

SUCCESSION

Written by

Jesse Armstrong

Pilot
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Black. The unsteady POV of someone groping through a darkened room, hands out ahead --

Bang! A wall.

The figure we're following wasn't expecting that. Hands flat against the wall - hand over hand. Looking for an opening.

LOGAN
Where am I?

Where are we? A prison cell? A maze?

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Where the fuck am I?

Okay. Here's the opening our figure was seeking --

MARCIA (O.S.)
Logan? It's okay Logan.

Our guy is in somewhere now, into the room he was seeking. Okay. Everything is okay. He knows what he's doing now --

LOGAN
(to himself)
Ugh. Okay. Okay.

The shuffle of bedclothes as MARCIA climbs out of bed.

Then we hear the sound of ... what? Water dripping? On to something soft --

And then boom:

Lights on! And all is bright and stark and sudden. And what do we have?

An 80 year old man, LOGAN ROY, in his shorts and T-shirt pissing towards a laundry basket in a walk-in wardrobe lined with freshly arrived suits and shirts.

Dark urine stutters across the deep white pile of the thick carpet dampening it down like hot piss on wet snow.

Logan is momentarily terrified. But then a younger woman, early 50s is in the doorway - her hands across her nakedness - pulling something on --

MARCIA
It's okay.

LOGAN
Where am I?

MARCIA

It's okay. We're in the new place.
It's okay Logan.

NEW YORK 3.12 AM

He computes this information as we cut from Logan's re-booting face to:

3

INT. INVESTMENT BANK - MEETING ROOM. DAY.

3

KENDALL, (40s, Logan's eldest son) is sitting with four or five advisors. Including his key partner, older advisor FRANCIS VERNON (60s), a bunch of younger execs, including alert, engaged, ALESSANDRO DANIEL (late 20s).

NEW YORK 4 AM

It's been a long day's negotiations --

KENDALL

-- I get your position Lawrence, I understand your reservations about our bid and I respect your viewpoint ...

LAWRENCE DELMAESTRO

Look, we'd love to be in business with you guys. It's just the geometry.

KENDALL

This is a merger offer. Not an acquisition. We love what you do.

LAWRENCE

I get it. Of course, someone is always boss. And I don't think that would be me?

KENDALL

(no, but -)

If we're successful - I want to be clear - we'd love to keep you and the management team in place?

LAWRENCE

Well, it's a great bid. I'm just not quite sure I can recommend the package, to my stockholders, thinking about editorial independence, and looking at the number. I mean really looking at.

KENDALL

The number doesn't work for you?

LAWRENCE

It's a theoretically attractive number. But when you drill down on it?

(he eyes Kendall)

I'm sorry but we have to persist with the management buy-out bid?

KENDALL

So you're saying no to us and yes - to - yourselves?

Chuckles all round. A lawyer from Lawrence's side of the table gives a nod to another lawyer outside. He enters.

LAWYER

So, gentlemen? Are you ready? You're taking rival bids to the independent committee?

There are nods, Kendall and Lawrence rise.

KENDALL

Look. Either way this is all super exciting, going forward.

LAWRENCE

Very exciting.

EXT. UPMARKET SHOPPING STREET. DAY.

Smart cars pass. This is a street of jewellers, fine art dealers, boutiques with buzzers to gain entry.

LONDON 10 AM

TOM (late 30s) is scanning windows anxiously as SHIV (late 20s, Logan's youngest) talks to an assistant, SARAH. Nearby they have two black Mercedes parked up.

SHIV

We should be back by Sunday night so I'll look at his speech with him then, okay?

SARAH

Okay but his office wants the poll numbers by the prekend.

SHIV

By the 'prekend'?

SARAH

Yeah.

SHIV

What the fuck's the prekend?

Tom is looking at a painting, but ear-wiggling.

TOM

The weekend is Friday.

SHIV

If he wants them by Friday can he not say Friday?

TOM

Thursday lunch thru Friday PM is the weekend.

SHIV

Fine. Get Rami to put them together. Okay?

Sarah says her farewell and heads off to one of the waiting cars.

TOM

Look, I don't want to go off the deep end. But this is a fucking disaster.

Shiv is looking at her phone.

SHIV

You don't like the - the - whatever, what your assistant found?

Tom has a box in his hand.

TOM

It's inappropriate. It's a fitness, thing. It's - it's basically a heart rate monitor. It's a fucking abortion.

She looks at the Fitbit (or similar).

TOM (CONT'D)

Is that what you give your 80 year soon to be father in law? To your boss? As a gesture of - of obeisance? When you're looking for promotion? Or is that, say, like giving him a colostomy bag and a viagra? The optics are fucking horrible.

Shiv is focused on sending an email.

TOM (CONT'D)

Shiv can you -- I need to strategize my gift? This is a shit-show.

SHIV
Tom. It's fine.

TOM
What can I give him he'll love?

SHIV
Yeah, my Dad doesn't really like -
things.

TOM
He doesn't like 'things'?

SHIV
Not really, no.

TOM
Ugh.

SHIV
Look, relax, close your eyes. Pick
a shop. Blow ten to fifteen grand
on something that looks like the
sort of item you'd imagine he would
like? Yeah?

As they look at a watch in the sparsely-merchandised window
of an up-market jewellers Tom is still not quite convinced
all will be well.

4 INT. CORPORATE BRIEFING ROOM. DAY. 4

Logan Roy's face again. But confident. On a screen: a
corporate head-shot.

CORPORATE V/O
Joining Comco you're joining a
family. A family that spans four
continents, fifty countries, three
divisions: Communication,
Entertainment, News. Working
together. To provide a net that can
hold the world, or catapult it
forward. To the next adventure!

LONDON 10.15 AM

GREG (early 20s) in the front row, is nodding, pretending to
be engaged. But he's zoning out and when he BLINKS --

5 INT. BATHROOM STALL. DAY. 5

We cut through images of the recent past from Greg's POV:
The winter morning through an open car window;

He slams shut the door of his small car in a big empty UK parking lot. Fumbles his keys. Sweating. Anxious;

A patch of cold sky through an open bathroom stall window;

Into it smoke billows;

Greg takes a honk on a little pot pipe. After holding the weed down, he blows the smoke out the window;

Greg taps out the residue, flushes;

Closes the window. Pats himself down;

Now we see: he's wearing a whole body animal costume. Propped on the toilet lid is the head from the costume, a happy smiling doggy;

Now he's out into the tiled wash-basin area.

8

INT. BRIEFING ROOM. DAY.

8

He's back in the room. On the corporate message --

A selection of Comco holdings appear on screen:

The logo of a movie studio: Comco-Verity Pictures;

A selection of Provincial Canadian and US local newspapers;

A USA Today style national US paper: 'US News';

Some mastheads of big-city and UK papers - 'Chicago Informer'; The Correspondent;

a National Inquirer-style scandal mag: 'NyouS'.

A family of US and international Comco cable entertainment channels;

And finally the theme park franchise: 'Comco-Verity Studio Adventure'. With parks in California, Canada and pinged on the on-screen map, outside London.

On screen appears, KENDALL ROY

He's chyroned: 'Kendall Roy, Divisional President'

KENDALL

By joining the Verity Studio Adventure you're joining one of the most dynamic news, entertainment and media companies in the world. Feel it!

After the 'Feel it!' graphic there's a (tm)

The imported US-accented performer trainer pauses the DVD.

TRAINER

How we feeling. Ready to go?

Nods from the assembled trainees. But the trainer spots Greg is zoning out. Focuses in on him:

TRAINER (CONT'D)

Okay? You in the room?

GREG

Uh-huh. Yep.

TRAINER

And who are you playing today?

GREG

(by rote)

I'm not playing anyone. I am Doderick.

TRAINER

And Doderick is?

GREG

Doderick is mild mannered to a fault. Puppyish in my enthusiasms. Playful, eager and lacking in guile. I am the best friend to all I meet!

The trainer nods. Correct. Good kid. Looks to the manager at the back of the room.

TRAINER

Okay. Let's go folks!

Greg takes a last look at Kendall paused on screen as we --

9

INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

9

Kendall and Lawrence walk next to each other down the wide corridor, glass offices with venetian blinds each side.

But then Lawrence whispers:

LAWRENCE

I'm not letting you heathens in to rape my company.

KENDALL

Excuse me?

LAWRENCE DELMAESTRO

You think you can even shit
straight without Daddy around to
steady the pot?

Kendall looks around, can't quite believe what he's hearing.
But recovers composure

KENDALL

Well, I guess we'll see.

LAWRENCE

You're a nobody whose done nothing
but coke.

KENDALL

Thank you for your comments.

LAWRENCE

You buy this firm, I'd do IT for
ISIS rather than stay on with you
pricks.

KENDALL

Noted.

They reach a glass walled office. Their staffs catch up.

Now Lawrence speaks loud enough that the last of this is
certainly heard by the wider group --

LAWRENCE

I've got a track record at one of
the biggest cable news and sports
operations in the world. What have
you got? Track marks from shooting
junk?

His team and Kendall's react - mostly by avoiding eye
contact, though it would be plausible for Lawrence to deny he
intended for his talk to be 'public'.

But now he switches to public mode --

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

See you in there!

Lawrence and his team head in. Kendall let's his guys
assemble around him.

FRANK

Okay?

KENDALL

Unprofessional. They're rattled.

His team look at Kendall. He's shaken by Lawrence's
aggression. But doesn't show it --

KENDALL (CONT'D)
So, last call guys. We happy?

