

SUCCESSION  
FATHER'S WIT AND MOTHER'S TONGUE  
EPISODE 409

Written By  
MELANIE ABRAMS FIERSTEIN

Dear Reader,  
While this spec bears many similarities to *Succession*'s April 2023 Season 4 episode "Connor's Wedding", this spec was written and registered with the WGA & Copyright Office in May 2022, 11 months prior to the release of that episode. Any similarities are purely coincidental. I am tickled that my ideas would have fit into the landscape of such a prestigious show and I hope you enjoy reading my take on the world of the Roys.

MELANIEFIERSTEIN@GMAIL.COM  
WWW.MELANIEFIERSTEIN.COM  
310-867-9050  
LOS ANGELES, CA

## PREVIOUSLY ON

SUCCESSION ended season 3 in the middle of a contentious battle over Waystar's future. GoJo streaming mogul Lukas Mattson proposes a buyout that Logan is considering behind his children's backs. Their mother Caroline sides with Logan and amends a divorce stipulation that strips Kendall, Shiv and Roman of any power to kill the deal. Tom stabs Shiv in the back and joins Logan's team. Greg makes a deal to join Tom, and hits it off with a pretty Contessa who is 8th in line for the throne of Luxembourg. Connor is desperately trying to get his fledgling Presidential campaign off the ground, and has proposed to an underwhelmed Willa. Kendall's fall from grace hits rock bottom when he attempts suicide; his siblings stage a failed intervention, but Kendall is just as egotistical as ever. Finally he cracks, and tells Shiv and Roman about the accidental death of a young man at Kendall's hands that he and Logan have been covering up.

This episode takes place as the season finale of a fictional season 4. In this season, the following storylines will have played out:

The GoJo buyout takes place, and RoyJo is formed. Logan still comes into the office every day...until Mattson reminds him that that won't be necessary. Logan has trouble adjusting, and his temper rises while his health declines. He keeps his health issues a secret.

Kendall needs something to ground him. When a drunken acquaintance mentions a "life changing" ashram, Kendall signs up for a year-long stint to "become a better father". But this ashram turns out to be no more than a bougie slumber party for the rich, and Kendall goes all-in. His children suffer an absent father while he smokes, does yoga, and sleeps with the teacher. The front of self-betterment is applauded by many - and that is all his ego needs.

Tom and Shiv's relationship is unsalvageable, and Logan is disappointed that Tom, the one family member he installed at the helm of his legacy, may be divorced out of the family. He attempts to convince Shiv to stay with Tom. Realizing she may want children one day, Shiv secretly freezes her eggs. Other than one drunken night of sex, they have slept in separate beds for the entire season.

Roman is given a small position - Vice Head of Parks - at RoyJo. His role there is embarrassing, and he tries - and fails - multiple times to gain more control. Gerri, Karl and Hugo remain in Logan's employ, while Frank stays at RoyJo. Kerry stays Logan's assistant - and more, behind closed doors. While visiting his father, Roman plants a kiss on Gerri. She isn't as angry as we thought she'd be.

Tom is installed as Vice President of RoyJo. Mattson and Tom butt heads big time, but Tom's place at the company was part of the deal. Mattson tries to woo Greg into framing Tom in wrongdoing so they can oust him, in exchange for a much larger role in the company.

Connor runs for President, and it is a disaster. He keeps asking Willa to set a wedding date, but she's "busy", and keeps putting it off. The Republican Presidential nominee, Jeryd Mencken, surprisingly requests a meeting with Connor.

Greg and the Contessa get engaged. This episode takes place at Greg's royal wedding.

INT. PRIVATE PLANE - DAY

Manicured, middle-aged hands sort a stack of ivory envelopes, each marked with a handwritten name:

SIOBHAN

A beat.

ROMAN

A beat.

KENDALL

A sigh. A sniff.

The owner of the hands is GERRI. Her eyes are bloodshot and puffy. She's been crying.

HUGO and KARL sit across from her. They're morose, pensive...nervous.

KERRY sits at the back of the plane alone, her eyes shut.

Gerri pops the plastic of an empty water bottle.

Pop. Pop. Pop.

Pop.

Karl leans over and takes the bottle.

Gerri looks Karl in the eyes. A look of foreboding mingled with exhaustion.

The silence is too loud - you can almost hear it screaming, a storm is coming.....

INT. CHÂTEAU DE SEPTFONTAINES - DAY

Misty Moonlight Waltz by Mark O'Connor plays over:

An intricately ornate room straight from 1870; velvet settees, silk curtains, a roaring fire, whiskey tumblers that seem to refill themselves.

A tuxedoed VALET arranges a collection of ornate cufflinks in a velvet display box. The box is presented to a MAN in a high-backed chair; the only part of this man we can see is his forearm, clad in an expensive sleeve, cradling a full crystal tumbler.

VALET  
(French accent)  
Which cufflinks would you prefer to  
use, sir?

The forearm sets the tumbler down and takes the box. The  
unseen man examines the links closely. Then -

MAN  
Uhm...uh, I mean, I guess - I guess  
these ones? The diamonds? Those are  
supposed to be pretty nice right?  
Like, diamonds?

Now we see the man: it's GREG. He wears a full tuxedo -  
including tails - and sits in a winged armchair, sweating his  
balls off. In a chair next to him is TOM.

VALET  
I think those would be sufficient, sir.

Greg looks like he's lost at sea. He turns to Tom for help.

GREG  
I mean, you think she - she'll like  
them, right?

TOM  
It's no big deal, Greg. When she  
leaves you at the altar because of  
your dirty diamond cufflinks, you  
can stay with me and Shiv.

The valet raises his brows at Tom.

VALET  
The Countess preselected the  
options, sir.

GREG  
Right. Okay. Great. But it's just  
like, do you think, it could maybe,  
be, like, I dunno, a test, or -

There is a light knock at the door. ROMAN saunters in.

ROMAN  
Hey, Cunt Dracula. How's it goin?

GREG  
(nervously)  
H-hey Roman! Come on in. Uh, this  
is my helper, or - what should I -

VALET  
I'm a valet, sir.

GREG  
You know in America, that's like,  
someone at like a - a fancy  
restaurant who takes your car -

ROMAN  
America is also where you can get a  
99 cent lobster buffet. You aren't  
in Kansas anymore. This is your  
fuckin' butler, buddy.

Greg gulps.

ROMAN (CONT'D)  
Tell him to do something.

GREG  
W-what?

ROMAN  
Tell him to do something.  
(to valet)  
That's what you're here for,  
right, Jeeves?

VALET  
I am here to provide Mr. Hirsch  
anything he may need.

GREG  
I'm - I don't need anything, though -

ROMAN  
Then what do you want?

GREG  
I-

ROMAN  
Tell him to jump.

GREG  
I'm not gonna -

ROMAN

C'mon, I wanna see what he does.  
(to the valet)  
Jump. It'll be fun! Jump!

VALET

I am employed to fulfill the needs  
and ensure the comfort of Mr.  
Hirsch, not his American friends.

ROMAN

Uh, I'm actually, like, his *family*, Alfred.

TOM

Roman, don't be ridiculous. If he's  
Alfred, that would make Greg Batman.

GREG

Okay, can you guys please, just,  
stop? I'm getting married in, like,  
20 minutes -

ROMAN

Oh shit, that's today?

The valet heads toward the door.

VALET

Will there be anything else, sir?

Greg holds up his full tumbler.

GREG

Actually, do we have any, like, Coke?

The valet is speechless. Then he gives a small bow.

VALET

Certainly, sir.

He leaves, closing the door behind him. Roman stands.

ROMAN

Okay, as fun as this little  
sleepover is, I'm just here to tell  
Mr. Father Fucker Wambsgams that  
his wife is puking in the bathroom.

