EQUITY

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INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE. MORNING

A sea of people BUZZING in excitement -- reporters, officials, men in dark suits. Occasional flashes of color as women in brighter attire elbow through the crowd. Screens hover overhead, each alive with rows of numbers.

Traders shouting orders, flashbulbs popping, constant videotaping on cell phones.

IPO REPORTER #1 (O.S.)
What a historic day Eric!

And now we pull back, realizing that the chaos at the stock exchange is actually happening on a TV screen.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. DAY

We see the face of a beautiful woman, her sharp eyes focused on the screen. This is NAOMI, early 40’s, poised, tough, brilliant, and pissed off by what she’s watching.

On the TV, a bubbly female reporter holds court at the edge of the crowd.

IPO REPORTER #1
You’ve seen the hordes of people cheering, just now I think we had the biggest WOO I’ve heard all day. Nobody expected Dynacorps stock to climb to 47--

An impersonal sleek hotel room. Naomi gazes at the TV, as she gets ready to head out for a day of meetings. A second reporter, back at the studio.

IPO REPORTER #2
This IPO is certainly one of the biggest we’ve seen this year--

Naomi shuts off the TV.

She keeps her gaze on the empty screen a moment. She exhales.

TECH CEO (O.S.)
So, what happened with Dynacorps?

INT. SUSHI RESTAURANT. NIGHT

NAOMI wines and dines an eager 25-year-old male CEO of a tech company. He talks with his mouth full.
NAOMI
They elected to work with Channing Trust for the offering.

TECH CEO
But you had a long history with those guys, didn’t you?

She meets his gaze. Around them, chopsticks fly over colorful platters.

TECH CEO (CONT’D)
Word is you low-balled them on pricing.

NAOMI
Pricing is a judgment call.

TECH CEO
But ultimately they IPO’d at the higher price.

NAOMI
Listen Doug, I’ve taken 9 Silicon Valley companies public in the last five years. You want to talk about the one I didn’t take to the finish line?

Naomi leans forward, enjoying herself.

NAOMI (CONT’D)
Here’s what nobody wants to admit. Everything is a judgment call. And yes, you need to trust your banker, because this is a partnership. You guys are the innovators, who can build technology the rest of us are not even imagining. But without funding, that’s just tinkering in a garage. I work for the largest investment bank in the world. And we both know I found you guys capital when you were a couple of kids with a laptop and a dream. So we can talk about last year’s IPO calendar, or we can talk about how to grow your company so you can build technology that’s going to transform people’s lives.

The Ceo nods, impressed.
NAOMI (CONT’D)
You try the Tasmanian Sea Trout?

Naomi smiles and pops one in her mouth.

EXT. NEW YORK SKYLINE. EVENING (STOCK FOOTAGE)
A plane lands against the backdrop of the shimmering buildings of the city.

INT. LYFT CAR. EVENING
Naomi gazes at the lights of the city gliding by from the back of a luxury car.

INT. MICHAEL’S APARTMENT. NIGHT
We track through the apartment, finding the remnants of dinner for two, takeout on fancy plates, an empty wine bottle, a pair of discarded high heels.

On the balcony, MICHAEL pours amber scotch into a glass. He is late 40s, handsome and charismatic. He hands the glass to Naomi. Michael is sharp; nothing gets past this guy.

They are in Michael’s dimly lit enormous loft apartment. Michael plays with Naomi’s hair.

MICHAEL
You smell like the ocean.

NAOMI
You smell like noodles. Singapore?

MICHAEL
Hong Kong.

Naomi takes a sip of scotch.

NAOMI
What have you heard?

MICHAEL
I’m in a completely different division of the bank.

NAOMI
You’re on the exec. Restructuring? Randall’s retiring?

He hesitates, gives in.
MICHAEL
Yes.

NAOMI
They’ll need a new global head.

MICHAEL
Now you’re beyond my scope.

NAOMI
I’m a top producer for this firm.

MICHAEL
Naomi.

He tucks her hair behind her ear.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
You lost a major client.

She looks at him sharply.

NAOMI
Are you saying I should be worried?

He hesitates.

MICHAEL
No. You’ll be fine.

NAOMI
It’s late.

She slips into her shoes.

MICHAEL
Stay.

NAOMI
I’m exhausted.

MICHAEL
We’ll crash early. What’s so good about your bed anyway?

She looks at him, brings her face close to his, seductive.

NAOMI
Threadcount.

And she’s out the door.
INT. NAOMI’S APARTMENT - BEDROOM. NIGHT

An enormous bed with rumpled luxury sheets. The bed is empty. Through a doorway we see Naomi in an office alcove, typing at the computer in a silk nightgown.

EXT. REMSON OFFICES. DAY.

INT. REMSON OFFICES. DAY

Naomi walks past a conference room with 10 senior male bankers in an intense conversation. One of them glances up at her through the glass. Suddenly she feels self-conscious—could they be talking about her?

She moves on briskly.

INT. NAOMI’S OFFICE. DAY

As Naomi heads into her office, her chatty ASSISTANT hands her an espresso.

ASSISTANT
How was your weekend?

NAOMI
Fine, thanks Gloria.

A sleek, large office. A row of Lucite deal trophies lines a shelf.

Naomi clicks through her email with lightning speed.

ERIN enters the office in a stylish suit, carrying a heavy pitch book. Erin is 34, smart, pretty and athletic.

ERIN
San Fran good?

Naomi keeps her eyes on the screen.

NAOMI
You read up on the companies? Which one stands out?

ERIN
I was looking at—
NAOMI
Cachet. I’ve got a hunch they’re looking to expand. You’ve got numbers on them?

Erin glances down at her book. She does not have those numbers.

ERIN
I will send them right over.

Naomi nods and starts typing something. She notices Erin is still standing there.

ERIN (CONT’D)
Everyone’s saying there’s going to be some movement around here... and I am wondering if this might be the time to--

NAOMI
No, not right now.

Naomi’s fingers fly over the keyboard. Erin does not budge. Naomi finally turns her full attention to her.

NAOMI (CONT’D)
I told you I’d make a push for you. And I will. But right now HR is out there snatching Blackberries.

ERIN
I get that. But I’ve been under-compensated two years in a row.

NAOMI
It’s a down year. And I am still getting feedback that you are... too nice.

ERIN
Who says that?

NAOMI
Clients, for one.

ERIN
How can you be too nice to clients?

NAOMI
(Sincerely) Erin, we will get you there. You have to trust me on this one.
Erin nods.

NAOMI (CONT’D)
I need those numbers.

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INT. REMSEN BATHROOM. DAY

Erin tries to stop herself from crying in a bathroom stall.

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INT. ERIN’S OFFICE. NIGHT

A janitor pushes a mop down the quiet deserted hallway. Only a few of the offices are lit.

In one of them, Erin revises graphs in a smaller, but still nicely-decorated office.

She rubs her eyes, stretches her neck, and reaches for a plastic cup of green juice which has the word KALE scribbled on it. She grimaces as she drinks.

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INT. NAOMI’S APARTMENT - BEDROOM. NIGHT

Naomi gets ready for bed, washing her face, taking out her diamond earrings. Her jewelry is neatly arranged in boxes from Tiffany’s.

She climbs into bed, switching on a flatscreen TV, clicking to resume an episode of Scandal.

Her laptop BINGS. She mutes Scandal as she grabs the laptop, and opens an attachment from Erin, labeled CACHET. She begins expertly scanning the data.

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INT. REMSON OFFICES. DAY

Naomi moves swiftly through the office, looking over the papers as she walks, Erin at her side.

NAOMI
These are their latest projections?

Naomi holds out a graph.

NAOMI (CONT’D)
That can’t be right--

ERIN
I know, I just caught that.
NAOMI
Who did this graph?

ERIN
Teddy. I told you, he’s careless.

Naomi stops abruptly. Turns so she can see in the distance a bunch of young Associates at their cubicles.

NAOMI
When did they all start growing these mustaches?

ERIN
I’m sure there’s a bet.

TEDDY, 24, boyish with a hint of a mustache, laughs loudly, projecting nothing but ease and confidence.

NAOMI
Who’s fucking kid is he again?

ERIN
Nephew. Lawrence Sidel.

NAOMI
Jesus Christ.

ERIN
I can fix it.

NAOMI
The mustache?

Erin smiles, reaching for the papers.

NAOMI (CONT’D)
Thank you.

INT. REMSON OFFICES. MORNING

Naomi walks briskly towards Randall’s office. Out of the corner of her eye, she notices a 53 year old executive in a nice suit carrying a box of belongings, flanked by two burly security guards.

INT. RANDALL’S OFFICE. DAY

A gorgeous office with floor-to-ceiling windows. Many Lucite trophies and framed portraits of bankers with executives.
Naomi faces RANDALL, Global Head of Equity Capital Markets, late 50s, imposing, deliberate. He’s been at the top for a long time.

A perky HR WOMAN, early 30’s, stands nearby, flipping through a file, and watching Randall, who stares at a small tower of Jenga blocks on his gleaming desk. Naomi waits, on edge.

Randall carefully pulls out a Jenga block. The tower barely trembles.

    RANDALL
    Naomi. Thanks for coming in.

    NAOMI
    Of course.

Naomi glances at the HR woman.

    RANDALL
    You know Leslie, from HR. She needs a couple more names, from your department.

Naomi relaxes almost imperceptibly, nods.

    NAOMI
    Teddy Sidel, and Arthur Abbott.

    HR WOMAN
    You do know who Teddys’s uncle is?

    NAOMI
    You asked me to identify the weakest performers. What you do with that information is up to you.

HR Woman smirks, nods to Randall, and goes.

    RANDALL
    I’m sure you’ve heard the talk. I’m gettin out. Retiring.

    NAOMI
    Congratulations.

    RANDALL
    You never want to stay too late at the party.

He gestures to the trophies around the office.
RANDALL (CONT’D)
And this particular party is sobering up.

Randall turns back to his blocks.

RANDALL (CONT’D)
Your turn.

Naomi looks at him, a bit surprised. She reaches for one of the blocks and pushes it gently.

RANDALL (CONT’D)
Steady now.

Naomi pulls the block out; the tower remains intact.

NAOMI
So they’ll be naming a new group head.

He looks her in the eye.

RANDALL
Look, Naomi, I’m going to be frank with you. This doesn’t look like your year.

NAOMI
Because of Dynacorps.

RANDALL
I’ve asked around about what happened there. The perception is... that you rubbed some people the wrong way.

Naomi’s face is unreadable; she does not want to betray her true feelings. Randall does not look away from her.

RANDALL (CONT’D)
They’re looking for a rainmaker.

Naomi smiles tightly. We begin to hear the sounds of punching, grunting.

INT. NAOMI’S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Naomi kickboxes violently, her TRAINER meeting every blow with his pads. Sweat runs down her face.

TRAINER
You’re hesitating! Go, go, go!!!
She freezes for a second, then lunges forward with a primal scream.

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INT. MICHAEL’S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Naomi refills her scotch and hands one to Michael.

    NAOMI
    I mean at least hit me with facts. Use my numbers against me, but perception-- what the fuck do I do with that?

    MICHAEL
    You never really told me, what happened with Dynacorps.

    NAOMI
    I’m sure you read the tweets. Apparently I wore the wrong outfit.

He shakes his head.

    NAOMI (CONT’D)
    The truth is I don’t know. And it’s my fucking alarm clock. Three, four in the morning, I’m asking myself-- what the fuck happened?? Replaying the negotiations in my head, the valuation, the pricing. I’ve been in hundreds of those meetings and I’ve never had one go south.

He looks at her, surprised she is being so candid with him.

    NAOMI (CONT’D)
    You don’t do that, right? Men don’t lose sleep over this stuff.

    MICHAEL
    Oh we do. But we don’t turn on ourselves. More fun to be pissed at someone else.

She smiles.

    MICHAEL (CONT’D)
    What’s the biggest deal you could get. Right now.
NAOMI
Cachet just hired their 12th board member.

MICHAEL
So they’re looking to go public.

She nods, tasting the adrenaline of her next pursuit.

NAOMI
I found VC’s for that kid when he had five employees.

INT. MENTORING EVENT SPACE. EVENING

An lofty space lined with bookshelves and high windows.

Naomi mingles effortlessly, laughing and chatting with an ethnically diverse crowd of women, mostly in their 20s. She is a star, but an approachable one, with women clamoring to talk to her.

SAMANTHA, beautiful, tough, and smartly dressed, watches Naomi from across the room. She is familiar with Naomi’s charisma. She chooses her moment to approach.

SAM
Naomi Bishop?

Naomi turns, smiles warmly.

NAOMI
Samantha Ryan.

SAM
I thought you hated alumni events!

NAOMI
Well, you know. Important to give back. Especially to mentor the--

She turns, noticing a large sign reading “City Women,” with a cartoon drawing of a giant high heel climbing a building.

NAOMI (CONT’D)
Is that the logo?

Sam laughs.

SAM
I think these young women look at me like what not to do.

(MORE)
SAM (CONT'D)
Like how to go to law school and still end up broke.

NAOMI
There must be at least one young idealist out there. How are things? You’re still at the US Attorney’s, locking up the drug dealers?