Frank reassures --

FRANK
If the committee play straight, we
win. If they don't, we go legal.

Alessandro is their investment banker (or contact to their
investment banker) --

ALESSANDRO
And we don't want to just bump the
number another point?

Kendall looks at Frank.

FRANK
(to Kendall)
It's your call?

Alessandro sees a moment of indecision --

ALESSANDRO
You wanna call your Dad?

Kendall looks like someone's punched him in the nuts but he
refuses to react.

KENDALL
Do I want to call my Dad? No I
don't want to call my Dad. Do you
want to call your Dad?

Is that a real question? From the length of time it hangs,
evidently, yes:

ALESSANDRO
No.

KENDALL
Does anyone want to call their Dad?

Silence.

KENDALL (CONT'D)
Okay. No one wants to talk to a
Dad. So let's get in there, buy
this fucking company and go top ten
shall we? I'm pushing the bid to
120. Okay?

SANDY
Okay.

His gang start to enter. His phone goes. He eyes it. Nods for
everyone else to head in.

Watches them go past.

KENDALL

Hello?

10 INT. LOGAN'S APARTMENT OFFICE. DAY.

10

Logan is in a chair at his desk. There are boxes with files in the room, still to be unpacked.

LOGAN

Kendall?

KENDALL

Yup!

At the sound of his Dad's voice a there's a quaver of tightness.

LOGAN

How's it going?

KENDALL

Uh-huh. It's the middle of the night Dad.

LOGAN

It's okay?

KENDALL

It's okay.

LOGAN

Uh-huh. What's the number?

KENDALL

I'm going to one twenty.

Silence from Logan. Kendall waits, then isn't going to bite.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

Good. Look are we still good for tomorrow? Today.

LOGAN

Uh-huh. Yeah.

KENDALL

Cos it's gonna get out there?

LOGAN

We'll announce.

KENDALL

Great, so I can pre-floating to like Frank and Rava? If I need to. Cos it's getting soft-floated.

Logan is silent. A noncommittal growl.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

Okay, well, see you later. Happy birthday for - are you - where are you - ?

LOGAN

Here. The new place. We got in today.

KENDALL

Is it your birthday there?

Logan is tapping on his mouse repeatedly.

LOGAN

Yes. I'm here -- we're in the city. In our new place.

KENDALL

Happy birthday for tomorrow. It's exciting. This is going to be great for you Dad.

LOGAN

Uh-huh.
(not excited)
I'm excited.

Phone down. He clicks again. Shouts:

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Marcy!

Marcia is there.

MARCIA

Okay?

LOGAN

I thought this whole place was going to be ready? Have they fucked us on the internet - because.
(mumbling to himself)
I'm going to call Cisco's CEO and --

He opens a drawer.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Pencil! Where's a --

He gets up and starts looking in random boxes for a pencil.

Marcia looks at his email account.

MARCIA

I think it's all up Logan?

LOGAN

Well I'm not getting anything. Who do they think I am? Uncle Fuck. It's not working, so we don't pay until --

The ding of an email.

MARCIA

I think maybe you just didn't get an email for like ten minutes at 4AM?

LOGAN

Uh-huh.

(that sinks in)

Okay.

(he finds a pen)

He's started floating the announcement.

MARCIA

Oh. Okay?

LOGAN

That wasn't the arrangement.

MARCIA

No. Sure.

LOGAN

He's offering 120 for Rapid News and sports outfits. He's got a hard on for it.

Marcia takes that in.

MARCIA

Not good?

LOGAN

They'll bang the door on his cock so hard it's going to turn black and drop off.

She's a quick learner.

MARCIA

But the other thing? You're okay on the other thing?

LOGAN

I'll get the other thing. I'm on the other thing Marcia don't worry.

MARCIA

I mean, I don't mind?

LOGAN

Sure. But I do.

MARCIA

Did you see the Galapagos tour brochure? I was thinking, that looks fun, right?

LOGAN

Sure. Turtles. All kinds of disgusting shit. Fantastic.

She has some envelopes.

MARCIA

A Lot more cards? Presidents, Prime Ministers, Royal Crests.

LOGAN

Uh-huh?

He looks at a PDF of a paper on his screen, scrolling through the pages.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Just have Jan log them for replies
(gets up)
- and so I can see which fuckers
have dropped me already.

She kisses him. He's a tough old bastard, and not of a generation to melt and kiss.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Marcia I -

MARCIA

What?

LOGAN

Look I'm not about to spill my guts
like some queer. But you know.
(he looks at her, doesn't
say it)
(I love you)

MARCIA

Thank you. I love you too.

Marcia exits. But he's already on the phone. Looking at a PDF.

LOGAN

Hello? Rod? Rod? I saw the page.

He waits a beat. On the other end the editor waits for his proprietor to elaborate.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
I saw it. I can see it.

That's it. Phone down.

11 INT. LONDON NEWSPAPER OFFICE. 11

ROD, late 40's is suddenly holding a phone, talking to no one
--

ROD
Oh good, well -- the Kendall thing?
We thought you'd like that? Hello?

But Logan's gone. Rod looks at his number two -

ROS
He was quiet for like - like four
seconds?

JO
Not too bad?

ROD
Four seconds doesn't sound bad, but
when you actually hear it.
(he doesn't say anything
for four seconds he
counts in his head)
It's bad.

Rod thinks. Looks at the headline of a business page story.
Kendall's face under a headline 'The Heir with the Flair'.

JO
Isn't he - is it right that he's -
quitting for Kendall today?

Tom's still considering the silence.

ROD
Listen, what else have we got? For
the second edition and online, what
else could we go with?

EXT. THEME PARK. DAY.

Greg's POV: looking out through the slits provided in
Doderick's pointy, eager, ears. His mouth breathes through
the holes for the eyes.

Inside, he's stoned out of his gourd. He's hot, he's
bothered. He can't see out too well. Breathing hard.

In a wider shot we see Greg in his Doderick costume mimicking
the cartoon character's loping walk.

A gang of kids on a birthday party are suddenly calling him over. One starts to cheerfully pull on his tail. Greg has to remain in character and hop around playfully. Making a cheerful game of remonstrations, shaking a comedy fist at these pesky kids.

But inside he's getting dizzy.

From outside: the kids want to be chased. They're running round and round in circles --

Inside. Sweat. Disorientation. He's going in tighter and tighter circles. Man is he stoned! He can't see straight --

Until. Spin out. The world's moving fast round his head. Oh no! Uh-oh. Here it comes ...

He hits the deck, to screams of delight from the kids.

And as he gets up --

In a wider shot: we see Doderick bend double. A kid jumps on his back, taking the bend as an invitation. But as the kid jumps on, puke starts to come out through Doderick's eyeholes.

Some of the kids back away, fast. Some are kind of fascinated. One even goes closer.

KID 1

Ewww! He's puking out of his eyes!

He retches for quite a while. Another kid pulls his tail again, which makes Greg hiss --

GREG

(quietly)

Fuck *off*.

Just then --

Assistance is at hand. Theme park helpers rush to pull the incongruous figure out of sight. Greg is clawing at the costume head.

THEME PARK ATTENDANT

Nope. No. No - we don't de-head in customer view.

13

INT. INVESTMENT BANK - BOARD ROOM. DAY.

13

Lawrence and the Rapid management buy-out team are sitting in one group.

Kendall, Frank, Alessandro and the rest of the Comco team across from them.

The members of the Independent Board are up front.

HEAD OF THE BOARD

Thank you for the submissions.
We'll be reviewing the packets. But
in terms of the final stock bids,
we have?

Under the desk one of Kendall's legs is bouncing like crazy.

Up above, in extreme close up, we see the filaments of
plastic snap as he twists the cap on a fresh bottle of water.

LAWRENCE

The management team are at 125.

Ouch that hurts. Kendall looks at Frank.

HEAD OF THE BOARD

Thank you. And --

Kendall makes a decision.

KENDALL

We're able to go to 125 too.

Sandy shifts in his seat but doesn't say anything.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

But all cash. Management are
offering --

Kendall looks at Lawrence --

LAWRENCE

Sixty per cent cash and forty per
cent stock.

KENDALL

Oh. Okay? So that's -
(beat of anticipation)
that's just - worse I guess?

There are chuckles all round - Kendall's overstepping the
mark. But it's roguish. Quite appealing.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

I mean, in layman's terms. Sorry to
- verbalize.

But the head of the independent committee isn't about to
break his poker face

HEAD OF THE BOARD

Gentlemen. We'll be examining all
the factors and we'll be in touch.

The room starts to break up.

15 EXT. THEME PARK. DAY.

15

Outside - in the thin winter light, Greg is on his cell phone. He's woken his Mom, MARIANNE. It's early morning in LA.

MARRIANE

Greg? Are you okay?

GREG

Mom sorry. I screwed up. A, a - kid smoked a joint in my car and I smelt like --

MARRIANE

Are you at work. Are you there?

GREG

They kicked me out.

MARRIANE

Did you - tell them - (who you are)?

GREG

No. No. I thought - no.

(beat)

I liked it. I really liked it. I'm sorry Mom, I'm such a screw-up!

16 INT. MARIANNE'S KITCHEN. DAY

16

Marianne is on the phone from her clean small nice bungalow in LA.

MARIANNE

It was some kind of misunderstanding?

Roger is in a big farm house in the middle of a vast stretch of Canadian farm land.

ROGER

I thought he was doing this on his own?

MARIANNE

Can't you go to the party? You're invited, right?

ROGER

No. No way. Absolutely not. I'm not genuflecting to that odious crook.

