
 The question is--is he ready
 for us?
 (On his words,)

CUT TO:

35 INT. HUB'S OFFICE - DAY

Lefcourt showing Hub to an empty office which opens off the rear of the trading room.

LEFCOURT
(Handing Hub a few
typewritten pages)
Here-I had a balance-sheet
worked up for you, and a
summary of assets. If
there's anything else you'd
like to see--

HUB
(Casually)
Oh...nothing special. Your
interim financials, maybe.
And something showing your
cash position, loan position,
deposits. Also a P-and-L
statement, if you've got
one, the maturity schedules
on your commercial paper,
classifications on your
loan portfolio, maybe the
last Examiner's report.
Oh, and your current pro-
fit breakdown.

LEFCOURT
(The sarcasm barely
under control)
You sure that'll be enough?

HUB
(A cheerful smile)
For a start.

CUT TO:

36 INT. OUTSIDE HUB'S OFFICE - DAY

A CLERK carrying an armload of papers and files toward Hub's office
and,

CUT TO:

37 INT. LEFCOURT'S OFFICE - DAY

Lefcourt in his office, looking up with a frown as he sees--

CUT TO:

38 INT. OUTSIDE LEFCOURT'S OFFICE - DAY

A SECOND CLERK with another armload passing his door, heading in the same direction, and

CUT TO:

39 OMIT

40 INT. BOROUGH NATIONAL BANK - NIGHT

The offices of Borough National, almost empty at the end of the day. The last secretaries are closing their desks, heading for the elevators. The time is several days later.

PAN TO:

41 INT. HUB'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The door to Hub's office. Open, lights on--but silent as the tomb within.

PAN THE OTHER WAY TO:

42 INT. LEFCOURT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Lefcourt hovering just inside his own office, with a major-league case of anxiety by now at the silence from across the way. Finally he sucks it up and starts apprehensively across toward Hub's door.

CUT TO:

43 INT. HUB'S OFFICE - NIGHT

HUB
Hub Smith.

CHARLES
Hey, Dad, it's Charles.
Are you busy?

HUB
Hey, Skipper, what's
happening?

CHARLES
Well, I was thinking
about going on this
overnight yacht trip,
with this girl I know,
and I was wondering
if you could lend me
\$50. It's next weekend.

43 CONTD.

HUB

Yeah, your mother told me. I don't think it's such a great idea, if you want to know the truth. In fact, I'm a little concerned.

CHARLES

Come on, Dad. Her mother say's it's O.K. You can call her if you want.

HUB

Hell, I don't care about the girl, it's the \$50 that bothers me. A banker's son ought to show some fiscal responsibility.

CHARLES

What does fiscal responsibility mean? (pause) I had a paper route when I was eleven; does that count?

HUB

What's her mother look like? Maybe I ought to give her a call.

CHARLES

You'd love her. She's got a great personality, makes her own clothes...

HUB

Thanks. O.K., tell your mother I said it's alright with me, as long as I don't have to read about it in the newspapers.

CHARLES

What a Dad. I'll call you when we get back, O.K.?

HUB

O.K. Skipper. Bye.

43 CONTD.

LEFCOURT
These your boys????

HUB
Yes, the little bandits....
Drink...???Scotch??????

Hub pours drinks and they toast.....

LEFCOURT
(touching Hub's glass)
Cheers....All right, Doctor,
you've been on the case for
awhile. What's the prognosis,
the patient gonna live?

HUB
(matter-of-factly)
The patient's been dead
for six months and doesn't
know it.

LEFCOURT
(nervously)
Come on, it's not that bad.

HUB
No?
(picking up his notes)
Fasten your seat belt.

CUT TO:

HUB (cont.)
(incisively; no
monkey business now)
This was a nice little bank
in Queens with assets of 79,
80 million--until you got
greedy and went for the Man-
hattan action. Blew the place
up like a balloon to ten bil-
lion. You'd take anything--
like these loans to Lesser
Developed Countries. You
were so anxious to get in
on those fancy syndicated
LDC's with the big boys
at Citicorp and Chase and
First New York--that you
took spreads which were
way too low. You loan
to Turkey and Zaire--and
Poland, or chrissake--for
a thousand years at 7%,
and it costs you 6½ to get

43 CONTD.

HUB (cont.)
the money. Now you're
paying 23 and 24 and if
they don't return, what're
you gonna do--foreclose
Poland?

The camera moves in closer.

HUB (cont.)
Okay, that's the flat
tire, so next you go
off-shore. Gotta get
it back somewhere, right?
You set up a holding com-
pany, open branches in the
Bahamas, Costa Rica, God
knows where. The happy
hunting ground--no regu-
lations, no Examiners,
whoopee. Except the law
says you can't support
subsidiaries with depo-
sits, you have to support
them with commercial paper,
which cost you 29--when
you're only making 6.
Your Nassau book looks
like Winnie the Pooh.
Fine. So now we got
your holding company
in the toilet.

Another notch closer.

HUB (cont.)
(Almost in awe)
And your Loan Department
boggle-eth the mind. You've
rescheduled the payments of
your so-called prime cus-
tomers so often, you'll
never get the dough back.
(Consulting his notes)
Look at these guys, Sendrax
Aerospace two times. Farthing-
ton Foods, six. And WinterChem, Winter-
Chem is into you for 200 mil-
lion, hasn't returned a dime
of principal in four years.
You keep loaning them more
just so they can pay the
interest--and you're at the
legal limit now. By any
real calculation, twenty
percent of your loans are
non-performing.

43 CONTD.

And another notch. The camera is boring in as relentlessly as Hub himself.

HUB (cont.)

Okay, so you try to cover that by gambling in Foreign Exchange. You've got good trading people, but you push them to take asshole risks. You go short on Sterling, North Sea oil comes in, and what are you holding? Lira. Right in the nuts.

(The wind-up)

All of which leaves you with an earnings performance you can't see without a microscope. Lefcourt I salute you. Borough National is your masterpiece.

CUT TO:

Lefcourt. He looks pole-axed.

LEFCOURT

(Grasping for straws)

Maybe if we tighten our belt--

HUB

Try it around your neck. On top of everything else your liquidity position is terrible. You're carrying a lot of heavy 30-day mid-east money, those giant Saudi Eurodollar deposits--

LEFCOURT

But they've been rolling over like clockwork--

HUB

(Sharply)

And what if they don't? That's almost 10% of your deposits. You've only got 5 on hand. If anything happens, how're you gonna cover that kind of withdrawal?

43 CONTD.

HUB (cont.)

(saving the best
for last)

But to hell with the depositors. The real biggie is--you won't be able to make the next quarterly dividend to the stockholders. And when that red flag goes up, Goodbye Charlie. The Fed will be all over you like a rash.

(a final sigh)

This was a nice little bank in Queens. Why didn't you stay in Queens?

CUT TO:

LEFCOURT

What would you have done? When those OPEC dollars started flowing in 1973 everybody scrambled to get a piece. We had to grow, we had to increase those earnings...the more you make, the more you got to loan - that's the system, that's what banking is now. You think your friend Maxwell Emery isn't doing the same thing?

HUB

Yeah but you got caught. Correction. We got caught.

LEFCOURT

OK, I'll call Emery. You can bail out.

In a lightning move Hub clamps his hand on the receiver.

HUB

I took this trip without a parachute.

(suddenly--a grin)

Besides, this is when the fun begins.

43 CONTD.

LEFCOURT
(Annoyed)
Look, Smith, this isn't
some game--

HUB
(Real appetite in
his eyes for the
first time)
Oh, yes it is, that's
exactly what it is.
You keep talking about
a system, Lefcourt;
that's your whole prob-
lem. You can't beat
the system--but you can
win a game.
(Already thinking)
And to win...first we
have to score...

LEFCOURT
(Helplessly)
How?

Hub is pacing, thinking out loud, putting it together in his head.

HUB
Okay. Okay. Number one,
we have to find a way to
get some profit in here,
pronto. Nothing earth-
shaking, just three, four
million--so we can meet
that dividend, give our-
selves a little time to
breathe. Something like
a hungry customer maybe,
who could use a big, fat
loan, say a couple hun-
dred million--

LEFCOURT
(Doubtfully)
And where do we get that
kind of money?

43 CONTD.

HUB

(A waggle of the hand
that says: There's
ways. Then, still
thinking)

What we really need is a
company even more in the
shit-house than we are--

(With a sudden gleam
in his eye he breaks
off, checks his notes;
then leans back thought-
fully)

Talk to me Roy. Talk to me
about the WinterChem Petro-
chemical Corporation.

LEFCOURT

(Protesting)

But we're loaned out to the
legal limit with them, you
said so yourself. I don't
care how hungry they are,
we can't give them a thing.

CUT TO:

Close-up Hub.

HUB

(An owlish smile)

Not even lunch?

(On his words,)

CUT TO:

44 OMIT

45 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Lee dashes in -- right past Hub and Lefcourt.

LEFCOURT

(Calling to her)

Uh, Mrs. Winters,

(On one foot, she pauses)

I'm Roy Lefcourt--this is Hub
Smith, just came on-board at
the bank. I think we're all
heading for the same meeting.

Lee hesitates, glances at Hub; for a split-second their eyes meet.
It is nothing special. No bells, no trumpets, just a cursory, matter-
of-fact look.

45 CONTD.

LEE
 --Then the three of us
 are late.
 (And the door closes)

INT. OUTER LOBBY - RESTAURANT

The door opens. Lee moves out, followed by Hub and Lefcourt.

HUB
 (Low, to Lefcourt)
 I didn't know this was
 a meeting of the fan club--

LEFCOURT
 (Low, back over his
 shoulder)
 Forget it, she's just window-
 dressing. They had to invite
 her, Winters left her a big
 chunk of stock.

CUT TO:

45A INT. RESTAURANT

Dolly Lee, Lefcourt, Hub to table where they greet Lipscomb and Ackerman.

CUT TO:

46 INT. RESTAURANT -- LEE AND LEFCOURT

Ad lib dialogue, Lee is interrupted by Ackerman.

ACKERMAN
 (To Lefcourt and Hub)
 Excuse me Lee, gentlemen,
 we might as well be up-
 front about this. Winter-
 Chem has been cash-starved
 for several years now--and
 it's steadily getting worse.
 Income dropping, sales down,
 borrowed to the limit--

LIPSCOMB
 (To Lefcourt)
 In fact, you're probably
 sitting there right now,
 afraid that we might hit
 you for more.

LEFCOURT
 I don't know that I'd say
afraid, exactly--
 (Clearing his throat, a covert glance at Hub--)

46 CONTD.

--But Hub merely smiles politely, his expression non-committal. The truth is, of course, that though he says nothing he is the real power-player at the table.

ACKERMAN

--So let me begin by
saying what you're
dying to hear.
(a smug beat)
You'll be relieved to
know--we don't want
another dime.

CUT TO:

Hub. It isn't what he wants to hear at all; in fact, it's the worst possible news--but his face is the same pleasant mask, revealing nothing.

CUT BACK TO:

The whole table, Ackerman sailing on.

ACKERMAN (cont.)

The solution to our problem
is simple, really. Winter-
Chem has, what, eight plants
and factories. We have buyers
for three of them, and we're
going to unload. Cut the
losers, hang on to what's
solid--

LIPSCOMB

(Right on cue)

--Which in turn will buttress
our cash position. All we have
to do is scale down a little,
think in more modest terms--and
we should weather the storm.

ACKERMAN

Of course, a lot depends on
the new chairman, whoever that
turns out to be--

(A pause for modesty)

--But I feel confident he'll
ratify this approach. There's
solid support for it on the
Board. All of which ought to
take a load off your mind.

(And he sits back with
a self-satisfied smile)

46 CONTD.

LEFCOURT
(Stalling, still
waiting for Hub)
Well, I don't know what
to say--

LIPSCOMB
You might start with con-
gratulations.

Brief pause.

LEE
This doesn't make any
sense...This is wrong.
You can't shrink this
company down and ever
expect it to grow again.
You can't do it. The
replacement cost would
be astronomical.

LIPSCOMB
Lee, I'm sure we're
grateful for the in-
terest you've taken
in WinterChem, all the
public relations time
you've put in for the
company...and I know
how you must feel, es-
pecially now that
Charlie's gone.

LEE
(Not laying on it
but direct)
Don't patronize me. You,
of all people, know where
we went wrong. (Her use
of "we" does not go unob-
served). We let the com-
petition walk away with
the technology. When
the new thermoplastics
came in we lost our edge.
But instead of cutting back
we should be investing in
r&d and keep the plants
going 'til the new products
are developed.

LIPSCOMB
Financed how?

46 CONTD.

LEE

Get ourselves a money-maker.
 There's a small petrochemical
 plant in Spain at Valencia.
 They're in place. Their balance
 sheet looks real good and they're
 for sale. We'd have to invest
 in some up-dating and insure
 feedstocks. But if we grab it,
 we'll be buying ourselves a
 real cash flow machine.

ACKERMAN

Unfortunately, the management
 of WinterChem feels that kind
 of capital is simply not availa-
 ble...

PAN TO:

Hub. He is pulling back his chair, getting to his feet with a glance
 at his watch. As the others look at him--

HUB

(To Lefcourt)

Roy, you'll have to fill
 me in on the rest of this
 later.

(To the others, with
 an apologetic smile)

I'm sorry...good people.
 But I'm running late,
 backed up twenty minutes
 for the next slot, Ms.
 Winters.

LEE

Mr. Smith...

LIPSCOMB

Delighted to meet you,
 Mr. Smith.

Ackerman rises and moves away from the table to say his good-bye
 to Hub. He comments on Lee's suggestions as they shake hands.
 Hub walks away as Ackerman rejoins group at table.

LEFCOURT

He's really a terrific
 fellow, we're happy to
 have him on our team.

(ad lib various versions)

46 CONTD.

ACKERMAN
He's really a hell of a
guy. (various ad lib
versions).

As Hub is walking away, Lee's eyes follow him.

47 INT. WAITER'S STATION OF RESTAURANT - DAY

HUB
(on telephone)
Mrs. Lee Winters, please,
she's at the corner table.

47A INT. RESTAURANT.

At table Lee is talking to Ackerman as waiter approaches with telephone.

WAITER
Sorry, Miss Winters.
Call for you.

LEE
(to the others)
Pardon me--
(Picking up the
receiver, briskly)
--Yes, this is Miss
Winters.
(On her words),

CUT TO:

48 INT, PHONE IN THE FOYER - DAY

HUB
(Casually, into phone)
How good are you at keeping
a straight face? Because
your Valencia deal happens
to be full of holes.

CUT TO:

49 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Lee holding the phone at the table. There is just an instant while she realizes the others have fallen silent and are looking at her, the flicker of an eyelash while she makes up her mind.

49 CONTD.

LEE
(Into phone, with
perfect composure)
What is it, Helen, I'm
in a lunch meeting and
can't talk. Do you have
any messages for me?

CUT BACK TO:

50 INT. PHONE IN THE FOYER - DAY

HUB
(Into phone, rattling
it off)
Try this on Helen. Number
one, what about currency
translation? A Spanish
plant has Peseta obliga-
tions--if the Peseta goes
up your dollar-earnings
won't be worth a plate
of paella. Two, what
about labor stability,
half the country is busy
slipping bombs into the
pockets of the other half.
And three, WinterChem is
already tapped out with us
at Borough National. How
do you figure to fund the
acquisition?

CUT BACK TO:

51 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Lee, at the table.

LEE
(Into phone, crisply)
I see. Is that all Helen?

CUT BACK TO:

52 INT. PHONE IN THE FOYER - DAY

52 CONTD.

HUB
 (Into phone)
 Sorry, but I didn't want
 to embarrass you in front
 of Tweedledum and Tweedledee
 up there. Since it's ob-
 vious that--
 (Pause)
 --You want to be the new
 Chairman of the Board.
 (On which, he neatly
 hangs up)

CUT BACK TO:

53 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Lee, still holding the receiver.

