

EQUITY

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1 INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE. MORNING 1

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.

2 INT. HOTEL ROOM. DAY 2

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?

3 INT. SUSHI RESTAURANT. NIGHT 3

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.

4 EXT. NEW YORK SKYLINE. EVENING (STOCK FOOTAGE) 4

A plane lands against the backdrop of the shimmering buildings of the city.

5 INT. LYFT CAR. EVENING 5

Naomi gazes at the lights of the city gliding by from the back of a luxury car.

6 INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT. NIGHT 6

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.

7 INT. NAOMI'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM. NIGHT 7

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

A8 EXT. REMSON OFFICES. DAY. A8

8 INT. REMSON OFFICES. DAY 8

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.

9 INT. NAOMI'S OFFICE. DAY 9

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.

9A INT. REMSEN BATHROOM. DAY 9A *

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

10 INT. ERIN'S OFFICE. NIGHT 10

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.

11 INT. NAOMI'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM. NIGHT 11

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.

12 INT. REMSON OFFICES. DAY 12

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.

13 INT. REMSON OFFICES. MORNING 13

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.

14 INT. RANDALL'S OFFICE. DAY 14

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.

15 INT. NAOMI'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

15

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.

16 INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

16

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.

17

INT. MENTORING EVENT SPACE. EVENING

17

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.

18

INT. MENTORING EVENT SPACE. EVENING

18

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.

People swarm up the courthouse steps.

20 INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE. DAY

20

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.

21 INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE. NIGHT

21

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."

22 INT. NAOMI'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 22

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.

23 INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM. NIGHT 23

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!!

24 OMITTED 24

25 EXT. AIRPORT. DAY (STOCK FOOTAGE) 25

The plane touches down.

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

A26 INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT A26

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.

26 INT. CACHET LOBBY. DAY

26

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.

28 OMITTED 28

29 EXT. AIRPORT. DAY (STOCK FOOTAGE) 29

An airplane touches down in New York.

30 INT. NAOMI'S OFFICE. DAY 30

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 31

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 32

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 33

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.

35 INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT. DAWN

35

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?

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.

37

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT. MORNING

37

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)
Remson Holiday party. Ninety-
something. Randall introduced us.

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.

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.

39 INT. RESTAURANT BATHROOM. NIGHT

39

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.

40 INT. FINE RESTAURANT. A FEW MINUTES LATER 40

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.

41 INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 41

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.

42

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

42

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.

43

INT. TRENDY BAR. NIGHT

43

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.

45 INT. CACHET CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY

45

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.

ED

Look, you begged me for this IPO.
You want me to call Channing Trust?

NAOMI

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

ED

We know what happened with your
last IPO.

NAOMI

I don't think that's relevant here--

All eyes are on Naomi. Erin speaks up.

ERIN

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

Ed turns to her.

ED

The number is 35.

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

ERIN

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--

IAN

A party?

NAOMI

We don't need to--

ED

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

ERIN

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.

46 INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

46

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:

46A ON TV:

46A

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.

47

INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE. DAY

47

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.

49 INT. CACHET CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY

49

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.

50 EXT. PARK. EVENING

50

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 intell... 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.

51 INT. CACHET OFFICE. DAY

51

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.

52

EXT. PARKING GARAGE. DAY

52

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)

MARIN (CONT'D)

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.

53 INT. SUSHI RESTAURANT. DAY

53

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)

NAOMI (CONT'D)

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.

54

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET. DAY

54

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 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.

55

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS. DAY

55

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.

56

EXT. DECK OF COBALT COCKTAIL LOUNGE. EVENING

56

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.

56A

INT. COBALT COCKTAIL LOUNGE. LATER

56A

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.

57 OMITTED 57

58 EXT. CENTRAL PARK. DAWN 58

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 redevye. 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.

59 INT. SAM'S APARTMENT. DAWN

59

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.

59A INT. CORY'S BEDROOM. DAY. INTERCUT SCENES

59A

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.

60 EXT. GOLF COURSE. DAY

60

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.

61

EXT. GOLF COURSE GREEN. DAY

61

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.

62

INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE. DAY

62

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.