Off Roger's conflicted face we --

17 EXT. NEW YORK. DAY. 17

Morning is breaking over Manhattan. The garbage trucks are hissing and beeping through the streets.

18 INT. INVESTMENT BANK - MEETING ROOM. DAY. 18

Kendall and the Comco team are waiting for the result of the independent committee's decision. A selection of fancy catered sandwiches and coffee and outside take-out containers are spread across the table.

The office furniture has, over the hours, got commandeered into more long-term use.

Kendall is sweating it. He is scrolling his phone anxiously.

KENDALL

This is long, right?

Not much response.

Frank is reading a thick paperback - a Grisham. Sandy and others are in conference.

One lawyer, who's done this many times before has on a thick Brookstone executive eye-mask and is catching some sleep tipped far back on an ergonomic chair.

Eventually, FRANK responds --

FRANK

It's long.

Through the glass and venetian blinds, across the corridor, the management team are waiting too.

Just then, a guy walks the corridor between the two waiting teams.

KENDALL

Okay. Who's this?

The room stirs. But the guy heads into the opposition's room.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

He's gone to them first? Why's he going to them first?

(to a lawyer)

Take a note - of the time Riaz.

But now the guy is entering their room.

BUSINESS ALCHEMIST
Hi, I'm looking for Kendall? Comco?

FRANK
Uh-huh?

The Business Alchemist opens his briefcase.

BUSINESS ALCHEMIST
I was sent by - Roman. To burn some
sage?

In there are bunches of dried herbs. Essential oils.

KENDALL
Excuse me?

BUSINESS ALCHEMIST
It's auspicious? I'm a business
alchemist. It's a gift, from your
brother.

He has a bunch of sage pulled out.

FRANK
Will it set off the smoke alarms?

BUSINESS ALCHEMIST
Not usually.

KENDALL
'Not usually'?

FRANK
Yeah, we're looking at a 20 billion
market cap merger so I think we'll
need a little more reassurance
before we break it up with a
building evacuation?

Just then, ROMAN ROY, 38, tanned and taut, ready to roll,
arrives.

ROMAN
Hey hey hey motherfuckers!

KENDALL
Roman.

He goes to hug his brother. Roman nods to the guy with the
sage.

ROMAN
My guy?
(to the business
alchemist)
Are you saging?

FRANK

We're just concerned about the
smoke alarm?

ROMAN

Yeah, right, bad ju-ju.
(to the business
alchemist)
Maybe you should make a move dude?

BUSINESS ALCHEMIST

I can use essential oils?

ROMAN

I think just fuck off thanks.
(to the room)
How's it going?

The business alchemist starts to pack up his kit.

KENDALL

Good. Just waiting to hear.

Roman breathes in deeply. Commanding the space. Looking round
Kendall's colleagues.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

You okay man?

ROMAN

Of course I'm okay. Obviously I'm
okay. Why do you ask?

Kendall motions: are you okay back amongst all this?

ROMAN (CONT'D)

So what's the bid?

Everyone looks around. Roman's overstepping the mark.

KENDALL

Well --

He doesn't want to say.

ROMAN

What that's "commercially
sensitive" - I'm still on the board
bro!

KENDALL

One twenty five.

ROMAN

One twenty five!

KENDALL

Yup.

ROMAN

Fuck!?

KENDALL

Yeah? High or low?

Roman isn't about to put himself out there by pinning down just what his scepticism implies --

ROMAN

Whatever! You seriously think you can swallow something this big?

(he laughs)

Whatever. Your funeral. You'll be captain soon enough.

Kendall looks round the room: shush.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Oh c'mon, every intern on the Street knows you're stepping up. Congrats man, congrats.

(beat)

So pleased to be out. The company was essentially a cage to me.

He looks around and chuckles.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Look at all this fucking bullshit!

19 INT. LOGAN'S HOME. DAY.

19

Logan walks the unfamiliar rooms of his large new apartment. It's got extraordinary views over the city.

An outside area.

Caterers are arriving with drink and food. Marcia is directing operations.

Logan walks the apartment. They've been there a couple of days but all is unpacked. But the distribution of objects is unfamiliar.

In the walk-in wardrobe Logan sees a maid with a bucket of water rubbing at the white carpet with a sponge to remove the urine stain.

He doesn't acknowledge her but walks to the living area.

He tries to sit down on a couch.

This is almost a test for him. Can he 'sit on a couch' and 'relax' like a regular human being might?

He hasn't really had time to sit on a couch on a weekday morning for a lifetime. So it doesn't really work.

He looks at the newspaper 'The Heir with the Flair' story and its picture of his son Kendall.

After a few beats of trying to read. Trying to sip coffee, he's up.

LOGAN

Marcy, I'm heading out, to check in.

MARCIA

Great and just you know - stay out till 1?

LOGAN

For the surprise?

MARCIA

Yes for the surprise. So we can surprise you.

LOGAN

Fine - but just in here - yeah?
(he motions to where he wants people)

Just that area and here - I don't want to get a fucking heart attack from the surprise. Have them all here and not too loud. Just - a -

MARCIA

You want me to email you details of the surprise?

He gives a smile as he goes to exit.

20 INT. AIRPLANE. DAY.

20

Up in First class, Shiv, Tom are watching movies. Shiv looking at a laptop. Tom snaps open the expensive box of a very expensive watch. Looks at the ugly-beautiful object within. Is it okay?

We travel down the body of the plane through into economy.

Greg bangs his knees as he swivels to get comfy with insufficient legroom.

21 INT. INVESTMENT BANK. DAY.

21

As Colin his fixer waits at the door, Logan enters.

The room at the investment bank has been tidied up, but remessed with breakfast stuff.

KENDALL

Dad?

LOGAN

How's it going?

The room jerks into life with a bolt of electricity, everyone sits up. Tries to adjust not too unsubtly to the new centre of gravity in the room.

KENDALL

Fine. Good. Why are you --?
(shuffling him into a
private space and volume)
Are we still okay?

LOGAN

Oh yeah. Yeah. I just have some
paperwork --

KENDALL

Ahead of the announcement?

Logan lays papers on the table. Logan sweeps the room. Clocks Frank. Gives him a wink. Looks over at Alessandro, smiles.

LOGAN

Just bullshit. Just putting Marcy
on. Details.

Kendall scans the headings on the papers.

KENDALL

Okay? The trust? By the time the
trust would come into play, I'll be
locked in boss though?

LOGAN

Uh-huh. That's what we expect.

Is that movement next door? Kendall looks over.

KENDALL

Dad - I'm busy, do I need to lawyer
all this?

LOGAN

(no)
It's housekeeping.

Logan hands him a pen. Beat between them. Can son trust father? The father clearly wants this - and the son wants to be liked, to demonstrate his trust --

Logan is making an assessment too. Kendall takes the pen.

KENDALL

Fine. Fine by me. I mean the others, might not feel the same?

LOGAN

I'll deal with them.

Fuck it. Kendall is all in: signs.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Okay. So - I'll see you in --?

KENDALL

Yeah. On that. Lunch. I really want to be with you but --

He motions to the room, the deal.

LOGAN

If you need to stay here, you need to stay here.

A difficult balance. They both breathe - Kendall tries to read his Dad.

KENDALL

Thank you. I really want to be with you?

LOGAN

I appreciate that.

KENDALL

It's just, in case anything blows up. Not that I can see how it would

Kendall waits for a hint. But Logan gives him no steer.

LOGAN

Son, it's your call. It's just - priorities.

That's hard. Business versus family. Kendall sort of wants his Dad to tell him what to do, but also, both personally and professionally doesn't want to ask for direction.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

There'll be plenty more.

True? Or passive aggressive?

KENDALL

Listen. Let me see how things break down, okay?

LOGAN

Uh-huh.

Logan makes for the door. Kendall asks quietly --

KENDALL

And what's the actual process on my announcement?

LOGAN

It's in hand. Let's see how this goes and I can lay it out.

Not entirely clear but - he's off --

22 INT. HELICOPTER. DAY. 22

Shiv and Tom in a helicopter shuttle. Manhattan skyline in the distance as they come in from JFK.

23 INT. TAXI. DAY. 23

Greg in a decrepit New York yellow cab.

Rapid News cable news plays on the TV in the cab.

24 EXT. CENTRAL PARK. DAY. 24

Logan walks, killing time, pretty slowly, through central park. Ahead is a security guy.

Behind is his fixer, Colin.

He is alone. Shuffles his feet over patches of ice to be super-sure not to slip.

He sits on a bench and Colin comes up, hands him a wedge of newspaper, US, UK and Canadian. Ten or twelve papers - all owned by Logan.

He starts to examine the pages, lay out, pictures and choice of stories in each one.

He's on a quiet stretch of path. A young couple pass by. It's hard for them to tell what exactly he is? This elderly man with a big pile of papers, wearing sportswear under a thick coat. Hobo, or eccentric millionaire?

25 INT. INVESTMENT BANK. DAY. 25

Kendall has made a decision. He is about ready to leave - with FRANK. Gives his final instructions --

KENDALL

Anything. Okay? You hear someone farted next door, shoot me some bullet points on duration and volume?

They head out. Through the blinds - Lawrence Delmaestro spots Kendall and FRANK coming out. The opposition's door opens and Lawrence watches them leave. Calls after --

LAWRENCE

Out for lunch boys?
('whispers', 'private')
I hear they let kids feed the penguins at Bronx zoo if you hurry?
(back public)
Have a good one!