LEE
 No, absolutely not, tell
 him I'm out of town.
 (To the others,
 as she hangs up)
 Sorry. Some people just
 don't understand business.
 (On her words),

CUT TO:

53A INT. END OF RESTAURANT

Hub waves at Lee, turns and walks away.

54 INT. HUB'S OFFICE - DAY

Hub and Lefcourt back in Hub's office later that afternoon. Hub
 is talking breezily on the phone while Lefcourt listens with growing
 uneasiness.

HUB
 Absolutely. Of course
 we're going to show a
 profit, just read our
 next Quarterly.
 (Lefcourt slides
 a notch lower in
 his chair; Hub
 continues cheerfully)
 Well, I don't know about
 pulling rabbits out of
 a hat, but--

Suddenly Lee appears in the office doorway, followed by a hapless
 SECRETARY. Lefcourt looks up, startled; Hub merely flicks his
 eyes up from the phone.

54 CONTD.

LEE

(Riding over, ticking the items off crisply)
 Their currency may be unstable but they have to sell on international markets, which means our dollar wouldn't be affected. Two. The Spanish labor market happens to be relatively strike-free, which you would have known if you had bothered to check-- as I did. Three. There are other banks that can recognize a sound investment when they see one. And as for that Chairman-of-the-Board crack-- why, Mr. Smith, I don't know what you're talking about.
 (And just like that she turns on her heel and is gone)

HUB

(Continuing into phone as though nothing had happened)
 --But you can say...we expect to surprise a lot of people. How? Well, that would be telling, wouldn't it? How much stock did you say her husband left her?

CUT TO:

55 EXT. LEE'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Hub getting out of a taxi in front of a Manhattan townhouse in the East 70's; afternoon, a few days later. The house is one of those carefully-maintained Georgian beauties with pointed brickwork, a gleaming door and shiny brass trim you can see your face in. Running a discreet, appraising eye over the place, Hub goes to the door and raps the knocker.

CUT TO:

56 INT. LEE'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Moments later. Hub is being shown by a MAID into a spacious drawing room overlooking the gardens at the rear. The room is impressive yet somehow informal and unpretentious at the same time, filled with the casual comfort of those who are so wealthy they don't have to stick it in your eye. There are several photos of Lee with an older, good-looking man who is obviously Charley Winters, plus some souvenirs of her movie career; pictures taken on the set with various crews, autographed photos of actors--and tucked into the bookcase not one but two Oscars.

Hub drifts around the room taking it all in--

Pan to reveal Lee seated on couch.

LEE
(Pleasantly)
You were saying--?

HUB
I thought we ought to have
a drink on it, that's all.

LEE
On what, exactly?

HUB
Your future at WinterChem.
(A nod toward the bar)
Scotch, if you don't mind.
With a twist.

LEE
(Lightly; she is enjoying herself; in fact, they both are)
Me? You must have me confused with an executive or something. Oh, they tolerated me on the Board and all that, but strictly as a courtesy to Charley. And now that he's gone, I'm just supposed to be an ex-movie star coasting into the sunset--

56 CONTD.

HUB

(Picking it up)

--And certainly not some-
one who throws the boys
a curve at lunch with a
Spanish petrochemical
plant.

(Grinning appreciatively)

I'd say you coast pretty
good, Lady. Where'd you
learn the moves?

CUT TO:

LEE

Charlie involved me a lot
in the business. But when
I was an actress I had my
own company and made my
own deals. Did pretty
well, too. Charlie always
says I have good instincts...
Charlie "said". Well. We
seem to be playing the clas-
sic scene, don't we? The
Banker and the Widow.

HUB

(A gentler tone)

Look, I'm sorry. I guess
this is all too soon--

LEE

(Quietly, but determined)
Of course, it's too soon--
Everything is too soon. The
company is in trouble too
soon, Charley died too soon,
so what?

A brief pause. Then--

HUB

(Slowly)

Be funny, wouldn't it--if
the Banker helped the Widow
walk off with the Chairman-
ship.

LEE

Hilarious. You mind telling
me how?

HUB

(Promptly)

Your Valencia deal.

56 CONTD.

LEE
Oh, really? I thought it
was full of holes.

HUB
(Right back)
Oh, really? I thought
you didn't want to be
Chairman--
(She says nothing;
Touche. He continues
amiably).

--which is too bad. Because
Ackerman is just blowing smoke
about all his so-called support.
Nobody else really wants to
sell off. Nobody wants to be
on the Board of a shrinking
company. You nail that deal,
you'd have a real shot.

LEE
Providing they took me seriously.

HUB
You come up with the 500 million
to buy that plant, they'll take
you seriously, all right. All
you need is the OK from Ackerman
to go after it. I'm in a posi-
tion to put you together with
the money. Of course there
are risks involved.

LEE
I've never been afraid of risks.

HUB
That was a Scotch I said--with
a twist.

LEE
(Not moving)
For one thing I'll never get
the okay, and for another thing
aren't you the man who told me
WinterChem was borrowed-out
with the bank?

HUB
(Affably)
I'm the man.

LEE
Then where's all this money
coming from? If I may ask?

56 CONTD.

HUB
Private placement, an outside
source.

LEE
Direct?

HUB
Through an agent I know.

LEE
He says yes, it's yes?

HUB
No. We'd have to negotiate
with his people. Probably
be a joint venture. They
put up the capital, share
the profits--

CUT TO:

LEE
(The light bulb going on)
--And the bank collects one
percent for setting it up.
On 500 million, that's five
million profit--with no risk
to you. You have a profitable
sense of humor, Mr. Smith.

CUT BACK TO:

Hub and Lee.

HUB
(A cool grin)
You wouldn't deny me a
little incentive, would you?

Pause; he is waiting for her answer. Their eyes meet.

LEE
Was that on the rocks--
or straight up?
(Hold, then)

CUT TO:

57 INT. WINTERCHEM BOARD ROOM - DAY

The splendor of the WinterChem Board Room--

57 CONTD.

WHITELAW

So I don't think this Valencia deal is all that bad...We need a broader product base and we could sure use the cash flow to upgrade some of our older existing facilities. Who negotiates the deal and how we get financing--that's something else.

LIPSCOMB

We can't send this woman out on a serious matter of corporate finance...someone who doesn't know the ins and outs.

DODDS

Neither did Katherine Graham, but I don't notice The Washington Post suffering too much...

LIPSCOMB

You're talking a 500 million dollar investment here. If every time a chairman dies, his wife wants to try some crazy idea...

WHITELAW

Look, she's not asking to commit to buy the plant--all she wants is permission to see if she can line up some outside financing. If she strikes out, so what??

LIPSCOMB

We do have to handle her very carefully...

DODDS

Yes--she is sitting with the single largest block of company stock.

WHITELAW

Well Warner, what do you think?

57 CONTD.

ACKERMAN

I say to hell with her stock.
What's she gonna do--unload
her 600 thousand shares?
That's her meal ticket. This
isn't the Washington Post and
she isn't Katherine Graham,
and I'll tell you something
else--that woman is not going
to negotiate deals for this
management--ever.

(he picks up the telephone)
Send Mrs. Winters in...Next
thing you know she'll want
to be chairman of the board.

Lee appears in doorway.

ACKERMAN (cont.)

Lee, it's always a pleasure...

CUT TO:

58 EXT. STREET

Lee crosses out of building and into waiting limo.

CUT TO:

59 INT. LIMO -- LEE & HUB

LEE

I did great,--I'm the Always
Kid.

(Turning to him in a
perfect imitation of
Ackerman's condescending
tone)

Now, Lee, I want you to know
you'll always have a home at
WinterChem. And we'll always
--always--be happy to hear
your suggestions.

Obviously it is what they had expected. Pause. A look between them
that says: Are you ready?

HUB

At least we didn't over-
estimate him...Mr. Ackerman,
please. Hub Smith calling.

50-A.

CUT TO:

60 INT. WINTERCHEM BOARD ROOM - DAY

Just as the meeting is breaking up. A phone is blinking.

ACKERMAN
(Answering)
Yes, Ackerman--

CUT BACK TO:

61 INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Hub and Lee.

HUB

(Into phone)

Warner, this is Hub. No big deal or anything--I just thought it was time we sat down and had a talk about re-scheduling your loans. Maybe lunch next week? Right, fine--

(Then, casually)

Oh, by the way, I had a call from the Japanese conglomerate that's been buying up every company in sight--yeah, Shigemitsu-Han. Wanted me to discuss the WinterChem financials. I wouldn't tell them a thing, of course--but I thought you ought to know.

CUT TO:

62 INT. WINTERCHEM BOARD ROOM - DAY

Ackerman.

ACKERMAN

(Complacently, into phone)

No phone. They were sniffing around, tried to take us over last year. Tell the truth, we were all really sweating there for a while--but then it fell apart. They couldn't get their hands on enough stock.

CUT BACK TO:

63 INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Hub and Lee.

HUB

(Into phone, cheerfully)

In that case, we can all relax.

(Looking at Lee)

So--where do you guys like to eat?

(On his words,)

CUT TO:

64 EXT. STREET - RESTAURANT

Limousine arrives, a doorman with umbrella leads Ackerman and Hub into restaurant, Lipscomb and Whitelaw follow.

ACKERMAN (ad lib)
The new team is working
very well. We're having
a board meeting next week,
looks like everything is
on the track.

Inside restaurant the group passes by Lee Winters and Japanese businessman.

LEE
Hello Warner..

ACKERMAN
Hi, Lee, you remember Hub
Smith?

They all shake hands in greeting and move on to table.

WHITELAW
She'll never sell her stock,
huh, good move Warner.

HUB
I'm starved, how's your
appetite?

WHITELAW
I could use a drink...

LIPSCOMB
I could too.

ACKERMAN
(Silence)

65 INT. BOROUGH NATIONAL

Hub walks down hallway past secretaries and turns toward his office.

CUT TO:

66 INT. HUB'S OFFICE - DAY

As he comes in and closes the door,

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

Lee sitting coolly in a chair.

LEE
How did I do?

66 CONTD.

HUB
Academy Award. Ackerman
didn't eat a bite.

LEE
(Nervous grin)
How long do we wait?

HUB
As long as it takes.

LEE
If it takes--

HUB
Patience, patience. They
have to huddle first, look
unconcerned, get back to
the office, argue a little.
They're probably flipping
a coin right now to see
who makes the call--

(A buzz; he grabs the
phone)
Yes? Right, put him on.
(To Lee, motioning her
close to listen as he
reaches for the speaker-
phone on his desk)
Guess who lost--
(With a wink, into
speaker-phone)
Hey, Warner, long time no see--

ACKERMAN'S VOICE
(Over phone, trying to
sound casual)
Listen, I know you'll think
I'm nuts--but we may let
the Winters woman **check** out the
financing on that Spanish
thing, after all. She's
got the looney-tunes idea
she can find the 500 million
somewhere privately.
(A smothered grin between
Hub and Lee; Ackerman adds
moodily)
She'll probably give away the
family jewels to get it--

HUB
(Straight-faced)
Would it make you feel any
happier if...I kept an eye
on her.

66 CONTD.

ACKERMAN'S VOICE
 (Practically coming through
 the phone)
 Could you? That would be great.
 We don't want to look like
 total idiots.

HUB
 Consider it done.

ACKERMAN'S VOICE
 (Over phone, solemnly)
 Hub, I want you to know--we'll
 always be grateful.

Lee almost laughs out loud; Hub flashes her a warning look.

HUB
 (Into phone)
 Just your friendly neighborhood
 banker.
 (He clicks off; then
 to her, deadpan)
 They'll always be grateful. .

That does it. They both break up helplessly out of sheer excitement. It worked; they did it. Then at the very height of their laughter, leaning close together, they look at each other. Pause. And--without warning, something else comes over them. A flash of dizzy intimacy, an overwhelming urge to grab each other right there in the office. For one long moment it seems they will. Then at the last instant they remember where they are--and move apart.

LEE
 (Covering, still shaken,
 a nod at the phone)
 Score one for the friendly banker...

HUB
 (He's not so calm
 himself)
 We're not there yet. You're
 meeting the agent for the
 500 million at Emery's
 tonight, remember.

LEE
 (Nodding, trying to
 get her head back to
 business)
 Any hints on how to handle it?

HUB
 Perfectly straightforward.
 (Meeting her eyes)
 After all...we've got nothing
 to hide...Do we???

66 CONTD.

LEE
Tonight then...

67 INT. EXECUTIVE FLOOR OF BOROUGH NATIONAL - DAY

Lee, leaving Hub's office, heading for the elevator. But as she walks past a long row of accounting cubicles, her head full of what has just happened,

CUT TO:

Inside one of the cubicles; A MAN is furtively watching her approach. And we suddenly realize he is the same harried little bureaucrat who hid the papers in his garage in the Washington suburb. As he stares fixedly at her--

CUT TO:

Lee, still walking, preoccupied, a million miles away, and

CUT TO:

The Man in the cubicle, more and more tense. He is obviously nerving himself up for something, and

CUT TO:

Lee. As she passes the cubicle--the Man bursts out and falls in step beside her. Not to be unkind, but he is someone you'd never look at twice, just another white-collar type in a nondescript suit, a pale overworked face above a rumpled tie, completely ordinary--except for one thing; he seems to be under a terrible strain.

THE MAN
(All of a rush)
Please, Mrs. Winters, excuse me, I know this isn't the time or place, but--
(Rushing on)
--Did your husband ever mention a Jerry Fewster?

She stops.

THE MAN
Someone named Fewster--did your husband ever mention anything about him?

LEE
(Blank)
In what connection?

THE MAN
You mean he didn't?

LEE
I don't know--what would it have been about?

67 CONTD.

But the Man is hastily backing off toward the cubicle.

THE MAN

(With enormous relief)
--No, no, if he didn't mention
it, that's fine, that's fine--

LEE

What did you say the name was?

THE MAN

(Almost frantic to
get away)
No, no, doesn't matter,
want to intrude on...it's
not important...I'm sorry
I bothered you.

Lee looks after him, then turns to A NEARBY SECRETARY.

LEE

(Curious)
Does he work here?

SECRETARY

Mr. Fewster? He's one of
the bank examiners who
comes in--

LEE

(A shrug)
He's very nervous.
(And she moves on)

CUT TO:

68 OMIT

69 EXT. LEE'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

The gleaming brass knocker on the front door of the house that evening--
as Hub reaches for it and raps smartly. He is wearing black tie; behind
him a limousine waits at the curb. As the front door of the house is
opened,

CUT TO:

70 INT. LEE'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Inside, the Maid showing Hub to a foyer at the foot of the stairs.

THE MAID (V.O.)

Mrs. Winters will be right down.
(And she vanishes into the
back of the house)

70 CONTD.

Hub stands impatiently, checking his watch, then looks up as he sees--

PAN TO:

The top of the stairs as Lee appears and starts down--in a dress that couldn't be more perfect. Restrained yet revealing, sensible and daring all at the same time. She looks, of course, simply ravishing in it. As she reaches the bottom of the stairs--there is something about the feel of her under the fur, something that makes his hands linger an instant longer than necessary, something that makes her look back over the shoulder at him. And as though that look had completed an electrical circuit a current surges through herself to him, and that does it, they are gone, to hell with everything, just gone, her arms reaching up around him, the wrap sliding to the floor, his hands finding her zipper, and as the dress starts to part he is lifting her, carrying her toward the stairs...and,

CUT TO:

A71 INT. ENTRANCE FOYER EMERY'S HOUSE

Hub and Lee enter and give coats to maid.