63

EXT. GOLF COURSE GREEN. DAY

63

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.

64 INT. RANDALL'S OFFICE. DAY

64

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)

RANDALL (CONT'D)

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.

65 EXT. PARKING GARAGE. DAY

65

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?

65A INT. NAOMI'S OFFICE. DAY

65A

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.

66 EXT. STREET. DAY 66

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

67 INT. GREENSLEEVES PUB. EVENING 67

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.

68 EXT. GREENSLEEVES PUB. EVENING 68

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

69 INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT. NIGHT 69

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:

70 A PLANE TAKING OFF AT DAWN (STOCK FOOTAGE) 70

71 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY 71

Naomi and her team enter a room filled with men in suits.

72 THE FREEWAYS OF L.A. (STOCK FOOTAGE) 72

Title card: LOS ANGELES.

73 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY 73

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...

74 LONDON BRIDGE (STOCK FOOTAGE) 74

Title card: LONDON.

75 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY 75

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.

76 INT. STAIRCASE. DAY 76

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.

77 PHILADELPHIA BRIDGE (STOCK FOOTAGE) 77

Title Card: **PHILADELPHIA**

78 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY 78

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.

79 A TRAIN PULLING INTO PENN STATION (STOCK FOOTAGE) 79

80 INT. LYFT CAR. EVENING 80

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.

81 INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 81

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...

82 INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM. NIGHT 82

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.

83 INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM. NIGHT 83

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.

84 INT. SAM'S APARTMENT. NIGHT 84

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.

85

INT. DOCTOR'S EXAMINATION ROOM. DAY

85

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.

86 INT. DOCTOR'S EXAMINATION ROOM. DAY

86

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.

87 EXT. MIDTOWN SKYSCRAPERS. DAY (STOCK FOOTAGE) 87

88 INT. TRADING FLOOR. DAY 88

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.

89 OMITTED 89

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.

91

EXT. PARK. EVENING

91

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.

A92 EXT. NAOMI'S APARTMENT. NIGHT A92

92 INT. NAOMI'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 92

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.

93 INT. HOTEL LOUNGE. NIGHT 93

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.

94 EXT. HOTEL. NIGHT

94

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.

95 INT. NAOMI'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

95

Images of skin cancer still fill the laptop screen on Naomi's lap. But she has fallen asleep on the couch.

96 EXT. NAOMI'S APARTMENT BUILDING. NIGHT 96

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

97 INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT. NIGHT 97

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.

97A EXT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT. NIGHT 97A

Erin walks into the building.

97B INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT. NIGHT 97B

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.

97C INT. NAOMI'S APARTMENT -KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. INTERCUT SCENES. 97C

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.

98 INT. HOTEL LOUNGE. NIGHT (SAME HOTEL AS P. 71) 98

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.

98A INT. NAOMI'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 98A

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.

99 OMITTED

99

100 INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

100

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.

A101 INT. NAOMI'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN. NIGHT A101

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

101 INT. SAM'S APARTMENT. MORNING 101

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.

102 OMITTED 102

103 OMITTED 103

104 INT. REMSON CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY 104

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.

105 EXT. GREENSLEEVES PUB. EVENING 105

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

106 INT. GREENSLEEVES PUB. EVENING 106

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.

107 INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE. NIGHT 107

Sam grills Cory, who sits with his Attorney.

SAM

What, like a porcupine??

CORY

Hedgehog. But cute, fuzzy. Get it? Hedge fund? Money hog?

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.

108 INT. GREENSLEEVES PUB MEN'S ROOM. EVENING 108

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.

109 INT. NAOMI'S OFFICE. NIGHT 109

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.

110 INT. PARKED CAR. PARKING GARAGE. EVENING 110

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.

111 INT. SAM'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

111

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.

112 INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM. NIGHT

112

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.

113 INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

113

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)

NAOMI (CONT'D)

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.

114 OMITTED 114

115 INT. NAOMI'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM. 3AM 115

Naomi paces around like a caged tiger, on Various phone
calls.

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.

116 INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM. 5 A.M. 116

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.