26

INT. LOGAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY. DAY.

26

Logan is back outside his new apartment building.

There is a gaggle of three photographers outside the building. Colin goes ahead leaving Logan with one minder.

COLIN

Okay guys - can we back off, private event?

They don't go. Colin takes out his camera phone. One by one starts taking deliberate snaps of their faces.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Freelance? Could be getting colder out there boys.

But they hold position. Colin looks over. He can't get rid of them. Logan comes over, puts a phone to the side of his face and lowers it so they can't get a decent shot and heads in -

PHOTOGRAPHER

Logan, can we get a shot?

LOGAN

Fuck off.

He marches in to the elevators, where --

GREG stands holding a small package. Colin and the other security guy are suddenly threat aware.

Greg seems sweaty and shifty. Doesn't know how to say hi to the Uncle he's not seen for twenty years --

GREG

Hi.

LOGAN

Huh?

Colin stays on point while the other security guy back-tracks to the concierge/doorman's desk to check on the kid's status.

The doors open. Logan goes to get in with Colin. Greg hits Floor 21.

COLIN

That's a private apartment?

GREG

I know.

(to Logan)

I'm - I'm coming to see you --

Logan doesn't like the look of the situation: Greg with his package and a weird intense smile. Colin looks to Logan. Logan's eyes says: 'not cool, I don't know him.'

The old man has a sudden flash of concern. Steps out and Colin steps decisively towards Greg and pins him against the elevator wall. Hard. Over the line of social propriety.

COLIN

Can I see some ID?

He has hold of both Greg's arms. Ready to take him down.

GREG

(gabbled)

I'm Greg? Marianne's Greg? My Mom called Marcia and I heard - I got a pass from the desk and they called up and said it was all okay --

As Colin and Logan look over, the security guard who is talking to the concierge gives a thumbs up.

LOGAN

Oh. Greg? Right. I didn't know you were coming?

GREG

Yeah I'm - I think you did?

Colin releases. Logan looks around.

LOGAN

Uh-huh. Are you (alone) --

GREG

I'm on my own. I hope it's okay. I wanted to say, Happy Birthday.

LOGAN

Thank you. You okay Greg?

Greg's shaken, but wants to make it all okay.

GREG

Oh fine! Seriously, fine. Good. I get it. I totally get it. I could be anyone. I'm pleased - you're, safe. Good to see you Uncle Logan.

27 INT. LOGAN'S APARTMENT. DAY.

27

Marcia is saying hello to Shiv and Tom.

Roman hugs Shiv. Looks to Tom.

ROMAN

Hey Tom. How's the UK operation? You still fucking that shit up for us?

TOM

Oh yeah, still tidying up your mess pal!

They hug. Joking, but not. Tom winces, over the shoulder. Did he go to far.

ROMAN

Shiv? Sis. How are the pols?

SHIV

Good. Burying the bodies and counting the cash.

GRACE, Roman's wife is there - talking to CONNOR (late 50s Logan's eldest son) and CARRIE, his wife.

Marcia gets a text message.

MARCIA

Okay! He's back! Folks, he's back! Can we - can you find somewhere?

Everyone starts to arrange themselves behind different spots in the apartment.

28 INT. ELEVATOR. DAY.

28

Logan and Greg stand uneasily next to one another, with Colin and the other security guy looking at their feet.

Greg doesn't know what to say.

GREG

It's - a long way up.

Logan doesn't quite catch it.

LOGAN

Ah?

GREG

It's - we're going up?

Logan doesn't do small-talk.

LOGAN

Uh-huh.

GREG

So great to be here. I thought you would have known. I hope it's okay?
(nothing, is he hearing?)
Happy birthday though.

LOGAN

Many thanks.

Silence.

GREG

I actually came because, I needed to ask something?

LOGAN

Uh?

GREG

Yeah um, I actually had some help, I think you may know, but I got onto the international management training program? The theme park tour? And - and I'm really - I was very into it?

LOGAN

(zero interest)
Fantastic.

The doors open --

29

INT. LOGAN'S APARTMENT - OUTSIDE ELEVATOR. DAY.

29

A beat, then the whole family spring out:

EVERYONE

Surprise!

Logan can't get this shit over quick enough.

LOGAN

Great. Excellent. Wonderful.

People crowd round. They take in Greg - okay?

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Many thanks. Okay, give me some
room?

Everyone backs off - Shiv, Roman and Connor are first in line
to hug.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Connor, Primo! How are you?

Hug with eldest son.

CONNOR
Good. Excellent Pa. Here you go.

He hands him a gift bag.

LOGAN
Oh, okay. Thank you?

Roman is coming in for a hug as Logan puts the package aside.
Gives it back to Connor.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Roman, Romulus! Look at you, you
look fantastic!

ROMAN
Happy Birthday Dad.

On to Shiv --

LOGAN
Siobhan. Sweetheart. Is Tom here?

SHIV
Uh-huh. Yup.

LOGAN
Oh well, never mind!

Tom smiles, pushes forward. They shake. Tom has his gift. A
watch in a box --

TOM
Here. It's just a token of my very
real and enduring admiration and --

Then the elevator doors go again and there are FRANK and
Kendall.

LOGAN
Kendall? You came.

And in that instant - if he could see it - Kendall would
knows he got it wrong. Business first. Always business first.
But they hug.

Then Shiv gives Kendall a hug.

SHIV
Hey. Big day. Congratulations.
(then whispered in his
ear)
You bastard.

But she smiles and he smiles back. Connor makes it over.

CONNOR
Congratulations. Good luck.

Roman eyes Frank - not so pleased. Logan gives Frank a handshake.

LOGAN
(then to the room)
So, what's the news?

And then - Kendall's phone starts to buzz. He looks at the number, looks around --

KENDALL
Here we go. Independent committee.
Can I?

Kendall needs privacy. Logan opens an arm, Kendall heads into Logan's office --

KENDALL (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Is there word?

Frank follows --

KENDALL (CONT'D)
(listening)
Okay?
(hits a button, into
phone)
You're on speakerphone.

Frank is all ears. But Roman has shuffled in to the room too, behind.

Kendall is holding a hand up - this is private - but Roman comes in anyway --

LAWYER
(on phone)
Yeah - just needed to inform you,
the management team have made an
adjustments to their bid and it
will be all cash on their side?

KENDALL
What?

LAWYER

That's it, we'll be in touch.

KENDALL

But they can't? That's not --

LAWYER

I can't comment. But that's what the situation is.

KENDALL

If you're favouring the internal bid you do know I will have a huge problem --

LAWYER

That's all I can communicate. I shouldn't even listen to your response --

KENDALL

My response is --

Dial tone. Kendall considers for a beat.

ROMAN

O-kay! Now the fucking's started!
Now you're getting fucked!

KENDALL

(to Frank)

They can't alter, those were final bids?

Frank is looking through papers from a file.

FRANK

Final bids - but I guess, in extraordinary circumstances, the composition of the bid can be altered?

Logan is in too now - with Shiv.

LOGAN

What's cooking?

KENDALL

We're just right in the middle of something?

LOGAN

On?

Kendall wants to tell him to keep his nose out. But --

KENDALL

Nothing.

Logan doesn't like that. Shiv looks like - well don't humiliate Dad. Kendall relents --

KENDALL (CONT'D)
Management bid just altered.

ROMAN
They converted to all cash.

SHIV
Okay!?

KENDALL
So I'm just considering options.

LOGAN
Raise your bid.

KENDALL
Well we can't.

LOGAN
Yeah you can.

KENDALL
No because ...

LOGAN
Float it, whisper it. Leak it, fuck it. Pull out, start again.

KENDALL
There are rules --

LOGAN
Yeah fuck the rules. The rules are for the -- the people who like rules--

KENDALL
Okay. Thanks for the advice.

His feet are in danger of getting cut from under him --

ROMAN
Or. We just take the cash and run? We sell out and take the profit from our stock position?

LOGAN
That is a potential move.

ROMAN
That's my move.

KENDALL

Well, sure. But - obviously, for my - in terms of corporate strategy, I want news and sport. News and sport. Two things you gotta get live. Two things we need.

SHIV

Gotta be in news. That's the firm. It's just if this is the right option?

LOGAN

Well --

KENDALL

Look, this is not -- thanks but this is all garnish round a very serious sandwich. Okay? Can we clear out?

Logan looks round. He physically winces at the prospect of leaving the room. Roman comes to Logan.

ROMAN

Let's leave the man to it shall we?

Kendall watches them all go.

KENDALL

I'll be out, yeah? Thanks guys. Great input.

Then, to Frank.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

Okay. If I raised our bid could I cover that?

FRANK

Kendall, listen, when is he announcing you taking over?

KENDALL

Public? I don't know. Like - today later, it depends--

FRANK

I just think, the uncertainty. It's not helping.

KENDALL

People know it's gonna be me.

FRANK

Sure, it's out there. But I think you need to -- (make the move).

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)
He's tired. People need to know
who's the boss.

Off Kendall's face:

30 INT. LOGAN'S APARTMENT - CORRIDOR. DAY.

30

Outside: Logan and Roman walk a corridor.

LOGAN
And how you like being back in
town?

ROMAN
Yeah, you know. Lot of good
memories. Lot of shitty memories.

LOGAN
Uh-huh.
(then)
You do know -- I'd love for you to
be back inside?

ROMAN
Oh sure. Sure. It's just I mean,
he's the real deal, I hear? The
heir with the flair. So I guess
that makes him Tarzan, me Jane.