71 EMERY'S DINING ROOM

Emery and guests are talking around table as Hub and Lee enter. They move to Mrs. Emery.

MRS. EMERY

Hub...there you are, I was getting concerned.

HUB

Sorry we're late. Mrs. Emery, Mrs. Winters.

MRS. EMERY

Mrs. Winters, nice to see you again, you're seated next to Max.

Lee and Hub walk to end of table and are greeted by Max Emery.

EMERY

Hi Hub, Mrs. Winters...nice to see you.

HUB

Sorry we're late, Max, got held up in traffic.

LEE

Hello Mr. Emery...nice to see you...sorry we're late.

71 CONTD.

 EMERY
Oh, don't worry about it.

 HUB
 (as Lee gets seated next
 to Sal)
Lee...this is Sal Naftari.

And Hub walks around table to his seat.

 LEE
How do you do, Mr. Naftari.

 SAL
Ah, Mrs. Winters...at last.
I was beginning to be afraid
I might not get to meet you...

 LEE
For a few seconds I had
doubts myself. I can't
tell you how happy I am
we made it.

 LANE
Mrs. WInters, I was just
saying to Max...I just
got back from Paris and
and the state of the dollar
is such that I'll have to
wear American clothes this
summer. Max, what are you
naughty bankers going to
do to us next?

 EMERY
Salem had witches, we have
bankers. Doesn't matter if
the dollar goes up, if the
dollar goes down, whatever
happens, inflation, de-
flation, stagflation, it's
all a banker's plot...we're
everyone's favorite villain,
don't you agree, Mrs. Winters?

 PAINTER
And what do bankers do...when
they aren't plotting?

71 CONTD.

EMERY

You could say...we lubricate.
 If the economy is a machine
 we supply the stuff that keeps
 it turning. The danger is
 sometimes you grease the wrong
 wheel, or give it too much...
 isn't that right, Hub?

HUB

What was that again, Max?

EMERY

Nothing. Just talking about
 bankers and business. Of
 course it's a serious business,
 but there is some fun in it too...

And group continues conversation around table.

CUT TO:

72 INT. NEDICK'S STAND IN PENN STATION - NIGHT

Just as hotdog is dumped unceremoniously on a paper plate in front of Fewster, the harried bank examiner who accosted Lee on her way out of the bank. But Fewster hardly notices the food. He is talking to A WELL-GROOMED TYPE who is so clean-cut he would make anyone uneasy. Fewster certainly seems to be.

FEWSTER

(Low)

I--I don't think Winters
 told her anything. She
 looked right at me, she
 didn't know what I was
 talking about.

(The Well-Groomed Type
 says nothing. In the
 background the P.A. is
 calling the next metro-
 liner for Washington;
 Fewster looks up nervously)
 That's my train...

WELL-GROOMED TYPE

If you hear from her again,
 we expect to hear from you.
 Understood?

FEWSTER

Then what?

72 CONTD.

WELL-GROOMED TYPE
 (Cryptically)
 That's not your problem.
 (As Fewster turns to go)
 Hey. You didn't touch your
 hotdog.

FEWSTER
 I lost my appetite.
 (With a shrug the Well-
 Groomed Type reaches for
 the hotdog, and)

CUT TO:

His hands. HE IS WEARING ISOTONE GLOVES. The same gloves that
 fastidiously avoided the blood when Charley Winters dies. As
 the man takes a healthy bite of the hotdog--

CUT TO:

73 INT. ATHLETIC CLUB - DAY

Close-up. Inside a large room somewhere. The background is indistinct;
 basically this is just an empty camera frame. A beat, then Hub sits
 up into the shot, hands clasped behind his head. He is wearing a sweat-
 shirt, doing a sit-up. (Note: Instead of simple calisthenics this scene
 is to be spaced out through a game of squash, then showering, dressing
 and leaving afterward)

HUB
 Two percent.
 (And he lies back
 down out of the
 frame again)

An instant later the Dark-Haired Man from the party, now also in a
 sweat-shirt, sits up into the frame, doing the same. There is nothing
 much we can tell about him beyond the fact that he seems well-educated
 and even in a workout, neatly dressed. For the time being he will be
 known only as SAL.

SAL
 Not this time.
 (He lies back again--)

--And once more it is Hub's turn to sit up.

HUB
 Okay, two-and-a-half.
 (And gone again)

SAL
 (Up again)
 Uh-uh. Eight.
 (And likewise gone)

73 CONTD.

HUB
(Breaking his rhythm,
jerking up into the
shot)
Eight? Why eight? Sal,
shame on you.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

The two men doing their sit-ups in the gym at the Downtown Athletic Club off Wall Street.

SAL
There's a woman, makes it
tougher. My clients can
be tricky about things like
that.

HUB
(One eyebrow up)
Unless they get the right
word from you, which costs
eight percent.
(Shaking his head)
Is there any action out there
you don't have a finger in--

SAL
I put people together with
people.
(Seriously, as Hub grins)
Listen, Hub, get it out of
your head that I have a lock
on this. These people are
unpredictable, and they make
up their own minds. I'm only
the agent, I can only make
the introductions. The rest
is up to you. Now, if my
deal is too rich, you're
always welcome to try it on
your own--

HUB
(a sigh)
Okay, eight.

SAL
Plus a fee of 300,000. For
contingencies.

HUB
Such as?

73 CONTD.

SAL
If I knew, they wouldn't
be contingencies. I'll
get right on it--providing
of course that's agreeable--?

HUB
I love negotiating with you.
It's such courteous rape.

SAL
(Shortly)
A banker oughta know. Also
she'll have to travel, they'll
want a meeting...
Okay...I'll get the ball rolling.

HUB
(Calling after him)
Hey, that fee is payable on
closing, right?

SAL
(Stopping to wag his
finger)
Now, Hub, don't get cute.
Up-front, of course.

HUB
(Sadly)
Ah, Sal. We'll never
meet in heaven.

SAL
(Soothingly)
Don't worry. I'll leave
word at the gate to let
you in.
(As Hub laughs,)

CUT TO:

74 INT. SAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Sal, immaculately tailored now, hurrying into the reception room of
his posh office suite in Manhattan. From the look of the place there
is one thing for sure; whatever Sal does, he does well at it.

SAL
(Pausing to hand A
SECRETARY a slip of
paper)
This goes right away.
(Checking his watch)
No calls for fifteen minutes.
(As he heads for inner
door,)

74 CONTD.

CUT TO:

Sal's private office, even more sumptuous. Through his window is a stunning view of midtown Manhattan, dominated by the gleaming tower of the Chrysler Building. Sal comes in, locks the door. Then he goes to the desk, unlocks a drawer and takes out a small bundle of heavy fabric, which he spreads on the floor behind the desk. But before we can see why,

CUT TO:

The Secretary in the outer office. Carrying the slip of paper that Sal gave her, she crosses to an alcove which contains a telex machine. Sitting at the keyboard, she begins to type, and

CUT TO:

75 INT. CLOSE-UP TELEX - DAY

The paper in the telex, on which we can read what she is sending. First the heading at the left, SAL-NY 10614 -- SAL-KSA, then Request arrangements Winters party arriving week of...

CUT BACK TO:

76 INT. SAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Sal is behaving very strangely. Standing on the piece of fabric he slips his shoes off, then carefully lines himself up to face the tower of the Chrysler Building outside the window. Suddenly he drops to his knees, raises his arms in the air, and

CUT BACK TO:

78 INT. SAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Sal on his knees behind his desk in New York, arms still upraised. Now he bends low in the deep salaam of a Moslem at his mid-day prayers. As his forehead touches the floor,

PAN SHARPLY TO THE WINDOW:

But instead of the spire of the Chrysler Building, with a smash of light--

CUT TO:

79 EXT. RIYADH, SAUDI ARABIA - DAY

THE MINARET OF A MOSQUE GLEAMING AGAINST THE BLAZING SKY. White, dazzling, glinting in the sun; and faintly, the wail of the Muezzin calling the faithful to prayer.

Hold until our senses adjust to the dazzle, the heat, the different world. Then,

PAN ACROSS

The flat roofs and minarets and half-finished skyscrapers of an Arab city. It is in fact Riyadh, Saudi Arabia.

We have reached a vast expanse of concrete in the desert at the edge of the city, obviously an airplane runway. To one side is the low building, nothing more than a shed, really, that is all there is to Riyadh Airport--for the moment, that is. Because right beside it is the busy sprawl of construction for a giant new terminal.

A MAN IN FLOWING WHITE ARAB ROBES stands motionless before the shed, looking off down the runway as the whine of an approaching plane can be heard, and

CUT TO:

A80 EXT. RUNWAY AND WINTERCHEM JET - DAY

The private WinterChem corporate jet, sleek and shiny, just touching down at the edge of the field.

CUT TO:

80 EXT. DESERT - SAUDI ARABIA

A caravan of camels on the endless, empty desert horizon. It is joined and passed by a new Rolls Royce. Camera holds on a new solar phone booth as the Rolls Royce passes.

81 INT. LIMOUSINE

Lee and Hub in the back seat.

LEE

You said demure...Why
do I have this knot in
my stomach?

HUB

Maybe it's jet lag...
there've been multi-
nationals who've come
here thinking they had
a deal with the old man
only to find they didn't.
He may have built one of
the largest financial com-

81 CONTD.

HUB (cont.)
bines in the world,
but he still does busi-
ness the way he used to
when he was a gold trader
in the Souks by hunch.
If he thinks you're honorable,
you're in...

LEE
I can act honorable. Hell,
I won an Oscar for it. So
when do we talk business?

HUB
When they ask us to. This
is purely social. Look,
I really don't think you
have anything to worry about
...I went to school with
Khalid; the older son. He's
deputy finance minister now
and one of the most sophis-
ticated and honorable men
I've ever dealt with.

LEE
Who else should I know about?

HUB
Well, his younger brother,
possibly. But he's stayed
out of the business pretty
much the last few years.
He's very bright. I met
him years ago at an IMF con-
ference before he became...
well, not anti-Western exactly.
But he would like less involve-
ment with the West. Relax,
it's just a deal...

And he comforts her.

82 EXT. DESERT

A Rolls Royce winds its way along a road stopping at a tent. Hisham and Khalid are tending their falcons. Khalid leaves the group and walks to Lee and Hub as they exit car. He greets them and they walk inside the tent.

KHALID
Ahlan wa sahlam...we welcome
you.

82 CONTD.

HUB
Thank you. We are glad
to be here...my associate,
Mrs. Winters.

LEE
How do you do...

KHALID
Please come this way.

83 INT. TENT

KHALID
I believe you know my
father, Achmad...

IBN SALIH
(speaks in Arabic...welcome)

KHALID
He thanks you for honoring
us with your presence.

HUB
Not at all...you honor us
with the invitation.

KHALID
Mrs. Winters, my father,
Achmad Ibn Salih.

IBN SALIH
Welcome...(in Arabic...)

Hisham leaves falcon group and enters the tent.

KHALID
My brother, Hisham...Mrs.
Winters and Hub Smith.

HISHAM
How do you do...

And they all sit. Coffee is served.

DISSOLVE TO:

The feast. Lee watches as the others reach and eat with their hand.
She joins them.

HISHAM
This is a special occasion...
A reminder of the old way.
Fifty years ago many of my
people lived this way.

83 CONTD.

And all continue to dive in...

84 EXT. RIYADH

Dusk, that evening. From a rooftop overlooking Riyadh we can see the lanterns being lighted in the souk, the marketplace. In the distance are the gleaming high rise buildings and the towering construction cranes, and beyond that the endless desert.

NOW WE PICK OUT the limousine carrying Hub and Lee as it drives by, heading for the residential district.

CUT TO:

85 EXT. GARDEN

LEE

I feel like a beggar
waiting for them to
give me alms and I hate
it.

HUB

You and the rest of the
world. Look at it this
way: we've gotten a hope-
ful sign. They've invited
us to their homes. They
rarely do that...

LEE

It's just another chance
to look me over, I can't
bring up business. How
long is this going to go
on? When a jury is out
this long, it means they
can't come to a decision.

HUB

It is just possible there's
disagreement within the
family...maybe the younger
brother.

LEE

You said he wasn't in-
volved anymore.

HUB

Maybe things have changed.

85A EXT. ENTRANCE TO HOUSE--DOORWAY

Lee and Hub follow veiled ladies and their husbands to greet Khalid and his wife at door.

CONTD.

KHALID

Hello Hub, you know my wife, Asma.

HUB

Hello, nice to see you...

KHALID

Mrs. Lee Winters, my wife Asma.

LEE

How do you do...

KHALID

My father begs your forgiveness. He was too ill to come.

HUB

I'm sorry to hear that. I hope he gets better soon.

As they move inside

LEE

Not a good sign...

HUB

He could really be sick, you know.

Lee and Hub watch as the ladies take off their veils and move past them. They move to the fireplace and are joined by Asma and Khalid.

ASMA

Lee, I'd like you to meet my friends.

Asma and Lee move through the room saying hello to various ladies and end at other fireplace to join Hisham and his wife.

ASMA

You know my brother-in-law, Hisham.

LEE

Yes, Hello...

HISHAM

My wife.

85 INT. HOUSE (CONTD.)

MRS. HISHAM
And how are you enjoying
our country?

LEE
Very much. I find it
fascinating.

Asma leads Hisham's wife away leaving Lee and Hisham talking.

CUT TO:

Hub and Khalid are having a conversation at other end of room, as they occasionally glance over at Lee and Hisham.

CUT TO:

Lee and Hisham continue their conversation.

LEE
I'm told you disapprove
of your country's close
involvement with the West.

HISHAM
I am amused by the new, pro-
found respect with which the
West - indeed the world -
now treats my little country.

LEE
It's difficult not to respect
a little country that has 25%
of the world's reserves of oil.

HISHAM
A limited resource for which
we receive seemingly unlimited
supply of paper that continues
to decline in value. There are
some who think we would do bet-
ter to leave our oil in the
ground.

LEE
The dollar was comparatively
stable until the cost of oil
rose.

HISHAM
Surely you are not blaming
us for the enormous rate at
which you use up energy.

85 CONTD.

LEE

Of course it is not
that simple. But
you get a great deal
else from us besides
our dollars.

85 INT. HOUSE (CONTD.)

HISHAM
You refer to your
technology.

LEE
Yes.

HISHAM
I do not think what we
gain from it is worth
the loss of the heritage
that has sustained us.
My forefathers lived in
dignity in the midst of
deprivation. Is it too
much to hope we can main-
tain our own identity in
the midst of plenty?

LEE
Perhaps you will find a
way to blend the best of
both.

HISHAM
It may be too late already.
We have Americans designing
giant buildings and Koreans
building them. We have Japa-
nese TV sets and a Dutch
phone system and German cars.
The only thing that is Saudi
is our checkbook...

Hub crosses in to join Hisham and Lee.

HISHAM
How are you Hub? You should
take Mrs. Winters to see our
pool...the sand is imported
from the Riviera...you see,
even sand is now judged by
western standards.

As Lee and Hub walk away, Hisham's eyes watch them.

HUB
I've got good news. We
have an appointment with
Khalid tomorrow at his office.

LEE
Did he give any sign?

86 CONTD.

HUB
Just that it was time we
talked business.

CUT TO:

A86 LARGE MARBLE STAIRCASE

Lee and Hub move slowly up on their way to Khalid's office.

CUT TO:

86 INT. OFFICE

As Lee and Hub enter, Khalid is doing business with black man. An Officer brings papers to his desk. Lee and Hub are seated by another officer of the court and coffee is served.

HUB
(in Saudi)
Thank you.

LEE
(in English)
Thank you.