SAM
I’m actually in your area now. White collar crime. Securities division.

NAOMI
Well, good for you.

SAM
And you’re still at Remson?

NAOMI
I’m a lifer. Golden handcuffs. You got a file on us?

SAM
I imagine we’ve got a file on everybody.

They are smiling, but this hangs in the air a moment.

SAM (CONT’D)
Let’s get that drink we always swear we will and never do. I know, you’re very busy-

NAOMI
Let’s do it. It’s been too long.

SAM
I’ll call-- your people. You do have people?

Naomi just smiles at this.

INT. MENTORING EVENT SPACE. EVENING

Faces of various women, as they listen intently. A put-together Asian YOUNG WOMAN takes the microphone.

YOUNG WOMAN
I’m wondering, for each of you, what’s that thing that really makes you want to get up in the morning?
Naomi, Samantha, and three other women face the audience.

NAOMI
I guess the simplest answer is: I like money.

Some people laugh nervously, but the women in the audience are loving this. Sam listens.

NAOMI (CONT’D)
I do. I mean that’s the honest answer. I like numbers, I like a challenge, I love negotiation. But let’s just be clear. I really like money. I like knowing I have it. I grew up without money, in a house where there was never enough. I was raised by a single mom with four kids. I took my first job on Wall Street so I could pay for my little brothers to go to college. Remson gave me that chance and I’ve been there ever since.

Naomi sees a woman nodding sympathetically.

NAOMI (CONT’D)
But I’m not going to stand here and tell you I only do what I do so I can take care of other people. Because it is okay to do it for ourselves. For how it makes us feel. Secure? Yes. Powerful? When you understand VALUE, COST, what we will pay for, what we will risk, and what we can build? That’ll get you up in the morning.

Sam leans forward now, intrigued.

NAOMI (CONT’D)
I’m glad it’s acceptable now for women to talk openly about ambition. But don’t let money be a dirty word. We can like that too.

EXT. U.S. ATTORNEY’S OFFICE. DAY

People swarm up the courthouse steps.
Sam reviews a spreadsheet in the spare and somewhat cluttered space, under fluorescent lights.

Her colleague, FRANK, 40’s, a guy from Brooklyn who calls it like it is, appears in the doorway.

FRANK
You go to the thing? You talk to her? Your friend?

SAM
I did.

FRANK
And? She give you anything on the hedge fund guy?

SAM
I haven’t seen the woman in 5 years. What is it you think she’s going to give me, during our appearance at a Vassar alumni reception?

FRANK
Look, this was your idea to get to the bank this way.

SAM
I said I would make contact.

FRANK
And?

SAM
I made contact.

He just stares at her. She gives him a confident smile. She reaches for a stack of files and opens the one on top.

Samantha munches a Snickers bar as she pours over spreadsheets, memos, and reports.

She scribbles names and numbers on a legal pad -- “Remson” “Michael Connor” “Titanite.”
INT. NAOMI’S APARTMENT – KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

The kitchen is open to the living room. Naomi opens her fridge, revealing immaculate shelves. A bottle of wine, a couple of takeout containers, a giant bag of carrots. She grabs a box of upscale fish food.

She turns to a square tank containing a spectacular beta fish, and sprinkles the food into the water. The tank seems unusually large for such a small creature.

INT. ERIN’S APARTMENT – BEDROOM. NIGHT

Erin packs haphazardly by the light of her phone. Her husband GABE, 35, groans from the bed. He’s charming, smart, and down-to-earth.

GABE
What time’s your car coming?

ERIN
4:30.

GABE
Jesus. You need to sleep.

ERIN
Please don’t tell me what I need.

GABE
I get it, you have to win the bake sale.

She smiles.

ERIN
Bake off.

GABE
Bring me a brownie?

ERIN
A brownie? I’m bringing home the fucking bakery.

She climbs into bed.

GABE
I hope I never have to battle you for anything.

ERIN
‘Cause you’d lose!
He grabs her, pulling her to him.

**ERIN (CONT’D)**
(laughing, between kisses) 4:30!!

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**EXT. AIRPORT. DAY (STOCK FOOTAGE)**

The plane touches down.

Quick montage of images of San Francisco: the sloping streets, Chinatown, the trolley.

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**INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT**

Naomi opens the door of her room to Erin, who holds out a stack of papers.

**ERIN**
New specs.

**NAOMI**
Terrific.

Erin stifles a yawn.

**ERIN**
Is there anything else you need?

**NAOMI**
I need my team to stay awake for the pitch tomorrow. Go on, get some rest.

Erin nods, grateful.

**ERIN**
They do have a whole menu of pillows here.

**NAOMI**
I’d go with number five.

**ERIN**
Good choice. Soft edges, firm at the core.
She turns to go.

INT. CACHET LOBBY. DAY

Teddy and BILL, a young African-American Associate, take a peek at Naomi and Erin who practice the pitch behind glass doors. Bill leans in to Teddy.

BILL
What do you think she makes?

TEDDY
Five fifty base.

BILL
Okay, but what’s the bonus? I mean it’s true, right, the girls get less?

Teddy sees that Naomi and Erin are emerging through the glass doors.

TEDDY
And here they are. Game time ladies!

Naomi just looks at him.

NAOMI
You know what’s fascinating about you, Teddy? You are a survivor.

He looks at her quizzically. Erin tries to hide a smile.

A team of men in stunning suits goes past them, chuckling.

BILL
Was that Channing?

Teddy nods.

TEDDY
My uncle says Remson’s eyeing that tall guy. For next Global Head.

He trails off, unnerved by Naomi’s steely gaze.

NAOMI
Boys, we have a pitch to give.

She is focused, like an athlete just before a game.
A less corporate, funkier conference room than those we have seen. On the wall, a giant gold key made up of lines of code.

The CEO, ED, 29, is flanked by his CFO, IAN, a numbers wiz who protects Ed like a younger brother, at the head of a table crowded with casually dressed managers. Ed still has the look of a kid who plays too many video games. Restless energy pulses under his casual exterior.

Teddy and Bill distribute pitch books. Erin notices that the pens say “Channing Trust,” left behind by the competition. She casually flicks one into a nearby trashcan as Naomi begins the pitch. Naomi lives for this; she is in her element.

NAOMI
When I was a kid, if you wanted privacy, if you wanted to send a secret message, you made invisible ink with vinegar.

Teddy proudly displays a large seemingly blank piece of poster board.

NAOMI (CONT’D)
And when you were ready to “go public” you revealed your message with grape juice.

Bill takes a large paintbrush dipped in grape juice and “paints” across the posterboard. The Remson logo appears in purple as he does this.

People are nodding, smiling. They appreciate this touch.

Naomi sees Ian and a few others opening the pitch book, and gives a silent go-ahead to Erin. Numbers time.

ERIN
But Cachet has certainly taken privacy to the next level, and we are so pleased to have the chance to foster that growth. If you open your books to page 2, you’ll see in the first model, that we are predicting a valuation of $820 million at 34 to 36 a share.

Ian and Ed flip through the graphs and models.
IAN
Well, you’re certainly presenting us with some compelling numbers...

NAOMI
You guys can see we’ve done our homework. But that’s not why you’re going to give us this deal.

ED
Okay...

NAOMI
I remember what you told me the first day we met: we’re not a social media company with privacy settings, we’re a privacy company that can build a social network. An impenetrable social network. I understood that. The NEED for that. I felt it in my gut. Some people thought you guys were paranoid, investors wouldn’t go for it. Now fast forward: Edward Snowden, nude photos of actresses, the Sony hack. Your revenue jumps. Your competitors start rolling out. But we were ahead of the curve. Because we understood that every day it gets harder to trust people in this world. And security is the hottest commodity around.

Ed is nodding. Ian looks impressed. Others are too. Erin catches Naomi’s eye. They’ve got this.

EXT. AIRPORT. DAY
An airplane touches down in New York.

INT. NAOMI’S OFFICE. DAY
Naomi’s fingers fly over the keyboard. Financial news plays in the background, muted.

The phone rings and she grabs it.

NAOMI
Naomi.
A moment. She breaks into a wide smile.

    NAOMI (CONT’D)
    Well I am glad to hear that.

We see the IPO Reporter on the television screen in her office, then start to hear:

    IPO REPORTER #1
    In tech news, get out your IPO calendar--

As we CUT TO

31  INT. ERIN’S OFFICE. DAY

Erin holds a plank pose on her elbows, hovering over her blackberry. A message pops up and her eyes light up as she jumps to her feet.

    IPO REPORTER #1
    The privacy company Cachet is going public. Cachet has been seeing record growth recently in the wake of the public’s keen interest in security.

32  INT. SAM’S OFFICE. DAY

Sam watches the coverage at her desk, chewing on a pen.

    IPO REPORTER #1
    The lead banker on the deal is said to be Naomi Bishop.

33  INT. NAOMI’S OFFICE. DAY

We are back on Naomi watching her TV screen.

    IPO REPORTER #1
    Apparently some money managers were surprised to hear this news, after Bishop was reported to ruffle some feathers during a tech IPO earlier this year--

Naomi, unfazed, reaches over and switches off the news.
Naomi eyes are on her BlackBerry. Michael playfully takes it from her, replacing it with a champagne glass. They clink glasses.

MICHAEL
You know what’s funny about the privacy space? Half the world is paranoid and the other half never even resets their passwords.

NAOMI
It’s true.

MICHAEL
For 20 years, my password for everything was Rudolph1.

NAOMI
Like the reindeer?

MICHAEL
I had a dog. When I was a kid.

NAOMI
Ahww.

MICHAEL
What about you? Lamest password?

NAOMI
I’m not telling you my passwords.

MICHAEL
Old ones. Circa 1996.

NAOMI
Bankerchick.

MICHAEL
Now that is hot.

He grabs her roughly for a kiss. She presses against him, smelling him, unzipping him as THE BUZZER sounds.

NAOMI
(Frustrated) That’s Erin.

MICHAEL
Who?

Naomi buttons her blouse as Michael zips up.
NAOMI
My VP, she’s dropping off the revisions.

She presses the buzzer button.

MICHAEL
(Amused) You buzz people up to my apartment now?

Naomi opens the door. Erin approaches awkwardly holding out a pile of binders.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Erin, nice to see you.

ERIN
Hi, sorry--

Naomi takes the binders.

NAOMI
Thanks.

MICHAEL
Goodnight!

Naomi shuts the door.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Where were we?

He pulls Naomi to him and tosses her onto the couch. They move fast, frantic for each other.

INT. MICHAEL’S APARTMENT. DAWN

The early morning light streaks through the window. Naomi is twisted over Michael asleep on the couch.

We hear:

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Hey babe. It’s me. You were a tiger last night. Am I seeing you later?

NAOMI (O.S.)
You’re calling me on this line?
INT. REMSON COMPLIANCE OFFICE. MORNING

Sam and ABBY, a stylish compliance lawyer, listen to a recording.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Hey compliance! FYI. This is a strictly personal phone call.

NAOMI (O.S.)
Michael -- we can’t be --

Sam realizes it is Naomi she’s listening to. She leans forward.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
You guys monitoring? You hear anything about clients? ‘Cause the only wall we’re crossing is... THE WALL OF LOVE.

There is muffled laughter in the background, as if someone on the trading floor is egging him on.

NAOMI (O.S.)
You are an idiot.

Abby clicks off the recording.

ABBY
Never a dull moment here in compliance.

SAM
That’s his company phone? Is that crossing the wall? I mean she’s on the banking side--

ABBY
Well technically there’s nothing criminal here--

SAM
Remson doesn’t have a policy prohibiting this kind of romantic--

ABBY
Some banks do, but nope.

SAM
And what’s your gut about this guy?
ABBY
Michael? He’s got instincts. Some people have instincts and some people are getting a tip.

SAM
And?

ABBY
We keep an eye on him.

SAM
Frank mentioned you used to be an AUSA? You ever miss it?

ABBY
Wearing the white hat? Sure. But you know what they say, you can’t spread ideals on a cracker.

SAM
Do you actually know people who say that?

Abby smiles politely.

INT. MICHAEL’S APARTMENT. MORNING

Michael makes espresso as a half-dressed Naomi making her way down the stairs. He goes to her, plays with her hair.

MICHAEL
What’s that?

He touches a tiny patch of reddish skin, barely visible just below her jawline. She fingers it.

NAOMI
Nothing.

She begins to delicately put on her diamond earrings. He admires her.

MICHAEL
Remind me why I didn’t marry you.

NAOMI
Diamonds.

He looks curious.
NAOMI (CONT’D)

MICHAEL
The St. Regis.

Naomi indicates the earrings.

NAOMI
You asked me who bought these. And I saw you, gearing up to fight off some rival. But then I told you I bought them for myself. After my dad left I watched my mom leave her best earrings at the pawn shop. We never got them back. So I wanted to be able to buy enough diamonds for both of us.

MICHAEL
You never told me that.

She smiles as if at an unspoken memory.

NAOMI
But men like a girl they can take care of.

MICHAEL
Yeah? Someone should warn them about the alimony.

Naomi laughs. She pulls on her heels.

NAOMI
You’re more fun divorced anyway.