LOGAN
You wouldn't have to be his butt-
boy. We could find something?

ROMAN
Dad dude, to be honest, I'm making
so much fucking money, I don't even
need to get in a sweat you know?

Roman's 6 year old kid comes round the corner and he heads
off to scoop them up.

31 INT. BATHROOM. DAY.

31

POV on: view of New York

CALMING VOICE
You are able to do anything. You
are a master of the seas. If your
final destination has been
correctly determined, then all
apparent diversions are but way
markers of your route.

Reveal: Greg looks from the skyline to the mirror. He's got
his ipod going. He's all anxious.

But summoning resolve as he lip synchs the words of his self-help recording to himself. He can do this --

32

EXT. TERRACE DAY.

32

Shiv has intercepted her father. Presented him with a book.

SHIV

So, I brought you this. Happy birthday.

He looks at the book.

LOGAN

Oh. Thank you.

He's thinking. Flicks it.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

This is? These houses are - these are nice - where is that?

SHIV

That's Vancouver?

LOGAN

I like Vancouver.

SHIV

That's our old house Dad.

He leafs.

SHIV (CONT'D)

These are all our old houses? LA, yeah? Montreal. London?

LOGAN

Oh, nice. This is nice. Of course.

SHIV

Yeah?

LOGAN

Oh sure. Great. This is --

(he searches for the words)

-- a quality item.

(he sets it aside)

I want to look at this properly later.

She regards the book going down.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

So, go on, give me five. What's the news. What's happening?

SHIV

Good. Yeah. I want to talk to you about Tom. He thinks maybe he might be ready for the parks, you know globally and --

LOGAN

Uh-huh, but what about you, when you coming back?

SHIV

Oh well, since Kendall's stepping up, I was thinking about staying in politics. Maybe running for something here --

LOGAN

Oh for fuck's sake.

Logan looks at her.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Seriously?
(with distaste)
Politics?

SHIV

Why not? I want to do something.

LOGAN

What do you want to do? You think we can't get a law passed? There won't be countries in fifty, a hundred years. They'll be like the fucking Holy Roman Empire. We'll all pretend to bow down but they'll be just - flags. Like kings and queens. Why should we look at these lines on the map? The firm Shiv?

SHIV

Yeah but - change?

LOGAN

Change? Politicians are actors - the best one are pure theatre. The lines have all been written some other place.

They arrive back in the main living area.

Logan clocks Kendall in discussion with Frank in the corner.

Connor is there. With his gift bag again.

CONNOR

So Dad, we should get this somewhere ambient.

(MORE)

CONNOR (CONT'D)
(he proffers the package)
You want to --?

LOGAN
Connor! How you going? How's the
beach?

Logan pulls a tuppaware box out of a gift bag.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Wonderful.
(then)
What the hell is it?

Roman comes close. Looks in the box

ROMAN
It's a - goo? Is it goo?

SHIV
(re the gift)
Perfect.

Kendall is rejoining his siblings now.

CONNOR
Sourdough starter.

Logan looks at it, tips it around.

ROMAN
(to Kendall)
Amazing.

(I.E. It's amazing how their older brother can so
consistently get their father wrong.)

CONNOR
I thought you might enjoy making
something?

LOGAN
(unenthusiastic)
Uh-huh? Right?

CONNOR
Fine. Forget it I just thought you
might like it?

LOGAN
I do. I just don't know what the
fuck it is.

CONNOR
To make bread, without yeast? The
old way?

Marcia is there, looking at Logan - don't be a dick.

LOGAN

Oh, okay. Sure. Well, thank you.

Logan smiles. Clocks Kendall, who checks his phone. The group disperses as Logan heads over to Kendall.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

How are we looking?

KENDALL

I'll keep you posted. I'm going higher.

(then, musters all his nerve to remain 'casual')
Look, Dad, I just checked with Frank and the holidays mean the board might be hard to get together so if it's cool, I've scheduled a call for 4 for us to announce? Then we can issue the release?

Logan rides this.

LOGAN

Uh-huh. You did?

KENDALL

Yeah. Is that okay?

LOGAN

Uh.

Rava, Kendall's ex-wife is arriving with his two kids. They're still on good terms. Kendall looks over. She always makes his belly drop --

KENDALL

Oh. Okay, I'm gonna --

LOGAN

Go on.

(then mumbled and off hand)
I'm not going.

KENDALL

You're --?

Kendall doesn't know quite what he's referring to as he heads off --

Marcia intercepts Logan.

MARCIA

Are we okay?

He nods. She hands him envelopes. Then calls to the room --

MARCIA (CONT'D)
I think that's lunch!

Then Logan calls to the room --

LOGAN
Hey, okay, listen, just two minutes
before lunch? Kids. Can I get you,
in my office?

SHIV
Ooo a speech!

They filter towards their Dad's office.

Greg meanwhile is screwing up all his courage. Ready to make
an intervention. He marches over ... full of resolution and
tries to intercept --

GREG
Er Uncle Logan could I get --

LOGAN
Not now.

GREG
(little bit of grit)
Sorry. I need your attention.

Logan looks at him.

LOGAN
What?

GREG
About the - what I was saying,
about the management training
program? I need to get back on to
it?

LOGAN
You're out?

GREG
Yeah. I got, there was an issue --
and so my grandfather said to come
and talk and --

LOGAN
I'll do anything for my brother.

GREG
(relief)
Oh that's - that's nice and, I'm
really going to give this one
hundred per cent and I would love
to be able to move up and --

LOGAN

He just needs to ask.

GREG

Oh. My Grandfather?

(deal breaker)

Right? I think he doesn't like to -

(how to explain)

I mean you two don't, talk so much, right?

LOGAN

Anything. Just get him to ask me.

Logan smiles. Greg doesn't get it. Then he does get it: he's fucked.

GREG

Uh-huh. Hm. Right.

And Greg stays behind as the family head into the office --

Roman is joshing --

ROMAN

He wants to know some sourdough starter tips!

CONNOR

Once you get into it, it's a very appealing process --

ROMAN

Dude, I'm sure. He can let it rise while he does his yoga?

Logan arrives.

KENDALL

Dad - are we --?

ROMAN

What's the deal?

SHIV

He's going to reveal his hotline to his lizard overlords.

They're all gathered in the office now.

In the b/g Greg winces, bites his lip, physically bangs his forehead with his palm out of frustration at his failure. Logan closes the door.

CONNOR

You haven't been robbing the pension fund have you?

SHIV

Dad are you trans?

LOGAN

What?

SHIV

He's bi-curious. The homophobia is classic diversionary shit.

LOGAN

Er - yeah, yeah fuck off. So.

(quiet descends)

- on the family trust, that will decide the succession in the event of my unlikely demise. I'm going to add Marcia to myself you four, Frank, and my brother.

SHIV

Whoa? Okay?

ROMAN

Marcia?

LOGAN

And my seat also to go to her on my death --

Shiv sees things fast --

SHIV

Which would give her, double weight?

LOGAN

Uh-huh. So I've got the paperwork for --

Kendall didn't know about the double weight thing --

KENDALL

What so, Marcia will have two votes when you --

Logan has three sets of legal papers for them.

ROMAN

If --

CONNOR

Well no, *when* you -

LOGAN

Kendall's already signed up but if I can get you all to --

Kendall is leafing through the documents --

KENDALL

Two? Two votes - when - Er, I don't think I was aware of that when I --

ROMAN

Read the small print asshole!

Shiv is looking at her papers.

SHIV

This looks - I mean, yeah. But, I might need to talk to - you know, for all the implications?

Roman scans the papers.

ROMAN

Likewise.

LOGAN

Of course. I understand.

SHIV

Just to get the full picture?

LOGAN

Sure. Take a beat. By four PM will be fine.

The kids take this in. What? Like in a matter of hours?

LOGAN (CONT'D)

It's my birthday, this is a present, it's a great deal.

The kids are momentarily disorientated.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

And also, I just mentioned this to Kendall, but despite the chatter, and all things considered I'm going to give it a couple of years.

SHIV

As in?

LOGAN

I'll stay in situ. As chairman and head of the firm.

KENDALL

What?

LOGAN

Well I just said son, or were you not listening as usual?

KENDALL

But -- I'm, you're not --

LOGAN

No big -- I'm just staying on. We can discuss the details.

KENDALL

You didn't tell me.

LOGAN

We can announce to the board you're in pole position. Pending events.

KENDALL

Pending events?

Roman and Shiv look freaked and shocked - but immediately, not necessarily completely against --

LOGAN

Okay lunch!

Logan heads out. Leaving the kids in shock.

ROMAN

(lightly)

Oh fuck!!!

Kendall objects to his levity of tone. His life has just gone up in smoke:

KENDALL

Well I don't know what you're fucking laughing about!

ROMAN

I'm not even laughing - what?

KENDALL

This is - this is going to be a shit-storm. He's going to blow the firm's credibility.

(switches tack)

Did he look okay by you?

SHIV

Oh come on! Ken. This is typical.

CONNOR

I'm out - okay, I'm not playing. Whatever you three say - goes. Goodbye!

Connor goes to leave.

SHIV

Con!

CONNOR

On the trust, I refuse to play.
I'll sign or not - whatever you
want?

SHIV

Well it needs to be unanimous,
right. And Kendall's signed?

CONNOR

If it is, it is. I'm water, I flow.
I do not want to engage.

KENDALL

Look, no, first - are you all okay
with him tearing up an announcement
that has been ...

Shiv shrugs.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

Oh fucking shrug, that's right
fucking shrug me ...