DISSOLVE

An old villager is at desk when Khalid looks at his watch and leads old villager to center of room to lead prayer. All others join and prayers begin. Lee and Hub watch and wait.

DISSOLVE

DISSOLVE:

The old villager is back at the desk. Khalid finishes the business and the villager leaves. His other people follow him out of the room.

Khalid gestures to the back of the room. Lee rises expectantly only to realize he means two other Arabs who walk to his desk.

LEE

I thought you said we had
an appointment.

HUB

This is an appointment.

DISSOLVE:

A dark man seated conducting a transaction with Khalid.

DISSOLVE:

The business finished, the dark man thanks Khalid and walks out of room and finally Khalid gestures to Hub and Lee and they walk to desk and sit.

KHALID

(Pleasant, but all
business)

To begin--I'm sure you
will be glad to hear that
we have decided to make
the loan.

CUT TO:

Hub and Lee; a suppressed smile between them. Maybe this was worth waiting for, after all.

CUT BACK TO:

Khalid.

KHALID (cont.)

If you agree to the terms,
everything will be spelled
out in detail in the final
contract. But I thought
it best to go over this deal
memo I've had drawn up, to
make sure we are clear on the
main points.

(Hub and Lee nod)

One. The sum is to be 500
million, of course, for the
plant in Valencia, the money
to be drawn down in units of
50 million.

86 CONTD.

HUB
At times to be negotiated?

KHALID
Of course. Point two.
WinterChem to hold title,
but profits to be shared
on an equal basis. Three.
The loan to be written in
the form of debentures.
Point Four--

CUT TO:

Lee.

LEE
Wait a minute.
(Frowning as she
studies the memo)
Debentures. You mean if
we're late with a payment,
you can convert those de-
bentures to WinterChem stock?

KHALID
That's right.

LEE
(Gravely, as it sinks in)
But at present market values--
that would give you a controlling
interest in the company. Don't
you think that's a little stiff?

CUT TO:

Khalid. Courteous--but firm.

KHALID
Mrs. Winters, I think I
should tell you that there
are those in the Ibn Salih
family who do not think we
should be making this offer
at all. And if you could
find venture-capital of
this sort for a company
like WinterChem in America--
I assume you would not have
come all the way to Arabia
looking for it. Of course,
if you can arrange better
terms elsewhere, you are
free to take them.
(Pause)
Shall I continue? Point Four.

86 CONTD.

 KHALID (cont.)
 After repayment of the
 principal has been com-
 pleted--
 (But as his voice
 continues,)

CUT TO:

Lee...and it is clear she is still thinking about point three...

CUT TO:

87 INT. HALL OUTSIDE OFFICE OF KHALID -- MARBLE STAIRCASE

Lee and Hub walking down stairs.

 LEE
 If we're ever cash short
 when a payment comes due,
 I could lose the whole
 company.

 HUB
 Don't worry, we'll cover
 you on that, the bank will
 cover you.

 LEE
 I just don't like the risk.

 HUB
 I guess it all depends on
 how badly you want the
 chairmanship.

Lee and Hub continue walk down long marble stairway.

88 OMIT

89 EXT. WINTERCHEM JET, RIYADH RUNWAY - DAY

The WinterChem jet poised at the end of the Riyadh runway, then
 starting its take-off run.

CUT TO:

90 INT. WINTERCHEM JET - DAY

Soft furniture, luxurious appointments, including an intercom phone
 to the cockpit. Lee and Hub sit facing each other on opposite divans,
 seatbelts fastened. As the plane picks up speed along the ground
 Hub fixes his eyes on her, and

CUT TO:

91 EXT. WINTERCHEM JET - DAY

A view along the undercarriage of the plane as the wheels race the last few yards along the ground. Then as they lift free:

CUT BACK TO:

92 INT. WINTERCHEM JET - DAY

As the seatbelt-sign goes off. Hub unbuckles his seatbelt; his eyes have never left her face.

LEE

(Unbuckling, busy
with some papers)
Well, I guess I ought
to call the cockpit,
have them radio the
office with all the
gory details--
(Reaching across
him for the phone)

HUB

(Grabbing her hand)
That can wait--this can't
(And he kisses her)

She does not resist--but something is obviously muted, missing in her response. He senses it immediately and breaks off.

HUB (cont.)

(Half-amused, looking
at her)
You're really ticked-off
about the deal, aren't you?

LEE

I'm sorry, I never liked
being dependent, that's
all. I didn't depend on
any one studio, I wasn't
dependent on Charley, and
if something goes wrong I
don't like being dependent
on Borough National--

HUB

--You mean me.
(Reaches for intercom
phone and holds it out
to her)
Here. You can't live with
the deal, forget the loan.
Tell New York the terms
were unacceptable.

92 CONTD.

LEE
(Not taking phone, but
not backing off, either)
I warn you, I'm a bad person
when I get in a corner on
business.

92 CONTD.

HUB

Fine. If you ever get
cornered tell me to go
to Hell. In business
that's the ground rules.

(Pause. Slowly)

But, Lady, if you think
the only thing you and I
have been doing together
is business--then one
of us is a fool.

(He is still holding
out the phone)

CUT TO:

Lee. A pause. Slowly she takes the phone from his hand and presses
the buzzer.

LEE

(Deliberately, into
phone)

Radio WinterChem in New York,
please. Tell them we came
to terms--

(Looking at him)

--On the whole package.

(She clicks off. To
Hub again)

Well, you got your deal.
You got what you want.

CUT TO:

Hub.

HUB

(Quietly)

You don't know the first
goddam thing I want.

It's not the deal. The
world is full of deals.

A partner is somewhat more
rare.

Silence. For a long moment there is no movement in the cabin.

CUT TO:

Lee. Very deliberately she gets up, goes over, sits next to Hub.
And kisses him passionately.

LEE

(As they break,
whispering)

I'm still not sure I
trust you, you know.

92 CONTD.

HUB
 (Whispering back)
 The perfect basis for
 a partnership.
 (As they sink into
 a long, building
 embrace)

Lee's voice breaks in over from the next scene:

LEE (over)
 Over here! Over here!
 I'm in the clear!

CUT TO:

93 EXT. EMERY'S ESTATE - DAY

A football sailing through the air against a bright sky.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

Lee--but now in blue jeans and sneakers, racing at a dead run through the defensive secondary in a pick-up game of touch-football, eyes fixed on the ball heading her way. With her hair tousled and cheeks flushed she has never seemed so alive and happy.

The game is being played on the lush lawn of Emery's country estate in upper Westchester. In the background is the house, a huge rambling Georgian mansion; Emery probably thinks of it as informal. The two teams have been chosen from a collection of his weekend guests, and if we look closely we can spot HUB'S TWO TEEN-AGE SONS among them.

Lee is just about to catch the pass now--when at the last split-second Hub, playing defense, leaps in and bats the ball away. Then before the next play can start--MRS. EMERY appears on the verandah of the house and calls, "Hub--telephone." Hub's sons groan, "What--again?" and "Come on, dad." As Hub waves goodnaturedly and trots toward the house,

Game over...Hub tosses ball to Emery and walks off lawn.

MRS. EMERY
 You're very fond of him,
 aren't you.

EMERY
 I've never seen him look
 so well or so happy.

MRS. EMERY
 Oh, I forgot, you have a
 message. Someone in Saudi
 died...did you know him?

93 CONTD.

EMERY
I knew him...he was very
old and sick. It was
expected.

94 OMIT

CUT TO:

95 BOROUGH NATIONAL TRADING ROOM - DAY

The usual bedlam of the trading room at Borough National the next morning. The day looks like any other, the same chatter of tense voices under pressure, the same clatter of teletypes, the same fluttering record-slips whipping along the consoles.

Added to the commotion now is the routine ding-ding-ding of the bell on one of the telex machines along the wall signalling an incoming transmission. And without warning,

CUT TO:

The paper in the telex. We can read the message as it appears. First, the heading ARAB-NORTH AMERICAN BANK to BORONAT-NY, and then the message: Re Eurodollar Deposit Maturing 3/17 - Please hold funds for further instructions. As the last word appears,

CUT TO:

Gil Hovey getting up from his trading position, walking to the telex. He gives the message a cursory look, then pauses, frowning slightly. He tears off the paper and starts toward the executive offices, which open off the rear of the room.

95A INT. HUB'S OFFICE

Hub on phone.

HUB
No time to float a bond
issue in the market.
The Fed is borrowing too
heavily in the next couple
of weeks. Why don't you
wait and call me.

96 INT. HUB'S OFFICE - DAY

CUT TO:

Hub behind the desk in his office, as Hovey comes in with the telex.

HOVEY
(Handing Hub the slip)
Thought you ought to see
this...

Hub takes in the message at a glance, then hands the slip back.

96 CONTD.

HUB

They just want us to hold
it, not roll it over? Doesn't
make sense, they'll lose a
ton of interest if they don't
re-deposit that money. Must
be a mistake, ask them to
send it again.

(As Yeager turns to go)
By the way, how much is
the deposit for?

CUT TO:

Hovey.

HOVEY

(Matter-of-factly)
Alltogether? 95 million.
(And he goes)

CUT BACK TO:

Hub. He sits a moment, puzzled. Then on impulse--and you get the
feeling this is really just routine--he leans forward and clicks on
the office intercom.

HUB

(Into intercom)
Better let me have the
maturity schedules on
those Saudi Eurodollar
Deposits we're holding.

SECRETARY'S VOICE

(Over intercom)
The ones that are due
now, or all of them?

HUB

The works.
(He clicks off, picks
up his papers again--
then, pulled by some
instinct, puts them
down and heads for the
door)

CUT TO:

97 INT. BOROUGH NATIONAL TRADING ROOM - DAY

HUB (to customer service)

Have we done any Central
Bank business this month?

97 CONTD.

CUSTOMER SERVICE
50 mil with Venezuela and
20 with Mexico.

HUB
Sounds good...How'd your
boys do in the basketball
game last night?

CUSTOMER SERVICE
They won 89/70. Jerry
had 18 points.

HUB
All right!

HUB
Were you able to bail out of
your position in Hong Kong
last night at a profit?

TRADER
Yes, sir, made 10 grand.

HUB
ad lib...or You fell in shit
again.

HUB
Congratulations...see you
got rid of the last batch
just before the rates moved
higher.

FANNIE MAE
This must be my lucky week.

Telex starts ringing.

TELEX OPERATOR (V.O.)
Getting our reply now, Mr.
Hovey.

CUT TO:

Close-up. The message on the telex. Confirm previous transmission.
(Pause). Please hold funds until...further instructions.

CUT BACK TO:

97 CONTD.

Hub and Hovey. Hub tears the message off, looking at it.

HUB
 Damndest thing...
 (Starting to Hovey's
 trading position)
 Let's hit the horn, see
 what's going on.

Hovey returns to his desk...Hub begins to walk slowly past Traders.

HUB
 Might need a 100 million
 dollars spot/next any prob-
 lems?

TRADER (V.O.)
 Could be...market's tight.

CUT TO:

Hovey, punching up a line.

HOVEY
 (Into phone)
 Swiss International?
 Borough National, New
 York. You guys seen
 anything special there
 today? Any heavy Arab
 moves, for instance--

CUT TO:

Betsy also on the phone.

BETSY
 --Well, London, we're
 seeing some more heat
 on gold, we wondered
 if you're getting any
 Saudi action--

CUT TO:

Hovey, punching off.

HOVEY
 (To Hub, shaking his
 head)
 Zip.

CUT TO:

Betsy, punching off.

97 CONTD.

BETSY
Not a clue.

CUT TO:

One or two heads in the Trading Room, starting to look curiously in their direction. Traders have a sixth sense that tells them when something is up, and they are beginning to pick up the vibrations.

CUT BACK TO:

Hub, with Hovey and Betsy. Without the least flicker in his expression, Hub is aware of the looks.

HUB
(Shrugging casually)
Okay, we'll button up and
let it ride. Probably
nothing, anyway.

WE GO WITH HIM as he walks easily through the Trading Room, forcing himself to keep his pace unhurried, and

CUT TO:

She leaves, crossing paths with Lefcourt, who enters.

HUB
(Picking up the
phone, dialing)
(Into phone)
Mr. Naftari, please.
He's where? How long
will he be on the
Riviera? No, no,
nothing critical--
but if he checks in,
ask him to call Hub
Smith.
(As he hangs up)

LEFCOURT
I hear you asked for the
maturity schedule on the
Saudi Euro-dollar deposits.
What's going on?

HUB
(calmly)
19 deposits worth five
million each are due--and
the Saudis didn't give us
disposition instructions.
(checking the page of
numbers)

97 CONTD.

HUB (cont.)
 --you got 23 more maturing
 in the next three weeks.
 That's 210 million alto-
 gether we're gonna have
 to come up with, if they
 decide not to rollover.

LEFCOURT
 (Staggered)
 210 million, that's prac-
 tically every cent we carry.
 It'll clean us out.

HUB (cont.)
 (Checking his watch)
 We got a couple of hours
 before noon, when Europe
 starts shutting down.
 They can't just let that
 kind of money sit without
 earning interest, even the
 Arabs aren't that rich.
 Maybe they'll advise us
 through their London affili-
 ate.
 (Beat)
 I hope.

CUT TO:

98 INT. TRADING ROOM

Hovey is talking to Customer Service.

HOVEY
 We just lost a big
 deal in Yen...Who was
 the customer and why
 did we miss it?

ANSWER
 Hapsas Oil...New York
 First wanted the trade
 badly...bid one point
 over the market.

Telex starts ringing.

Hovey hurries across room to machine...reads message.

Hub looks over at Hovey.

Hovey reads message and shakes head...no.

Hub reactions low key...turns as Secretary voice comes over intercom...

98 CONTD.

SECRETARY
Mr. Naftari...will you
take the call?

99-101 OMIT

CUT TO:

102 INT. HUB'S OFFICE - DAY

Hub in his office--and the tension is beginning to tell. He is just about to check his watch for the umpteenth time--when the phone rings. He dives for the receiver.

HUB

(Into phone)

Smith...Yeah, put him
on, I got five minutes
to kill.

(Pause, then lightly)

I don't know, some guys'll
go anywhere to find a top-
less beach. Hey, Sal,
how's Monte Carlo, you
Turkey?

(Very laid-back, not
a care in the world)

No, nothing special--except
your friend Dawasir doesn't
seem to have both his oars
in the water. Oh, they have
a couple of Eurodollar depo-
sits maturing, no big deal--
but they're just letting 'em
sit. You happen to know
anything about it? I mean,
Europe's gonna start closing
in a few minutes, they usually
work through London, and Zurich,
and the interest they're losing
is...Listen, if it's okay with
them, it's peachy with me, what
do I care? Yeah, Kid, talk to
you.

(He hangs up, and the
casual manner abruptly
evaporates)

Shit.

(He can't keep from
glancing)

CUT TO:

102A INT. LEFCOURT'S OFFICE

Lefcourt worried...watching...pacing

103 INT. TRADING ROOM

BETSY

Europe's closing...ok.
You're on your own, gang,
be careful, no big posi-
tions. I don't want any-
body playing heroes.

Hub, standing between her and Hovey on her other side. Miraculously,
he still seems cool and offhand.

HUB

Let's hedge ourselves.
Cover at least $\frac{1}{2}$ the
amount of those deposits
for one day. First New
York and Morgan, 24
million each--

Betsy and Hovey are already punching up lines, both speaking together.

BETSY

--Morgan, this is Borough
National, we're looking for
twenty-four.

HOVEY

--Lemme have your Eurodollar
Desk, First New York, we
got room for twenty-four.

Then together:

BETSY and HOVEY

--Right, get back to you.

They punch off, look at Hub.