EXT. CONNOR'S RANCH - MORNING

The sound of a toilet flushing.

INT. CONNOR'S RANCH - BEDROOM - MORNING

A bedside clock reads 6 AM. A wide-awake CONNOR in boxers comes out of the en-suite bathroom. WILLA is half asleep in bed. Connor begins dressing in a pressed suit that has been laid out for him on a clotheshorse.

CONNOR  
Today's the day, Will!

WILLA  
Mmm.

CONNOR  
The day our lives change forever.

There is a soft knock on the door which they both ignore. A MAID quietly enters with a tray holding a green smoothie, a pot of coffee, a plate of fruit and croissants. As soon as she's gone -

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
You ready for an adventure?

WILLA  
I hate the cold.

CONNOR  
Oh, c'mon, Wil. A little snow in exchange for the White House?!

WILLA  
I don't think we get to live there.

CONNOR  
Well, no, but we can go there whenever we want!

He slides on his jacket and leans down to kiss her.

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
(a whisper in her ear)  
My first lady.

WILLA  
*Second* lady.

A moment.

CONNOR  
Not to me.

INT. SHIV AND TOM'S GUESTROOM - DAY

SHIV, dressed in formalwear and a feathered fascinator, applies lipstick in an ornate mirror.

Tom enters, quietly shutting the door behind him.

TOM

Hi.

SHIV

Hello.

TOM

Roman said you needed me.

SHIV

Well Roman was wrong.

A beat.

TOM

Are you sick?

SHIV

I think I got it all up.

TOM

Think it was the oysters? I mean, I ate some and I feel fine.

SHIV

Dunno, Tom.

TOM

Okay, well. The ceremony is about to start, so -

SHIV

I'm almost ready. You can go on down.

A moment.

TOM

I think we should probably go down together, no?

SHIV

Fine.

A beat.

SHIV (CONT'D)

Is mom here?



TOM

I don't think so. I don't think she  
can make it.

SHIV

Not surprising. Too busy beheading  
servants to care about Greg the Egg.

She sits to buckle her heels. Tom waits.

EXT. CHATEAU - DAY

Hundreds of guests mill about the lawn, sipping champagne,  
dripping luxury.

G Eazy's "Calm Down" plays quietly as, in the distance,  
KENDALL approaches on foot. He wears white linen pants and a  
white knee-length tunic with brown sandals, making his  
Chopard sunglasses look extremely out of place.

The music gets louder as Kendall gets closer.

The music is booming now. He nimbly saunters up the lawn,  
calm and peaceful despite his tunic being sheer with sweat,  
and approaches Shiv and Roman who are huddled together in a  
corner, avoiding socializing.

Kendall pulls an Airpod out of one ear. The song stops.

SHIV

Wow, an ashram sponsored by Apple.

ROMAN

Where were you? You missed the  
fuckin' royal raping.

KENDALL

I have to walk.

ROMAN

Are you fucking serious?

SHIV

How can you have AirPods but no car?

KENDALL

I can't hide a car in my ass crack,  
that's how.

Kendall lights a cigarette. Shiv is speechless.

ROMAN

Wow, great, yeah, Rasputin's summer camp seems to be working wonders for you.

KENDALL

So how was it, did she actually marry that dipshit?

ROMAN

Apparently. I fell asleep during Greg's seven-year vows.

(impersonating Greg)

'Oh, uh, I - well I promise to have and to hold - I mean, I'll try my best, like sometimes I might be tired cuz, cuz like, erectile dysfunction affects four out of five men, but I promise to be a giant retard as long as we both shall live or until you wake up and realize you married fuckin Waterboy'.

Tom walks up.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Oh, speaking of men women shouldn't have married.

TOM

It's funny, Roman, I couldn't help but notice - are you dateless at the wedding of the woman you lost to Greg the Great?

KENDALL

Hey, Tom. Surprised to see you here. You still fuckin' my sister?

SHIV

Kendall, come on -

KENDALL

I guess I shouldn't be surprised, you love fucking Logan's kids.

TOM

(eyeing Ken's tunic)

That's a lovely dress on you.

A string quartet in the corner goes quiet as a strict-looking WEDDING PLANNER takes to a microphone.

WEDDING PLANNER  
gudde Mëtteg. d'Gräf an d'Gräfin vu  
Lëtzebuerg fänken momentan hir  
Empfangslinn un. Good afternoon.  
The Count and Contessa of  
Luxembourg will accept their  
reception line momentarily. For  
security purposes, personal  
electronic devices will not be  
permitted in the reception hall.

A security AGENT approaches the group with a black box.

AGENT  
Phones?

ROMAN  
(laughing)  
Yeah, fuck no. I'm not gonna tweet  
pictures of Mr. & Mrs. Tweedle Dee.

AGENT  
Then we'll have to remove you from  
the premises, sir.

Four more intimidating AGENTS appear as if from thin air.  
Roman surrenders, handing his phone over, annoyed.

ROMAN  
Fine, fine, Jesus. Take it.

Kendall raises his hands.

KENDALL  
Alas, I don't have any of those  
gadgets. I'm a monk.

ROMAN  
Ha! Wanna bet? Make him bend over!

INT. CAR - DAY

Gerri, Hugo, Karl and Kerry ride in an SUV, their usual  
professional poise broken.

HUGO  
I don't want to do this.

KERRY  
Join the fucking club.

HUGO  
And at their cousin's wedding?

GERRI

This is what Logan said to do.

KARL

Can't we just - wait til tomorrow?  
It's not like -

GERRI

What, so they find out on Twitter?

She leans back against the seat. So, so exhausted.

GERRI (CONT'D)

Besides. They'll probably jump for joy.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - DAY

Kendall, Shiv, Tom and Roman are in a line of guests approaching the newly married Greg and his wife, VICTORIA. They're the only ones not salivating over the couple.

ROMAN

Really not used to waiting in lines.

He watches a tuxedoed man approach the couple and give a deep bow.

TOM

I - excuse me? Did he just - just bow to Greg?

ROMAN

Oh, no. Immediately no. One hundred percent no. I will not be bowing to the fuckin' Douche and Douchess.

KENDALL

I have to bow 108 times a day.

ROMAN

Yeah but after they let you jizz in Buddha's belly, so-

SHIV

Can you imagine if dad was here?  
Thank god he didn't come.

It's their turn. Greg goes beet red and gulps. Victoria smiles serenely. A PAGE reads to the couple from an iPad.

PAGE

Kendall Roy, Siobhan Roy, Rom-

GREG

I, I know who they are, thanks,  
thank you.

VICTORIA

Bienvenue. Thank you for coming.

Roman steps forward and performs an illustrious, obnoxious,  
nose-to-floor sweeping bow.

ROMAN

(in a bad British accent)  
Your royal majesties, it is with  
our most esteemed fuckery that we  
thank you for gracing us with your  
presence today. And now, for your  
entertainment, Mr. Kendall Roy will  
bow 108 times before jizz-

At this, Shiv grabs his shoulder.

SHIV

Jesus Christ, Rom.  
(to the couple)  
Congrats, Greg.

TOM

(conspiratorially to Victoria,  
pointing to Roman)  
You almost ended up with *that*.

KENDALL

Thanks for the invite. Wish you a  
lifetime of happiness. Whatever  
that is, right?

Greg gives an awkward laugh. They begin to step away. As Shiv  
pulls on Roman's shoulder -

ROMAN

Don't forget, when you part the  
lips the clitoris is at the *top* -

INT. MEETING ROOM - MORNING

A board room. Three men sit around a table: JERYD MENCKEN -  
the official Republican presidential candidate; OLIVER,  
gruff, ultra-focused campaign manager; WALT, sleezy head of  
campaign finance.