MICHAEL
Well congrats again. People seem to like Cachet. You remember my buddy Marco?

NAOMI
From Stanford. The tech blog guy?

MICHAEL
He’s always writing about privacy. Encryption, whisper-phones, all kinds of spy shit. Cachet could be big.

NAOMI
We certainly hope so.
MICHAEL
I mean you think these Cachet guys are onto something.

She looks at him, suddenly cautious.

NAOMI
We do.

MICHAEL
Due diligence started yet?

NAOMI
Michael.

MICHAEL
You want a Chinese Wall in my living room? I didn’t ask you anything.

NAOMI
I just think it’s simpler, not to talk shop.

MICHAEL
You think that some of the time.

She looks at him sharply.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
I mean if it’s about you, your prospects at the firm, you’re happy to talk shop.

NAOMI
That’s completely different.

MICHAEL
Okay.

She set down her cup very deliberately.

NAOMI
I am going to go to work now.

She goes to the door.

INT. FINE RESTAURANT. NIGHT

Wine flows into glasses, and fingers reach for hors d’oeuvres. Naomi, Erin, Teddy, Bill and a few others celebrate the deal. They are toasting and doing shots. Naomi looks relaxed, carefree.
BILL
I’m telling you. Photos of Ed and all his programmers. Hanging out in a hot tub.

Bill holds out his phone to Teddy. Erin shakes her head, laughing.

Naomi notices Randall crossing over to them from another table. They follow her gaze. Teddy starts to get up.

RANDALL
No no, don’t get up. I’m with a client. I just wanted to say congratulations. Great work, all of you.

NAOMI
Thank you.

She makes a decision.

NAOMI (CONT’D)
You know Erin--

He doesn’t.

RANDALL
Of course.

NAOMI
She did really spectacular work on this.

RANDALL
Always good to know. Again, congratulations.

Erin smiles, pleased, as Randall shakes her hand.

RANDALL (CONT’D)
I recommend the porterhouse.

INT. RESTAURANT BATHROOM. NIGHT

Erin heads to the sink, holding a martini glass with an olive half hidden by her purse. She pours out the drink and begins filling the glass with tap water.

The door swings open. Naomi. Erin meets her gaze in the mirror. Erin finishes filling the glass.
NAOMI
How far along are you?

ERIN
It’s really early. Six weeks.

Naomi nods, smiles tightly.

NAOMI
Well. It’s very exciting. Congratulations.

She disappears into a stall. Erin takes a deep breath and heads back to the restaurant.

INT. FINE RESTAURANT. A FEW MINUTES LATER

Back at the table. The men devour steaks, Naomi finishes a salad.

NAOMI
Look, anyone can make money selling information, but here was a guy who thought it was more valuable to protect it.

She looks at Erin, noticing she has barely touched her porterhouse steak.

NAOMI (CONT’D)
I mean we all understand the value of privacy.

Erin looks up, a flicker of anger as she meets Naomi’s pointed gaze.

ERIN
Information is power.

Bill and Teddy don’t quite understand the sudden tension.

BILL
Fuck yea.

INT. ERIN’S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Erin aggressively tears open a giant box, as Gabe looks up from his newspaper.
GABE
I don’t understand. Did Naomi think you were going to call her the minute you peed on the stick?

ERIN
I don’t know.

She aggressively tears open the box, clothes spill out.

GABE
You think she wishes she had kids?

ERIN
No. I don’t. I don’t think all women wish they had kids. What is all this?!

Erin pulls a long mumu thing out of the box, dangling it away from her.

GABE
Clothes. Maternity. My sister sent them--

ERIN
You told her?

GABE
I’m excited. You know my family, we get excited.

Erin shoves the clothing back in the box.

ERIN
I’m not ready for this.

GABE
We really should get longer to prepare. The Alpine Salamander is pregnant for three years.

ERIN
That sounds horrible!

GABE
My eight graders are obsessed with them. After sex the female stores the sperm in this “semen pouch” --

ERIN
Ew!

But she is laughing.
INT. SAM’S APARTMENT. NIGHT

A cozy and colorful space crowded with well-loved furnishings and toys strewn about.

Sam perches on a kitchen stool, scrolling through her laptop.

SOPHIE, 6, pours milk sloppily into a glass held by her twin, WILLIAM.

Sam’s wife, MELANIE, an African-American woman with the strong, graceful body of a dancer, tugs on her boots.

SOPHIE
Which babysitter??

Sam peers at an online pic of Benji Akers, 40s, snowboarding, under a headline which reads:  WOULD YOU TRUST THIS MAN WITH YOUR MONEY?

MELANIE
Hello! Sam!

Sam finally looks up.

MELANIE (CONT’D)
Sophie wants to know who’s watching them tonight.

SAM
Lisa from downstairs--

SOPHIE
I HATE Lisa--

SAM
You don’t hate Lisa--

WILLIAM
She’s got weird hair.

SOPHIE
She’s not a REAL babysitter.

MELANIE
They’ve got a point-- I mean you know I have rehearsal every Tuesday...

SAM
Something came up-- it happens!
MELANIE
Drinks. With some friend from childhood?

SAM
I told you-- it’s work.

MELANIE
What, you’re investigating her? Is this one of your Kalinda Sharma undercover routines?

SAM
Lisa is fine. She’s affordable. And you --

She reaches out to pull the twins in for a playful squeeze.

SAM (CONT’D)
You crazies like the games on her phone.

Sam kisses the giggling twins.

MELANIE
Quality child care.

But she can’t help but smile at them.

INT. TRENDY BAR. NIGHT

Sam and Naomi drink colorful cocktails. Naomi admires a picture of Sam’s kids on Sam’s phone.

NAOMI
They’re terrific.

She hands the phone back. A beat. Sam seems a little unsure how to reciprocate the small talk. Naomi gestures at her own phone.

NAOMI (CONT’D)
I got nieces, nephews and a Beta.

Sam laughs awkwardly.

NAOMI (CONT’D)
It’s a fish.

SAM
Oh, yeah, I...
NAOMI
So, you’re a mom, you’re a lesbian, what else is new?

Sam laughs again, less awkward.

SAM
And I do yoga now.

NAOMI
Of course you do. I’ll tell my brother I saw you. He thinks every girl he ever dated turned gay.

Sam smiles fondly.

SAM
How is Pete? And the rest of your family? Everybody still in Michigan?

NAOMI
Yes. In that 30 mile radius. They’re fine.

Naomi finishes her drink, notices Sam checking out the female bartender.

SAM
Are you seeing anyone?

NAOMI
I get what I need.

SAM
Yeah? Do tell. I’m just a boring married lady. Someone from work?

NAOMI
Where else.

Sam nods. She is trying to figure out how to play this.

SAM
I dated a colleague once, but it got claustrophobic.

NAOMI
We don’t see each other day-to-day.

SAM
Smart. So what, a broker?

Naomi looks at her.
NAOMI
Yes, actually.

SAM
Huh. Does that cause any...

NAOMI
Any...

SAM
I mean there must be certain things you can’t share--

NAOMI
What are you doing? Here I thought we were just two old friends having a drink.

SAM
We are.

NAOMI
Could we get the check please? (To Sam) His name is Michael Connor. But maybe you already know that.

SAM
No. I mean --

She looks at Naomi. Nothing is getting by this woman.

SAM (CONT’D)
Ok. I did come across his name recently, in the office. As somebody who--

NAOMI
Who--

SAM
Works with a lot of hedge funds.

NAOMI
Yes. That is what he does.

Naomi puts a $100 bill down and stands to go.

EXT. TRANSITION SHOT. SLOPING STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO. DAY
(Stock footage)
The conference room buzzes with people, mostly men, including Ed and Ian. Conversation quiets as Naomi and her team stride into the room. Naomi notices MARIN, a woman with purple hair whisper something to the CFO and hurry out of the room.

Naomi takes a seat next to Ed.

NAOMI
Good afternoon, everyone. We’d like to start off with a preliminary discussion of pricing--

ED
Let’s do it. Where are we at?

NAOMI
At this point, we’re looking at a range of $32 to $34 a share. At 7.2 million shares, that gives us a valuation of 868 million--

IAN
Now just a minute here--

ED
We gotta have a billion valuation.

NAOMI
We’ve looked at the comparables, and--

ED
You said $34 to $36 in the pitch. You’re going to leave tens of millions of dollars on the table.

IAN
We can get at least 35.

Naomi hesitates. She needs this to go smoothly.

NAOMI
(diplomatically)
Well it’s a balancing act. Raising money for the company, while still promising the investors a deal for coming on board...

A couple of men at the table exchange looks with each other as things get more heated.
Look, you begged me for this IPO. You want me to call Channing Trust?

Ed, what we want to avoid is a down round--

We know what happened with your last IPO.

I don’t think that’s relevant here--

All eyes are on Naomi. Erin speaks up.

Ed, I believe our goal here is to find the right number for all of us.

Ed turns to her.

The number is 35.

Erin glances briefly at Naomi, as if asking permission. Naomi nods almost imperceptibly.

Possibly. But you can think of it like a party. We need to encourage people to show up to the party. Could be the best party in the world, but if nobody shows up--

A party?

We don’t need to--

No, hang on. I get this. A party. Go on--

The $32 to $34 range will get people in the door. But if the party is good enough--
ED  People will line up around the block.

ERIN  This is true.

Ed addresses Erin as if she’s the only person in the room.

ED  I like you.

He smiles. Ian looks apprehensive.

ED (CONT’D)  You know how to talk to people.
I’ll party with you anytime.

ERIN  Absolutely.

She smiles back at him. Naomi watches.

IAN  So if we’re talking about selling 15% of the company now, we should discuss what options that gives us going forward.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

Naomi, in silk pajamas, nibbles room service strawberries as she reviews a due diligence checklist. She closes it and flips through open tabs on her computer: a bio of Ed, A list of best dermatologists in NYC, and a Soul Cycle class schedule.

She glances up at the TV, playing silently over the bed. Suddenly she fixes her eyes on the screen.

She scrambles for the remote control, turning up the volume. On the TV:

ON TV:  Footage of a crowd of people and yellow police tape at the foot of a midtown building.
REPORTER
...in Midtown Manhattan, where a young man employed at the hedge fund Treem Capital jumped from his 24th floor office window this afternoon. A source tells Bloomberg News that the firm has been under investigation for insider trading...

Naomi watches, disturbed. She goes to the minibar and pulls out a small bottle of scotch and a bag of M&Ms. Her eyes still on the screen, she begins popping M&Ms into her mouth one by one.

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INT. U.S. ATTORNEY’S OFFICE. DAY

Sam scribbles on a large whiteboard with a cluster of names and arrows: “Michael,” “Titanite Capital.” The photo of Benji on his snowboard is tacked up next to his name.

Frank pokes his head in, sees Sam crossing out “NAOMI”

   FRANK
   How was drinks?

She just looks at him.

   SAM
   She’s not going to give me anything.

   FRANK
   If we don’t have a good feeling about this one--

   SAM
   We don’t need warm fuzzy fucking feelings. We need evidence. Did your friends in compliance send anything over?

He hands her a thick envelope.

   FRANK
   Paperwork on Michael.

Sam opens the file, her eyes lighting up with interest.

   FRANK (CONT’D)
   Now don’t go doing anything rash. You’re not in narcotics anymore.
Michael joins two hedge fund guys, BENJI, 40’s, the guy from the skiing picture and CORY, 35, a Benji-in-training, at a VIP table in a swanky lounge.

BENJI
Michael, I don’t know if you’ve ever met Cory?

Michael and Cory shake hands.

BENJI (CONT’D)
He’s been with us a long time, but he’s ready to play with the big boys now.

Cory tries to laugh this off.

A provocatively dressed waitress pours Michael’s Scotch. He smiles at her.

BENJI (CONT’D)
What have you got for us?

MICHAEL
I’m thinking privacy.

He takes a napkin and writes the word Cachet on it in green pen.

BENJI
(To Cory) His girlfriend’s doing the IPO.

MICHAEL
I don’t have a girlfriend.

Benji smirks, picks up the napkin.

BENJI
You with these green pens.

MICHAEL
Color of money.

BENJI
What do you know?

MICHAEL
Nothing. (His eyes twinkling a bit) It’s private.

Benji nods, takes a drink. Turns to Cory.
BENJI
I was just outta school when I met this guy. And you know what I saw? He wasn’t doing it for the cash. He loved the game itself. And he played it like a pro. The day I left to start a hedge fund he sends a fucking hedgehog to my office.

Michael smiles fondly.

CORY
An actual hedgehog?

BENJI
I open the box and this fuckin rodent is climbing into my lap.

Benji leans forward, suddenly serious.

BENJI (CONT’D)
Where is that guy?

Michael meets his gaze coolly.

BENJI (CONT’D)
You’re different lately. I don’t want to say older, but--

MICHAEL
We’re all older.

Cory nods at this.

BENJI
I dunno. It’s something-- new regulations getting you down?

He stands up, gathering his coat.

MICHAEL
I don’t know where you’re going with this--

BENJI
Because I’m still in. All the way. And we’ve got capital to invest. So you bring us something, yeah?