BETSY

Morgan claims they're
tight today--

HOVEY

First New York is dry, come
back tomorrow if we have a
problem--

(And as Hub digests
that little bomb, he
glances up to find--)

PAN TO INCLUDE:

103 CONTD.

Lefcourt, the restless native himself. Watching in dead silence from a few feet away, his face ashen. And while their eyes meet--

HOVEY (cont.)
 (Still to Hub, his
 voice starting to
 show the strain)
 You know, this could be a
 real little situation.
 Europe closing down, if
 we don't get enough to
 cover those Eurodollar
 deposits we're gonna be
 shit outta luck here
 pretty soon--

Without a word, Lefcourt turns and walks quickly back to his office.

HUB
 (To Hovey and Betsy,
 one thoughtful eye
 watching Lefcourt)
 Okay, try Boston and Chase
 --but that's it. Let's
 not blow it all over the
 street. As long as no-
 body knows--
 (He breaks off, his
 eye suddenly caught
 by something else)
 --Now what the hell is that?

CUT TO:

The computer read-out screen at Hovey's position. The quotation is for some bank in Switzerland, the name doesn't matter, but the figures do. The screen is showing the dollar/Swiss rate, and as we watch, the numbers are dropping, the changes flickering on the screen. From 1.9240 to 1.9070-80 to 1.8810-20 to 1.8660-70--(other currencies will have to be moving as well)

HOVEY (Over)
 Dollar's dropping--

HUB (Over)
 Dropping, it's going
 through the basement,
 for chrissake--why?

TRADER'S VOICE (Off)
 Hey, Hub--

CUT TO:

103 CONTD.

ANOTHER TRADER calling from across the room, holding his phone.
This next all overlaps--

TRADER (cont.)
--It's Paris, they heard
some big Arab money is
pulling out here, they're
gonna start shorting dol-
lars--

HUB
(Shouting back)
--They're nuts--negative,
kill those calls to Boston
and Chase.

TRADER
That's what they say--

HUB
--Tell 'em we're buying--

TRADER
(Surprised)
--We're buying?

HUB
(Grimly)
--Tell 'em.
(As the Trader turns
back to his phone,)

The other Trader is calling across the room again.

TELEX OPERATOR
Switzerland asking what's
happening to the Dollar.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE
Christ - we don't know -
looks like the move started
in Europe, not here.

CUSTOMER SERVICE
Corps ringing in. They've
noticed the screen showing
dollar slipping. What do
I tell them?

FOREIGN EXCHANGE
Tell them we're trying to
check it out. We'll be
back to them as soon as we
get something definite.

103 CONTD.

GOLD

Gold moving up. Seeing
nothing but buyers.

CUSTOMER SERVICE

Customer inquiring whether
we've seen Fed in the market
supporting the dollar.

TRADER

No just checked it out five
minutes ago.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE

Dollar dropping fast against
Marks and Yen.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE

Add Sterling and Guilders to
that.

EURO-DOLLAR

You bloody natives in the
Foreign Exchange Department
getting restless again? Who
sneezed this time?

BETSY and HOVEY

ad lib lines on phone to banks

TRADER

Paris is holding off--

HUB

(A tight grin)
I thought so.

(Low again to Betsy
and Hovey, one eye
still on Lefcourt's
office)

Button-up, just button-up,
no more calls go out of
here until I tell you--

(About to leave, an
afterthought)

And better call your Momma,
both of you. You're gonna
be late for supper.

104 INT. LEFCOURT'S OFFICE - DAY

Lefcourt on the phone as Hub comes in.

LEFCOURT
(into phone, trying
to keep his voice
steady, but you can
hear the quaver)
No, no, nothing definite.
But I wanted to flag it
with you guys at the Fed,
just in case--

HUB
(At the word Fed, quietly)
Hang up.

LEFCOURT
(Glancing at Hub, going
right on into phone)
Oh, not much, a hundred mill
or so--

HUB
Hang up that phone, Roy--or
so help me God I'll tear
it out of the wall.
(And he grabs the cord)

LEFCOURT
(A startled look at
Hub, then hastily
into phone)
Sorry, I'm getting a little
static here--I'll be back
to you.
(And he hangs up. Then to
Hub who is casually clo-
sing the door)
Look, Smith, save the theatrics
for--
(But he is interrupted
as the latch clicks shut,
and)

CUT TO:

Hub. With the two of them safely hidden from the Trading Room--he is whirling like a demon on Lefcourt. This is Hub as we have never seen him, intense, savage, the force of his words almost physical.

104 CONTD.

HUB

Are you crazy, are you right
out of your fucking skull?
Nobody knows we're broke, I'm
busting my ass to act like
business-as-usual, trying to
keep the lid on--and you call
the Federal Reserve Bank?
Why not just take an ad in
the New York fucking Times?

CUT TO:

Hub and Lefcourt.

LEFCOURT

Everything's drying up on you.
Out there, you can't get it
anywhere. I say we go to the
Federal Reserve and make a
clean breast of it--

HUB

--And blow everything. Look,
the Fed will never find out.
We'll issue some domestic C.D.'s
to cover the Eurodollar depo-
sits. By the time we add up our
tabs it'll be two weeks from now,
by then everything'll be fine.
So we ran a little behind in
our bookkeeping, so what?

LEFCOURT

(Shocked)

You can't do that. It's il-
legal, it's criminal, for
chrissake--

HUB

Mildly. We can get by with
it for one night.

LEFCOURT

But you don't know what's
going to happen tomorrow--

CUT TO:

Hub.

104 CONTD.

HUB (cont.)

(Eyes blazing)

You walk to the Fed,
 you let them know we're
 going broke, I'll tell
 you what's going to
 happen. You won't open
tomorrow. With the per-
 formance record you've
 had around here, they'll
 come in and shut our ass
 down, goodbye. We have to
 sweat it through, and pray
 the Saudis roll over that
 95 million by the time
 Europe opens in the morning.

(Very big)

It's the only chance we've
got. Come on, Lefcourt,
 where's your balls?

(On his words,)

The phone rings. Lefcourt shakily picks it up.

LEFCOURT

(Into phone)

Yes...right here.

(Handing the receiver
 to Hub)

Emery.

HUB

(Taking the phone,
 suddenly jovial)

Hey, Max, how the hell are
 you? No, we're fine--where
 did you hear that? Wait
 a minute, I get it. You're
 hinting around. Look, if
 you guys need to borrow
 a few million, just say so.
You sure?

(Laughing)

Okay, right, I'll talk to
 you.

(He hangs up to find--)

PAN TO INCLUDE:

Lefcourt staring at him in horror.

104 CONTD.

LEFCOURT

You're the one who's crazy.(Panicky, starting
around to the door)I don't know anything about
this, I'm not losing my
deniability--

HUB

(Grabbing him by the
arm, pushing him back
into chair)You can hide in the closet
if you want to--but you're
staying right here. And
if I catch you on the phone
I'll break your fucking arm.(Turning swiftly he
opens the door, catches
Yeager's eye and motions
him over)

LEFCOURT

(Weakly, trembling)

What're you going to do
in the morning--if the
Saudis ask for that money?

HUB

I'll worry about it in the
morning. I gotta get through
the night.

Hovey comes into the room.

HOVEY

Eurodollars action just in-
formed me that the market's
getting worse. Liquidity
seems to be drying up.

HUB

How much of this is around
the floor?

HOVEY

Some...not a lot.

HUB

O.K. here's the drill. For
the rest of the afternoon no
strong positions, no exposure,
but keep it humming. I want
it all math transactions, got

104 CONTD.

HUB (cont.)
me? Hong Kong opens 8
our time. Maybe they'll
work thru them. After
closing, you and Betsy
stay. I'll get back from
the reception as soon as
I can...

Hovey leaves the room.

LEFCOURT
You're still not goin' to
Lee Winters' party tonight?

HUB
Since the only conceivable
reason that our absence
would be a crisis at the
bank, and since that is
precisely what we don't
want people to know we're
up to our ass in...one of
us better be there.

105 INT. TOWNHOUSE

Lee is talking to Ackerman's wife, amidst a party scene. She calls
Ackerman to her side.

LEE
I'd like you to stay on
as Chief Operating Officer,
Warner, if you think you can
stand it.

ACKERMAN
If you think we can work
well together...

LEE
I'll take my chances if you
will. Warner, walk me around
the room, I'd like to touch
base with some of our key
people.

They move to Pastner and wife...

LEE
Mr. Pastner, hello, Mrs.
Pastner what a lovely blouse.
Mr. Pastner, I understand
you've been doing a wonderful
job developing high potential
managers. That's good...We're

105 CONTD.

LEE (cont.)
going to open up some
opportunities for them
to prove themselves.

PASTNER
Thank you, thank you
very much...

LEE
Have you enough to drink,
want a refill...

They move to Bill Whitelaw and daughter...Ackerman introduces them.

ANN
You're even more beautiful
than I thought.

LEE
Thank you...Bill, this new
Spanish operation should
give us the cash flow to
plow some money back into
our plants.

BILL
I agree, Lee, it will be a
real shot in the arm. Let
me say, I think it's great
to have you aboard.

LEE
Warner, wouldn't it make
sense to get together with
the operating committees.

ACKERMAN
Yes, I'm putting something
together, Thursday or Friday.
Would that be OK?...

Moving across room toward Dodds and wife, Lee whispers to Ackerman.

LEE
How am I doing.

ACKERMAN
Great. You're a fast learner.
That was just the right note
with Bill, he's been feeling
a little neglected lately.

HOWARD
Hello Lee, how are you?

105 CONTD.

LEE

Howard, Nancy, good to see you.

HOWARD

Will you still be available for ribbon cutting?

LEE

Wouldn't miss it for the world...What do you think about the new line of engineering resin. The Valencia operation turns out high quality products.

HOWARD

I think it's terrific. A real addition to our line... and let me say Nancy and I are very proud of you.

LEE

Oh, thank you...(and turning sees Hub). Excuse me...

HUB

Hello.

LEE

Hello, Mr. Smith, are you over your jet lag yet?

HUB

Bankers aren't allowed jet lag.

LEE

I feel very lucky, Warner is staying on as my Chief Operations Officer.

HUB

That's good to hear...Roy Lefcourt sends his congratulations. Sorry, he couldn't make it. Flu I think.

LEE

Oh, I'm sorry, I appreciate your being here.

And she crosses off frame...

105 CONTD.

 ACKERMAN (aside to Hub)
 She really going to work out...

Hold on Hub as he watches her, looks at his watch and moves out of frame...

Hub climbs the stairs.

Lee moves over to Lipscomb and wife followed by Ackerman.

 LEE
 Hello, Henry...Virginia
 (ad lib ad lib ad lib)

 ACKERMAN
 Henry, Lee wants to set up
 a meeting with the operations
 committee. I asked Bill to
 pull it together for Thursday
 and I need the quarterly fi-
 nancial statement...etc. etc.
 ad lib.

A maid passes through with champagne, Lee takes a glass and...

As they talk Lee looks over and notices Hub gone, glances up and her eyes follow him up the stairs.

She follows him upstairs carrying glass of champagne.

CUT TO:

106 INT. LEE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hub walks quickly to the phone, dials, waits coolly a moment.

 HUB
 (Into phone, low)
 Me. Any joy?

CUT TO:

107 INT. BOROUGH NATIONAL TRADING ROOM - NIGHT

The tense tableau back at Borough National. The deserted trading room, the drawn faces of Lefcourt, Betsy and Hovey gathered under a small pool of light, surrounded by a litter of overflowing ash-trays and styrofoam coffee cups, keeping a nervous vigil around the silent telex. Hovey is the one who answered Hub's call.

107 CONTD.

HOVEY

(Into phone, wearily)
 Nothing's moving but the
 leaves on the trees. Hong
 Kong opens in ten minutes--
 want me to take a sniff?

HUB

(Into phone)
 And have it hit Paris through
 the back door? Better not.

In the open doorway beyond him Lee appears. She has been looking for him, of course, and now with a playful grin creeps quietly into the room behind him.

HUB (cont.)

(Not yet aware she is
 there, continuing into
 phone)
 How's our friend bearing up?

CUT TO:

109 INT. BOROUGH NATIONAL TRADING ROOM - NIGHT

Hovey, glancing at the petrified Lefcourt.

HOVEY

(Into phone)
 I think he has visions of
 a number on his chest.

CUT BACK TO:

110 INT. RESTAURANT PAY PHONE - NIGHT

Hub, still unaware that Lee is moving closer.

HUB

(Into phone)
 He's not the only one.
 We just have to keep
 the hatches battened
 down, not a word--
(And suddenly he senses
Lee right behind him.
 Without an instant's
 hesitation he goes right
 on, his tone subtly altered)
 Well, that all sounds fine.
 Just keep tracking, we could
 get a good move out of it.
 I'll check in myself if I
 get a chance.
 (He hangs up)

110 CONTD.

LEE
(Almost a pout)
Not the bank.

HUB
I may drift over there
for a coupla minutes.

LEE
(Sensing something
is up, but not sure
how serious it is)
At this hour?

HUB
(Lazily, covering)
Waiting for Europe to open,
some technical thing, really
a bore--tomorrow I won't
even remember what it was.
But I'd better say good-
night--
(Blowing her a kiss)
Don't wait up.

Some instinct makes her give him a last look.

LEE
Hey. You okay?

CUT TO:

Hub at the door, the picture of nonchalance.

HUB
Me? At the peak of my
form, Lady. At the
peak of my form.
(And he is gone)

DISSOLVE TO:

111 INT. - LEE'S TOWNHOUSE

Lee saying goodnight to the pianist...starts upstairs in her empty
house...turns and says to Nettie

LEE
Nettie, please have him bring
my car around...I think I'll
go to my office.

CUT TO:

112 INT. WINTERCHEM EXECUTIVE OFFICES

Lee steps off the elevator, an odd expression on her face.

CUT TO:

112 CONTD.

Lee moving down the corridor past empty offices, deserted at this hour of the night. Then reaching the door to an imposing office, she pauses.

CUT TO:

The door. The name on it reads Charles Winters.

CUT TO:

Lee. She pushes the door. As it swings open,

CUT TO:

113 INT. CHARLES WINTERS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Leathery, no frills, an enormous desk and behind it a magnificent chair--the same office, the same chair in which Winters was sitting when he was killed.

But Lee isn't thinking about that now. Because that same chair is also the corporate throne, the seat of power.

PAN TO:

Lee in the doorway. She takes a long look. Then with that same expression she approaches the desk, moves around it to the other side. And slowly sits. This is the real installation ceremony; the moment when Lee takes command. Sitting in the chair she swivels to the right, then the left, her head right back. Now. It is hers.

Then her eye is caught by something on the desk.

CUT TO:

A burnished antique box resting near the front edge, the wood catching the light.

CUT TO:

Lee. With an affectionate smile she draws the box to her and lifts the lid. It is an antique humidor, still full of Charley's expensive cigars. Set into the underside of the lid is a small silver plate on which are engraved the words For Charley from Lee.

Touched by the memory Lee takes out one of the cigars, rolls it pensively between her fingers. But more time has passed since Charley's death than she realized, and the cigars are beginning to dry out now, the tobacco brittle and crumbling in her fingers. With sudden resolution Lee throws the cigar away, then up-ends the whole humidor over the waste basket.

CUT TO:

113 CONTD.

The cigars cascading into the basket--and some other small object, half-obsured--which had been hidden in the humidior--falling with them.

CUT BACK TO:

Lee. wait a minute. What was that? She digs in the basket and comes up with--a small dictation tape.

It is like unexpectedly finding a last sentimental memento. On impulse she goes through the other drawers until she finds a small tape machine. She puts the reel in the machine, turns it on, waits expectantly.