Mencken rubs his eyes, exhausted, defeated.

MENCKEN

What do these fuckers want from me? A, a blow job? An Edible fucking Arrangement?

WALT

They're just scared of you.

MENCKEN

So - fourth time's a charm? Who's next?

OLIVER

Connor Roy.

Mencken laughs.

MENCKEN

Why don't I just drop out now?

WALT

Our numbers last quarter were a fucking embarrassment. This country is softer than a fresh pool dick.

MENCKEN

So - so what about Charlie? Voters like him, he'll bring in a huge donation-

WALT

We need more than donations, Jeryd. We need someone with money -

MENCKEN

Charlie's an attorney!

WALT

- and an in at ATN never hurt nobody.

Mencken is speechless.

MENCKEN

I wanted - I want to be taken seriously.

OLIVER

Well in all honesty Jeryd, I think that went out the window when you said you love Jews so much you used to jerk off to Anne Frank.

A knock at the door. An ASSISTANT pokes a head in.

ASSISTANT

Connor Roy?

Mencken sighs and nods. Connor enters. Mencken stands, smiling.

CONNOR  
Hey! There he is.

Mencken takes the hand Connor offers.

MENCKEN  
How ya doin, Roy?

CONNOR  
Oh, great. Just great. Gettin' married.

MENCKEN  
Hey, congratulations!

CONNOR  
Thank you, thank you. I'm a lucky man.

An awkward moment as the niceties fade and Connor takes a seat.

MENCKEN  
So, I'm sure you realize I didn't  
call this meeting just to catch up.

Connor nods.

CONNOR  
I assume I'm going to be asked  
for something.

MENCKEN  
Well, uh, yeah. Guess we'll just  
cut to the chase then. Uh, I want -

Connor's phone rings. He glances down. The screen says GERRI.  
He ignores it.

CONNOR  
Sorry about that. Go ahead.

MENCKEN  
No problem -

The phone rings again. Connor silences it quickly.

MENCKEN (CONT'D)  
I'm sure you realize you weren't  
the first choice, but -

The phone rings again.

MENCKEN (CONT'D)  
Do you need to get that?

CONNOR

No, no.

He powers off his phone.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Go ahead, please.

MENCKEN

VP.

A beat.

MENCKEN (CONT'D)

We're struggling. We need money. We need media coverage. You have both. I think we can help each other out. A little...back scratching.

A beat.

MENCKEN (CONT'D)

Wanna scratch my back, Roy?

Connor gives a small laugh. He thinks.

CONNOR

And what itch will *you* be scratching for *me*?

Mencken seems a little dumfounded. He looks at Oliver.

OLIVER

Uh, you'd get to be Vice President. Something you wouldn't have a snowball's chance in hell of without us.

CONNOR

What makes you say that?

OLIVER

Because you tried, and your biggest accomplishment was becoming a meme.

CONNOR

A pretty *good* meme.

MENCKEN

Come on, man. Be real. You weren't my first choice. You weren't my second choice. You weren't my *third* choice. But I think we can help each other.



Connor smiles.

CONNOR  
Oh, don't worry.  
(a beat)  
I'm used to being fourth choice.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - EVENING

Guests dance and mingle. Kendall, Shiv, Roman and Tom are bored, drinking at a dinner table.

TOM  
So. Kendall. At this ashram. You  
can drink?

Kendall takes a swig of beer.

KENDALL  
Nope.

ROMAN  
(yawning)  
Is it too rude to go to bed now?

SHIV  
Since when do you care about being rude?

Across the hall, Gerri appears in a doorway with a SECURITY GUARD. Roman spots her at the same time the guard points to their table. Gerri beelines to them.

ROMAN  
What the fuck is she doing here?

Gerri approaches.

SHIV  
Please tell me you're here to  
profess your undying love for Roman.

Gerri is quiet, sweeping the group with her eyes.

GERRI  
We have a room upstairs.

SHIV  
Ooooh! Go get her, Rom!

Roman stares at Gerri, communicating silently. Shiv notices.

SHIV (CONT'D)  
What's going on?

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - EVENING

A luxurious office - mahogany walls, leather furniture, a roaring walk-in fireplace.

Hugo, Karl and Kerry perch awkwardly on chairs.

Gerri leads Shiv, Kendall, Roman and Tom into the room. They're instantly wary.

KENDALL  
What's all this?

ROMAN  
Don't tell me - there's a new CEO  
and our dad traded our heads for stock.

SHIV  
Who is it this time? Gilbert Grape?  
Ted Bundy?

KENDALL  
Couldn't possibly be worse than Tom.

GERRI  
Have a seat.

Roman sits immediately. Tom meanders over to Gerri's side of the room. Kendall and Shiv remain standing.

There is silence.

SHIV  
What's goin' on, Gerri? You're  
scaring us.

GERRI  
Uh. We, we came here because we  
wanted to - Logan *instructed* us to -  
to make sure you hear this in  
person, not through the media or  
Twitter, or -

KENDALL  
Honestly, Gerri, I appreciate you  
coming all this way but I'm a little  
too drunk to play 'Logan Says' -

SHIV  
(sensing the moment)  
Shh.

Gerri looks at the floor.

GERRI  
This morning at 4:16 am Eastern  
Standard Time your father suffered  
a cardiac event. He was taken via  
helicopter to Mount Sinai -

SHIV  
Whoa, whoa, wait - a cardiac event?  
Why weren't we called?

Gerri doesn't respond.

SHIV (CONT'D)  
Why weren't we called?

ROMAN  
I'm calling the plane. We're going  
back - fuck - they took my phone -

KENDALL  
I have mine.

Kendall fiddles with his phone -

GERRI  
Kendall. Roman. Just - just listen  
for a sec.

SHIV  
Listen to what? A stupid fucking  
excuse for why we weren't called?  
What is it, the, the board has to  
know first? Fuck family, save the  
stock market?

Shiv sees Gerri's expression and falls silent.

GERRI  
He didn't make it.

A long silence. Kendall is frozen. Roman crumbles. Shiv  
collapses into a chair. Tom stays put. Grief. Relief.

KENDALL  
I don't...understand.

GERRI  
He - he was -

KENDALL  
Who was with him?

A moment. Then-

GERRI  
Kerry.

Kendall gives an ironic laugh.

KENDALL  
(under his breath)  
Kerry. Sure. Kerry.

A teary Kerry speaks from the corner.

KERRY  
I stayed with him until the end.

KENDALL  
Right, right, sure. Thanks. We'll  
make sure to reflect that in your  
Christmas bonus.

GERRI  
Kendall, don't be cruel -

KENDALL  
No, no, I'm not being cruel. What's  
cruel is having a bunch of fucking  
*staffers* kidnap you in a fucking  
*castle* to tell you your dad is dead.

He begins pacing, his stupid tunic swishing with every turn.

SHIV  
Ken...

KENDALL  
Where's our mom? Huh? Where the  
fuck is our mother? Or - or my  
wife? Or kids? Or my uncle? Or our  
big fucking brother? Where's our  
fucking family? Cuz you people -  
*you are NOT OUR FUCKING FAMILY.*  
(growing more hysterical)  
Where was the fucking jet - *OUR JET*  
- so we could say goodbye? Where  
was - did you even call his regular  
doctor? Did you tell them to - to  
fucking not resuscitate? On  
purpose? Are you next of kin?  
(a beat)  
*ARE YOU NEXT OF KIN?*

GERRI  
(quietly)  
No.

KENDALL  
No. We are. We are fucking next of  
kin. Us. You are all nobodies.  
*Nobodies.*

Shiv stands and wraps her arms around Kendall's shaking  
body, easing him onto the couch with Roman. He begins to sob.

SHIV  
Shh. It's okay.