Benji starts to walk away.

BENJI (CONT’D)
(To Cory) Let’s go.
Cory follows, a bit like a puppy. Michael is left alone, staring after them.

INT. CACHET CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY

Naomi and Erin sort through paperwork.

   NAOMI
   These are the due diligence reports?

   ERIN
   Yes, and they are uploaded to the data room and ready for counsel to review.

Naomi catches sight of MARIN, the woman with purple hair, passing by the conference room, glancing at them through the glass. Naomi leans over and whispers to Erin.

   NAOMI
   What’s the story with that girl?

   ERIN
   She’s one of the programmers.

   NAOMI
   That’s the fourth time she’s walked by this morning.

Naomi watches through the glass as the Marin moves on.

EXT. PARK. EVENING

Michael scrolls through his phone while eating an ice cream cone. Samantha approaches, gives him a mysterious smile.

   SAM
   Michael Connor.

   MICHAEL
   I’m sorry, have we...

   SAM
   I don’t think so. Samantha Ryan. US attorney’s office.

He was not expecting this.

   MICHAEL
   Really? Should I phone my lawyer?
SAM
I don’t think that’s necessary. I was just hoping we could have a brief chat.

MICHAEL
Sure. That’s my idea of a perfect summer evening. Just a cozy chat with a long legged woman who just happens to be FBI.

SAM
I didn’t say FBI.

He waves towards the street.

MICHAEL
No, they hang back in the van.

SAM
I’m alone. And I’m not interested in you.

He leans forward.

MICHAEL
Well that is too bad.

SAM
I’m interested in one of your clients, Titanite. Benji Akers.

MICHAEL
Well, I’m not sure how I can help you. My relationship with my clients is confidential.

She nods.

SAM
Of course. But these hedge fund guys they’ve always got a loophole, some way of staying out of trouble. But they need a guy like you, right, at a big bank? And you don’t have so many loopholes. You’ve got regulations, compliance looking over your shoulder, handing me intel... So it seems to me, that if anybody’s gonna take the fall, it’s not going to be Benji Acres.

MICHAEL
Take the fall for what?
SAM
Exactly. Could be anything. Could be a merger last spring when it seemed like certain investors got the memo prematurely, or a bunch of trades that compliance flagged as a irregular...

Michael looks at her, thoughtfully.

MICHAEL
You don’t have anything on me.

SAM
How do you know that?

MICHAEL
Because we’d be downtown, with wires and somebody in my face. This is just a cozy chat. Which I have certainly enjoyed.

He stands up.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Why don’t you call me back when you’ve got some leverage.

SAM
Is that a challenge?

MICHAEL
If you like.

SAM
Look, you seem like one of the good guys. All I’m saying is, we can keep it that way.

He gives her a nod and walks off into the shadows.

INT. CACHET OFFICE. DAY

Naomi moves purposefully through a row of cubicles until she sees Marin at her desk.

NAOMI
Hi, I’m with the bank handling the IPO--
MARIN
I know.

Naomi notices Marin wears a necklace made of shark teeth.

MARIN (CONT’D)
You guys talk to every single employee?

NAOMI
No. You seem particularly interested in our process. In my experience, that usually means you have something you want to tell us.

MARIN
Wow. You’re good.

NAOMI
So you do have something you want to tell us?

Marin hesitates.

NAOMI (CONT’D)
Or you just like my shoes.

Marin smiles. But then glances around nervously.

MARIN
Not here.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE. DAY

Naomi and Marin are in the shadows of the parking garage. Marin speaks quickly and glances around nervously. Naomi is not sure what to make of her.

MARIN
Cachet’s got its super secure social network, right. But here’s the thing. What happens if it gets hacked?

NAOMI
It’s anonymized and encrypted at the highest level.

MARIN
You haven’t met my ex. He’s already done it once. We were beta testing, so it was actually kind of helpful. We plugged the holes.

(MORE)
But he’ll keep trying. And there might be others.

NAOMI
But why?

MARIN
The challenge. The naked photos. Who knows.

She leans forward and continues quietly.

MARIN (CONT’D)
It’s called a man in the middle attack. Users want to be able to access the network on multiple devices. But that opens up the possibility of somebody implanting malware on the key server.

She looks around the park uneasily.

NAOMI
Does Ed know about this?

MARIN
He thinks I’m paranoid. Which is pretty funny, when a company that’s built on paranoia thinks you’re paranoid.

NAOMI
But why tell me?

MARIN
I want to sell my shares. You can help me with that, right? If this thing goes south?

Naomi laughs.

NAOMI
That’s not, what I do.

MARIN
I got plans. I’m starting a hackerspace.

Marin looks around the park again. She notices a woman walking by with a big gold key on a necklace.

MARIN (CONT’D)
You didn’t hear me say that.
And she scurries off.

INT. SUSHI RESTAURANT. DAY

From across the restaurant, Naomi sees Erin and Ed sharing sushi, laughing together. Her blouse shows a little cleavage.

Ed casually puts his hand on Erin’s shoulder. She smiles at him.

NAOMI
Tasmanian sea trout?

Ed and Erin look up, surprised.

ED
Naomi! Have a seat.

NAOMI
How’s the sushi?

ERIN
Delicious.

Erin pops a piece in her mouth. Naomi indicates Ed’s casual outfit.

NAOMI
I’m liking this look— you’re going to be the rock star of this roadshow, and people are going to want a piece of that hoodie!

ED
Oh yea.

NAOMI
Ed, I want to make sure we are in good shape here before I leave for New York.

Ed glances at Erin.

ED
I am in very good shape.

NAOMI
Terrific. Just one thing I want to ask you about. I’m sure it’s nothing, but something’s come up during due diligence.

(MORE)
A rumor that your network, encrypted as it is, might still be vulnerable to a certain kind of hacker.

Ed smiles warily.

**ED**
Sounds like you met Marin.

**NAOMI**
Yes actually. We were interviewing employees, and--

**ED**
Unfortunately our business can attract some colorful characters.

**NAOMI**
You need your employees to be as much a firewall as your code.

**ED**
Look, I can promise you we’ve never been hacked. In theory there’s a backdoor to everything. But we stay one step ahead. That’s the game.

**NAOMI**
Terrific.

She and Erin smile at him. He grins back.

**EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET. DAY**

Naomi and Erin walk and talk.

**ERIN**
You need me to look into this? I can take care of things here.

**NAOMI**
Well Ed certainly seems to think so.

They stare at each other a moment.

**ERIN**
I’m just trying to preserve the relationship.
NAOMI
Are you going to sleep with him?

ERIN
Excuse me?

NAOMI
It’s risky territory. When he comes on to you, and he will at this rate, you have to let him down very gently. That’s how you preserve the relationship.

ERIN
Yeah. I know how this works.

NAOMI
Okay then.

They walk in chilly silence.

NAOMI (CONT’D)
(Coolly) Then maybe you can find a way to get him to sign an indemnity clause. If there is any vulnerability for investors here, we can’t be liable.

ERIN
I’ll handle it.

They are approaching the hotel.

NAOMI
And Erin-- keep it quiet. There’s probably nothing here, and the last thing we need is rumors starting.

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS. DAY

Sam sits on the steps, delicately balancing a sandwich and a giant ream of spreadsheets she is highlighting. Frank approaches with two coffees, and looks over her shoulder.

SAM
Titanite accounts from the last five years.

He nods, but seems as interested in her sandwich.

FRANK
The turkey’s better on a roll.
He traces a column on the spreadsheet with his finger.

SAM
Deals where somebody might’ve known a little extra.

FRANK
Always big pharma.

SAM
Yep. Clinical trial. Somebody gets too cozy with the researchers. I’ve got my eye on the guy who managed the account. We might get him to talk.

Sam’s cell phone rings. She grabs it.

SAM (CONT’D)
Hello?

HEADHUNTER (O.S.)
Hi, is this Samantha Ryan?

SAM
Yes, who’s this?

HEADHUNTER (O.S.)
I’m calling with Marshall Bane and Associates. I have a client who is very interested in recruiting someone with your background and skill set--

SAM
(a bit confused) Wait-- I’m sorry, who’s your client?

HEADHUNTER (O.S.)
Right now we’re working with Channing Trust to fill an open position. You may know that they’ve been expanding their legal and compliance departments recently--

SAM
Oh. Yeah. Sure, I would like to hear more about that.

Frank looks at her suspiciously.

SAM (CONT’D)
But I’m gonna have to call you back.
HEADHUNTER (O.S.)
Certainly.

Sam hangs up the phone.

FRANK
Which bank?

SAM
What?!

FRANK
You never been called by a headhunter before? Well that’s why they call this place the departure lounge. I’m the only sucker who’s been here more than a decade.

She smiles at him.

SAM
Why do you stay?

FRANK
Just do me one favor before you talk to those guys. You been on a trading floor, right?

SAM
No.

FRANK
You gotta go there, see what we’re up against. You go, you breathe it in, the hunger of it. Pure American desire. And if you feel like you need a shower afterwards, well then you come back here.

SAM
And if I don’t? Need a shower?

He looks at her.

FRANK
You’ll send us a diamond crusted postcard.
EXT. DECK OF COBALT COCKTAIL LOUNGE. EVENING

Sam, now little dressed up, drinks a martini, subtly watching Cory, who sits with another HEDGE FUND GUY, who is talking excitedly. Cory is nodding a lot, taking gulps of his drink and looking a little jittery.

Hedge Fund Guy shakes Cory’s hand and leaves. Cory glances up and catches Sam looking at him. She smiles coyly and makes her way over to him.

SAM
Have we...

CORY
Yeah... I think we’ve... Cory.

SAM
Sam. Wait, It was a cocktail thing downtown...

CORY
Yea... I think so.

Sam sits down, brushing his leg a tiny bit.

SAM
And you were telling me about your work. Because you work at... Titans Fund--

CORY
Titanite.

SAM
Which sounds so intense. You were saying how you have to bring a little something extra. This little bit of... what did you call it... edge?

CORY
Yeah.

Sam leans forward, whispers.

SAM
Edge.

INT. COBALT COCKTAIL LOUNGE. LATER

Sam sets down an empty glass.
SAM
Amazing. I can’t even balance my checkbook! But wait, last time I feel like you gave me a great example. It was like a clinical trial? I don’t remember the details.

CORY
We talked about that?

She giggles a little, puts a hand on his knee.

SAM
We were a little loose-lipped, if you know what I mean. And it wasn’t even the good stuff!

She takes a sip of his drink.

SAM (CONT’D)
But yeah, you had done all this research and even talked to one of the scientists. It was for MS, right? That’s why I was so interested, because my mom has it.

She watches him, to see if she’s taking this too far, but he nods.

CORY
Oh. Yeah, I remember that. Sorry--

SAM
But the drug was a mess, right? The scientist, wait, he’s a big deal... I’ve read about him. What was his name? Dr. Soden?

CORY
Dr. Sobel.

Sam smiles. This is the confirmation she was looking for.

SAM
Right, so he told you. And that’s how you get edge.

He’s looking at her a little nervously now. She sees Benji enter the lounge.

SAM (CONT’D)
Will you call me sometime?
She scribbles her full name and number on a napkin. She ducks into the bathroom.

OMITTED

EXT. CENTRAL PARK. DAWN

Naomi runs through the park in sleek workout clothes. She breathes hard, pushing herself.

She glances behind her a couple of times. Why does she feel like someone is watching her?

Someone runs up from behind, making her jump.

It’s Michael, grinning.

   NAOMI
   (laughing) Jesus! You’re stalking me.

   MICHAEL
   Some people nap after the redeye. Others run.

   NAOMI
   I can’t sleep.

   MICHAEL
   Want to talk about it?

   NAOMI
   No.

She starts up a slow run again. He joins her.

   MICHAEL
   I met an old friend of yours. Samantha.

She looks at him.

   NAOMI
   Why?

   MICHAEL
   I thought you could tell me. I’m not the one who’s besties with the US attorney.

They run on together into the distance.
INT. SAM’S APARTMENT. DAWN

The buzz of Sam’s phone wakes her. She glances at it briefly, turns to admire a sleeping Melanie, gently pulling down the sheet and beginning to kiss her chest. Melanie murmurs encouragement, eyes still closed.

Sam’s phone buzzes again, more insistently. This time she grabs it.

SAM
Hello?

CORY (O.S.)
Fuck you.

SAM
This must be Cory.

INT. CORY’S BEDROOM. DAY. INTERCUT SCENES

Cory paces in front of his window. He’s been up all night.

CORY
I googled you.

SAM
Of course you did.

CORY
You’re a fucking prosecutor?!

SAM
I’d like to hear more about your contact with Dr. Sobel--

CORY
You can talk to my lawyer.

SAM
I look forward to it.

She hangs up, eyes on Melanie, who has gone back to sleep.

EXT. GOLF COURSE. DAY

A golf cart delivers Naomi to where JOHN, her mentor, mid 50s, exuding a relaxed confidence, stands overlooking an entire golf course. He greets her with open arms.

JOHN
Naomi!
She kisses him on the cheek.

JOHN (CONT’D)
You want to play? Cause I didn’t waste a dozen Sundays teaching you strokes for you to ride around in a cart.