At first there is the sound of a warm, salty male voice, undoubtedly that of Charley Winters, talking over the whirr of an electric razor, some last-minute dictating while he dresses: "Add to agenda for sales meeting, summary of marketing survey--" then Lee's voice off in the background, calling from another room, "Charley, the limo's here." And Winters grumbling goodnaturedly, "Hold your water--"

As Lee smiles fondly at the memory--suddenly the sound falls away. She waits, but there is nothing. Then just as she is reaching to shut off the recorder--Winters' voice cuts in again. But this time it is flinty and tense.

WINTERS' VOICE

(Over tape)

Come on, Fewster, let's
hear it--and no bullshit.
I'm going to check every
word the minute I get back
to New York.

Her hand at the machine Lee hesitates, a quizzical look on her face.

CUT TO:

Close-up, the recorder, as the conversation continues.

FEWSTER'S VOICE

(Over tape, nervously)

Gimme a break, Mr. Winters.
I'm an examiner, that's
privileged information--

WINTERS' VOICE

(Over tape, hard)

Look, I know that little
arrangement you made on
the side to keep quiet.
I've got my whole goddam
company riding on that
bank, I'm going to sit
right here until you tell

113 CONTD.

WINTERS' VOICE (cont.)
me what the hell is going on
at Borough National.
(A long pause, then--)

FEWSTER'S VOICE
(Over tape)
Not with that thing running.
(A click. The machine
goes silent, just the
sound of the hissing
blank tape)

CUT TO:

Lee, her face rigid. Hold...then,

CUT TO:

114 INT. TRADING ROOM

All quiet. Hub, Betsy, Lefcourt and Hovey wait silently.

The clock reads 2:50.

114A INT. HUB'S OFFICE AND SECRETARY ROW

We see Lee walking down hall hurriedly turns and enters office,
but is stopped by what she sees in the trading room...none of the
others see her...and she quietly turns and walks out.

114B INT. HUB'S OFFICE AND TRADING ROOM

A flashlight is seen playing inside room. A guard appears...looks
at group and leaves.

114C INT. TRADING ROOM

Sound of telex ringing loudly. All react as...

Hovey rushes over to the telex machine.

HOVEY
It's our London branch
...Oh Jesus...They're
rolling over 90 million...

Group is gathered around machine as message is spelled out:

NY
RCA, TIME, DATE in #'s,
DATE IN LETTERS.

"Roll over Eurodollar
deposit 90 mil only
repeat 90 mil due tomorrow
for additional one month
stop. Pay balance 5 mil
First New York our account
#21214."

114C CONTD.

BORFX G BOR TX

Received following message:
Arab-North Amer Bank
Riyadh stop

LEFCOURT
Well, we can all go
home and get some
rest.

BETSY
Good night.

HUB
Good night.

HUB
Why only 90...what about
the other five? They
want the five paid to
First New York, account
number 21214...
(Thoughtfully)
Do me a favor, will you?
Get me all our Saudi
records.

CUT TO:

115 INT. HUB'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Hub and Hovey with the print-out records of the Saudi account spread on the desk before them. Hub's finger is moving slowly down the dates and figures.

HUB
Look at this slippage, all
over the last couple of
years. Every month three
million...two million...five
million...and always to that
same number, 21214, at First
New York. Could be anything,
an adjustment in their general
portfolio, loans--

HOVEY
Be nice to know more about
that account.

HUB
I'll worry about it later.
(Shaking his head)
Jesus, what a night.

CUT TO:

116 INT. LEE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A long moment of darkness, silence, the regularity of her breathing.
Hold, then

PAN SLOWLY TO:

The door. A long, building pause. Then suddenly the door bursts open
--and there is Hub, jacket awry, eyes wild, holding a bottle of champagne.

LEE

Hub??? You scared me.

Hub puts champagne down and moves to the bed. Over her protestations he caresses her body. He is all over her, silencing her with his urgency and finally a kiss. HOLD...hold...then,

CUT TO:

117 INT. LEE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A short time later, both of them lying back. Hub guzzles champagne right from the bottle; Lee is still trying to recover from what has probably been the wildest ride of her experienced life.

LEE

(Weakly)

My God. I feel like
the Sack of Carthage.
What went on at the
bank last night???
...You act like a
man who just had a
reprieve from the
electric chair.

(Letting him take her)

My goodness. You're
just full of surprises
tonight...aren't you?

(But over his shoulder
her expression
is veiled...Hold, then)

118 OMIT

119 INT. WINTERCHEM OFFICE

LEE

No, I don't think it
should wait til you come
to New York. I'll meet
you wherever you say.
I can come to Washington
today. Mr. Fewster, I'll
meet you today.

(Writing on pad): ...parking lot...brown station wagon...license
number 35H387...around 2...yes...good. Thank you.

119 CONTD.

She hangs up phone...buzzes secretary.

LEE

Kay, cancel my afternoon appointments. Book me on the noon shuttle to Washington...and reserve me a car at the airport...Oh, and call Mr. Smith and tell him I'll meet him at his apartment tonight. Yes, send Mr. Whitelaw in.

LEE

Bill, tell me all about your visit to the Valencia plant. Is it as good as we thought it was? What about their quality? How much earnings per share do you think they will be able to contribute this year? Do you think they can really compete cost-wise in the EEC? Have they been able to line up a competitive source of feedstocks? (I understand there is a new low cost refinery coming on-stream in Barcelona. They might look into it if they haven't already).

BILL (ad lib)

(appropriate answers to Lee's questions as the conversation continues on business matters)

120 EXT. STREET IN WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

That afternoon. Lee moving toward a battered Chevy station wagon that is slowing near the curb.

CUT TO:

121 INT. FEWSTER'S STATION WAGON - DAY

Fewster, a bag of nerves behind the wheel. As she opens the door--

121 CONTD.

FEWSTER
(Looking anxiously
around)
Get in, get in, hurry--

She starts to, then hesitates; an infant-seat is hanging in her way. She hastily tosses it in the back, also a rattle and a toy space-gun--you can see his whole life in the debris inside the car. When she does sit she starts in surprise, then reaches under her and pulls out a rubber dog-bone.

FEWSTER
Oh, I'm sorry...

LEE
(As they drive,
smiling to put
him at ease)
Do you always meet
people this way?

FEWSTER
(He is a genuinely
decent man, but
right now too
scared to be in
the mood for jokes)
I don't meet people at
all, not when they're
prime customers of a
bank I've just examined.
I'm sorry you came all
the way down here...I
can't tell you anything.

LEE
That's all right. I'm
not even quite sure what
to ask. I don't actually
know what it means to be
a bank-examiner.

Fewster glances at her with a bitter laugh.

FEWSTER
I guess I can tell you
that it means a 20,000-
dollar-a-year man trying
to tell a 100,000-dollar
Vice-President what he
did wrong. It also means
taking it with regularity
by guys who have nothing
but contempt for you,
because you're only sup-
posed to be a mutton-

121 CONTD.

FEWSTER (cont.)
headed bureaucrat while
they're out there knocking
'em dead. While they...
never mind the things they
do...It's all swept under
the rug--and if you say
anything you're in trouble.

LEE
(Surprised)
In trouble? For reporting
violations?

CUT TO:

FEWSTER
And how. Because if the
news gets out it might
shake public confidence
in the bank. Public
confidence, Ms. Winters,
is the mystery glue that
holds everything together.
(Turning to her)
Do you know how fragile
that is, how easy it is
to shake the whole system?
The bankers all argue
there's sixteen different
back-ups, but believe me--
one surprise shock, one big
unexpected movement of
money, one word that some-
body's in trouble, anything
- and the glue begins to
crack...And God help the
guy who does it.

(He looks around worriedly)
Now do you understand why I
can't talk to you? Do you
know what could happen to
me?

CUT TO:

121 CONTD.

Lee. This is it. She takes a breath.

LEE

(As gently as she can)
I don't want to cause
you grief, believe me.
But I have to find out
what you told my husband
about Borough National.

FEWSTER

(Quickly)
I told him nothing.

LEE

(Quietly)
Mr. Fewster--I found the
tape.

(Dead stop. It is
exactly what he was
afraid of)
There's enough on it to
make trouble for you--
but not enough to help
me. I have to know. If
the bank is rocky, if
they're losing money--

FEWSTER

(Tight-lipped)
It's not the money, it's
where the money is going,
and I can't talk about it.

LEE

At least give me your
worksheet then, your notes--

FEWSTER

I can't, they'd know where
you got it in five minutes.

LEE

(Earnestly)
Look, if it's your job that
you're worried about, Winter-
Chem will take care of you,
we'll find you something--

CUT TO:

Fewster, cutting her off in a burst of anguish.

121 CONTD.

FEWSTER

You don't understand. All I knew was that Borough National was in trouble, that it had something to do with this account and some Arab C.D.'s. But what I didn't know was how big this must be, how desperate the people are to keep it secret. Because when I started to follow up on it I was told the whole thing was a confidence factor, that 21214 was a sensitive area--and I got offered a loan. At very low interest--you understand? A bribe. Which I took, God help me. So we're not just talking about my job, we're talking about prison--

(Ominous pause)

--Or worse.

LEE

Worse?

FEWSTER

Look, just leave it--

LEE

I need your proof, I can't leave it--

FEWSTER

(Blurting it out)

Neither could your husband.
And what happened to him?

CUT TO:

Lee, startled, turning sharply to him.

LEE

Charley? Does this have something to do with Charley's death?

CUT BACK TO:

Lee and Fewster.

121 CONTD.

FEWSTER

(Tormented)

I don't know, I don't know.
I can't be sure, that's the
awful thing. But he found
out, didn't he--and he died,
didn't he? Don't you under-
stand? These people are all
over me. If I tell them
you've been to see me,
what happens to you? And if
I don't tell them--what hap-
pens to me?

(Pause; shaking his head)
After the bribe I thought it
was over. But it's never
going to end, is it? It's
never going to end...

(His voice trails off;
you can just see it all
drain out of him. He
pulls the car to the
curb. Finally--)

All right. There's a Dunkin' Donuts
in the Rockville Shopping
Center. Four o'clock. I'll
need some time after work
to get my notes.

122 EXT. STREET IN WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Lee gets out of the car, then turns back to him.

LEE

(trying to be reassuring)
It'll end soon--I promise.

FEWSTER

(A weary smile)

You still don't know the
kind of people you're
playing with, do you?
(As he drives off,)

123 OMIT

124 INT. FEWSTER'S HOUSE

Fewster pours himself a drink at his bar, moves over to cabinet,
takes out file and walks over to the fireplace and sits in his
chair.

He gets up, puts file in fire and moves into kitchen, washing out
his glass.

124A CONTD.

We pick him up as he opens door to his garage and walks around to his car...the camera pans down to exhaust pipe as smoke pours out.

124B EXT. DUNKIN DONUT SHOP

Lee pulls up in rented car. Lee waits in car...looking around. She puts on her sunglasses and gets out of car, going into shop. She sits at counter and orders.

LEE
Coffee please...and maybe
a plain donut.

She waits an hour...glancing at the clock. When it reads just after 5, she goes to phone book and looks up Fewster's address...after writing it down, she goes to car, gets in and drives off.

124C EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS

Lee driving, looking for Fewster's house.

124D EXT. FEWSTER'S STREET

Lee approaches slowly as she sees ambulance in driveway and Fewster's family huddled outside. A body is being placed in the ambulance...Lee speeds up and drives on.

124E EXT. A FEW BLOCKS FROM FEWSTER'S HOUSE

Lee breaks down.

A125 INT. BANK LOBBY

Hub crosses in and up to Watchman.

WATCHMAN
Evening Mr. Smith...

HUB
Sam...I was with Emery
today and I left some
papers in the executive
office.

WATCHMAN
No problem. I'll sign you in.

And Hub crosses down hall and into elevator.

125 INT. OFFICE OF FIRST NEW YORK BANK

Hub crosses out of elevator and moves to and through glass doors. Hub walks by glass wall and disappears around corner. Hub walks down hallway and slips into Emery's office. Hub enters Emery's office and moves into the Computer Room.

125 CONTD.

Hub tries and tries computer until he hits the right password and starts the printout. He moves to read the print out.

126 INT. BANK LOBBY

Watchman is relieved by another Guard.

WATCHMAN #1
Hey Sam, anything hap-
pening?

WATCHMAN #2
Nah, it's been a long
day.

WATCHMAN #1
Have a good night...

As Emery is arriving in lobby we hear them talking.

EMERY
One reward for working
late...no phone calls.

VICE PRESIDENT
You've got a hectic week
ahead of you. There's
the IMF conference...
Johnson's pressing to go.

EMERY
That's part of his trouble.
I'll take Campbell.

VICE PRESIDENT
The urban development speech
is next Thursday...

And they go into elevator...Door closes.

127 INT. OFFICES - FIRST NEW YORK BANK

Emery and V.P. cross out of elevator and move through glass doors.

ASSISTANT
What about the Boy Scouts?

EMERY
Not this year. Mrs. Emery
is taking care of the Girl
Guides...that's enough
scouting.

Emery and V.P. walk along glass wall and turn corner.

CONTD.

EMERY

Oh, and tell George that when he writes that Community Development speech to forget Adam Smith. I must have quoted him half a dozen times in my last few speeches. (Oh yes, he can give Milton Freedman a rest too).

Emery and V.P. walk down hallway and cross into his office door.

EMERY

I don't understand how we could have been so wrong about interest rates.

ASSISTANT

Warren went long in bonds again, trying to cover himself.

Hub placing print out in his briefcase, reacts just in time to turn off his light and Emery turns his on and continues into his main office.

EMERY

I can accept his being wrong, but not his refusal to admit it.

ASSISTANT

Maybe we can talk to him over lunch.

EMERY

Just a drink will do. Will you have one yourself?

ASSISTANT

No, not tonight. I'm doing a little work.

EMERY

Since you turned gray, you've become very abstemious.

ASSISTANT

Just part of the image...

CONTD.

EMERY
OK, let's have a look
at that list...

Hub slips quietly out of the room...unseen.

133-
154 OMIT

A155 EXT. HUB'S HOUSE

Limo pulls up. Lee gets out, says to driver

LEE
I won't be needing you
anymore tonight, William.

155 INT. HUB'S HOUSE

The accordion print outs from the First New York computer are spread out all over the floor, and he is on his hands and knees studying them, tracing entries in the account from one page to another.

At the sound of a key turning in the lock Hub whirls--and Lee bursts into the apartment, shaken and unnerved by what she has seen in Rockville.

LEE
Hub...??

HUB
Hey, I'd just about
given you up.

LEE
God, am I glad you're
home.

HUB
Where you been...I've
been calling you all
day.

LEE (moving toward him)
Hold me, just hold me a minute,
will you? Just hold me.

He turns immediately to her, and still holding the print outs in one hand, puts his arms around her. With the envelope in her hand, she puts her arms around him gratefully in return.

155 CONTD.

HUB
You alright???

LEE
Something awful hap-
pened in Washington.

HUB
What were you doing in
Washington?

CUT TO:

Close-up, Lee. Nestled against his chest, she takes a shaky breath, turns her head--and there right at eye-level are the print outs he is holding in his hand. As she looks,

ZOOM TO:

The print outs. On the top page the number is just visible: Account 21214.

CUT TO:

Close-up, Lee, frozen as she sees the number. A flicker of alarm flashes in her eyes, a silent change runs all through her. Very carefully, very casually she turns her head the other way, and

CUT TO:

Behind his back her hand holding the envelope slowly...closes into a fist, crumpling the paper. Hold on that fist...then

PULL BACK AGAIN TO:

Lee slowly, calmly drifting out of his arms.

LEE
An accident, one of
those close calls.
I feel stupid...I
need a drink.

Lee moves to the bar, crumpling the envelope in her fist.

HUB
Get me one...While you're
at it.