GERRI  
We know how you feel, Kendall -  
we're *all* hurting -

SHIV  
No, Gerri, you don't know how we  
fucking feel. You're staff.

Gerri is quiet.

SHIV (CONT'D)  
(to Tom)  
Can you get everybody out of here?  
It should just be family.

GERRI  
Uh, actually, Logan has left very  
specific instructions.

She puts her glasses on and reads from a sheet of paper.

GERRI (CONT'D)  
'Upon my death, the executor of my  
will shall immediately give each of my  
children the handwritten letter  
addressed to them in the enclosed envelope.  
After they have each had sufficient time to  
accept the contents, the will shall be read  
in the shared presence of all parties'.

Shiv's phone rings.

SHIV  
It's Con.  
(to Gerri)  
Does he know?

GERRI  
No. I've been trying to reach him all day.

Shiv accepts the call.

SHIV

Hey, Con.

(a beat)

No, we're all here, we're just -

(a beat)

It's really not a good time - you need to - okay, okay!

(to the room)

He says to turn on ATN. It's an emergency.

(into the phone)

You're on speaker, Con.

CONNOR (VOICE)

I gotta go - other line.

He hangs up.

SHIV

What the fuck was that?

GERRI

Jesus. They must have it already.

(to Hugo)

How did they get it? Frank?

SHIV

It didn't sound like he knew -

HUGO

Frank wouldn't have leaked -

KARL

Oh please, Frank gets *off* on hurting Logan -

Kerry clicks away at a remote until a news network flashes on the screen with Luxembourgish subtitles. A NEWSCASTER is speaking on a split screen with a photo of Connor getting into an Escalade right behind Mencken.

TOM

(whispering)

What the fuck...

NEWSCASTER

- that Republican Presidential nominee Jerryd Mencken has chosen his Vice President in an unlikely candidate: Connor Roy, the maverick eldest son of Logan Roy.

An audible gasp around the room. The show's angle cuts to a panel of talking heads.

TALKING HEAD 1

I mean, this is extremely unexpected. Roy's campaign barely ever even got off the ground.

TALKING HEAD 2

Circus would be the *polite* word -

Gerri clicks off the TV and leaves the room.

KENDALL

Jesus fucking Christ.

Roman finally lifts his head.

ROMAN

Someone's gotta tell him.

SHIV

He - we can't - he's gonna have speeches, and events and we can't - we can't ruin that for him.

ROMAN

You want him to find out from fucking TMZ mid-speech?

TOM

If anything, this could be good for him.

Shiv, Roman and Kendall stare at him in disbelief.

TOM (CONT'D)

What? You're always about playing the angles, Shiv. This will keep him in the news cycle, it'll get him some sympathy -

KENDALL

Wow. You know, I knew you were a stone-cold cocksucker, but I thought even you would have the decency to wait a half hour before using our father's death to boost ratings.

TOM

Oh, shut up, Kendall -

ROMAN

Hey, Tom, how about you shut up and fuck off with the rest of the help?

Gerri comes back into the room, hanging up her phone.

GERRI

Okay, listen. I just got off the phone with Willa. Frank is sending the PJ to New Mexico to pick them up and disabling the wifi so Connor can't get any emails or texts in the air. They'll be here in the morning.

She faces Kendall, Shiv and Roman. Her voice softens.

GERRI (CONT'D)

Despite what you may think, I love your family.

Roman snorts.

GERRI (CONT'D)

And while all I want to do is wrap you in a hug and send you off to bed, I am legally bound to adhere to the stipulations of your father's will.

She pulls the letters out of her briefcase and distributes them.

GERRI (CONT'D)

We will reconvene tomorrow morning when the executor arrives.

KENDALL

Who's that?

A beat.

GERRI

Your mother.

INT. SHIV AND TOM'S GUESTROOM - NIGHT

Shiv slides off her heels as Tom quietly closes the door.

TOM

Shiv...

SHIV

Tom, I'm -

There's a light knock on the door. Tom opens it. It's Greg.



GREG  
What's going on?

TOM  
What are you doing up here?

GREG  
Well you're sorta supposed to be,  
like, giving a best man's speech  
right now.

Tom looks back at Shiv.

TOM  
I'll handle this.

He slips out of the room and closes the door. He and Greg  
stand in the -

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

- dark hallway. Tom speaks very quietly.

TOM  
Logan has...passed.

GREG  
Passed what?

TOM  
Passed...on.

GREG  
Like - like died?

TOM  
Correct.

Greg leans back against the wall.

GREG  
Oh my god. I'm...I'm...how's Shiv?

TOM  
I haven't really talked to her yet.  
But listen - you go downstairs and  
finish getting married. And *not* a  
word of this to anyone, Greg, or  
you'll be back to using the  
janitor's closet as your office.

Greg gulps.

GREG  
Of - of course.

TOM  
Clench up, buddy. I have a feeling that  
Matsson is gonna be putting his hard  
Swedish dick all up in our asses.

GREG  
(guiltily)  
Well I - I...yeah -

TOM  
Anyway, I'm gonna get back to my  
wife. You get back to yours.

Tom bows and slides back into the -

INT. TOM AND SHIV'S GUESTROOM - NIGHT

- bedroom. Shiv is now in her robe.

SHIV  
What did he want?

TOM  
Oh, nothing, nothing. So, are you -  
He gestures to the unopened letter in her hand.

SHIV  
Oh, uh, I mean, maybe later - I  
just need to use the bathroom and  
I'm, uh, I'm gonna take a shower.

TOM  
Shiv -

SHIV  
I'm fine. I mean, I'm not. But I'm  
fine right now, I just...

She slips into -

INT. SHIV AND TOM'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

- the bathroom with her letter, locks the door, turns the  
shower onto full blast, and slides down onto the floor where  
she hungrily opens her letter. It's one page, typed. As she  
reads, her expression grows from confused, to devastated, to -  
CLOSE on - livid.

INT. ROMAN'S GUESTROOM - NIGHT

I LOVE LUCY plays on the TV, dubbed in French. Tear-stained Roman holds his phone, staring at his text thread with Logan. All of the texts were sent by Roman.

'Happy birthday, old man!'

Unanswered.

'Have a safe flight love u'

Unanswered.

'What do anniversaries, the toilet bowl and the clitoris all have in common?'

Unanswered.

'Kendall misses all of them.'

Marked as READ. Unanswered.

His letter lies unopened next to him.

INT. KENDALL'S GUESTROOM - NIGHT

Kendall in child's pose - downward dog - tree pose - kneeling by the fireplace - striking a match - lighting a fire - stoking it - standing back to admire it.

On a side table next to him, his letter lies open. We have just enough time to see the words 'be a man' before Kendall's hand snatches it away and places it into the fire.

KENDALL

Bye, dad.

He gives a small laugh of disbelief. Picks up his whiskey tumbler, sinks into the armchair.

Downs the whiskey.

Cries.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

Gerri and Kerry enter the reception hall. Greg spots them and rushes over.

GREG

Hey! Hey, Gerri!

GERRI  
Hey, Greg. Congratulations. This is  
really beautiful.

GREG  
I heard - I heard about -

A waiter approaches with a tray of champagne flutes.

WAITER  
Champagne?

Gerry grabs a glass.

KERRY  
No, thank you.

The waiter walks away. Greg continues in a whisper:

GREG  
I heard about Logan.

Gerri chokes on her champagne.

GERRI  
(whispering)  
How?

GREG  
Tom told me.

GERRI  
Gregory, you *must* keep this to yourself.

GREG  
The secret's safe with me. I'm like  
a - a Master lock.

KERRY  
Isn't your email password 'password'?