SHIV

Kendall, it's just Dad --

Kendall makes for the door. He needs to talk. Clocks that
Roman is messaging on his phone --

KENDALL

Are you messaging? What are you ...

Kendall reaches for Roman's phone. With the elder brother's
sense of ownership. Roman pulls it away:

ROMAN

Hey! What the fuck? Off the cloth
moth! Private!

KENDALL

What's private?

ROMAN

My phone. We're not fourteen dude!

KENDALL

What are you -- Are you telling?

ROMAN

No. We all need advice man --

KENDALL

This stays in here, right? It's a
lock down --

Kendall heads out to follow his Dad. Marcia is arriving at
the door.

MARCIA

That is lunch guys?

Kendall gives her a smile but walks past and off. Shiv is there with Marcia --

SHIV

Oh lovely. Thank you. You've arranged everything very nicely Marcy.

Marcia smiles it out.

MARCIA

Thank you. Thank you very much.

SHIV

Beautifully arranged.

MARCIA

Thank you.

And Marcia's off, calling other for lunch. Roman looks at Shiv.

SHIV

You like the new king maker?

33

INT. DINING ROOM. DAY

33

Kendall catches up with Logan.

KENDALL

You've fucked me.

LOGAN

I just changed my mind Kendall -

KENDALL

When? When exactly. Cos it feels like you --

LOGAN

I had doubts and then certain - things - have caused me to rethink.

KENDALL

What. Like what?

LOGAN

Nothing. It's me. It's mainly me. But you - you're still, two years ago you were still in the clinic.

KENDALL

Rehab. And Dad that makes --

LOGAN

It's all good. I'm just worried -
you might be soft, as yet.

KENDALL

Are you kidding?

LOGAN

I hear Larry Delmaestro trash
talked you and you let him just
come?

KENDALL

I was being professional!

LOGAN

I hear it played weak. Conflict
averse.

KENDALL

I wasn't about to get into a
fucking big dick competition.

LOGAN

I hear you bent for him.

KENDALL

I what?

LOGAN

I hear you bent for him and he
fucked you?

KENDALL

Well, no.

LOGAN

Thing is, you've probably read a
lot of books about management
technique and this and that but you
know what?

KENDALL

What?

LOGAN

Sometimes it is a big dick
competition. That's what it is.

KENDALL

So that's it? I should have shouted
at some guy? But I didn't. So
you've ripped up eighteen months of
corporate strategy? You're eighty
Dad. You can't do it all?

Logan shrugs. Almost mumbles --

LOGAN

And you never lawyered the trust change.

KENDALL

You're gonna use that against me? I trusted my father. That's a black mark?

LOGAN

It's an - an accumulation. You left the room.

KENDALL

To come to my father's birthday party? We don't know how many more there'll be!

Logan doesn't like that. Kendall breathes.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

So come on. When will you be ready? To step down?

LOGAN

I don't know - five?

KENDALL

Five years?!

LOGAN

Ten?

KENDALL

Ten!!

LOGAN

Twenty.

KENDALL

Twenty. Dad? Seriously for God's sake?

Logan has reached the edge of what he feels he needs to do to placate.

LOGAN

It's my fucking company.

Kendall is full of rage now.

KENDALL

Yeah and you're running into the fucking ground. This is a zombie company and you're asleep at the wheel -

Logan with eyes that are cold fire stares him out.

LOGAN

Uh-huh?

Kendall tries a new tack.

KENDALL

You know this is floated already.
There's fucking paps outside. I'm
getting asking for a quote.

LOGAN

Fuck them.

KENDALL

This plays horrible. It plays as
humiliation. My profile will be in
the toilet. This is a fucking
Snubbaggeddon.

LOGAN

Relax, you're not living in a tent
in Syria.

KENDALL

When The street hears, when the
board hears --

LOGAN

Yeah yeah. Everything changes. The
studio was gonna tank when I bought
it, everyone was gonna stay home
with video tapes, then guess what -
no, they wanna go out. Everyone
told me no one wanted to watch
Network, except you make it fucking
zing and they do. You make your own
reality. But once you've done it,
then, apparently, everyone's of the
opinion, it was all fucking
obvious?

Logan walks off. And we --

34

INT. DINNING ROOM. DAY.

34

It's lunch. Head of the table is Logan.

Round it we have: Kendall and Rava and their 2 kids; 8 and
14; Frank; Greg; Connor and Carrie; Roman and Grace and their
6 year old; Shiv and Tom; and Marcia.

But everyone is eating in silence. Shiv looks at Roman, Roman
looks at Shiv. Tom smiles at Kendall. Kendall looks at
Marcia.

GRACE

Delicious.

MARCIA

Thank you.

GRACE

Not at all.

Muted buzz. Shiv is looking at her phone in her lap.

CONNOR

And Greg, how's your Mom?

GREG

Oh good. Actually good.

Kendall is sending a message in his lap. Looks up, distracted.

KENDALL

Oh that's good. That is good.

He gets a buzz in his lap.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

If you'll excuse me?

35

INT. BATHROOM. DAY.

35

Kendall is on the phone.

KENDALL

Okay - okay. Thank you.

Ends call. There's a knock and Kendall opens to Shiv.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

My lawyer says it has to be unanimous. You?

She has her phone.

SHIV

Probably, yeah. But if it wasn't, by majority maybe there could be a sub vote on a change pending ratification?

He looks at his sister.

KENDALL

And what are you thinking?

SHIV

Well - starting position is - I'm diluting my power and that's, probably a no, right?

KENDALL

Absolutely. Why would we do this is the thing?

Knock knock. It's Roman - he enters --

KENDALL (CONT'D)

Shiv's saying she's for no, on Marcia?

SHIV

Well - no, I said --

Kendall looks at her --

SHIV (CONT'D)

That's my initial position.

KENDALL

Oh, I thought --

SHIV

It depends.

ROMAN

Uh-huh, it does depend.

KENDALL

How does it depend?

SHIV

What the final situation is?

ROMAN

Plus, do you want to tell Dad no?

KENDALL

That's not a big deal.

Bullshit!

SHIV

Yeah?? You'll stick the bottle brush up the Lion King's butt hole?

KENDALL

Not me necessarily, but as a group, we could just --

SHIV

Write it on a post it and run away? He'll shit lava.

ROMAN

I mean, the things is, it's his firm, so ...?

KENDALL

So you're gonna give a double vote to a power hungry maniac who will do fuck knows what with it because she's got our Dad's dick in some Singapore pussy grip and she's juicing him before he croaks -- !

ROMAN

Oh dude, come on --

A soft knocking.

MARCIA (O.S.)

Guys?

Ouch - they make faces. Did she hear?

KENDALL

Sure thing. Coming!

They open up the door. She looks all sweetness and light.

MARCIA

Sorry guys, I know you don't get to see each other much. But it's desert?

They file past - back to the dining room. Kendall last.

KENDALL

Thanks Marcia, sorry to be so rude.

MARCIA

It's fine. I get it, it's fine. It's do as you like here. It's not like we're in Singapore.

She mentions the name lightly. It's repetition could just be a coincidence. But an extra quarter of a second's eye contact suggests probably not.

36

INT. DINING ROOM. DAY.

36

As the kids file back in, Logan is addressing the table.

LOGAN

Okay. So, when we're done. It's time for the game.

KENDALL

We're playing the game?

LOGAN

Well, it's my birthday so yes we're playing the game?

37 EXT. PARK AVENUE APARTMENT. DAY. 37

Six Escalades are parked up outside with Kendall's Bentley. The families each climb into one.

Greg is anxious to get a word with Logan, he lingers. Looking for an opening.

As people climb into the cars - Greg edges towards Marcia and Logan --

MARCIA
You okay Greg?

GREG
Sure - I'm not ...

MARCIA
Wanna jump in with Frank or Connor?

GREG
Um. I think - is there room in there?

Cars are pulling off. Logan doesn't fancy it, already getting in - but Marcia is not about to be rude --

38 INT. CAR - BACK SEAT. DAY 38

Greg is next to Logan, between him and Marcia. Colin, the minder, is up front.

Logan isn't used to riding with three across the back.

GREG
I'm sorry if it's a crush?

LOGAN
S'fine.

They ride in silence.

GREG
Yeah, I was just talking. To your brother? Grandpa.

Logan bristles.

LOGAN
Uh-huh.

GREG
He said Happy Birthday.

LOGAN
Did he?

GREG

Well. No. I guess. Not.

(beat)

But he is aware it's your birthday.

LOGAN

Uh-huh.

GREG

But it occurred to me. Having him on the trust. That must be sub-optimal, in some ways?

Nothing from Logan.

GREG (CONT'D)

Because of history?

Still poker face.

GREG (CONT'D)

But if I could - if he was willing to give his seat to someone more - perspicacious. Someone you could deal with. Who could lean the ropes, running theme parks? Would that, maybe, be a win-win?

LOGAN

Perspicacious?

GREG

Uh-huh. I mean. You scratch my back ... I wouldn't say I could scratch yours. It's too considerable. But - you scratch my back, I you know, not suck your --. But. Is there an angle there perhaps?

Logan thinks - they ride in silence.

39

EXT. WEST 30TH ST HELIPORT. DAY.

39

The cars are pulling up. Three Bell 412 helicopters await. As Logan climbs out, Greg moves off, uncomfortable from having tried his power-move. Logan surveys the helicopters and their pilots waiting. He stops and whispers to Colin --

LOGAN

... I don't like leftie.

COLIN

Which?