NAOMI
You’re not playing.

JOHN
I play. I own the fucking place. It’s boring as shit. The playing, the owning, give me a fucking break.

She smiles. She truly loves this guy. He’s the father she never had.

EXT. GOLF COURSE GREEN. DAY

John and Naomi walk over the green.

JOHN
That’s a tricky one. A disgruntled employee is not the most reliable source.

NAOMI
I know. And she’s backpedaling. Now she won’t give me anything concrete.

JOHN
And on paper--

NAOMI
Everything looks perfect. Our IT guys at Remson and they think this network is as airtight as they’ve seen.

JOHN
So what’s the problem?

She looks at him. Not sure if she wants to open up. But this is why she’s come.

NAOMI
There’s just this nagging feeling...
JOHN
In your gut.

NAOMI
You taught me to trust my gut. But I don’t want to make the wrong move here.

He nods, thoughtful.

JOHN
That sounds like fear. Which is not the same as instinct. You know why this is a business for the young? It’s not the physical stamina. It’s the complete lack of doubt.

NAOMI
So I should keep it going.

JOHN
I’m not going to tell you what to do, Naomi. But if the numbers check out, then it sounds like we’re talking about a rumor here. And rumors... they’re the wildcard. You can’t control ‘em. And once you let em inside your head, well then who the fuck knows.

NAOMI
Must be nice. To not have to give a shit any more.

JOHN
I never really gave a shit.

INT. U.S. ATTORNEY’S OFFICE. DAY

Sam confronts Cory and ATTORNEY CAHN. Cory looks hungover.

SAM
We both know your client crossed the line.

ATTORNEY CAHN
Look at him! He’s a dad! The man works 80 hours a week. He raises money for leukemia--

SAM
Does he plant daffodils too?
ATTORNEY CAHN
He has no history, he’s never been flagged by you guys, or the SEC.

SAM
Are you saying he doesn’t know any better? I have a six-year-old kid, she knows better. When you, and your boss, and your friends, decide to sabotage a company. When you get information that regular Joe Investor couldn’t possibly access, and you profit from that information while Joe Investor loses 65% of his retirement fund? You know better.

ATTORNEY CAHN
Are you charging my client or not?

SAM
That depends.

ATTORNEY CAHN
He’s not the one you want. There are bigger fish at Titanite.

SAM
And he’s prepared to cooperate?

Cory’s tired face, bloodshot eyes.

EXT. GOLF COURSE GREEN. DAY
John touches Naomi’s arm as they walk.

JOHN
Hey-- you’ve got this.

She looks at him, grateful.

NAOMI
Can I ask you something. What would you have done? If I got pregnant when I was working for you?

JOHN
Bought you the latest stroller.

NAOMI
No really. You wouldn’t have been disappointed? Off the record. Would you have kept pushing for me?
He eyes her warily.

JOHN
Of course.

NAOMI
Of course. What else are you going
to say? Well I’m not afraid to say it. It makes a girl weak.
Distracted.

John softens.

JOHN
Naomi--

NAOMI
It gives her perspective. That other things matter.

She looks at him, forces a smile.

INT. RANDALL’S OFFICE. DAY

Randall stares out the window at the city. He turns sharply
as Naomi steps through the door.

RANDALL
What the fuck happened this time?

NAOMI
What do you mean?

RANDALL
I got a call from Ed. It appears you’ve managed to rub him the wrong
way.

NAOMI
We were doing our due diligence.

RANDALL
Cachet has provided you with all the necessary documents? And
nobody’s flagged anything.

NAOMI
No, but--

RANDALL
What’s the fucking problem? Ed’s losing patience fast-- he thinks
you lack confidence in this IPO.

(MORE)
So I ask you again, what’s the fucking problem?

Naomi takes a deep breath.

**NAOMI**
There is no problem. I have absolute confidence in this IPO.

**RANDALL**
Terrific.

**NAOMI**
Excuse me. I’ve got a roadshow to launch.

She strides out of the office.

---

**EXT. PARKING GARAGE. DAY**

Erin, on the phone and trying to balance a green juice and a file of papers, navigates the garage, looking for the stairs.

**NAOMI (O.S.)**
You pissed off Ed.

**ERIN**
Wait-- I pissed him off?

---

**INT. NAOMI’S OFFICE. DAY**

Naomi flips through messages. INTERCUT SCENES

**NAOMI**
What happened? I told you, you have to handle a guy like this very gently.

**ERIN**
What happened was I got him to sign the indemnity clause.

**NAOMI**
What? He did?

**ERIN**
Yeah. Because I handled him very, very gently.

**NAOMI**
(Chilly) Well then. Good work.
ERIN
Thank you.

Naomi hangs up. Her assistant pokes her head in.

ASSISTANT
Did you want me to reschedule that dermatologist for after the trip?

Naomi stares at her like she has no idea what she’s talking about.

ASSISTANT (CONT’D)
I’ll do that.

EXT. STREET. DAY

Sam gets a text from Cory: GREENSLEEVES PUB, 43rd.

INT. GREENSLEEVES PUB. EVENING

Michael drains a scotch. Benji walks in and tosses him a box tied with a bow.

BENJI
Happy birthday.

Michael tears it open. Inside is a large stuffed animal hedgehog. Michael laughs.

MICHAEL
Very cute.

BENJI
I don’t know, he may have gone a bit soft.

He grins, amused at his own joke.

BENJI (CONT’D)
Where are we on this Cachet thing? I saw the IPO calendar. Think it’s solid?

MICHAEL
I’m working on it.

Benji nods. Takes a long look at Michael.

BENJI
You doing any of that botox? For the eyelids? Because I got a guy.
MICHAEL
I’ll bear that in mind.

Benji nods.

BENJI
You know my cousin Evan?

MICHAEL
He’s at PJ Ellis?

BENJI
Not anymore. Worked there 30 years. Regulations come along, he can’t get his numbers, they push him out.

MICHAEL
That’s awful.

BENJI
Now he’s knocking on my door, am I looking to hire somebody? Fucking tragedy.

Michael reaches for the last of his scotch.

EXT. GREENSLEEVES PUB. EVENING

Sam peers in the window of the pub and snaps a quick photo of Benji and Michael.

INT. MICHAEL’S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Michael rubs his eyes at the computer. A box appears on the screen:

“This is a secure data room. PASSWORD:----------”

Michael stares at the screen.

He tries a few variations of “Bankerchick” with no success.

ROADSHOW MONTAGE:

A PLANE TAKING OFF AT DAWN (STOCK FOOTAGE)

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY

Naomi and her team enter a room filled with men in suits.
THE FREEWAYS OF L.A. (STOCK FOOTAGE)

Title card: LOS ANGELES.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY

The same Conference Room with new production design and new extras.
The Cachet logo of the gold key made up of code.
Ed and Ian, flanked by Naomi and Erin, address a crowd of men in suits munching cookies.

ED
Cachet is not a social network with privacy settings...

LONDON BRIDGE (STOCK FOOTAGE)

Title card: LONDON.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY

The same Conference Room with new production design and new extras.

ED (O.S.)
We are a privacy company with a social network.

More men in suits. Tea and biscuits.
Erin displays a graph of revenue, Ian looking on. Ed poses for a selfie.

Bill leans over to Teddy.

BILL
Dude, my dad keeps texting me. He wants a piece of Cachet.

INT. STAIRCASE. DAY

Naomi and Erin climb a flight of stairs. Suddenly Erin sways a bit, dizzy. Naomi grips her arm, steadies her.

NAOMI
I’ll handle this one.
ERIN
I’ve got it.

Erin pushes on.

PHILADELPHIA BRIDGE (STOCK FOOTAGE)

Title Card: PHILADELPHIA

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY

The same Conference Room with new production design and new extras.

Investors elbow each other out of the way to reach a plate of cookies shaped like keys.

An INVESTOR approaches Ed and Naomi.

INVESTOR
I know the experts are impressed by your encryption, but let’s say I’m a hacker and I break into your server.

The crowd gets quiet, interested. Naomi glances at Ed.

ED
Well that’s the purpose of end-to-end encryption.

Naomi nods.

NAOMI
Unencrypted content is never on the server. And don’t forget about ephemeral storage.

Their confidence invigorates the crowd.

A TRAIN PULLING INTO PENN STATION (STOCK FOOTAGE)

INT. LYFT CAR. EVENING

Naomi watches the buildings of Manhattan sliding by, as she listens to a message.
MICHAEL (O.S.)
Forget thread count. I got new
sheets woven from organic French
flax plants.

Naomi smiles, shakes her head. As she deletes the message, a
reminder pops up on her phone: Dr. Romler, 4:30 p.m.,
tomorrow. Her expression sobers, as she returns to looking
out the window.

INT. ERIN’S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT
Erin drags her suitcase behind her as she enters. Gabe grades
papers, nursing a beer.

    ERIN
    Hey babe!

She kisses him. He squeezes her tightly.

    ERIN (CONT’D)
    I gotta go to bed.

She heads for the bedroom. Gabe follows.

    GABE
    You must be exhausted...

INT. ERIN’S APARTMENT - BEDROOM. NIGHT
Erin perches on the bed, already immersed in her blackberry.
Gabe pops his head in.

    GABE
    Don’t forget, doctor tomorrow.

    ERIN
    Oh fuck.

    GABE
    Wow. I was actually feeling pretty
excited about it. Twelve weeks.

    ERIN
    It’s just-- there’s a lot going on.

She starts pulling on her pajamas.

    GABE
    Yeah. There is. We need to talk.
ERIN
You want to talk now?

GABE
Look at this place-- where does the nursery go?

Erin grabs her toothbrush. She scans the apartment.

ERIN
I’m not commuting from Jersey.

GABE
Your promotion’ll cover a bigger place here.

ERIN
Are you seriously putting that pressure on me right now?

GABE
What? You’re the one who said--

She climbs into bed.

ERIN
Not tonight.

He looks at her a moment.

GABE
I want to go back to school.

ERIN
What??!!!

She stares at him, incredulous.

GABE
I’ve told you about these programs, to take your teaching to the next level--

ERIN
I can’t deal with this right now--

GABE
Of course you can’t. I’ll send you a fucking email.

He heads back into the living room.
INT. MICHAEL’S APARTMENT - BEDROOM. NIGHT

Naomi sleeps, curled on her side like a baby. Michael lies next to her, eyes open, watching her. He reaches out and gently brushes a hair out of her face.

Naomi’s phone suddenly vibrates on the nightstand. Michael’s eyes go to the phone, its tiny flashing green light. He looks at Naomi again, then the phone. He sits up, hesitates, and gingerly reaches over her to take the phone.

Of course a passcode is needed. He looks at the number pad a moment. Tries a number which doesn’t work.

Naomi stirs in the bed. Michael freezes. She murmurs something inaudible. He leans over and replaces the phone. He lies back down, eyes still open.

INT. SAM’S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Sam and Melanie load the dishwasher, but Sam’s eyes are on her phone.

MELANIE
That mug’s not dishwasher safe--

SAM
Then why do we own it?

MELANIE
Look, just let me do it--

SAM
I’m prepping for this--

MELANIE
Interview.

Sam meets her gaze.

MELANIE (CONT’D)
I can prep you. It’s a bunch of old white guys who have ALL the money...

SAM
They need good lawyers in Compliance to watch things from the inside, keep things legit.
MELANIE
Uh-huh.

SAM
Hey, do you want a sugar-mama or not? I’m trying to help support my wife so she can pursue her artistic... impulses.

MELANIE
Impulses? Babe, don’t pretend you’re doing this for me.

SAM
Doing what? Selling out?

MELANIE
Those are your words.

SAM
You do realize my salary MAXES OUT next year. Which is why nobody stays at the prosecutor’s office--

MELANIE
What about Frank?

SAM
Frank lives in a studio in Hoboken! He does not have kids. He does not have a wife who has to see some out-of-network foot doctor for her tendinitis.

MELANIE
Wow-- I didn’t realize we were such a burden.

SAM
I’m just trying to live in the real world here!

Suddenly she sees that Sophie has quietly entered the room in her pajamas. It’s unclear how much she has heard.

SAM (CONT’D)
Sweetheart?

SOPHIE
I need some water.

Sam goes to the sink and fills a glass with tap water.
Naomi sits on an exam table. Under the fluorescent lights, in a skimpy gown, she looks unusually vulnerable. A female doctor, pretty, and no-nonsense, examines her.

DOCTOR
I don’t see any other area of concern. Just this area here.

She reaches out and touches the spot just where Naomi’s jaw meets her ear.

DOCTOR (CONT’D)
It’s a typical squamous cell presentation.

NAOMI
(Matter of fact) You’re saying I have skin cancer.

DOCTOR
Well, this tissue may turn out to be malignant, yes. In most cases, it’s resolved when we remove the tissue.

NAOMI
You can do that today?

DOCTOR
We’re going to have to schedule something...

NAOMI
I want it gone.

The doctor nods.

DOCTOR
I may be able to squeeze you in next week.

NAOMI
Jesus. I’m going to be all over the news next week. I can’t have a fucking wound on my neck. What happens if I wait?