GREG  
Well, no one would ever expect it.  
So, so really, it's the *perfect*  
password -

GERRI  
Right, well, we're going to head to  
our hotel. We'll be back in the  
morning to reassess our status.  
Connor arrives at 8. You should  
probably be there, too.

GREG

I'm supposed to leave for my  
honeymoon in the morning.

GERRI

Where are you going?

GREG

Ibiza, I - I think? Victoria planned it -

GERRI

Great, we have the PJ. We'll drop you  
guys off on our way back to New York.

Gerri walks away. A frazzled Greg trails behind her.

GREG

I don't think, like, it works like that  
for me now? Like, Victoria has to have  
a plane flown by like, the army or  
something? Like a royal plane?

INT. SHIV AND TOM'S GUESTROOM - NIGHT

Tom relaxes on the bed, reading. Shiv comes out of the  
bathroom in pajamas, hair wet. She sniffles.

TOM

How ya doin?

SHIV

I...I just need to go to sleep.

She collapses on the bed. Tom rolls over.

TOM

Hey, it's going to be okay. We  
don't have to announce anything  
yet. We can just...let this moment  
be about your dad.

Shiv doesn't respond.

TOM (CONT'D)

I know it's tough. He wasn't the  
type of person to let anything go.

Shiv registers his words. This seems like an odd thing to  
say.

SHIV

What do you mean...let anything go?

TOM

Well, I mean - Logan wasn't really a normal person, was he? Normal people worry about if they want to be cremated or who to leave their house to. But Logan spent his final weeks making financial stipulations to his children. Making deals from beyond the grave...kinda makes me love him even more.

Shiv rolls his words around her brain.

SHIV

You knew.

TOM

Hmm?

SHIV

You knew about the letters. You fucking *knew*.

Silence. Tom looks around guiltily.

SHIV (CONT'D)

Did you know he was dead?

TOM

Shiv...

SHIV

Did you know he was dead, Tom?

TOM

Of course I did, Shiv, I'm the only family member on the board.

SHIV

*Family member?*

TOM

Matsson is legally obligated to tell the board when there are any changes - come on Shiv, you know this. Don't act like this is a surprise.

SHIV

I'm his daughter. I'm your *wife*. You walked around a fucking wedding with us all day, eating fucking oysters, knowing our dad was dead. You're fucking sick.

She gets up and slides on a sweatshirt.

SHIV (CONT'D)  
Do you know what's in these  
letters? Hmm?

TOM  
I haven't read them.

SHIV  
Figured. If you had you'd be  
fucking terrified.

TOM  
Where are you going?

SHIV  
Ken was right. I never should have  
married staff.

INT. KENDALL'S GUESTROOM - NIGHT

Kendall is still nursing his glass, staring into the fire.

The door opens. Shiv slides in, holding her letter. She  
stares at Kendall and then sees the opened envelope on the  
table. She sits.

SHIV  
So. What're you gonna do now?

KENDALL  
About what?

SHIV  
I mean, are you gonna come home?  
See your kids? You've been living  
in a fucking, like, fantasyland for  
for 6 months. The last 6 months of  
our dad's life.

KENDALL  
Don't do that, Shiv. Don't start  
that shit. I'm there *because* of him.

SHIV  
You're there because of *you*.

A pause. She glances at the envelope.

SHIV (CONT'D)  
Can I read it?

KENDALL

Burned it.

Shiv pours herself a drink.

SHIV

Tom knew.

Kendall snorts.

KENDALL

Fuck him. Tom's...he's a fucking footnote in your story, Shiv.

She downs her drink.

SHIV

Let's go see what Rom's says.

INT. ROMAN'S GUESTROOM

Roman hasn't moved from his spot on the bed. The door clicks open and Shiv and Kendall enter.

ROMAN

Oh, hello, womb-mates.

Shiv holds up her letter.

SHIV

Did you read yours yet?

ROMAN

No...but judging by your radiant joy I'm assuming it's a love letter?

Shiv crawls into the bed, under the covers.

SHIV

Scoot.

Roman shifts over and Kendall crawls in with them.

ROMAN

Sorry, I'm really not in the mood, my dad just died.

SHIV

Shut up, Rom.

For once, he listens.

Silence.



SHIV (CONT'D)  
Remember when dad took us camping  
and we set the bed on fire trying  
to make s'mores in a fort?

Roman laughs.

ROMAN  
I think that's the last time the  
three of us shared a bed.

A beat.

KENDALL  
That wasn't dad. That was Con.

INT. PRIVATE PLANE - NIGHT

Willa looks out of the window - anxious, nervous. Connor is giddy. A FLIGHT ATTENDANT approaches.

ATTENDANT  
Can I get you anything?

CONNOR  
Oh, uh, yes - what would  
you like, sweetie?

WILLA  
Hmm? Nothing.

CONNOR  
You sure? It's dinnertime.

WILLA  
I'm fine.

CONNOR  
Okay. Uh, well, I'll have, uh...a  
burger, or sandwich, whatever we've  
got. And a red wine.

ATTENDANT  
Certainly.

She walks away.

CONNOR  
You sure you don't want anything?

WILLA  
Mhmm.

CONNOR

Ah, well. You can have some of my burger.

He leans over and covers her ear in kisses. She recoils - he doesn't notice.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Can you believe it? Less than 24 hours and they're flying me halfway across the globe to get a piece of me. What do you think they want?

WILLA

No idea.

CONNOR

I wish they'd just done it over the phone. Gerri was very insistent. Probably want some photo ops at the royal fandango.

Willa gulps nervously.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

It's just funny. When I was running for president I was a joke to them. A joke. I always had, you know, like, an asterisk by my name. I could just - I could hear the asterisk they were putting when they - when they talked about me. Oh, you know, Connor, asterisk, is running for president. Asterisk, Connor is the family moron.

(a beat)

Asterisk. Asterisk. That sounds funny now. That's the word, right? Asterisk? For the little star you put when you want to put fine print?

WILLA

Um...yeah. Asterisk.

CONNOR

Yeah, well. Look who isn't fine print anymore.

The attendant brings a glass of red wine. Connor takes it. He's about to speak again, but -

WILLA

(to Attendant)

We're actually gonna need the whole bottle.

EXT. FINDEL AIRPORT - LUXEMBOURG - DAY

The plane sits on the tarmac. Gerri waits 50 feet away, a black SUV behind her.

Connor and Willa descend the plane's steps. Connor gives a presidential wave. They approach Gerri.

CONNOR  
Hey Gerri. How ya doin?

GERRI  
Oh, uh, I'm fine, fine.

A moment.

CONNOR  
Well, you just flew me to the other side of the world. Do I get a congratulations?

GERRI  
A congratulations?

CONNOR  
I -

He looks at Willa for help. She avoids his gaze.

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
You - didn't you - you saw ATN, right?

GERRI  
Oh! Oh, right, of course, right.  
Congratulations. Very exciting.

CONNOR  
(confused)  
...isn't that...why I'm here?

A beat.

GERRI  
Why don't you two jump in the car?  
We'll chat on the way there.

INT. CHATEAU - DINING ROOM - MORNING

Greg sits alone at the head of a long dining table. A staff of liveried SERVANTS lay out his breakfast. Greg is extremely awkward as a napkin is placed on his lap.

GREG

Uh, could I just get some, uh, some orange juice?

SERVANT

Certainly, sir. And will the Contessa be joining you for breakfast?

GREG

Uh, I don't know, she's asleep I think -

A plate is placed in front of Greg: mushrooms, baked beans, hard boiled eggs, black pudding. Greg gulps.

GREG (CONT'D)

Are those - like - baked beans?

SERVANT

Is this not to your liking, sir?

GREG

No, it's fine, it's great, just - like - maybe do we have, like, some Fruit Loops? Just a side of Fruit Loops? Or Frosted Fl-

Greg's valet enters.