Logan turns aside to talk privately with Colin.

LOGAN
Leftie.

COLIN
Leftie?

LOGAN
Yeah. Far left.

The guy on the far left has a beard and is laughing, talking loud and macho into his cell phone.

COLIN
Yeah? He's - he's a trusted --
you've had him before?

LOGAN
I don't want him flying me.

COLIN
Uh-huh?

LOGAN
He's safe, I'm sure. But we had
that bumpy touch-down on the
Vineyard? He looks like a prick.

Colin gets the message.

COLIN
Not a problem - do you want me to -
let him go?

LOGAN
He's fine. Just --

COLIN
You go righty. Who shall I send in
lefty?

They look at the helicopters. Look at the family.

Suddenly it feels like a judgement of Solomon.

LOGAN
I don't -- Greg or Connor and --?
(he doesn't like picking
the occupants of left
helicopter)
It's fine. You decide.

Logan walks off towards the right-hand helicopter.

Colin is left holding the baby. He knows it will all be fine,
but now there is a bad vibe about the whole allocation. And
what if something did happen? Shiv is heading over --

SHIV

Can we go? What's going on Colin?

COLIN

Just jump in to that bird Shiv,
thank you!

He motioning to leftie.

40 EXT. NEW YORK. DAY. 40

Three helicopters take off and head up the East River --

41 INT. HELICOPTER. DAY 41

On the bearded pilot. He has an iphone game on his lap.
They're on auto pilot.

In back:

Inside the comfortable but noisy cabin, Shiv reads the change
of Trust agreements. Across from her Kendall watches. She
looks up. He shakes his head: no.

She raises her eyebrows. Tom looks at Kendall. His two kids,
8 and 14 in between them. And Rava who stares out to sea.

42 INT. HELICOPTER. DAY. 42

Logan and Marcia are flying with Roman and Grace. Logan next
to Roman. Logan looks at him then whispers --

LOGAN

So what you thinking son?
(Roman raises his
eyebrows)
On the thing?

Roman looks over at Marcia.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

She's really smart. She'd make good
picks. Family first.

ROMAN

Oh sure. I'm sure.

LOGAN

So?

ROMAN

So? Well, you know. I guess, I want
to do anything for you.

LOGAN
Well thank you.

ROMAN
But --

LOGAN
But, where's your cut?

ROMAN
No. God no. It's your firm Dad.
It's not 'what's in it for me.'
(beat)
But you know, what is in it for me?

LOGAN
Oh sure. Everything's a deal son.
(then)
Because I would love to get you
back in?

ROMAN
Sure. Sure.
(then)
It was just tough last time. It was
very tough for me inside.

LOGAN
Yeah. I know.

ROMAN
Yeah. Frank. He let me know the
score, big time.

LOGAN
Frank is important to the firm.

ROMAN
Sure. I understand. But he was
problematic. I could deal with that
problem, but the question was, did
I want to?

Logan nods through this bullshit.

LOGAN
So what would be your dream outfit?

ROMAN
Oh God, I don't know. You know me,
I think we should liquidate.
Financialize. Who wants pipes and
product. When you can float-hot
with pure cash?

LOGAN
Uh-huh.

ROMAN

Look. I wanna run the show. But,
till then. Chief Operating Officer.
But I guess, that's Frank?

LOGAN

Uh-huh.

Roman smiles. Logan looks away, considering.

43

EXT. LONG ISLAND. DAY.

43

The three choppers make it down.

They are in a hard-bitten bit of grassland with a frosting of
snow or ice. The wind blows.

In the field there are some folk waiting under gazebos with
softball equipment, and some stainless steel flasks of
coffee, soup and tea on trestle tables.

As the family make for the refreshments - some guys, and
their young kids standing nearby with shovels and rakes move
out to re-clear a diamond and prepare it for a game.

44

EXT. GAZEBO. DAY.

44

As the family stand and watch the workers shovel snow and set
up bases, Logan clocks Shiv.

LOGAN

How you feeling. We good?

SHIV

Well. I'm not against. Necessarily.
You know Tom would love to oversee
the parks? I think he'd be good?

LOGAN

Well, okay. Sure. That sounds
interesting.

They smile at each other. A deal?

LOGAN (CONT'D)

And for you. If things are getting
shaken, up, if you came back, what
would be good?

SHIV

Me? Well to come back, I'd want the
top job. So.

LOGAN

And if that was difficult?

SHIV

I dunno.

LOGAN

Uh-huh? Overseeing everything
outside the US - parks and all?

SHIV

What, Tom's boss?

LOGAN

Yeah?

She smiles: maybe. Over in the field, Greg is making a phone
call.

SHIV

What's the kid sniffing for?

LOGAN

He fucked up. He's come begging.

SHIV

Are you gonna give him any?

LOGAN

I like him.

SHIV

You like him?

LOGAN

Yeah, I think he might be a shit,
underneath it. A hard little piece.

(provocative)

I think he'd like the parks too?
Could Tom handle some competition?

SHIV

Uh-huh?

Colin gets word that they're all set-up. Logan walks off
towards him. Tom intercepts --

TOM

Yeah so - just wanted to give this
to you. And say 'happy birthday.'

He hands him the watch, in it's box.

LOGAN

Ugh. Thanks. Thank you.

TOM

Yeah it's a Patek Philippe. So.

They both look at the very expensive white gold watch.

LOGAN

Accurate?

TOM

Oh very accurate. Every time you look at it, it tells you exactly how rich you are!

Tom laughs, Logan smiles as he walks on.

Nearby, Kendall approaches Shiv with his arm round Roman

KENDALL

Okay. Okay. Guys. Quick one.

They huddle up.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

We can still salvage this. Here's the deal: we say no - all of us, full block, no back-sliding, no angles. We say, stability, stick to the plan. I take over - and we just - you two under me, one takes East, one takes West - co-presidents?

SHIV

Under you?

KENDALL

Uh-huh.

(beat, looks at them)

But three. The power of three?

SHIV

Can we think about it?

KENDALL

Of course --

ROMAN

Yeah I thought about it, fuck you!

Roman laughs and walks off --

Shiv isn't so harsh but she laughs too, walks off too. A batting team is assembling. Shiv starts to talk to Tom.

45

EXT. LONG ISLAND. DAY.

45

It's freezing. Greg is walk towards the outfield, Tom smiles, joins him in the walk.

TOM

So I hear you're the new kid?

GREG

Huh?

TOM

I hear you're coming in - eyes on the prize?

GREG

Oh well I only just started to get into the business I'm not even --

TOM

I've got my eye on you.

Could be good or -- not so good?

GREG

Okay? Thanks.

TOM

You need any help advice -- just, you know --

(Greg is smiling into it)
- don't fucking bother okay?

Greg's smile fades. Tom smiles.

TOM (CONT'D)

Are you tripping? None of this is happening.

GREG

Right?

TOM

I might look fun but the thing about me is I'm a terrible, terrible cunt.

GREG

Seriously, all I want is to --

TOM

I've got a theme park strategy on and I'll fuck you as soon as look at you.

GREG

Well there's no need, because --

Greg looks at Tom a bit scared, then he breaks a smile.

TOM

I'm only razzing you cuz! You're dreaming! Relax. Pals, yeah?

GREG

Okay. Huh, yeah, pals?

And Greg walks off.

We stay on his face as he trudges through the crisp grass. Casting a glance back to check out Shiv who smiles at him.

Elsewhere: Kendall is about to be pitched to by Grace. But before she can pitch, his phone starts buzzing.

KENDALL

Oh -- okay. Apologies. Hold it.

He answers. A boo goes up.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Okay.

End of call.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

Okay. I'm out of here. It's the crunch. Frank will you be link man here? Dad can I --

LOGAN

Of course.

Kendall says farewell to Frank, Rava and the kids and makes for one of the helicopters in the distance.

From first base where he's waiting to run, Roman pipes up --

ROMAN

If Kendall's going we need one more to make it fair!

He looks round.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

You wanna?

There's a kid, Tolly, watching with his Latino father. Tolly, looks at his Dad.

PABLO

Sure?

ROMAN

C'mon. You're up. Relax. Can you hit a ball?

Tolly smiles.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Cos I'll give you a million dollars if you hit a home run, kid.

The boy smiles.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
I don't know why you're smiling.
Seriously. A million.

FRANK
Hey I'll, do it for a million!

Frank steps forward, from his spot as back-stop to take the bat from the kid - who pulls it away, still half-smiling, but unsure what game he's in with these adults, and wanting to keep his shot at the big time.

There's a mini cheer for the kid as he dodges Frank who backs away smiling.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I'm kidding - you're good.

ROMAN
Grace, where's my --

He gets his cheque book.

SHIV
Rome?

There's a murmur of disapproval.

ROMAN
Oh you don't want him incentivised!

Roman scribbles.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
One million dollars for a home run.

Roman holds out the cheque. The kid looks at his Dad over with a couple of other workers, leaning on a shovel.

Pablo knows he should intervene. Or at least - contextualize this mad offer. But he doesn't know what to say, he smiles like it's all something of a joke. But, like his son, he doesn't know quite how much of a joke it is. He grins, fixed.

LOGAN
Okay. We okay?

The kid feels the world wobble around him. The centre of attention; of a grown-up game.

Roman waves the cheque. The kid doesn't understand much about the situation, but he understands a million dollars.

Grace pitches, not a tough ball. The kid is in a vortex of emotion and he swings hard for it - hits it and it spins out. Not a great connection.