DOCTOR
I would advise--

NAOMI
Is this thing is going to kill me?
DOCTOR
I’m not going to answer that. We need to remove the tissue, and--

NAOMI
I can do it September 5. Afternoon.

The doctor regards her a little coolly.

DOCTOR
You’ll have to arrange that with my secretary. I’ll let you get dressed.

The doctor exits. Naomi slowly begins to get dressed. She looks around the room: a box of rubber gloves, a medical waste bin, a poster that shows grimacing cartoon faces expressing levels of pain.

INT. DOCTOR’S EXAMINATION ROOM. DAY

The same chart of cartoon faces ranking pain.

Erin lies on the table in the skimpy gown, as the technician moves the ultrasound wand over her belly. She and Gabe watch the movement on the screen. Gabe grabs her hand.

GABE
Can you believe it?

ERIN
No...

She is a little awestruck.

Her phone rings. Erin immediately reaches across Gabe to get it out of her bag.

ERIN (CONT’D)
This is Erin. Hello? Hello?

The technician and Gabe share a glance.

ERIN (CONT’D)
I can’t get a signal.

GABE
Hon--

ERIN
It’s that woman I told you about. She coaches people on the whole working mom thing--
GABE
She might tell you to enjoy your ultrasound.

She takes this in. Looks back at the ultrasound screen.

EXT. MIDTOWN SKYSCRAPERS. DAY (STOCK FOOTAGE)

INT. TRADING FLOOR. DAY

Sam, escorted by a SECURITY GUARD, walks onto a trading floor, taking it all in. A cavernous space filled with row row of desks dwarfed by giant screens flashing ever-changing numbers. A conspicuous number of desks are empty. Financial news plays on additional screens on the walls.

Sam watches, fascinated. A sleek young BROKER approaches.

BROKER
You looking for something sweetheart?

SAM
Sweetheart? Seriously? Is this 1995?

BROKER
You look a little lost.

SAM
I thought it would be louder.

BROKER
Those were the old days.

SAM
Now you just rule the world by IM?

He nods, cocky. She steps a little closer. On one screen she notices the names of different cities, flashing along with the numbers as the traders type in the eerie silence. She breathes it in, a slight smile on her face.
INT. NAOMI’S OFFICE. EVENING

Naomi works steadily, but she is beginning to fight exhaustion. She touches the spot on her jaw lightly.

She flips through a bundle of messages; she likes what she sees. She picks up her phone.

NAOMI
Teddy, I’m just seeing these last-minute bids for shares. What else have we got?

TEDDY (O.S.)
Xandos and Redding are upping their orders.

Naomi smiles.

NAOMI
This thing is getting hot. Keep ‘em coming.

She hangs up. She rubs her eyes, turns back to her computer.

Her assistant enters, sets down an espresso.

ASSISTANT
You need anything else?

NAOMI
No.

She remains focused on her screen. The assistant hovers.

ASSISTANT
Everything go okay, with your appointment?

NAOMI
Of course.

She resumes typing. The assistant hesitates just a moment more, then goes.

Naomi glances at the window. She gathers up her briefcase and coat. Turns to her assistant on her way out.

NAOMI (CONT’D)
I’m going to finish up at home.
EXT. PARK. EVENING

Erin attempts to keep up with JULIE, a woman in an impeccable suit, who is hurrying through the park, pushing a stroller.

ERIN
I want to be strategic.

Erin tries to catch a glimpse of the sleeping baby.

JULIE
First things first. Can you get named Managing Director before the baby comes? Second trimester is ideal.

ERIN
I don’t know anymore. Naomi is looking out for her own promotion, and--

JULIE
Look, Naomi’s been your mentor, that’s nice. But let’s be real here.

Julie approaches a bench where a Hispanic NANNY is waiting.

JULIE (CONT’D)
Excuse me.

Julie speaks Spanish to the nanny, who nods and takes the stroller. Julie turns her attention immediately back to Erin.

JULIE (CONT’D)
How much do you want this?

Erin stares at her. She has never had to articulate this before.

JULIE (CONT’D)
Because this is the moment. When people step off, they see some tiny blue booties, and they hesitate, and that’s it. You can’t hesitate. So how much do you want it?

ERIN
I want it. I’ve always wanted it. My dad was a trader and when I was a kid I would put on his ties and beg him to take me to work, and --
JULIE
That’s cute. But--

ERIN
It’s all I ever wanted.

Julie nods, convinced.

JULIE
Then you need to forget about Naomi. You need someone who can reach over and bring you up. Now.

Erin nods, she knows this is true.

JULIE (CONT’D)
Who else are you networking with? You know anyone on the executive committee?

Erin’s phone buzzes. She glances at it, doesn’t like what she sees.

JULIE (CONT’D)
Do what you need to do.

EXT. NAOMI’S APARTMENT. NIGHT

INT. NAOMI’S APARTMENT - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Naomi picks at a salad as she works on her laptop on the couch.

She fingers the spot on her jaw again.

She turns to the computer and googles “squamous cell.” Close-up photos of skin abnormalities appears.

Her phone buzzes. She looks at it: Erin. She does not answer. Looks back at the photos on the computer.

INT. HOTEL LOUNGE. NIGHT

Erin approaches where Ed waits for her at the bar.

ERIN
Hi, you got in okay? We need to talk about that email.

ED
Whoa, you ever relax? Have a drink.
ERIN
I’d love to, but there’s a million things to do for tomorrow, and--

He puts a finger to her lips.

ED
This place has an amazing view.

ERIN
Ed...

Ed puts his arm around Erin’s waist. She does not resist.

ERIN (CONT’D)
We’ve gotta keep our eye on the ball here.

Ed pulls Erin in for a kiss. She pulls away gently.

ERIN (CONT’D)
Listen, these personnel changes you referred to--

ED
Come on Erin. You’re what, a VP? If I really want to talk business, I’ll call Naomi.

She looks at him, stung. She turns to go.

ED (CONT’D)
Erin...

She walks quickly through the lobby, the sounds and lights blurring around her. Her foot catches on a luggage cart and she nearly crashes into two women with fur coats and shopping bags. She pushes through, just trying to get to the street.

EXT. HOTEL. NIGHT

Erin emerges into the night air, steadying herself, breathing hard. She pulls out her phone, scans her email, dials.

ERIN
Naomi, call me when you get this. We may have a problem.

INT. NAOMI’S APARTMENT - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Images of skin cancer still fill the laptop screen on Naomi’s lap. But she has fallen asleep on the couch.
EXT. NAOMI’S APARTMENT BUILDING. NIGHT

Erin buzzes Naomi’s apartment. No answer. She turns to go.

INT. MICHAEL’S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Michael reviews data on his computer, drinking a glass of wine.

His buzzer sounds. He crosses to it.

   ERIN (O.S.)
   It’s Erin Manning.

Surprised, he buzzes her up.

EXT. MICHAEL’S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Erin walks into the building.

INT. MICHAEL’S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Michael opens the door.

   ERIN
   Hi, I’m sorry to bother you, but
   I’m wondering if Naomi’s here?

   MICHAEL
   Um no, she is not.

   ERIN
   Something came up and I couldn’t
   get hold of her. I thought maybe--

   MICHAEL
   She’s not at her place?

   ERIN
   No. Sorry for showing up here like
   this.

   MICHAEL
   You’re here, might as well have a
   glass of wine. Come on in.

   ERIN
   Really? I’m not interrupting you--

   MICHAEL
   Nah.
She enters the apartment. He pours her a glass of wine. She surveys the space, noticing a framed photo of two teenage kids.

ERIN
Your kids?

He nods.

MICHAEL
(Affectionately) Spoiled little shits. Mostly they visit me to piss off my ex.

He hands her the glass.

ERIN
I won’t stay long.

MICHAEL
Don’t worry, I’m not going to ask you about where else she spends the night. We’re all grown ups here.

Erin smiles awkwardly at this, takes a sip of wine.

ERIN
This is nice.

Her phone buzzes. She looks at it, shakes her head. Grabs a pen from Michael’s desk and jots something down.

MICHAEL
You said something came up tonight? To do with Cachet?

She looks at him.

ERIN
Yeah. It’s just... I can’t really go into it.

MICHAEL
Of course. I mean if you want to talk it through, we can keep it hypothetical--

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Naomi did mention you’d hit a snag, with due diligence.

She looks up sharply.
ERIN
Naomi said that?

MICHAEL
She doesn’t go into detail, but I think we both find it helpful to talk things through, to get another perspective.

ERIN
You’re telling me Naomi brings you across the wall?

MICHAEL
No, not officially.

ERIN
You know, she warned me about you. She told me once, you always have an agenda.

MICHAEL
(Quietly) Well. She would know.

He reaches over and pours more wine.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
What’s my agenda now?

ERIN
You seem to think I’m going to give you information about my IPO.

MICHAEL
Maybe I’m just enjoying the company.

Erin takes a sip of wine.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Everyone’s got an agenda. You’ve been waiting on a promotion. You know that. I know that. And we know how these things happen. You do your work, kiss up to Naomi, and keep hoping this deal will be the one. Or you try other avenues.

Erin just looks at him.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
I’ve been at Remson a long time. A lot of people there respect my opinion.
Erin hesitates.

Her phone buzzes. She looks at it. It’s Naomi.

It buzzes again. Erin picks up.

ERIN
Hi.

INT. NAOMI’S APARTMENT –KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. INTERCUT SCENES.

Naomi pours herself some water.

NAOMI (O.S.)
I saw your messages.

ERIN
Naomi-- I need to call you back.

NAOMI (O.S.)
Why? You met with Ed, and what--

ERIN
Let me just - hang on a second--

She is looking at Michael.

NAOMI (O.S.)
Where are you right now? Erin?

ERIN
I am... at my place.

Slowly she sits back down, holding the phone. Michael watches her. She hits speakerphone.

ERIN (CONT’D)
Yea, so, Ed tells me they did let go a few people last week.

NAOMI (O.S.)
That was the recommendation.

ERIN
I know, but-- one of them was Marin.

NAOMI (O.S.)
Are you kidding me? She’s a liability! If she starts making claims about holes in the network--
Erin looks at Michael. He listens quietly.

ERIN
I know. Listen, I’ve got her number here.

Michael’s fingers are hovering over his phone.

ERIN (CONT’D)
Marin Gold. 415-786-9092.

NAOMI (O.S.)
Got it.

Erin hangs up the phone. Michael looks at her.

MICHAEL
Well, Erin, it’s been a pleasure.

She stands, goes to the door, turns back.

ERIN
What are you going to do?

MICHAEL
With what?

She holds his gaze a moment and then goes into the hall, pulling the door closed behind her.

INT. HOTEL LOUNGE. NIGHT (SAME HOTEL AS P. 71)

Ed drinks a beer, reaching for his ringing phone.

ED
Hi Naomi.

NAOMI (O.S.)
You fired Marin. Now?

ED
Look, it wasn’t my call.

INT. NAOMI’S APARTMENT - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Naomi paces. INTERCUT SCENES.

NAOMI
Everything is your call.
ED
We’ve got it under control. She got a very nice severance, and our legal team had her sign all kinds of shit.

NAOMI
I’m concerned about this. I wish you had consulted me –

ED
Hey Naomi, news flash-- I don’t work for you. And I gotta tell you, the doubts, the second-guessing-- I’m getting tired of it. I mean we got orders pouring in, right?

NAOMI
It’s my job to be thorough.

ED
Yeah? ‘Cause I thought it was your job to be inspiring.

Ed hangs up. Naomi pulls out her Blackberry and looks at Marin’s phone number. She hesitates. She dials the number. It rings and rings. No answer.

Naomi opens the fridge and takes out a bottle of wine, and the fish food.

Naomi puts her face close to the glass of the fish tank. She watches the glittery creature swim through the large tank, completely unaware of her.

OMITTED

99

100

INT. ERIN’S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Erin finds Gabe sleeping on the couch, in the flickering light of the TV. She makes a noise and he startles awake.

GABE
Hon, what’s wrong?

ERIN
(Flatly) Nothing.

She stares at his sleeping form.
INT. NAOMI’S APARTMENT – LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN. NIGHT

Naomi kickboxes a little wildly, her trainer egging her on. She wipes sweat from her brow.

INT. SAM’S APARTMENT. MORNING

Sam sits in a lotus position, attempting to meditate. She tries to ignore the sound of her phone vibrating, but her eyes keep popping open. Finally she gives up and she reaches for her phone.

A message from Cory: MADE CONTACT.

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. REMSON CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY

Naomi’s team, Cachet management, and lawyers crowd the room.

NAOMI

I want to thank you all for your patience, as we’ve been processing this terrific surge in orders from institutional investors. The order book is now closed, and we’ve got our offering price, $35.

Nods of approval around the table. Ed fist bumps Ian.

NAOMI (CONT’D)

Cachet just raised $250 million.

Ed grins, stands up as the room applauds. As people filter out of the room, Naomi notices the green pen that Erin is using to jot down notes.

NAOMI (CONT’D)

Where did you get that pen?

ERIN

(Genuine) I don’t know.

She tosses it in her bag and leaves the room with the others.

NAOMI

Color of money.
Naomi stares after Erin.