VALET

A phone call for you, sir.

Greg hops up, glad to escape breakfast.

GREG

Thanks.  
(taking the phone)  
Hello?

INT. ROYJO OFFICES - AFTERNOON

MATSSON sits in his glass-walled office surrounded by a group of staff and investors. He talks into a speakerphone on his desk.

MATSSON

Greg!

INTERCUT PHONE CALL WITH GREG/MATSSON

GREG

(squeaky, nervous)  
Oh, hey, man!

MATSSON

Congrats, dude. Sorry I couldn't be there.

GREG

Oh, ha, nah, I mean, I get it, busy guy -

MATSSON

Did you get my gift?

GREG

Uhh...I don't know, I mean, we haven't really opened -

MATSSON

So, I just wanted to nail you down before you fly off to paradise, you lucky fuck.

Greg gulps and gives a nervous laugh.

MATSSON (CONT'D)

So? Are you on board?

GREG

I mean, it's just, like, I don't think I really, like...can have a job anymore?

MATSSON

Oh, Greg, what are you, a housewife? You can do whatever the fuck you want. Harry did, and he's a hell of a lot more important than you are.

GREG

Well, it's just, my schedule, like, we have charity stuff and - and appearances-

MATSSON

Greg. It isn't a question of being allowed to. It's a question of wanting to.

Greg gulps again.

MATSSON (CONT'D)

I don't beg, Greg. So I'll ask you one more time. Are you on board?

INT. ROMAN'S GUESTROOM - MORNING

Shiv, Roman and Kendall are all asleep. Connor stands at the foot of the bed, gazing at them, crying.

He gently touches Roman's foot.

CONNOR  
(whispering)  
Rom?

He gives the foot a little shake.

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
Roman?

Roman blearily opens his eyes.

ROMAN  
Oh, fuck. No.

CONNOR  
Hey, buddy.

Roman shakes Shiv's shoulder. She stirs.

SHIV  
What?

ROMAN  
I had a nightmare that Connor was touching my foot.

Connor rolls his eyes.

CONNOR  
Are you capable of being sensitive for, maybe, 24 hours after our father's death?

ROMAN  
Not really. My insensitivity is a carefully curated defense mechanism.

CONNOR  
Well, your mom's here. Let's get this over with. Wake Kendall up.

ROMAN  
Oh god, must we? Him awake is agony.

INT. SHIV AND TOM'S GUESTROOM - MORNING

Shiv is getting dressed. Tom enters with a cup of coffee.

TOM  
There you are. Where'd you sleep  
last night?

SHIV  
With Roman. We're having an affair.

He places the coffee down in front of her.

TOM  
For you.

SHIV  
Wow, coffee?! Shucks, I guess you  
are a good husband.

TOM  
Shiv -

SHIV  
Tom, we need to talk before this,  
this fucking Bates family reunion.  
This is strictly business now. Do  
you know what's in my letter?

INT. ROMAN'S GUEST BATHROOM - MORNING

Roman is on the toilet, reading his letter. He's crying - and laughing. He looks up to the sky and shouts:

ROMAN  
You're a hypocritical piece of shit!

He goes back to the letter - then, looking down at the ground-

ROMAN (CONT'D)  
Oh, right, sorry. You're definitely  
down there.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

Roman, Kendall and Greg sit on the couches. Greg's valet is serving him a coffee as Shiv enters.

SHIV  
Where is everyone?

VALET

Ms. Kellman's assistant has informed us that their estimated time of arrival is in 5 minutes, madam.

SHIV

(sarcastic)

Wow, prompt and professional.

A ridiculously huge bouquet sits on the table. Shiv grabs the card and snorts.

SHIV (CONT'D)

Matsson sends his "sympathies".  
Sure he fucking does. Greg, can we have the room?

GREG

Uhh, I mean, this is kinda....this is kinda *my* ro....

He sees Shiv's face.

GREG (CONT'D)

Sure, sure.

Greg dusts his hands on his pants and leaves with his valet, shutting the door. Shiv turns to Kendall and Roman.

SHIV

We need to talk before they arrive.

KENDALL

About what?

SHIV

About what? About a - a fucking gameplan. A united front. I mean, they can't enforce shit like this, he can't control meetings from beyond the fucking grave -

ROMAN

If anyone could, it's him.

SHIV

Listen, if we put our inheritances together, we could buy enough stock in RoyJo to have a *voting share*. And then we're a fucking - a team. A real, legally bound team. I mean, it's a fucking start, right?



ROMAN

I mean, I was sorta planning on buying a private island and never seeing any of you ever again, soo...

SHIV

Rom.

ROMAN

Ugh. Fine, twist my dick. I guess it's not the worst idea. Though I still say we fuck this family orgy and just become, like, surf instructors.

KENDALL

I can't.

SHIV

Oh, come on, Ken. You aren't actually taking this monk shit seriously.

KENDALL

No, I can't. As in, I don't get an inheritance.

Silence.

SHIV

Wait, what? Yes you do, you just have to - to do what he says to get it.

KENDALL

I can't do what he says, Shiv.

SHIV

Ken -

The door opens. Gerri marches in, followed by Karl, Hugo, Kerry, Greg and his valet.

GERRI

How are you all feeling?

ROMAN

Oh, just spiffy, thank you.

Shiv holds up her letter.

SHIV

Did you know about these, Gerri?

The door opens again. Connor and Willa enter.

ROMAN

Ladies and gentleman, the President  
of the United States if there's a  
plane crash.

GERRI

(gesturing to the valet)  
What's he doing in here?

GREG

Uh -

GERRI

He needs to go. Sorry, this is  
family and company parties only.

VALET

I apologize, ma'am, but I can only  
follow the direct orders of His Grace.

Roman cackles.

GREG

Uh, I'm good. You're good to, you  
know, whatever. Go take the  
afternoon off. Watch the game!

VALET

The game, sir?

GREG

You know - like - s - sports -

A knock at the door.

The valet opens it.

It's CAROLINE, dressed in all black. She waltzes in. The  
valet exits after her.

CAROLINE

Oh, my darlings.

She approaches her children with her arms open and hugs them.

SHIV

Really, mom? Mourning? I figured  
you'd be wearing sequins.

CAROLINE

Oh, hush. I loved your father.

KENDALL

Clearly. He can even get you to do his dirty work from the grave. Or do you have a direct line straight to hell?

CAROLINE

Good God, Kendall. I hardly think reading aloud how many squillions my ex-husband has left our children is dirty work.

Kendall, Shiv, and Roman meet eyes: She doesn't know?

Caroline walks to the desk where Gerri has prepared the papers.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Right, then. Let's get this over with. Then we can pop out for some lunch in town, toast to your father.

She slides on her eyeglasses and opens a manila envelope, sliding out a stack of papers and scanning the top one.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Right...\$20 million donated to the US Sheriff's Association, \$45 million to Save the Elephants...\$60 million endowment to Harvard...non-taxed deposit to Roy Foundation....all expected. Gerri, could you have those checks cut, please?

She hands Gerri the sheet and reads the next one.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Right-o, next up is personal assets. RoyJo assets and stakes revert to RoyJo jurisdiction. PJs remain in the employ of RoyJo except for the G200 which is to remain housed at Teterboro and be used by immediate family for business purposes only. Ah, sorry Roman dear, I suppose your dreams for a mile high orgy are out the window.

ROMAN

Ha ha. Don't you just love when your mother makes sexual jokes at your expense?

CAROLINE

The island in the Seychelles can be used by immediate family for business or pleasure, or leased out, but not developed.

(MORE)

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Cote d'Azur and Morocco estates and Istanbul penthouse are to be shared among Logan's children and can be sold or leased after 10 years at main resident's discretion.