But lands between two fielders who react slowly, and he's off running. Running, he feels, for his life --

But as he makes it round first and second base the ball comes in to third. To one of Kendall's kids, who fumbles but catches and Tolly is -- out.

Roman, one base ahead, who has made it round, boos.

ROMAN

Ah man. You choked! You choked it!

He rips up the cheque.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Still you tried. Here's quarter of a million!

He rips the cheque in four and gives him one quarter.

The Dad with the shovel - smiles, like it's all funny.

46 EXT. LONG ISLAND FIELD. DAY. 46

In the distance: Kendall climbs in. The helicopter takes off.

47 INT. HELICOPTER. DAY. 47

Kendall is on the phone.

KENDALL

Yeah - friends of Kendall Roy are saying Logan's lost it. Kendall loves him but he's slowing down. Making bad calls. The board are worried. That's what we're hearing.

48 EXT. 6TH PIER HELIPORT. DAY. 48

The helicopter is landing.

49 EXT. LONG ISLAND FIELD. DAY. 49

Mid-match drinks. Frank is in the middle of the gang.

FRANK

So, look, it falls to me. I guess, today to just say a few words. Um. Logan Roy. Born in Quebec province eighty years ago today to a Pop with a print shop and a Mom with a herd of cattle. He of course, took the print shop, Roger his elder brother the farm.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Roger has been a considerable success winning any number of awards at county fairs!

Laughs. Not from Greg.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Logan of course has also made a decent way for himself. The 11th largest media conglomerate in the world. Feared by the phoney, loved by the true, a pal to Prime Ministers, a truth teller to Presidents. He's tough, he's wily, but he's always true to his word. So, today, with his family around him, which means everything.

Connor whispers to Carrie his wife:

CONNOR

(whispered)

Three wives. Three families. And counting.

Carrie smiles.

FRANK

Let's raise a toast. Logan Roy!

They all raise.

ALL

Logan Roy.

50

INT. INVESTMENT BANK. DAY.

50

Kendall arrives outside the room his gang have been waiting in. Alessandro and the gang head out. But Lawrence Delmaestro is coming out of the rivals' room across the way --

LAWRENCE

Oh, he's come back?

Just then, a lawyer arrives to take them back to the independent committee --

LAWYER

Guys? I think - we're ready?

The two gangs start the walk again. Now Kendall is in combative mood --

LAWRENCE

I hear the old man pumped and dumped you? How was lunch? You putting on some weight Kendall?

KENDALL

Yeah, but only cos every time I
fuck your wife she gives me a
twinkie.

Lawrence recoils. Kendall sees it and pushes on, leans in --

KENDALL (CONT'D)

I'm gonna buy you with so much
debt you're going to be loaded up
like a dying fucking mule.

LAWRENCE

Yeah, well good luck with that.

They start to move off --

KENDALL

I'm gonna sweat your firm like a
hog - feed you on bacon I strip
from your own back till you're so
worn down you beg me to fuck you to
death.

LAWRENCE

Yeah? Good luck cos I'd be out. And
I'm the only man alive who knows my
way round this company.

KENDALL

No. You're an FM. You're a Fungible
Motherfucker. You're replaceable
like a spare tire on a Toyota.

Lawrence is searching for a comeback.

LAWRENCE

We'll see --

KENDALL

But you know what, I don't think
you even will leave when we buy
you. Because I'm going to stuff
your mouth with so much gold you'll
eat your words. Non exec director.
Non voting shares. Non disclosure
agreement. I'm going to lock you in
a golden cage, fuck you with a
silver dildo and pay you so much
you sing whatever song I want.

They reach the area outside the independent committee.

LOGAN

Frank. Lovely speech. Really nice words.

FRANK

Thank you Logan. I meant it.

LOGAN

So, look, I've been thinking if now isn't a time for a new role?

FRANK

Oh. Okay?

LOGAN

Yeah.

Frank catches something in his demeanor. Suddenly he's alive to dangerous possibilities.

FRANK

As in. What sort of duties?

LOGAN

Light.

FRANK

Light duties?

LOGAN

No one has as much respect as me for you Frank.

Those are not good words to hear --

FRANK

Are you - are you -- Logan?

LOGAN

It's a step up. Light duties. Wide ranging. The press release should be on your phone. Just proof it.

FRANK

You mean - what?

Frank looks at his phone.

LOGAN

Okay?

FRANK

That's it? Seriously. That's just fucking it? After thirty years and -

Logan looks out the door and calls over --

LOGAN

Kids?

He summons Connor, Shiv and Roman to ride with him.

Frank is in shock.

52 EXT. LONG ISLAND FIELD. DAY.

52

The two remaining helicopters rise from the ground.

On Pablo and his son Tolly's faces as they watch them go up,
up and away --

53 INT. HELICOPTER. DAY.

53

Logan is looking at his kids. The envelopes of legal
documents are there on their laps.

LOGAN

So? What you say kids?

ROMAN

What's the Frank situation?

LOGAN

Frank is dead.

ROMAN

Yeah?

LOGAN

Uh-huh. Frank's gone. Tom should be
stepping up. Shiv's thinking about
a new role. So, are we good?

ROMAN

Um? Shiv?

SHIV

Rome?

ROMAN

Um? Con?

CONNOR

I'm with these two. What they say
goes.

Shiv looks at Roman.

SHIV

And we - our position, is that this
doesn't quite work for us. At
present.

LOGAN

You what?

ROMAN

It's not sufficiently attractive.
As a proposition.

LOGAN

Are you fucking -- this is what I
want.

SHIV

We get that. We do. We'd like to
help. I'd love to help.

LOGAN

Then do.

SHIV

But - why would I? When it - I
mean, it doesn't make sense, right?
I'm giving away power. Why would I
do that?

She looks at his face. A lot of reasons she might do that.
But they're difficult to summon in this moment.

The chopper blades chop. The noise is great. The dying winter
light is ebbing. And at that moment.

A blood vessel blows in Logan's head. And the blood seeps.
And an extraordinary burst of pain shoots through his head -
a super migraine.

And he starts to lose control. His sense of balance goes and
he tilts, oddly, unnaturally.

Shiv and Roman look at one another. What sort of weird
reaction is this?

ROMAN

Dad? It's just a first position?

He keels over into Connor's lap.

SHIV

Dad? Dad.

ROMAN

Dad!

CONNOR

Dad?

Roman turns and shouts to the pilot.

ROMAN

Take us - get us to a hospital.

54 EXT. HELICOPTER. DAY. 54

The helicopter banks to a different destination as we hear over the wide shot of the copter the kids' shouts and cries.

SHIV
Dad? Are you --?

CONNOR
What's Dad? Are you --?

55 INT. INVESTMENT BANK. DAY. 55

The two gangs, Kendall's and Lawrence's are waiting outside where the independent committee is making a decision.

Lawrence takes a call. He looks away, covers the interaction. Talks in a corner.

LAWRENCE
Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Thank you.

Lawrence ends the call. He takes a breath. Closes his eyes. Big decision. Opens them. Turns.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
Kendall?

Kendall heads over. They meet for a whispered conference.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
You heard?

KENDALL
What?

Clearly not --

LAWRENCE
Well, I'm suspending our bid. We accept your merger proposal. It's all very exciting.

KENDALL
Are you - serious?

LAWRENCE
Uh-huh. You win.

Lawrence nods to his counsel.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
Will you tell the committee to suspend their deliberations, the management bid is over. Comco wins. We're joining forces.
(MORE)

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
Congratulations. We're a top ten
media company.

He shakes Kendall's hand.

KENDALL
Fuck yes!

Kendall's phone starts going.

LAWRENCE
Second of all. Your dad just had a
brain hemorrhage.

KENDALL
What?

LAWRENCE
I'm sorry. I'm sorry for you.

KENDALL
Are you? Is this --

Kendall doesn't know what these words mean, is it grim trash
talk, or a mistake, or truth, or what --?

Lawrence goes to sit down.

But first he leans in.

LAWRENCE
But you just invited me into your
chicken coup. Daddy's dying and I'm
going to eat you all. One by one.

Kendall is in shock. Answers his phone.

KENDALL
Hello?

Over Kendall expression as he talks to Shiv --

Blackroc, 'What You Do To Me' plays,

And we revisit our key players and contenders for the throne:

Greg Roy, standing, checking in to a crummy low-budget hotel;

Frank Vernon, having a drink, thinking, out at the softball
diamond on Long Island;

Shiv Roy, on the phone to Kendall, with Tom at her side;

Roman Roy, pacing the emergency room waiting room;

Marcia Roy, there in the emergency room too, cardigan pulled
around her, anxious, the brown envelopes full of legal
documents, unsigned, in front of her

Alessandro, by Kendall's side.

Lawrence Del Maestro, walking back to his team;

Connor Roy and his wife Carrie in the emergency room, reading a magazine;

Roger Roy, looking out from his Canadian farmhouse.

And finally, on a ventilator in the ICU, Logan, shallow breathing.

56

EXT. NEW YORK CITY. NIGHT.

56

Queens. An apartment. On a special place on the table sits Tom's gift to Logan, the watch, still in it's box.

Pablo, Tolly and Tolly's Mom watch TV --

Rapid News plays, announcing the Rapid-Comco merger:

NEWSCASTER

As of tonight there is a degree of uncertainty over the CEO role in the new company, with Comco's founder and owner reported to be in a critical condition following a major medical incident today.

As the news plays on we --

Pull back on all the windows of a block of apartments. All the windows twinkling, the cacophony of media voices spilling out from TVs, laptops, smartphones, radios.