

BECKETT

3.
*ADDITIONAL SCENE

INT. BATHROOM -- DAY

QUICK CUTS: a man's morning routine. Bob showers, towels off. He shaves, then rolls Mennen Speedstick under each arm.

Clean and fresh, he looks over with sadness at his Asprey Navy blazer hanging on a wooden valet...a perfectly pressed prison.

Bob hesitates, then reaches under the sink and pulls the Victoria's Secret bag from its hiding place. He sticks his hand in the bag and slowly removes --

A pair of largish pink PANTIES with a red satin trim. Bob puts them on. As he stares at his reflection, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. FITZPAYNE HOUSE -- ESTABLISHING SHOT -- MORNING

The curb appeal of Bob and Elizabeth's shingled Cape Cod is off the charts. Ralph Lauren could move in tomorrow.

The great thing about Darien, Connecticut is that no matter what's going on inside, everything looks perfect from the street.

INT. FITZPAYNE HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- MORNING

CLOSE on PATRICK FITZPAYNE, 17, as he looks directly into the camera. Patrick is cursed with the kind of compassionate good looks that allow him to get whatever he wants without having to try too hard. Patrick, who is wearing his Darien Prep blue blazer and striped tie over an appropriately crumpled cotton oxford, fumbles through a sentence in SIGN LANGUAGE.

Reveal BECKETT BROMLEY, 17, darkly handsome and sardonic, Patrick's best friend since grade school. Beckett's school uniform looks like he slept in it for a week. His wrinkled clothes betray his status -- the messier you look, the richer you probably are.

START —

BECKETT

Perfect, but you have to be a little more facile.

(then, whispering)

Pretend you're playing with a pussy.

Patrick signs again. Elizabeth yells at a furniture supplier on the phone as she pops English muffins in the toaster.

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"402"

ELIZABETH

It was supposed to be here two weeks ago and it was supposed to be Aspen Green. I want you to come down here and explain to my client how he's supposed to put a Laura Ashley print couch into a man's study. Yes, I'll hold.

She puts the phone on speaker and props it on the counter. The hold Muzak plays in the background, providing a faux-bucolic tone. As she slides eggs onto the boys' plates --

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

What are you saying, honey?

PATRICK

"Hello, Mr. Booth. You have a lovely daughter."

ELIZABETH

When did you learn sign language, Beckett?

BECKETT

I had a deaf au pair when I was fourteen. French -- she took my virginity. It was all very Lady Chatterley.

ELIZABETH

Are your parents traveling again?

BECKETT

Apparently. St. Moritz. They said they'd be back by Thanksgiving.

Elizabeth serves Beckett his muffin. When she leans in to put it on his plate, he catches a glimpse of her bra-covered breasts through her slightly opened shirt. Elizabeth freezes, but he doesn't flinch (Patrick doesn't notice this exchange).

BECKETT (CONT'D)

Is that a new pearl necklace, Mrs. Fitzpayne?

She is ruffled by his overt, male attention. The moment is broken when an oblivious Bob enters. He kisses his wife, not noticing her telltale blush, then snags Beckett's muffin.

BOB

Good morning. Beckett, ~~I think I'm going to legally adopt you so I can get the third child tax break.~~

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OLIVER FITZPAYNE, ten, bounds in, wearing his D.P. uniform. He has the brilliant yet anxious air of someone who has read too many books but had too few actual experiences.

BOB (CONT'D)
How about some eggs today, Ollie?

OLIVER
Just my vegetable juice.

Elizabeth grabs a plastic container of green sludge from the fridge, hands it to Oliver. Bob shoots her a "why are you enabling him?" look. She ignores him.

BECKETT
That smells like a compost heap.

OLIVER
A Cornell University study demonstrated that a mostly liquid diet of pre-digested vegetables cuts the risk of colorectal cancer by seventy percent.

BOB
You haven't decided what you're going to be for Halloween, Ollie -- there's only a few days left.

OLIVER
Trick or treating is for babies.

BOB
The psychologist told all of us that you need to participate in activities with kids your own age.

OLIVER
I'm playing tennis, isn't that enough?

Bob turns to the son he can reason with: Patrick.

BOB
We have to carve out some more time to work on your Yale essay.

BECKETT
You haven't finished yet? The deadline for early admission is in four weeks.

PATRICK
Like you've finished yours.

BECKETT

Actually, I have. It's titled
 "Penis Size as Related to Success."

(off their looks)

Did you know that most highly
 successful men are either under
 four or over eight? I made sure to
 include my ample measurements to
 assure the acceptance committee
 that I was destined for greatness.

— STOP

BOB

(noticing the Muzak)

Am I in an elevator?

A frustrated Elizabeth hangs up the phone.

BOB (CONT'D)

This is important, Pat. You don't
 have the advantage of having a
 father who built the Bromley Legal
 Library last year.

PATRICK

Guess you should have worked a
 little harder, Dad.

BOB

No, you should have focused less on
 football and Cassie and more on the
 tutoring we arranged for you.
 Legacy or not, a 1080 SAT score and
 a 3.2 GPA are not Yale-man numbers.
 Your grandfather and I are going to
 pull every string we have, but that
 essay is still going to have to be
 a gem.

Silence. Patrick is self-conscious about being The Dumb One.

PATRICK

You know dad, sometimes you can be
 a real asshole.

He exits. A worshipful Oliver grabs his backpack and juice
 and follows him. Beckett sticks his muffin in his mouth.

BECKETT

Dad.

(then, lingering on her)

Mom.

He exits. Silence, then slightly hurt --

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BOB

Why is it that you can do no wrong
but I'm always the bad guy?

ELIZABETH

They have to kill you to become
men. You know all that Joseph
Campbell stuff. You want some eggs?

BOB

Please.

She walks over and playfully kisses his head on the way out.

ELIZABETH

They're still serving at the club.
I have to go deal with this couch.

EXT. BRAMBLEWOOD COUNTRY CLUB -- MORNING

QUICK CUTS: SEXY WOMEN with perpetual tans in blinding tennis whites volley on immaculate clay courts; MEN in sherbert-colored outfits play golf under a complimentary blue sky. Bramblewood is a bastion of old money and exclusion.

INT. BRAMBLEWOOD COUNTRY CLUB -- DINING ROOM -- MORNING

A UNIFORMED AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN carefully irons a copy of *The New York Times*. Bob walks by and grabs it, strutting into the dining room carrying the paper and a Sealyham Spaniel. Club MEMBERS he passes greet him with a smile and a respectful nod -- Bob is this establishment's Favorite Son. He approaches a table of OLDER LADIES.

BOB

Excuse me, I believe you lost this.

He hands the dog to BUNNY FITZPAYNE, 63 -- matron of matrons. Bunny's strikingly beautiful, a well-aged Grace Kelly.

BUNNY

Bobby.

He kisses her on the cheek as she takes the dog.

BOB

Hello, Mother. Somebody found Nancy
in the Men's locker room.

BUNNY

(to the dog)

Oh, Mrs. Reagan, you are so
naughty.

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