EXT. GREENSLEEVE PUB. EVENING

Michael is outside the pub, looking in. He sees Benji waiting for him. He takes a breath and heads inside.

INT. GREENSLEEVE PUB. EVENING

Michael takes a seat next to Benji and Cory at the bar. They drink.

BENJI
Cory and I have a bet on how much you spent on my birthday present.

MICHAEL
To many more.

Michael slides a large wrapped box across the bar. Benji rips it open. Inside is the stuffed hedgehog, with a bow around its neck.

BENJI
Nice.

Benji sets the hedgehog on the bar.

INT. U.S. ATTORNEY’S OFFICE. NIGHT

Sam grills Cory, who sits with his Attorney.

SAM
What, like a porcupine??

CORY

SAM
I get it. And Benji took it with him?

CORY
Yup.

He reaches under his collar and pulls out a microphone, hands it to her.

CORY (CONT’D)
Is that it?
SAM
Are you fucking kidding me? You belong to us.

INT. GREENSLEEVES PUB MEN’S ROOM. EVENING
Benji fingers a pocket knife. He waits for a man to finish using the urinal and exit. He cuts into the stuffed animal’s belly, and pulls out a tiny slip of paper pushed into the stuffing.

Tiny handwriting -- a phone number and the name: Marin.

INT. NAOMI’S OFFICE. NIGHT
Naomi begins to shut down her computer when she spots the Google alert. She clicks on it.

A blog post. The headline is: “Cachet IPO Not a Secure Thing.” Naomi sees the words: “Former Cachet employee.”

Naomi dials Marin. There is some fumbling as Marin actually picks up, her voice quivering a little.

MARIN (O.S.)
Hello?

NAOMI
Marin, it’s Naomi Bishop.

INT. PARKED CAR. PARKING GARAGE. EVENING
Marin speaks quietly from the driver’s seat of her messy car.

INTERCUT SCENES.

NAOMI
Do you understand what’s happening here? Cachet can sue you.

MARIN
They said they would take care of all that.

NAOMI
Who did? Who said that? Are they paying you?

MARIN
I’m sorry.
And she hangs up. Naomi turns back to her screen, staring at the photo of the blogger: Marco Evans.

Naomi dials her phone again.

**NAOMI**
Get me a car to Brooklyn. South Slope.

---

**INT. SAM’S APARTMENT. NIGHT**

Melanie holds open the door a crack, the chain on. She sees Naomi.

**NAOMI**
I’m a friend of Sam’s.

Melanie looks her over, recognizes her.

**MELANIE**
Nice shoes.

**NAOMI**
Thank you.

Melanie opens the door. William and Sophie perch on tall kitchen stools, devouring boxed mac & cheese.

**MELANIE**
Let me grab her.

She goes.

**NAOMI**
Hi there. You must be William?

**WILLIAM**
I don’t talk to strangers.

**NAOMI**
That’s fine, but it’s really your friends that will stab you in the back.

William considers this. Sam enters the room.

**SAM**
Naomi. What are you doing here?

**NAOMI**
I want you to tell me what you know. About Michael.
Sam glances at Sophie and Mel.

SAM
Why don’t we go into my office.

INT. SAM’S APARTMENT – BEDROOM. NIGHT

The small bedroom doubles as the “office”, a standing desk in the corner.

NAOMI
You’ve been investigating him.

SAM
I can’t really comment on that.

NAOMI
Somebody leaked rumors about my IPO. I’m doing this IPO, and somebody--

SAM
I know.

NAOMI
The tech blogger, who broke the story? That’s an old friend of Michael’s. From Stanford. It had to be him, right?

SAM
Do you think it was?

Naomi hears this. Realizes she may be about to give something away instead of getting something.

SAM (CONT’D)
Look, as far as this IPO goes, we don’t have any specific link to Michael at this time. Except you. You’re the link.

NAOMI
Wait-- are you saying I gave him information?

SAM
I’m not saying anything.

Naomi is on guard now. Realizing this is a bad idea.

NAOMI
I should go.
She gets up.

SAM
You don’t have to go. I can help you. Did he--

NAOMI
He did not get this from me. Do you understand that? That is not who I am.

She turns and heads rapidly back through the apartment, her heels clicking on the floor as she exits.

INT. MICHAEL’S APARTMENT. NIGHT

An unshaven, tired-looking Michael lets Naomi into the loft. They look at each other a moment.

MICHAEL
Hi.

NAOMI
Are you tanking my IPO?

Michael pours wine into two glasses.

MICHAEL
Should I be?

NAOMI
I swear Michael. Do not fuck with me on this. Did you leak this thing?

MICHAEL
Is it true?

NAOMI
It doesn’t matter if it’s true! You know that. Once the rumors start -

MICHAEL
Start your own rumors. You know how to play this.

She stares at him.

NAOMI
What is wrong with you?! I had this. This was mine and you fucked me.

(MORE)
Did you take my phone one night when I was sleeping? Or was it Erin? Did she tell you something?

He smiles faintly.

MICHAEL
Are you wearing a wire?

NAOMI
What do you think?

MICHAEL
Lets take our clothes off. Find out.

For a moment, we think she’s going to do this.

NAOMI
Wow. It really is all just a big game to you, isn’t it -- all of it?

MICHAEL
What else is there?

He seems to be really asking. She takes this in.

She crosses to the door.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Listen, whatever happens tomorrow. You’ll be fine.

Something bursts in her.

NAOMI
Fine? I do not want to be fine. I did not work my ass off for 20 years for FINE!! I’m not supposed to be fine! I am supposed to be a rainmaker.
NAOMI
No, that’s for PR to handle. They got a long reach. Hang on--

CUT TO

NAOMI (CONT’D)
We can discredit her. There’s a history of psychological problems. Yes, depression, mania...

CUT TO

NAOMI (CONT’D)
I’m looking at the report from our Hong Kong security guys. I mean if those guys can’t figure out the hack--

CUT TO

NAOMI (CONT’D)
Please tell Ed that will not be necessary. I mean I appreciate his creativity, but-- look, just wake the fuck up and call me.

She hangs up, rubs her eyes, and brews more espresso.

INT. ERIN’S APARTMENT - BEDROOM. 5 A.M.

Erin struggles to zip her skirt over the beginnings of a “bump.” She check out the profile of her body in the mirror, tugs at the skirt. Gabe sleeps peacefully in the bed.

INT. NAOMI’S APARTMENT - BEDROOM. MORNING. 5 A.M.

Naomi applies concealer on her neck, covering the patch of skin that the doctor had examined.

INT. SAM’S APARTMENT. MORNING 5. A.M.

Sam can’t sleep. She reaches over a sleeping Melanie and grabs her computer. Goes to Bloomberg, sees: “CACHET GOES PUBLIC TODAY.”

She clicks on a video. A Bloomberg reporter is interviewing Ed and Ian.

ON TV:
REPORTER
So this is the big day for you and your shareholders.

ED
Absolutely.

There is a brief awkward moment where she waits for him to say more, then plunges forward.

REPORTER
Now just in the last 12 hours, reports have surfaced that hackers may be attempting to access this secure network?

Ian looks like he is prepared to answer, but Ed goes first.

ED
I want to take this moment to personally reassure our investors. This morning, I have uploaded three photos to my own profile on the Cachet network. And I don’t mind telling you, that these photos, they are highly personal in nature. If you know what I mean.

Ian jumps in.

IAN
What Ed means is-- there has been never been a security breach on this network, and --

ED
If anybody thinks they can access my photos, I say go ahead and try.

Ian is still trying to get a word in.

REPORTER
Well, that certainly should be compelling to the investors out there.

EXT. REMSON OFFICES. MORNING
Erin approaches the building and sees Naomi waiting for her.

NAOMI
What’s going to happen in there?
ERIN
Well, hopefully--

NAOMI
Don’t give me that. Did you leak this?

ERIN
I don’t know what you mean.

NAOMI
I know you were with Michael that night.

ERIN
I was not with Michael.

NAOMI
If you sabotaged this thing... do you have any idea how stupid that is? What the fuck did you do?

ERIN
I didn’t do anything!

NAOMI
You needed this.

ERIN
(quietly) You don’t know what I need. You never fucking did.

Erin marches inside.

120
INT. SAM’S APARTMENT - BEDROOM. MORNING
Sam answers her phone as she quickly dresses.

SAM
Hello, Samantha.

120A
EXT. REMSON OFFICES. MORNING. INTERCUT SCENES

NAOMI
You need to look into Erin Manning, my VP on this deal.

SAM
Naomi?

NAOMI
She had contact with Michael.
Naomi and her team are at a bank of computers. She gazes up at a large television showing live coverage of the stock exchange, in an echo of the first scene of the script: A mass of people humming with anticipation, traders shouting, photos flashing.

Naomi turns her attention to the computer screen in front of her, watching the quickly changing numbers of the share allocation.

**NAOMI**
We’ve got FBA for 30,000 shares. Xandos for 50,000.

She leans into a speakerphone.

**NAOMI (CONT’D)**
What have we got for foreign?

**BANKER 1 (O.S.)**
Tioros requested 75,000. We’ve got China for 70.

The graphs on the screen flicker and change.

Naomi oversees her team allocating the shares, her eyes darting from screen to screen.

**ERIN**
Rexel Brothers requested 50,000 shares.

**TEDDY**
I’ve got Cabreau Fund for 60.

**BILL**
Milton Group wants 50.

**TEDDY**
We’ll have Boon Portfolio in a minute...

**NAOMI**
Are we close?
ERIN
We’re almost there.

BILL
We’ve got Redding for 75.

TEDDY
No, wait, Boon is out.

ERIN
What?

TEDDY
Boon’s hitting the exits.

BILL
Milton Ellis is pulling out too.

NAOMI
Fuck!

She leans in to the speakerphone.

NAOMI (CONT’D)
Arthur, Jonathan, we have to anchor this thing.

IPO REPORTER #2 (O.S.)
It’s 5 minutes to market open, and the underwriters of the highly anticipated Cachet IPO are nearly finished allocating shares to institutional investors...

INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE. 9:30 A.M.
The buzz of anticipation on the floor.

Ed, looking especially sharp, steps up and proudly rings the opening bell.

ON TV:

IPO REPORTER #1
And the market is open! Privacy company Cachet goes public today, and we will be watching to see how that stock trends, and what time it’s going to trade--
INT. REMSON TRADING FLOOR. DAY

Chaos. Restless energy on the floor.

TRADER 1
I’ve got a bid for 100 at 32.

TRADER 2
200 at 30.

The screens change by the second, as Naomi and the team track orders coming in.

NAOMI
What have we got?

ERIN
We’re getting it.

Naomi glances up at the TV coverage of the NYSE, where the crowd is growing impatient.

NAOMI
This thing’s gotta start trading--

An NYSE OFFICIAL cuts in on speakerphone.

OFFICIAL (O.S.)
Is there a problem over there?

ERIN
We’re finishing the share allocation.

Traders buzz with impatience. Naomi sees Randall approaching.

NAOMI
We need this price.

RANDALL
Jesus. People are pissing themselves. When are we opening?

NAOMI
Any minute now.

RANDALL
What’s the hold up?? What’s our fucking price?

Naomi leans over Erin’s shoulder, trying to stay calm.

NAOMI
We’re in the $29 to $31 range.
JESUS! HOW THE FUCK DID THAT HAPPEN??

Randall storms away.

INT. MICHAEL’S OFFICE. DAY

Michael watches his screens, on the phone with Benji.

EXT. STREET. DAY. INTERCUT SCENES

Benji, on his phone, watches his Lyft car pull up.

BENJI
Hang on. My Lyft is here.

He climbs into the car.

BENJI (CONT’D)
Talk to me. Where are we?

INT. REMSON TRADING FLOOR. DAY

More chaos.

On TV, we see/hear an ENERGETIC REPORTER:

ENERGETIC REPORTER
Now we’ve had our eye on this Cachet IPO all season. But trouble seems to be on the horizon, with whispers that this social network they’re promoting might be just as hackable as my neighbor’s Wi-Fi.

Erin and Bill are bent over the computer. Naomi hovers.

NAOMI
Where are we?

ERIN
(quietly) Twenty eight.
NAOMI
What??!! Are you fucking kidding me. Get the desk. They better be buying.

Erin nods and grabs the phone. We see/hear:

ON TV:

IPO REPORTER #2
Price discovery has just been completed on the IPO for the privacy company Cachet. The opening price of $28 has dropped significantly from the offering price of $35. We will be tracking the offering throughout the day.

Naomi looks like a warrior in battle.

128 OMITTED

MONTAGE:

129 INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE. DAY
A portal with the Remson logo shows the share price dropping: 28, 26, 24.

130 EXT. REMSON TRADING FLOOR. NOON.

TRADER 1
I’ve got no ask!

TRADER 2
Where’s the fucking bottom on this one?

Naomi addresses her team.

NAOMI
Come on guys. We can still stabilize this thing!

Erin, on the phone, her face a mask of tension.

131 OMITTED
INT. HELIPORT LOUNGE. DAY.
Benji, on his phone and laptop, watches the stock fall.

    BENJI
    Wait for it. I want in at 22.