117 INT. NAOMI'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM. MORNING. 5 A.M. 117

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

118 INT. SAM'S APARTMENT. MORNING 5. A.M. 118

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.

119

EXT. REMSON OFFICES. MORNING

119

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 120

Sam answers her phone as she quickly dresses.

SAM
Hello, Samantha.

120A EXT. REMSON OFFICES. MORNING. INTERCUT SCENES 120A

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

SAM
Naomi?

NAOMI
She had contact with Michael.

SAM
I'll do that.

121 INT. REMSON TRADING FLOOR. 8:45 AM. 121

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.

122 INT. REMSON TRADING FLOOR. MORNING 122

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...

123 INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE. 9:30 A.M. 123

The buzz of anticipation on the floor.

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

123A ON TV: 123A

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--

124

INT. REMSON TRADING FLOOR. DAY

124

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.

RANDALL
JESUS! HOW THE FUCK DID THAT
HAPPEN??

Randall storms away.

125 OMITTED 125

126 INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE. DAY 126

Michael watches his screens, on the phone with Benji.

126A EXT. STREET. DAY. INTERCUT SCENES 126A

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?

127 INT. REMSON TRADING FLOOR. DAY 127

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 128

MONTAGE:

129 INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE. DAY 129

A portal with the Remson logo shows the share price dropping: 28, 26, 24.

130 EXT. REMSON TRADING FLOOR. NOON. 130

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 131

132 INT. HELIPORT LOUNGE. DAY. 132
Benji, on his phone and laptop, watches the stock fall.
BENJI
Wait for it. I want in at 22.

133 INT. US ATTORNEY'S OFFICE. DAY 133
Sam watches Bloomberg.

134 OMITTED 134

135 INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE. DAY 135
2 P.M. On the floor: The American flag. DMM's, sporting Cachet tee-shirts, swiftly type and log numbers.

136 INT. REMSON OFFICES- BATHROOM. DAY 136
Erin vomits in the bathroom toilet.

137 INT. REMSON TRADING FLOOR. DAY. 137
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.

138 OMITTED 138

139 INT./EXT. HELIPORT. DAY. 139
Benji's eyes are on his phone. He nods, smiles, and strides from the lounge toward a waiting helicopter.
He boards the helicopter.

139A EXT. HELIPORT. DAY. 139A
The helicopter ascends.

139B INT. HOTEL LOUNGE. DAY (SAME HOTEL AS SC 93) 139B

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.

140 INT. REMSON TRADING FLOOR. DAY 140

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.

140A INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE. DAY 140A

The closing bell rings.

140 B INT. REMSON TRADING FLOOR. DAY 140 B

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.

141 INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 141

Erin lies on the couch, Bloomberg on in the background. Gabe
enters, watches.

141A ON TV: 141A

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.

142 INT. NAOMI'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 142

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.

143 INT. NAOMI'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM. NIGHT 143

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.

144 INT. NAOMI'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM. MORNING 144

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.

145 INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE. DAY

145

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.

146 INT. REMSON OFFICES. DAY

146

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 147

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 148

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 149

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.

A150 EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT. DAY A150

Sam walks slowly up to her building.

150 INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM. DAY 150

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.

151 INT. REMSON COMPLIANCE OFFICE. DAY 151

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.

152 INT. RECEPTION OUTSIDE RANDALL'S OFFICE. DAY 152

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.

153 INT. RANDALL'S OFFICE. DAY 153

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.

154 INT. REMSON OFFICES. DAY

154

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.

155 INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE. DAY

155

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.

156 INT. NAOMI'S OFFICE. DAY

156

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.

157 EXT. REMSON OFFICES. DAY 157

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

158 INT. CHANNING TRUST BUILDING - LOBBY. DAY 158

Sam enters the gleaming lobby.

159 INT. CHANNING TRUST BUILDING - OFFICES. DAY 159

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.

160 INT. REMSON TRADING FLOOR. DAY 160

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...

162 INT. NAOMI'S APARTMENT -KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM. DAY 162

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.

162A INT. NAOMI'S APARTMENT -KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM. LATER 162A

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.

163 EXT. GOLF COURSE. DAWN 163

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.

164

OVER CREDITS:

164

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