LEE (hands him his drink)
--one Scotch on the rocks
(Beat)
With a twist.
(As they clink glasses,)

CUT TO:

156 INT. HUB'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Later, a close-up of Lee in Hub's bed, deep in the night, light out, fast asleep. Suddenly something makes her open her eyes, and

CUT TO:

Close-up. Directly overhead, Hub's face is staring intently down at her in the dark, eyes burning.

CUT TO:

Lee. Every muscle in her body goes rigid with apprehension and fear. For one frozen moment she simply stares, unable to tell what Hub is about to do.

CUT BACK TO:

Hub--just as his face focuses into desire, and he kisses her fiercely, drawing her up to him. There is one last glimpse of Lee's face vanishing beneath his shoulder. Hold...hold...and

DISSOLVE TO:

157 INT. HUB'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Still later; the passion spent, Hub has fallen asleep, his arm casually thrown across Lee. Now her eyes open just a crack. She hesitates, trying to sense how deeply he is sleeping. It seems safe; moving very gingerly she extricates herself from his arm and slides out of bed. On her feet now she pauses for another look at

CUT TO:

Hub, breathing regularly.

CUT TO:

158 INT. HUB'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lee, quietly going up the stairs to the balcony above the sleeping alcove. Checking every few steps to listen to the breathing from below, she goes first to Hub's attache case, opens it soundlessly. She thumbs delicately through the papers until she finds the computer print outs and slides them out.

Reaching next into her own purse, she takes out a key ring with a little pencil flash and shines it over the numbers on the print out--then shakes her head. Other than the number 21214 itself the rest of the figures really don't mean a thing to her.

158 CONTD.

She puts the print out back, then gropes carefully in the case again. Wait a minute, what's this? Now she draws out another sheet of paper. As she shines the pencil light on it,

CUT TO:

Close-up of the paper as the slim beam moves across it, obviously a page of Hub's scratch notes trying to puzzle his way through. There are a number of arrows leading toward a circle marked 21214, then a huge arrow leading out from there. Then just above that the beam of light finds another note in Hub's writing.

HOLD ON THE NOTE:

The words read At current rate, Projected collapse of Borough National--Jan 1982. WinterChem loan..?

CUT TO:

Lee staring, her eyes riveted on the words. She understands what that means, all right. Hold, then

CUT TO:

159 INT. HUB'S APARTMENT - DAY

Early the next morning. Hub, dressed for work, is speaking into the phone up on the balcony.

HUB
(Urgent, low)
No, this won't keep.
Can't you find him?

SECRETARY'S VOICE
(Over phone)
I'm sorry, Mr. Smith--
but Mr. Emery's out of
town, speaking at the
Harvard Business School.
I'm afraid he'll be
gone all day.

HUB
(Into phone)
Look, I have to get to
him right away. If he
calls in, just tell
him we have to talk
about 21214--

The camera is moving down below the balcony to reveal:

Lee, still in bed in the sleeping alcove, her eyes closed.

159 CONTD.

HUB (cont. Off)
(From above)
--Before anything else
happens.
(On his words,)

MOVE IN TO:

Close-up, Lee. Eyes still closed. Hold...hold...then

CUT TO:

160 INT. HARVARD LIBRARY

STUDENT LILLY
How do you feel about
the President's policy
regarding the endowment
of the arts?

EMERY
There are certain questions
I'm qualified to answer
and that isn't one of them...
I can't speak for the Presi-
dent of the United States.
He runs his store and I run
mine. But I'll tell you
this--Bankers are more de-
pendable than governments.
We don't lie to ourselves
...we can't afford to...Isn't
that right, Hub?

HUB
I'd like to think so.

EMERY
We've just been joined by
a distinguished banker.
20 years ago he sat where
you do, drinking in my
words with the same skep-
ticism I see on your faces.

FIRST STUDENT (Richmond)
Then how do you account for
the fact that for thirty
years after the Depression
there wasn't a single major
bank failure--and now there's
practically one every eighteen
months? Herrstadt in Germany,
then Franklin National...

160 CONTD.

EMERY

Good for you, you've obviously done your homework. Look, the international character of banking today makes everyone vulnerable to everything. Somebody sneezes in Zurich, we say gesundheit in New York. The important thing is to realize everything's interconnected, we're all in this together.

SECOND STUDENT (ALAN)

(A belligerent edge)

But isn't it a fact that banks are run by people--like yourself--who are responsible only to their stockholders, not to the public? Your only concern is profit, not the general welfare.

EMERY

Whoa, hold on. In the first place, where did you get the idea that stockholders aren't part of the public? There are at least 70,000 people who own stock in First New York alone--and almost two million more in other banks across the country. You add spouses and children, what is that, about twice the population of Chicago? Whatever, that's a few too many to fit in a smoke-filled room, twirling their moustaches.

CUT TO:

The students. Some grudging nods; one or two grins.

CUT BACK TO:

Emery.

160 CONTD.

EMERY (cont.)

(Easily)

And as for the sin of making money--lately it's become fashionable to regard profit rather like the Victorians did sex, as though we'd all be more noble without it. But I never saw anyone who wasn't better off after he had a little of both. And in conclusion, let me add... you both ought to be bankers... You're worried enough--and you're angry enough.

(On the general laughter,)

CUT TO:

161 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE OF LECTURE HALL - DAY

PROFESSOR

I want to thank you for taking the time to speak to my students.

EMERY

Not at all...I enjoy it...it stimulates me...Oh, this is Hubbell Smith...Borough National.

PROFESSOR

Professor Atkins, pleased to meet you.

EMERY

If you'll excuse us...I'll catch up to you later.

And they cross inside...

CUT TO:

162 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

As they step inside Hub closes the door behind them--and locks it.

EMERY

(One eyebrow up)

People will start talking about us, Fella. What're you doing?

162 CONTD.

HUB

(Still pleasant)

As a matter of fact, right now I'm trying to keep my temper.

(Emery looks at him)

See, after that little flutter we had at Borough National yesterday there was one Saudi C.D. that didn't roll over, that was transferred to First New York instead. So I went over and had a little chat with your computer about that stray five million.

(Pause. His voice suddenly hard)

You set me up, Max. You didn't want me to save Borough National, you just wanted me to keep them afloat long enough for you to siphon off that Saudi dough. You've been doing it for months.

CUT TO:

Emery.

EMERY

(Noncommittal)

Is that a fact.

CUT BACK TO:

Hub.

HUB

(Hard)

Don't dance with me, Max. You have 21214 listed as a foreign exchange account, but you don't buy other currency with those dollars, you buy gold.

Emery says nothing.

HUB (cont.)

But you have to do it slowly. Because if anybody finds out what's going on, the dollar could drop and all the Saudi investments over here won't be worth shit.

162 CONTD.

EMERY

You're being a little
wild and woolly here,
aren't you, Fella?
There may have been some
perfectly normal trans-
actions--that wouldn't
raise an eyebrow.

HUB

(Riding over)

--And Borough National
is only the tip of the
iceberg, isn't it, Max?
I checked the in-flows
to 21214. There are funds
coming on a regular basis
from Arab and OPEC accounts
you control in at least
fifteen other banks.

Hub, close-up, as he narrows it down.

HUB (cont.)

You're moving the Arabs in-
to gold, you're taking them
out of the dollar.

(He looks at Emery,
waiting for an answer)

CUT TO:

Emery. Absolutely unruffled.

EMERY

This isn't a crime, it isn't
against the law, it isn't
even a conspiracy. Just a
routine banking operation.
If we didn't handle it they
would have found somebody
else who would.

HUB

But Max, you just don't do
this on your own. You go
to the Comptroller of the
Currency, the Federal Reserve,
the Secretary of the Treasury,
the President, for chrissake--

CUT TO:

Emery.

162 CONTD.

EMERY

--And start a real panic.
Did you ever see anyone in
government who could keep
his mouth shut about any-
thing for five minutes?

(A pause; Hub knows
he is right)

Go ahead, call the Comptroller,
call Treasury. But if you do,
I'll tell you what's going to
happen.

(As he continues,)

The camera is starting to move in:

EMERY (cont.)

When the Arabs learn that
word of what they've been
doing is out, they might
panic, move a big chunk
of funds too fast or the
wrong way, really de-
stabilize the monetary
markets. Then the dollar
would collapse. Whereupon
there will be a lot of jaw-
boning by the President and
that won't work, so they'll
go to selling gold, and
that won't work, either.
Then they'll have to go
for capital controls, freeze
foreign assets, stop any
money from going in or out,
and that'll be the end of
all the markets, that'll
really be the finish. Then
you'll see a worldwide de-
pression that'll make the
1930's look like kindergar-
ten. In two months there'll
be breadlines in Detroit,
riots in Pittsburgh. In
six months the grass will
grow right over Rodeo Drive
and Michigan Boulevard and
Fifth Avenue--and I won't
have done it, you will.

(Beat)

All because you tried to
stop a movement that can't
be stopped, anyway.

(As he continues,)

162 CONTD.

CUT TO:

Close-up, Emery.

EMERY (cont.)
(Earnestly; all his wisdom)
Listen to me. Money, capital--has a life of its own. It's a force of nature like gravity, like the oceans, it flows where it wants to flow. This whole thing with the Arabs and gold is inevitable, we're just going with the tide. The only question is whether you let it go like an unguided missile and raise hell, or whether you keep it in the hands of responsible people, keep it channeled --keep it quiet. As long as we can manage it gradually the whole thing will be painless, the money will be replaced by other assets through the natural play of the market. Believe me, the dollar will hold, the system will be fine--provided nobody panics.
(Meaningful pause)
I'm looking at you, Hub.

CUT TO:

A163 INT. WINTERCHEM OFFICE

LEE
Did Mr. Naftari's office confirm my appointment?

KAY or FAY
Yes, it's set for four o'clock at his office.

LEE
I want you to take this personally to my lawyer, tell him to put it with my will... it's very important.

KAY or FAY
Yes, Miss Winters.

163 INT. SAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Naftari's face in close-up, somewhere that same day. Hold, then,

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

Lee sitting across the desk from him in his luxurious office. For a long moment he says nothing. Another moment. Then finally--

NAFTARI

Well. I've listened
patiently to your
somewhat fantastic
story--with one puzz-
ling question in mind.
If you wish to say
something to the Arabs,
say it. Why come to me?

LEE

Because you know how to
get to them.

NAFTARI

Sometimes. If they wish
to be gotten to.
(Carefully)
And exactly what is it
I'm to tell them?

LEE

That I know they're in-
volved in a secret finan-
cial manipulation. Also
that they want it kept
secret. So I'm prepared
to trade. My silence--
in exchange for WinterChem.

NAFTARI

But you have WinterChem--

LEE

(Shaking her head)
Our deal has to be re-
written so that if Borough
National goes under, I
don't lose the company to
the Saudis. And my silence
is the only leverage I've
got.

163 CONTD.

SAL
(Politely)
Forgive me, but--silence
about what some "secret
financial manipulation?"
You expect them to be-
lieve me if I use those
words?

LEE
Just tell them 21214.

SAL
You realize, of course,
that they may reject
your whole story as
preposterous, they may
not even wish to discuss
it.

LEE
(Coolly)
I'll take my chances.
But if they don't get
back to me--they'll have
to take theirs. There's
something else they should
know...while I've spoken
to no one, I've taken the
precaution of leaving the
evidence in a safe place.

SAL
(His face a mask)
Very well. I will pass
it on.
(Rising to show her
to the door)
I so enjoyed your work
in films, Mrs. Winters.
What a pity you decided
to give it up.
(Hold, then)

CUT TO:

163A INT. WORLD TRADE CENTER ESCALATORS.

Sal and Mystery Man meet and ride down together, staring ahead but
talking to each other.

164 INT. LEE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Early that evening; Lee in her bedroom wearing a long gown, putting the finishing touches to her make-up. Obviously she is dressing for a very fancy evening. In the background the phone rings.

LEE
Hello.

CUT TO:

165 EXT. PAY PHONE AT LA GUARDIA - NIGHT

Hub, slouching wearily.

HUB
(Into phone)
Sorry, Partner. Missed the damned five o'clock shuttle from Boston, just got into LaGuardia. You go ahead, I'll catch up with you at the opera.

CUT BACK TO:

166 INT. LEE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lee.

LEE
(Into phone, lightly)
Listen, you're tired. Why don't you finesse it, the thing's just a benefit, anyway.

HUB'S VOICE
(Over phone)
Well...I am pretty whacked--

LEE
Go on home. I'll call you tomorrow.

HUB'S VOICE
(Over phone)
You swear.

LEE
(Into phone, still light)
In blood.

HUB
Maybe we can get off somewhere by ourselves this weekend - just the two of us. Alone.

166 CONTD.

LEE
Call me. OK?

She hangs up. Buzzes intercom.

LEE
Nettie. First thing tomorrow--I want all the locks on the house changed.
(And from her grim expression,)

CUT TO:

167 LEE DESCENDING STAIRCASE SLOWLY.

168 EXT. HUB'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A taxi pulling up in front of Hub's apartment. Hub gets out. With the taxi door still open he looks up at the dark building--then shakes his head.

HUB
(To Driver, as he gets back into cab again)
I changed my mind.
(On his words,)

CUT TO:

169 INT. LEE'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

The foyer of the Winters' house a short time later that same evening, as the Maid answers the bell and opens the door. Her eyes widen as she sees Hub.

HUB
(Moving in past her)
That's all right--I'll wait.
Just a little surprise for Mrs. Winters.
(The Maid absolutely does not know what to say.
As he goes on by, hold on her apprehensive eyes
...and)

CUT TO:

170 INT. OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

Lee sitting distractedly at the opera, with a Mozart aria coming from the stage. She tries to concentrate on the performance and ignore the empty seat beside her...but she is clearly troubled. Hold briefly, then

CUT TO:

171 INT. LEE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

At about the same time. A tray with an opened bottle of wine and two glasses is waiting beside the bed. Now Hub comes out of the shower in a terry-cloth robe. He pours himself some wine and is just raising the glass to his lips--when the phone rings. Hub picks it up.

HUB
(Into receiver)
Yes?

SECRETARY'S VOICE
(Over phone)
Is Mrs. Winters there?

HUB
(Absently)
I'm afraid she's out
for the evening.

SECRETARY'S VOICE
(Over phone)
Then could you give her
a message, please? I'm
calling on behalf of Mr.
Naftari--
(At the mention of that
name Hub is instantly
alert)
He asked me to say he has
been in touch with that
other party in regard to
the 21214 matter as Mrs.
Winters requested--and
they suggest a meeting
at eleven tomorrow morning.

MOVE RIGHT IN TO:

Extreme close-up of Hub.

HUB
(Repeating carefully)
Eleven tomorrow.
(Beat)
I'll tell her.
(He hangs up without
another word. As he
turns for his clothes,)

CUT TO:

172 OMIT

173 EXT. LINCOLN CENTER - NIGHT

A cab pulls up, and Hub jumps out, heading for the Opera House. As he passes the row of waiting limousines Lee's Chauffeur waves and calls, "Evening, Mr. Smith." Hub waves distractedly in reply and keeps walking swiftly across the plaza.

CUT TO:

174 INT. FOYER OF OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

Now set up for a Lincoln Center benefit. Tables, a dance floor, the sound of a society orchestra in the background. ONE OF THE STANDARD SOCIETY COWBOYS is just asking Lee to dance. As she raises her arms to him,

CUT TO:

Hub coming in through the front door of the theatre, moving smartly up the steps, and

CUT TO:

Lee dancing perfunctorily with her partner. A hand reaches in, taps the man on the shoulder.

PAN TO REVEAL:

Hub, cutting in. She looks at him, startled, covering her apprehension. Before she can say a word he reaches smoothly for her, and they glide away, cheek to cheek, looking for all the world like a dream couple. This next flies rapidly back and forth between them, all through careful smiles fixed on their faces while they dance.