ROMAN

Aww, let's all be roomies in Istanbul.

CAROLINE

All tenant-occupied residential properties remain under the separate and complete jurisdiction of RoyCo Realty Investments LLC with the P&A contributing to an estate trust. Next of kin, being any and all of Logan's biological children, or their legally appointed representative should they be incapacitated or incapable of rendering free-will speech, shall be granted voting rights upon impending sales of tenant-occupied residential properties. Blah blah blah, some cars and boats, mostly donations, except you keep the yacht. Oh, sorry, no. That's Greg.

GREG

Huh? What's Greg?

CAROLINE

The yacht.

KENDALL

What do you mean the yacht is Greg?

CAROLINE

Greg gets the yacht. It's a wedding gift, apparently. Shit, sorry Greg, I only sent a gravy boat.

ROMAN

We were supposed to bring gifts?

SHIV

Hang on, this is - this is insane, Greg gets our yacht?

GREG

What's the big deal? You just got like, 6 houses.

CONNOR

Come on, you guys, be generous.  
None of this stuff really matters.  
I'm sure Greg will let you use the  
yacht if you want to.

GREG

Well -

ROMAN

Whatever. I've puked on every  
surface of that yacht. Enjoy.

Greg ignores him. He's like a kid in a candy store.

CAROLINE

Enough, enough. On to the only thing  
anyone cares about, inheritances.

GREG

Uh, if it's cool, I'm gonna go, like,  
tell Victoria about Logan's gift?

ROMAN

Aww. I bet duchesses love hand-me-downs.

GREG

She is, actually, very eco-  
conscious, she loves thrifting -

TOM

A yacht pours, like, thousands of  
gallons of oil into the sea, Greg.  
It's a wildlife killer.

GREG

Well - whatever! She probably  
doesn't even know that!  
(he gulps)  
I'm gonna go ask her if I'm allowed  
to keep it -

Greg leaves.

ROMAN

He's gonna reproduce. We're fucked.

CAROLINE

Right, back to the matter at hand,  
please? I'm getting peckish.  
(turning back to the paper)  
Oh, he's written a note. 'On the matter  
of my children's inheritances.

(MORE)

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I did not work my ass off for 7 decades to wrap my spoils in a silk fucking ribbon for my pedestrian offspring. The hair on my cock has more potential than those sycophants. Maybe it's my fault. Maybe I spoiled them. Maybe I never gave them a chance to prove themselves. So now, I am.'

(looking up. Awkward pause - then -)  
Christ, what a drama queen.

KENDALL

It's a - a total fucking joke, mom.  
You don't have to keep reading.

CAROLINE

Sadly, I do.

(looking back to paper)

'I have written each of my children a letter detailing the stipulations of my expectations.'

She looks inside the envelope, confused, but -

GERRI

I already handed them out.

CONNOR

What? I didn't get one.

Caroline keeps reading.

CAROLINE

'For the sake of ensuring these stipulations are recorded as official documents, I have written them out below, to be read aloud.'

Her eyes scan the following sheets - but then stops, staring at the paper. Calmly, she sets it down.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Could we have all staff leave the room, please?

GERRI

Uh - I'm - I'm supposed to stay.

CAROLINE

Does it stipulate that in the will?

GERRI

Well, *Logan* stipulated -

CAROLINE  
I'm afraid Logan isn't here, is he?

GERRI  
I'm their Godmother.

CAROLINE  
I'm their *mother*.

Embarrassed silence from Gerri.

She follows Hugo, Karl and Kerry toward the door.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)  
And spouses. Anyone not related by  
blood. Out.

Miffed, Tom and Willa follow toward the door. They are all  
about to exit when -

CAROLINE (CONT'D)  
Oh, except for you, dear. With the  
bangs. Kerry, is it?

Gerri, Hugo and Karl look surprised. Kerry doesn't. She takes  
a seat next to Shiv, who looks affronted.

SHIV  
What the hell?

Gerri, Hugo, Karl, Tom and Willa leave and shut the door.

There is a heavy silence. Caroline is judgmental, Kerry  
expectant, Connor indignant, Shiv, Roman and Kendall nervous.

SHIV (CONT'D)  
What's going on, mom?

CONNOR  
Yeah, great question, Shiv. Why  
didn't I get the letter my dead  
father wrote me?

Caroline clears her throat.

CAROLINE  
Perhaps I should continue reading.  
'To Kendall, Siobhan and Roman, I  
leave 1.8 billion US dollars  
apiece, to be used as they wish,  
under the stipulations provided in  
the enclosed personal letters -'

KENDALL

Mom, I really don't think Kerry should -

CONNOR

Where the *fuck* is my letter? I am *sick* and tired of being treated like an asterisk. Like an afterthought. Even in the fucking *afterlife*!

ROMAN

I'm sorry, 1.8? It should be at least - at least 5, if it's split 4 ways. At least 5.

Ignoring Kendall and Roman, Caroline flips through the folder.

CAROLINE

I'm sorry, Connor, I don't think you got one.

He falters.

CONNOR

I didn't - I didn't *get one*? What do you mean? I'm his son, I'm his - I'm his first-born son - of course I got a letter -

KENDALL

Seriously, Kerry needs to go. What the fuck is she doing in here?

SHIV

Yeah, if Tom can't be in here -

Caroline holds up her hand to silence them, but -

SHIV (CONT'D)

Uh, yeah, no. No. We don't give authorization for our personal details -

ROMAN

Dad's little fuckin' American Girl doll needs to -

CAROLINE

Shut the fuck up, all of you.

She turns back to the paper.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

'To Connor I leave the New Mexico ranch in which he currently resides, and 1% of RoyJo stock.'

Dead silence.



CONNOR  
(quietly)  
What?

SHIV  
Con...

KENDALL  
Hey, man. Hey. You're okay. It's okay. He was out of his mind at the end. Meds, dehydration. He was delusional. It doesn't mean anything. It doesn't -

KERRY  
Actually he was perfectly lucid until the very end.

KENDALL  
Who the *fuck* are you?

SHIV  
Seriously, can you get the fuck out, please?

CONNOR  
That can't - that can't be *all*.  
Keep reading.

Caroline stares at the group. It seems she doesn't want to keep reading. Nevertheless -

CAROLINE  
'I leave my remaining assets, including my Manhattan home and funds, both liquid and stock, to the one child who has not deeply disappointed me and sought to destroy my legacy for sport.'

Connor lets out a relieved laugh.

CONNOR  
Phew! Ha! Thank you, Pops!

CAROLINE  
'My unborn child will inherit their fortune at age 18, until which time their mother, Kerry Alexandra Brockton, will have full and unmitigated access and ownership.'

Silence.

EXT. CHATEAU - DAY

Connor is racing down a gravel path, rocks flying - Shiv, Kendall and Roman hurry after him.

SHIV

Con, wait -

They get to a deserted area of lawn, where Connor stops. A lonely marquee is leftover from the party, flapping in the wind, with a few abandoned Chiavari chairs. He rounds on his siblings.

CONNOR

Which one of you fucking - FUCKS - did this.

SHIV

W - what?

CONNOR

You all - you - you crawled into our dad's brain like - like fucking maggots. You've never wanted me, never - I've never been invited, I've never been included, I've never been respected. But this? It's a new low, even for you three.

ROMAN

Are you out of your fucking mind? You got off fuckin' easy compared to us.

CONNOR

What the fuck does that mean? You got - you got billions of dollars! You got fucking *goodbye letters*!

Shiv laughs.

SHIV

Goodbye letters? More like fucking death threats.

ROMAN

We have to do things in order to get a fucking cent.

Connor is confused.

CONNOR

What things?

Embarrassed pause. It's time to come clean to each other.