INT. US ATTORNEY’S OFFICE. DAY
Sam watches Bloomberg.

OMITTED

INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE. DAY
2 P.M. On the floor: The American flag. DMM’s, sporting Cachet tee-shirts, swiftly type and log numbers.

INT. REMSON OFFICES- BATHROOM. DAY
Erin vomits in the bathroom toilet.

INT. REMSON TRADING FLOOR. DAY.
Naomi watches the screens like a hawk. The price is $22.
A trader on the floor suddenly jumps up.

    TRADER 1
    Hang on we got bids coming in.
    Titanite is buying.

OMITTED

INT./EXT. HELIPORT. DAY.
Benji’s eyes are on his phone. He nods, smiles, and strides from the lounge toward a waiting helicopter.

He boards the helicopter.

EXT. HELIPORT. DAY.
The helicopter ascends.
INT. HOTEL LOUNGE. DAY (SAME HOTEL AS SC 93)

A somber Ed nurses a beer, watching the coverage from NYSE on TV. Ian takes the seat next to him, but Ed barely acknowledges him.

INT. REMSON TRADING FLOOR. DAY

3:57 PM. Closing time.

Naomi’s fingers fly over the keyboard. Erin reaches over from the next desk, holding out a sandwich.

    NAOMI
    Get that out of my face.

    ERIN
    You haven’t eaten anything.

Naomi glances over at Teddy and Bill. They are typing quickly, while devouring giant chocolate chip cookies.

    NAOMI
    Get me one of those.

She turns back to her computer, noticing something.

    NAOMI (CONT’D)
    What the hell.

She picks up her phone.

    NAOMI (CONT’D)
    I want to know who the fuck thinks they’re going to make money off this train wreck!

She hangs up. Bill is holding a large cookie out to her. She takes it, looks at it.

    NAOMI (CONT’D)
    What the fuck is this??

    TEDDY
    You said--

She shoves it back towards Bill.

    NAOMI
    How many chocolate chips are in my cookie?
BILL
Um...

NAOMI
Did anyone teach you basic math?
Count the fucking chips.

BILL
Three.

NAOMI
I saw your cookies! They were oozing with chocolate. But my cookie has three goddamn chips??!!

Erin, Bill and a few others are staring at Naomi.

TEDDY
Someone get the woman a decent cookie.

INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE. DAY
The closing bell rings.

INT. REMSON TRADING FLOOR. DAY
Naomi stares up at the TV with the closing price: 23.74.
The chaos around them begins to die down. Naomi turns and walks off the floor.

INT. ERIN’S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT
Erin lies on the couch, Bloomberg on in the background. Gabe enters, watches.

ON TV:
IPO REPORTER #2
Cachet lost nearly 20% of its market cap on this first day of trading...

Erin shuts it off.

GABE
It didn’t go well?
ERIN
You have no idea? I mean it didn’t occur to you, to turn on the TV today?

He looks at her.

GABE
I don’t know. Does it ever occur to you, in the middle of your day, to check on how my middle-schoolers are doing?

Erin gets up in icy silence and disappears into the bedroom. Gabe considers following her, but settles down on the couch instead.

INT. NAOMI’S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Naomi finishes the last of a bottle of wine, watching muted Bloomberg coverage on the exchange floor, focusing on the reporter’s mouth moving silently.

Naomi stands, feeling the wine a little, and takes her wine glass to the kitchen.

She stops abruptly, noticing that her fish is floating on the top of the tank. She slowly puts out a finger and touches the lifeless body.

But her hand is shaking. Her whole body is shaking, finally she is letting the tears come.

She takes the fish tank and walks a bit unsteadily towards the bathroom.

INT. NAOMI’S APARTMENT - BATHROOM. NIGHT

Naomi gently tips the bowl so the fish drops into the toilet. Deliberately, she reaches to flush it, watching her fish sucked down into the swirling water.

INT. NAOMI’S APARTMENT - BEDROOM. MORNING

Naomi gets dressed, as if it is any other workday. She looks at her reflection in the mirror, as if confirming some kind of pact with herself.
INT. U.S. ATTORNEY’S OFFICE. DAY

Sam chews her nails as she and Frank survey spreadsheets.

SAM
Where the fuck is Cory?

FRANK
You left another message?

SAM
Look, we know Titanite was the only buyer for those shares.

FRANK
A few days go by, they get this Marin to retract her statement, the stock rallies--

SAM
And they clean up. But we need proof! We need Cory.

Sam paces in front of her whiteboard, where she has added Erin’s name.

SAM (CONT’D)
I hate this!! Call your friend in Compliance. Ask her to send us the personnel file for Erin Manning.

FRANK
She’s not going to do that.

SAM
Why not?

FRANK
Because she says this is starting to resemble a witchhunt.

SAM
That’s bullshit. We are so close.

She fixes her gaze on the whiteboard.

INT. REMSON OFFICES. DAY

Naomi moves through the bank. She feels that all eyes are on her.
Her assistant whispers with a younger, prettier assistant. They get quiet the minute they see her. She goes right past them into her office.

147 INT. NAOMI’S OFFICE. DAY

Naomi scans her schedule on the computer furiously as she talks on the phone.

    NAOMI
    I see. No, I was not made aware of that. Thank you.

She bangs down her the phone and goes to where she can see the two assistants still huddling.

    NAOMI (CONT’D)
    Who the fuck is canceling my meetings?

Her assistant looks back at her, a deer in the headlights. Naomi strides past them.

148 INT. ERIN’S OFFICE. DAY

Erin stands at her desk, looking a bit unsure what to do first. A woman pops her head in her office.

    ASSISTANT
    Erin, Compliance is asking for you.

Erin gets up slowly.

149 INT. U.S. ATTORNEY’S OFFICE. RECEPTION. DAY

Cory’s Attorney stands up when he sees Sam approach.

    ATTORNEY CAHN
    I’m sorry to tell you this.

She stares at him.

    ATTORNEY CAHN (CONT’D)
    There’s been an accident. I don’t know if you were aware that Cory had a drug problem -

Sam shakes her head.

    ATTORNEY CAHN (CONT’D)
    Looks like an overdose.
Sam’s face, stunned.

EXT. SAM’S APARTMENT. DAY
Sam walks slowly up to her building.

INT. SAM’S APARTMENT – BATHROOM. DAY
Water runs over Sam as she stands in the shower.
We hear knocking at the bathroom door.

MELANIE (O.S.)
Babe? You okay?

Sam does not answer. Knocking continues as she slumps against the tile, her makeup runs down her face.

INT. REMSON COMPLIANCE OFFICE. DAY
Abby sits across from Erin.

ABBY
I know you’re familiar with the regulations that keep the investment banking transactions separate from sales and trading.

ERIN
Of course.

ABBY
Did you have contact with Michael Connor three days before the Cachet offering?

ERIN
I’m sorry-- do I need a lawyer?

ABBY
Well essentially we are your lawyers. For the moment.

ERIN
Right. I spoke to Michael that night, briefly, about a colleague.

ABBY
You didn’t discuss the Cachet deal?
ERIN
No. What did Michael tell you?

ABBY
Michael Connor no longer works at the firm.

Erin’s face. She was not expecting this.

INT. RECEPTION OUTSIDE RANDALL’S OFFICE. DAY

Naomi sees one of the slick Channing Trust bankers from the original pitch leaving Randall’s office, HR woman at his side.

He glances up, nods cordially to Naomi. She just stares at him. Marches past him.

INT. RANDALL’S OFFICE. DAY

Naomi enters.

Randall tugs on a Jenga block. The tower quivers but remains standing.

NAOMI
That was him? Your new Global Head?

RANDALL
(Looking at the blocks) Thing about this game is, no matter how you play, it always comes crashing down in the end.

NAOMI
Look at me. Have the respect to look me in the eye and tell me if that man out there is my new boss.

He looks up at her.

RANDALL
This department needs a new face.

NAOMI
Don’t give me that--

RANDALL
You lost control of the story!
NAOMI
Cachet will rally. Look at Facebook.

RANDALL
Naomi. It’s like I told you. This just isn’t going to be your year.

She stares at him, simmering.

NAOMI
Yeah? When is my year?? Tell me, when is my fucking year?!

Randall says nothing. She looks at him, realizing that her day is not going to come, not within these walls. She takes a deep breath. She turns to the Jenga blocks, and taking the exact one she wants, causes the tower to topple.

INT. REMSON OFFICES. DAY

Naomi walks through the bank, her head held high, still holding the Jenga block. When she gets to her office she sees that a security guard is already waiting for her.

She hands him her blackberry. She looks around her office. A potted plant. A coffee mug. A dish of mints. The Lucite trophies, one for each successful deal.

She does not take anything with her.

INT. MICHAEL’S OFFICE. DAY

Erin hurries towards Michael’s office. A FEMALE SECURITY GUARD is packing up odd and ends. Erin stops in the doorway, watching. Trader 1 approaches.

TRADER 3
Lucky bastard.

ERIN
Michael?

TRADER 3
Got a job at Titanite.

ERIN
The hedge fund.

FEMALE SECURITY GUARD
That’s where the big bucks are these days, huh.
She takes a tin of chocolate espresso beans out of a desk drawer.

FEMALE SECURITY GUARD (CONT’D)
 Coffee bean?

Erin just shakes her head.

INT. NAOMI’S OFFICE. DAY

Erin approaches Naomi’s office only to see that she too is gone. Security is taking the computer.

Erin watches a moment.

Teddy and Bill approach, stand next to her in silence.

ERIN
 ...Did you see her?

TEDDY
 Nobody wants to say goodbye.

BILL
 What happens to the rest of us?

TEDDY
 Well apparently, Erin is moving up in the world.

She looks at him, surprised.

TEDDY (CONT’D)
 My uncle called me this morning, asking about you. I told him you’re a pro.

ERIN
 Thank you.

TEDDY
 They’ve got some HUGE deal coming up. He wants to know if you give 100%. Cause he said this thing would be your whole life. So I told him, that’s your dream.

Erin just looks at him. She glances down, and realizes her hand is resting on her belly. And she nods.
EXT. REMSON OFFICES. DAY

Naomi exits the bank. The building looks huge and imposing behind her. She glances up at it. And starts to walk away.

INT. CHANNING TRUST BUILDING - LOBBY. DAY

Sam enters the gleaming lobby.

INT. CHANNING TRUST BUILDING - OFFICES. DAY

Sam faces a glossy CORPORATE LAWYER.

CORPORATE LAWYER
You do have a reputation for being a bit... unorthodox.

Sam tries to turn this into a positive.

SAM
I try to get the job done however I can.

The corporate lawyer nods, intrigued.

CORPORATE LAWYER
This would be a big transition for you, coming over to the corporate side...

SAM
The thing is, I need to make some money. I have a family, and... no, it’s not even that. The truth is... I want to make some money.

INT. REMSON TRADING FLOOR. DAY

We hear Sam’s words continue over the images of the trading floor.

SAM (V.O.)
You want me to say something a little more nuanced? Something about my dreams, and my passions? I can. But money doesn’t have to be a dirty word...
Naomi, dressed casually but chic, enters the apartment, with a box.

Naomi’s phone buzzes. She checks, sees Michael’s name. Naomi hits “ignore” on the phone.

She rips open the box and pulls out a new fish tank, which is separated into three sections by glass walls.

She looks at the instructions on the box:

*Caution: Betas must be in divided tank, fatalities will occur.*

Three bright fish now swim in each section of the tank.

Naomi, in pajamas, watches the fish as she drinks her coffee and eats chocolate chips from the bag. She has a tiny gauze bandage on the spot on her neck.

She looks around the apartment a minute, her gaze falling on her closed laptop.

Her eye falls on her punching bag in the corner. Suddenly she gets up and crosses to it. She lunges forward, hitting the bag hard. She hits it again and again, hurting her bare hands. She reaches for a small bag containing her gloves, pausing a moment to read lettering on the bag:

“A champion is someone who gets up when he can’t.” Jack Dempsey

Naomi pulls on her gloves.

John stands in a wide vista, teeing up. From a great distance, he sees Naomi slowly making her way over the green.

He watches her come closer.

She stops a few feet away from him.

She wears jeans and a sweater. Her hair is loose around her shoulders. She looks beautiful in the early morning light.

He nods to her.
JOHN
You’re here to play?

She shakes her head.

NAOMI
No.

She waves her hand at the course.

NAOMI (CONT’D)
I’m not ready for all this. I’m not done.

He nods.

JOHN
Good.

NAOMI
I’ve got a proposal for you.

JOHN
Yeah? You setting up shop? What’s the strategy?

She smiles.

NAOMI
Walk with me.

She takes his arm. They walk together over the green.

OVER CREDITS:

We see a graph tracking the Cachet stock from opening day over the next few weeks. The stock has begun to rally in a steady upward climb.

BLOOMBERG REPORTER
And there are murmurs on the street that Banker Naomi Bishop may be setting up her own shop in private equity. A potential LP the new venture tells us that Bishop is developing innovative ideas for new market opportunities...

We pull back to see more graphs, tracking more stocks, tracking the overall market as it dips and soars.
FADE OUT