HUB
What the hell have
you been playing
with Sal?

LEE
I've nothing to say
to you.

HUB
What do you know about
21214?

LEE
Enough.

HUB
Enough what?

LEE
Enough to protect myself.

174 CONTD.

HUB
Against what?

LEE
Against you, friend -
Borough National can
go under but you're
not taking me with it.
I'm through depending
on you.

(Beat)
I went to the Saudis.
I'm cutting my own
deal.

(Pause)
Sorry, guess I lost my
confidence partner.

HUB
Do you know what you may
have done?

LEE
What I've done??

Without another word he starts to steer her off the floor.

HUB (cont.)
(Low)
Smile.

LEE
What--?

HUB
Smile.

CUT TO:

The two of them smiling their way through the crowd toward the stairs.

CUT TO:

Hub leading Lee--with her coat on now--out the main entrance, still
nodding and smiling as they go, and

CUT TO:

176 EXT. LIMOUSINE AT CURBSIDE - NIGHT

From the P.O.V. of Lee's limousine, looking across the Plaza, watching them approach. Then, just as they almost get there--

MOVE ALONG THE SIDE OF THE LIMOUSINE TO REVEAL:

The Driver's hands on the wheel. In Isotone gloves.

PAN FURTHER TO REVEAL:

The Driver. He is not the friendly fellow we saw before, but someone else. That same well-groomed menace that Fewster reported to in Penn Station--now taking care to keep his face averted. Hold...then,

PULL BACK TO INCLUDE:

Hub leading Lee to the car. She gets in and he starts to follow--

LEE (as they struggle)
Stay away from me!!

The door slams shut, and Hub starts to walk away. He notices the driver is not Lee's Chauffeur, and turns back to try and tell her. The car is moving and Hub running alongside yells

HUB
Get out, get out, it's
not your driver...

Hub reaches inside as door opens and pulls Lee out...

They fall to the ground as the car speeds away.

Lee is in state of shock as Hub tries to reach her.

HUB
I didn't know, I didn't
know, I swear to God I
didn't know.

LEE
No...no...tell me...tell me...

HUB
Please I didn't know...

177-

180 OMIT

CUT TO:

181 INT. EMERY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The phone ringing in Emery's darkened bedroom. A hand gropes for the receiver.

181 CONTD.

EMERY
 (Into phone, sleepy)
 Yes, Emery here--

HUB'S VOICE
 (Over phone)
 Max? Brace yourself,
 the word's out.

Instantly a light snaps on. Emery sits up tautly over the phone.

EMERY
 --How?--

HUB'S VOICE
 (Over phone)
 --Someone else found out.
 And your friends know it--

EMERY
 --Not possible, they couldn't,
 everything that goes to them
 is cleared through me personally--

CUT TO:

182 EXT. 8th AVENUE PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Hub at the phone booth.

HUB
 (Sharply, into phone)
 Yeah, well, they just tried
to kill her, is that personal
 enough?
 (A shocked pause at
 the other end)
 God knows what they'll do
 next. I'm telling you, if
 you've got any moves--you'd
 better make them.

183 OMIT

184 INT. RIYADH - FINANCE MINISTRY

HISHAM
 You don't have to leave
 your position.

KHALID
 I know...

The Firebrand flashing his defeated brother a look of pure triumph and fury; clearly he has won the argument at last. As he sweeps on upward to power,

CUT TO:

185 INT. EMERY'S STUDY - NIGHT

Emery in his robe, on the phone in his study, later in the depths of the night.

EMERY

(Into phone, with considerable asperity)
Look, Fella, if they're planning something, you tell them I expect to be informed before they do it, not after. Either I'm running the team, or I'm in the bleachers, watching--

CUT TO:

186 INT. SAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

At the other end of the line--Naftari in his office, fully dressed. All around him the office is being stripped and packed up.

NAFTARI

(Into phone, politely)
I'm afraid the matter is out of my hands now, Mr. Emery.
(Beat)
And whatever they may be planning...is out of your hands, too.

187-

188 OMIT

189 INT. SAL'S OFFICE - DAY

THE CAMERA MOVING ACROSS NAFTARI'S OFFICE, everything stripped and empty now, packed up and moved out, just the furniture left; past bare desks and empty file cabinets, the sound of that bell ringing louder and louder,

UNTIL WE REACH

189 CONTD.

the telex machine just in front of the window that looks down on the golden top of the Grand Central Building and up the whole length of Park Avenue. The telex is grinding out message after message to the empty office, each one from Riyadh to a different bank:

BosBank Boston Withdraw all funds...

then

CenBank San Fran Withdraw all funds...

then

UniBank Honolulu Withdraw all funds...

then

StarBank Houston Withdraw all funds...

then

CongBank Phila Withdraw all funds...

And as the machine continues--

CUT TO:

190 INT. BOROUGH NATIONAL TRADING ROOM - NIGHT

DING-DING-DING, a close-up of the telex machine in the Borough National trading room seconds later, ringing as a message comes through.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

Hub and Lee standing at the machine, still wearing their evening clothes. As Hub tears the paper from the machine we get a clear glimpse of the message: Withdraw remaining Eurodollar deposits... There is a moment while they look at each other in shock.

190 CONTD.

LEE
 (Finally)
 This means I lose the
 company, doesn't it?
 We'll never cover that
 loan now--
 (And from that telex
 slip,)

CUT TO:

A191 INT. EMERY'S OFFICE - DAWN

Close-up, another telex slip being held by someone else--but this time the message reads: Withdraw all funds Account 21214 and transfer to our bank Riyadh. And immediately,

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

Emery holding the slip in his office, dawn just beginning to show through the windows. In his other hand he holds the phone.

EMERY
 (Into phone, his
 face set)
 Mr. President, I'm afraid
 I have the most urgent
 news--
 (Somewhere in the back-
 ground there has been
 the sound of a telex
 bell ringing, and now
 instantly,)

CUT TO:

191 INT. BOROUGH NATIONAL TRADING ROOM - DAY

Hovey coming hurriedly from Hub's office into the Borough National trading room. He whispers something to the position-clerks, who go quickly around the room, whispering something in turn to each section-head. Upon hearing the whisper each section falls silent. By the time the clerks have completed the circuit the whole room is still, every trader looking at Hovey.

HOVEY
Okay. The Arabs not only
 yanked every penny they had
 with us, but they hit all the
 other outfits, too, across
 the board. That means every
 bank in the country will be
 struggling for liquidity,
 looking for cash to cover
 those withdrawals. Dump

191 CONTD.

HOVEY (cont.)
 everything you can--
 Treasury Bills, bonds,
 Fannie Maes, commercial
 paper--I want it all
 sold. Fed Funds and
 EurDollar Departments,
 borrow whatever you
 can find, up to 200
 million. Bullion peo-
 ple, grab what you can.
 Now let's hit it--and
 pray.

(As he turns, the room
 breaks into pandemonium,
 and)

CUT TO:

EURODOLLARS

Market starting to react
 already. One large bank
 bidding 27% for 6 months
 EuroDollars.

FEDERAL FUNDS

Fed doing repos at 27 1/28.

GOLD

Gold just jumped 50 dollars
 trading at 800.

GOVERNMENT BONDS

Big bond buyers shying away.
 Just have the little guys
 playing.

COMMERCIAL PAPER

Borrowers stepping up their
 bids - paying 28% for 3 months.

GOLD

Gold traded at 900. Jumped 100
 dollars in 30 seconds.

C.D.'s

We're bidding 29% for 3 months
 money with no nibbles. Looks
 like we'll have to go to 30.

FANNIE MAES

Prices on Fannie Maes dropped
 500 points.

191 CONTD.

TREASURY BILLS

Buyers thinning out across the board. Next bid for Treasury Bills could be 500 points lower also.

FEDERAL FUNDS

Fed doing another round of repos at 30%.

SILVER

Demand for silver building. Trading now at 21 dollars.

GOLD

Gold hit 1000 dollars.

CUSTOMER SERVICE

Customers want to know what's happening. Do I tell them what we're doing?

HOVEY

Tell them anything except what we're doing.

TRADER 1

Dollar down 5% against the French.

TRADER 2

4% against the Sterling.

TRADER 3

6% against the Yen.

EURODOLLAR

Cost us 32% for 6 months Euros.

GOLD

Gold now at 1500 dollars.

192 INT. HUB'S OFFICE - DAY

Hub's office, the blinds closed. Hub with a stunned Lefcourt, who holds the fatal telex message in his hand while the commotion rages in the trading room outside.

LEFCOURT

(Grasping at straws)
Maybe we could try borrowing from Frankfurt...Or that guy in Zurich, Swiss International owes us a favor--

192 CONTD.

HUB
 (Gently, recognizing
 the inevitable)
 Roy, it's over. In ten
 days Borough National
 will be history.
 (And on the echo of
 his words,)

CUT TO:

193 INT. LEE'S OFFICE AT WINTERCHEM - DAY

Lee's office at WinterChem. She is in her chair, collecting the last personal effects from her desk, while Ackerman waits politely. Standing significantly beside him is--that same Japanese money-man from Shigemitsu-Han. Now as Lee rises to leave her chair for the last time--

ACKERMAN
 I'm sorry, Lee--but it's
 the only way we could get
 the money to save the com-
 pany.
 (Then, trying to be
 kind)
 Look at it this way. With
 the stock you still hold,
 now you'll be free to enjoy
 the leisure.
 (Just a flash of her
 wordless look and)

CUT BACK TO:

194 INT. BOROUGH NATIONAL TRADING ROOM - DAY

The Borough National trading room--by this time, absolute bedlam. Hovey is sitting at his desk, as Betsy comes to him after checking with some of the traders.

BETSY
 The market's off 75 points,
 dollar's depreciated, off
 10% and moving down...they
 even yanked the Eurodollars
 that weren't due. First
 New York is practically
 down the tubes...and gold
 just went over 2,000.

HOVEY
 By tonight...that'll be
 cheap.

194 CONTD.

HOLD ON HOVEY:

He carefully picks up the phone, trying to look casual while he dials an outside number. When someone at the other end answers--

HOVEY
(Into phone, his face
deadpan, his voice low)
Listen to me carefully. As
soon as you hang up, go to
the closet, take a suitcase--
and get down to the bank.
(On his words,)

CUT TO:

195 INT. BRANCH OF BOROUGH NATIONAL - DAY

A close-up of a pleasant young woman, probably Hovey's wife, standing in line at the teller's window in one of the branches of Borough National. She is carrying a suitcase. Hold, then

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

The rest of the line waiting its turn--and she isn't the only one with a bright idea. Everyone seems to be carrying something, a container or a receptacle of some sort--attache-cases, carry-alls, paper bags, shoe-boxes, and no wonder, because

CUT TO:

Looking across the tellers' positions behind the counter, as stacks of currency are being handed through the windows, and

CUT TO:

196 INT. ANOTHER BANK - DAY

Another line in another bank, more people this time, and again everyone carrying something that will hold cash, and

CUT TO:

197 INT. 2nd BANK - DAY

Still another bank, another line; you can sense the ripples moving outward, the edges of panic spreading, building, and

CUT TO:

Looking down another teller's counter, and now it is a torrent of cash being handed out, and

CUT TO:

198 INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Inside an elegant jewelry store, throngs of customers buying everything in sight, necklaces, rings, wristwatches, literally everything and

CUT TO:

199 INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

A supermarket, long lines of customers crowding through the aisles, sweeping the shelves clean, hands grasping for whatever they can carry, and

CUT TO:

200 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Long lines at the gas pump again, and on every face is the edgy line of fear, it's all spending and hoarding and no gas, and tempers near the breaking point, and

CUT TO:

201 EXT. 3rd BANK - DAY

A surging crowd outside the door to a bank, and the door being locked, shoving, jammed people, and as we move right into their frightened faces,

CUT TO:

202 INT. EMERY'S OFFICE - DAY

THE FACE OF WALTER CRONKITE, ETC: the summary of the madness, the world turned upside-down, the upheavals in all the chancelleries of Europe; Paris, Rome, Zurich, London; the French cutting their own private deal for oil, the strains on the alliance, the turmoil in the middle-east, all of the countries in the Persian Gulf under mobilization, and that set against the calm predictions of the American banking community when the crisis first hit: the calm voice of Emery assuring us that this will all pass, the system is fundamentally sound--then Pull Back To Discover the TV screen is a set in Emery's office, and he is sitting there, staring, dead. And from that to--

CUT TO:

203 INT. BOROUGH NATIONAL TRADING ROOM - EVENING

The aftermath. Evening in the trading room at Borough National, and everything winding down now. THE CAMERA IS MOVING in what will be a complete 360-degree circle. We begin at the main desk in front of the maps, panning slowly around the room, past traders making their last calls, packing up their personal effects, closing their desks for the last time. Then,

203 CONTD.

AS THE CAMERA CONTINUES TO PAN

we lose the people; now there is nothing but empty desks and the numbers on the wall disappearing and the lights going off one by one, and

THE CAMERA IS STILL CIRCLING TO REVEAL:

The desks and the equipment all shrouded with huge cloths, everything covered and deserted. As the shrouded equipment comes into view we begin faintly to hear a strange clicking sound, and the camera continues to revolve

UNTIL WE REACH

The main desk again--but with everything in the room now covered and shut down, and only one or two pools of light left. And all the time the camera is moving that clicking sound is growing clearer, until finally

AT THE END OF THE CIRCLE WE REVEAL

the room empty--except for Hub, sitting at the desk. Spread out before him are several papers covered with figures and financial statements. At the same time we discover what that clicking sound is: Hub has been running up some numbers on a small desk calculator. Now he pauses as he sees--

PAN TO INCLUDE:

Lee coming across the deserted room toward him. She seems subdued. He watches as she drops into a chair beside him.

LEE
You're looking at a
lady of leisure.

HUB
I was worried about you.

203 CONTD.

LEE
How are you?...

HUB
(Indicating calculator)
I've been trying to see how
much I could scrape together
if I hocked everything--
(At her look, slowly)
It seems...there's a nice lit-
tle bank in Queens. For only
seven million I could tie up
the controlling interest.

LEE
Now? Who in his right mind would
buy a bank?

HUB
(Without batting an
eye)
Can you think of a better
time?

Pause. Slowly she reaches for the page of figures, scans it care-
fully. Then glances at the numbers on the calculator. Finally--

LEE
You're about four million
short. You're going to
need a partner.
(As he looks at her--
she picks up the phone)
I wonder how much Ackerman
would offer for my stock...
(Still holding the
receiver, all at once
she laughs)
Be funny, wouldn't it--if
the Widow helped the Banker
walk off with the bank?
(He is laughing, too--
and as she punches up
the phone number,)

CUT TO:

204 INT. LEFCOURT'S OFFICE - EVENING

Lefcourt in his darkened office with his coat on, just about to leave. Now his glance is distracted by--

CUT TO:

205 INT. LEFCOURT'S OFFICE & TRADING ROOM - EVENING

His POV -- through the glass windows of all the intervening offices he can see Hub and Lee in the small pool of light in the deserted trading room. Both of them are talking on the phones now, surrounded by all the shrouded desks. Though the glass between us and them prevents us from hearing what they are saying, they both seem alert and intent once more. Hold, then

CUT BACK TO:

Lefcourt. As he looks at them he shakes his head. Incredible. It is the look you would give to incorrigible children. Or heroes.

Pause. As Lefcourt goes on out of the office,

THE CAMERA BEGINS TO MOVE TOWARD HUB AND LEE:

Still bent over the phones, still talking intently behind the glass. We come closer...closer...closer...until their two profiles fill the screen. Animated, brisk. Alive.

FADE OUT