SHIV

I have to stay with Tom, and can't be involved with the company. And I have to - I have to have Tom's kid.

CONNOR

How - how is that bad?!

SHIV

I want a divorce. I want to get back on the board. And I don't - you know, my kids will just be fucking walking, talking dollar bills. It's a really healthy fucking dynamic.

Roman laughs.

ROMAN

Oh, I'm Shiv, I have to be married to my CEO husband and have ginger babies and be a stay at home billionaire, poor me! Start a fuckin' GoFundMe.

SHIV

Oh, huh, okay, Rom, if my terrible, miserable fucking marriage is such a joke to you, why don't you tell us what little fucking baby chore daddy asked you to do? Do you have to drive a Honda? Live in Queens?

ROMAN

Oh, okay. I have to register as a sex offender.

SHIV

The fuck?

CONNOR

Nahh, he's gotta be kidding -

ROMAN

I guess one rogue dick pic really traumatized him.

SHIV

Oh, yeah, that was it. Not the *four* separate HR complaints -

CONNOR

What about you, Ken?

Ken is silent.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Ken?

KENDALL

If I want - uh - or want my  
children - to, uh - to rub two  
coins together, I - I - uh -

Kendall breaks down into tears and falls to his knees, his tunic billowing behind him. A lifetime of guilt has both been lifted from and dropped onto his shoulders today.

Connor looks extremely concerned. This is old news to Roman and Shiv.

CONNOR

Ken? What's wrong, buddy?

ROMAN

Jesus fuck. What's with this family  
and weddings?

KENDALL

Agh.

He wipes his tears.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

I have to turn myself into the police.

CONNOR

What? For what?

KENDALL

Fuckin - murder, man.

CONNOR

*Murder?*

KENDALL

That kid, the kid, the waiter who  
died at Shiv's wedding. That was -  
that was me.

SHIV

The fucking curse of the Wambsgans  
wedding.

KENDALL

I'm gonna go to jail, you guys. I -  
I can't. I can't do that. I can't  
do that to my kids.

ROMAN

Oh, for fuck's sake. Dad is such a fucking fuck. You didn't do anything -

CONNOR

You knew about this, Roman?

SHIV

We all knew -

CONNOR

I didn't know!

KENDALL

Just fucking - it doesn't fucking matter. It's irrelevant. What's done is - I can't let my fuck up life fuck up my kids. They deserve their inheritance. It's not like I can fucking provide. I'm just, I'm -

He exhales. Loud, long. Like he's really letting go. He stands up.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

Well, Con. There you go. I guess it turns out you're the only kid dad really loved.

CONNOR

No, Kendall. I'm the only kid dad *didn't* love enough to bother hating. I'm not even - not even worth punishing.

KENDALL

You're a fuckin' sick - whatever, bro. I'd give anything to be in your shoes right now.

CONNOR

Yeah? Wanna trade? Let's trade.

SHIV

Oh, for fuck's sake. Stop. Dad's dead. He's just trying to scare us. We don't have to listen to him, we - we can unite, we can get lawyers, we can - I mean, this has to be considered blackmail, right?

ROMAN

Absolutely, complete blackmail -

KENDALL

If everyone's forgotten, there's a fucking pregnant assistant inside who probably forged his fucking writing, or, or is faking it or, fuckin, it's someone else's - how does a dude fuckin' weeks away from, from being a corpse get someone pregnant, I mean, is that even possible -

SHIV

Maybe they used IVF or something -

ROMAN

But why?

SHIV

Oh, I don't know, to fuck us all over, maybe?

ROMAN

What does he think - this shit will make us better people? Who fucking cares? I already tried therapy, it didn't work.

SHIV

So we - we go back home together, the four of us, and we contest this. We hire the best fucking attorney - get Frank on board - I mean, we can, we can show he wasn't of sound mind, he was being influenced - and we obviously have to demand a paternity test -

KENDALL

There have to be earlier drafts before the fucking grave digger shoveled up - drafts where the four of us are equal -

CONNOR

Excuse me. I am supposed to be in the middle of a presidential campaign. A campaign I can no longer *AFFORD*! I can't - I can't be embroiled in this type of scandal -

SHIV

And having a brother in jail and the other in - in fucking raper rehab is better?

(MORE)

SHIV (CONT'D)

Listen, Con, the four of us have been battling for, what, four decades? It's time we stick together. Maybe that was the fucking trick the whole time.

Connor rubs his forehead.

SHIV (CONT'D)

Come on Con, it's - it's the only way to get what we deserve.

CONNOR

Do we?

SHIV

What?

CONNOR

Do we deserve it? And what if Kerry really is pregnant, and what if it really is dad's?

KENDALL

So what?

CONNOR

Then why would we deserve anything more than that kid does?

ROMAN

Oh, fuck you, are you on your fucking period? I thought you were running as a fucking republican.

CONNOR

I'm running as a good person. Because I want to - to help people. To do some good in the world.

KENDALL

Oh, you wanna do some good in the world?  
(he laughs)  
Be a fucking nurse.

CONNOR

You sound like dad.

KENDALL

That's cuz those were his words. To me. At Shiv's wedding. When I was being a fucking pussy like you.

Connor makes a threatening fist, but backs off. He collapses into a spare chair and wipes a few tears away.

CONNOR

I just wish I could miss him.

They're out of words. We watch them deflate.

INT. CHATEAU - CONNOR AND WILLA'S GUEST ROOM - DAY

Connor enters. Willa sits on the bed - she comes to attention.

WILLA

How'd it go?

A huge bouquet sits on the dresser. Connor wanders over to it.

WILLA (CONT'D)

Those came a few minutes ago.

Connor fingers the card and flips it open. It reads:

*My sympathies. Take time to grieve and settle affairs. We will reconvene next week. - Jeryd Mencken*

Connor laughs ironically.

CONNOR

Let's go home.

WILLA

Is everything okay?

CONNOR

Yeah. Oh, yeah. It will be. My siblings and I just need to speak with some lawyers, that's all. Better get on it.

INT. SHIV AND TOM'S GUEST BATHROOM - DAY

Shiv is in the bathroom, her phone to her ear. We hear a tinny VOICE pick up -

VOICE

Trinity Fertility Clinic, how can I help you?

Shiv speaks quietly.



SHIV  
Hi, this is Siobhan Roy. I need an urgent  
- *discreet* - appointment for tomorrow.

VOICE  
Would this be for a follow up or  
for implantation?

A beat.

SHIV  
Implantation.

VOICE  
Certainly. Moira can see you at 3.

SHIV  
Great-

TOM  
(through the door)  
Shiv? You in there?

Shiv hangs up and hurriedly leans over the toilet, making  
retching sounds. Tom opens the door.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Shiv? Oh, no. You're probably stressed.  
Or is it the oysters again?

Shiv quickly flushes, wipes her face with a towel, pulls  
herself up and rinses her mouth at the sink. She looks at Tom  
in the mirror.

SHIV  
I'm pregnant.

He freezes.

SHIV (CONT'D)  
That's right, you knocked up your  
little housewife. Congrats, daddy.

Tom looks like he may throw up and jump for joy at the same time.

SHIV (CONT'D)  
Do you still want that divorce?

INT. PRIVATE PLANE - DAY

Shiv, Tom, Roman, Kendall, Connor and Willa are scattered  
about the cabin of the plane. They're silent, morose.  
Foreboding. Preparing for a battle they don't want to fight.

A slowed-down cover of "Daddy Come And Get Me" by Dolly Parton plays.

We look at Connor, who looks at Shiv, who looks at Roman, who looks at Kendall. Kendall gives an infinitesimal nod, taking his rightful place as leader, to fight a final battle against his father. Close on his face - *this time, I'll win.*

**THE END.**